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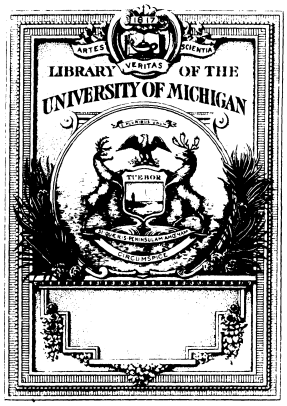
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 473.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GENERALS BURGEVINE AND WARD.

OUR latest advices from China mention THE DROWNING WHILE IN IRONS OF GENERAL BURGEVINE, the Chief of the Taepings, whose portrait is here given. BURGEVINE was a New Yorker, and went to China several years since. It will be remembered that in 1861 a Bostonian named WARD, whose portrait we also give, organized a force of American and Chinese soldiers, under European and Chinese officers, to repel the invasion of the tribe of barbarians known as the Taepings. This force was for the defense of Shanghai, and was commanded by WARD. BURGEVINE was WARD'S second in command, and succeeded the latter when WARD was killed in October, 1862.

It was not long before the Chinese Governor of the province, by delaying to pay BURGEVINE'S soldiers, excited a revolt among them, the General taking sides with his men. BURGEVINE took violent measures to obtain the money to pay his men, and was ordered to resign his command, which he refused to do. The result of the quarrel was that BURGEVINE with a portion of his men went over to the side of the Taeping rebels. He subsequently had quite a number of actions against his old command, now led by Major GORDON, and was rather roughly handled sometimes. He found it quite as difficult to get along with CHUNG WUNG, the Taeping leader, as with the Governor of Shanghai, and by means of spies he informed GORDON that he would surrender himself, and as many Europeans as he could induce to follow him, if pledges would be given of security to his life. GORDON gave the pledges. Accordingly BURGEVINE surrendered; the pledges at first were kept, but finally were broken, and BURGEVINE was recently drowned in irons, thus closing his very eventful career.

The Taeping rebellion commenced in 1850. The leader of the rebellion, SHE TSUEN, was an [illegible] instructed convert to Christianity. In 1833 he had received from an American missionary a package of tracts in the Chinese language, which he put in his pocket, and thought no more of them until five



GENERAL WARD, OF MASSACHUSETTS, KILLED IN CHINA, OCTOBER, 1862.



GENERAL BURGEVINE, OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY KILLED IN CHINA.



FUNERAL OF GERMAN PATRIOTS AT COMFORT, TEXAS, AUGUST 20, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

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years later, when, after a violent illness, during which he had seen visions and uttered prophetic rhapsodies, his notice was attracted to the package. He read the tracts with avidity, and, connecting them with his visions, he set out to make converts to his new religion. It was not long before he had 2000 adherents in the single district of Kevei. His attempts to overthrow the temples and rites of an idolatrous worship created so great excitement that he was compelled to retire to private life. The insurrection of 1850, starting among the restless and wretched people of the province of Canton, soon became, under his leadership, a formidable rebellion. It was styled the Taeping (or Peace) rebellion. In four months he had a powerful and disciplined army. He assumed the title of TIEN WANG (King of Heaven), and declared himself the brother of CHRIST. He and his army carried every thing before them. In 1853 even the great city of Nankin surrendered to him, and he put to death the inhabitants to the number of 20,000. Nankin then became the Taeping capital. Having accomplished this much, the terrible fanatic retired into absolute seclusion. In the mean time the Imperialists were besieging his capital, and nearly drove TIEN WANG and his followers to starvation. In this emergency the Taeping chief composed a doxology, which was shouted by his army daily, the more vehemently as the rations grew more scanty. Finding no relief in this religious exercise, TIEN WANG tried what virtue there might be in a sortie against the besiegers. This was successful, and TIEN WANG (or, rather, CHUNG WUNG, his military lieutenant) attacked Shanghai, but the English naval force defended the city with their navy, and made great havoc among the rebels. The rebels were leisurely in their movements, and during the war between the allied forces (France and England) and the Chinese Emperor, which terminated in 1860, they contented themselves with plundering the region about their capital.

Since 1860 they have been more active. December 9, 1861, they captured Ningpo, and butchered the native inhabitants without mercy. They then moved against Shanghai, in defiance of the notice given by France and England that they should defend the city. The rebels now began to lose ground. A number of French and English officers were employed by the Chinese Government. But none of these were so distinguished as the American General WARD, who was mortally wounded September 20, 1862, in an engagement with the Taepings near Ningpo.

The Taepings retained their capital, though they lost the important city of Soochow December 5, 1863. There was a general massacre of Taepings upon the fall of the city, very much like that which recently followed the Jamaica riots. The war was continued in 1864. The Taepings lost whole provinces and large numbers of prisoners, but they were reinforced, and traveled without provisions, devastating the villages and committing frightful atrocities in their march, showing no mercy even to foreigners. Finally, however, Nankin, the rebel capital, was taken by the Imperialists July 19, 1864. CHUNG WUNG, the highest military chief of the Taepings, was also captured, and was "cut into a thousand pieces" in Nankin. From this time, though the Taepings keep up the war, they have lost continually, and the rebellion is nearly smothered.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

THOSE who are disposed to consider the President's action in relieving his Provisional Governors, and authorizing those lately elected in the Southern States to exercise their functions, as hasty and even discourteous to Congress, should remember that it is merely another essential step in the course which he has pursued as Commander-in-Chief. The President properly wishes all the conditions of his experiment to be satisfied, and he does not assume to dictate in any least degree to Congress.

What was the problem he offered to the unorganized States? It was to present to Congress a form of government which Congress could properly recognize as Republican; and it was essential to its complete presentation that it could be seen in operation. Therefore he has authorized the governments to go into action. But he has neither promised that Congress shall recognize them as fully satisfactory, nor admit representatives without farther conditions and consideration; nor has he restored the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* to the unorganized States.

All that the President has done is to restore the forms and methods of civil government under the immediate observation of the United States. There are obvious advantages in such a course, for it tends to bring civil society back into its old channels; it habituates the people once more to the processes of peace; and shows them by renewed experience the superiority of civil to military rule. Had he withdrawn military rule altogether his course would have been perilous in the extreme. But he says merely, "Let us see with how little of that rule we can safely get on."

It must not be forgotten that the question of reorganization is necessarily practical and experimental. It will be so in any case. Whatever laws may be passed, or amendments adopted, or pledges required and given, the work will still be an experiment, and must still be closely and carefully watched. Thus General GRANT says that he is persuaded the great body of the Southern people have acquiesced in the result of the war; and he hopes that civil government may be soon re-established. But his good sense does not desert him. He does not say that because they have acquiesced and because speedy civil governments are desirable, therefore the troops should be withdrawn and the whole matter left in the hands of the acquiescent mass. On the contrary, he is of opinion that for a long time there must be a military supervision of these States.

So with the President. He authorizes the Governors to exercise civil powers, but he does not restore the *habeas corpus*, and he does not declare the unorganized States to have resumed their functions in the Union. To do that would be to decide a question which he has expressly referred to Congress. It seems to us that the perpetual distrust of the President which appears in some quarters is wholly unjustifiable. His purpose is certainly beyond suspicion. His fidelity to the freedmen is proved. He has his own theories of the status of the States, of the limitations of his power, and of the wisest policy of reorganization. But it will be time enough to doubt and denounce him when he declares that he is willing, without another word and exactly as the case now stands, to recognize the entire resumption by the late rebel States of all their functions in the Union, to withdraw every soldier from the South, to abolish the Freedmen's Bureau, and to intrust the late slaves without further ceremony or security to the absolute control of the late masters.

BAD NEWS FOR THE BULLS.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has not yet commenced to attempt to contract the currency, though a better time at which to try the experiment can hardly be conceived than the present, money being very easy, Five-Twenties in good demand, and business generally prosperous; but there are indications in Wall Street that the downward turn in prices which was to ensue from the inauguration of the policy of contraction may perhaps not wait for that event. There are ominous signs in the financial sky; being interpreted, they mean that about these days it may be well to beware of stocks.

In the first place, the receipts of the railroads are diminishing. The Chicago and Rock Island fell off $118,000 in December; the Michigan Southern $42,000; the Chicago and North Western $17,000. It is reported that the trunk lines will not show a corresponding decline. But as all shippers are aware that freights have been reduced from 25 to 40 per cent. within a few weeks, and that active competition for business is again revived, the report is not generally credited. On the other hand, company after company, when brought face to face with the facts, is compelled to confess to a larger increase of expenses than even the large traffic increase of 1865. Thus the New York Central Directors admit that, with a very handsome increase of gross receipts in 1865, there is an actual decrease of over a quarter of a million in net receipts; the Erie Directors acknowledge, in their report to the Legislature, that their expenses have risen from 65 per cent. two years ago to 80 per cent. now, though their gross receipts have in the mean time risen from twelve to fifteen millions; the Michigan Southern Directors, who passed the dividend at midsummer 1865, in order to make sure the dividend of Jan. 1866, passed that too, notwithstanding gross earnings of nearly $5,000,000, the Cleveland and Pittsburg Directors, who, two years ago, were firmly persuaded that they could and ought to pay 10 per cent. every year to their stockholders, confess that 4 per cent. is the most they can pay, and to pay that, an issue of $1,000,000 new stock is necessary; the Chicago and North Western Directors, who assured the public in their report only a year ago that their preferred stock was as certainly dividend-bearing as any stock in the country, pass the fall dividend without a dissentient voice.

These are ominous facts—and not the less so because they can be accounted for on very simple principles. Within the past three years every thing in the country has advanced in cost except railway fares and freights. Every thing which can be put on the back or into the stomach; every necessary of life and every luxury; every article of use and every article of ornament; every utensil and every product of industry; labor that is skilled, and unskilled labor, has advanced from 50 to 200 per cent. in cost. Alone among all purchasable commodities railway travel and railway freights have not advanced since the Government and the banks suspended specie payments. You may still travel from New York to Chicago, from Boston to Saint Louis, from Washington to Buffalo, or any where else, for the same sum in greenbacks which the same journey would have cost you in gold in 1861. You may send a barrel of flour from Chicago to New York, or a case of goods from New York to Louisville, Kentucky, or a bale of cotton from Cairo, Illinois, to Boston, for the same sum in paper as you would have paid in gold for the like service in 1861. Yet the expenses of the railways have nearly doubled. Labor which used to cost them 75 cents a day now costs $1 30; other labor which cost $2 a day now costs $3 50; iron which cost $45 a ton now costs $75; wood which cost $2 75 per cord now costs $4 50, etc., etc. It is no wonder that, notwithstanding a steady development of gross traffic, net receipts should fall off; and should the December decline in gross receipts continue in succeeding months, it will not be surprising if some of our railway companies become once more bankrupt.

This condition of affairs is the more interesting as Wall Street for a month or more has been engaged in speculating for the rise in the leading railway securities. Thus Erie and Pittsburg, which sold in April and May last @ 45 per cent., sold within a week at 97 per cent.; Fort Wayne, which sold at 87, touched 107 last week; Rock Island, which was down to 85, is up to 108; Michigan Southern, which was 46, is 74; New York Central, which was 81, is 97; Reading, which was 92, is 107; North Western preferred, which was 45, is 61, etc., etc. A notion prevailed some time ago that the first months of 1866 were destined to witness an active speculation in stocks, based on the ease of money; and the remarkable defeat of the Bears in Prairie du Chien encouraged other combinations to undertake similar "cornering" schemes in other stocks. Thus the veteran director of the Erie is understood to be the leading spirit in a combination which has accumulated all, or nearly all the floating Erie in the street, while other leading operators have bought all, or nearly all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, the Rock Island, the New York Central, etc.

Should the expected speculative fever break out, should the public, notwithstanding the decline in net, and, in some instances, in gross receipts, and in the face of the imminent prospect of currency contraction, undertake to buy stocks for the rise, these various combinations stand ready to supply the demand at a not exorbitant advance upon current prices. On the other hand, should the public continue, as heretofore, for at least sixty days, to stand aloof from stock speculations, and should real holders of railway stocks, alarmed by the increase of expenses and the reduction of dividends, determine to convert them into money, the various cliques which have secured such large quantities of floating stock would be placed in an embarrassing position. Forced realizations would probably involve a decline of 15 or 20 per cent.

There is one chance for the Bulls of Wall Street which is more promising than it may at first appear to outsiders. Such publicity has been given to the unpromising condition of the railway interest that a large number of professional speculators have already begun to sell stocks for the fall. In the event of a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. this Bear party would receive large accessions of strength. On the scale on which speculation is now conducted in Wall Street, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the sales of the Bears would soon far exceed the capacity of the market, and they would, by the necessities of the case, corner themselves. In two days, on 5th and 6th inst., the whole capital stock of the Cleveland and Pittsburg changed hands in Wall Street. It is clear that when speculators operate on this scale, a shrewd manager only needs to buy a few thousand shares of an active stock, to borrow money on it, and lock it up, and a corner results inevitably. It stands to reason that this will occur in one stock after another, and that, in spite of declining traffic, tight money, and other adverse circumstances, stocks will be seen to advance from time to time, at a rate and in a way that will puzzle those who try to account for current quotations on theories of intrinsic values, and punish, if not ruin, the judicious operators who have sold short that which they have not got and may not be able to get.

In a word, there are times when the public will do well to let Wall Street bury its dead. The leading stocks of the day are selling for more than they are worth, and are more likely to fall than to rise. But speculators who sell them short are more likely to be cornered and to be ruined than to make money. Those who buy and those who sell, on speculation, have the chances equally against them. Bona fide holders will not risk much by selling their property and trusting to the events of the current year for an opportunity of replacing it at lower figures. But if Harlem could be put up to 280, and Prairie du Chien to 250, there will be no difficulty in putting Pittsburg to 500, or Rock Island to 1000, if the silly Bears of Wall Street undertake to sell it short.

GOVERNOR ANDREW'S VALEDICTORY.

GOVERNOR ANDREW, of Massachusetts, upon retiring from five years' service, which will be always memorable in the history of his State and of the country, has expressed his views upon the national situation in a valedictory message to the Legislature. It is a most admirable and sagacious paper. Moderate in tone and temperate in style, it discusses the question of reorganization with remarkable clearness, catholicity, and sagacity; and is plainly the work of a sound political thinker and wise statesman.

The Governor's view of the actual condition of the unorganized States is that of the great intelligent body of American citizens. They are not Territories, in the technical sense, nor have they committed suicide. Their attempt to destroy their relations with the Union has been unsuccessful, and they are now without government other than the military rule of the United States. It is the duty of the United States to supply that government. In the preliminary steps to that end the organic law of the State before rebellion may be wisely observed. The reorganization may be intrusted to the same body that disorganized, but requirements may be rightfully imposed upon it.

What these requirements should be is a consideration of statesmanship, of expediency. In the opinion of Governor ANDREW Congress should offer an amendment to the Constitution granting the right to vote for President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress to colored men in all the States, being citizens and able to read, who would by the laws of the State be competent to vote if they were white, and, without disfranchising existing voters, it should apply the qualification to white men also. The amendment should also leave the election of President and Vice-President directly in the hands of the people. This, with the Emancipation Amendment, would discharge the whole duty of the nation to its dependent wards.

The Governor opposes the proposed amendment apportioning representation to voters upon two grounds. First, it is repugnant to the true republican principle to base representation upon any class and not upon the whole body of the people; and, second, it would leave the freedmen entirely in the hands of their late masters, which can not be safely or honorably done.

There is a force in this last objection which can not be overlooked. The intention of the amendment is to do by an appeal to the love of political power what could not otherwise, it was thought, be effected except by a direct act of Congress, which it was supposed could not carry the country, and in which the unorganized States would not acquiesce. The assumption of the amendment is, that to retain or increase their political power the whites of the South would enfranchise the blacks. The question is, would they do so? In South Carolina, for instance, as Governor ANDREW asks, would the whites, for the sake of doubling the representation to six members, be willing to concede three to the blacks with the chance of their obtaining the whole six? Would they not rather have the three which they now elect than offset them by another three? This is a fair question. But we are inclined to believe it to be only a temporary question. With the lapse of time and the necessary political development of society in a free government the spirit of caste is weakened, and gradually disappears; while with the unused basis of political power at hand in half the population, parties would inevitably arise, and the party of equal enfranchisement would finally prevail.

In this country the political disability which springs from the spirit of caste merely, is sure to be sooner or later removed, now that caste has no farther legal recognition. But the industrial will precede the political surrender of caste, which is the final triumph of equal rights; and it is a question of paramount importance whether, while we defend every personal and industrial right of the freedmen, we ought not to make it appear to be the interest of the white class to grant them an equality of political rights? If the mere passage of the amendment were to be considered a sufficient security of the just treatment of the freedmen by the whites, and upon their enforced assent to it the keys of the unorganized States were to be delivered into the hands of the whites with the privilege of treating the freedmen as they chose, we should oppose it as warmly as any of its opponents. But our purpose is to avoid all unnecessary friction. As a matter of expediency it is desirable that the whites should assent to just political equality, and we would take every fair and honorable step that would promote that result.

THE LIMITS OF PUBLICITY.

WHAT are the proper limits of publicity in cases of infamous crime, is a question which has been lately discussed with some acerbity. Yet the answer does not seem to be very difficult. Starting from the axiom that every thing which happens is not in all its details a proper subject of public report as news, it is easy to see that all publication should be governed by moral common-sense.

To say, as has been lately gravely asserted, that, because a revolting crime has been committed in a city, all the citizens are therefore "compelled" to listen to the loathsome details, is as ridiculous as to assert that, because the police may have descended upon a nest of ill-houses in Mercer Street, the public are "compelled" to listen to a minute account of all that was discovered in those houses. The public will eagerly read such descriptions, and the more greedily in the degree of their prurient detail, is very probable. But it is not so much

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the reader as the purveyor of such details who is truly guilty.

Nor is the assertion that crime perishes more surely in the daylight than in the dark a sufficient excuse for publishing all the exciting incidents of crime. Is it necessary for the warning of youth that, even if you faithfully show that MacHeath by his lawless courses came to the scaffold, you should describe with the most flagrant particularity every step in those lawless courses? Why is it that the newspapers which defend their recent detailed publication of a lamentable trial do not open their columns to an equal publicity of the details of other trials which they report? The answer to this question is the refutation of their own plea. It is simply that there is no exciting and prurient detail which promises a larger sale of the paper. It is as necessary to purge society of forgery, of larceny, of arson, as it is of adultery. Why do the papers not pour a full stream of withering daylight upon their accounts of those offenses?

This case, we will suppose a paper to say, has attracted great professional and social attention, and the press has been compelled to give it publicity. In other words, the notorious indecency of the circumstances has excited morbid curiosity, and the press has chosen to turn a penny by gratifying it. The duty of the press was to censure and withstand this kind of attention, not to foster it. It was not necessary to omit all mention of the case. But every thing necessary to the public moral improvement of the trial could have been mentioned without the circumstantial reports which were presented.

The immoral influence of the story of great scoundrels, we will suppose another paper to say, is in the fact that only the pleasant episodes and not the dreary and dreadful end are related. But is, then, an obscene book, the history of an outcast, told with unshrinking detail, the full daylight turned on in faithful illustrations, if only the shameful and destitute death be likewise portrayed, a high moral influence upon young minds? It is not the thing done, only, it is the way in which the thing is done which determines the moral influence.

NO MORE AMERICAN BOOKS.

UNLESS the Commission which has the revision of the Revenue Law in charge should recommend a modification of the tax on printed books, and Congress should act upon the recommendation, we shall soon cease to print any books at all. A more careful study of the facts leads us to the conclusion that our recent estimate of the relative cost of books printed here and the same books printed in England was too liberal to the foreign printer; we now judge that a book can be printed and published in England for *one-third* the cost of the same book here. Of course, under such circumstances, the tariff proves no obstacle whatever to importations, and should the present state of things continue, it is clear that, in the course of a few months, the publication of American books will be reduced to those works which can not be produced abroad.

It is understood that the Revenue Commission is favorable to a reduction of the internal duties on books—fifteen in number, as they have been calculated. It should be hoped that they will lose no time in laying their views before Congress. In order to aid them in their deliberations, we present a single item, which is a fair sample of scores:

The *Sunday Magazine* is a periodical published in London, the price being *sixpence* a copy, exclusive of postage. Of this Magazine 10,000 copies are imported for sale in this country, the importers affirming that the market value in England is *three farthings* a copy. Upon this, by the present law, they pay a duty of 25 per cent.—that is, three-fourths of a farthing, making the whole cost here to them, duty included, just 3¾ *farthings*, a little less than two cents a copy, or $200 for the whole 10,000. The importers, moreover, demand here twenty-five cents for this Magazine, the market value of which in England, and upon which only they pay duty, they declare to be only three farthings. We shall follow up this case by other instances, of which we have at hand more than a score.

Now let us see what the cost of the bare manufacture of these 10,000 copies would be in this country at present prices. After a careful calculation we find that the paper, composition, stereotyping, press-work, and folding of the Magazine would cost here, for 10,000 copies, 14 *cents* a copy, instead of *three farthings*, its alleged market value in England. This includes only the bare cost of manufacture, making no allowance for literary and artistic labor and the cost of the engravings.

Upon these 10,000 copies the importers pay a duty of only three-fourths of a farthing, while the 75 separate taxes imposed by law upon the American manufacturer amount to at least four cents. In other words, we "protect" the British manufacturer of books by imposing upon him by way of duty only one-fifth as much as is paid by the American manufacturer in direct taxes upon raw material and labor only.

If this continues, one of two things is inevitable: The manufacture of books here will cease, and the great amount of labor involved in it, directly and indirectly, must find other channels; or the labor must be paid for at English "starvation rates." Practically, both results will ensue. Three-fourths of our printers will be out of employment, and the others will receive pay at British rates: and all for the benefit of our British friends.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY.

THREE facts compel the attention of every citizen of the city of New York, and interest the whole country. The cholera is at hand; the city is in the condition most favorable to its ravages; and there is no hope of relief from the city itself. These three facts very impressively suggest a fourth—that if the State does not save us the city will not escape the worst fury of the pestilence.

Governor FENTON, in his admirable Message to the Legislature, reminds us that the sanitary care of the city is now confided to two separate Boards, one of which is composed of the Mayor and Common Council; the other of the Mayor and the Commissioners of Health. The powers of the former are almost unlimited; and, when convened, its duration is limited only by the official term of its members. Mayor HOFFMAN, in his Message, says that it has not met for a long time, and he sees no reason why it should be convened. The Board of Commissioners of Health is composed of the Mayor, the City Inspector, the President of each Board of the Common Council, Health Officer of the Port, Resident Physician, and Health Commissioner, and this Board, the Mayor thinks, will be able to accomplish all that may be required of it. His Honor is also of opinion that the sanitary care of the city should not be intrusted to a State Commission.

Governor FENTON, on the contrary, thinks that the success of the Metropolitan Police Law and of the paid Fire Department "furnish a strong argument in favor of some similar provision for protecting the public health of the same populous territory." In conformity with this suggestion, Senator ANDREWS has introduced a Metropolitan Health Bill. It has been prepared with the utmost care, and includes the methods which the experience of the largest cities in the world has proved to be most effective and advantageous. It is the work of no party of politicians or speculators, but of the best citizens and of men of the highest practical science. Its aim is the security of the health of the city without intrigue or delay.

The circumstances require instant and radical action. There is really no hope whatever from purely municipal agencies, and without denying the abstract truth of Mayor HOFFMAN'S remark, that the city should take care of its own health, it is enough to say that no well-informed man believes that at this juncture it either can or will take the necessary care.

The bill was defeated last year; but the imminence of the cholera will, we believe, secure its present passage without serious delay. Should it fail again, the city of New York will be literally left to its own destruction.

SYCOPHANCY.

THERE are certain papers which have the very bad habit of assuming that those who do not altogether approve their projects of reorganization are ill-conditioned malcontents and visionaries who are hostile to a speedy and secure reunion. If a citizen of the United States, who is quite as much interested in the just and permanent settlement of the question as any of the papers to which we refer can be, is persuaded, upon a thoughtful review of all the evidence, that still further consideration and delay are essential before the Government relinquishes its hold upon the lately insurgent States, he is denounced as an enemy of the President's policy, and as insisting upon foolish crotchets, theories, and "isms."

Now, it is a very pertinent inquiry why the purely speculative views which the President or any other eminent citizen takes of the situation may not equally be derided as crotchets, theories, and "isms." Upon a purely speculative point—such, for instance, as the precise status in the Union of the unorganized States—it is, we presume, permitted to the human mind to speculate. It may also be permitted the same mind to doubt whether the speculations of the President, or of any paper which echoes him upon this point as it would upon every other, are, for that reason, binding upon the American people. There is no folly more absurd than this kind of effort to "whip in" the intelligent mind of the country.

For ourselves, we have full faith in the purposes of the President, whose election we warmly supported. With some of his theories we have differed. His action, upon the whole, has seemed to the whole country sensible and sagacious. In common with the country we sincerely approve the spirit and intention of the conditions of reorganization which he has imposed upon the lately rebel States. But we know of no greater mischief which could be done to American institutions, and of no coarser insult to himself, than the obsequious adulation of the President which is lavished upon him by certain papers. It is the duty of the press to reveal to him the tendency and state of public opinion, not to attempt to bully opinion into mere acquiescence with his supposed views; and we are very sure that no man can have a profounder contempt for the latter effort than ANDREW JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE skill and diligence of the Surgical and Medical Department of the army during the war are illustrated in the circulars lately issued by the Surgeon-General. The amount and value of statistics carefully collected are very great, and the mass of facts is reported as much exceeding the results of all previous similar observation.

The medical staff of the war was composed of a surgeon-general, an assistant surgeon-general, and medical inspector-general; 16 medical inspectors; 170 surgeons and assistant-surgeons of the regular army; 362 volunteer staff surgeons and assistant-surgeons; 3000 regimental surgeons and assistant-surgeons of volunteers; 2500 acting assistant-surgeons and physicians under contract, and 6 medical storekeepers. There were 202 general hospitals, with 136,894 beds for patients. More than a million of patients were treated in these hospitals, of whom but one in twelve died; and the general sanitary condition of such hospitals was never so high as in these.

The most fatal disease was camp fever; the most common was diarrhea or dysentery; and after these, inflammation of the respiratory organs. The number constantly sick was about ten per cent. of the strength of the army. The mortality from disease alone was forty-eight and seven-tenths per one thousand of mean strength in the first year of the war, and sixty-five and two-tenths in the second. The registries of the wounded are not completed.

Meanwhile the accumulation of information in regard to the extent and nature of the army sickness is enormous, and the collection of the results of microscopical observation is of the utmost interest and importance. The peculiar enthusiasm of the profession has amassed the most ample material for a medical history of the war; and it is not possible to contemplate without pride and gratitude the conduct of this indefatigable and accomplished branch of the service.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS.

THE following hard-fought game was contested between Captain M'KENZIE and Mr. C. H. STANLEY, on Monday afternoon, the 8th instant—forming one in a series of matches now in progress at the New York Chess Club. In this case the first winner of three games will be declared the conqueror:

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

BLACK (*Capt. M'K.*)	WHITE (*Mr. S.*)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	3. P to Q R 3
4. B to R 4	4. P to Q Kt 4

This move is pretty generally condemned by the authorities, "4. K Kt to B 3" being generally recommended.

5. B to Kt 3	5. P to Q 3
6. Castles	6. P to Q B
7. K Kt to Kt 5	7. B to K 3
8. Kt takes B	8. P takes Kt
9. B takes P	9. Q to K 2
10. B to Q Kt 3	10. Kt to Q 5
11. P to Q 3	11. P to K R 4
12. Q Kt to B 3	12. P to Q B 3
13. B to K Kt 5	13. Kt to K 3
14. B takes Q Kt	14. Q takes B
15. P to K B 4	15. Kt to K 5
16. P to K B 5	16. Q to Q 2
17. P to K R 3	17. Q to Q R 2 (ch)

This check, we are inclined to think, must have escaped the attention of Captain M'Kenzie, as it enables his antagonist to assume at once the offensive.

18. P to Q 4	18. P takes P
19. P takes Kt	19. P takes Kt disc (ch)
20. R to B 2	20. P takes Q Kt P
21. R to Q Kt	21. R P takes Kt's P

"21. P to Q 4" would certainly have enabled him to win the exchange of Rook for Bishop—but Black's centre Pawns would have become very dangerous.

22. Q takes P	22. R to K 2
23. R takes P	23. R to R 8 (ch)
24. K takes R	24. Q takes R
25. B takes B	25. K takes B

White's aim here is to compel a drawn game by perpetual check with Queen.

26. Q takes P (ch)	26. K to Q
27. R to Q Kt 3	27. R to R 2
28. Q to B 6 (ch)	28. K to B 2
29. R to Q 3	29. Q to K B 5
30. Q to Kt 7 (ch)	30. K to Kt
31. Q to K R 8 (ch)	31. K to Kt 2
32. Q to Q 4	32. R to Q R
33. R to K R 3	33. R to K Kt
34. Q to Q 3	34. Q to Q B 8 (ch)
35. K to R 2	35. Q to K B 5 (ch)
36. K to Kt	36. Q to Q B 8 (ch)

It is obvious that White has now the option of enforcing a drawn game, and we think he would have shown good judgment had he done so.

37. K to B 2	37. Q to K B 5 (ch)
38. Q to K B 3	38. Q to Q 7 (ch)
39. K to Kt	39. R to K Kt 2
40. P to K B 6	40. R to K B 2
41. Q to K B 5	41. Q to Q 5 (ch)
42. K to R 2	42. R takes P
43. Q to Q 7 (ch)	43. K to Kt 3
44. Q to Q 8 (ch)	44. K to B 4
45. R to K R 5 (ch)	45. K to Kt 5
46. R to K R 3	46. Q to K 4 (ch)
47. K to Kt	47. Q to Q B 4 (ch)
48. K to R 2	48. R to K B 8
49. Q to K R 4	49. Q to Kt 8 (ch)
50. K to Kt 3	50. R to Q 8
51. Q to K B 4	51. R to K 8

The effects of a strange hallucination resulting in an irretrievably lost game.

52. Q takes P (ch)	52. K to R 5
53. K to B 4	53. Q to B 7 (ch)
54. K to Kt 5	

Should White now take P with Q giving check, Black interposes Rook, winning Queen or giving checkmate at once; and if 54. P to K Kt 5 Black replies 53. R to K R 6, in either case having an easily-won game.

THE NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

The eighty-ninth session of the New York Legislature began January 2. In the Senate, Mr. Terwilliger was appointed Clerk, and the Governor's Message was read. In the Assembly, Hon. Lyman Tremaine was elected Speaker. Among the first bills proposed in the Senate was the Metropolitan Health Bill. This bill constitutes four medical men with the four Metropolitan Police Commissioners a Metropolitan Board of Health. The board is to have authority to enforce cleanliness and to have the full co-operation of the Police Department. The executive officers of the Board are to be a sanitary superintendent with a salary not to exceed $5000, fifteen sanitary inspectors with a salary of $1500 each, and a secretary with a salary not exceeding $2500; and the services of an engineer may be employed at an annual cost of not more than $5000.

GOVERNOR ANDREW ON RECONSTRUCTION.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, in retiring from the gubernatorial chair, gave his views on the subject of reconstruction in an address to the State Legislature. He thinks the admission of the States lately in rebellion should depend upon the following five conditions: Their guaranteeing equal civil rights to the negroes and to the whites; basing the elective franchise upon no distinctions of race or color; annulling the secession ordinance; repudiating the rebel debt, and ratifying the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution.

Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, would probably go farther than this. In his late Message he advocates negro suffrage and the hanging of Jeff Davis.

CONGRESS.

January 5:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented petitions of colored people in Mississippi, Colorado, and Alabama, asking Congress to secure their liberties, praying for sufferance, etc.—A memorial of the Union League of New York was offered by Mr. Morgan, praying that Mrs. Lincoln may receive her late husband's salary for the full term.—A resolution was adopted calling for information respecting Provisional Governors, their pay, appointment, loyalty, etc.

In the House, a resolution was adopted, that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the statute of 1862, providing for registering foreign vessels, and also to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that no American vessel that surrendered her register and took foreign papers during the late war, shall, under any circumstances, again receive an American register.

January 8:

In the Senate, a communication from the Mayor of Washington, transmitting the result of the recent election there, adverse to negro suffrage, was received and laid on the table, as were also the credentials of Randall Hunt, Senator elect from Louisiana.—The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce, asking protection to Northern creditors against the operations of State statutes of limitation in the South, and several soldiers' petitions, requesting equalization of pay and bounty, were presented and referred.—Resolutions were adopted calling on the President for information regarding the order issued by our military authorities in California forbidding exportations of arms to Mexico, and for the reasons why there has yet been no appointment, as authorized, of a commission to investigate the claims of loyal slaveholders for compensation for colored men owing them service who were enlisted in the military service.

In the House, a bill was introduced granting bounty and additional pay to soldiers and seamen who enlisted in 1861.—A bill was reported from the Ways and Means Committee, and ordered to be printed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue six per cent. coin bonds sufficient to fund all the floating debts of the Government.—A resolution was adopted pledging the whole power of the Government against polygamy.—A resolution was adopted calling upon the President for information in regard to the alleged kidnapping by Maximilian of Mexico of one of the Harmie children.—A resolution was also adopted, 94 to 37, asserting as the sense of the House that the national military forces should not be withdrawn from the Southern States till their presence there shall have been declared by Congress no longer necessary.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor D. S. Walker, the regularly elected Governor of Florida, was inaugurated December 20.

On the evening of Saturday, the 6th instant, a most daring and successful robbery was committed on the express train from New York to Boston. An iron car of the Adams Express Company was opened by force, probably before the train left New York, and a large amount of money, estimated at half a million of dollars, was stolen from the Company's safe.

Mr. Elijah F. Purdy, for many years identified with the political affairs of the metropolis, died in this city at 12 o'clock on the night of January 8.

On Sunday, December 31, while a party of nineteen boys were skating on the St. Lawrence River, near Ogdensburg, the whole field of ice separated from the shore and began to float down the river. A gentleman attracted by the yells of the boys procured a boat, and by making three trips succeeded in saving the whole party.

Previous to its adjournment the Connecticut Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

Advices from Arizona state that Mexican refugees were assembling in large numbers in order to emigrate to Sonora. The Apaches continue their barbarities. It was reported that four Indian tribes were preparing an expedition against them.

A gentleman recently returned to New Orleans from Arkansas reports that State to be in an unsettled and disorganized condition. Neither life nor property there appears to be secure.

The negroes in the South never had a gayer or more peaceful New-Year's festivity than that which they have just been enjoying. At Fortress Monroe the negroes of Hampton celebrated their emancipation with great enthusiasm.

A St. Louis Dispatch brings bad news from the Plains. The cold is almost as terrible as the Indians. In two regiments a hundred soldiers had been so badly frozen as to make it necessary to leave them in the hospital. The road below Fort Kearney was blocked with snow.

Major-General Wilson, the captor of Jeff Davis, was married at Wilmington, Delaware, January 2.

General William Hickey, Chief Clerk of the Senate, died at his residence, near Washington, January 6, aged sixty-nine years. He was one of the oldest as well as one of the most conscientious of national officials, and had been forty-two years in the service of the Senate.

There have been received by the Adjutant-General, at Washington, about 800 applications for a share in the rewards offered for the capture of the assassination conspirators. The rewards now ready for distribution amount to about $300,000. Arrangements are being made by the claimants to get possession of the rewards offered in the several States, amounting to over a million of dollars, as soon as it is announced by the Government who are entitled to a share of the money.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE President's Message met in France with the same favor it received in England. Its moderation was extolled, and many journals endeavored to explain away the Mexican affair on Napoleon as being only temporary, and not intended to defy the sentiment of the American people.

The trial of Fenians in Ireland was still going on. At Cork, on the 20th of December, Jeremiah Donovan and Thomas Duggan were found guilty of treason. The former was sentenced to five years' and the latter to ten years' penal servitude.

The cattle disease in England was declining. Returns for the week ending December 16 are more favorable, the increase in the number of cases being six; the number of cases being 698, against an increase of 1527 in the week ending December 9. There is a decrease of 180 for Scotland, while in the week previous there was an increase of 690.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE AUTHOR BURYING HIS MANUSCRIPT.

PREFACE.

NOT a Preface merely for preface' sake, but as few words as possible by way of explanation.

This book was written in one of the centres of Secession. Begun at the outset, it grew with the growth thereof, and closed with its ending. Owing to peculiar circumstances, the writer, never out of the pale of Secession during its continuance, had full time and opportunity for as careful a study of the period as he could wish. If he has cast the result in the form of a fiction his work is none the less as essentially true as the dryest history ever penned; and will be acknowledged to be by all who, by reason of occupying a like position during the war, are competent to speak. And it is as true, in most respects, for one region in the South as for any other, the Secessionist as a class in all its varieties, and the Union men as a class in all *its* varieties, being, in every village throughout the South, very much the same as in Somerville.

The form of a novel was adopted chiefly to make it impossible for any one to identify the place in which the scene is laid and the characters acting therein. And that for this reason: The period embraced in the story is one which will be, in all its aspects, a phenomenon interesting to men for generations to come. Other volumes will treat of other features of this most remarkable period; this book aims only to photograph the social aspect thereof from a point entirely within; and it is a period altogether too sublime, both in its evil and its good, for any thing so short-lived and insect-like as mere personalities, which, as they buzz and sting but during their brief moment, should perish also and be forgotten within the same. Yes, if there be one drop of gall, a least splinter of wormwood in these pages, the writer is ignorant of it.

Born at, and having spent almost his entire life in, the South, the writer's first affections are, by that nature which attaches every thing that breathes to its own home, with and for the South. At the very same time he entertains a love yet larger and stronger for the nation of which the South is but a part, and is powerless to refuse conviction, both of head and heart, to the truth that the whole is greater than part of the whole. Above all does he yield reverence and affection, still beyond this, to Truth, Right, Conscience, God. A love herein without the least conflict in its three degrees of positive, comparative, superlative. Toward no one, during Secession, has his hatred been even stirred. For many a one, during that time, has the writer's pity been excited—his deepest pity for the guiltiest as being the most infatuated: glad that justice, human justice perhaps, Divine justice certainly, is to be meted out; glad, also, that, save in these humble pages, to him is committed neither its determining nor the execution.

He claims no merit whatever above others, far better, mayhap, in every other respect than himself, for, being from his earliest memory, in every thought, emotion, word, deed, through all associations, oppositions, circumstances, whatever they were, a Union man—claims no merit for this, since it required no exertion on his part, he being such by a sort of nature, as a cedar-tree is not a cypress, and as an oak-tree is an oak. Conscious of many a shortcoming in other respects, he has nothing to reproach himself with in this, unless it be for excess of love to his country, which, perhaps, the times may excuse.

The very manuscript from which these lines are printed could tell a tale of its own, apart from that which it narrates, in confirmation of this. While writing it the author was perfectly aware that his life would have paid the forfeit had a written page been discovered. On more than one Sunday the wife of the writer has borne the manuscript to church concealed about her person, in terror of leaving it, like powder exposed to chance sparks, at home. However, as our story shows, that was but a small specimen of the totally new set of duties, unprovided for in the marriage ceremony, which wives had to perform for Union husbands during Secession. On two occasions the writer was obliged to bury his manuscript in the ground, thereby damaging it seriously. To *that* the printer whose misfortune it is to set up these pages will tearfully depone.

They say that even amidst rock and glacier, avalanche and tempest of Alpine regions, there spring flowers not unworthy the gathering. Who knows but it may be so with this volume, which has slowly and painfully matured its leaves under circumstances— But suppose we permit the book to speak for itself.

CHAPTER I.

"A LITTLE more powder and a little more shot
'll teach dem Yankees how to trot!"

"No, Amouse, no; that ain't the way; this the way:

"Little more shot an' little powder
'll make them Yankees holler louder!"

"No, Bub, 'tain't; you an' Amouse bofe wrong:

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee flag
That bears the stingle star!"

"Lor', Miss 'Ria, you better not sing dat—not de Yankee flag—bonner blue flag—"

"You shut up, Amouse; hush, 'Ria."

"Hush your own mouth, Bub. Hurrah for Lincoln an' Jeff Davis!"

"Oh, 'Ria, I'll tell Pa what you said! Hollered for old Lincoln; didn't she, Amouse? If they don't hang you: Yonder's Pupper now, just coming in the gate. Oh, Pupper, here's 'Ria been hollering all the morning for Abe Lincoln! Ain't she a old Yankee?"

"Am a Yankee! Am a 'Bolitionist! Hate old Davis! Hurrah for Lincoln an' the Souf!"

"Hush your racket, children; hush that, Maria!" and their father fastened the gate slowly and carefully behind him.

"They know just about as much about it all as most grown people," said, but strictly to himself, the father of 'Ria and Bub and the master of Amos, about whose profession, as he walks toward the house, there is no necessity of informing you. That he is a doctor you can see by the medical saddle-bags which he carries hung over his left arm. A good, careful, conscientious doctor too, especially to nurse a patient through a long illness. That you can read in his mild, florid face, in the loiter of his very gait.

But, if you are a woman, and possess intuition, you can not help seeing also that this Dr. Warner is not the man to make an eminent surgeon. As you observe, following him with your eyes toward the house, he has very light hair and eyes—not the man to scoop a tumor out of the bosom of one's screaming child—not one you would care to call in if your leg had suddenly to be taken out of its socket at the thigh. When Nature has given a decided character to a man or woman she is very apt to hang out some decided flag of it on the outer wall: eyes of some definite color; hair red, black, or very brown.



"HURRAH FOR LINCOLN AN' THE SOUF!"

"But, Pupper," says Bub, calling after his father, "oh, Pupper, please make 'Ria stop hollering out here for Lincoln; she's all the time doing it. Joe Staples threw a rock at us yesterday; hit our Amouse plum on the head."

"You hear, Maria. Mind what Bub says. Don't you let me hear of your hollering any more," says the father, turning half around. "Don't you know ladies never holler?"

"Oh, Pa, but yes they do!" exclaims his daughter. "Don't you know how Sally Smithers waved her towel an' hollered that day the soldiers marched?—all the ladies on the front porches—don't you 'member?"

"Handkerchief, child; but you are a little, little girl, not eight years old; you mustn't holler—"

"Yes I must, Pupper; have to holler. Amouse here, he hollers; Joe Staples hollers; Bub is always hollering; every body in Somerville is always hollering all the time."

"Well, Maria, if you must have something to holler—"

"'Bliged to," put in the little girl.

"Then holler for—Andrew Jackson;" and her prudent parent passed on into the house.

Ever mindful of the various poisons in his saddle-bags, Dr. Warner placed them on a small shelf made for the express purpose, in the hall beside the hat-stand, high out of reach of the children. Next he proceeded, with what might be styled a cautious step for a man in his own house, to the door leading into the breakfast-room.

"Ah, Sarah, breakfast over, I see," he said, first glancing in through the partly-opened door, and then venturing more boldly in, when he sees that no one is therein except the negro woman standing over the wrecks of the meal, washing up the cups and saucers.

Prey fairly in the trap, the trigger springs:

"Over, Dr. Warner? Of course it was, one good hour ago, and you knew it when you asked."

It was his wife who said it, following her voice into the breakfast-room as she spoke. She had been saying it over to herself ever since she heard the front gate click, and short and sharp enough were the tones in which she spoke.

"Gracious goodness! can't your patients fix it so we *can* have some little order about our meals? But it is all your fault, Dr. Warner. Why *can't* you just give them their physic, whatever it is, be done with it, and come home? Here's Sarah—why can't you get that coffee-pot, Sarah?—here's Sarah—and you haven't washed them plates up yet?—here's Sarah kept from her morning's work, and kept from and kept from it, and she a good six dozen washing to have done and hung out before the cows come up to-night. If I was you, Dr. Warner, I'd give up my practice; goodness knows you make little enough at it; you would make plenty if you would only collect. But precious little you'd make at any thing else!"

"It doesn't matter, Helen," ventured her spouse, whose somewhat bald head had fallen into an indescribable droop, as of one under a shower-bath, the instant his wife began. So saying, he drew his chair to the table while the servant was placing his breakfast thereon. "I have been up near all night," he continued, as he stirred his coffee; "haven't any warm hominy? Never mind, I have no appetite, any thing will do."

"That Mrs. Bowles, I suppose. Bring me my work here off the sewing-machine, and mind you wipe your wet hands clean before you do it, you Sarah;" and Mrs. Warner takes a seat at the other end of the table. "I would like to know when *she* settled last—such a lady as you always call her. And why haven't you told me what is the matter with the woman? They might have given you at least a cup of coffee."

"And so they did, Alice saw to that," says Dr. Warner, who never fails to speak the best he can of any and every one.

"Coffee! Yes, Confederate coffee, I'll bet," interposes his wife, threading her needle.

"Yes, but you couldn't have told the difference—at least, hardly;" for the Doctor is very truthful too.

"Stuff! Never tell me," breaks in his wife. "There's old Mrs. Juggins, she uses barley. You know you couldn't stand that, even the smell. Came to find out we had gone and ground it, while she used it so—only toasted. Tried not grinding, but it wouldn't do. There's sweet-potatoes, too, cut thin and browned. Mrs. Bowles's notion; you know what a sickly sort of sweet it was. Coffee! Rye, too, that is Mr. Neely's plan. Like a Yankee! Then there's Mr. Ferguson, okra seed's his Scotch scheme, as if one could get okra seed enough to last a week. Never tell me! A thing is either coffee or it ain't coffee. You are so polite you pretend you can't tell the difference—don't catch me."

"One dollar a pound," ventures her husband.

"What, gone up to a dollar? Oh, if I only was a man! If I didn't hang them. First thing you knew it was fifty cents. Next time I went in to the stores it was: 'Not one pound on hand, ma'am, sorry to say; hope to get some soon.' Yes, and when they did have some next time it was eighty cents. And all the time they were pretending to be out they had sacks and sacks of it piled away down in the cellar, or hidden under carpets and things way up in the loft. Oh, if I was only a man! Calicoes up to fifty cents; domestics, six bits; fifty cents for a tin cup; five pounds of sugar for a dollar; molasses, dollar and a-quarter; shoes, eight dollars; flour, fifty dollars, or soon will be. I'd like to know what we are coming to! Mr. Barker was right—they are worse than Yankees! Our men going off to fight the battles of their country, bleeding and dying somewhere, and they at home making money out of the poor wives, and widows, and orphans. Barker was right. Their stores ought to be just taken, the goods sold for them at the old prices. Hang them!" ejaculated Mrs. Warner, her wrath rising, as it ever did, at the sound of her own voice. "Yes, as brother Barker says, 'I could string them up with my own hands!'"

"Rather strong language for a preacher," interposed her husband, who was quietly eating his breakfast.

"As much as to say, if Mr. Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman."

Dr. Warner continues to breakfast. A little more, perhaps, of the shower-bath droop about the head. There is a pause of surprise in the eyes of his wife. She sits with suspended needle, looking at her husband. And while she is still an instant let us seize that rare instant to catch her photograph—if we can.

When Dr. Warner first settled in Somerville, years ago this 1862, Mrs. Warner was a tall, spare, shrill spinster. Other than being an exceedingly industrious and neat housekeeper Miss Helen Morris had only fourteen recommendations to a marrying man; and those fourteen had legs and could wield hoes, scrubbing-brushes, and washing-boards. Somehow or other the Doctor married her. Was it that the poor and patientless young Doctor wanted a home? Mrs. Warner very often afterward herself suggested that solution of the case. It was a special weapon in her arsenal in the worriment of her husband, which worriment was a large part of her housekeeping. Nor did she conceal her painful impression to that effect from chance company either; for it was a peculiarity of Mrs. Warner to express herself upon matters, pleasant and unpleasant, relating to herself openly, fully, and upon every occasion. Or it may be—most were of that opinion—that it was not the Doctor who married the lady, but the lady who married him. Good, easy, indolent man, he was no match for Miss Helen Morris—as natural a prey to such a woman as a mouse is to a cat.

Not that the Doctor did not have warning fair and sufficient. When he applied that day in the dirty county court office to Bob Withers, county clerk, for the marriage license, that gentleman did his best. Years after Bob prided himself upon that.

"To Miss Helen Morris—not the widow Morris—to Miss Helen Morris, did you say, Doc?" he asked, with an emphasis not complimentary.

Even when Bob Withers brought himself fairly to the task of filling up the blanks of a license he spoiled one form, and then another, with blunders, his mind evidently being on something else. And when he had dipped his pen in the ink to begin at the third it was only to stick it behind his ear, unlock the drawer in the desk at which he wrote, take out a pistol and lay it thereupon, the handle convenient to his friend. A frank and wholesome face, Bob's.

"Doc," he solemnly said, with hand resting upon the weapon, "I like you as much, by George! as any man I know. I haven't forgot that typhoid fever time. But look here, Doc. I know that Miss Helen Morris—gracious Heavens!" with considerable irritation, "who in Somerville don't know her?—and I just tell you as a friend, you see—no other possible interest in the thing—but before you marry them black eyes and that awful tongue—you see I boarded with her once—you'd better take this Derringer and kill yourself, by George! and be done with it."

But the Doctor married her.

Early in life Miss Helen may have been a brunette and all the rest. But Mrs. Warner was now sallow—only sallow. The lips were still red, but very thin. And then her eyes? Once on a time the Reverend Edward Arthur had made a pretty long trip on a canal boat, and on his introduction to Mrs. Warner, when he first took charge of the Somerville church, he had been struck with a foolish fancy that her blackly-defined eyebrows resembled the lock-gates on the canal when opening to let down the water. The fact is, the lady's eyes and eyebrows did have an oblique direction upward above the nose, giving her the appearance of being wide awake, becoming more and more oblique as she grew excited. Free as the air in the expression of herself; tough and elastic as gutta percha; electric from head to foot, the electricity quivering, as its nature is on every projecting point of the body charged, at the tips of her fingers, the corners of her eyes and mouth, in focus on the end of her tongue.

But let us be charitable. Perhaps if you, or even if I myself, had dipped snuff as long and as incessantly as she had, we too would have been as nervous as she was. But very little Bub, 'Ria, Amos, Sarah, and the rest had to endure it in comparison with the Doctor. Sharp and perpetual as were her eyes and tongue in regard to all within and without her household, the Doctor had by far the larger share thereof.

Because for him it was she cared most. Indolent, sensible, getting-to-be-corpulent, slovenly Dr. Warner! He has learned only to droop his head and take it. When it becomes too bad, and if Mrs. Warner pours her vial upon him when company—as she often does—is present, the Doctor, at the earliest possible moment, carries his drooped head out of the parlor and off the place. Yet, let us get at the eternal reason and meaning of things; for there is as solid a reason for the growth of a nettle as there is for the existence of a rose—as substantial a meaning in the existence of a mosquito as in the life of John Howard. As a needed spur—we will not call it thorn—in his side, this wife is a blessing to this husband. He married her, perhaps, with blind promptings—who knows?—

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"I DO BELIEVE THAT YOU, DR. WARNER, ARE A—UNION MAN!"

from his physiological studies, because she was so unlike to himself. And she married him?—perhaps from some vague intuitions to the same effect.

If the stream of my story did not hurry me on so urgently I would like to turn out of its current for a moment and say just one word about that admirable provision of Nature, by which she preserves, in our species as in the planets, her own sacred balance. When it is not Parent, nor Pique, nor Mammon, nor any thing other than sweet Nature herself who weds you to your wife, you will find that she mates you two on the plan of a perfect compensation; that is, she makes up for the excess of any defect in one of you by an excess of the opposite virtue in the other. It was something other than Nature that made the match if you, a tall man, are wedded to any other than an undersized woman. Woe to you, Madam, if you, a blonde, are united to a fair-haired man! So of that inner nature of which the outer appearance is but the symbol. Alas for you, Sir, if you, a man of desponding temperament, are wedded to a wife of the same dismal hue of feeling! Though I believe, even in that case, Nature strives to make the best of a union in which she had no hand. I will not say how it will be if you are a man; but if you are a woman I am certain of this: however despondent you may yourself be, the instant you detect the slightest gloom in your husband's brow, or the least growl in his voice, you go instinctively to the other side of the tilting bark, and become as cheerful as possible. And the instant you give way to gloom notice how awkwardly, yet well meaningly, he, poor fellow! attempts at least to trim the tilting vessel by putting on at least an aspect of cheerfulness. Woe, then, had it been to Mrs. Warner if she had been united to some black-eyed, black-haired, black-bearded husband! Notice the union of two sable clouds in mid-air, if you would understand the result. So that when Mrs. Warner paused from her sewing and said,

"As much as to say, if brother Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman." The Doctor only helped himself in a sidelong and deprecatory manner to the butter.

"I do believe," said Mrs. Warner—"Sarah, step out and tell those children to hush that noise—I do believe," she continued in low, sepulchral tones, "that you, Dr. Warner, are a—Union man!"

Language can not set forth the awfulness of epithet implied in the charge, the canal gates opening wider and wider. "Yes, and I know now why the bells didn't ring last night! I was wondering, I know now!" said Mrs. Warner swiftly, and with a new light breaking all over her face. "Yes, and why you couldn't leave Mrs. Bowles. Worse, is she! Ha! Yes, I see it all." Canal gates open their widest.

Dr. Warner glanced up from his plate at his wife with a flash of admiration. "What an amazingly sharp woman!" he said to himself.

"Bells?" he said, however, at last. "Bells? I should think, Helen, you would have had enough of bells night before last. Every bell in town! There was the big Methodist bell; I lay and counted no less than ten fresh hands in turn at that bell-rope before day. The first hand began as if he would break the bell to pieces, pulled until it was broken down; then you could notice the rope taken by another till he gave up exhausted; then by another, through the whole ten. I am not nervous, but I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

"Dr. Warner!" said Mrs. W. solemnly, needle, eyes, breath suspended.

"And you know I said at the time—or was it you yourself made the remark—"

"Dr. Warner!—Sarah, do n't come here, stay in the kitchen till I call you.

"Well, it was one of us said it," continued the husband, very quietly sipping his coffee, looking over the top of his cup with unusual hardihood at his eager wife.

"You know I never said it!" broke in the wife. You know I never could have been such a traitor as to have said it. And if the paper that came last night says our soldiers have been whipped there in Tennessee, it's a lie! Didn't the papers night before last tell how our men had come out of Fort Donelson and driven the Hessians back through their camps, and killed six thousand, and taken all the rest prisoners, and—and—"

"Very well, my dear, you needn't be excited at *me*. Have it your own way. Suppose we talk of something else."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Bowles, Dr. Warner?" asked his wife, with sudden suspicion.

"Well," replied her helpmate, slowly, "the faculty have different names for it. There are febrile symptoms, too much excitement in the brain. Nervous, hysteria."

"Stuff; but what has made her worse? I know it can not be she has heard any bad news about that everlasting Rutledge Bowles of hers, for you would have told me so when you first came. What has she heard? Something bad, I know."

"Well, yes. But you know, my dear, Mrs. Bowles permits her mind to run too much, really too much, on the events of the day—"

"Dr. Warner," says his wife, in alarming tones though lower than before, "will you tell me the news that came last night?"

"If you wish it. Remember it may be false; you will be sure it is. In any case I didn't do any thing to bring it about."

"What *is* it?"

"Fort Donelson has fallen, my dear. General Johnson has retreated into Alabama. Nashville has capitulated. A good many more items to the same effect. At least so the paper says. I dare say part of the news may be exaggerated, premature at least."

"It's a lie—it's a base, base, base lie! I'll bet a thousand dollars the man that prints that paper is a Yankee. He ought to be hung!"

Perhaps it was owing to her cheeks having become some shades sallower that Mrs. Warner's lips seemed so much redder, her eyes and hair so much blacker than before. "Oh, if I was only a man!" she added.

Meanwhile her husband only arched his brows deprecatingly, and proceeded to eat his breakfast with a coolness, appetite, even cheerfulness, which contrasted greatly with the vehement, almost hysterical, wife at the other end of the table.

But, oh the exquisite satisfaction of Dr. Warner in imparting the news, unspeakable satisfaction at the very core of his heart, though all the rest of his anatomy might disavow it!

How you up there at the North rang your bells and blazed in all manner of illumination, and invoked the entire hive to help utter your gratification, Heaven and History well know. Your joy? It was as nothing compared with the electric ecstasy thereat which flashed unexpressed through all loyal hearts at the South. Heaven only knew it then; History shall know it forever.

"And if it is true, though I don't believe a word of it, there's some base treachery in it, or the officers were all drunk, or they were all a pack of cowards! To give up to Yankees! I do wish the Yankees had managed to kill them. I hope Davis will have them tried and hung," says Mrs. Warner.

"Why, my dear, it would take a perfect factory to keep you in rope," dares her husband, playfully but injudiciously.

"And you are not sorry a single bit!" responds his wife, turning the lightning of her rage zigzag in every direction that offers. "I do believe you are glad. I tell you, Dr. Warner, if I actually thought so, was satisfied of it, I would not care *that*, if we have been married so long. I'd—ha! no wonder you wouldn't get up that night the bells rung so. I had to hunch and hunch you ever so often before you woke even. And when you did wake, you said it must be fire, not even expecting a victory. Ought not to be too certain, you said, at the very time every bell in town was ringing as hard as could be. Dr. Warner, you are the worry of my life! And there you sit this moment just as cool—"

"But you know, Helen, I heard the news several hours ago. Besides, I've just drunk two cups of your excellent coffee. Then, my mind has been taken up with Mrs. Bowles's case. And, really, my dear," said the Doctor, eager to divert the conversation, "I'm getting uneasy about Mrs. Bowles. Such a sensitive, refined little body she is! perfect lady, too, in every respect; but she has given herself up to so much excitement for so long. Rutledge Bowles, too; the news night before last almost deranged her with joy. Then comes that news last night. The reaction was almost too much for her. I tell you what, my dear," continued the Doctor, with indolent hypocrisy, "I'm glad I have a wife who is stronger than her nerves. Glad, my dear, that you have such strong sense of your own to keep you steady these stormy times."

"No, Dr. Warner, you can't blind me. With all her aristocratic airs I know there are some things, at least, in which I can only pity. One can't help liking Alice. You never hear Rutlege Bowles from her lips—never opens her mouth about him, hardly. But, if you mean to say she loves the South more than I do—"

"But what is the use of worrying yourself? The armies are in the field, doing, I dare say, all they can. And you are doing all you can. You are out every day collecting for the soldiers, and you sing for them at all the concerts, act for them in all the tableaux, sew for them, knit, quilt. What more can you do? If one-half of the ladies of Somerville only did one-half of what you do—"

"Ah, Dr. Warner, I see what you are after!" said his wife, somewhat mollified; "but you are only from Tennessee, Eastern Tennessee at that, and you know where I'm from. What I want is for you to be more interested, excited, more like a warm-hearted Southern man. But there you go day after day with your old saddle-bags over your arm, just as you used to do, feeling people's pulses, dosing children, pulling teeth—you don't talk enough. But this news—oh, it can't, can't—"

"In your acquaintance among the ladies those that talk most, fuss most, do most of the work do they, eh? Why you told me yourself, Helen—"

"Pshaw! Dr. Warner, you know perfectly well what I mean. You are not sure enough the South is going to succeed. And you visit among those Union people just as much—more, I believe—than you do among good Secessionists. Nobody can get any thing out of you. Look at Dr. Ginnis."

"Which do you think the best doctor of the two? No, my dear, I'm a physician in large practice, I believe; all my time is taken up with my patients. Dr. Ginnis is more politician than medical man—talks about the war at the top of his big voice at the bedside of the sick, and, no matter how sick they are, for the hour at a time. If he likes, and they like, let him. I prefer to do my way, physic them, and come home to my family. You know what a quiet sort of man I am. Besides, you have patriotism enough for us both, Helen. Take your way, my dear—let me take mine."

"Yes, Dr. Warner. Oh yes; I dare say. Very fine. But what worries my life out is nobody can tell. When you are with Secessionists you are as mum as a mouse, or open your lips only to dispute something. When you are with those Union people, oh I know you! Why don't you denounce them, tell me that? Every body in Somerville is talking about you. Mr. Neely told me only last Monday, when he was here to see about Bub drawing those pictures on his blackboard, as if you can expect a child to respect a Yankee teacher!—told me, humph, much faith I have in him, loud as he talks—told me Lamum told him that Dr. Peel said he really believed you were nothing more'n less than a *Abolitionist*, if the truth was known!" But to describe Mrs. Warner's emphasis on the word is beyond the power of type.

"And this great Dr. Peel knows, of course, more about me—he has been here less than a year, I believe—than you do, or than any body who has known me here for ten years," says Dr. Warner, pushing away his plate from before him.

"I told Mr. Neely to tell Lamum to tell Dr. Peel from me that it was a lie, and he knew it," said Mrs. Warner, promptly enough. "If he hints such a thing to me, the big, bedizzened old puppy, I'll slap those ears of his! But don't you go and say any thing to him," adds Mrs. Warner, who had got her husband into hot water more than once in their married life, as he rises from the table.

"Not the least fear of me. I would be a fool to mind any thing any one says of me in these days," replies her helpmate.

"But this dreadful, dreadful news! Are you sure you are not mistaken? It can't, can't be true! I'll put on my sun-bonnet and run over to Mrs. Ret Roberts, she'll know all about it. Though, poor thing! how such a man as Colonel Ret Roberts ever came to marry her, soft, say nothing sort of a thing— Oh, one thing, Dr. Warner, engage me ten pounds of coffee at Mr. Ellis's. If any body has any conscience left he's— But, Dr. Warner"—and his wife seizes upon him as he passes her—"do you really think, really now, there's any doubt about the South succeeding?"

Nature gives every living thing some mode of defense, or at least escape. People that have feeble hands generally are compensated with admirable legs. Master Fox does not pretend to the roar nor to the teeth and claws of the lion; but then Sir Reynard is not deficient in cunning. This Dr. Warner can no more stand before the eyes and the tongue of his wife than he can before Atropos. Thin-haired, florid, unaggressive, fat, too, he does only what nature has left him to do—droops his head and takes it. It is a great



"I'LL READ YOU ONE ITEM FOR MY NEXT PAPER YOU MAY LIKE." [SEE PAGE 39.]

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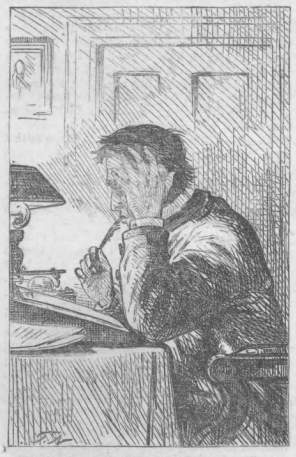
deal he has to take, when she is fairly at it. Spare in frame as she is; but oh, the interplatting of her eyes and lips are about as awful a scourge as need be!

Sarah, and the rest in the kitchen, take their share of Mrs. Warner black and silent as night—such as the shield nature supplies them. Bub and Lydia, the two children, dodge and escape out of range, with steadily growing contempt for her in her bursts of fondness and preserves as in her anger and scolding. At last, the Doctor gets the largest share of Mrs. Warner and her black eyes; he escapes by never looking up while she is carrying on. The words he simply hears. Long habit helps him there. As the storm lulls he flatters—consciously, awkwardly, transparently flatters. But, then, flattery is sweet; and here was Mrs. Warner's only source thereof.

So that when his wife pressed upon him the question last recorded, one being asked at that period over every table at the South, what does the Doctor?

"Hush, Helen; Sarah out there might hear. I'll whisper, that is, I'll let you know exactly what I really think and feel," and approaching his lips cautiously to her ear, this deceitful practitioner pressed a rapid kiss upon the convenient cheek, disengaged his arm, and was gone.

It was a little strange, such disastrous news too, but it was the first time Dr. Warner had kissed his wife in two years!



THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTING TO DESCRIBE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER II.

IT strikes me, dear reader, that every writer ought to have, from the outset of his book, a perfectly clear understanding with his reader. You have often noticed that no public speaker succeeds in what he has to say unless there be such an understanding between himself and his audience. And, among speakers, he is an orator of the highest order who, from the opening of his lips to the moment he ceases to speak, is on terms of the closest and clearest mutual understanding with those to whom he addresses himself.

Now, there is one thing in which I will venture to crave such an understanding with you, dear reader. I can not describe. You will catch my meaning when I tell you that I have sat here some ten minutes nibbling at the end of my penholder, desirous of describing to you the good town of Somerville in which our story is laid, and find it impossible to do so. It may be some step toward this to say that Somerville is situated in one of the Southern States. Which of these States it may be in, try as I may to conceal it, the reader will be certain to find out long before he reaches the last page—it will slip out, I am satisfied. Each State has its own distinct individuality, a kind of personal identity which impresses itself upon each one of its children. Now, I have reason to believe that I could, after half an hour's conversation with a stranger, tell him to be a preacher, if he was one, and even the very denomination of which he is a preacher; and so if he be lawyer, doctor, planter, schoolteacher, or what not. So of State identity. Throw me one hour with a man, and I can give a shrewd guess whether he is a Southerner or not; and if I miss it in naming the very State at the South of which he is a native it will be the first time. And yet I must add one thing more, that the whole truth may be told. Very often have I met a man having all what are generally known as the peculiarities of the New Englander—reserve, caution, sharpness in trade, closeness in purse—and yet, who had never been outside of his native South in his life. And often, too, have I been pleasantly associated with one having all the opposite peculiarities of the Southerner—frank, cordial, generous, radiant with every noble impulse—what we somewhat boastfully claim to be the characteristics of a thorough-blooded Southerner, yet, at last, born and "raised" among the snows and nutmegs, not at all tropical, of New England.

The truth is, we of these American States are at last one people. Our origin and history so far, railways, intermarriage, and other powerful processes of approximation and assimilation now working, all events and forces past and present are leavening us into one; and that altogether irrespective whether we like it or not. Those of us who look upon this continent from the point nearest to that from which the Almighty regards it, well know that all things, even the most unlike, are leavening our millions by a process, which is none other than the purpose of God, into a unity infinitely sublimer than any thing and every thing we have hitherto expressed by the word Union! You know this already? Well, but let me say it.

However, it is of Somerville we are now attempting to speak. And how shall it be described? To say it contains some twelve hundred people leaves but a vague idea upon the mind. Could I describe a river as meandering beside it, or forests as engirdling it, or mountains as towering above it, that would be some help. The only objection to this is, that it would not be the truth—a level, post oak, sandy plain is its location; no mountains, no river, and but a scrubby forest.

It may assist us to say that Somerville is mainly built along one principal street, with tributary streets, like rills to a river, emptying into it on either side. The court-house, too, should be specified—a square brick building in the centre of the town. But why should one feel the strong aversion I feel for that gloomy building with its brick-paved floor below, its well-worn and exceedingly dirty stairway, its breezy court-room above, its yellow walls spangled a yard up from the floor with tobacco juice, its bewhittled benches and hide-bottomed chairs, its doors and posts beplastered with curt Sheriff's notices half print, half writing, and with notices of cattle lost, written in all possible varieties of spelling and grammar?

The architecture of the four churches yields me nothing whatever to describe in regard to them. Places of worship they were—nothing else and nothing more—having in many respects a painful resemblance to the dreary court-house. And yet good, sound, practical sermons were often delivered in one and all. Sincere worship, too, as ever was offered in stately cathedral and towering minster, have those uninviting houses witnessed. Or, if there ever was lack of fervor in the morning and night services at which the white population attended, it was more than made up by the warmth of the worship on Sunday afternoons, when the black people took their turn in the churches. And you may talk as much as you please of the advantages of race and education in all respects, I defy any resident of Somerville to deny the assertion, that the practical Christianity of the colored professors of religion was on a level at least with that of the white communicants of the various churches in the place. Let us not mind so excessively much about our color and condition in this present world in other regards; if religion but land us safely in heaven there will be infinite, divinest influences operating on us there, with an eternity for them to operate in.

Nor will we say any thing of the post-office, two doors off from the principal hotel; if it will help us on to say that Smithers is post-master in the one, and Staples, Joe, host in the other, let that also be added; nor of the dry-goods stores, with the red blankets hanging at their doors; nor of the provision stores, sticky with sugar and molasses, and greasy with great piles of bacon.

I was aware of it before attempting the task; it is impossible to describe Somerville. In a journey across the State you pass through a dozen towns just like Somerville; you bear away nothing at all by which you can remember it from the other eleven; just the same sort of post-office at which the stage stopped with you to give out and to take in the mails, just the same groups idling in front of the groceries, just the same sort of tavern at which you snatch your hasty meal; like beads on the thread of your travel, the towns seem duplicates of each other. But there is to Somerville a focus, a point having the same relation to Somerville, and to the county of which Somerville is the county seat, even to the State in which Somerville is located, that the brain has to the body. I refer to the office of the Somerville *Star*.

Imagine a two story frame-house, not very far from the post-office. True, the huge sign-board on which is written Somerville *Star* is blown down, but then the largest half of what remains has been stood up against the side of the house on an end, and can easily be deciphered by those who already know what is inscribed thereon. All the printing is done up stairs. The editor's room you enter from the street, on the first floor. Nor need you knock; the door is never locked, and all you have to do is to push it open, if it should be shut, and walk in. You have only to introduce yourself, and you will be waved by the editor to a seat and to the last paper. If you are any body of importance, from any where outside of the county, a Judge say, or a candidate of the same views as Mr. Lamum, or a Colonel in some regiment present or prospective, you have only to make yourself agreeable, and in the next number of the Somerville *Star* you will read how "greatly gratified we were by a visit from our excellent friend," Colonel this or General that. "We are extremely gratified to learn from him," or, "We are much pained to be informed by him," and then you will read the information you may have incidentally communicated to the editor; but it will seem to you when in print vastly more important and decided in its nature than you had ever dreamed it to be at the time you mentioned it.

At the very moment Dr. Warner and his wife are conversing upon the news of the night before at their breakfast-table, Lamum and Dr. Peel are full of it in the editorial sanctum. This is not strange, however, as there is not an individual in Somerville—in the whole land, in fact, who is not at the same time conversing upon the same theme.

"I say, Lamum, between us, you know, what do you think of this news?" It is Dr. Peel who asks the question. He has read the bit of brown paper upon which it is printed some six times over, and holds it to read several times over yet before he is done.

"I think, Sir, that one half is false and the other half is exaggeration," replies Mr. Lamum, promptly. He has printed a paper too long not to know all about such things. We call him Mr. Lamum. The fact is, he is called Colonel Lamum and General Lamum and Major Lamum indifferently. Mr. Lamum by very few. Indulge me in the weakness of dropping all his titles and calling him simply Lamum. People never called him any thing else except in speaking to him.

An undersized man is Lamum. He may be thirty, and he may be fifty years old—you can form no conclusion on the matter merely by looking at him. Excessively lean; very much stooped in the shoulders; face very pale, and never changing color under any possible circumstance; nose long and sharp; thin black hair; of a swift gait in walking; prompt and sharp speech; very shabby in clothing—that is the man.

Although continually associated with people that do, Lamum never smokes, never drinks, never plays a game—at least of cards. You never catch him in a billiard-room or doggery, unless it is in search of some politician to be found nowhere else. Lamum rarely enters a church—never, in fact, save for some political reason, such as to hear a political prayer or sermon. Yet Lamum swears only when very greatly provoked. No one has ever breathed a syllable against him as a husband. In regard to his various pecuniary transactions his enemies violently assail him; but then his friends as vehemently defend him. As these transactions are enwound in lawsuits without number, it is impossible to decide upon them in advance of the jury.

One word expresses Lamum from his earliest manhood upward, heart and soul, body, mind, and spirit, conversation and conduct—in every respect from head to foot. He is a politician. Above politics, beneath politics—if it had any beneath—besides politics he has not a thought or emotion. All his reading is political papers; he holds no conversation, when he can help it, except upon political topics. He knows no ties to any living creature except political ties. As to his wife he sees her only across the table at meals, or, perchance, asleep in bed when he comes in late at night. His printer's devils have a joke that all his courting consisted of political conversation with his beloved—though why she married him Venus would have to ask of all the gods of Olympus to ascertain; perhaps Plutus could inform her. Certain it is, all of his street fights have been with political foes. There is nobody in the world—perhaps his wife excepted: he has no children, he has no time for such nonsense—loves this pale, cold, eager man.

There are many who fear him throughout his State; but oh, how unanimously throughout the State, which he rules with his pen, is he hated! Robespierre—yes, there must be a resemblance between the very appearances of the two men. Like Robespierre he loves politics not for the office or profit it brings him so much as for the dry sake of politics itself. Something like the intense fondness—not so much of a gambler for his cards as of a chess-player for his mystic game. He has a cold yet infinite zest in the intrigue, the twisting of facts, the magnifying of useful nothings, the diminishing of disagreeable somethings—the downright lying, the flattering, the bullying, the rewarding, the punishing—the wielding of Power, that is it! Robespierre had his guillotine, had he? Every Saturday's *Star* falls like an axe across some man's name if not his neck! Talk about the unscrupulous devotion of a Jesuit to his order!

Let it suffice to be said, Lamum was, in the most exclusive and intense sense possible to the word, a Politician, not in the sense of a stump-speaker. Lamum had a thin, feeble voice—he could not make speeches, never tried. But his pen! Ah, how powerfully he spoke through that! And how he ruled with it hundreds in every county in the State who did mount the stump.

"Look here, General," says his companion yet again, "you are going to print this ridiculous dispatch, are you? I say, you will fix it up in your paper? You know, between us, it won't do exactly."

"Hold on a moment," says Lamum, who has been writing rapidly ever since he entered the office. Dr. Peel resumes his brown dispatch. A large, dark man is Dr. Peel. What you might call a bulbous forehead, with very black hair and whiskers, singularly black. Dr. Peel possesses deep black eyes as singularly restless and eager in their motions. The Doctor has been in Somerville but a few months; shortly before the blockade was established over the Southern ports he arrived. Dr. Peel has long given up his practice, he says—has means enough to live.

And the Doctor *has* means, plenty it would seem—gold. No man can be more prompt in paying his board bill; nor does he make a single debt at a store, though he is continually in them, one and all, and purchases freely. The Doctor is partial to buggy-riding, and makes it a point to take some one of his acquaintances with him whenever he drives out. Though he has been in Somerville for so short a time he knows every body. Especially is he hand and glove with Dr. Ginnis, Mr. Neely, Colonel Roberts, old Mr. Juggins, the Rev. Mr. Barker, Lamum, and the rest of the genuine, from-the-start, out-and-out, no-mistake Secessionists. Of those who are suspected of being Union people he has the most unmitigated horror.

"Thank you, Sir; I wish to have nothing to say to such traitors"—he remarks—"I'd just as lief hang them as eat my dinner." He has frequently observed, "I'd put an ounce of lead through them, or six inches of cold steel into their white livers and black hearts as quick as take a drink, Sir, and a —— sight quicker!" and here his hands would clench, his eyes roll, and he would curse the individuals in question with a species of frenzy that left any other man far behind.

Not a war-meeting of any sort but he was the first to be present and the last to leave, the loudest to applaud and the largest to contribute. On one occasion, at least, he publicly offers from his own pocket twenty dollars in gold, in addition to the fifty-dollar bounty, to every man that will enlist in the new company being raised. From the earliest hour of the day till the latest moment at which he can find any one to converse with him, he has but one topic—Secession and the War. He can not cease from the theme even at table. It is confessed that he is stronger and louder and more violent in the matter than any other man in or around Somerville. There is a ferocity of manner, a recklessness of assertion, an insanity of feeling about him, which rather cools than otherwise the most violent of his associates.

Considering all the circumstances of his advent in Somerville; that he is so "flush of money—not paper-money, but gold, Sir, round twenty-dollar pieces—I'll be hanged, Sir, if I don't believe—why, the man has no occupation here at all but talk Secession and the War—I'll be ——, Sir, if I don't firmly believe that Dr. Peel is a—" And here the voice of the speaker is sunk into a whisper, and is received with a start and an oath by the hearer: such had often been the remark made in Somerville.

"There is my trunk, gentlemen," Dr. Peel remarked when a committee visited his room at Staples's Hotel to investigate matters. "Don't forget the lid part of it, please. My extra coats, waistcoats, and breeches are hanging on the hooks behind my door. I will take off the clothes I now have on also. Don't forget those extra boots under the bed—might have papers in the linings or between the soles. There you see my revolvers too; pair of bowie-knives also—examine the scabbards, gentlemen. My Enfield rifle stands in the corner. The mattress, too, and the books on the table. Make a thorough search, please."

No man could be more unembarrassed than Dr. Peel by the visit and the suspicion which led to it. One would have supposed that he would have been astonished at it, resented it, killed some one. Not a bit of it. Dr. Peel was not ruffled a feather by any thing of the sort.

There had been some singular discrepancies in the Doctor's statements in regard to the place of his birth, in regard to his having correspondence with his "old and intimate friend Beauregard," which he "had got confoundedly mislaid" when desired to produce; but no evidence could be found against the Doctor of a positive nature, and so he pursued his course louder than ever.

It was a little singular, however, the conduct of Dr. Peel, after having politely escorted to the door of his chamber the committee above referred to—Bob Withers, Simmons, and windy Dr. Ginnis the committee were. Seating himself, having called out after them as they departed down the steps the last friendly, even cordial good-morning, with his hands in his lap, forefinger and thumb arched to meet forefinger and thumb, he first thought it over, then began to smile, at last rolled himself upon his bed, fairly convulsed with laughter, genuine, unfeigned laughter, sparkling from every white tooth, streaming in tears from his eyes, possessing him and shaking his burly frame from head to foot.

"Going to the war? *I am* going," the Doctor had often remarked, in answer to questions to that effect. "Do you think I'd stay away when there are Yankees to be killed? No, Sir. I *am* going; and if I was to see my own brother or father among them I'd send a bullet from my rifle here through their hearts first ones. Do you think money could pay me to stay behind?" And the Doctor would proceed to curse out the rest of the feelings of his soul on the subject in a way which left nothing to be desired.

And yet Dr. Peel's burly form was still to be seen in every store, at every street corner, before every bar. It was singular. "In constant correspondence with the military authorities, Sir. They are anxious to place me where I can do most for the glorious cause." Yet months rolled by; the Doctor left Somerville often enough, but he always came back again for a fresh start. It was singular.

But Lamum has finished writing. "See if this will do," he says to Dr. Peel; and he proceeds to read:

"THE NEWS OF TUESDAY NIGHT.

"Thank Heaven! we know our readers well enough to know the manner in which they received the news of Tuesday night, of which much, and a vast deal too much, has been said. In the first place, we take for certain that a large part, if not every syllable, of the news is utterly false. Months ago the North was taught, and the entire world was taught, for time and for all eternity, a fact which we of the South have always known as well as we know our alphabet—that Northern soldiers fly like sheep at the very appearance of our brave boys.

"Is it reasonable to suppose that this has been other than the case at Fort Donelson? Did not the last dispatch distinctly declare the utter rout of the Federal forces assaulting that fort? But yesterday we were rejoicing in what we expected as a matter of course—shall we pay the least attention to-day to the preposterous lies which have come to our ears? We feel confident our intelligent readers will treat such trash with the contempt it deserves.

"Even supposing the Federals have met with some slight success in Tennessee, it is but for a moment. At the news all the South will pour forth its legions by millions, and in less than one month from this day not only will the Federal armies be driven back, but our invincible hosts will be thundering at the gates of Cincinnati and Chicago! Looking at the news as we will, in any case we find in it ground only of rejoicing. Doubtless before this our Government has been recognized by every

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nation in Europe, hailing with enthusiastic welcome its advent among the noblest nations of the earth. The North, already execrated by the whole civilized world, can not endure two months longer its enormous expenses. For what we know, our independence has been acknowledged by the North even while we write these lines. This we will say—ever since the editor of this sheet could pen a line has he striven night and day to bring about Disunion; from his very cradle was it the warmest aspiration of his soul; its consummation is the proudest rejoicing of his life. Of the establishment of this nation, and that it will, from its very establishment, rank second to none else on the globe, we are as certain as of our very existence!"

"Good as wheat!" exclaimed Dr. Peel, as the editor laid down his blotted sheet on the table.

"Oh, that is only one article!" replied the editor. "I will have a dozen like it, longer or shorter, in the next number."

"It's good, very good," said his companion; "yet it seems to me you do not pepper it strong enough. Why don't you print as I *talk*, as *you* talk? Pitch in, you know; lay it on scalding hot. You don't let on your steam, somehow."

"If I did I would simply burst the boiler. No, Sir," said this Machiavelli; "that is the blunder other editors and *all* stump speakers are eternally falling into. They go it with too much rush—overdo the thing. It is in politics as it is in a battle, the head-over-heels people always get the whipping. It is the cool, deliberate ones that gain the victory. I show myself positive and absolutely certain; but no fuss, no fury. Strike the wedge too hard and it bounces out, you know."

At this moment a gentleman, evidently a country planter, entered the room. The editor hailed him as Colonel Juggins.

"This is Dr. Peel, Colonel," he added, with a wave of the inky hand toward his companion.

"Oh, I know the Doctor. Many a good, warm talk we've had over the Yankees," said the Colonel. "But look here, General," he continued, "what about this news? I tell you things is looking squally: this child came mighty nigh taking a scare."

"You've read the dispatch, Colonel?" asked the editor, indifferently.

"Yes, I *hev* read that doggoned dispatch," said his visitor, anxiously, "and I'm mighty anxious to get your next paper to see how *you* will fix it up. Fact is, I couldn't wait; I thought I *must* see you right away. I want to know what you think of things *now*!"

"And is it possible, Colonel Juggins, that a man of your sense can ask such a question, and you knowing the Yankees as well as you do?" began the editor.

"Don't know nothin' about them; never was there in my life; never want to be," interrupted his visitor. Fact is, you and Mr. Neely is about all the Northern-born people I ever was to say intimate with, and I don't suppose such as you are fair specimens of Northern folks. Yes, I've known a lot of overseers in my time hailing from the North. Gimini! warn't they hard on the hands! But go on, General, go on; I'm anxious to hear what sort of a way you look on this here news. It's hard to swallow, I tell you!"

"Well," continued the editor, "if you don't know our dastardly enemies, you won't pretend to say you do not know our own brave boys?"

"I know, as well as you, General, they'll fight to the last drop. My Tom is among them. I suppose I ought to know. Fight!" and Colonel Juggins had not breath left to say more.

"Well, then," said the editor, "you know my opinion of the news."

"Yes; but look here. Evacuated Bowling Green, didn't they? Besides, what can the bravest fellows do, supposin' they meet overwhelmin' numbers, or their guns won't carry as far as the others, or they've got cowards at their lead, or there's traitors about, or their fodder gives out, or—"

"If you will listen a moment I will let you know what I think," interrupted the editor; and he proceeded to read aloud the leader he had just written, besides one or two more to the same effect, to all which his visitor listened with the deepest and most painful attention.

"If you want any thing further to set your mind completely at rest, Colonel," continued the editor, "there is a whole pile of the latest papers lying about the floor there. Read them, Colonel, see what they say, all of them! You'll find there's not a paper there isn't just as confident as I am, and every Southern man ought to be."

"Well," said Colonel Juggins, with a glance of dismay at the quantity of newspapers on the floor, but with a sigh of relief, "I dare say it's all right. You see all the papers, General. Besides, you've lived at the North and ought to know the sort of people they raise there. What fellows they are to make things, calicoes and such like! And to invent machines, too. Reapers and sewing machines, and fifty thousand such contraptions. I'm glad you think they can't fight. Now we *are* in it you see we're bound to put the thing through. My place keeps me so hard at it, breakin' up and plantin', and cleanin' out the weeds and pickin', and ginnin', and pressin' all the year round, I don't hev any time to examin' into things at all deep, like. One thing brightened me up a little," continued the old planter, as he settled himself to read, "Pete Shehan fell in with me as I rode into town this mornin'. It happened so, you see. Pete said he didn't believe one word of this doggoned news. If the truth was known, says Pete, Beauregard is this minute in Baltimore."

"Who is Pete Shehan?" asked General Lamum.

"Well, Pete isn't any body in particular, a sort of well-digger like," answered Colonel Juggins. "Irish, he is. He's been at me to hev him dig a well or two the hands need awful bad down at the quarters. I must hev them wells, but then Pete he gets drunk all the time, and, what's more, he never gets sober. But Pete's all right on the goose—strong for Secession I tell you. Another thing Pete told me: he knew the British had recognized us; he ought to know, he said, since he came from one of the British islands himself. Pete's only *Pete*, but he cheered me up a heap. However, don't let me interrupt you, General," added Colonel Juggins, for the editor had taken his pen and was busily engaged writing.

"Make yourself at home, Colonel, you'll find plenty to encourage you in the papers," said the editor, never taking pen from paper while he spoke.

Colonel Juggins ventures on the first of the pile of papers.

"Don't forget to give it to those Union chaps this week," remarked Dr. Peel at this juncture. "I tell you what, gentlemen," he said, "when I got that news last night—I was sitting up till it came in—if I had met one of those Union men with any thing like a glad look on his face I'd killed him dead on the spot. If I had met one of them, I believe I'd have shot him down any how, I was so savage."

But in leaving out the oaths and curses with which Dr. Peel garnished his remarks, very cold and meagre and unlike the Doctor's diction is this record thereof.

"Look here, Dr. Peel," said Colonel Juggins, paper in hand, "I don't know about that. Every body knows I'm no Union man, but I can't chime in with you there. Them fellows is dreadful mistaken, but they've lived here longer, some of them, than any of us. All they hev in the world is in and around Somerville. They always was opposed to this here move, said it would ruin the country, and all that. They ought to go into the thing now we *are* in it, I know; it's a shame they don't. But we mustn't shoot them though. Almost every man of them is Southern born and raised; every soul of them owns his own hands—"

"Don't care," interrupted Dr. Peel, with a volley of oaths. "There's that Guy Brooks to begin with—"

"Why, Dr. Peel, Guy owns fifty hands!" put in Colonel Juggins.

"Don't care; he is from *Kentucky*, and Kentucky is as rotten as East Tennessee. Then there is that Parson Arthur—"

"Why, what has he been doin'?" asked the old planter, with amazement.

"Nothing, Sir, nothing at all, and that is the very reason he ought to be looked after. Compare him with Parson Barker! You find Barker on the streets all the week, using all his influence one way. Go to his church on Sunday, his sermon from one end to the other is the best sort of stump speech I ever want to hear. Did you ever hear one of his prayers?"

Colonel Juggins nodded in reply. "Oughter, one of his members," he added.

"There's a prayer for you; prays for the Confederacy, prays for Davis, prays for our army, prays for victory—and it's worth going ten miles to hear thirt man pray for the defeat and the utter destruction of the Federals!" and the Doctor sealed his cordial approbation of the Reverend Mr. Barker's prayers with the most emphatic oaths in his possession.

"Parson Arthur, I suppose you know," said the planter, "was born and raised at the South. Barker has *his* way of doin' up things, Parson Arthur is different. When we had that hurly-burly about Know Nothin'ism, Arthur he kept clear of it, though they lied about him then a heap; staid inside of his pulpit like. Brother Barker, you'll remember—no, you won't remember, you were not here, Doctor, the General will, though—Brother Barker he pitched in, went all over the country organizin' the Know Nothin' lodges. He preached Know Nothin'ism, prayed Know Nothin'ism! Oh, Brother Barker he is a full team, specially on a camp ground where things is full blast. Parson Arthur, he is different. Old Master didn't make him that sort; he's quiet, sober-like. However, mornin', gentlemen; mustbegoin'; ain't much of a hand readin' papers, specially where there's so many. Glad to learn from you, General, things ain't as bad as I feared. But they *did* look a little squally like. You see, I'm from old Tennessee myself, and all that about Nashville took me back. Maury County I was from. Good-mornin'."

"Hold on, Doctor, one moment," said the editor, as that individual was about to follow the planter. "I'll read you one item for my next paper you may like. Listen:"

"IMPORTANT NEWS!

"We stop our press to announce news which we well know will thrill every patriot bosom with joy. We have just had a visit from a highly reliable gentleman on his way through our place. He called to inform us that he had been credibly informed on his way to Somerville that the news of Tuesday night, which created such an unnecessary sensation in our midst, is, as we supposed it at the time to be, utterly false! The gentleman from whom he derived his information was reliably informed also, before seeing him, that Beauregard is in full possession of Baltimore. It is believed that the Federals fled at his approach in utter confusion, and that immense stores to the value probably of millions have fallen into his hands. If this be so, our next news will be of Beauregard in possession of Washington! He may be there even as we write!

"The same gentleman also informed our friend that there is no longer any doubt of the fact that the Confederacy has been acknowledged certainly by England, and, probably, by all the other powers of Europe. The gentleman who imparted this news is himself from England direct, and one who has had access to the highest circles. Being a foreigner, his cordial sympathy in our great revolution, impartial as it must be, is but an indication of the universal interest on our behalf now felt over the whole civilized world. We give this news as we heard it, but we think our readers may rely confidently upon its truth!"

"Why, General, how did you get it? when did it come? why didn't you tell me of it before?" asked Dr. Peel before his companion was well through, and, mingled with his oaths, there was a singular nervousness of manner which strongly resembled anxiety.

"You heard it yourself from Juggins," answered the editor coolly, even indifferently.

"What! his talk about Pete what's-his-name? Come, General, you don't mean to say—"

"Hush your racket, Peel," said the editor rather testily, while his friend indulged himself in convulsions of laughter mingled with hearty swearing.

"Lamum, you are a genius?" exclaimed he at length, wiping his eyes, and emphasizing his opinion with a string of oaths.

"But how if Juggins—?" he began to ask.

"Do you suppose the old codger will ever recognize it as being *his* information?" replied the editor, coolly.

"Recognize it, certainly not!" replied the Doctor, hastily. "Oh, but you manufacturers of public opinion are geniuses! I never was exactly so close among the machinery before. And then this item of yours will be copied in all the rest of the papers, with their favorable comments upon it! I see! But I say, Lamum, ain't you afraid occasionally?"

"Are you fool enough not to know that whatever appears in a paper to-day is knocked completely out of the minds of the people by what will come out in it to-morrow? It's with all sort of shavings we keep the pot boiling. Search those papers," continued the editor, pointing at the heaps of them which covered table, floor, and chairs of his very dirty and disorderly office, "and you will find they are made up of just such items. They originate now here, now there, and all the rest copy them, comment on them, swell them. The people read at little else all the time. Must do it, Sir; we've got into this war, and we have to fight our way out of it! They beat hollow drums and blow brazen trumpets to urge them on when in battle—we editors behind here among the people are doing, in our way, exactly the same thing. We are in for it! Any thing is better than the old Union. That we determined should go to smash—we don't care what comes so *that* is down. Regard'ess of all possible consequences,' was what Calhoun said; that is the flag we sail under—our motto in place of old *E Pluribus Unum!* I believe in what Pryor, and John Tyler's son there in Virginia, and all the rest of them say—any thing on earth so that the accursed old Union goes to hell!"

GERMAN UNIONISTS IN TEXAS.

THE engraving on our first page illustrates an interesting and affecting episode in the history of the rebellion in Texas.

In the summer of 1862, when an attempt was made by conscription to drag into the rebel army the Germans of West Texas, a number of these gathered from the mountain counties of Kerr, Kendall, Llano, and Gillespie, with the determination to proceed to Mexico, and, if possible, to join the Union army. Without any obstacle they had arrived, on the evening of August 9, in the neighborhood of Fort Clark, where they encamped in a little cedar grove situated in an open prairie. After having posted some pickets to guard the approaches, the sixty young patriots lay down upon the ground confident of security. At 3 o'clock A.M. they were awakened by a volley of musketry. Two of their pickets, wounded, came running in and gave the alarm. A strong body of men, whether white or red men it was impossible to say, was advancing upon the camp. Two pickets, ERNEST BESELER and LOUIS SONNERHOLZ, had been killed.

The small and badly-armed band of Germans prepared for resistance. Daylight, now at hand, disclosed that they were assailed by a body of a hundred strong. Their own ranks had been thinned by desertion, but the fight was stubbornly maintained. After the struggle had lasted an hour and a half all but twelve or fourteen of the Germans were wounded and the others exhausted. A retreat was resolved upon, but while withdrawing from the field they twice repulsed their assailants, who then desisted from pursuit. The band now numbering thirty-two, of whom eighteen were wounded, fled to the mountains, where they found shelter in a cave, and relief for their wounds in cactus leaves. Some of them got astray and were captured, some were murdered by the rebels.

The bodies of the Union men who had been killed were left on the battle-field, and so long as the rebel flag floated over Texas no parent or friend ventured to afford them a resting-place. As soon, however, as the United States had re-established its Government in the State, E. DEGENER, the father of two of the victims, accompanied by twenty-five men, relatives and friends of the slain, went to the battle-field, collected their remains, and brought them to Comfort, where they received the honors of Christian burial, on the 20th of August, 1865. The funeral ceremony was of an imposing and touching character. A procession of about three hundred loyal people, headed by the fathers of four of the victims—old men of sixty and seventy years—preceded the funeral car, drawn by four white horses. Under the Union banner lay the remains of the Martyrs of Loyalty. A detachment of Federal troops, sent by General MERRITT, accompanied the cortège. At the grave E. DEGENER pronounced an oration which brought tears of grief to the eyes, and stirred with invigorating patriotism the hearts of the loyal mourners. He concluded thus:

"The sacrifice that we, the fathers of the slaughtered, made to our country and to liberty is great and dolorous. We shall, however, console ourselves; we shall be proud of having offered our sons to the Union, if the glorious victory of its arms bear all the fruits that this nation and the whole of humanity justly expect to reap!"

The detachment of the Federal troops fired a salute over the grave, and the liberated soil of Texas inclosed the remains of its brave and faithful sons. The little remote spot where they rest must be to the nation as sacred as those places where thousands of her fallen defenders are deposited. Small in number, far away from the patriotic heart and the strong arm of the loyal North, surrounded by fierce enemies of the Union, those brave and devoted Germans offered their lives as a holy protest against the treason of the recreant rebels.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



ONLY A HINT.

OBSERVE CAREFULLY THE SHADOW OF "A SMALL WAIST," AND YOU WILL SOON DISCOVER A LARGE DOCTOR'S BILL AND THE OUTLINES OF A COFFIN!

"HAVE any of Toby Continued's stories been printed into bound volumes?" inquired a country customer of a salesman in one of our large book-stores the other day.

"Toby Continued! Who's he?"

"Why, the man that writes so many stories for the papers. I see his name to more newspaper stories than any other man, and I want to get 'em in bound volumes."

The salesman answered in the negative; and the verdant customer went elsewhere with his inquiry, which we dare say is—*To be continued.*

Is there any bird which can sing The Lays of Ancient Rome?—Yes, they are *Macaw Lays.*

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pocket and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come out right.

MY OWN IDEAS.

I would rather fall in love than from Bunker's Hill monument.
I would rather fool a bee than be a fool.
I prefer a legal tender to a bar-tender.
I would rather knit my brows than knit my stockings.
I would rather be licked by my dog than by my enemy.

The "utter" most parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts where there are most women.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a mill-stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should immediately discontinue lacing her stays, and always go warmly and luckily shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water.

THE ONLY MILITARY COMMAND THAT THE SUTLER UNDERSTANDS.—Charge!

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide—nor your mouth either.

The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

FEEING vs. FEEDING.

Whoever dwells at big hotels
Should be prepared to "bleed"—
The guest, 'tis said, can't be well fed,
Unless the waiter's feed.

The order of the country grocer, who sent to the proprietors of a morning newspaper for some of the "latest dates," which the paper announced as just received, has not yet been complied with.

How was the weather on Monday last like Joe Halligan's wife?—Because it was quite snappish.

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise, when it is remembered that it is a regular business with these fellows to *make tracks.*

The man who was "carried away" by the eloquence of a certain popular preacher, was brought back on the following Sunday by the same influence that carried him away.

When is a smack on the mouth no offense?—When it is received from the lips of a pretty woman.

A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac railroad. He was asked whether he knew of an accident on that road, and replied: "Never—but once a middle-aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Binghampton—half-way!"

When a broker loses all his money he is dead broke; but when he dies he is dead broker.

Love's fetters were formerly made of flowers, but in our day *gold bonds* are preferred.

In a Southern exchange we find a column containing what is termed "A Brief Tribute to the Memory of ——, *sketched while sitting up with the body.*"

Easy way to make a bark canoe. Take any canoe and put a dog in it.

"Halloo, Mr. Engineman! can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?"

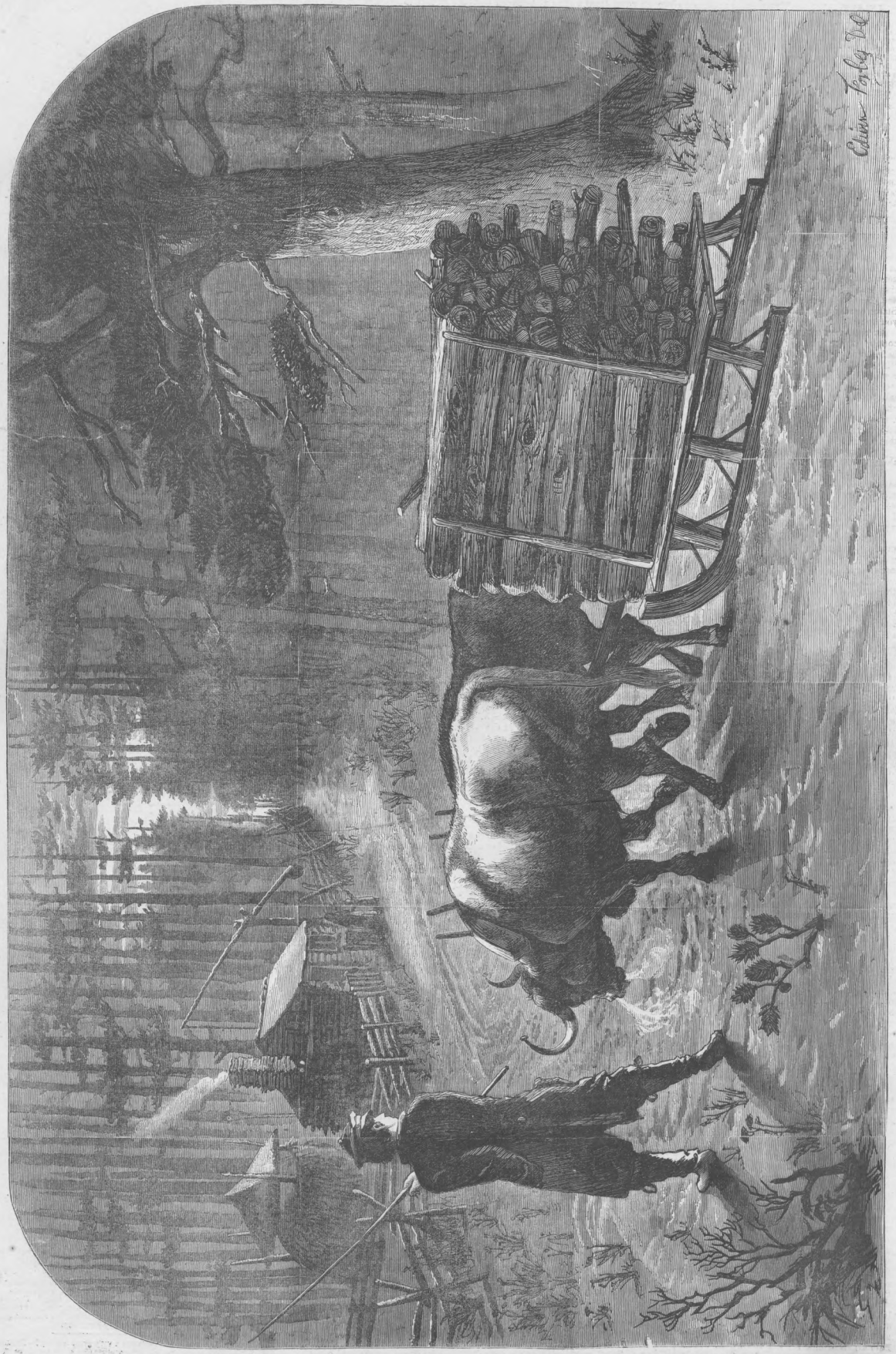
"Stop the boat! What for?"

"Wife wants to look at your biler; she's afraid of it bustin'."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington to Ike the other day, as she was reading the paper, "what an excoriating circumstance, poor, dear man. I suppose it was the wind on the stomach did it. Dr Bellows' bust." Ike at once seized the paper, and found the paragraph, so alarmingly headed, referred to a marble bust of the reverend gentleman on view at a statuary repository.

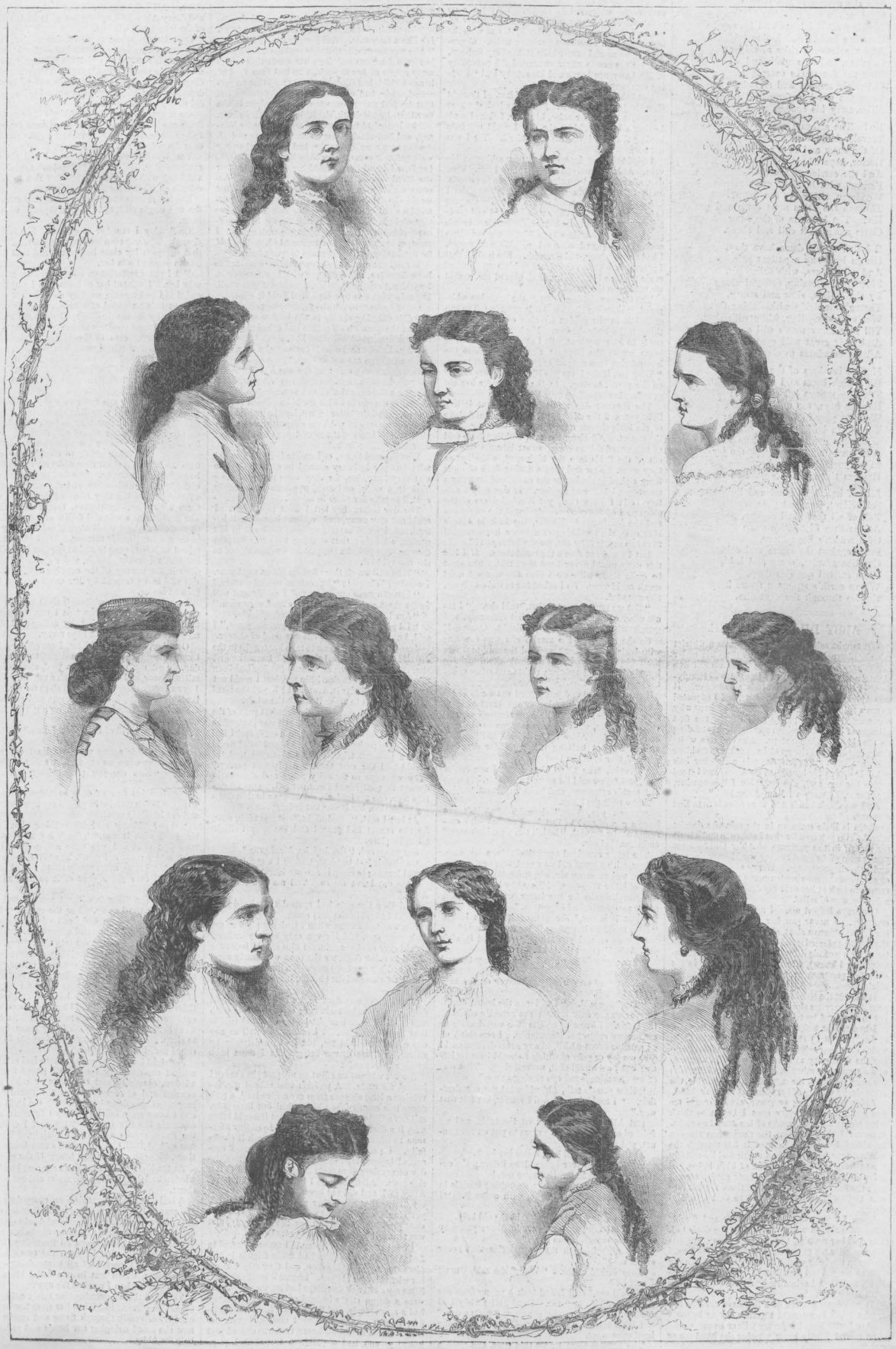
Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty?—Because no one ever saw it *before.*

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WINTER.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

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TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

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BREAKING THE SNOW.

SEE the masses of the snow
Piled across the trackless highways,
Choking all the lanes and by-ways,
Covering brooks and hiding bridges
And the leeward sides of ridges;
Dazzling, and so smooth and white
That the fox tracks overnight,
Delicately stepped and straight,
From the wood to farm-yard gate,
Miles away his courses show.

Ho! The stalwart men are out,
Traveler blind with ghostly light
Of the snow and of the night,
Doctor, hope of patient pale,
And the carrier of the mail,
Farmer, with his load of corn,
Woodman, rising ere the morn,
Through the drifts must come and go.
Ho! The breakers of the snow
Come along with call and shout.

Bob-sled upside down have they,
Drawn by many a patient pair,
And wild steers, with sullen air,
Flounering, wheezing, dragged along
By the leaders, slow and strong,
Through the drifts with sinking feet,
Wet with struggling, white with sleet,
Till they know man's will and thought,
And their great wild eyes are brought
All his mandates to obey.

Muffled breakers of the snow,
With high boots and shovels bright,
Toss the masses left and right;
But the boys, too quick to shift,
Work to play in bank and drift;
Tumble in half-smothered heaps
While the great dog on them leaps—
And some man, who keeps the joy
In his memory of the boy,
Reaches them with long-armed throw.

Life of health in mind and limb,
Self-reliant, free and pure,
Full of all that shall endure,
As the firm foundation-stone
Of a nation's hope alone,
Proof against the storm and cold,
Cut like granite, sharp and bold,
From eternal quarries deep,
Where earth's strongest forces keep
Empire through the ages dim.

ABBY DILL'S FORTUNE.

WE taught school together. It was a district school "down East," and she had the girls under her charge and I the boys. I presume she was eighteen when we met, and I know I was twenty-five. I had heard her name before I saw her. It was Abigal. It was an ugly name, and I expected to see a spinster to match. That was perhaps why she seemed so very pretty as I caught the first glimpse of her in the golden morning light standing on the old school-house steps. She had on a white dress, and the blue ribbon at her neck was no bluer than her eyes. Envious damsels called her hair red. It was really burnished gold. When I stood beside her she said, simply, "My fellow-teacher, Mr. Lorne, I presume. I am Abby Dill."

And we shook hands and were friends from that moment.

There is little romance in the rule of a district school. Do you wonder that I strove to find a little for myself in the presence of Abby Dill? Most young men of five-and-twenty would have done so under the circumstances. Weary of boy faces, dull or saucy, of stammering tongues and stupid eyes, I turned to look at her over my desk a hundred times a day by way of relief.

It always helped me. I never saw her flushed or angry. I never saw her sleepily drudging at her task. Always alert, always pleasant. Sometimes with a pleased smile for a bright scholar, sometimes with a comic lifting of the eyebrows (quite involuntary I knew), when the biggest dunce in the class fell prostrate over some childish stumbling-block.

It was not the sedate placidity which will at times provoke a nervous sinner, but a merry good temper not to be soured by trifles.

I had taught before with one Mrs. Good-enough, and only my lucky stars, or some cherub who keeps watch over poor schoolmasters, kept me from flinging the dictionary at her head, when, in moments of most complete misrule, I caught sight of her with the same fat smile, the same front teeth visible, the same sleepy folding of her hands at her waistband.

Abby Dill, smiling or grave, always made me feel comfortable. Pretty soon I began to think what pictures I would make of her were I an artist. Whether I should choose the time when the sun burnished her golden hair, as it fell through the window near her seat, when cheek and lip and lily throat were flower-like masses of high lights and color, or that hour when the long shadows crept over the school-room and amidst them the fair face was mellowed and toned down to that of a Madonna.

Then I began to think of a home and fireside where she should welcome me after the day's toil. I fancied her running to meet me at the door; sitting opposite me at the table; sewing while I read to her in the long winter evenings; leaning on my arm as we walked together in the summer moonlight, and then I acknowledged that I was in love with Abby Dill.

It was not the work of a few days nor of a few weeks. We had taught together a year before I said, "I must have her for my wife or be wretched." And then I hardly knew whether she liked me or not.

In that country place "courting" was performed after a set fashion. The gentleman was paired off with the lady on all festive occasions. They sat together and whispered in public. They made no great secret of kisses, and the usual manner of promenading, even in broad daylight, was with the masculine arm about the feminine waist. Consequently no mortal guessed the state of my feelings, and village gossip never suggested the possibility of Mr. Lawrence Lorne and Miss Abby Dill "keeping company."

But I think she knew how I loved her. I thought then she liked to know it. She had a look she kept for me; a tone in her voice, I believe, I alone heard. Loving all the world as she did, I could not help hoping that she loved me best of all. Yet I was not sure.

I tried to find out for myself without asking—all in vain. At last I resolved to tell her how I felt. That day, after school, I wandered away into the woods, and sat there thinking. I knew I was not rich: I knew she was as poor as I: were we really too poor to marry? Should youth wait for gold and lands before it took love to its heart? Were gray-beards right, and the beardless boys who disobeyed them wrong? It seemed to me not so. We were young. I had energy, hope, and strength. She had all that I possessed, with the sweetness and beauty that had made me love her. Why, if she loved me, should we not begin the world together?

The breezes sighing through the branches whispered, "Why not?" The birds sung it. The sun smiled it in the golden blotches of light dropped through the leafy shadow. My heart said, "Why not?" in its every beat. So I arose and went to her home across the fragrant clover-field, where the honey-laden bees seemed once more to hum to me, "Why not, if she loves you?" I found her sitting on the porch, sewing. In the cozy parlor her old grandmother sat asleep over her Bible.

The summer day was nearly over, but it was light yet, and the windows of the houses and those of the little church were turned to molten gold by the sunset. All along the road tinkling bells told of homeward-driven cows; swart laborers trudged out of the fields into the high-road, whistling as they went. Now and then a flitting flock of birds flung a passing shadow to the earth, and far away a sweet-toned bell was ringing. It was only a factory bell; I knew that, yet it minded me of the olden peal of the curfew. And still the sweetness and the loveliness of Nature, the look in Abby's blue eyes, the throbbing of my own heart seemed to say to me, "Why not, for she loves you?"

But I could not speak then and there. If I had this story would never have been told. She must be quite alone with me before the words I must speak could come. So I asked her to walk with me. She assented.

"But we must have tea first," said she. "I am not ethereal enough to despise that ceremony, and grandmother is ready for hers, no doubt. Come in!"

So she folded up the muslin she was covering with buds and blossoms, and led the way to where the table was spread with a snowy cloth, and the homely home-like tea-time sights and odors asked the same old question.

I remember she had just poured out a cup of tea for me, and that in taking it my hand had, by chance, touched hers, thrilling me through with its velvet softness, when some one came to the door and knocked. Abby said, "Come in!" and in walked a great hulking lad, a scholar of mine, whose father kept the Post-office.

"Evenin', Miss Abby," he said. "I was comin' past, and father said I'd as well fetch this. It come in late this arternoon, and looks important."

Abby took the letter.

"Thank you, Tom," she said. "Won't you have a cup of tea?" But Tom, scarlet with confusion at the request, "hadn't time, couldn't stay," and shambled out.

The letter remained upon the table, a large envelope, with a great red wax seal, four or five post-marks, and as many scrawls, indicating the existence of other Winstons. Miss Abby Dill had waited several weeks for her letter, whatever it was, and it really "looked important."

"But it is not," she answered, with a laugh. "How could an important letter come to me?"

"Mercy on us! you are going to read it, ain't you, Abby?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, by-and-by, when I have had my tea and my walk, grandma."

"Have you no curiosity whatever on the subject?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I will own the honest truth. I never was so silly before; I'm actually afraid of the letter. I know of no one who would write to me on any subject of importance. I can think of no possible event which, in any great degree, could give me joy or pain of which I should hear by letter; but I *am* afraid of it, nevertheless. That seal seems an ominous red eye staring at me."

"How you do talk, Abby!" cried the grandmother. "I couldn't rest until I read it, if I felt that way."

But Abby left the letter on the table, and we finished our meal, and she arose to put on her bonnet, and still never touched it.

At the door the old lady called her back.

"Abby, you never behaved so before; *I'm* curious about that letter, if *you* are not."

"Suppose there *should* be something terrible in it, grandmother," said Abby, with a laugh. "I want my walk first."

"You really frighten me," said the old lady.

"It's all my nonsense, grandmother; you may read it for me while I'm gone."

"At night?—with these spectacles that never suited me?"

Abby looked at me. "Well," she said, "must I read it?"

"Well try," said I, and took a penny from my pocket. "Toss up for it. Heads, Miss Abby Dill reads the letter now—the reverse, she waits a week."

I spun the coin in the air—Fate brought the head uppermost.

The candles were lit by this time, and with a laugh Abby sat down near them and opened the envelope. At the first words I saw her change color and grow deeply interested, and at the close she started to her feet.

"Important!! Tom was right," she cried.

"To think that such a letter should come to *us*. It's like a fairy tale. Am I *really* awake?"

She was too much excited to read the letter aloud, but soon I understood from her words that a far-away cousin of her father's, who had been fond of her as a child, had died, leaving her all that he possessed. She had not heard of him for years, but that he had never forgotten her was plain in the fact that, by his death, she had become his heiress.

The letter had been several weeks upon its journey, and had reached her an hour too soon at last. An hour too soon for me, for had we started on our walk before it came, I should by that time have told her how I loved her—should have known whether she loved me. Now, when she had suddenly become a rich woman, I could not do this. What would she think of me were I, who had never uttered a word of love to her, to speak the first one that night? She would see in it the most transparent fortune-hunting, and reject me with scorn. I must, at least, wait longer now, and I hated myself for not having had the courage to speak before.

We did not even take our walk. She seemed to have forgotten, and I did not wish to remember it. I could not congratulate her, I could not talk at all. My only wish was to escape, and I did it soon.

Going home through the summer moonlight, the katydids chirping shrilly in the bushes seemed to answer the question all nature had asked me in the sunny afternoon—"Why not?"

"Ah, Lawrence Lorne! because she is a rich woman and you are a poor man."

It was not so much that she was a rich woman, after all, had she been so all along; but now, Abby Dill must show me that she liked me before I could say to her the words which would have been uttered that night had the letter been delayed a little longer. The postmaster's stupid Tom came nearer to a flogging than he knew of the next day, as he blundered over his spelling-book.

Was she cool to me, or I cool to her? I can not tell; but our intimacy seemed to diminish. She was very busy, too, for they were going to New York in a week, and another person had already agreed to take her place in school.

The day before they left I went to see her. I could not stay away, and, without intending it beforehand, I found myself walking with her in her garden, all aglow that evening with gay autumn flowers. She picked a bouquet for me, and sighed as she was tying it.

"Who will watch these flowers bloom next year, I wonder?" she said; "I have been so fond of them."

"You can have finer flowers," I said, "and will forget these and every thing else here very soon."

"Am I so very fickle?" she asked, quickly.

"I'd give the world to be sure you were not," I said, but to that she made not one word of answer.

Just then a wagon came to take her trunks to the depôt, and, as I watched them go, I knew the first step of what might be an eternal parting had been taken. My heart sank within me, but I could not say a word to hinder it, even had I hoped she liked me well enough to make it worth the while.

We walked up and down the broadest path of the garden quite silently after the bustle was past. She had written her city direction on a card, and I had put it in my pocket-book. I had hoped "she would have a pleasant trip." She had hoped that "I should find the new teacher a pleasant person." Why we were so formally polite and decorously distant that afternoon I can not tell. One tremulous tone, one tender look, would have broken down my resolution, but it was not to be spoken.

At last I said, "Good-night." It *was* night now, for the sunset had passed and the gray twilight taken its place.

She answered, "Good-night, Mr. Lorne."

Our hands just touched, though I was filled with a wild longing to clasp her to my breast and cry:

"Do not leave me so. Tell me you love me, Abby."

And then the gate had opened and closed after me, and I stood in the road alone.

She was miles away when I took my place at my desk next day, and Heaven only knew whether I should ever see her again. I also should leave the school in a few days, for the term was nearly over, and I had but one hope now. To find some path in which a fortune might be won, become a rich man, and then—

Alas! Time was fleeting, and one of us might die, or another might win her; or, when the wealth was won, the heart might be too dull and cold to beat as it beat then. I knew *that* as well as any one could have told me, but I was a dreamer by nature, and one dream being gone I must have another to live on.

Almost without an effort on my part the chance I longed for came. A position was offered me, involving a long absence from my native land, a residence in a country for which I had but little love, and not a little toil and trouble. But it would bring with it a chance for speculation; and possibly a fortune to match Abby Dill's. I undertook it cheerfully. I performed my duties zealously. I succeeded beyond my hopes; and five years from the day of my departure from America returned to it a rich man. All that while I had heard no tidings of Abby Dill, and did not know, when I set foot upon my native shores, whether she were alive or dead, yet single, or married to another. The last was most probable, for she had health and beauty, and was now full five-and-twenty years of age.

I went straight to Winston. I never expected to find Abby there, but she had made friends in the place she would hardly drop, and they might know her whereabouts. I hoped. I found Winston altered. Some rows of brick dwellings had grown up. There were a dozen stores instead of one. The church had a new steeple, and there was a little frame edifice, known as the Methodist meeting-house, besides. As for the school-house, that was altered past knowing, and had a porch, a tree-shaded playground, and four new class-rooms. It was vacation-time, and it was quite empty, so I was free to visit the rooms and admire the improvements if I chose. All I did was to sit down at my old desk and fancy Abby Dill among her girls in the light of the long south window.

Opposite the school arose another edifice, brand-new and exceedingly pretentious—the Winston Bank, an institution of which the Winstonites were wondrously proud. But it shut out the prospect of distant hills, and the pond with its water-lilies and drooping flags and rushes was quite hidden, and I did not like the alteration.

On the way home I passed Abby's little cottage. Some one lived there now who cared more for beans and cabbages than for flowers, and I gave one look over the palings and walked away.

Yes, Winston was altered, but I heard pleasant news that day. Miss Abby Dill had returned thither and lived with her old grandmother in a beautiful cottage on what was called The Hill.

She had suitors and offers enough, they said, but she was single still, and "kept company" with nobody.

On Sunday I saw her at church. She had not altered. She was even lovelier than ever, and I felt that the path lay clear before me, and that I was free to woo and win her.

But I put a restraint on myself and never went near her. I wanted her to learn that I was there, and that I had become wealthy enough to woo her without being accused of mercenary motives. A monomaniac for the time being, I withdrew all that I possessed from sundry excellent investments and deposited every cent in the Winston Bank, that gossips, nimble-tongued enough in Winston, might carry the news to her. On Wednesday I intended to call upon Abby Dill and begin my wooing. Alas! the most positive intentions fail to be carried out at times. On Tuesday evening, entering my room in the dark, I struck my eyebrow against the door. Next morning I had a terrible black eye. To present myself for the first time in such a plight was simply impossible. I fumed and fretted in vain. I was not presentable for a week despite the apothecary's lotions. Then going to church once more with the intention of offering Abby my escort home I found her seat empty. She had gone away on a visit with her grandmother, and she remained away a fortnight. When they returned there came with them a lady and gentleman, brother and sister. The gentleman, a splendid fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who devoted himself to Miss Abby Dill in the most noticeable manner. Walked with her, talked with her, sang to and at her (for how often I listened, miserably enough, under the cottage windows in the secrecy of the evening shadows) and was said to be favored by her as no one had been favored before.

I would not see her while this rival must be seen also. Yet I felt conscious that I was leaving the field free to him, and that, by acting as I did, I might cast my last bright hope away.

One day, desperately bitter, I set off for a long tramp through the woods on a damp, foggy sort of day. Lost my way, caught a cold, and an intermittent fever, and was on my back a month. When I grew better there was news in store for me. My landlady undertook it. She came and sat beside me as I rested, weak and worn, on a garden bench and began,

"This is a world of trials, Mr. Lorne."

I acquiesced.

"And trouble comes when we least expect it, and heaviest when we are feeling safest," said the dame. "Now *are* you prepared for bad news, Sir?"

My thoughts flew at once to Abby Dill. The words, "Is she married?" passed my lips unawares, and my landlady cried,

"Who? Marcy me! it's nothing about marriage. I wish it was. There's a deal of trouble here just now, and you have a big share in it. They said *I* must tell you. The Winston Bank is broke, Mr. Lorne, and nobody that has had money there will ever get a cent of it as long as they live."

I heard her through without a word, and then arose and walked away. For the next few hours no mortal eye saw me, and I can only desire to forget them as though they had never been.

In the evening I went out into the village. The stores were full of people talking over the event: some curious spectators of the woes of others; some truly sympathetic; some crushed into a sort of stupor by their losses; and others eager for revenge, uttering threats against the bankers, and cursing them and their own folly. I heard my own name once or twice, but I spoke to no one. At last I went home and locked myself in my room, but not to sleep. Long after every light was out in Winston I paced the floor.

Midnight had passed and the moon had set, when against the dark sky I saw, as I gazed from my window, a reddish sort of smoke or mist, which puzzled and attracted me. As I gazed forked tongues of blue flame burst through the lurid mass, and I knew some building was on fire. In a few moments the sky grew crimson, and I could see the flying sparks and cinders plainly. The fire was on The Hill, and Abby Dill's new house stood there, with other of the best houses of the place.

At the thought I started from my post beside the window and dashed down the stairs and out into the street.

A bell was ringing by this time, every door open, and people, half clad, running in the direction of the fire. Two bank directors occupied dwellings there, and some mad wretch, ruined by the failure of the Winston Bank, had become an incendiary, forgetful in his wrath that between the two stood the abode of one innocent of all wrong-doing—Abby Dill's home, which was in one broad blaze from roof to cellar when I reached the spot.

They had the old grandmother safely out by that time. A servant had lifted her from her bed and carried her bodily through flame and smoke; and now she stood wringing her hands and calling for help for Abby.

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"My child!" she screamed; "my sweet, good girl! Save her! save her!"

But all stood helpless, gazing on the roaring flames hopelessly. I pushed my way through the crowd and dashed toward the doorway. Some one cried, "Stop him! It's certain death!" And then I was in the midst of a suffocating smoke, in a furnace of horrible heat.

But the worst was past in a moment, and I was on the stairs calling wildly for Abby to answer me, and a faint voice replied, and, springing forward, I clasped a white figure in my arms and turned—not one moment too soon; but Heaven's mercy brought us safe in life and limb through the greedy flames to the sweet outer air.

I was weakened by illness, though excitement had sustained me to perform my task; but when all was over a death-like swoon crept over me, and I lost consciousness for many moments. I thought myself dying, and was happy; for, as sight and hearing left me, I knew my head reposed on Abby's arm. It lay there still when I awoke to life again. It was gray dawn when I stood with her and looked upon the ruins of her pretty home. A tear was in her eye, and a sad look on her face.

"Poor old house!" she said; "I loved it; but I should not grieve so were it not for grandmother. She will feel the privations of narrow circumstances more than I."

I looked at her curiously.

"Surely one house will make but little difference to your circumstances," I said. "Others are to be bought or built."

"With money," she answered. "I have none. A month ago I was a rich woman; but every cent I had was in the Winston Bank, and you have reason enough to know what that implies. I'm as poor now as when I first began to teach in the old school-house yonder."

I acted on the impulse of the moment, and caught both Abby's little hands in mine. Standing thus, I told her all I have told you, and then I said:

"I must begin life over again, Abby, will you begin it with me?"

And she let me draw her to me, and kiss her on brow and cheek and lip, and hold her to my heart—my promised wife, my best beloved, who loved me.

"The path may be stony, but your feet shall not be bruised," I said. "The thorns of life shall never pierce you, my treasure!"

But she answered, "Nay, if there are ills I must share them, and I have little fear: love can compensate for poverty. Then with a change of look and a merry ripple in her cheek she cried, "Do you know the vacation is almost over, and they have asked for teachers in the old school. You have said we must begin the world again together. Shall it be here, Lawrence?"

"If you like, darling," I said, and kissed her. So one bright morning found me at my desk, with the old-time array of broad red faces before me; but beyond, among her girls, my golden-haired wife—mine while life lasted; and no life could be weary, no toil hard, no lot humble, that was shared with her.

We are richer now; and there is more silver than gold in her bright hair, for we are old people together, and have grandchildren about us; but we are not rich enough, or old enough yet to despise that dear old school or the life we began together there.

THE RUINS OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

THE rebellion in Hayti has been unfortunately extinguished. While I regarded it (from my personal knowledge of the character of FRANCOIS JEAN JOSEPH) as an uprising of the barbarous element, and hoped for the success of the existing government, I deeply regret that the suppression of the revolt is due neither to the amnesty nor to the arms of the President, but wholly to the unwarrantable, bullying, and cowardly intervention of the English navy. This fact will embitter not the unenlightened classes only against GEFFRARD'S triumph, but probably it will unite the entire negro population in opposition to his Government. An attempt, or rather a supposed inclination on the part of his Administration to extend certain privileges to the whites, was the cause of an attempted insurrection at Gonaives a few years ago, the rallying cry of which was—

"*Vive le septeme article de la Constitution!*"

The seventh article referred to is in these words:

"No white man, whatever be his nationality, shall ever be permitted to land on the Haytian Territory, nor shall he be able, in future, to acquire there either real estate or the rights of a Haytian."

As it would have been unfortunate for us if England or France had aided us in suppressing the slaveholders' insurrection—because such a triumph would have engendered a bitterness in the Southern mind, and a just contempt for our power which no effort on our part would ever have been able wholly to remove—so the fact that the rebellion in Hayti was still as strong as ever, still defiant, still able to repel every attack of GEFFRARD'S troops when the British navy wantonly undertook to interfere and thereby made the President "master of the situation," as the official account phrased it, will, in all probability, cause a sullen submission to his power which is more to be dreaded than open revolt.

The reports of events in Hayti are always so unreliable and contradictory that I have waited until I could learn from trust-worthy sources how the rebellion was suppressed before I completed my record of its civil war.

It appears that an uprising of the blacks, in sympathy with the movement of SALNAVE at the North, was attempted at Jacmel or Jeremie, but that it was promptly put down by the upholders of the Government. It is charged that GEFFRARD by his personal conduct has made himself exceedingly obnoxious to many of the first families of the capital; and that, instead of prosecuting the reforms which he advocated on his advent to power, he has been selfishly seeking to perpetuate his authority at any price. It is further alleged that his unpopularity with the masses is sufficiently indicated by the fact that there have been eighteen attempts at revolution.

Whether these are the capricious complaints of the Outs merely, or just indictments, will presently appear; for if GEFFRARD increases his efforts to educate all the people, and preserves peace and order combined with freedom of the press and liberty of speech, we will not be unfavorably affected by these the cavils of his opponents. I am not at all convinced that the President is unpopular because so many efforts have been made to depose him, nor am I sure that the prompt extinguishment of these attempts was not due as much to his popularity as to his alacrity. I do not speak with confidence on either side, because no person, unless his correspondence with the island is continuous and large, can justly judge of her political combinations. For there revolutions are simply political campaigns. The Haytian method of deposing a ruler is by inciting a revolt, printing dozens of proclamations, appeals, and arrêtes; and then with a hip! hip! hurrah! and "Vive la Republique d' Haiti," or "Vive l'Empereur!" as the case may be, entering Port-au-Prince to find the old ruler out of town—generally on board a vessel bound for Kingston, Jamaica. Speeches, new proclamations, eloquent denunciations of the "aveugle despotisme" that has been deposed, and an election of a Chief Magistrate for life follow. Thus, whether the ruler of Hayti be called President or Emperor he is in fact the head of a limited military monarchy—limited, if he is a mulatto, by a fear of the blacks; and, if he is a negro, by the apprehensions of another rebellion. In these revolutions no lives are lost and no damage done to property. The troops on both sides understand it perfectly, and are too good-natured to hurt each other. It is only when the parties are of equal strength, or when the rebellion is powerful enough to maintain its foothold, but not able to capture the capital, that bloodshed ever ensues.

The recent rebellion was evidently more formidable than the organs of the Government represent. It held the North with stubborn tenacity. Every assault on the rebel capital was successfully met and promptly repelled. SALNAVE, the leader, was *not* killed. The port was *not* blockaded. On the contrary, the Government lost its largest steamer by capture. The best-informed writers state that the rebellion would have been successful if the English war-vessels had not interfered. Whether this predicted success would have led to the establishment of a Northern "Empire," and left the South "out in the cold," a separate and independent republic, as in the days of CHRISTOPHE and PETION, it is impossible for us to guess with any accuracy. The probabilities seem to be that it would have led to a compromise, which would have caused GEFFRARD to resign, and DAMIER, or some other black, equally acceptable to both parties, to succeed him as President of the undivided republic.

The pretext for the intervention of the English was furnished by the refusal of the leader of the rebellion to recognize the right of the British Consul to rank him in his own capital. The "bold Briton" undertook to shelter and protect several persons—Haytians—who had become obnoxious to General SALNAVE. On demand he declined to deliver them up. SALNAVE, thereupon, broke into the Consulate, seized the refugees—and shot them. The *Bulldog*—Her Britannic Majesty's *B. D.*—a ship of war, was in the harbor, and at once began to amuse itself by bombarding the rebel fort. The fort fired back; *B. D.* got aground. The situation became a serious one for the commander of H. B. M.'s *B. D.*; to save it from the courageous negroes the order was given, and the *B. D.* was blown up! The commander of Her Britannic Majesty's *Bulldog* probably felt as the overwhelmed but unconquered citizen of Charleston did when a negro soldier stepped up and asked him for a light for his cigar. His "feelings were hurt;" his dignity outrageously infringed on; but amazement—complete and stupendous—was the dominant sensation. To think of the audacity of the act—for negroes to dare to interfere with the amusements of H. B. M.'s officers! It was incredible.

But incredible as it was, H. B. M.'s commander of the late *B. D.*, when he saw his vessel blown to fragments, at length believed it, and determined on revenge. He posted off to Jamaica for aid.

On the 7th of November, writes a resident of Cape Hayti, the British steamers *Lily* and *Galatia* arrived from Jamaica, bringing the English Consul-General, Sr. JOHN, from Port-au-Prince. The rebel leaders, fearing the probable object of their visit, at once sent commissioners on board to learn what conditions were to be proposed to them. The demand was made for the instant delivery of General SALNAVE and Monsieur DE LORME, the chiefs of the movement under JOSEPH. Knowing what their fate would be they declined these terms; *but at the same time replied that, as they were unable to offer any resistance, they would quietly give up the city.* Because the demands of the British Consul was refused, fire was opened from both steamers on the rebel batteries and on all the forts in possession of General SALNAVE, which were rapidly demolished. This occurred on the morning of the 9th. The firing of the steamers was accurate. Fort Madeline (commanding one portion of the harbor) was bombarded three hours, very gallantly—no Briton flinching as he fired, no Haytian trembling as he assaulted it. For it had been evacuated on the previous evening. All the guns were spiked. General SALNAVE and his devoted friends had taken refuge on the Yankee steamer, *De Soto*, which carried them to the adjacent port of Monte Christo, in the Dominican Republic.

It was reported, when the news of the fall of Cape Haytien first arrived, that the British vessels had reduced the town to ruins, and that the troops of GEFFRARD "occupied the site of what was once the city." The absurdity of this statement caused me to refrain from writing this paper until more trustworthy information should reach us.

I find this passage in a private letter, which I believe to be a correct account:

"During the bombardment, and before GEFFRARD'S troops entered the city, some desperate characters set fire to the principal quarters, and all the most valuable retail shops and dwellings around the market and in the Rue Espagnole were soon reduced to ashes. They also tried to destroy the foreign warehouses on the sea-side, but without success, as these were saved from fire though not from pillage, having been mostly broken open and plundered of every thing they contained, particularly the houses of such persons whose occupants were known to be hostile to the rebellion. These were completely gutted; furniture of every description being thrown into the streets and broken up by the mob. By these acts of Vandalism many families have been ruined and driven to seek shelter on the plains. Previous to the bombardment, which seems to have been expected, if not known, every one who could get away took refuge in the mountains. All the white foreigners took refuge on board the French and American steamers, as well as many Haytians; and Captain Walker, of the *De Soto*, particularly, has earned the everlasting gratitude of the Cape people for his kindness and consideration toward them during the whole time he has been on the station.

"The fire burned for two days, and this lately-thriving city, which, while in the possession of the French, was their 'Paradise on Earth,' is a second time little more than a heap of ruins, having been totally destroyed by earthquake and fire in 1842, and since rebuilt through the untiring industry of its citizens without one dollar of any foreign aid.

"The closing scene of the rebellion, after the occupation of the city by the President, was the total destruction, by his order, of that part or suburb known as the Fossette, inhabited mostly by the poorer classes, who have been the most active and bitter opponents of the Government, and who have now been forced to seek new homes in the plains.

"The losses of the citizens, as well as foreigners, by this rebellion, have been immense, and it will take years to place them where they were before it began; money is very scarce, and people hitherto living comfortably, if not in affluence, have been reduced almost to beggary.

"President GEFFRARD, prior to entering the city with his troops, published a general amnesty; notwithstanding which it is to be feared that much blood will still be shed of prominent citizens for their complicity in the rebellion against him—whether supposed or real."

Cape Haytien used to be called by the old planters the little Paris of the Antilles, *not* their "Paradise on Earth," as this writer has it; but it is very questionable whether the luxury and wealth that they boasted of were not vastly exaggerated.

When I visited it, in 1859, Cape Haytien had as many ruins as Venice has canals. This destruction will be severely felt for many years to come. Gonaives and Port-au-Prince have suffered by great fires within a few years; and although the value of property destroyed bears but a small proportion to the natural resources of the Republic, yet the lethargy of the tropics needs years where we require months only to rebuild the waste places.

There is no hope now for a speedy increase of wealth in Hayti, excepting by universal education, the disbanding of the present army, and the substitution of a few regiments of well-drilled and well-equipped regulars in their place. It is to be hoped that GEFFRARD will now go vigorously to work and accomplish these reforms, and win for himself a proud place in the history of his country and his race.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WORSE and worse!" exclaims Mrs. Brown; "*this* exceeds any thing we have had yet!"

"What now, my dear?" inquires her liege lord, looking up from his newspaper.

"Just look at that gas bill! Perfectly outrageous! Nearly double any previous bill we have ever had, and I *know* we have not burned gas in proportion to it. The truth is, we pay an abominable price for our light, and something is very wrong about the whole of it."

"Well, well," returns Mr. Brown, soothingly, "that is a fact; but what can we do? We must have light."

"I know it," responds the lady; "but if *I* were the city of New York, or the Legislature, or *somebody*—I'm sure it must be *somebody's* business—the gas companies should not have it all their own way. It is a perfect swindle." And the somewhat indignant lady unceremoniously thrust the offending gas bill into the lowest corner of her pocket.

"Why don't you burn candles?" suggests the country cousin, who has been quietly toasting her toes at the grate.

"Burn candles! Nonsense! Do you suppose MR. BROWN would write a moment by candle-light? But it wouldn't make the slightest difference. I am convinced, if we did not light our gas at all, that, so long as we have a metre and burners in the house, we should have a gas bill regularly presented, graduated according to the season of the year."

Whereat they all laughed, and concluded they might as well be good-humored and burn as much gas as they wanted.

We agree with Mrs. Brown, in the main. We can't burn candles; oil is disagreeable; and good gaslight is not only a luxury, but almost a necessity nowadays. But in the existing state of things New York is not one whit better off in regard to gas than London is; and we generally fancy ourselves a notch ahead of that or any other city. The London journals have recently inveighed bitterly against certain of their moneyed corporations, including gas companies, in that, having the monopoly of their business, people are compelled, as it were, to patronize them. So, also, is it in New York. Competition is a needful restraint upon the inordinate selfishness of mankind—poor human nature is so weak. Whenever that is excluded the people are forced to accept the article offered at any extortionate price demanded, or go without it.

"These things ought not so to be."

Meanwhile, until the remedy is applied, we join with some unknown sufferer, in the following appeal to the Gas Companies:

> Oh, makers of our gas! reflect
> What rates on us you levy;
> It surely can not be correct
> Our "light" should come so "heavy?"
>
> Blame not my verses if they halt,
> Or rhymes not quite complete are;
> *You* ought to know how oft a fault
> *Will* happen to "the *metre*."
>
> By law just ten per cent. your gains,
> You find it better answers
> At twice that sum to fill your *mains;*
> You look to the *main* chance, sirs.
>
> By artful tricks you dodge the Act,
> Which should be our reliever;
> Your gas-tricks anger me—in fact,
> I'm in a *gas-trick* fever!
>
> Give us cheap *gas!* you'll find it pays
> As well (I'm certain quite of it);
> Gas is no trifle nowadays,
> Although we all *make light of it!*

Every body has heard the phrase, "Frightened out of your seven senses," rough and loose though it may be. Perhaps some may have wondered what the origin of it was, and queried whether originally man had seven senses, and some fearful fright capsized a couple of them. Be that as it may, some enterprising individual seems to have found one of the lost senses, or discovered a new one. This is the proof. Let there be a couple of cubical blocks of wood, of the same size and appearance, one, however, being partially filled with lead. Take them in your hand and you instantly detect the difference in weight. Not by the sense of touch, sight, taste, hearing, nor smelling. What is it then? It is said to be by the sense of *weight*. Who will discover the seventh sense?

It is often said that a good, hearty laugh is better than a dose of medicine; and certain it is that merriment has a wonderfully happy effect oftentimes upon the sick. A story is told of a young wife, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; every thing had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness.

"Try her wi' a compliment," said her husband, in a not uncomic despair.

She had genuine humor as well as he; and as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system, and as instinctive as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, and burst the abscess and was well.

Advertisements, and paragraphs of various kinds, often find their way into newspapers, in which, by the omission of a comma, or more frequently, in consequence of an awkwardly constructed sentence, the most extraordinary statements are made. For example: A newspaper states:

"A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets on which never spoke afterward."

An exchange, describing a celebration, says:

"The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

A Western paper announces:

"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

In the report of a certain School Committee the following statement occurs:

"We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

It gives one an idea of progress to see such an advertisement as this:

"WANTED—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

In this connection it may be mentioned that on the sands at Scullercoats, near Tynemouth, England, a board has been fixed, on which is inscribed the following notice:

"Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the magistrates."

We clip the following flaming advertisement for the benefit of all interested in household economy.

"WASHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A Lady having discovered a new and inexpensive method of completing a Week's Wash in Three Hours, without the aid of a washer-woman or the use of machine or soap powders, is desirous of imparting the information to others.—Address (inclosing stamped addressed envelope), Mrs. F——, etc."

This is truly delightful! No more putting things to soak, no more wringing, no more tea with a something in it, no more smell of warm steam! All is to be done in three hours—and the things wash themselves, for there is no woman and no soap needed. Alas! that the doubting fiend should pluck us by the sleeve, just as we are about to send off the stamped directed envelope, and suggest that perhaps after all the clothes and the discovery alike "won't wash."

Apropos of this they have a method of washing in Syria, which has not yet been introduced into our country. Those ladies who have the care of this weekly vexation will be glad to know that wives are duly appreciated in *some* countries.

"According to the laws of the Greek Church, its clergy may marry *once;* but if the wife dies, they are not allowed to choose a successor. It is said, and may easily be believed, that this gains for the lady a larger amount of respect and attention than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. A gentleman residing in Syria was surprised, on entering the house of a leading priest, to find him engaged in washing the linen of the household; and on inquiring the reason of such an apparently unclerical occupation, the reverend gentleman replied: 'I do this to save my wife labor, that she may live the longer; for you know that the law of our Church does not permit me to have another, and I wish to keep this as long as I can.'"

Not long since a lady was passing along the streets in London, her dress caught upon a nail projecting from a packing-box which had been left on the sidewalk, and the result was a hideous rent, whereupon the lady, in righteous indignation, made claim for damages. The owner of the packing-box undertook to have the dress repaired, but it was not done to suit the offended lady, whereupon her husband brought suit against him for wrongfully obstructing the public highway. The unfortunate packing-box man undertook to defend himself by proving that the sidewalk was ten feet wide, and that the offending packing-box occupied only three feet on one side of it, leaving the lady an unobstructed passage seven feet wide. He claimed that this was room enough, and that it was negligence on the lady's part to run against the nail.

The English Court of Law held otherwise, and gave a judgment in the lady's favor for all the injuries which the dress had sustained. We don't believe that packing-boxes have any business to occupy so much space on sidewalks as they do in some parts of New York city. But the ladies of this city will be delighted to know that it will be understood henceforth that a diameter of seven feet is within the proper and legal limits of a lady's skirt.

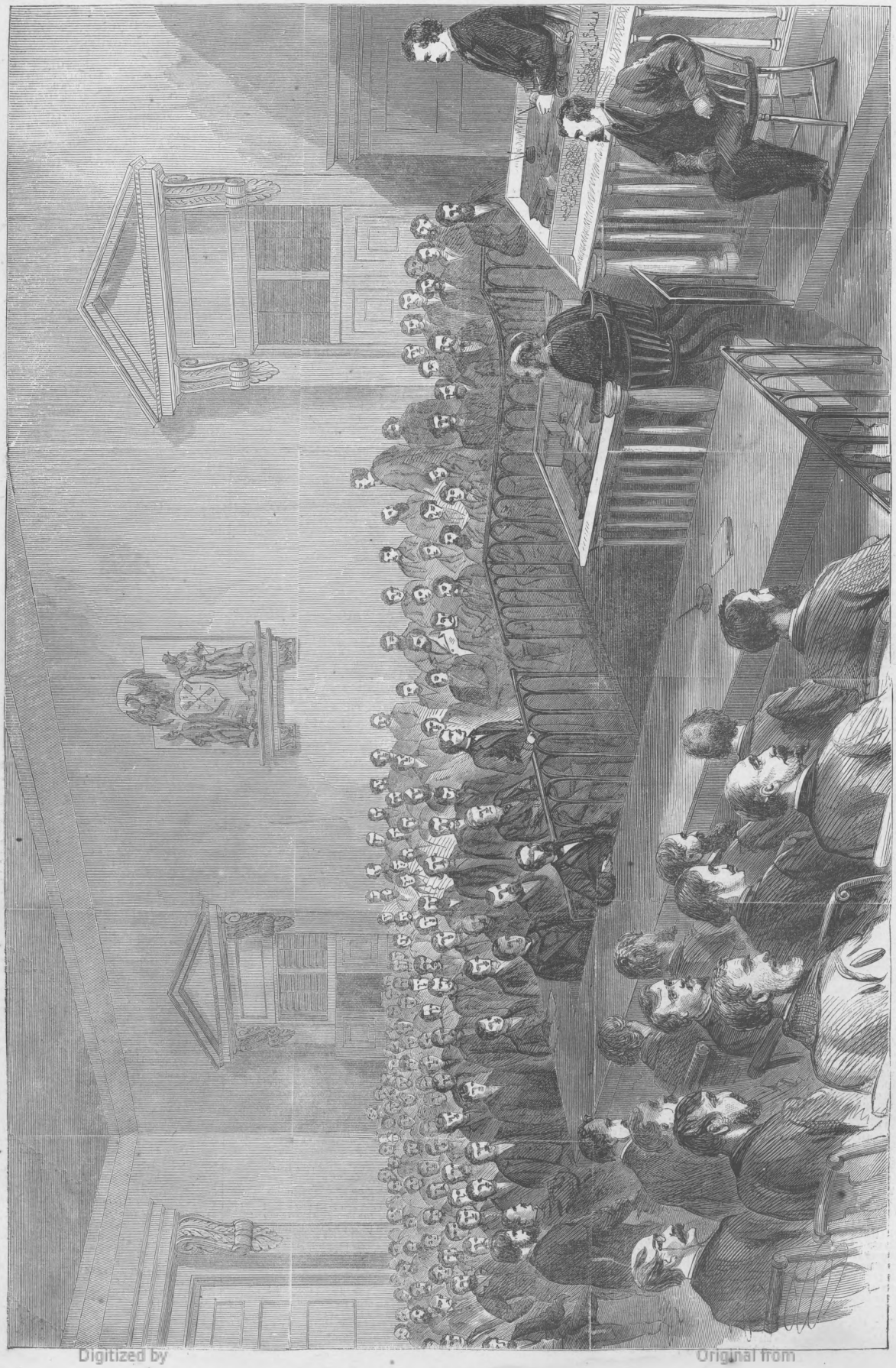
Here is a new and interesting revelation:

"A French savan says that Adam was a hundred and twenty-three feet nine inches tall, and Eve was a hundred and eighteen feet nine inches and three-quarters. Noah he declares was an equally large young man."

Since cooking schools have come into vogue it is believed that it will soon be *fashionable* for every lady to know *how* to cook. "Only fancy," remarks some hungry husband, "what a comfort it would be to mankind if ladies were as competent in dressing a good dinner as they generally are in dressing themselves out for one! No longer then would husbands be driven to their clubs by the dread of tough, cold mutton, and potatoes underdone. We would not wish our wife to be seen always with her apron on; but even if we were the Emperor of the French, we should wish, in case of need, that she knew how to broil a steak for us."

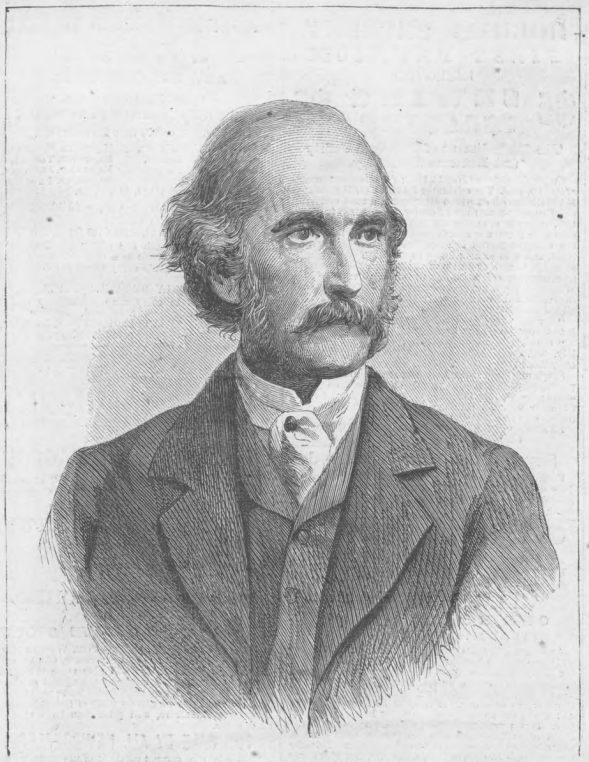
The other day a New York lady—who justly prides herself upon having every article that comes upon her table nicely cooked—remarked: "I would give a great deal if I knew *practically* how to make good bread. My bread does not suit me, and, though I understand the *theory* of breadmaking, I do not know enough about it *practically* to be sure of success; so I must let my cook take her own method, though there is something wrong about it. It would not be amiss, in such a case, to waive all pride, and not mind spoiling a few batches for the sake of learning how to make such an important article as good bread.

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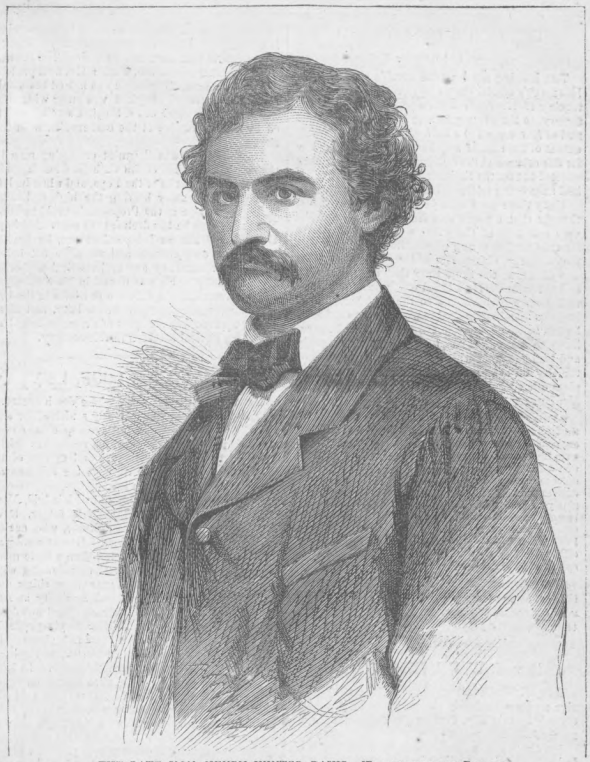


RECORDER HOFFMAN SENTENCING MR. EDWARD KETCHUM IN THE COURT OF SESSIONS, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

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HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE HON. HENRY WINTER DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

VICE-PRESIDENT FOSTER.

THE HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, Vice-President of the United States, was born in Franklin—part of the old town of Norwich—Connecticut, November 22, 1806. He is a direct descendant of MILES STANDISH. At the age of twenty-two he had completed his collegiate education at Brown University. He then entered upon the legal profession, studying at Norwich with the Hon. CALVIN GODDARD, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1831.

Mr. FOSTER began his official political career as a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, in 1839. He held this position during that and the subsequent year; was again elected in 1846 and the two years following, and again in 1854. In 1847, 1848, and 1854 he was Speaker of the House. He had in the mean time, in 1850, received from Brown University the degree of LL.D., being at that time Mayor of Norwich.

In May, 1854, Mr. FOSTER was elected United States Senator from Connecticut for a term of six years, and at the expiration of that term, in 1860, was again elected. During his Senatorial career Mr. FOSTER served as a member of the committees on Revolutionary Claims, Private Land Claims, Public Lands, Territories, Indian Affairs, the Judiciary, and Foreign Relations, and was at one time Chairman of the Committee on Pensions. He was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate March 6, 1865, and about six weeks afterward, upon the death of President LINCOLN, he became acting Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. FOSTER is a man of quick perception, and is one of the best presiding officers in the country.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

THE death of the Hon. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, on the 30th of December, 1865, deprived the country of a very able statesman. Mr. DAVIS was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1817. He received his collegiate education at Kenyon College, Ohio, and after his graduation devoted his energies to the study of law. He grew rapidly into a very large and lucrative practice at the Maryland bar.

In politics he was a Whig until the dissolution of that party, when he joined the American party, then very strong in Maryland. In 1856 he gave a warm support to Mr. FILLMORE. He had been the previous year elected to Congress, where he served on the Committee of Ways and Means. He was elected to the next Congress, and was the only Southerner who voted for Mr. PENNINGTON as Speaker.

During the war Mr. DAVIS was a strong and ardent supporter of the Union cause, and if he ever differed from the Administration it was because he thought a more radical policy ought to prevail than was adopted by the great body of the Union party. Our readers will in this connection readily recall to mind his part in the celebrated "WADE DAVIS Manifesto," which administered somewhat of a rebuke to President LINCOLN, on the ground that the latter, in his policy of reconstruction, disregarded the views of Congress. Though somewhat eccentric in his political views and conduct, Mr. DAVIS was a man of great ability, a fluent speaker, and an accomplished gentleman. His erratic course in politics probably deprived him of a large measure of the influence to which his talents entitled him. His funeral took place at Baltimore, December 31, 1865.



THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 48.]



THE LATE GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 48.]

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SENTENCE OF EDWARD KETCHUM.

THE last but-not-least memorable act of Mayor HOFFMAN'S official career as Recorder was the sentencing of EDWARD KETCHUM, for the crime of forgery, to the State prison at Sing Sing, for a period of four years and a half. Five years is the full extent of the time of imprisonment allowed by law for this crime, and the full penalty would have been exacted but for the limitation preventing the criminal from being released during the winter months.

Many there were who, judging from precedents, thought that a respectable family, wealth, and the very enormity of the crime would afford a cover for this derelict young man. Recorder HOFFMAN thought otherwise. His address to the prisoner was direct, at the same time that it was humane and temperate. He alluded briefly to Mr. KETCHUM'S former position, and to the confidence which business men had reposed in him. This confidence he had betrayed, and the consequence had been ruinous to many. He had given a shock to credit and business from which the business interests of the city did not readily recover. Referring to the pleas offered in defense by Mr. KETCHUM'S friends, Mr. HOFFMAN said:

"Your friends and those who ask for you the mercy of the Court say you were laboring under a mania. But every man whose personal sympathies do not to some extent warp his judgment knows that it was no other mania than that which seizes on every man who commits a crime in order to avert a personal calamity which he can not endure to meet. If, sitting here as a judge, I should mitigate your punishment for any of the reasons assigned, or because hearts are aching and fainting, or because of my own personal sympathies with those who mourn for you, I should feel that every sentence I had passed upon a first offender had been a wrong, and that I was indeed a respecter of persons."

Mr. HOFFMAN'S official integrity in his late position gives good promise of an honest and faithful administration of the city government during his term of office as Mayor.

REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.

REV J. W. CUMMINGS, D D., whose portrait we give on page 45, lately the pastor of St. Stephen's Church in this city, died on the 4th instant, aged nearly forty-two years.

Dr. CUMMINGS's family came from the North of Ireland. He is not of Celtic descent, belonging, as he does, to one of those families whose existence in Ireland dates from the overrunning of that island by the old Scotch Covenanters under CROMWELL. He narrowly escaped being brought up a Protestant, his mother not having renounced that creed till after his birth. The family emigrated to this country in the midst of the American Revolution, and settling down in the District of Columbia, Captain WORTHY STEPHENSON, Dr. CUMMINGS's maternal granduncle, was one of the founders of the city of Washington, and was Grand Marshal of the ceremonies on the day when General WASHINGTON laid the corner-stone of the Capitol. Dr. CUMMINGS's mother was left by Captain STEPHENSON sole heiress to his large fortune, and numerous lawsuits were the consequence. These and the lady's conversion to Catholicism, which occurred very shortly afterward, caused much estrangement among the older members of the family, and the early years of Dr CUMMINGS, who was born in Washington, April 5, 1824, were thus necessarily passed almost entirely within the restricted limits of his mother's immediate sphere, to which circumstance is due, in great measure, those habits of philosophical introspection and reflective study for which the subject of our sketch was distinguished.

After a preparatory course of training, first in New York and subsequently in a college near Nyack on the Hudson, Dr. CUMMINGS was sent to Rome — there to be fitted under the auspices of the *Propaganda* for the work of the ministry. Here he resided fourteen years, and in 1847, at the age of 23, he returned to his native country. He was stationed at St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mulberry Street, from thence removed to a school-house which he had built on Twenty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, and afterward erected St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-eighth Street. At the altar, at the pulpit, in his pastoral ministrations, he was always popular and beloved by his people; and his simplicity of manners and refined amiability made him many friends outside of his denomination. In argumentative discussion the strength of his positions was only equaled by the courtesy with which he persistently maintained them. Dr. CUMMINGS was an accomplished musician, and in none of our churches can the sublime harmonies of the Catholic ritual be heard to such advantage as in St. Stephens. M'lle PICCOLOMINI and nearly all the great opera-singers have been during their stay in the city regular attendants at this church.

On Sunday, the 7th instant, after the children's mass at St. Stephen's Church, the pupils of the Sunday-schools, to the number of nearly seventeen hundred, visited the pastoral residence to look upon the features of their departed teacher and friend. At noon the relatives and a few friends of the deceased gathered together in the mortuary chapel at the residence, where a short service was recited by Dr. M'GLYNN. Then the body was robed in sacerdotal purple and borne to the church by eight bearers. Among these were one or two Protestant gentlemen, friends of Dr. CUMMINGS, to whom, in a recent social interview, he had expressed his conviction of approaching death. "But," said he, with his usual naïveté, "you must come to my funeral; we shall have some splendid music." The scene as the procession entered the crowded church was most solemn and impressive. When the body had been placed upon the catafalque, and prayers recited, Dr. M'GLYNN made a brief address. As he spoke of the great man, the good priest, and the kind friend they had lost, the entire audience was melted to tears. At the conclusion of Dr. M'GLYNN's address the congregation began passing up the aisle to view the body. From the time the congregation commenced moving until six o'clock in the morning it was computed that the mourners passed through at the rate of four thousand an hour. The funeral was celebrated on Monday, Father HECKER preaching the discourse. The music was indeed beautiful. CHERUBINI's Grand Requiem was sung with sublime effect, the choir of St. Stephen's being assisted by a large number of the best musicians in the city.

Dr. CUMMINGS was the most promising man in the American branch of the Catholic Church. He had been the favorite of the Pope, and when he left Rome he came away bearing the highest honors which the college of the Propaganda could bestow. More than once he has declined the office of bishop. His position was an independent one, he having erected his own church, and therefore not being subject to removal by any ecclesiastical authority in this country. He was liberal in his theological views, advocating the diffusion of Bibles in the English language among the entire laity, and more nearly approaching the spirit of Protestantism than any of his clerical brethren in this country.

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

GERARD HALLOCK, Esq., whose death occurred on the 4th instant, was formerly senior editor and proprietor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*—a position which he occupied for more than thirty years, commanding the respect and esteem of all who knew him, whether through the columns of his paper or in his private life.

GERARD HALLOCK was born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, March 18, 1800. His father, Rev. MOSES HALLOCK, was a noted divine, who, out of four sons, sent three to college. GERARD entered Williams College in 1815, being then a little more than fifteen years of age. After graduating with honors in 1819, he spent two years in teaching, and in 1821 went to the Theological Seminary at Andover. In 1822 he opened a private school in Salem, Massachusetts, where, in addition to his pupils in Latin and Greek, he had a class in Hebrew. In 1824 we find Mr. HALLOCK in Boston, at the head of a weekly paper, the Boston *Telegraph*. In 1825 the *Telegraph* and *Recorder* were united on equal terms. Two years later Mr. HALLOCK sold his share of the paper for $7500, and bought one half of the New York *Observer*, of which paper he was sole acting editor until 1828, when his connection with the *Journal of Commerce* began.

At this time the paper, which had been in operation about a year, was in a desperate condition. Mr. ARTHUR TAPPAN had started it, and his principles were abolitionist at a time when such principles were unpopular in this State. Mr. HALLOCK was invited, under these circumstances, to enter into partnership with Mr. DAVID HALE. From that time, for the third of a century, Mr. HALLOCK devoted himself exclusively to the editorial conduct of the *Journal*. When Mr. HALLOCK assumed the charge of that paper there was great excitement in connection with revolutionary movements in progress in Europe; and the proprietors, by extraordinary effort, succeeded in anticipating all the other papers in the publication of foreign news. This contributed greatly to the wonderful success achieved by the *Journal*.

Mr. HALLOCK was an indefatigable worker. From Monday to Saturday he was steadfastly at his desk, and for a good portion of the time attended to the duties of night-editor himself, seeing the paper to press at two or three o'clock in the morning. This secured for the paper extraordinary accuracy of statement, which was noticeable in election returns. His industry has been abundantly rewarded in influence and fortune.

A few years ago Mr. HALLOCK retired from the conduct of the *Journal of Commerce*. He was a man of great sincerity, an able editor, and one of the most modest of gentlemen. It is worthy of mention that probably a hundred slaves have been emancipated through the beneficence and influence of Mr. HALLOCK.

THE last days of Ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. Letters in our possession from his physician, and from Mr. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

Extracts from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 272:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment—what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety. It is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARLOR ORGANS.

The HIGHEST PREMIUM, a SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL, was awarded to us by the late great Fair of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE over all competitors for the best instruments.

A Gold Medal was awarded to CARHART, NEEDHAM, & CO. for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.—WATSON'S *Art Journal*.

"I can speak of them in the highest terms."—G. W. MORGAN.

"The finest instruments of the class I ever saw."—GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"The *best* instruments of their class."—WM. A. KING.

"*The tone is incomparable—far in advance of* any other instrument of a similar kind."—CHARLES FRAEDEL.

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It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the linden bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in two doses. Both doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised much stoneked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.
BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

Magic Leather Preserver.

"Truly marvelous and apparently inexhaustible."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Warranted to keep the soles of Boots and Shoes from wearing out until the uppers wear out. Sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of 75 cts. per box, or 6 boxes $3. Address J. W. YOUNG, Box 32, Port Clinton, Ottawa County, Ohio.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1866.

TERMS.

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[From a Photograph taken near Valparaiso.]

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

Take no more Unpleasant and Unsafe Remedies
For unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU and IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

MOTHERS!
Children die by thousands—Worms the cause—whose lives might have been spared, had they used VAN DEUSEN'S WHITE CONFECTIONS. Children are as fond of them as they are of Candy. Sold by Merchants. 25 Cts. a Box. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS, Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y.

Calenberg & Vaupel's
AGRAFFE-PIANOS,
101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway.
Warranted for Six Years.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $80 each.

Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions,
Of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

TO CURE
Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL, and disorders arising from excesses, use
Smolander's Extract Bucku.
Price ONE DOLLAR. Agents for the South and West, D. BARNES & CO., New York, and BARNES, WARD & CO., New Orleans. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents.

A Ready and Conclusive Test
Of the properties of HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU will be a comparison with those set forth in the United States Dispensatory.

Clergymen, Teachers, The Press,
Unite in saying that the new Juvenile Magazine,
Our Young Folks
Is the best Magazine for the Young ever published in America. It is filled with attractive illustrations, and its articles in prose and poetry, are by the best writers for children in the country.
It is sold at the low price of two dollars a year. Each number contains sixty-four pages, beautifully printed. A liberal discount to clubs. Send 20 cents for a specimen copy and circular to the Publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

ARRANDALE & CO.'S
Great Gift Apportionment
OF
Jewelry, Silverware, &c.
No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 66 Broadway.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Send for our MEASURING CARD, and Take your own measure, and we will send a PERFECT FIT.
575 Broadway, N. Y., E. A. BROOKS, AGENT.
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, and Slippers, of every description, for ladies, gents, boys, misses, and children.
N. B.—LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.

MAKE Your Own SOAP with
B.T. BABBITTS, POTASH
IN TIN CANS
70 WASHINGTON ST N.Y.
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH,
Or READY SOAP-MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT,
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SALERATUS.
B.T. BABBITTS SALERATUS
70 WASHINGTON ST N.Y.
If you want healthy bread, use B. T. BABBITT'S best Medicinal SALERATUS, "Made from Common Salt." Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

LIGHT BISCUIT
Made in fifteen minutes with
B.T. BABBITT'S
STAR YEAST POWDERS
70 WASHINGTON ST N.Y.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED
EXTRACT BUCHU
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.
Helmbold's Concentrated Extract
Sarsaparilla
IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

DEAFNESS
And Discharges from the Ear Radically Cured
By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract
OTITINE.
Price $2 00 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. WEEKS & POTTER, Druggists, No. 170 Washington St., Wholesale Agents.

TRADE  MARK.
OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,
To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company, No. 95 Chambers Street New York.

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70 WASHINGTON ST N.Y.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

"American Union Company,"
Manufacturers of the NEW ORGAN-TONED PIANO, EQUAL, if not SUPERIOR, to any. Warranted in every particular. Warerooms and "Agency," 467 Broome St.

For non-retention or incontinence of urine, irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick-dust deposit, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys, or dropsical swellings,
Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

For Great Sale of
FRENCH JEWELRY
(PURE GOLD)
See Advertisement of
BOSANQUET, GIRAUD & CO.
On Inside Page.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Gives health and vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and, if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

PATENT REVERSIBLE
PAPER COLLAR
The Cheapest Collar Ever Invented,
Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides. Made in white, fancy and printed stitch.



Is made of the best Spring Steel Wire, and is just the thing to wear with Paper Collars, being far superior to elastic cord for holding 'Butterflies,' 'Uniques,' 'Bows,' &c., in place on the shirt button.

PATENT EXPANDED
STAR COLLAR
This Collar, showing a space for the cravat, excels all others by its superior shape and weight, and the exquisite finish and whiteness of the paper.
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO., AGENTS,
Winthrop Square, Boston.
Dealers can be supplied with the above Collars and Scarf Supporters at the lowest Boston prices, by—
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C. CAPEN.....265 Broadway, New York.
WM. A. SMETHURST....7 Bank St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.

This now celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 54 Cliff Street, New York.

The Glory of Man is Strength.
Therefore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

$50 per Week.
10,000 ACTIVE, STIRRING AGENTS (men or women) wanted in every city, town, village, neighborhood, factory, and shop in the land. Business strictly honorable, and little or no capital needed to commence. To the right sort of applicants we offer inducements which will enable them to make $50 per week in the cities, and a proportionate amount in the interior.
Send $1 for five samples, worth $1 each, for your own use, if you do not choose to sell them again, and our confidential circular of terms to Agents will be also forwarded.
T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO., Importers,
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BUY IT—TRY IT.
BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Wholesale Agents.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu
Is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

WARD'S,
PERFECT FITTING
SHIRTS.
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free every where.
THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

The Graefenberg Vegetable Pills.
The best Liver Pill, and the most certain remedy for all bilious and digestive troubles. Price 25 cents a box.
MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON, now acknowledged to be the only certain remedy for Female Weakness and uterine complaints of women. Price $1 50 per bottle; 5 bottles for $6. Use none except with the seal of the Graefenberg Company. Sold wholesale and retail by the Graefenberg Company, No. 130 William St. (near Fulton St.), New York. Inquire of dealers every where.

MANHOOD and YOUTHFUL VIGOR
Are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.


TAXIDERMISTS' MANUAL,
GIVING full instruction in Skinning, Mounting and Preserving Birds, Animals, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, Eggs, Skeletons, &c. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00.
ADDRESS S. H. SYLVESTER, TAXIDERMIST,
Middleboro', Mass.

Shattered Constitutions Restored
By HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

Holloway's Ointment.—To Mothers.—Children are frequently exposed to such accidents as cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, &c. This Ointment will immediately relieve the pain and remove all the bad consequences of the casualty. Sold every where.

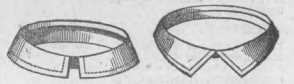
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Can be made by active men in the Stencil-Name Plate Business. Complete outfits of tools and stock furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union Street, Boston. Send for Price-List.

"THE *last Ninety Days of War in North Carolina*," the first of a series of articles by an able writer having access to private papers; a new Poem by Theo. H. Hill, and other papers. See "Watchman" for January 13, 1866. Terms of this large and well-filled journal of Literature, Religion, Art, Science, Finance, and Politics, edited by Charles F. Deems of North Carolina, $4 a year. Office, 119 Nassau St., New York.
The trade supplied by the American News Company.

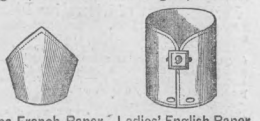
CURIOUS FASTENERS for Ladies and Gents. Sent for 25 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—every man in the United States, who has lost either an Arm or Leg—to engage in a profitable business. Send Twenty-five Cents, for Sample, to A. F. BELCHER, Box 45, Philadelphia, Pa.

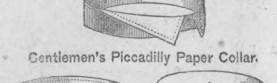
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PAPER COLLARS
AND CUFFS FOR
LADIES
& GENTLEMEN.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
387 BROADWAY, N.Y.

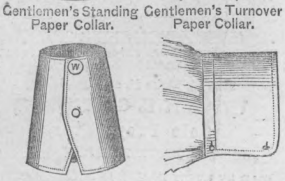

Ladies' Victoria Turn-over Paper Collar. Ladies' Empress Turn-over Paper Collar.


Ladies' English Standing Paper Collar. Ladies' American Standing Paper Collar.


Ladies French Paper Cuffs. Ladies' English Paper Cuffs.


Gentlemen's Piccadilly Paper Collar.


Gentlemen's Standing Paper Collar. Gentlemen's Turnover Paper Collar.


Gents. Reversible Paper Cuffs. Gents. English Paper Cuffs.

Ladies' Collars from 75 cents to $2 per 100.
Gentlemen's Collars from $2 50 to $4 per 100.
CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—These are the only paper collars and cuffs that are made from pure linen stock.
NOTICE TO THE TRADE.—Wholesale Price-List sent by mail. Also, one collar for sample.

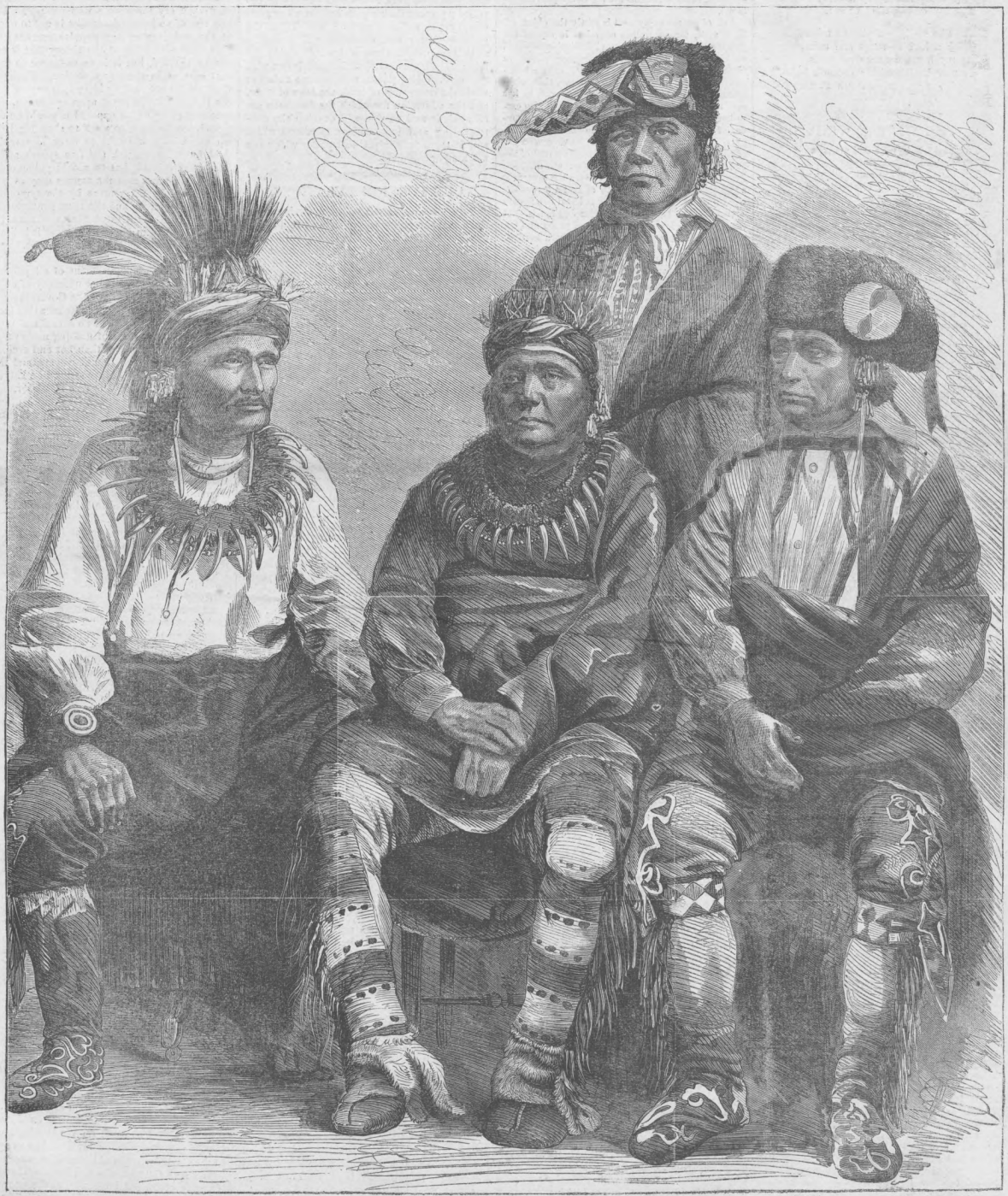
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 474.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



Tar-a-koe. Pe-tl-o-ki-ma. Lag-e-lush. Too-hi.

INDIAN DELEGATION OF IOWAS, SAUS, AND FOXES FROM NEBRASKA TO WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 50.]

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THE TURKISH MAIDEN.

TURKISH maiden! Turkish maiden!
Draw aside this cruel veil,
If my eyes are doomed to fade in
Sight of Eden, let them fail.

Maybe, like the Hebrew prophet,
'Tis to spare a heart like mine,
And you dare not draw it off it,
For its brightness is divine.

If he from the lofty mountain
Saw the "Land of Promise" gleam,
Let, oh! let me see the fountain,
Source of Eden's favored stream.

In those brilliant eyes are burning
Fires like Sinai's fearful scene;
Save, ah! save mine, as I, turning,
Hide them from its fatal sheen.

Breathe, oh! breathe no cruel sentence,
Horeb's thunder 'twere to me,
Lest I die (without repentance)
For my daring wish to see.

No! She smiles—a piteous token,
With a look so sweet and calm,
That my heart, so nearly broken,
Is now healed with "Gilead's balm."

JOHN P. BROWN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Dec.* 18, 1865.

THE WINTER WIND.

THE night it is wild and stormy;
The chilly rain falls fast:
The blast is sobbing and wailing,
The dreary winter blast,
Sobbing and wailing and calling
Like a voice from out the Past.

Oh, what is it saying, I wonder,
The wind as it rises higher,
To the rich man in his palace
As he sits by the glowing fire,
With every comfort round him
That the vain heart can desire?

It is shouting his power and his splendor—
What sultan is grander than he;
It is counting the sum of his riches,
And telling of what they shall be;
It is lauding his palace so costly,
And naming his ships on the sea!

Oh, what does it say to the woman
Who is sitting with him there?
It is chanting a hymn to her beauty,
It is praising her eyes and her hair:
It is wooing her like a fond lover,
And calling her stately and fair!

Oh, what does it say to the beggar,
Outside in the stormy street,
As she trends the city's pavement
With cold and naked feet,
Looking in vain for shelter
From the cruel rain and sleet?

To her, half-famished and homeless,
'Tis a mocking voice that calls,
And its influence, like a shadow,
Across her spirit falls;
And its dreary, dismal wailing
Her hapless heart appalls.

What does it say to the children
When they wake from dreams at night,
On a sudden in the darkness,
And find no cheering light?
'Tis an ogre's voice that is calling,
And they cry aloud with fright.

Oh, what does it say to the sailor,
The noisy winter blast,
As he keeps his watch at midnight,
Or climbs the dizzy mast,
When the shores of home have vanished
And the friendly capes are passed?

It shouts aloud to the sailor,
In the dark and stormy night,
It speaks to the gallant sailor
Of the cottage window bright,
And the hearth inside all ruddy
With the glowing embers' light.

Oh, what is the depth of meaning
To my weary heart addressed?
It seems like the voice of old longings
That for years have filled my breast—
The passionate voice of old longings
That will not be at rest.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION FROM NEBRASKA.

WE give on our first page portraits of four of the Indian delegates from Nebraska. The delegation, consisting altogether of eight Indians, arrived in Washington on the evening of January 2, in company with Major J. A. BURBANK, United States Indian Commissioner for the Great Nebraska Agency. There were five Indians of the Iowa tribe and three of the Sac and Fox tribe. Three of our portraits are of Iowas, namely: LAG-ER-LASH, or BRITISH, TOO-HI, or BRIER ROSE, and TAR-A-KEE, or DEERHAM, the two first being half-civilized, while DEERHAM represents the wild portion of the tribe. PE-TI-O-KI-MA, or HARD-FISH, is a wild representative of the Sacs and Foxes.

Many of the delegation are dressed in wild aboriginal costume. Some years ago one of them, MOLESS, was sent to Kentucky, and received a very liberal English education, which, however, he failed to improve upon his return to his native wilds, and consequently he derived but little benefit from it. GEORGE GOMEZ, the interpreter of the Sacs and Foxes, is a fearfully ugly old fellow, who, report among his people says, has had seventy-five or eighty wives.

The tribes represented by this delegation occupy fifty sections of land, are surrounded by whites, and are quiet and peaceable. The Iowas are the most thrifty; cultivate their lands, and carry on extensive dealings in wood. One of the delegation, MAH-HOE, or THE KNIFE, has an extensive woodyard on the Missouri River, and Major BURBANK thinks that, next to the Cherokees, they are the most civilized of the Indian tribes. They are also truly loyal to the Government of the United States, and during the late war the Iowas sent over one-half of their braves into the Union army. They served principally in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Kansas regiments, but many were scattered among Missouri and other border regiments.

The main object of the present visit is to have a "talk" with regard to a treaty made in 1861, and to have it renewed. When they sold their lands to the Government, they understood the agreement to be that they were to receive the purchase-money in hand. The United States holds the principal, however, and the Indians are regularly paid the interest.

But of course enjoyment is partly the object of their visit, for an Indian considers it one of the greatest events of his life to visit Washington and see his "Great Father;" and nothing gives him more pleasure, or makes him think himself, or be esteemed by others of his tribe, a great man, than when he can rehearse to a listening audience what he has seen and heard on his travels. They will also carry back with them new silver peace medals, a number of which are now being struck at the Philadelphia Mint. The medals for President JOHNSON are of full size. On the face is an excellent cast of the President, with the words, "ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States." On the reverse is a pedestal bearing in a wreath of laurel leaves the word "Peace." In front of the pedestal two figures—an Indian and America—are clasping hands. At the feet of the Indian lie the pipe of peace and the tomahawk, and in the back-ground are a herd of buffaloes. In the back-ground, near America, are represented a train of cars passing over a bridge, and a binnacle wheel and an anchor lie at her feet. The medals are beautifully designed, and are about two inches and a half in diameter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

A LONG STEP FORWARD.

THE order of General GRANT, defining the military authority of the United States in the late rebellious States, should reassure our friends who fear that the Government is too ready to imperil the public peace by delivering the whole authority of those States unconditionally into the hands of a class which can not be expected to use it in good faith.

The General's reply to the request of Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, that the national forces should be withdrawn and the local militia armed, is also significant and sensible. It is as follows:

"For the present, and until there is full security for equitably maintaining the right and safety of *all classes of citizens* in the States lately in rebellion, I would not recommend the withdrawal of the United States troops from them. The number of interior garrisons might be reduced, but a movable force sufficient to insure tranquillity should be retained. While such a force is retained in the South, I doubt the propriety of *putting arms in the hands of the militia*."

The bill of Senator TRUMBULL'S continuing the Freedmen's Bureau and extending its operations to every part of the country in which freedmen are to be found in large numbers, is the complement of these military orders. It will undoubtedly be approved by the President and become a law. This is another of the plain signs that neither the President nor Congress wish to make haste unwisely, and should certainly tend to temper the acrimony of debate upon the general subject.

Senator TRUMBULL'S bill recognizes two vital and fundamental truths of the situation. First, that the National Government means to protect and secure the personal liberty which it has conferred; and second, that it is essential the freedmen should become landholders. Without that provision every other device will be futile.

At this moment, it should be remembered, the freedmen, excepting those settled upon the sea islands by General SHERMAN, and whose freehold Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill confirms, are without land and without the means of buying it. They are helpless in the midst of a population which is generally hostile to them, and they have no chance of livelihood except from the landowners who may choose to employ them. Any landholder may say to them: "You are free to go. I do not wish to employ you. Get off my land." That all will not and do not say this, is true. But vast numbers do. And the laborer has no remedy. He must "move on," and beg, steal, or starve. The tragedy of his situation can hardly be exaggerated; and although the feeling against him may mellow with the lapse of time, and although the necessities of the case will gradually persuade the landholders not to quarrel with their bread and butter, yet meanwhile, under these winter skies, and among those wintry hearts, the suffering of the freedmen is terrible and incalculable, and the duty of the country is plain and imperative.

The freedmen are placed by General GRANT'S timely order under the protection of the military power. But that power can not feed them, nor house them, nor enable them to work and be paid for working. Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill authorizes the President to reserve for them 3,000,000 acres of good, unoccupied land in Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Each laborer or family is to have forty acres at a rent agreed upon by the Commissioner and the freedmen. Afterward the tenants may buy the land at a price to be named by the Commissioner and approved by the President. Meanwhile the pauper freedmen are to be provided with such lands as the United States may buy in any district, and necessary schools and asylums are to be built upon them; while as the paupers become productive laborers the land may be sold to them under fair conditions.

The necessity of immediate and decisive action upon the subject is urgent. Give the freedmen land from which they can not be expelled; protect their rights against all aggressors by the national power; and Time, the great mediator and educator, will gradually show the present class of landholders in the late rebel States that their interest is one with that of their late slaves, now become citizens; while the occupancy of land, the laws of labor, and the education for which the freedmen are so anxious and so ripe will develop the self-respecting and independent manhood which will fit them for the political power which can not long be withheld.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE wish expressed by us a week or two since that the public might be informed of the exact condition of the Mexican question has been gratified by the publication of the correspondence between our Government and that of France. The important point of that correspondence is that on the 18th of October M. DRUYN DE LHUYS, the French foreign Minister, wrote to the Marquis DE MONTHOLON, the French envoy at Washington, that, if the United States would recognize MAXIMILIAN, France would doubtless be able to withdraw its forces from Mexico. On the 6th of December Mr. SEWARD replies that the condition suggested is impracticable; and on the 16th of December he writes to Mr. BIGELOW that the United States earnestly desire peace with France, but that peace would be probably impossible unless France should retire from Mexico, and he expresses his regret that from a conversation which M. DRUYN DE LHUYS held with Mr. BIGELOW it was clear that the matter could not be arranged upon any ground already suggested.

The position of this country upon the question is plainly defined. It will not recognize MAXIMILIAN, and it maintains diplomatic relations with JUAREZ and the native republic. In its eyes, therefore, MAXIMILIAN is an interloper, and dangerous to the United States. Their peace and safety under present circumstances require his departure; and if, after a forcible and courteous reiteration of this declaration and the exhaustion of every honorable persuasion, France still persists in sustaining MAXIMILIAN by arms, it will become a practical question for the United States whether and when and how they will sustain JUAREZ. The whole world is aware that the circumstances under which France went to Mexico are utterly changed. The French enterprise depended for success upon our national destruction, and France must conform to the unexpected result of our triumph or pay the penalty. This conclusion is suggested by Mr. SEWARD, politely, but plainly and emphatically. We believe, as we have always believed, that France will not push the matter to extremity.

The question of our *Alabama* claims upon Great Britain has also taken a definite form. On the 21st of November Mr. ADAMS informed Lord CLARENDON that the United States declined the proposition for a joint commission. On the 2d of December Lord CLARENDON replied, declining to prolong the controversy, asserting that "no armed vessel departed during the war from a British port to cruise against the commerce of the United States," and that "the British Government have steadily and honestly discharged all the duties incumbent upon them as a neutral power." His Lordship ought to have added that there was no ship known as the *Alabama*, and then his rejoinder would have been consistent and complete.

The history of the *Alabama* has been written by Mr. GEORGE BEMIS, of Boston, in a series of exhaustive papers upon the subject. He shows from the Parliamentary Blue-books, giving dates and documents, that an armed vessel *did* depart from a British port to cruise against American commerce. That question is not open. And if the British Government is contented with the precedent of neutrality which it has established, it is satisfied with a course that must inevitably destroy its own commerce the instant it is engaged in war.

But as we do not expect that France will proceed to extremities upon the Mexican question, so we do not believe the United States will make war upon Great Britain to enforce the *Alabama* claims. In both cases the position of the United States is just and dignified; and it is certainly a matter of honest pride that in the gravest hour of our history our diplomatic ability has been as masterly as our military skill.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

NOBODY believes that there is any party among loyal men opposed to the speediest national reorganization, although there are many who say so in the hope of making political capital. The sole practical question is one of method, and we are much more likely to err by haste than by reflection. We are very sorry, therefore, to see journals of which a finer sense of duty was to be expected abdicating their function of enlightening public opinion by argument, and raising the cry that the people have made up their minds to a certain result, right or wrong, and that any party will be ruined which tries to withstand it.

None can be more conscious of the enormity of such a cry than some who raise it. The business of an honest journalist is not to guess at the tendency of the popular current and then float with it upon the theory that it can not be resisted, but it is to endeavor to turn that current in the true direction. RICHARD CORDEN did not content himself by saying that the British mind was set upon protection, and that any party which opposed it would be defeated, but he went to work to show the British mind that it ought to favor free trade. And for what, indeed, are free speech and a free press valuable but to mould public opinion? The press and the tongue may as well be muzzled by a tyrant as by the tyrannical fear of a majority; and the most contemptible newspaper in the United States is such because its only aim is to reflect what it believes to be the current opinion, however base.

We are not unmindful of the necessity of parties to the accomplishment of all political reforms, and of the peculiar necessity of union among the true friends of the Government at this time. We are indeed quite sure that there is rather an apparent than an actual difference in the Union party. But nothing more surely tends to create a schism than hot and reckless talk in Congress and in newspapers, and that testy dogmatism which is amusing in a katydid and ridiculous in an editor or a legislator.

There can be no assumption more utterly baseless than that the people of this country, who have the decision of the question, are solely anxious to have the form of the Union restored without consideration of the means by which that work shall be accomplished. They are not anxious to put fire to gunpowder and consider afterward the question of explosion. Public opinion, we are glad to believe, overwhelmingly favors the just and honorable settlement of our great questions, and it is the pleasant duty of the press to sustain and fortify it.

But fine words butter no parsnips. The people are not deceived as to the real feeling and condition of the late rebel section. They know perfectly well that the emancipation amendment was adopted there because the voters could not help themselves. The President made it an indispensable preliminary step toward reorganization. That step has been accomplished, and the President waits patiently to see what other steps Congress may deem desirable and essential. That question will not be "rushed," nor does the country, which wishes for peace and security, desire that it should be. It will be considered thoughtfully and thoroughly, and settled sagaciously and securely.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "NEPTUNE."

WHOSE duty is it to take care that a poor woman arriving in an emigrant ship at this port, and being confined after her arrival, shall not be left for two freezing nights and days in a berth with a little straw to lie on, "very cold and damp and wet," and there to remain "exposed and cold" until she is frozen to death?

This was the fate of MARY ANN GILROY, a passenger by the Liverpool ship *Neptune*, Captain ENOCH W. PEABODY, belonging to Messrs. C. H. MARSHALL & Co. Captain PEABODY is of opinion, according to his testimony, that it is the ship's doctor's business to look after the sick passengers, and is satisfied that he has conformed to the requirements of the British law under which he shipped his passengers. The Captain says that it is the business of the Commissioners of Emigration to take charge of sick passengers arriving in port; and although he did not report to them that there was a woman on board prematurely confined, yet Mr. LAWSON, one of the owners, told him that the Commissioners had been notified.

Mr. FARNSWORTH, inspector of Customs, testifies that he boarded the *Neptune* on Tuesday afternoon, and at eight on Wednesday morning the passengers were all removed by an agent of the Commissioners of Emigration, excepting MARY ANN GILROY, who had been confined on Tuesday night. All Wednesday the poor woman lay in the wet and cold straw. The inspector thinks that there was a blanket over her, and can not say whether there was a bed

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under her. At some time he saw the ship's doctor and a woman attending to her. On Thursday afternoon at five o'clock she was moved from the ship by the authority of the Commissioners of Emigration. On Friday morning she died. In her ante-mortem examination MARY ANN GILROY testified that four days before reaching port she told the doctor that her feet were "frosted," and he "wouldn't believe it;" paid no attention to her, and forced her to come upon deck for her medicine. Dr. BEACH, who accompanied the Coroner, talked with the unhappy woman, found her sensible, and able to converse intelligently, and is of opinion that she died from want of proper care and attention.

A helpless woman has been frozen to death upon a ship in the harbor of New York. Somebody is responsible. Who is guilty of this murder? Is it the Captain, the Doctor, the Commission of Emigration, the owner of the ship? It is pitiful to think of the sorrow and suffering of these emigrant ships, and how easy it is for the guilty to screen themselves. But here is an offense that will not be hidden. Are our laws impotent to protect the defenseless? If not, we hope the press will keep this tragedy fresh in the public mind until the offender is brought to trial and to punishment.

YOUR DOXY AND MY DOXY.

IN the time of the Inquisition it was frightful, it is now happily only very comical, to hear a man state his view of a religious question, and then, drawing out the full *ore rotundo* stop, and pressing with both hands, both feet, and both knees upon all the keys and pedals, exclaim: "To doubt or deny this rule is infidelity begun."

Of course it is. It is arrant infidelity of his assertion. But whether his assertion be the truth is quite another question.

Thus there is a familiar biblical phrase that the husband is the head of the wife. What its exact significance may be is a fair question. Does it merely state a fact, or imply a rule? Does it mean that as the intellect is generally more pronounced in men, and the feelings in women, therefore the guiding force will naturally be in the husband? Does it mean that a drunkard or an imbecile is the rightful arbitrary ruler of his wife, or that where the superiority is all with the woman she is to yield always to the inferiority of her spouse? Does it mean that if the husband be the head he may do what he chooses with his wife? and if not, is she to be the judge when he transcends the rights of headship? It is, in truth, a phrase which will be as variously interpreted as men's minds are different.

But that any man should now, and in this country, denounce a doubt of his interpretation of this or of any scriptural passage as infidelity, or doubt of the essential truths of religion, is so preposterous as to be incredible. Yet it is done; and the well-meaning gentleman who does it would doubtless be amazed if he in turn were convicted of infidelity by the same easy and absurd method. The Romish Church would inform him that his whole interpretation of Christianity is the beginning and end of irreligion and infidelity. To believe in the antipodes was once held to be infidelity of the plain teaching of the Bible. Yet the truth upon that subject has been tolerably demonstrated, and the Bible is not discarded. In the light of to-day it may be shrewdly suspected that to doubt or deny any individual interpretation of a passage in the Bible neither imperils good morals nor religious faith.

THINGS OF COURSE.

THE New York *World*, a few months ago, spoke of ANDREW JOHNSON as an "insolent, drunken brute, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable."

The same paper described an acrimonious assault upon Secretary SEWARD, the head of President JOHNSON'S Cabinet, as "the scraping of the old sow SEWARD."

It need surprise no man that the same paper now denounces ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a thief and a swindler.

What could more happily illustrate the national sagacity than that the party of which this paper is the fit organ has been utterly spewed out by the American people?

ROBERT B. MINTURN.

THE true treasures of a nation are its good men, and neither Death nor Time can steal them. The man, indeed, dies, but the memory of his character and life survives, and is a perpetual inspiration of the noblest action. This is so plain to all of us in the high and clear-sighted moments of life, that every honorable man would wish to build his monument, like that of ROBERT B. MINTURN, in the unmeasured respect and tender love of his friends and neighbors.

Gentle, just, and generous; modest, humane, and sagacious; honored by the most successful and prosperous, beloved by the poorest and most forgotten; his sense of responsibility growing with increasing fortune, until his devoted life was that of an humble almoner of the Divine bounty—this was the New York merchant, the American gentleman, the serene Christian, whose life was a public blessing, and whose death is a universal sorrow.

Wholly withdrawn from what is technically called public life, and declining every position of merely personal advantage, there was no citizen of New York whose name was better known, and known only for an ideal probity in all business relations, and for the most earnest and unwearied practical humanity. He was one of the first Commissioners of emigration, because he knew what severe and often repulsive labor the sincere and faithful discharge of that duty demanded; and therefore he was not content to give his name and his money to the relief of the suffering emigrant but he gave his heart and hand also. Could the long train of the poor, who knew him as their friend, and who, when his sudden death was known, came weeping to ask permission to look upon his face once more—have known that, once when a poor emigrant woman lay ill of ship-fever and neither nurse nor doctor would risk their lives in lifting her for necessary removal from her bed to a carriage, he quietly took her in his arms and tenderly carried her, they would have known only one of the endless services of his practical charity, from which no fear of his own safety could deter him.

But his sensitive sympathy did not impair his sagacity. Too finely balanced for extravagance in thought or deed, his mind and heart were in the fullest harmony, and his discharge of every business relation was as wise, unobtrusive, and faithful as his charity. His practical counsel was as valuable as his impulses were generous, so that all who knew him well and those who but seldom met him equally bore from his presence an impression of manly symmetry and completeness.

The death of such a man to those who were nearest him is a personal loss not to be measured. But to the community his influence is so vital and enduring that it should rather be grateful that he lived so long than grieved that he died so soon. When RICHARD CORDEN died his political opponent, DISRAELI, said of him that there were "some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the course of time." It is true, also, in a corresponding sense, of some men in the larger sphere of society, and of none truer than of ROBERT B. MINTURN.

PORCELAIN PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE beautiful porcelain photographs of Messrs. HUSTON and KURTZ, of No. 895 Broadway, fully justify the high praise which they have received. They are printed directly from the negative, so that the outline is exact, and they are then exquisitely colored until they are the most accurate of likenesses, with all the delicacy, softness, and tenderness of the most finished miniatures upon ivory. They are also as durable as the porcelain plate upon which they are painted, and may be wiped and washed and exposed to the sun without losing their brilliancy and completeness. Those that we have seen are colored with great skill; and this application of the art must be regarded as a very important step in the progress of photography.

"INSIDE."

THE second number of this interesting and striking story is published in this paper, with the illustrations of Mr. NAST, who delicately characterizes without caricaturing the figures of the tale. The spirit and dramatic skill of this "Chronicle of Secession" will surely commend it to the faithful attention of those who begin, as every body should, with the beginning.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by;
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes:
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 9:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented a memorial asking for the donation of public lands for educational purposes in the States lately in rebellion.—Mr. Foot offered a resolution, which was adopted, appointing WM. J. MCDONALD, Chief Clerk of the Senate, *vice* Hickey deceased.—A resolution offered by Mr. Sumner was adopted, inquiring if any legislation is needful to prevent the kidnapping of freedmen and their transportation as slaves to Brazil or Cuba.

In the House, Mr. Washburne of Illinois introduced a letter published in the Worcester *Spy*, by Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, declaring that the real purpose of the New York and Washington Air Line Bill was not to operate against the Camden and Amboy monopoly, but to relieve the Central Illinois Railroad Company from its obligations to carry United States mails and troops free of charge. A discussion of the subject disclosed the fact that the bill had been hastily passed under a call for the previous question, thus suppressing debate, and that therefore many members who voted for the bill had done so misunderstanding its real purport. It was finally agreed that the bill should be returned back from the Senate for discussion.—Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution, which was referred to the Committee of Fifteen, to the effect that, before Congress conferred the necessary power to enable the rebellious States to form State governments the rights of those among them always true to their allegiance should be guaranteed and protected.—Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, then called up the resolutions heretofore submitted by him, commending the President's Message as an able, judicious, and patriotic state paper; resolving that States can not sunder their relations to the Federal Union; and pledging Congress to uphold the President's policy. He made a long speech against the refusal by Congress to immediately admit the Southern representatives; and was followed by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, who reminded him of his former attitude against Federal coercion. Mr. Bingham repelled every intimation that the Representatives here have manifested the slightest disposition to interfere with the just prerogatives of the President, or to make up a conflict with him. "If the day ever comes when he will find no supporters except among those who in 1864 were buried so deep that the hand of resurrection can never find them, then God help the President and save him from his friends." In conclusion he offered the following as a substitute for the resolution of the gentleman from Indiana: "*Resolved*—That this House have an abiding confidence in the President: that in the future as in the past he will co-operate with Congress in restoring to equal position and rights with the other States in the Union all the States lately in insurrection." Under the call for previous question Bingham was supported 107 to 52.

January 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson offered a petition of the colored citizens of Savannah, asking for suffrage, which petition was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Fessenden reported the House bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint Assistant Assessors of Internal Revenue. Mr. Sumner said he would vote for the bill on the understanding that Mr. MCCULLOCH would not on his own authority, as he had done heretofore, relieve the officers he appointed from taking the oath imposed by Congress. The bill was laid over.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States. It provides that the military peace establishment of the United States shall hereafter consist of seven regiments of artillery, ten regiments of cavalry, sixty regiments of infantry, and such other forces as shall be provided for by this act. Section 2 provides that, in addition to the five regiments of artillery now organized, there shall be added one regiment, to be composed of white persons, and one regiment to be composed of colored persons—the officers of which shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of artillery who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for capacity and good conduct in the field. Section 3 provides that in addition to the six regiments of cavalry now in the service, there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 8 provides that there shall be one Lieutenant-General, five Major-Generals, and ten Brigadier-Generals, who shall have the same pay and emoluments and be entitled to the same staff officers in number and grade as are now provided by law.—Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, introduced a joint resolution to institute provisional governments for the late rebellious States, and made a long speech in favor of the bill.

In the House, Mr. Hale offered a resolution declaring that the previous question was for the regulation of debate and not for its entire suppression. The resolution was referred to the Committee on rules.—A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Ways and Means should inquire into the expediency of revising the system of income taxes and if desirable to dispense with the system; if not, that they provide that the tax on incomes shall be for amounts over $1200, and that the percentage on all incomes shall be reduced.—On motion of Mr. Golding, of New York, it was resolved that the President of the United States be requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate any report made by the Judge-Advocate-General as to the grounds, facts, and accusation on which Jefferson Davis, Clement C. Clay, Stephen R. Mallory, and David S. Yates, or either of them, are held in confinement.

January 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the Colored Baptist Convention, asking for universal suffrage.—The bill for the appointment of Assistant Assessors by the Secretary of the Treasury was passed without Mr. Sumner's admonitory amendment.—Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported the bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau; also the bill to protect the inhabitants of the United States in their civil rights.—The resolution in regard to the Industrial Exhibition at Paris was passed.—The resolution offered by Mr. Howe the day before to institute provisional government over the rebellious States came up, and Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, opposed it, taking substantially the ground previously taken by Mr. Raymond in the House.

In the House, the credentials of James Farron and John D. Kennedy were referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—On motion of Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, the Committee on Territories was instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to repeal the act organizing the Territory of Utah, and to divide said Territory, attaching one part thereof to Nevada and the other to the Territories contiguous.

January 12.

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. It provides that the Bureau, approved March 3, 1865, shall continue in force until otherwise provided by law, and shall extend to refugees and freedmen in all parts of the United States. It organizes the Bureau into districts and sub-districts, and authorizes the Secretary of War to issue provisions, fuel, clothing, etc., to the freedmen and refugees, and also authorizes the President to set apart for the use of freedmen and loyal refugees unoccupied lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding in all 3,000,000 acres of good land. No action was taken.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Raymond, it was resolved that the President of the United States be requested, if not deemed by him incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to this House copies of all messages, proclamations, and other documents, issued by the Provisional Governors of any States that may have been proclaimed at any time to be in rebellion; of all acts, ordinances, resolutions, and proceedings of conventions or of legislatures held in such States under the authority or at the call of said Provisional Governors; of all returns of elections for members of such conventions and legislatures, together with the qualifications required for voters at such elections, and for members when elected, together with such other information concerning the public action of such States tending to throw light upon their political condition as may be in his possession, and to communicate further copies of all proclamations issued by the President or his immediate predecessor, relating to this subject, whether issued by him directly or through the Secretary of State, and the papers accompanying the same.

January 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bill on the peace military establishments was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church of Missouri, praying for universal suffrage.—Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was laid over, that until Great Britain settled our claims for damages done to our commerce by her privateers we should withdraw our Minister from the Court of St. James and proclaim national non-intercourse.

In the House, the credentials of Arkansas members were referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Stevens offered a resolution, which was adopted, 52 to 77, that attorneys-at-law be relieved from taking the test-oath, as a condition of carrying on their profession.

POLICE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

According to the Report of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners for 1865, the number of arrests for offenses of all grades amounted to the enormous number of sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, or about fourteen thousand more than the previous year. Crimes of violence toward the person have increased in a still greater ratio, the total number being nine hundred and ninety-five, against six hundred and twenty-four in 1864. The report shows that there are twelve hundred "daughters of perdition" in the concert saloons, and that there exist in this city and Brooklyn ten thousand places where intoxicating drinks are sold, over eight thousand of which are unlicensed.

GROUNDING OF THE "MARY A. BOARDMAN."

It is not pleasant to encounter a disaster at sea under the most favorable conditions. But when the thermometer stands fifteen degrees below zero, such an affair is terrible. It was in precisely this case that the passengers of the propeller *Mary A. Boardman* found themselves at half-past eight on the night of the 8th instant, their vessel having grounded on Romer Shoals, off Sandy Hook. There were on board twenty-three men and one woman, and must all of them have perished but for the bravery of two Sandy Hook pilots, Henry Seguine and Stephen A. Jones. Yet the rescue seemed a perilous thing to undertake in the severe cold, in a rough sea, the wind meanwhile blowing a terrible gale. The brave pilots succeeded, however, after repeated efforts in rescuing the whole crew.

TROOPS FURNISHED BY THE SEVERAL STATES DURING THE WAR.

The Secretary of War, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, has furnished a statement of the number of volunteers called for by the President at various periods, as follows:

States.	Aggregate.	Aggregate reduced to three years Standard.
Maine	71,745	56,595
New Hampshire	34,605	30,827
Vermont	35,256	29,052
Massachusetts	151,785	123,844
Rhode Island	23,711	17,878
Connecticut	57,370	50,514
New York	455,568	380,980
New Jersey	79,511	55,785
Pennsylvania	366,326	267,558
Delaware	13,651	10,003
Maryland	49,730	40,692
West Virginia	30,003	27,453
District of Columbia	16,872	11,506
Ohio	317,133	228,976
Indiana	195,147	152,283
Illinois	258,217	212,694
Michigan	90,119	80,365
Wisconsin	96,118	78,985
Minnesota	25,034	19,675
Iowa	75,860	68,182
Missouri	108,773	86,192
Kentucky	78,540	70,348
Kansas	20,097	18,654
Total	2,653,062	2,129,041

NEWS ITEMS.

One hundred and forty-three generals were mustered out of the United States service December 28, 1865. Among them are Generals Hunter, Rosecrans, Parke, Granger, Stanley, Pleasanton, A. J. Smith, Osterhaus, Crook, Weitzel, Hazen, Merritt, Griffin, Custer, Emory, Potter, Wilcox, Torbett, Ewing, etc.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, who has lately returned from a tour through the Southern States, says, in a lecture on their condition, that of all Southerners, the women and the clergy are the most malignant, and that he would have been glad if President Johnson had added to the classes excepted from amnesty the preachers of all denominations and the editors of newspapers. Every one of them should have been obliged to file a statement of his antecedents with his application for pardon.

The total number of national banks now doing business throughout the country is one thousand six hundred and twenty-six. The Controller of the Currency is not at present granting authority to any new national banks.

The population of Minnesota is estimated at 275,000.

Accounts from Louisiana represent a very unhappy condition of affairs among the freedmen. They show no disposition to make contracts, and the planters are greatly discouraged. A number of the planters of the Attakapas Parish have emigrated to Honduras. These reports are quite in contrast with those from Mississippi, where the freedmen are going to work and making satisfactory engagements.

General Tillson, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, has issued a circular, under dates of December 22, instructing his agents generally to compel freedmen, who have not property enough to get along without making contracts, to accept fair contracts when offered to them. He makes it the duty of his agents to make contracts for those who fail to do so for themselves before the 10th of this month, where good wages and kind treatment are offered to them, and such contracts are to be as binding upon the freedmen as if made by their own consent.

On the 12th instant Colonel O'Mahony, the Fenian President, received a letter from James Stevens, Head Centre of the so-called Irish Republic, cordially indorsing his action during the late troubles, and appointing him Representative and Financial Agent of the Irish Republic in this country.

On the 13th instant Edward P. Brooks, the Richmond correspondent of the New York *Times*, was attacked in the office of the Spottswood Hotel in that city by the notorious H. Rives Pollard, of the *Examiner*, who attempted to cowhide him. Mr. Brooks disarmed his assailant of the cowhide and threw it away, and then, with such arms as Nature gave him, defended himself so vigorously that only the interference of the proprietor of the hotel saved Pollard from a vigorous chastising. The cause of the attack is supposed to be the sarcastic and eminently just description of the disgraceful shooting affair in the Richmond capitol.

It appears from an official statement that the total number of men who have received respectively $400, $300, or $100 bounty during the war was 1,730,3-0, amounting in the aggregate to nearly $301,500,000. The total enlistments during the war were 2,461,000 men, of whom upward of 731,000 received no bounty.

On the 16th instant the Hon. Marcus L. Ward was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey.

When the war on the Government was begun the lands, houses, slaves, merchandise, stocks, and other possessions of the people of Georgia aggregated a value of over eight hundred and forty millions of dollars, while now the entire property of the State is not worth quite four hundred and nineteen millions of dollars. The heaviest single item of loss to the Georgians was in the emancipation of their four hundred and eighty-six thousand slaves, valued at about one hundred and ninety-four and a half millions of dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenian excitement in Great Britain received a new impetus at Christmas-time, when numerous detachments were dispatched from England to Ireland. In the streets of Dublin the police appeared in double force. Charles Underwood O'Connell has been found guilty of treason and felony. He has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

The official weekly return in regard to the cattle disease shows that the progress of the disease has been checked, as the increase in the number of animals attacked exhibits a continued diminution.

Special services had been held in Westminster Abbey in celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Abbey by Edward the Confessor.

The London *Times*, in an editorial on Mexican affairs, argues that Napoleon will peaceably withdraw sooner or later; and urges America, for the interests of all concerned, to quietly await the result, and abstain from inconsiderate expression on the subject.

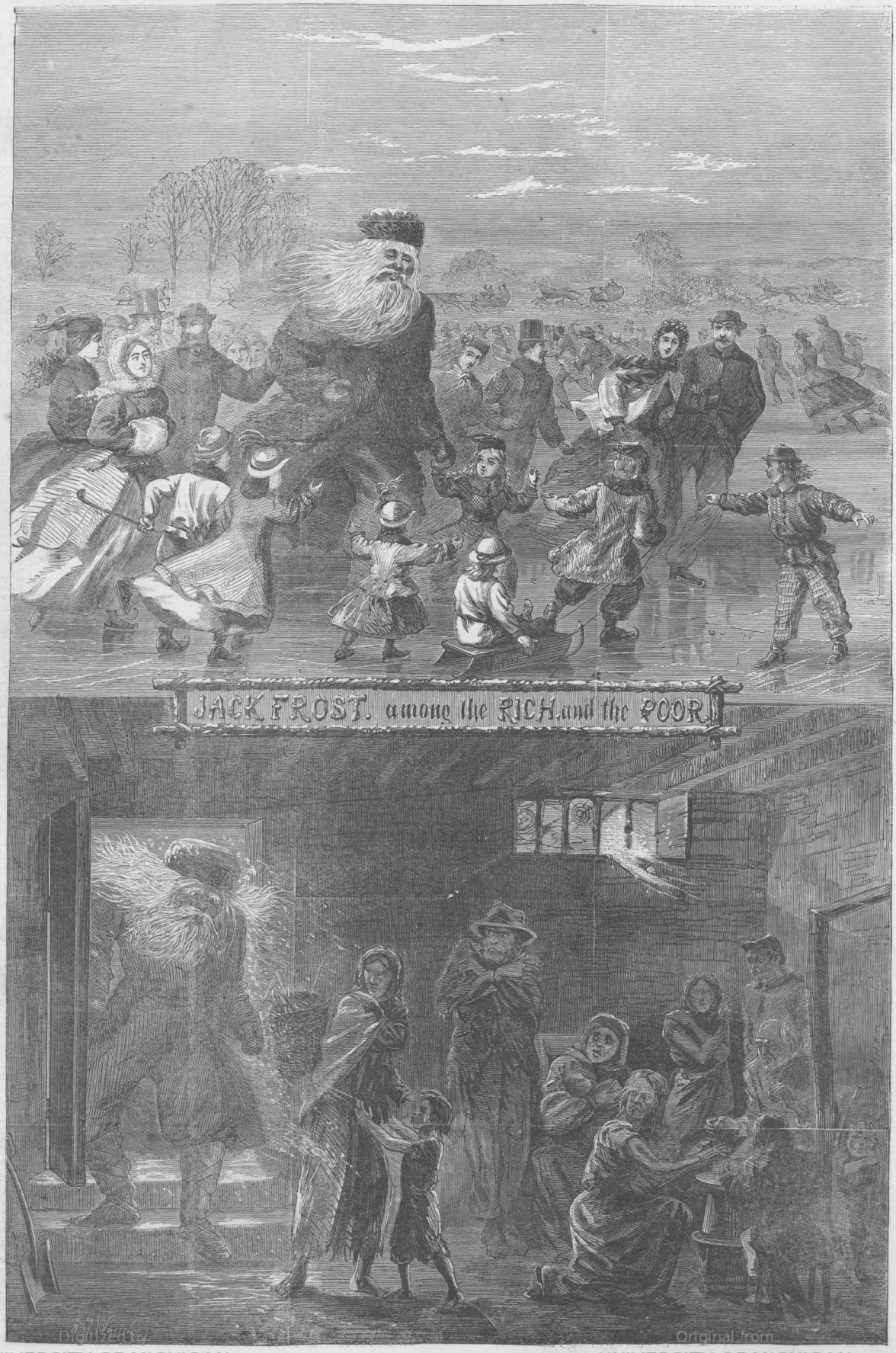
The *Daily News* points out that the absorption of American stocks throughout Europe has lately been more extensive than ever before known, and says this is one cause of the depreciation of English securities.

Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, is dead.

The Paris *Patrie* says France and England have not offered mediation to Spain in the Chilean question, but their good offices only, which have been accepted by Spain.

In South America, the Paraguayan army has retreated into Paraguay and assumed the offensive.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



COLONEL JUGGINS GOING HOME.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL JUGGINS emerged from the office of the Somerville *Star* like an honest blue-bottle fly, only he carried away a good deal of the cobweb about him out of the den of a spider. And very much better the Colonel felt in leaving it than when he entered its door.

When he heard of the investment of Fort Donelson by the Federal forces, never had the Colonel been more certain of the rising of the sun to-morrow than he was of the repulse and destruction of the Yankees. When the news arrived that the fort had actually capitulated, that the Confederate forces had failed to make a stand even at Nashville, it fell upon his ears, and upon those of very many like him, more like the tidings of some great phenomenon, some unprecedented interruption of the laws of nature itself, than merely as the news of battle and defeat.

The instant and most painful impression was —Good Heavens! if we have been defeated—we of the South—defeated once, what may not happen hereafter? The truth is, the events of the war so far had settled the common mind in Somerville, and throughout the South, in the fixed conviction of that which had always been a decided opinion, that Northern troops could not stand before Southern. True, Bowling Green had been evacuated, but that was easily explained; it was a splendid stratagem to draw the Federal troops further South, and so make a total finish of them!

Future historians will write Manassas as the Waterloo of the Confederacy. The cup of Southern victory there drunk was followed by a degree of intoxication to the South, of a greater than which history has no instance. As has been said before, the universal opinion at the South of Southern invincibility had hardly need of any thing to establish it, and Manassas petrified that opinion into granite certainty.

Nor did the events following Manassas fail to increase this certainty, had such increase been possible. So thoroughly settled was the Southern mind upon the whole subject that the vague news of Northern preparation going on excited little or no interest. The same sentiment possessed alike the people, the press, and the officials—at least, from no quarter was heard a syllable but to the same note. Any one who had hinted otherwise would have been marked as but a poor creature, unsettled in his wits by an absurd attachment to the Union, which ought to be regarded as traitorous, if it were not so heartily despised as contemptible.

Even the most firm among the Union men were beginning to settle themselves down to what seemed the will of Heaven—casting about to make the best of an inevitable matter. Nor is all this to be wondered at, when it is remembered how successfully all intelligence from the North was excluded from the South. By a most mistaken policy, the Southern press copied from the Northern and European papers, as a general rule, only that which was favorable to the South. It was more than human to withstand an influence so unmingled and universal.

True, as to the inherent and unchangeable right and wrong of the matter, the minds of Union men were unchanged; but they had begun to bow to the thing as to a Providence too mysterious to be understood—a thing in which nothing remained but submission to the will of God—fate, destiny, whatever it was to be called. People in the Border States may have been less astonished, but to the people of the States farther South, thunder from a cloudless sky is less startling than were the tidings that Federal gun-boats had actually run up the Tennessee to Florence, that Fort Henry was taken, that Fort Donelson had fallen, that Nashville had capitulated! The dominant feeling was—bewilderment.

"My dear Helen," Dr. Warner remarked to his wife, in a calm which had followed one of his domestic tempests, "you may depend on it, and your own clear, strong sense will say yes to me in it, truth is much the best plan. Frankly and truthfully, from the first, with my patients is my plan. They have confidence in me then; they are sure to follow my prescriptions faithfully. There is a mutual understanding between us; no miserable dodging and deceiving on either side; and, whatever the result is, we at least know that all has been done from the start that could be done. The South has been grossly deceived by its doctors, I mean its leaders, from the first."

"Yes, you always hated Secession," broke in the partner of his bosom, the canal-gates opening.

"I was not speaking, just then, of Secession, but of the course pursued since then; but it is all of a piece. Either our political doctors were themselves all deceived, or they deliberately and systematically deluded the unfortunate people who had been cast into their hands," observed the mild physician.

"Went it blind, ma," said Bub, who was making a kite on the floor beside his parents, and who could not possibly have been the child of quick-witted Mrs. Warner and not have been himself smart.

"Hold your tongue, Bub!" broke in his mother. "Nice thing, Dr. Warner," she continued, "you are not satisfied not to be a whole-souled Southern man yourself; you are poisoning even the mind of your own child. I have no patience with you, Dr. Warner—cool, slow, patient submissionist you are! The very idea of giving up to those vile Yankees! Before I'd do it I'd die a thousand times over! You laugh at old Colonel Juggins, I know; but if he is a coarse, ignorant, old man I only wish to goodness you were as hearty in the war as he is! He was always wondering what Johnson was doing, staying there at Bowling Green, when he ought to have been across the river into Ohio. And Davis, and the rest of them, lying there not more than twenty miles from Washington, month after month, instead of marching right on, taking Washington, catching and hanging old Lincoln. Set of cowards! You men are all alike. Oh, if I was only a man!"

"What would you do if you were a man?" asked her impassive husband.

"Do! I'd raise fifty thousand brave men, lead them right on into the North, burn every house, batter down every town, kill every man I could! I tell you," said thin Mrs. Warner, her black eyes sparkling, "I'd kill and burn and cut their throats till they'd be glad enough to make peace with us. That's what Mrs. Bowles and Dr. Ginnis say. Instead of that, they are evacuating Bowling Green—running away, I call it—and Davis there in twenty miles of Washington and not going right on! Next thing," continued Mrs. Warner, with bitter sarcasm, "we'll read some morning the precious news that they have evacuated Columbus—even Manassas!"

"My dear," said Dr. Warner, helping himself to another slice of ham—for they were at dinner on the same day as that in which we first introduced them to the reader—"my dear, I do firmly believe that if you *were* a man you would succeed vastly better than nine-tenths of our men. But we have to take them as we find them. However, if you were a man I would have missed the most active and excellent wife in the world, and Somerville the best housekeeper going!"

And it was only the fact; Mrs. Warner *was* the neatest housekeeper in Somerville; as to the other the Doctor lied, and he knew it.

But it was of Colonel Juggins we intended to speak in entering upon this chapter. Slowly rode the Colonel home meditating upon the news. Lamum and Lamum's pile of newspapers had relieved his mind somewhat, but not entirely. There is a certain mysterious assurance which a fact always carries with it wherever it flies: you may deny it loudly, you may hate it heartily; but when a fact comes to the ear, the mind receives it as such by some mystic affinity as a *fact*—recognizes it by spontaneous appetite as the palate recognizes its natural food. As well as he knew his name did Lamum know that the disastrous news from Fort Donelson was true. Dr. Peel knew it. Even Colonel Juggins knew it—acknowledge it? no—yet none the less every body knew it to be true. It was as if the sun had varied from his path. Gracious Heavens, what might not be the next news!

Somehow, before he alighted from his horse at home—some five miles from Somerville—all Lamum's consolation had been dissipated from his mind, and the ugly news remained in all its hideous reality. The Colonel belonged to one of the three classes into which all slave-owners at the South may be divided. As a representative man of this class let us say a word or two in regard to the Colonel.

Tom Juggins was the son of a rich Tennessee planter. There had been six or eight children in all, but what with being thrown from unbroken colts, and cholera morbus from eating green water-melons, and chills and fevers, one by one all the children had died except Tom. As to him, he doubtless owed his special strength of constitution to the fact that he had been suckled from his very birth by a negro "mammy." In that mammy's cabin passed the days of his infancy, his mother being a confirmed invalid, and his father having an unfortunate habit of spending in town and in intoxication pretty much all the time he could spare from field and cotton-house. On the earth floor of his mammy's house Tom learned to walk, and around the chicken-coops in front of it were spent his first hours of play.

In her way never child had a more loving mother than Tom had in his mammy, preferring him, as she decidedly did, to all of her own dark brood. And a very paradise of childhood Tom had of it; permitted to get as dirty as he pleased, very little washing, and no switching whatever. Nor was his childhood less auspicious as it advanced into older years. With a troop of little blacks at his heels he haunted the calf lot and stable-yard, worrying the calves, riding the horses to water "bare-back," hunting and eating all the eggs. With his allies to back him did he stone the cats and the birds, clip the tails and ears of the puppies, kill the snakes, paddle in the spring, and climb the trees. Among his sable associates, too, did he learn and practice many a vice peculiar to their semi-savage nature and easily ingrafted into his.

In due time Tom was sent to school; yet it was very little Tom learned. What with playing truant, and "barring out" the schoolmaster, and holidays occasionally, and idleness all the time, it was very little Tom learned beyond reading, writing, and the beginning of ciphering.

The rest of the story is soon told. After a youth of breaking horses, and swimming and hunting, and accompanying the cotton-wagons occasionally to the nearest city, and frolicking a little at weddings and corn-shuckings, Tom fell in love with and married a neighbor's daughter, and settled down. The death of his parents not very long after devolved the "Place," with all its negroes, on his hands, and Tom went to work ginning cotton and selling it as his fathers did before him. The old log-houses in which his father lived did well enough for him. True, he did once take a notion to build, had vast quantities of stone and sand and lumber hauled for the purpose; but something or other turned up to postpone the matter, and there the heaps of materials continued to lie, an admirable lurking-place for snakes, laying place for hens, and playing-ground for the swarms of little negroes, till winds and rain and towering weeds had made a medieval ruin of the whole.

Year after year in a row of wretched cabins did Tom, now Colonel Juggins, continue to live, as contented in his house as any hand in his little inferior hut hard by. He had become accustomed to bobbing his head in passing through the low doorways, to walking over the rolling puncheon planks which composed the floors. As to the roof, a clap-board or two could be nailed on in half a minute to keep out the worst of the rain, and a rock or so, with a handful of mud, could close up the worst of the cracks between the logs of the wall. Abundantly able to build a stately mansion, the Colonel saw little in his limited travels to awaken desire for any thing beyond what he already was so accustomed to. Besides, the Colonel was fat.

And so rolled the years by with Colonel Juggins. Hardly would he do as a specimen of the terrible slaveholder of excited imaginations. Such there are, but not of that class was this Colonel. His dwelling was first cousin to the worst which any slave on the place occupied. His clothing was rather inferior than otherwise to the Sunday suits of his men. As to his daily food, it was about the same in house and in hut. Very often, in fact, was Mrs. Juggins glad enough, when company unexpectedly came, to borrow of some of their "people" the honey, poultry, eggs, or butter with which to eke out the dinner.

True, the Colonel voted and his hands were denied that inestimable happiness; but, then, the Colonel knew very little more at last about the principles voted for or against than they would have done. The Colonel, having all the responsibility and bother of the "Place," was, upon the whole, much the least happy man on it, and, as to his religious principles, if he was a church-member, so was almost every one of his grown hands, and they had the opportunity of receiving just as much and as good religious instruction from Sabbath to Sabbath as he.

There are two other classes of slave-owners, each as distinct from the other as his is from both. The Yankee owner of slaves, Mr. Neely for instance, and the aristocratic slaveholder, Colonel Ret Roberts as a specimen. Of them we will speak hereafter. I am altogether unwilling to say that the Colonel's is the largest class, the base of the pyramid, because I am not entirely certain that it is so.

"What I've got to say is this: why can't they just stay at home where they are, mind their own matters, and let us alone." That was Mrs. Juggins's opinion in regard to the war. She always mentioned it at table when company was present and the war the topic. With her it was a plain, common-sense solution of the whole matter, embracing the whole thing entirely and conclusively. "We are not going where they live, and bothering them! Why *can't* they let us alone!"

But since the Yankees *would* come South "with their guns and things," Mrs. Juggins yielded to the necessity of sending Tom, their only son, to help drive them back. In her idea it was an operation precisely like having the chickens driven out of the garden—troublesome, but not very dangerous. Often had Mrs. Juggins heard the plan suggested of building a wall around the South, over which no Yankee was ever to intrude. It was intended as metaphor, but Mrs. Juggins adopted it as highly feasible. The fact is, Mrs. Juggins was the duplicate of the Colonel. Had you been introduced to the Colonel, and an hour after met his wife in a store, say for the first time, you would have said on the spot: "There is Mrs. Juggins, and I know it!" Both bore in weight about the same relation to two hundred pounds, both had the same large, red, good-humored country face. It was little education Mrs. Juggins had when she married, and she certainly had seen time for nothing except the management of the negroes and of her fast coming, fast going too, as for that, children since that event. Except an almanac, a Bible, and a hymn-book or two, there was no reading in their house save the papers.

Of those that he took the Colonel decidedly



"WHAT I SAY," ADDED MRS. JUGGINS, "IS JUST THIS."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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preferred his religious paper, which, while it gave him all the news of his church, gave him also Secession in its moral and religious aspect. But, ye Heavens! why is it that the mere say so of a mortal has so much more weight and force when printed than it has when only spoken? No mistake about that paper!

Never in his life could the Colonel read a paper, or any thing else, except aloud and very slowly. In consequence of this his wife managed to get her news without much trouble on her part. Every syllable was believed by the Colonel as he read it, and by his wife with a double faith, because of the fact that it came to her from the lips and backed by the comments and assurances of her husband. If angels are permitted to hover over mortals, one would think the very tongues of such visitants would have struggled to speak out and apprise this poor Colonel Juggins and his wife of the enormous falsehoods which they fed upon thus from day to day with such a pitiful, implicit belief. But no; the Colonel and his wife then in their cabins were but representatives of millions at the South—millions willing to know and to do the right, yet so systematically, so awfully, so utterly blinded! To keep them apprised of the arts by which they were deluded would have withheld the heavenly guardians from all the enjoyments of bliss in unintermitting activity. Ah, how even angel bosoms must have heaved to smite with flaming swords the guilty authors of the gigantic delusion! How patient is God! And if the inhabitants of heaven know what goes on upon earth, largely must they be partakers of this attribute of the divine nature—else would heaven cease to them to be heaven, at least so long as earth continues to sin and to suffer beneath it.

It was an immense relief to Colonel Juggins, as he entered the door of his house, to find Brother Barker there. Pete Shehan had assisted him in regard to Fort Donelson for a time as he rode into town, Lamum had cheered him a little for the moment, but Brother Barker was worth more than all besides. Pete, Lamum, and the rest were all very well, but what Brother Barker said fell on the ears of the Colonel with all the weight of religious truth. From his earliest recollection the Colonel had been accustomed to receive as certainly true what his preacher said whether in the pulpit or out of it. Besides, Brother Barker proved all he advanced from Scripture itself. To doubt Brother Barker's conclusions was irreligious, and the Colonel hadn't been a "member" for thirty years now—class leader, steward, and all—to do that!

"And what do *you* think of this last Fort Donelson news?" asked the Colonel, immediately after saluting his guest, and making himself comfortable by seating himself in a hide-bottomed chair and tilting himself back in it against the wall.

"As I see you do, Brother Juggins—painful, painful intelligence," replied the preacher.

"You believe in it, then?" asked the Colonel, slowly and with a sinking heart.

"Believe in it? Certainly I do. There isn't the least doubt, as I can see, but the Federals are in possession of Donelson and Nashville, Tuscumbia and Huntsville, too, for what we know!"

"Well, you take it easier like than I can," said the planter, with a gloomy brow.

"Why not, Brother Juggins? It is of the Lord, isn't it? Besides, what do I care, and what ought you to care about Donelson, Nashville, and the like, when I know and when you know what the end of it all is certain to be? Why, Brother Juggins, whatever I expected of a worldling I didn't expect it of you. A man out in the world, now, I wouldn't be surprised at, but you!" And the preacher was as cheerful as his host was gloomy.

"I was hopin' strong it wasn't true," said the planter, after some time. "To me it sounds mighty bad, no use tryin' to hide it."

"And that after all you know on the subject, after all the talk we've had! Well, Brother Juggins, you must pardon me saying it, but I am surprised and grieved," said the preacher.

"Surprised at what?" asked the planter. "Bad news *is* bad news, I suppose."

"Strange; human nature; well; oh yes, of course; ought to expect it at last," mused the preacher, with his head down on his bosom as if in soliloquy. "So many thousands of years ago it was those Jews talked the same way! At it the instant they heard Pharoah's chariots rattling behind them. Very first sound of the wheels they forgot Moses, forgot God, forgot every thing except that Pharoah was after them. Umph! Well. Yes."

"I hadn't thought of it exactly that way," said the planter, accepting the reproof humbly, and seeing consolation in it.

"Did I ever say we would escape some fighting, some being defeated before we got through?" asked the preacher—"tell me now, Brother Juggins."

"You did at the first, as I mind," said the planter, with a thoughtful brow. "Christian Israel you know we were. Baldwin, he made that plain in his book. Abraham driv out from his father's house, our forefathers driv of God over the ocean, God's special people in both cases. Thirteen tribes settled in Canaan, thirteen colonies settled in America. Some of them tribes split off from the rest, some of our States split off from the rest, too. And, you mind, when Secession first started, come to think of it, you proved from the Bible there would be no fight, not a bit. God wouldn't let that fool son of Solomon fight the tribes that split off even when he wanted to. There was goin' to be no fight, no fight at all! God himself would interpose to hinder, you said. And it *did* look mighty plain."

"But, Brother Juggins—" began the preacher.

"In one moment, Brother Barker. I've been studyin' over it, and I want to speak about that Christian Israel idea while I remember. I've been wantin' to ask you; it don't seem to gee like. In the Bible the tribes that split off were all except two; in our case it's the fewer number has split off from the larger number. Then, and this hurts me worst, the tribes that split off were the ones that sinned against God in the thing, that became worse and worse, that went to—what *did* ever become of them?—while the tribes that they split off from remained the favored people of God, had Jerusalem, and the Temple, and all. I tell you, Brother Barker, it was all very pretty when you first took at it, but the more you study into it—there was that about there being no fightin' permitted of God between the tribes when the break-up took place. I declare, for one man, I don't understand it!" concluded the old planter, somewhat testily.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, gravely, "do I understand you to say that you have studied Baldwin's book from end to end, deeply, thoroughly?"

"No, *Sir*," said the planter. "It's near three inches thick, that book. I only skimmed over it—a little here and a little there."

"I really do not think, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, in a tone of expostulation, "that you ought to decide so upon what you say yourself you never studied to the bottom."

"Well, perhaps so," said the planter, as he remembered how ponderous was the volume in question, and how very little he had mastered its contents. "But there was not one syllable about Secession in the whole book, I know that, any how. It was Monarchy and Democracy that was to fight the battle of Armageddon in the Mississippi Valley. Not one hint about Secession!"

And Colonel Juggins was not the only one who had puzzled over the book in question—"ARMAGEDDON, OR THE UNITED STATES IN PROPHECY." You saw the thick and well-thumbed volume on every shelf during the two or three years before Secession.

"Brother Baldwin *was* mistaken about that," consented the preacher. "But he has found out his mistake, and, they say, is lecturing like wild-fire every where setting people right. I believe as certain as I do my own existence those prophecies in the Bible about the South and our Confederacy. I'll talk with you any day about them as long as you like. No man, at least no Christian man, can study those prophecies and say they don't have reference to the Confederacy. But we won't talk about that now. Brother Juggins, will you favor me with a Bible?"

The Bible was found, dusted, and brought. Mrs. Juggins drew still nearer with her knitting.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, after he had found the place in the large, well-thumbed Bible, and putting on his pulpit manner as an Episcopal clergyman would put on his gown, "you often say you are a plain man. Well, you can understand a plain passage in the Bible—"

"That passage in Timothy?" inquired the Colonel.

"I know we've been over it often before," said the preacher, "but we can hardly have too much of the Bible, I suppose. This book was given to guide us. Brother Juggins? Sister Juggins?" Very solemnly. The persons in question nodded a hearty assent. "Now listen," continued the preacher, and he read, in a slow, solemn manner: "It's First Timothy, sixth chapter. 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blaspheme.' Next verse isn't so much to the pint. Next is: 'If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness.' That is, any thing against slavery he's just been speaking about. 'He,' that is, every Abolitionist, 'is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness.'

"Now let us hold on one moment," said the preacher, closing the book, with his finger in the place. "I just ask you, Brother Juggins, Sister Juggins, isn't all that a description of the Northern people—the Abolitionists?"

"I suppose it *is*," said the planter for self and wife.

"What I say," added Mrs. Juggins, "is just this. Why can't them people stay at their own home, mind their own business, let us alone? We ain't goin' up where they live to trouble *them*."

"Exactly, Sister Juggins. But here's what I want to get at," continued the preacher. "This is the Word of God we're reading. It says all that of the Northern people plain and clean. Next it tells us exactly our duty toward them—it's as plain as any part of the Bible. Listen:" and the preacher opened the Bible again, and, running his finger under the passage, read, very slowly and with prodigious emphasis, the rest of the verse, "'From—such—*withdraw*—thyself!'"

"Yes, just so; that was your sermon about Secession. I can't see how any thing *can* be clearer from Scripture than that," said the planter.

"Wait a moment, Brother Juggins; I'm not through yet. I want to ask you one plain question. Do you suppose God ever commands a man or a people to do any thing and then punishes them, or permits any body else to punish them, for doing it?"

"No, *Sir!*" said the planter.

"Well, we are beginning to see our way out, then. As you well know, Brother Juggins, the South was only obeying this direct command of God in withdrawing itself from the North and setting up for itself. A man is stone-blind who don't see that our Secession was the command of God. And here you are talking to me about Fort Donelson and Nashville," continued the preacher, becoming greatly excited, "frightened by the pursuing Egyptians, exactly like those Jews were, as if God did not *command* us to leave, as if God was not going with us in leaving! He lets Fort Donelson and Nashville be taken just to prove us and to try us, as he said to the Jews, and I'd like to know how we are standing the trial. He gave us that great victory at Manassas just to show us, in a way we couldn't help seeing if we was to try to, that God was with us. But what's the result? People forget God, say we did it all ourselves; we're waxing fat and kicking, and now He is letting us be whipped a little just to show who it is that raiseth up one and casteth down another."

"I liked mightily what you said in your last sermon, Brother Barker," remarked the planter, after a pause of rumination; "all that about the hearts of the kings bein' in the hand of the Lord to turn about as he pleased. Only I wish England and France would make haste and show some of it. Them Powers have been just goin' to acknowledge the Confederacy every paper I've read since we set it up; somehow they hain't done it yet—"

"Brother Juggins," interrupted the preacher, in a sad tone, "it was hard to wean you from your old notions about that old Union in the first place; it was like drawing your eye-teeth, you know; and now that you are on the right track it is awful work to keep you to it. It's true, we have been acknowledged by England and the rest before now, if we only knew it, or soon will be; but, don't you see, it's wrong in us to look to them so much. Trusting in Assyria and going down into Egypt will be just our sin, as it was the sin of God's other peculiar people. I tell you now, we're going to get it worse and worse from the North till we learn to trust only in the Lord. I believe you know I've had some experiences in religion—real, warm experiences; you want to know what is my strongest experience now—the religious feeling which happifies me most?"

The planter and his wife looked up expectingly.

"It is that we here at the South are God's chosen people. Promises of Scripture have come out to me plain before now; but I just tell you this, nothing in the lids of this book has ever stood out from the page so plain to me as that. The North has gone off into Free-Loving, Garrisonism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and that worst and blackest of all kinds of infidelity—Abolitionism. There was some religion there once; but that makes it worse—it's apostasy the North has fallen into, deep-reaching, wide-spreading, universal apostasy—and God has just given them over to it. But he has rescued the South—he has called us out. If there's one single *ism* here at the South *I* never saw it—not even Universalism. Talk to me! Can't you *see* that you may as well give up all the Bible if you give up what it says on our side? God on our side? The God *I* worship is! He to help those people who have apostatized from him! I'm as certain this day he's on our side as I am there *is* any God. As a just Lord he *can't* help those people—*can't* do it! Look at the Jews! Don't you *see* how he punished their enemies with sword, fire, pestilence, famine, and the like. If those poor, miserable, blinded Yankees only knew it—the ruin that is coming upon them from his hand! I never felt to pray for a revival in my life as I've felt to pray for their defeat and destruction. It's the Lord in me! Ever since they broke up our Church there in New York, in the General Conference of forty-four, the Church South has been praying and praying for this Confederacy. Glory to his name, he has heard our prayer! For one, I'll trust him for the rest!"

But it would be unreasonable to suppose we can record all that Brother Barker said. A small, pale man was Brother Barker, with thin, lank, black hair combed back off of his low and narrow forehead. Were you to see him in a crowd his small and stooped form promised little of the tremendous powers of speech possessed by him. There was a peculiar thickness and heaviness about his eyelids which gave an additional aspect of dullness to the man. Yet, let Brother Barker get fairly into the stand, and fully under way in a sermon, brighter and brighter grew his eyes, faster and faster flew his arms, and words rushed to his lips faster than he could deliver them. Like most of his denomination, the disruption of his Church in 1844 had begun in his bosom an alienation of feeling from the North which had steadily increased ever since disruption had followed in the other denominations; but Brother Barker's Church was decidedly in the lead, as it was the first in the agitation.

Perhaps not a member or minister of the Church itself dreamed how deeply and thoroughly it was leavened in the matter. The act of Secession revealed an earnestness and intensity of alienation in the denomination to the North which surprised the Southern politicians as much as it gratified them. Bishops, presiding elders, preachers, papers, it was a powerful organization ready to the work—in their eyes a religious work. As with every religious body the feeling was deeper and stronger than any merely political body of men ever know. Even the most heated politicians saw themselves utterly distanced by the almost frenzied zeal of such men as Brother Barker. It was not only heart, it was soul these threw into it. And no one can estimate the immense power exerted by such men in all the denominations at the South.

Accustomed to receive as religious truth every thing coming from such a source; impressed, and which is far from being the popular feeling in regard to the politicians, with the disinterested, heart-felt sincerity of their spiritual guides; aware of the moral purity, too, of these, no wonder the masses of the South were so moved by the unceasing efforts of their ministers. No one at all familiar with the South but knows that the Southern clergy accomplished more for Secession than all other instrumentalities combined. By far the ablest arguments and the most eloquent appeals for Secession were from ministers; and what the mass of inferior ministers lacked in ability and eloquence in the pulpit and by the press they more than made up by their universal, incessant, and eager influence during the week, and the power of, at least, their public prayers on the Sabbath.

Assuming as impregnable that theological foundation for slavery which the last thirty or forty years has seen evolved from Scripture, those among the Secessionists who were believers in the Bible planted themselves thereupon as upon rock—making thereupon and therefrom their confident appeal to God for success. And since the universe afforded no other conceivable ground to stand upon in the matter, the pious were not the only ones to avow this as their position. Multitudes who never opened the Bible had awful reverence for this one divine institution if for no other decreed therein. Avowed infidels, too, accepted eagerly so much of Sacred Writ as proved slavery right, even though they scouted all the remainder as fable. And it is a fact worth recording, that, as a universal thing, the right and the wrong of the whole movement settled down, amidst a thousand side considerations, unanimously into this. The abiding of the appeal made to God in battle upon this point, in case it was decided against the institution, was a contingency which never entered the mind—no anticipation of or provision for that. History furnishes no instance of men more absolutely confident of the aid of Heaven. The nearest parallel to their confidence in history is seen in the case of the Zealots in Jerusalem at its bloody fall. Ah, direst of all infatuation to count with such confidence that Almighty God is upon our side when He is—not!

THE BONE MAN OF HOSTONIC.

IN a recess beside the great west door of the church of Hostonic, in Bohemia, stood for many generations a gaunt skeleton, its skull drooping on the breast, and the hands folded as though in prayer. Immediately before it was the tomb of a noble family once residing in the neighborhood, but now extinct.

The strange attitude of the skeleton fixed the idea in the popular mind that the Bone Man prayed without ceasing to a dead woman who lay in the vault before him. Several times was the skeleton removed from its niche and buried under the green sod in the church-yard, but on the following morning those who came to early mass saw the grave open and the turf folded back, and within the sacred building stood, as before, the white Bone Man with drooping head and folded hands, at the vault door. And well might he be condemned by the judgment of God to stand thus, year by year, before the tomb, for long ago he had been a lawless knight, fearing not God, nor regarding man, and he had come in his wanderings to Hostonic, where he had seen the Lily of Hostonic, the only daughter of the nobleman who then inhabited the castle whose ruins are now the haunt of the owl, and he had brought the Lily to shame and to an early death. When the old lord in anger slew him his corpse would not rest in its grave, but rose, and stationed itself at the head of the tomb, with the dim eyes fixed on the sepulchral stone which hid the Lily, and there he awaited his release. The corpse became a skeleton, centuries rolled by, and still that release had not been effected. But one morning those who went to church found the niche empty, and the skeleton had crumbled into a little heap of gray dust. How this was effected I will relate, as the Bohemian peasantry tell the tale.

One night there was uproar in the tavern of Hostonic; three brothers, with their pockets full of money, had been drinking and gambling all day, and purposed continuing the same amusements all night. Their drunken shouts and laughter continued till long after every house in the village was closed and every light extinguished.

They were waited upon by a servant girl who had been deserted by her husband, and who had but lately, for the first time, become a mother. By her poverty she had been driven into service. Many a rude and ugly joke at her expense was made by the tipsy men, but she remained silent, modestly and patiently waiting on them without speaking more than was necessary.

As she came out of the cellar with full pitcher, one of the brothers said to her, laughing:

"Well, my girl! I suppose you are busy making clothes for the baby, eh?"

"Ah, Sir!" she replied; "I have not the materials of which to make them; would that I had! The poor little lamb will need them, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what," said the second brother, shaking his head drunkenly; "you must earn the money to buy them, and the cradle, too."

"Only too willingly, Sir!"

"Well, I don't mind giving you the money," continued the thoughtless fellow; "if you will do something for it."

"Any thing which is not beyond my strength," said the girl, eagerly, as her cheek flushed with hope; "tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"Nothing very difficult, my girl, no-thing ve-ry dif-fi-cult," quoth the intoxicated man; and then, with a burst of laughter, he said, looking round to his brothers for applause, "you shall fetch me the skeleton which stands at the church door! Eh, lads, she shall do that, sha'n't she; and we will pay her?"

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The maid recoiled in horror, and her cheek blanched.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, faintly, "do not make a mock of me in my misery, and tempt God with such profanities!"

But the other brothers praised him who had made the offer, and drawing their purses from their pockets they poured out thalers and groschens, and made of them a small pile in the middle of the table.

"There!" shouted they, "fetch us the Bone Man, and you shall have this as a baptismal gift for your brat."

The poor girl trembled in every limb; she looked at the money and then at the red, heated faces of the drunken men, and she knew not what to say. That little pile of silver would, indeed, be a god-send to her—but at what a cost was it to be won? She thought of the gloomy church-yard, and the solemn church, shrouded in darkness, and of the skeleton standing in the wall niche before the tomb.

"Come, you must not be long making up your mind," said the eldest of the brothers; "we do not make such offers more than once."

"Let me have two minutes to decide," she begged, looking once more at the money, and then, flying to her chamber, she bent over her little one and kissed it. "Any thing for thee, my poor one!" she sighed; "and if it be a sin, may God in His mercy pardon me." Then, after having crossed herself, she returned to the parlor and agreed to do what the three men required.

As she left the tavern all was dark, a keen wind blew over the country, beneath a still, star-spangled, cloudless sky; it wailed among the eaves of the houses, and tossed the autumn leaves about in the square of the little town. The church stood on a rise; as the young woman approached it her heart beat faster.

She opened the church-yard gate as the evening bell tinkled; she stood still, and recited her "Ave Maria" with fervor, then stepped out of sight, to allow the sexton to return without observing her. The old man, bent double with age, went coughing from the grave-yard to his bed, and she remained alone among the dead. For some moments a struggle raged within her; she shuddered at the prospect of what she had to do, and felt disposed to return to the inn, but love for her babe prevailed, and she walked up the path leading to the church door.

And now there was a feeble glimmer in the east, and the new moon peeped above the horizon; and she shuddered as she stepped into the shadow of a mulberry-tree which grew in the church-yard.

She turned the handle of the door, and the latch flew up with a noise which was echoed through the vaults and aisles of the church. A feeble, rosy glow from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed on the altar, but a white moonbeam through a low window fell along the west wall, bringing out the skull and folded hands as frosted silver, in strong relief against the ebon gloom of the recess in which stood the Bone Man of Hostonic. As the frightened girl looked on the skeleton it seemed to her as though the fleshless mouth moved in prayer, and as though a blue flame flickered in the eye-cavities.

The girl summoned up all her courage, grasped the skeleton, flung it upon her back, and ran through the church-yard, passed the gate, flew with her rattling load across the market-place, dashed into the tavern, cast the Bone Man on the table, and, sinking on to a bench, burst into a flood of tears.

A silence fell upon those in the room; all looked with a shudder at the heap of bones, and then with astonishment at the girl. Even the three brothers recoiled from the skeleton as it was flung before them; the courage of the maid amazed them; they had reckoned on her turning back at the church-yard gate, and had calculated on joking her on the failure of her courage.

But the eldest, staggering to his feet, said: "I tell you all, the lass has well earned her money. She shall have it, and sit down by us and have a drop of something to warm her too."

In the mean while the girl had somewhat recovered herself, and she was called to the table to give an account of her expedition. But she, still pale with fear, only replied to their questions with:

"God saved me from any thing very terrible; but, as I carried the skeleton, it seemed to me as though *some one* were following. Not for any money would I do it again."

"But what is to be done with the Bone Man?" asked one of the brothers; "he can not remain here, and I daren't take him back."

"Nor I," said the second.

"And I am quite sure," hiccoughed the third, "that I couldn't walk as far."

"The skeleton must go back, that is positive," said the first: "we shall get into trouble if it is found here."

"Then let her who brought it take it back," thundered out the second with an oath.

The maid, shuddering at the thought of having to make the horrible expedition again, exclaimed, "That was not part of our agreement. I have kept my portion of the contract, and you have said yourself that I have earned the money."

"So you have, my girl; so you have, undoubtedly," said the fellow; "but hang it! we don't want to have a skeleton lying among our glasses, and under our very noses, while we are making merry. I'd take it myself to its proper place, were my legs steady enough, and my conscience clear. We will give you more money, if you will replace the Bone Man in his old position in Hostonic Church."

"Oh, Sir!" gasped the maid, "I can not, indeed! I swore that I never would tempt God like this again for the love of gold."

"Nor shall you," quoth the toper; "not a groschen shall you get from any of us, if you do as we bid you; but this will I promise—I have no children of my own, and I will pay for the education of your little babe when it is old enough to go to school, and I call these comrades here to witness that the lad shall not be unremembered in my will."

The maid looked with trembling at the hideous object which straddled across the table. Her breast heaved, she folded her hands in prayer and closed her eyes. The agitation of her feelings, and the battle of conflicting passions, were clearly traceable on her countenance. Suddenly her face became calm.

"As you wish," she said, resolutely; "it is God's will. Yours be the sin, and you will have to answer for it."

As she spoke she lifted the clickering frame of bones, and slung it on her back. Firmly grasping her load, she went forth into the night, and none ventured to follow her.

Would you know the cause of the girl's courage? As she had prayed, an idea shot into her brain as an inspiration from God, that she should dedicate her child to the church: she took the thought as a revelation of Divine will, and vowed there and then to offer her little one to God, if He would protect her on her expedition.

She traversed the market-place with her clattering burden, and began to ascend the hill, scarcely hearing the rattle made by the bones, for she had become used to the sound.

But as she neared the grave-yard the weight of her load became greater and greater, and the burden bowed her down. This she did not observe at first, as her senses were in a whirl of confusion, but, at the lych gate, it became so evident that she was filled with overwhelming horror. In crossing the church-yard she sank repeatedly to her knees, all but prostrated beneath the load which seemed to weigh a hundred-weight. It was with a desperate effort that she scrambled into the church, reached the niche, and tried to shake off her awful burden. With unspeakable horror she found that this was now beyond her power, for the fingers had interlaced upon her bosom, and the arms held her as in a vice.

A voice like the moaning of wind through distant trees rushed into her ear, and a chill breath stirred over her cheek.

"I will not let thee go till thou swearest to obtain pardon for me from her below. Descend into the vault and pray for me."

Every hair on the poor girl's head stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out upon her brow. She shivered as a leaf in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word in reply.

"Wilt thou do my will?" asked the voice, and the maid felt the hands tightening their grasp, and heard the creaking of the bone fingers against each other.

"I will!" gasped she in her deadly fear. The fingers fell apart with a click, and the burden slipped from her shoulders. She turned and looked at the skeleton. A dim and phantom life seemed to animate its countenance; there was an expression of unutterable eagerness in the fleshless face, and a shiver of anxiety vibrating through the bony limbs. The jaws stirred, and the same strange voice rushed into the girl's ear.

"Lift the stone from the vault door, and go down the steps. You will find at the bottom a woman in black, sitting in her coffin, by lamplight reading a book. Plead with her for pardon. Till she pardons me I can find no forgiveness with God."

The maid obeyed. She lifted the slab from its place by the iron ring which was riveted into it; it rose at her touch, and disclosed a steep flight of stone steps.

With swimming brain the girl descended into the vault. At the further end burned a dim flame. A soft cool air breathed over her cheek. As she reached the lowest step she looked round. The vault was capacious, with groined roof supported by huge drums of Romanesque pillars. A feeble glimmer irradiated it. On all sides were stone coffins with armorial bearings sculptured upon them. On some lay withered wreaths of flowers, on others corroded swords or helmets. The light by which all this was rendered visible proceeded from the small saffron flame of a lamp suspended in the centre of the vault over an open sarcophagus. There, draped in black, in her stone coffin, with her pale face supported on her hand, her head surrounded with a garland of faded roses, sat a woman reading out of a large book which lay open on her lap. The maid approached her with vacillating steps, and bent the knee before her. Not a motion in the solemn reading figure. The white face was not raised, not the shadowed eyes lifted from the pages of the book.

With faltering voice the girl besought forgiveness for the Bone Man. No answer. The woman in the coffin seemed to be unconscious of the presence of a living being before her. More earnestly pleaded the maid, her heart beating, and a deep anxiety to obtain the knight's release, filling her compassionate bosom. She called to the woman's remembrance her old love for the knight, the deep sorrow which he had endured for so many ages, standing deprived of rest before her tomb.

The reading woman shook her head without raising her eyes.

With heavy heart the girl retraced her steps, despairing of obtaining any thing from the lady in the vault. At the top of the stair stood the Bone Man bathed in pure moonlight, an expression of agonized expectation on his face, every bone clickering with emotion.

"Am I forgiven?"

"She has not forgiven you," answered the maid, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Back, back into the vault, and plead till you have obtained my pardon."

The maid would have spoken, but the skeleton raised its hand and pointed peremptorily toward the vault, and the girl felt constrained to obey. Fear now disappeared, and she felt the warm blood flow into her cheek as evenly as though she were at home rocking her babe.

Again she knelt to the woman in black, and prayed with fervor for the Bone Man. She pleaded by the hopes of salvation, the mercy of God, the Redeemer's wounds; her tears fell on the sepulchre floor; she wrung her hands, and sobs broke the thread of her prayer. Still the pale woman remained unmoved; still did she read in the great book without raising her eyes to the weeping petitioner before her, and only at intervals shook her head. An hour passed thus; the girl clasped the rim of the sarcophagus, and writhed in the vehemence of her supplication on the pavement. There was no change in the pallid woman, save that the wreath about her temples had shed its withered leaves, and had broken into tiny fresh buds.

Faint and weary, despairing of success, the poor girl again retraced her steps to the upper world. The skeleton was at the top, leaning forward in breathless eagerness, and gray fear spread over its ghastly face.

"Has she forgiven me?"

The maid sadly shook her head.

"Back again," moaned the strange voice; "without you I can not obtain pardon. If you can not procure my release I am accursed forever. Quick! midnight is long past, and all must be decided before cock-crow."

The trembling bony hands were wrung in bitterness of distress.

Once more the maid descended. The same scene was re-enacted. Again she supplicated, and again for all answer she obtained was the shake of the pale woman's head. The girl had pleaded by the name of every thing sacred, and had failed, she seemed to have nothing left by which to plead; but, with her head on the cold floor in the exhaustion of her hope, she asked for pardon for the knight in the name of her own little new-born babe.

At the word the great book was closed, the pale woman looked up, and a flush ran over her face, the wreath of roses around her head burst into a glorious white flower, filling the vault with exquisite fragrance.

"For the sake of thy little babe he is pardoned," said the woman. Then she sank back in her coffin, the great book fell closed on her breast, the lid shut down with a clash, and the lamp went out.

The maid hurried above with joyous heart, guided by the patch of silver which the moon cast on the topmost step.

"She has pardoned you!" she cried, as she saw the white face gleaming down to her.

The voice which replied was soft as the murmur of a summer breeze among the corn.

"You have done well in asking in behalf of an innocent child. I in my life spared not innocence, and God sentenced me to find no rest till in the name of an innocent child I could obtain release."

The skeleton knelt toward the Blessed Sacrament, before which burned the sanctuary lamp.

"Glory be to God!" he said, and extended his fleshless arms, and his jaws moved in prayer and thanksgiving.

The girl looked at him, kneeling in the glory of the moon, and a sweetness and calm settled over the face, divesting it of all that was dreadful. Softly and almost imperceptibly he seemed to melt away, with the peaceful and beautiful expression on the uplifted countenance steadily brightening; and when the crowing of the cock rang out sharply through the night air the Bone Man of Hostonic was a little heap of dust.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DARKNESS VISIBLE.—Two individuals are inveighing against the bad lighting of Brooklyn. "It's infamous!" exclaimed one. "Why, look at that gas. I declare it's quite black." "Yes, you may say, lamp-black," rejoined his companion. "And jet-black, too," as quickly added the first denunciator. And the witty pair disappeared in the gloomy distance laughing. It was evident that with them, at least, the brightness of their humor made some amends for the darkness of the streets.

A young lady who was asked by her friends whether it was true that she was engaged to a certain gentleman, replied to each one, innocently, "Not as yet."

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.

LIGHT LITERATURE—The books of a gas company.

What proof is there in the Bible that Pharaoh was a carpenter?—He made Joseph a *ruler*.

EXCLUSIVELY TO PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—What should be the size of a Spiritual Magazine?—*Medium*, of course.

SIGNS OF WINTER.

When you think that you don't know whether the fire-bell has been rung or not.

When it strikes you that your watch is at least ten minutes fast; and so if you get up when the minute-hand is "at a quarter to" you'll be in capital time.

That if you could only be taken out of bed to be washed and dressed in a second by machinery, you wouldn't mind getting up.

That another five minutes' sleep will make you all right for the day.

That it's three minutes *to* the half-hour, and you'll get up exactly *at* the half-hour.

That it's just one minute past the half-hour, so you'll get up exactly at the thirty-five minutes.

That as five minutes won't make much difference, say, get up at the quarter punctually.

The following considerations will also lead you to the conclusion that the winter has come at last:

That you can't get up without hot water.

That you don't think that water is quite hot.

That he had better bring a little more water, please, and take care it's quite hot.

That you can't get up until your clothes are all ready for you.

That a little snooze while James is bringing the clothes (and while he fetches some more hot water) will do you all the good in the world.

That when you *do* get up you won't be a second dressing.

That you'll get up in exactly *two* minutes from now.

That (the two minutes having passed) you'll just settle what you're going to do to-day, and *then* get up.

That, if that's the first bell, you've plenty of time; and if it's the second, it's no good hurrying up now, as you're late any how.

The consideration that *is* generally required before making a move out of bed is in itself a pretty sure sign of the presence of winter.

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD-BREEDING.—The giants Chang and Anak, it is said by those who know them, are most estimable persons, and indeed we must allow that every one looks up to them.

SIGNS.

When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

If a woman cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky for her husband.

To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purs will be the consequence.

To have sixteen warts on the left hand is a sign that you are unfortunate.

To take the gridiron down from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't, it ought to be.

The *Scientific American* has an article on "Water as a direct agent in the production of milk." We believe the evidence in this case is unquestionable.

"What would you take, my man, to carry a message for me from here (the Fulton Ferry-house) to the Croton Reservoir?" asked a gentleman of a laborer the other morning, at the same time pulling out his purse. "Faith, Sir," replied the man, "an' if I'd do it at all for ye, *I'd take the Fifth Avenue Omnibus!*"

The following is a *verbatim et literatim* report of the evidence given in a magistrates' court by a negro man named Doctor Jones, who accused another negro man named Washington of stealing his watch:

"I'se name Doctor Jones—name so 'cause old master named Doctor. I was settin' in de shop; my watch hanging on de wall. Dat nigger (pointing to Washington) come in, sot down, got up, went out, and de watch was dismissed. Dat's all I know about it."

CON. BY A CREDITOR.—Why should every lamplighter be named William?—Because Bills run up so quickly.

LOCKS.

What lock frequently represents union without unity?—*Wedlock*.

What lock is most in request among physicians?—*Lockjaw*.

What lock must be looked for *out* of *doors* and on the ground?—*Hemlock*.

What lock is generally lost in the decline of life?—Lock of hair.

A QUESTION FOR RIFLEMEN.—When a star shoots how many points does it make?

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—Houses are run up in a few weeks by landlords, and run down by tenants ever after.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN IRELAND.—The plague, we regret to inform our readers, has broken out among the Irish bulls—several of which, driven jocularly into conversation, have fallen dead among the audience. To prevent the spread of the disease the Lord Mayor of Dublin has ordered that "The tune the old cow died of" shall not be played in any public thoroughfare.

A gallant captain of a whaler took for his motto, "Blubber forever." "Sha'n't," said his widow, re-marrying.



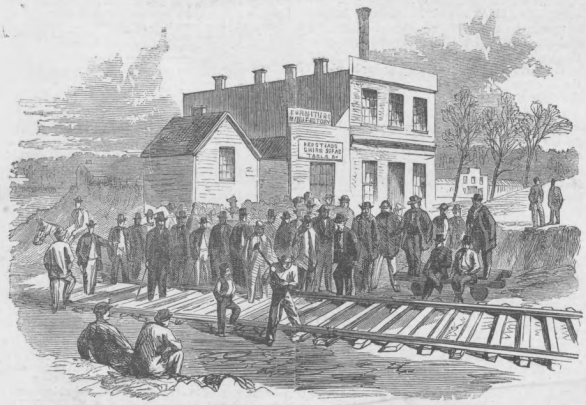
WATERFALL *VERSUS* FALL ON THE ICE.

WARY OLD GENT. "Fell on your back, did you?—Well, do as I do—borrow a waterfall from one of the girls—makes a capital fender!"

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BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND MAIL-COACH STARTING OUT FROM ATCHISON, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



DRIVING THE FIRST SPIKE ON THE ATCHISON AND PIKE'S PEAK RAILROAD.
[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]

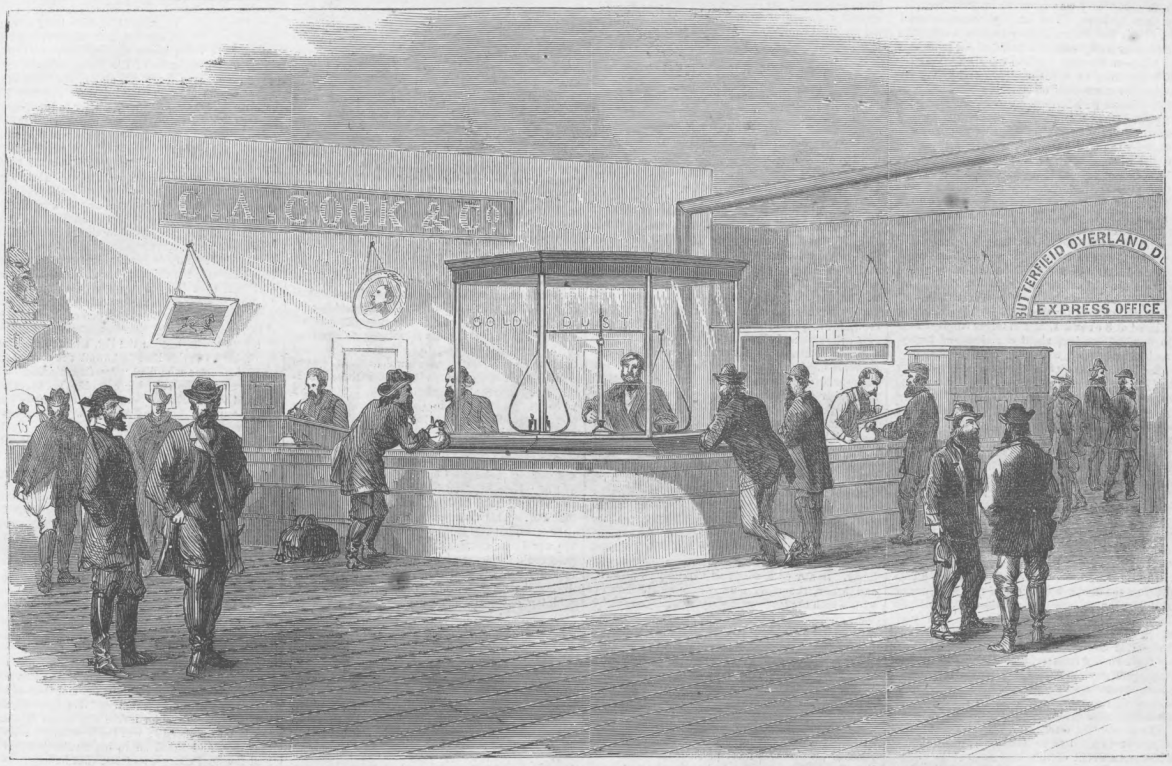


EASTERN TERMINUS OF BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND ROUTE, ATCHISON, KANSAS.
[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



OUR ARTIST'S TRIP ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE—"COUNCIL OF WAR" ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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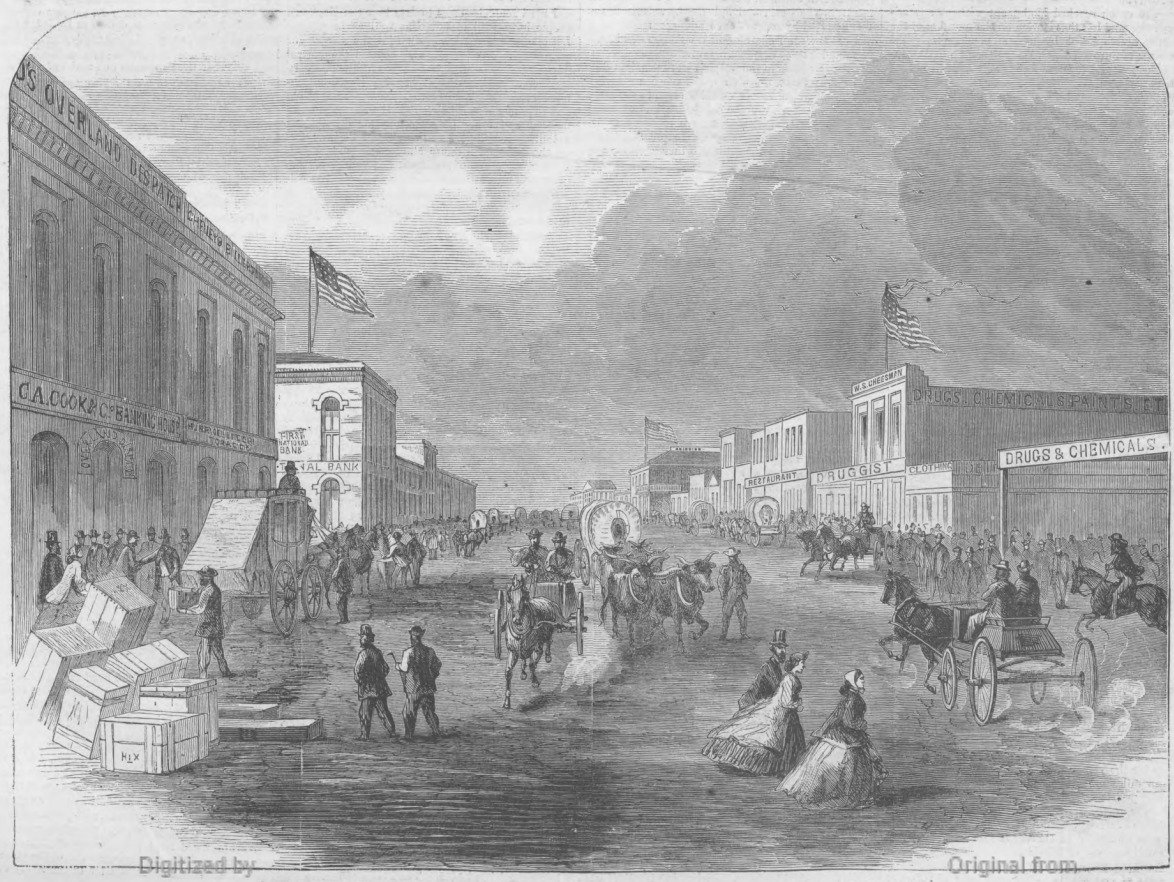


BANKING-HOUSE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO—MINERS BRINGING IN GOLD DUST.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

JOURNEYING ON THE PLAINS.

THERE are many things which at this time draw our attention toward the GRAND OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE across the plains of Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, to California, making it a subject of intense popular interest. One of these things is the Pacific Railroad project, in which there is now so lively an interest—the route proposed for that road being very nearly identical with the Overland Route. The recent trip of Speaker COLFAX and his party "across the continent" by the Overland Route is also attracting attention to the route itself. And, finally, the raids of the Indians upon parties journeying by this route across the plains have added a tragic interest to the subject. We publish on this page and on page 56 several illustrations relating both to the mail route and to the proposed railway line from Atchison to Pike's Peak. This proposed railway line, together with that from Aspinwall to Panama, which we illustrate on page 61, are characteristic of the energy and enterprise of the American people.

The EASTERN TERMINUS of BUTTERFIELD'S



THE OVERLAND COACH OFFICE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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Overland Stage Route (of which BEN HOLLIDAY is sole proprietor) was removed in 1861 from St. Joseph to Atchison. This latter place, the outmost post of our Eastern railway system, is situated in the northeastern corner of Kansas, along some broken bluffs on the west bank of the Missouri River, 500 miles from St. Louis, and 20 miles below St. Joseph, the metropolis of Northern Missouri. It communicates with St. Joseph and Leavenworth by railway; is the head-quarters of the Overland Stage Company, and is also one of the chief points on the border for the transhipment, from cars and steamboats to wagons, of all sorts of stores bound to the mines of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Utah. Atchison is pre-eminently the border town of the West, and is memorable for its connection with the dark days of Kansas history. It was first settled by border ruffians of the worst type, with STRINGFELLOW at their head. New England proved too much for the ruffians, however, and one fine morning Atchison awoke a Puritanic town, having gone to bed the night before with strong Southern proclivities. The town has prospered ever since.

The daily line of the Overland Mail Route leaves Atchison at 8 o'clock A.M. This line employs over one hundred coaches, about one thousand horses, five hundred mules, and seven hundred and fifty men. The distance of the entire route, before it meets the projecting arms of the California railways at Placerville, is about two thousand miles. To Denver City the distance is six hundred miles, and is accomplished in fifty-nine stages of about ten miles each. It takes five days to reach Denver, twice that time to make the journey to Salt Lake, and seventeen days to reach Placer City, California.

The Indians have made such havoc on the Plains during the past year that food for man or beast has been very scarce, and the Overland Company has been very much crippled on this account, making the grain with which it feeds its horses some eight dollars per bushel. The Company has also lost about half a million in buildings, grain, and stock by the Indians, and another half a million, probably, from the diminished receipts in consequence of raids by "the noble red men of the forest." Upon General CONNOR devolves the important duty of taking care of the Indians on the Plains. Among the limited number of troops of his command are two regiments of infantry, all from the rebel army. They cheerfully re-enlisted into the national army, calling themselves "galvanized Yankees." It was only last spring that General CONNOR'S protection was extended to the Overland Route.

The Butterfield Overland Dispatch coaches are frequently exposed to an encounter with the Indians. An event of this kind took place in November on the route between Chalky Bluff Station and Denver. Information had just been received of depredations and murders committed on the Smoky Hill route by a band of Indians supposed to be Cheyennes, under the lead of "FAST BEAR," when, on the 23d of November, the Overland Dispatch coach left Chalky Bluff Station with a small escort of cavalry. Among the passengers were General BREWSTER and our special artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS.

The coach reached Monument without any adventure, and left that station on the morning of the 24th, accompanied by an ambulance under the charge of Surgeon N. C. WHIPPLE. So little danger was apprehended that only an escort of eight men was considered necessary, three of whom were in the ambulance with WHIPPLE, while five mounted men rode in advance of the coach. The coach had nearly reached the next station when the ambulance driver took a short cut, which did not pass the station but which joined the main road a mile further on. The encounter which followed is thus described by the *Times* correspondent:

"When within fifteen hundred yards of the station, Mr. DAVIS, of *Harper's Weekly*, discovered that a squad of fifteen Indians were charging down on us. He at once gave the alarm and opened on the red skins with his Ballard rifle, which performance was immediately imitated by General BREWSTER, Mr. HASSBROCK, and Your Own, Mr. PERRIN doing duty with his revolver from the outside of the coach. As we were all armed with Ballard guns, we drove the party off quite as fast as they came, two of them bearing tokens of our regard in the shape of curiously shaped cones of lead. The driver of our coach was not wanting in pluck, but quickly drove his team to the station. We left the coach at once, and discovered that another party of Indians had rushed in among the horses and mules that were grazing near, stampeding them. One of the stock-tenders had started at the first alarm to gather the mules that were grazing near the station; one of the Indians discovered him and gave chase just as we got out of the coach. Mr. DAVIS discovered him and started with his rifle to help the stock-tender. The Indian drove an arrow at the herder, fortunately missing him, when a bullet from Mr. DAVIS'S rifle ended the little performance and the Indian at the same moment. The stock-tender was saved but the stock gone, and with it five horses belonging to the cavalry stationed at this point. The garrison consisted of ten men of the Thirteenth Missouri Cavalry. Five of the men were away on a Buffalo hunt, so saved their steeds."

In the mean time the ambulance was pursued by some fifteen or twenty Indians, and the four cavalrymen were dispatched to its assistance. The party in the ambulance, after a brave skirmish, left their wagon and retreated toward the cavalry sent to their aid, and thus escaped with safety. The whole party now brought together numbered twenty-one men, all well armed, but they were surrounded by Indians on all sides. In this critical situation they resorted to a bomb-proof which the garrison at Smoky Hill Station had dug in the hill-side, where they determined to await the arrival of the Government train with its strong infantry escort, due the next day. No serious attempt was made by the Indians upon this bomb-proof, and the next day the Government train arrived, and after a slight skirmish with the red men the whole party proceeded on to Denver.

Denver is the leading town of Colorado, and lies under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a few miles north of Pike's Peak. The vast trains of "prairie schooners," as the tented wagons seen in our sketch are called, give the place an appearance of activity. And, indeed, the amount of business transacted in Denver is wonderful, when the small number of inhabitants is considered. The BANKING-HOUSES are crowded with miners in all sorts of costume, bringing their bags of "dust" to exchange for greenbacks, the dust being sold at so much per ounce. It is not an uncommon thing for bushels of gold dust to accumulate in the safes of the principal bankers.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would act for the rest of time as a health corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up: "Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "death has removed his victims; liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the surviving combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be able, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we can not but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honor, the marvelous energy and constancy with which the great game has been played out by the American people. As one of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honor our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honored, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one-third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted; and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First, then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,304 altogether. Up to December 1, 1862, —that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 14,626 men to the army and 1400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4057, and she furnished 5124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes among her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered, that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities—the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State: they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western sisters, a community scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and thirteenth in manufacturing—Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms among Western farmers as among New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned in the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,698 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen, in this case, to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,000 or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,833 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The 6th Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing 4 killed and 30 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7813. Besides these 6670 were mustered in answer to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as to wear and tear of the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave these at 133,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and not adhering to the three years' standard) was 153,486. Out of these how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield; and in eighteen months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honor, then, as they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the amounts contributed to the Sanitary Commission and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as 25,000,000 dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolis, in one twelvemonth.

And now for my second point—the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man among my countrymen, and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed among us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large, I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honor of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally, than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never been put more unsparingly into any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff in October, 1861, in the first months of the war, while in the act of going to the help of a wounded companion. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, was badly hurt; but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again and fell on June 30, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and was taking private pupils in the lawschool when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Bull's Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the presentation of colors to the 2d Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr Motley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living among us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who received those colors were the very *jeunesse dorée* of Massachusetts—Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robeson, Russell, Shaw, Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New England history. Those colors have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five-sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the 1000 rank and file who then surrounded them scarcely 150 survive. This by-the-way. I refer to the muster, because Robert Shaw was among those officers—a name already honored in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th); how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner—the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the 6th Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In t' ose first days of confusion he became agent for Ma sachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of M'Clellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864 he commanded the cavalry brigade of four regular regiments, and the 2d Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteeth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*—

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red touchstone rang true metal;
Who ventured life an' love, an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?

"Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry as dust
To try and make b'lieve fill their places;
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
Ther's gaps our lives can't never say in,
An' that world seems so fur from this,
Let' for us loafers to grow grey in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The *Gazette*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving—three Lothrops, one of whom was killed in Louisiana, Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another highly-distinguished graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Miss Motley married Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was traveling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the two last men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connection. The head of the family was a country gentleman living on his estates at Geneseo, in New York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely aid to the capital. He acted as aid-de-camp to M'Dowell, and was his right-hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aid;" was made a general soon afterward; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the Army of the

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Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the Wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for my acquaintance with Americans is large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, there is scarcely one of the famous Colonial and Revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Adamses, Schuylers, Livingstones, Van Rensselaers, have not failed their country in her second great need; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honored names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in the States as with us at home. A descendant (a grandson, I believe) of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins remained in lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia. Perhaps the man who excited most the hopes and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, a descendant of the famous Governor John Winthrop, scholar, traveler, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the last war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only have not shrunk from the fighting; one Astor, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their own in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us—the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charlie, as I hear all men call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (junior), poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice—I was going to say killed—well, shot through the body and neck, and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again busy with brush and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Dwight, two were killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittiers, Appletons, Lorings, Crowninshields, Dehons—but I will tax my readers' patience no longer with rolls of names which, perhaps, to most of them, will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of birth and position in one State suffice (I choose Massachusetts again because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her, over here, than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, 484 officers from Massachusetts have been killed—9 generals, 16 colonels, 17 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 15 surgeons, 2 chaplains, 110 captains, and 245 lieutenants. Of the 35 general officers from that State, 10 only have escaped wounds.

Of all the living graduates of Harvard (the university of highest repute in America), one-fifth, or, to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent., have served with the army. At Yale College the percentage has been even higher. Conceive a struggle which should bring one in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, besides our regular army, to keep on foot and recruit for three years a volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and returns as these will, I am sure, convince the last skeptic -if there be one left among us at this Yule tide, 1865—that New England has not spared of her best blood in the great day of the Lord, under the burden and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without ever bating heart or hope, and always gaining fresh power, through three years of war which have seemed—nay, which have been—a lifetime. In such crises time is not measured by years or days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on his way to the scaffold, kissing a negro child as he passed along, while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the gibbet—the America of State sovereignty and Dred Scott law, in which the Gospel news meant avowedly "Good will to *white* men," and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism—is as far behind us to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. What this means, for the Old World as well as for the New, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might raise smiles or provoke criticism among us, both of which (good as they are in their right time and place) I am anxious here to avoid.

I prefer at parting to endeavor to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience, of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I can not do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, in July, 1865, must indeed have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, even the meagre reports one got over here in the American papers were unspeakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of stern work and patient waiting, from an awful burden, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with full heart to that God who giveth victory and healeth wounded spirits, and standeth above His people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—the mingled cry of triumph, and agony, and trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting—must ever, to my mind, rank among the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is the hymn written for the commemoration service by Robert Lowell:

"Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,
With shouts of war, and harvest songs:
A ready will is all our worth;
To Thee our Maker all belongs.

"Thanks for our great and dear, who knew
To lavish life great deeds to earn;
Our dead, our living, brave and true,
To each who served Thee in his turn.

"Show us true life as in Thy Son;
Breathe through our flesh the Holy Ghost;
Then earth's strong-holds are stormed and won:
Then man dies faithful at his post.

"They crowd behind us to this shade,
The youth who own the coming years;
Be never God, or land, betrayed,
By any son our Harvard rears!"

My second quotation shall be a stanza from the Commemoration Ode, by the best-known member of the family, James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers:"

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou has found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace.
Bow down in prayer and praise!
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee a
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

Was ever truer or braver ring struck out of the metal of which English-speaking men are made? If so, I for one have yet to learn when and where. And now at this Christmas-time, when their tremendous storm-cloud has broken up, and nothing but a light streak or two of vapor is to be seen in their heavens, let us seize this precious moment, never to recur again in their or our history, and, by graceful and loyal word and deed, show them that we honor, as it deserves, the work they have done for the world since the election of 1860, and can sympathize with their high hopes for the future of their continent with no jealousy or distrust, as brethren of the same stock, and children of the same Father.

STAPLEFORD GRANGE.

I HEARD the following narrative at a dinner-party in a country house about five miles from the place where the events referred to occurred, and it was related to me by the chief actress in it, Cissy Miles—a pretty, lady-like girl of twenty, the daughter of the rector of the parish in which Stapleford Grange is situated:

It was the Saturday afternoon before Christmas-day, nearly two years ago, when my six brothers, all younger than myself, and I were skating on our squire's fish-pond. We had been skating since dinner, and it was not till the wintry daylight was beginning to wane that the recollection rushed across me that I had entirely forgotten to do a commission my mother had given me in the morning. This commission was to walk to the Grange, a big farm-house, and bespeak some geese for dinner on New-Year's Day. My mother had said, decidedly, "Those geese must be ordered to-day, Cissy," so I knew that I should have to go: although the Grange was a mile off, although it was very cold, and darkness was coming on, and although I was terribly afraid of a big black dog which was chained up just in front of the Grange back-door.

"Who'll go with me to the Grange?" I called out, quickly, as this remembrance occurred to me, sitting down and beginning to unstrap my skates. "I've forgotten all about the geese, and mamma said I was to order them to-day."

No one answered. The day was Sunday, and it might thaw before [illegible] Every boy, big or little, seemed laudably desirous of making the most of present opportunities.

"I daren't go by myself," I called out, in a pathetic tone; "it would be quite dark before I got home again."

"Tell the truth, Cis," called out Charlie, a quick, good-natured boy of fifteen, "and say you're afraid of Jip. Never mind; I'll come with you, if you must go." And he joined me on the bank, and proceeded to take off his skates.

Thanks to all my brothers, I was a pretty good runner, and we sped across the squire's fields, and through the narrow lane toward the Grange, as fast as possible. When we got to the last field, which joined the farm-yard, we slackened pace a little, and when we got into the big court-yard itself we were walking almost slowly.

"How dreadfully lonely it looks, Charlie!" I said, almost with a shiver at the desolate aspect of the place, which had been a grand gentleman's house forty years ago, but had been suffered to fall almost into ruins. "I am glad I'm not Mrs. Johnson, particularly as she has no children, nor any body to keep her company when Mr. Johnson is away."

"Well, don't you stop and prose to her for ever such a time, Cis, do you hear?" returned Charlie, good-humoredly.

Jip did not greet us with his usual noisy welcome, and there was no sound of any sort about the place except the gabbling of some turkeys in the rear of the farm-buildings. We went up and knocked at the door, and when I turned round, I observed that Jip's kennel, which stood exactly opposite, in a line with the front of the house, was empty.

"Where can Jip be?" I said; "I thought they never let him loose;" and I walked forward a few steps, and became aware that the dog's chain and collar were lying beside the kennel. I stood for a moment or two wondering, while Charlie, getting impatient at Mrs. Johnson's non-appearance, knocked again at the door. Suddenly some marks of blood on the flagged pathway in front of the kennel arrested my attention.

"What can it be, Charlie?" I said, in a whisper.

"I don't know," Charlie returned, thoughtfully; "poor Jip come to grief, perhaps. It's odd Mrs. Johnson doesn't come; I think I'll go on a voyage of discovery; stay here till I come back;" and he pushed the door further open.

"No, let me go too," I said, hastily, half frightened. I am a coward at the sight of blood.

"Well, don't make a row then;" and we entered together.

There was a big blazing fire in the grate, which showed that on the table the tea-things were set for tea; the kettle was hissing away merrily, and some tea-cakes stood to keep warm on a low stand before the fire. Every thing looked snug and cozy. Evidently Mrs. Johnson had prepared every thing ready for tea when the farmer should return from D. market; and was now gone up stairs to "clean" herself.

I had time to make all these observations over Charlie's shoulder, before he gave a sudden start, and strode with a low exclamation to a bundle of clothes which lay at the further and darker side of the kitchen, on the smooth stone floor. A bundle of clothes it looked like, with Jip lying asleep beside it in a very strange attitude.

I shall never forget the horror of the next moment. Huddled up, evidently in the attitude in which she had fallen, lay Mrs. Johnson, with a gaping wound across her throat, from which the blood was still trickling, and Jip, with a large pool of blood near his head, lay dead beside her.

I stood for a moment, too, paralyzed with horror—such intense, thrilling horror, that only any one who has experienced such a feeling can understand it—and then, with a low scream, I sank on the floor, and put up my hand to try and hide the horrible sight.

"Hush!" whispered Charlie, sternly, taking hold of my hands, and forcibly dragging me on to my feet again; "you mustn't make a sound. Whoever has done this can't be far off; you must run home, Cissy, as hard as ever you can. Come!"

He dragged me to the door, and then I turned sick all over, and tumbled down again. I felt as if I *could* not stir another step.

"It's no use, Charlie, I can't stir," I said. "Leave me and go without me."

"Nonsense! Try again."

I tried again, but it was no use; my legs positively would not move, and precious time was being wasted.

"You fool!" Charlie said, bitterly and passionately. How was a boy of fifteen to understand a woman's weakness? "Then I must leave you. It's Johnson's money they no doubt want. They wouldn't murder if they could help it, and Johnson will be back directly.'

"Yes, yes. Go," I said, understanding that he wanted to fetch help before the farmer came. "I will hide somewhere."

"In the kennel there," he said, looking round quickly; "and don't stir."

He pushed me into poor murdered Jip's kennel, and then he disappeared, and I was left alone in the gathering darkness with those two prostrate forms on the kitchen floor as my company, and perhaps the murderers close at hand.

I combated the faint feeling which Charlie could not understand by pinching my arms and sticking pins into them, and after a little judicious torture of this sort, the sick feeling went off, and I could think again. "I will take off my boots," I thought, after a moment. "They make such a noise, and I may have to move," for already a glimmering plan had rushed across my brain of how I might warn Johnson. So I rose a little from my crouching position, unlaced them, and slipped them off. I had barely done this when I heard the sound of voices, and the sick trembling feeling came on so strongly, that the pin torture had to be again applied. In another minute three men came out of the back door, and I could distinctly hear every word of their conversation.

"He's late, I think," said one. "If he doesn't come soon, we must go; that girl'll be home soon. I heard the old woman tell her not to stop."

"What's it signify?" said another. "We can soon stop her mouth."

"It isn't worth so much blood, Dick," said the third. "We've only got fifty pound by this, and the farmer'll not have more."

"He ought to be coming by now," said the first, anxiously, coming a step or two nearer the kennel. "Hallo! What's that?"

The tone made me turn sick again. Had Charlie found help already? No. The three men were standing close to the kennel, and during the moment's silence that followed the man's exclamation I remembered that I had dropped my muff. I tried to stop the hard, quick thumping of my heart, which I felt certain they must hear, and then, as if fascinated, I raised my head from my knees—for till that moment I had been crouching at the furthest end of the kennel—and saw a hairy, fierce-looking face glaring in at the entrance of my hiding-place. I tried hard not to scream, and I succeeded; but in another moment I should have fainted if the face had not been taken away. To my utter amazement, as the face disappeared, its owner said:

"I thought some one might be hiding. That's a lady's trumpery. What can it mean?"

Evidently I had not been seen, thanks to my dark dress and the gathering twilight. I breathed freely now; unless something very unforeseen occurred, I was safe.

"Some one has been, and has 'stopped' it," a voice said, quickly. "That's all on account of your cursed foolery, Dick,' it went on angrily. "Why couldn't you stop at the door, as I told you?"

"Well, let's do something now," the third said, anxiously, "or we shall be having some one here."

The three men then went back into the house again, and I could hear them speaking in low tones; presently the voices grew louder, and they were evidently quarreling. In another minute they came out again, and from what I could hear, they began to search in the farm-buildings and outhouses for the owner of the muff.

"There's no one here," at last one called out. "They must have gone away again. Go to the gate, Bill, and see if any body is coming that way."

After a moment, Bill returned to the other two, who were now standing talking in low whispers at the back of the kennel, and said:

"No, there's no one coming." And my heart sank as I thought how long it would be before succor could arrive.

"The fellow's late," one of the others said, after a minute or two; "but we had better be on the watch now. Mind, both of you, that he's down from his gig before he sees us."

They walked away along the line of house toward the other entrance by which Mr. Johnson would come; and I, thinking they had gone to take up their hiding-places, put my head cautiously out of the mouth of the kennel, and looked round.

Surely I could reach the house without being seen, I thought, and if I could but reach the big, ruinous drawing-room, which commanded a view of the fields the farmer would cross, I might be able to warn him back from the fate which awaited him. I *must* warn him if I could; it was too horrible that another murder should be done.

I was out of the kennel and in the kitchen before I recollected that I should have to pass close to the murdered woman before I could gain the door leading into the hall, which I must cross to gain the drawing-room. I shuddered as I passed the table and drew near to the horrible scene; but, to my utter surprise and no little terror, Mrs. Johnson had vanished! the dark gleaming pool of blood and the dead dog were still there, but the huddled up bundle of clothes was gone.

What had they done with it? In spite of the urgent necessity there was for immediate action, I stood motionless for a minute, hesitating to cross the dimly-lighted hall. Suppose it should be there. I had never seen death before, and the thought of again seeing the dead woman looking so ghastly and horrible with that great gaping wound across her throat, was at that moment more terrible to me than the thought of her murderer's return.

While I stood hesitating, a shadow passed across the first window, and, looking up quickly, to my horror I saw the three men in another moment pass the second window.

I had no time for thought. In another minute they would be in the kitchen. I turned and fled down the passage and across the hall, rushing into the first open door, which happened to be the drawing-room door, and instinctively half closed it behind me as I had found it. Then I glanced wildly round the bare empty room in search of shelter.

There was not a particle of furniture in the room, and it was quite empty except for some apples on the floor, and a few empty hampers and sacks at the further end. How could I hide?

I heard the footsteps crossing the hall, and then, as they came nearer, with the feeling of desperation I sped noiselessly across the room, laid down flat behind the hampers, and, as the door opened, threw an empty sack over me. I felt I *must* be discovered, for my head was totally uncovered; and I watched them fascinated, breathless from intense terror. They walked to the window, saying, "We shall see better here," and looked out, presently all exclaiming together, "He's coming now, that black spot over there;" and, without glancing in my direction, they left the room again. I was safe, but what *could* I do to save the farmer? Surely Charlie must be coming with help now, but would he be in time? I must try and save him, was the conviction that impressed itself upon me in a lightning thought, and as it crossed my brain I sprang to the window. All thought of self vanished then with the urgency of what I had to do. I was only eager—nervously, frantically eager—to save the farmer's life.

They say that mad people can do things which seem impossible to sane ones, and I must have been quite mad with terror and fright for the next few minutes.

Seven feet below me, stretching down the slope of the hill, was the garden, now lying in long plowed ridges, with the frozen snow on the top of each of them, and at the bottom of the garden was a stone-wall four feet high. Beyond this, as far as the eye could reach, extended the snow-covered fields, and coming along the cart-road to the left was Mr. Johnson in his gig.

I threw open the window, making noise enough to alarm the men if they heard it, and sprang on to the window-ledge, and then, tearing off my jacket, threw it on the ground, and, shutting my eyes, jumped down. The high jump hurt my wrists and uncovered feet dreadfully, but I dare not stop a moment. I rushed down the garden, tumbling two or three times in my progress, and, when I came to the wall, scrampled over it headforemost. The farmer was just opening the gate of the field I was in, and I made straight toward him, trying to call out. But I could not utter a word; so I flew across the snow, dashed through the brook, careless that the bridge was a few feet further down, and when I rushed up to Mr. Johnson's side, I could only throw up my arms and shriek out "Murder!" just as a loud report rang out through the frosty air, and I fell forward on my face.

"And were you hurt?" I asked, as she paused.

"Yes, a little. Look, here is the scar;" and she raised the flowing fold of tarletane from her soft white arm, and pointed to a white oval-shaped scar.

"And Mrs. Johnson?" I asked.

The girl's face became very grave.

"She was quite dead. The men had put her under the dresser, which explains why I did not see her as I passed through the kitchen, and the poor husband went away directly afterward. The whole house is uninhabited now. Nobody will live there, and of course it is said to be haunted. I have never been there since that day, and I think I shall never dare to go there again."

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KING LEOPOLD AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

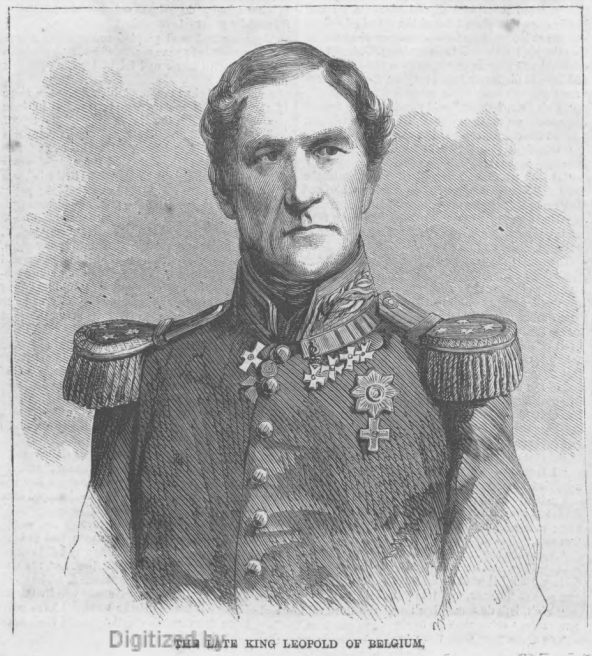
No event in European history has been the subject of greater comment, or the occasion of more profound speculation, than the death of King LEOPOLD of Belgium, which occurred December 10, 1865. We give on this page a portrait of King LEOPOLD, and also one of his son and successor.

The death of President LINCOLN, of PALMERSTON, and of King LEOPOLD were the three great obituaries of the year lately ended. LINCOLN died by an act of violence, but both Lord PALMERSTON and King LEOPOLD lived to a ripe old age, and their deaths, though of so great significance, had been long expected. — LEOPOLD was a Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and uncle to Prince ALBERT, consort of the British Queen. He was born December 16, 1790, and had thus nearly completed his seventy-fifth year. He was the husband of Princess CHARLOTTE, and was, moreover, connected by marriage with the principal thrones of Europe. He had latterly been the confidential adviser of the whole family of sovereigns. His second wife was a daughter of LOUIS PHILIPPE, but that circumstance did not prevent him from being a friend and confidant of the Emperor NAPOLEON. He was related to the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Italian, and Portuguese royal families, and the Empress of Mexico is his daughter. His ancestors were the famous Electors FREDERICK and JOHN, who had protected LUTHER from the wrath of the priesthood in the time of the Reformation. Princess CHARLOTTE, his first wife, was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, and at one time it seemed not unlikely that LEOPOLD would hold the same position in relation to the English throne which at a later day was so admirably filled by his nephew, Prince ALBERT. The Princess CHARLOTTE died in childbed in 1817. The event cast a deep gloom over the nation. Queen VICTORIA was born two years later, and was the daughter of Princess LOUISA VICTORIA, of Saxe-Coburg, sister of LEOPOLD, her father being the Duke of Kent.— On the occasion of LEOPOLD's marriage with the Princess CHARLOTTE the British Parliament voted a large sum as an outfit for himself and the Princess, and £50,000 for their joint lives, and for the life of the survivor.

The French Revolution of 1830 brought to an end the ill-assorted union between Holland and Belgium. The conflict in Paris by which LOUIS PHILIPPE succeeded CHARLES X. powerfully affected all the kingdoms of Europe. The Provisional Government of Belgium declared that kingdom independent, and ordered Belgian troops to drive out the Dutch from the country. The great Powers united in dissevering Belgium from Holland, and appointed LEOPOLD king of the Belgians. In the establishment of the independence of Belgium Lord PALMERSTON, then Foreign Minister of England, took a prominent part. The Belgian Congress, out of gratitude to the French nation, as the only power giving material aid in freeing the country from the Dutch, had elected the Duke de Nemours, son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, to the throne. The great Powers generally, and England in particular, objected to this arrangement, and hence the appointment of LEOPOLD. The latter was elected June 4, 1831. A war followed between Holland and Belgium, but France sent 50,000 men to the aid of the latter, and a treaty was signed in October, in which Holland recognized the independence of Belgium. In the following year LEOPOLD married LOUISE, daughter of the French king. When, in 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE was driven from the French throne, there was great excitement in Belgium, and a cry was raised for a republic. LEOPOLD met this crisis with dignity, disarming his opponents by an appeal to the people. Subsequently his reign was a tranquil one, the chief difficulties of his position arising from



MOTHER'S DARLING.



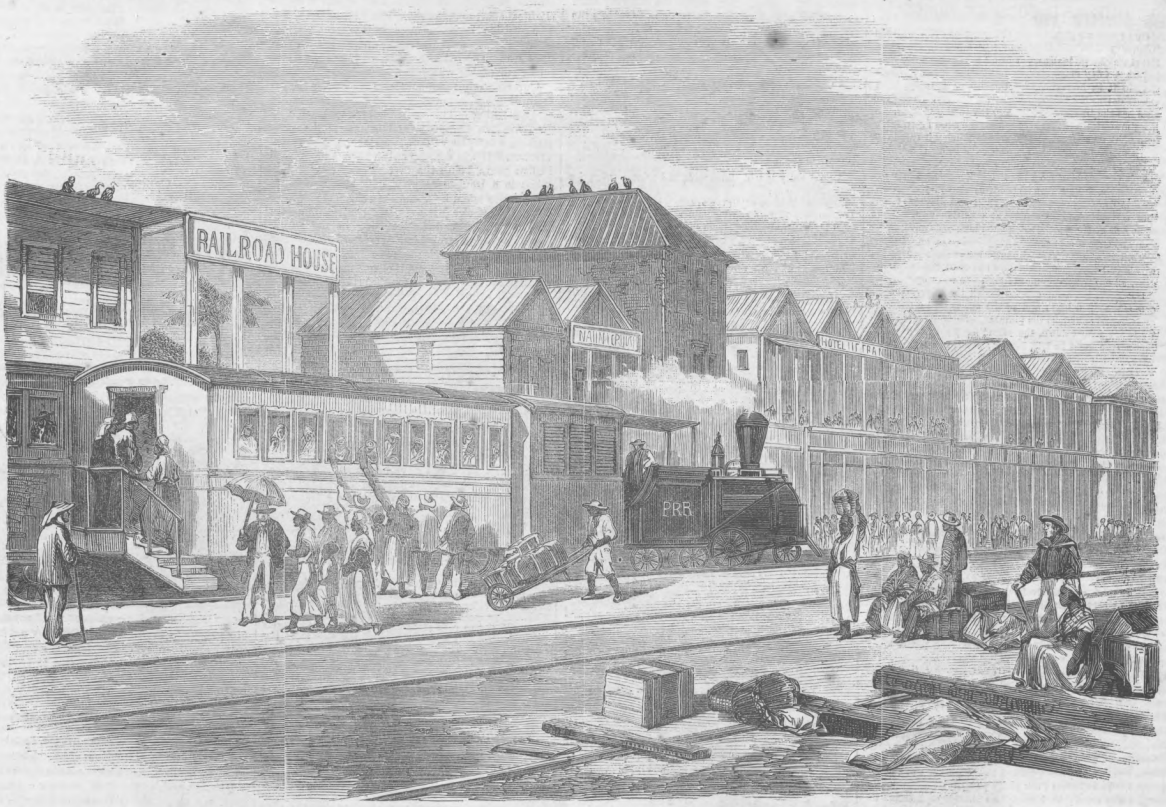
THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.

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ASPINWALL, CENTRAL AMERICA—THE PANAMA RAILROAD TRAIN STARTING FOR PANAMA.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

the conflict between the Church party and the Liberals.

And this leads us directly to the prospect open to his successor, LEOPOLD II. This latter prince is somewhat inexperienced, he having had no participation with public affairs heretofore, on account of his well-known leaning to the side of the Church party. What future complications there may be growing out of the succession of LEOPOLD II. to the throne we know not. We only know that the new king has entered upon his reign in the midst of a popular applause apparently sincere, and with the expression toward him of the good-will of the principal reigning heads of Europe—expressions apparently equally sincere with those made by his own people. But in either case these expressions have been made while yet the late king had not been buried, and are in great measure a tribute to the wise and temperate reign of the latter. Certain it is, however, that the chief difficulties which are likely hereafter to disturb Belgium will arise, if they should exist at all, from internal dissensions rather than from external aggression on the part of other powers. There is now a lull in the affairs of Belgium—but at any moment the storm may open, and the affairs of that country become again the subject of foreign concern—it may be of foreign intervention, and perchance of another European war.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

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HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

OUR "cold snap" has come and gone. An old-fashioned "January thaw" is threatening to follow in its wake. But since *change* is the order of all things, none can foretell what a day may bring forth, whether ice or "*slosh*." Certain it is, however, that the 8th of January, 1866, stands out as *the cold day* in half a century. Not since 1806 has the temperature been so low in this vicinity. A few times within that period the mercury has fallen below zero; but on the recent memorable Monday it run away down to from seven to fifteen degrees below the cipher, varying in different parts of the city.

This terrible blast from the Frigid Zone swept over the good people of New York so suddenly that they congealed even in closest proximity to a bright coal fire, and forgot that water-pipes were somewhat sensitive also. Alas! what a dismal groan the astonished housewife gave as she found no Croton for her morning ablutions.

"My dear," says she, with chattering teeth, to her spouse, who is still enveloped in blankets and comfortables—"My dear, all our water-pipes are frozen—do wake up."

But *he* might be frozen too for all the impression she can make upon him; and so she energetically rouses to action—and summons the plumbers—floors are ripped up, walls are pulled down, the offending pipes are reached. But nature must be left, in many cases, to work her own cure, which will be announced in due season by overpowering floods. Breakfast, in such circumstances, is a difficult problem.

"My love," says the good man of the house, with a spasmodic effort to speak mildly, and wrapping his double-lined dressing gown about him closer, "What shall we do? The water all frozen—the milkman *non est*—and I have just discovered that the key of the wine-closet is missing!"

But woman's ingenuity in time solves or *dissolves* this difficulty, and paterfamilias, having satisfied his appetite, complaisantly betakes himself to his newspaper. Only those who are compelled venture out to expose ears and noses to the affectionate salutes of Jack Frost. Close to the fire as possible; and fiercely though it burns it makes little impression on the circumjacent air. Evening brings a new vexation—the gas won't burn, and candles must be substituted.

But these comparatively slight annoyances, which the recent "cold snap" brought to homes where comfort and luxury usually dwell, were nothing to the fearful suffering of the multitude of half-clad, half-fed poor. While many shivered complainingly before the glowing grate, many more were moaning for lack of fire and food.

"Young America," however, never gave a thought to suffering or poverty but regarded it as capital fun to have every thing freeze up. He had but one idea, namely, *skating*—and that produced a state of mental exhilaration quite overwhelming. Even before the weather had comfortably moderated the various lakes and ponds in Central Park and vicinity were thronged with young folks. But when a bright, mild, sunny day came crowds of both sexes, old and young, flocked to the ice—to see, or to be seen. The Central Park ponds presented the appearance of a gay carnival. Experienced skaters shot across the glassy surface with admirable grace, or drew all eyes by performing wonderful gyrations and fancy figures; while novices, who felt as if "treading on eggs," kept near the shore, and made merry over their own downfalls. Here and there were couples skating together with ease and dexterity. Many little lads and lasses were scarcely out-done by "children of larger growth." One little miss, no more than ten years old, attracted special attention on account of her very graceful movments, as also from her picturesque attire—a bright cashmere dress, black velvet basque, trimmed with fur, and jockey hat to match.

In this connection we can not forbear a criticism upon the dress of many of the ladies who indulge in this delightful and healthful exercise. A *long* skirt either with or without crinoline—some have tried the experiment of laying aside the last mentioned article—*is* inconvenient. The dress must be looped up. But the present style of crinoline, having such an immense circumference, *is* very ungraceful, especially if two are skating together; and not unfrequently results in an undesired *exposé*. A small crinoline only is suitable in skating. But really we can not see why the common gymnastic dress, worn in class by ladies, would not form an appropriate, convenient, and tasteful costume. We suggest this to the fair skaters as a matter for consideration while they are waiting for the "ball" to be "up" again.

Young ladies had better be a little shy of making hasty acquaintances *every where*.

A nice young man in Sandusky, Ohio, the other day obtained an introduction to a young lady on the ice, and shortly after stole her skates, which she had permitted him to assist her in taking off.

There is an ice-house at Lyon's Falls, New York, which has not been empty for twenty years, nor has a pound of ice been put into it. The building is constructed after the ordinary method, and when it is designed to fill it, a rose jet is placed upon the water-pipe, and as the water comes through it is chilled and drops into the ice-house, where it forms in one solid mass.

If this is really a practical method of filling ice-houses, why do not ice dealers adopt it generally? We should think it might enable them to supply ice next summer at cheaper rates than they have done for a few years past.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE!—The Savannah *Republican* of date some two weeks since, says:

"Are we ever to have a cold day in Savannah during the winter season again? Was not Christmas-day just more like the Fourth of July from the excessive heat? Wood-cutters are complaining bitterly at how dull business is, for nobody will buy firewood. Nothing but the lightest summer clothing is worn, and our charming Southern belles go to church with their bright faces enshrouded with many bright flowers in their summer hats. In the evening, all the gentlemen are out on the piazzas, for the most part in their shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, quietly smoking their cigars."

Here is an original method of settling matrimonial difficulties:

A couple in Litchfield County, Connecticut, had lived together for ten years, supposing themselves married. Difficulties having arisen, one applied to the court for a divorce. Upon investigation it was found out that they had never been legally married. Like sensible people, they gave up the idea of a divorce and were married.

Not every body, however, can apply the same remedy; and when the knot is found to be legally and carefully tied, some people find wonderful reasons for trying to cut it! For example:

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The judge, who was an old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea, because every man would be liable to the same imputation who gets married.

A man in Unity, N. H. (He certainly did not *dwell* in *unity*), recently separated from his wife because she used a pound of tea a week. He said he had talked to her with all the eloquence of a Cicero, but without avail.

It may be invidious to make a selection from the numerous advertisements that present methods of relief to discontented couples. But, really, the following bears such an air of high-minded candor that our readers can not fail to appreciate it for what it is worth!

DIVORCES OBTAINED WITHOUT PUBLICITY IN the different States; all other law business attended to on the square.

A California editor, speaking of the complaints by his readers that he don't publish all the local items they desire to see, justly observes that it is often their own fault, in not sending the facts. He says he don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honey-moon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.

A good story is told illustrative of business enterprise in country towns:

A grocer from an adjoining village sent his clerk to New London, one morning last summer, with a bag of green corn to dispose of. The young man was gone all day, and at night returned with his bag of green corn on his shoulder, and dumped it on the floor with the remark: "There's your green corn, go and sell it yourself—I can't." "Why," said the grocer, "haven't you sold any?" "Sold any? No," said he, "I've been all over New London with it, and nobody said any thing about green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I'd got in my bag, and I told 'em 'twas none of their business."

How ingenious women are! Their ready tact is equal to any emergency.

Whisky is said to be smuggled from Canada into the United States in this wise: Women hold in their arms something resembling in shape and size real live "babies," but that, on examination, the babies turn out to be tin cases containing from three to five gallons of whisky. And, to give the thing point, we are told that, the other day, thirty-two such women with such babies were found in one railway train going across the line, and that thirty of them were arrested, and over 100 gallons of whisky secured.

A *lady*-smuggler, the other day, had a pint flask of brandy extracted from the leg of her *stocking!*

The London *Illustrated News of the World* has a good story of a *poetical* horse.

A gentleman traveling with his wife in Ireland, came one day, in the course of his rambles, to the town of Wicklow. On quitting the train he was besieged by a multitude of carmen, eagerly begging for the honor of his patronage. Each urged his own suit to the utmost, one man observing, "Och, shure and faith, your Honor, take my car, for the horse is the most poetical of 'em all." Struck with the peculiarity of the inducement, the gentleman engaged him. In due time the car was loaded, gentleman, wife, luggage, and Paddy safely mounted. Soon after starting, the gentleman observed that the horse was very lame, and that the rate of progress was, to say the least of it, not all that could be desired. After a few minutes' silence, he turned to the driver, and said, "Now, Paddy, why did you say your horse was the most poetical of them all?" "Och, shure and faith, your Honor, and don't he go much more in *imagination* than in *reality*?"

Here is an item for those who have been following Wilkie Collins's novel, "Armadale," in the pages of *Harper's Magazine:*

"There is a vessel lying at present at the Huskisson Dock (Liverpool) called the *Armadale*. On Saturday a ship-keeper employed thereon was found lying dead. On Sunday another keeper, appointed in his place, was removed to the hospital in a dying condition; and yesterday another man was found dead on board."

It is said that among the Parisian ladies incessant endeavors are made to reduce the length of the waists into "Empire" dimensions, and to draw the skirts tighter and tighter round the body. "My only hope," as a French lady said to me the other day, while deploring these unbecoming tendencies, "lies in the good taste of the Empress, who is becoming too stout to look well in short waists." Now, as we must all know that an Empress looks well in any thing she wishes to introduce, I think the "hope" very groundless and slight.

The leading Parisian dress-makers have been fully occupied ofdate in preparing Court mourning.

Many new materials are now considered suitable for mourning, which formerly were only to be seen in colors. Such are the Indou *crêpes* striped with black satin, and when the mourning is about to be laid aside, pearl-gray Indou *crêpe*, striped with black, makes up into a very stylish toilet.

A high *crêpe* dress is considered the most dressy toilet for day wear, and the low *crêpe* for evening wear.

For evening dress the *crêpe lisse*, striped with satin, is much admired: *crêpe*, striped with silver, is also made in black; it looks very sombre, but in gray or mauve it has an exceedingly pretty effect. Steel stars are in vogue for decorating mourning dresses, and black silk cords beaded with steel are used for looping up black skirts. For the first or deepest mourning, jet ornaments only are worn, and black velvet corsets, studded with jet camios, linked together with jet chains, are almost the only head-dress which the milliners have invented for the present court mourning.

Very few flowers are used for the mourning bonnets; pansies and narcissi made in black velvet are occasionally to be seen arranged as a wreath round the crown of an Empire *crêpe* bonnet, but they are the exceptions. *Crêpe* plaits round black terry bonnets, jet stars in black tulle bonnets, bands of black pheasant or ostrich feathers in velvet—such are the popular trimmings. The most coquettish mourning bonnets are made of *crêpe lisse* in pullings, trimmed with a veil of *crêpe lisse* fringed with jet, and tied with wide *gros grain* ribbon, starred at the ends with jet.

England certainly excels America in one respect. We never heard of our thieves being so religiously inclined as the following incident would indicate:

A well-known thief stole a horse-collar at Liverpool recently, and was caught *flagrante delicto* in the street; he fell upon his knees and burst out into prayer. The police-officer decorously waited a few minutes, but finding that the prayer seemed to be interminable cut it short by walking his prisoner off to jail.

ASPINWALL AND THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

THE sea-port town of Aspinwall, on the coast of New Granada, in the Gulf of Mexico, is the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railroad by which passengers are conveyed in a few hours to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. It is, as all the world knows, quite a new place, having been founded on February 29, 1852, by the Panama Railroad Company, and named after one of the most active promoters of the scheme, with the sanction of the New Granadian Government. The houses are built on the low, swampy island of Manzanilla, which is about a square mile in extent, but little more than an eighth part of its surface is yet cleared. As opportunity offers truck-loads of ballast are brought down and the swampy ground is gradually filled in, but this process is a very slow one. When completed, however, Manzanilla ought to present a solid surface. There is no fresh water on the island, and all the water required for the consumption of the inhabitants has to be carefully collected from the rainfall or brought in pipes from the main land. The principal feature of the place is the railroad, with a number of hotels and bars, which thrive amazingly. The streets are filthy, and there does not appear to be the slightest effort to improve the condition of the town. The roadstead or port of Aspinwall is very exposed; between the months of October and March tremendous northers visit the coast, and commit great havoc among the wharfs and shipping.

Our engraving represents the starting of the train on the Panama railroad, for Panama, in the early morning. This railroad was constructed by an American Company, and is one of the most striking examples of American energy and perseverance. It was commenced in 1850, and finished in five years, being the first railway ever undertaken in a tropical country. Its length is forty-seven miles and a half, and the charge (there is no distinction of class) is over fifty cents a mile—the most expensive railway traveling in the world. The fortunate shareholders receive a dividend of 20 per cent., but much more is earned. Each passenger is allowed 50 pounds of luggage, and has to pay five cents for any excess. Freight is equally dear. The time of crossing from one ocean to the other is about four hours. The rolling-stock is American, and the carriages are acknowledged by Englishmen to be an improvement on those of the English railways.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THERE is no particular change to chronicle in the fashions—if any thing, the robes get rather longer and the "casaques" shorter. The latter are either trimmed with fur or lavishly embroidered with braid. Bonnets have undergone no change. "Bottines" are made to come higher up than ever, and are generally trimmed with sable, astrakan, or swansdown.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Ball-dress of pink silk, looped up at the sides with black velvet ribbon, and bordered with three rows of tulle terminated with a dentelle. The jupe is of white tulle.

No. 2. Morning robe of silk, with epaulets of the same. The head-dress is of simple lace.

No. 3. Evening-dress made for the Princess de Metternich. Blue satin tunic bordered with a passementerie composed of two rows of ribbon with embroidered tulle between; the belt and trimming of the corsage of the same material. The jupe is of white tulle ornamented with silver crescents. The under jupe, which is of silk the same as the tunic, is fluted at the bottom. The coiffure consists of a bandelette, with bows of blue satin and a diamond star.

No. 4. Toilet worn by the Princess de Metternich at the wedding of Princess Anna Murat. Robe of white silk striped with green. Casaque of green satin with long band of the same material. Both casaque and jupe are trimmed with gray marabout fur. White bonnet, trimmed with light green velvet, with ostrich feather fastened by a gold butterfly set with precious stones.

Child's Dress.—Frock of black moire. Jacket of black silk velvet, trimmed with astrakan. Hat likewise of velvet, with black cameo ornaments and a red feather.

The casaques and robes represented in the engraving are from the establishment of Worth & Bobergh, Rue de la Paix: the bonnet and coiffure are from Mdme. Hofel's, Rue de la Paix; and the head-dress of the morning toilet is from Mdme. Alexandrine's, Rue d'Antin.

THE EXCELLENCES OF BURNETT'S PREPARATIONS have secured such a reputation that comments are unnecessary.

Ladies and Gentlemen will find a variety of useful information in "BURNETT'S FLORAL HAND-BOOK" for 1866, embracing, among other things, the most complete dictionary of the Language of Flowers ever published, as well as a descriptive list of the choice preparations of this House. It will be distributed gratuitously.—*Boston Journal*, December 8.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

For sale by all dealers in medicines, perfumery, fancy goods, and groceries.

WHY IS IT?—Why do people so crowd the rooms of the Colton Dental Association? *Six reasons.* First. Because they originated the use of the gas, and ought to know how to make and administer it in the best manner. Second. Because they have administered it to 9000 patients without the first failure or accident, and therefore have 9000 advertisers. Third. Because they do nothing but extract teeth, and constant experience enables them to do it in the best manner. Fourth. Because nearly all the best dentists in the city recommend their patients to them. Fifth. Because they make the gas fresh every day. Sixth. Because they agree to make *no charge* if they cause any pain.

Their office is at 19 and 30 Cooper Institute, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!
NEW STYLES, NEW DESIGNS, NEW MOTTOES, NEW STOCK.
$10, $20, $30, $40, and $50 lots always on hand.
Send in your orders at once to the VALENTINE DEPOT of T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

GOLDEN PALM OIL SOAP.
For the Bath and Toilet.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.
LINDLEY M. ELKINTON, MANUFACTURER,
116 Margaretta Street, Philadelphia.

144 COMIC VALENTINES
Mailed free on receipt of $1. B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Circulars free.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.
You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention urgently needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.



Central Park
SKATING AND POCKET
LANTERN.
No person should skate after dark without this Lantern, enabling the Skater to discern and avoid bad spots in the ice.
It is adapted for any other purpose.
Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00.
BERENDSOHN BROS., 103 Beekman St., New York.

THE DAYS
OF
BRASS JEWELRY Are Over.
THE COSMOPOLITAN
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
Capital, $2,500,000.
Great One-Price Gold Sale.
Sell no Brass or so-called Plated JEWELRY.
WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.
Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.
250,000
Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c.,
Worth $2,500,000,
All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.
INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.
☞ THE PROOF.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6*; and you have a possibility of getting a
Fine Gold Watch or Piano.
Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.
Two for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph; 5 for $1, with a Silver Nut-Pick, worth $1; 11 for $2, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth $2; 17 for $3, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth $3; 30 for $5, with a Gold Pen, Extension Case, worth $6; 65 for $10, with a Gold Double Locket, worth $12; 100 for $15, with a fine Silver Watch, worth $18; 200 for $30, with a Silver Hunting Watch, worth $40.
In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes.
Address CALKINS & CO., Managers, Broadway, New York.
Or, if nearer you, 36 South Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; or 83 and 85 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.
AN EXACT AND RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY OR winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Approved by the Press and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Beware of IMPOSTORS, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a *useless article* (with a slight alteration of name) ENTIRELY UNLIKE our *genuine* Timekeeper. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 204-206 Broadway, New York.
Wonderful! Wonder!—Full instructions, by which a person can master the great art of ventriloquism by a few hours' practice. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Sent by mail for $1. Address M. A. Jaggers, Calhoun, Ill.
AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.
Circulars free. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Big chance for Agents.
Chapped Hands and Face,
SORE LIPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.—HEGEMAN & CO.'S CAMPHOR-ICE WITH GLYCERINE cures chapped hands, &c., immediately, and will keep the skin soft and smooth in the coldest weather. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail for 35 cents. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists, New York.
$1,000,000 Worth
OF
Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware.
To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches ..... each $125 00
500 Silver Watches ..... each $20 00 to 35 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases.. " 5 00 to 8 00
And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:
Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5.
Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address A. H. ROWEN & CO., 36 Beekman Street. P. O. Box 4270, New York.

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Holiday Presents.

GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars' Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Musical Boxes, each	$20 to $150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200 " 500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 " 50
500	" Chafing Dishes	20 " 100
1000	" Ice Pitchers	20 " 50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 " 50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3000	" Castors	15 " 50
5000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
90	Dozen silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 " 20
5,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20 " 40
25	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 " 150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35 " 70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 30
3,000	Gold Oval Bracelets	4 " 8
2,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 " 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4 " 6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10 " 20
5,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2 " 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 " 12
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 " 15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4 " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 " 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 " 15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

The *Lafayette* (Indiana) *Daily Courier*, March 18, 1865, says: A better selected, more valuable assortment of jewelry can not be found on the Continent than Arrandale & Co. are now offering. Messrs. Arrandale & Co. occupy a high position in commercial circles as men entirely above the common trickery of trade. Their statements may be implicitly relied upon, both as to the character of their goods and the manner of disposal. Ladies especially, in all parts of the country, are realizing handsome profits as agents, and if any of our fair readers desire to interest themselves in the enterprise, they may do so with perfect confidence.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Daily News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1865.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Also other inducements, which can be learned on application. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most wonderful and elegantly-constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low-priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED. ALL OTHER sewing machines at the same price are INFRINGEMENTS.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by "URUAH'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Mailed to any address for $1 25, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all druggists.

Allcock's Porous Plasters

CURE LUMBAGO, PAINS OF THE SIDE, VARICOSE VEINS, SORE CHEST, &c.

An Electrician, who has great experience of their effects in local rheumatism, in tic doloreux, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, etc., etc., attributes all their sedative, stimulative, and pain-relieving effects to their electric qualities. He asserts they restore the healthy electric condition (equilibrium) of the part, and, that being restored, pain and morbid action cease.

Lame Back.

BRANDRETH HOUSE, NEW YORK, *Nov.* 23, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK & CO.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your Plasters much recommended in cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours, respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS.

General Agency, Brandreth House, New York.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

VIOLINS and BOWS

Sent to any part of the U. S. on rec't of following prices:
GERMAN. Red or brown, $2 50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $8.
DOUBLE LINED. $5, $7, $9; $11, $13, $15, $17, $19.
FRENCH. Blocked and lined, $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.
ITALIAN. $6, $10, $12, $14, $16, $18, $25, $30, $35.
OLD MASTERS. Very fine tone, $40, $50, $75, to $300.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description at lowest New York prices. Send stamp for price-list.
Especial attention given to this department.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS, No. 37 New Bowery, New York.
BOARD OF MANAGERS.—Joseph Hoxie, President, 151 Broadway; H. S. Terbell, Vice-President, 65 Worth St.; H. Brewster, Secretary, 293 Broadway; Wm. Phelps, Treasurer, 264 Canal St.; A. Baldwin, 321 Broadway; A. D. Matthews, 110 Myrtle Av., Brooklyn; George W. Abbe, 8 Pine St.; W. Sanford, 239 Water St.; Rev. W. C. Van Meter, superintendent.

"*The Year* 1865. "—Three days ago, in a cold room, sat, freezing and starving, three little children. The eldest, a girl of nine years, had but a few months since recovered from having her throat cut from the ear down across the windpipe, by the hand of her infernal mother. The other two are brothers, six and four years old. Never did I witness a more touching exhibition of perishing infancy or neglected childhood. They were brought to the Mission and entirely given up by the parents. For the first time they enjoyed the luxury of floating in a warm bath. When water, soap, towels, combs, and brushes had finished their work, nice, soft, warm clothes, so kindly sent by friends, took the place of filthy, vermined rags. As they stood around the register they warmed into new life, and our heart melted as so sweetly and softly, out of the fullness of their little hearts, they sang:

"I is happy, I is happy, I is on my way to Zion;
I is happy, I is happy, I is on my journey home."

God pity and bless the uncounted thousands of such perishing little ones in our city! We want homes for these and others. Who will take them? Who will help us? We have received over 5000 in four years—more than 1200 in the last four months—have from 400 to 550 a day at our table. One Dollar a Week will buy food for a child. Who will at once provide for one until May by sending $20? or for a year by sending $50? W. C. VAN METER.

January 6, 1866.

There is no Book for Choirs

Superior to the "HARP OF JUDAH," by L. O. Emerson. Seventy-five Thousand Copies have already been sold, and the book gives the greatest degree of satisfaction to all who have used it. For choirs, singing schools, conventions, and singers at home it is a collection of music that is universally liked. Price $1 38 a copy; $12 a dozen. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Pile Remedy.

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Cough's

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

PARLOR ORGANS.

The HIGHEST PREMIUM, a SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL, was awarded to us by the late great Fair of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE over all competitors for the best instruments.

A Gold Medal was awarded to CARHART, NEEDHAM, & CO. for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.—WATSON'S *Art Journal.*

"I can speak of them in the highest terms."—G. W. MORGAN.

"The finest instruments of the class I ever saw."—GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"The *best* instruments of their class."—WM. A. KING.

"*The tone is incomparable—far in advance* of any other instrument of a similar kind."—CHARLES FRADEL.

Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail.
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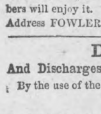
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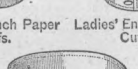

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 475.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

THE birds have been called God's Messengers ever since that old and holy time when the prophet Elijah, waiting for his evening meal, saw the broad-winged ravens painted black upon the golden sunset, which flooded with glory the brook Cherith, by which he knelt. Our Saxon ancestors called those birds that built about the churches God's Birds, and held them in as great reverence as those which reared their nests against the temples erected by David and Solomon.

We read of winters in England so severe, even within the last century, that nearly all the small birds perished. There were very few robins, wrens, linnets, or larks seen the following spring, and it was the end of summer before any young birds appeared. During those hard winters thousands of birds were picked up frozen to death, for all the rivers were ice-bound, and it was so cold that the oil was frozen in the street-lamps, and they could not be lighted, so that the towns were left in darkness. Freezing showers often fell during those hard old winters, coating every thing they touched with clear bright ice, even the plumage of the birds; while the crimson holly-berries showed as if they were under glass, and the moss and lichen looked like jewels inclosed in crystal cases. How do the small birds live during our severe winters? Where do they find their food?

Even in the severest weather there are millions of leaves in our forests amidst which insects are to be found. Then, too, the birds find berries in considerable quantities. There are also myriads of insect-eggs glued on tree, bush, or hedge, to foliage that never falls, and these the birds find out and devour; and well would it be if our gardeners looked a little more closely to the few leaves which remain on the fruit trees at the end of winter, for they will be found covered with squares of insect eggs, all glued so close together that it is difficult to force the point of a fine needle between the rows. Amidst mosses, among withered grass, in the open hollows of no end of weeds and reeds, in decayed wood, in the thatch of stacks, dwellings, and outhouses, insects are concealed, and seeds are to be found which are only visible to the sharp sight of birds. We see them searching every hole and cranny in old walls, holding on by their claws and the pressure of their tails, and can fancy that the light of their sharp, flashing eyes must be as startling to the poor insects they fasten upon as the bull's-eye of a policeman's lantern is when turned upon a concealed felon. In farm-yards, in places where flocks and herds are foddered, amidst every variety of foliage and herbage, the birds find food that we know nothing of. Watch some bird busy pecking, then kneel down and examine the ground closely, and all you find will be grit, sand, and loam—to your eye nothing else is visible: what else might be revealed can only be discovered through the aid of a microscope. The sight of birds is marvelous. They will drop down like a stone upon an insect from such a height as in our eye would render it as indistinct as a grain of sand on a gravel walk.

The birds pass two-thirds of their time in mid-winter in sleep, during which they require no food. The same Providence which causes so many created things to hibernate during the period they would perish for want of food if awake, also provides rest and sleep for the birds, during which they feel no hunger, and renders the few brief hours of winter daylight long enough to gather a sufficiency of food before retiring to roost.

Chief favorite of all our winter birds is the little robin. He never leaves us, but still sings the old year out and the new year in, as his forefathers did, centuries before a Christmas carol was heard. His beautiful red breast and the crimson holly-berries are generally the only bits of warm coloring we see out of doors, where all the landscape is whitened with winter. He hops on the window-sill, leaving the print of his long claws in the snow, while he peeps through the pane with his bold black eyes, asking, in his way, for food, and will enter the room, after a few visits, if he is treated kindly. He has such winning ways that all the children love him, and would not harm him for the world, were he caught and placed in their hands. How delighted the children are to stand at the door and feed the birds in winter, to watch their shy habits, as they draw nearer and nearer until they reach the furthermost crumb; then they open their wings and are off in the twinkling of an eye! Throw up a few shovelfuls of earth in the garden, and there the robin is rummaging among it to see what he can find, almost before our back is turned; or else we find him perched, impudently, on the handle of the spade we had left sticking in the mould, and singing away, with all his might, as if trying how much space he could fill with his song, since all the other birds are silent. Neither does he forsake us for long together, either in spring or summer, except at breeding-time, but comes every now and then, as if just to look on and say he has not forgotten us. Then he comes again, with his little family about him in their juvenile suits; and you must look very close at them to see a likeness, for they are too young to wear the red waistcoat—the proud crest of the house of the Robins: but they will put it on in autumn, and be able to take a part in the Christmas carols.

In England, where the climate is less severe than in this country, the scene which we illustrate on this page is a very common one in the winter. There the wrens, robins, and finches are frequent visitors at the window. And as for the sparrow, it is never absent. They are the plague of the English farmer. They eat up the early seeds which he sows in February. They are born thieves, and are even said to fight each other in the winter for no other reason than to keep warm.

There are thousands of secluded homesteads scattered over England, where tender-hearted children may be seen administering "out-door relief" to the birds in winter, such as our artist has so beautifully pictured. The speckled fieldfare and the bud-picking bull-finches gaze timidly from the branches of the holly-tree; while the shy, wild blackbirds seem afraid to draw nearer, and the thrush crouches low, as if he feared the noisy sparrows, who make themselves quite at home any where. The timid green-



BIRDS IN WINTER—OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

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finch, the graceful chaffinch, and the merry wagtail seem shy, though the chaffinch has approached so near to the noisy sparrows; while bold Robin Redbreast has ventured on the window-sill, and we see a sweet face turned toward him from behind the diamond-shaped lattice.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

UNION.

IT is a matter of sincere congratulation that the vote upon the Suffrage in the District of Columbia shows that the great Union party does not mean to serve the purposes of its enemies by fatally breaking its ranks. There is an honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom of unqualified suffrage. The party in Congress seems to have been about equally divided. When, therefore, Mr. HALE proposed to recommit the bill with instructions to the Committee to report certain qualifications, the Democrats hoped by joining the radicals—to use a convenient distinction—against the motion, to compel the Conservatives to vote against the bill as it stood; in which case the Democrats hoped that their vote united with that of the Conservatives would finally defeat the bill.

These fond hopes of a foolish faction were utterly baffled. The Conservatives voted for the recommittal. The Radicals and Democrats defeated it. The question recurred upon the bill as reported. The Democrats voted solidly against it. But the Conservatives, with insignificant exceptions, voted solidly with the Radicals for it, and carried dismay to the enemies of a sound and peaceful reunion. When the Senate has passed upon the bill and the President has signed it, the union of the Union party will be closer than ever.

This result just at this time is of the highest importance, for there were beginning to be very serious doubts not of the intention but of the sagacity of the Union party. A few days since a gentleman sitting in a circle of persons unfriendly to the Government read aloud Mr. RAYMOND'S naturalization bill. After some sarcastic comments by the company, an ex-rebel officer said: "No matter. Don't trouble yourselves. The dominant party is going to pieces fast enough, and then WE and the Democrats will just have things our own way."

It was a very plain statement of a very plain peril. The consequences of a serious division among Union men at this time would be inconceivably disastrous, and whoever precipitates it, whoever does not labor strenuously to prevent it, hastens a catastrophe which should appall every honest man in the country. It would be infinitely worse than a mere party defeat, it would involve the honor and peace of the nation. Every object for which the Union party is now contending, with whatever differences of view as to method, would be wholly lost. The Union policy of reorganization would be scornfully repudiated, and the President, whom the ex-rebels and their abettors now obsequiously flatter, refusing, as he would refuse to submit to their dictation, would be contemptuously set aside.

Why should men sincerely devoted to the wise reorganization of the Union and to securing the evident results of the war tolerate the mere possibility of such a peril? Surely we are all agreed upon certain substantial, fundamental points. Upon the abstract definition of the exact status of the unorganized States we differ. But that is a purely theoretical question. The essential practical point is, that they are not to resume their full powers in the Union except upon certain conditions, and upon that point there is no difference. Thus we all agree that the constitutional right of secession must be plainly disavowed; that the rebel debt must not be recognized; and that the Emancipation amendment must be supported in good faith. But still further we are agreed, and the President and the Lieutenant-General assent, that there must still be military occupation of those States for the security of their own inhabitants as well as for that of the country; and that the Freedmen's Bureau must be maintained to make the radical change of the industrial system as smooth and easy as practicable. And more than this there is no serious disagreement among Union men as to the fact that the Freedmen, becoming by the act of emancipation free men, must sooner or later share every guarantee of individual rights that any free man enjoys, including, of course, the suffrage.

Upon these great vital points there is substantial unanimity of opinion among those ends we are all laboring. But if another our differences of method to drive us to the fatal extremity of party dissolution, we shall see a spirit essentially hostile to the Government and Union triumph through our folly. We shall see the military removed, the Freedmen's Bureau abolished, the rebel State debts approved, the national debt repudiated, the faith of the nation to the freedmen broken, and those who for four years by arms or by sympathy sought the overthrow of the Government, controlling it to its destruction, and we shall have our own criminal conduct to thank for it all. The late vote happily reveals the clear conviction among our friends that the defeat of any particular method of action can not be so hazardous to the country as a party schism. And however deeply the superior wisdom of any particular policy may be felt, and however earnestly defended, we are very sure that the good sense which saved the country in the present instance will continue to inspire Congressional action.

THE TAX ON EDUCATION.

THE report of the Commissioners upon the revenue system is awaited with the utmost interest by all who feel that the recommendations of gentlemen so wisely selected, and who have so faithfully devoted themselves to their arduous work, must necessarily have great weight with Congress. We trust that two facts will not have escaped their attention; that English publishing houses are rapidly establishing agencies in this country, and that school committees and teachers in all parts of the land are busily devising means to avoid the expense of school-books, the prices of which are necessarily so high.

Cheap school books are surely a cardinal necessity of the United States. The one thing that should escape taxation is education. We certainly do not say that any trade should be favored at the expense of any other, but we do ask whether taxes which materially lessen the circulation of school-books do not harm the country more than they help it?

Paper, which is the principal material of books, after the chemicals used in its manufacture have paid a heavy duty, is taxed as a whole under the Internal Revenue act. The printing-ink and all the materials used in bookbinding also pay separate taxes. Finally, the finished book is taxed as a whole. In England, where, as in this country, foreign rags are imported free, books, paper, etc., are especially exempted from taxation, and the English manufacturer is able to pay his duties and land books in New York or Boston at about half the price at which we can make them here.

The inevitable tendency of this state of things is to send our book-publishing to England, to stop our paper-mills, and force our skilled workmen into other channels of labor. Yet three-quarters of the works now published in this country are books of education. Do we wish that England should write and make them for us? Newspapers are justly exempted from taxation. But are the spelling-book and geography less valuable and essential? No honest trader wishes to shirk his share of the common burden. But ought those who manufacture articles of such prime necessity to bear very much more than their share? If the Commission should recommend that books, as such, be exempted from taxation, they will recommend only that a disproportionate tax be reduced; while the increased circulation caused by the reduction will partly compensate the Government for the apparent loss.

We earnestly trust that the Commission will simplify the whole system of taxation, which is now an exasperating snarl of perplexities; and, while they throw the chief weight upon the great luxuries, will emancipate popular education from the chains which are forging for it at the very moment in our history when cheap school-books universally diffused are a national necessity.

ABSTRACTIONS.

WE have elsewhere repeated what we have said more than once, that the question of the present exact status of the unorganized States is practically unimportant, or, as Mr. LINCOLN expressed it, it is "a pernicious abstraction." But Senator DOOLITTLE in his speech, a few days since, warmly denied that it was unimportant, and declared it to be a vital question.

So it would be if the Senator held strictly to his view of the question and agreed to abide by the inevitable consequences of that view. But he does not. Like every statesman, he is wisely illogical upon occasion. Indeed, the only truly logical advocates of his theory are the ex-rebels and Copperheads. They assert that "once a State always a State," and rebellion having ceased, arms being laid down, Alabama and South Carolina are as much States as Wisconsin or Maine, and are, therefore, entitled to unconditional representation. They hold, and upon their premises justly, that the whole proceeding of the President, in the matter of reorganization, has been absolutely arbitrary and unconstitutional.

We say that the Senator is wisely illogical, for while he roundly asserts that a State can by no possibility lose its status as a State in the Union, he declares in the same breath that some States shall not recover their status as States in the Union unless they will submit to certain conditions imposed by the National Government. Yet does he suppose that the State of South Carolina adopted the Constitutional Amendment as freely as the State of Massachusetts? Of course he does not. But if so, is it not clear that whether a State can go out of the Union or not it can so derange its relations to the Union that they can be restored only as a new State is admitted, namely, by the consent of the Government?

The Senator seems to forget that the war is not over because the rebels have laid down their arms. The war continues until the Government declares it is ended. Every thing that the President has authorized in the lately belligerent States he has authorized as Commander-in-Chief. The existing civil Governments in all the Southern States are, as Senator TRUMBULL truly says, merely tolerated by the Government of the United States. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, frankly recognizes this fact. The President continues the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in those States. General GRANT continues active military occupation. The supreme controlling authority in all those States is that of the nation.

Now nothing can be plainer than the duty of the nation not to relax that authority except upon perfectly satisfactory terms. In the actual situation the plea of State rights is pure folly. State rights are not to be resumed except upon conditions prescribed by the United States, and the United States are the sole judges of those conditions. Suppose the Government knew of a conspiracy extending throughout the late league of rebel States to rise in arms as soon as the national hand was withdrawn. Would it be the duty of the Government to withdraw that hand because there was no present armed rebellion, and because the white inhabitants declared that they acquiesced in the situation? But if the Government has the right to impose any condition whatever to satisfy itself that no rising could be successful even if attempted, it has the right to impose every condition necessary to the same satisfaction.

That is our situation now. Of course the choice of those conditions must be sagacious if it would achieve the end in view. Senator DOOLITTLE asks whether we would seriously undertake to govern the people of the unorganized States without representation. The Senator must first explain on what ground he proposes a system of State government, by which a third of the population are to be ruled entirely without representation. He is willing to admit Senator MARVIN from Florida. But will he explain on what ground he favors the resumption of power in the Union by States which have a proportionably superior representation?

However, the question must be settled according to the Constitution, says some one. Certainly it must. The war was waged under the Constitution, and it must be ended under it. But the Constitution did not prescribe the methods in which the war should be carried on; and it does not specify the conditions upon which its results are to be secured.

THE FINANCE BILL.

THE financial measure before Congress, which contemplates the reduction of the currency by funding, is of so alarming a nature that it can not be passed over in silence. Not only have the Committee of Ways and Means implicitly obeyed the behests of the Secretary of the Treasury; they have gone further, and invested that functionary with powers which he never even thought of soliciting—powers greater than any organized Government in the world ever conferred upon any executive officer.

It was explained a few weeks since in these columns that the aggregate volume of debt to be funded or paid off within the next thirty months does not vary much from $1,800,000,000. Mr. M'CULLOCH in his report asked for power to fund this debt, and seemed to intimate that from one to two hundred millions a year might be funded. On this the Committee of Ways and Means, through the MORRILL sub-committee, prepare a bill which empowers the Secretary to sell United States bonds, bearing any rate of interest not over 6 per cent., running for any number of years not over forty, at any price whatsoever, at any time or times, and in any amounts he chooses; and further permits him to receive in payment not only the lawful current money of the country, but any of the short bonds or Treasury notes which the Government has been issuing. It is hardly necessary to say that, if such a measure became a law, Mr. M'CULLOCH would be created as omnipotent a dictator of the money market of the country as Congress and the Supreme Court are of our political concerns. By offering bonds for sale in large amounts, he could at any time produce a stringency in the market which would involve a general fall in prices; by accepting all, or nearly all, the bids, he could cause a general panic; while on the other hand, by rejecting bids below a certain figure, or by accepting in payment of his bonds securities not used as currency, he could relieve the money market at once, and cause prices to react as quickly as they had risen. Under this bill he might offer $250,000,000 of bonds for sale for lawful money. Such an offer would cause an active recall of loans, a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securities, and a general turmoil in commercial circles. When the fall had taken place he might announce that no bid under par would be considered, and that Seven-Thirty notes would be received at par and interest in payment of his bonds. Such an announcement would cause an instantaneous "let up" in money, a rebound of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securities, and a sudden recovery in merchandise. All this he might do without violating his duty or exposing himself to the slightest blame or censure. Is it safe to intrust such power to any one man? Is it fair to any man to expose him to such temptation?

HUGH M'CULLOCH enjoys the perfect confidence of the American people. For many months he has had opportunities, by means of the secret sales of gold made by the Department, of realizing fortunes for himself and others. Yet no responsible person, even among his bitterest political enemies, has ever even hinted that either he or any one else has made money by an early knowledge of the intentions of the Department with regard to sales of gold. The practice of selling gold secretly has been generally condemned on grounds of principle. But by common consent all admit that HUGH M'CULLOCH is an honest man, and that he will not himself speculate, or permit others to speculate, on what he does as Finance Minister of the country.

If it were mathematically certain, therefore, that the extraordinary powers conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury by this bill would never be exercised by any one but Mr. M'CULLOCH, the country might view its passage without much alarm. But what if Mr. M'CULLOCH resigned, or were removed, or died? Such things have happened before. And though there is good reason to believe that Mr. JOHNSON would be careful in selecting his successor, it must not be forgotten that we have had, heretofore, Secretaries of the Treasury and other Cabinet Ministers who were also carefully selected and yet who proved to be not above suspicion. HOWELL COBB was Secretary of the Treasury, and, as we all thought, a most respectable man; yet he did his best to ruin the public credit. THOMAS, of Maryland, a most respectable man, was Secretary of the Treasury, and equally unfaithful to his trust. The post of Secretary of the Treasury has generally been filled by an able and an honest man; but how would the public view the placing of such enormous and irresponsible power in the hands of such persons as the late THOMAS CORWIN or ROBERT J. WALKER—both of them in their time Secretaries of the Treasury? How if such men as JACOB THOMPSON or JOHN B. FLOYD—both of them United States Cabinet Ministers in their day—chanced to be appointed to the Treasury Department?

The war is over, and the necessity for dictatorships may fairly be assumed to have passed away. It is about time not only that all public officials should scrupulously avoid assuming needless responsibility, but that Congress should, as heretofore, hedge its grants of power with proper restrictions and limitations. A curtailment of the currency being deemed requisite, the Secretary of the Treasury may properly be invested with the power of selling bonds to retire short securities or legal tenders. But the amount to be sold, the kind of money to be received in payment, the periods at which such sales may take place, the price at which the bonds may be awarded, and the character and interest payable on the bonds, should all be fixed beforehand and openly by Congress, and not left to be determined privately by an executive officer. The public have a right to know what is going to be done in the vital matter of the currency.

There are two other points—we pass over the objections raised to the issue of Sterling Bonds as trifling and immaterial—upon which exception may fairly be taken to the financial measure now before Congress.

The first of these is the repeal of the section of the old law which establishes a Sinking Fund. That section had been flagrantly disobeyed by Mr. CHASE, and has been disobeyed by his successor. Finding it a dead letter Congress repeals it. This is repudiation. Men of means abroad and at home subscribed for our bonds on the faith that a sinking fund would be established which would gradually pay them off. Congress has no more right to abolish the Sinking Fund than it has to alter the rate of interest payable on the bonds, or the date at which they shall become payable. The Sinking Fund was one of the essential conditions of the contract between the United States and their creditors. It may have been an unwise condition. But it was voluntarily and deliberately established by the United States, and to abolish it now is to break faith with the public creditor, and to enter upon the broad highway of repudiation.

The second objection has reference to the payment of the currency interest on Seven-Thirty notes, debt certificates, and the like. By Mr. MORRILL'S measure it is proposed to absorb a large proportion of the legal-tender notes now afloat. Assuming that the bill will pass and will be a success, in this respect, it is clear that the Treasury Department will not be able to pay its currency interest in legal-tender notes, but will be compelled to pay it in the currency received for taxes—national-bank

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notes. This also will be repudiation. When the Government put forth the compound-interest notes, the Seven-Thirty notes, and the debt certificates, it covenanted to pay to the holder so much per annum as interest. The covenant necessarily implied, as all covenants do, that such interest should be paid in lawful money. If JONES agrees to pay BROWN $5000 on a given day he must pay in legal tenders or gold, or he can not claim a discharge. Now if Government, before the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes and compound-interest notes, so contrives to reduce the volume of the legal tenders that all its taxes are paid in national-bank notes, it will have no means of paying the currency interest due on its securities in any other medium than in national-bank notes, which may, and probably will, at the time be worth much less than legal tender money. Sound banking authority predicts that, if $200,000,000 of our legal tender currency be withdrawn from circulation, the remainder will be worth from 2 to 5 per cent. more than national-bank notes. In such an event, to pay the interest on the Seven-Thirty notes, compound notes, and debt certificates in a currency worth considerably less than the money in which Government agreed to pay when it borrowed the money of its creditors, will be a very shabby form of repudiation.

It is not very likely that the Committee of Ways and Means or Congress will pay much attention to the warnings of the press. Strict party discipline appears to have quenched individual freedom of opinion, and there is so little financial ability in Congress that both the committee and the body of which it forms a part are generally content to obey the orders of the Treasury Department. Were it otherwise, some effort might be made to induce Congress to let the currency alone for the present, and to take advantage of the large revenues of Government to reduce the public debt by selling the surplus gold in the Treasury, and by paying off each short date obligation as it matures. This would be the way to diminish our burdens without producing a commercial crisis, and in the end, it would probably prove as efficacious as Mr. MORRILL'S method for bringing down the price of gold. But there is no chance that any recommendation of the kind would be heeded.

COMMUTATION ON RAILROADS.

THE principle of commutation is simply this, that a low rate of fares to permanent residents along the line of a railroad stimulates settlements and improvements resulting in profit. It supposes that the growth of such a population may be encouraged with advantage, and that there is no maximum attainable too great for the solid advantage of the road. The policy applies whenever a crowded city is located at either terminus capable of throwing out a large suburban population. In England all the numerous railroads leading out of London and other principal cities have practiced it from the outset with entire confidence in its being a remunerative system. The two great lines leading northward from New York (the Hudson River and Harlem roads) pursued the policy until they both passed into the hands of their present owners, who manage them so as to discourage further settlements, greatly to the injury of those doing business in the city who were induced by moderate fares to establish homes in the country. Rates to commuters who use the road daily were increased last season in some instances over three hundred per cent. A step so decisive warrants the conclusion that the policy of commutation is regarded by the proprietors with disfavor, and that further encouragement to settlements will not be afforded except other and different views prevail.

The subject is one of sufficient importance to justify public discussion, and particularly as the true interests of the roads and of the large number of property owners along their lines concur in the establishment of rates such as commuters can afford to pay, and such as will encourage improvements. The population along both lines is yet sparse compared with that along the English roads, but may be increased by a wise and permanent policy to an extent certain to reward the stockholders with ample revenues. The policy which exacts the largest possible compensation from each commuter treats the present population as having attained its maximum, and strips them of all means to influence others to build up adjacent homes. These residents, instead of being the earnest and constant friends of the road, as they were at the outset for mutual advantage, are forced to make the complaints which prevent additional settlements. On both lines the great body of commuters, living at points not influenced by active competition, are much dissatisfied, and could not be relied upon for any friendly service to either company. In the matter of taxation, trials before those not influenced by free tickets, coroners' juries, the sufficiency of fences, and applications to the Legislature, these roads will constantly be met by opposition from those commuters who regard the late sudden increase of fares as wholly unjustifiable.

This state of feeling could easily be changed by adopting the policy in use on all the English lines, of discriminating in favor of commuters owning or occupying houses along the line, which can be done with equal advantage to both stockholders and the public.

The London and North Western Railway adopted in 1862, and have since continued the following mileage scale of rates for season tickets for one year for ordinary commuters who use first-class carriages, although authorized by Parliament to charge threepence per mile. Certain resident commuters pay half these rates. From one to five miles, inclusive, £7 10s. per annum, or say $36 gold. For each additional mile up to fifteen £1 per mile, or say $85 for fifteen miles. For each additional mile above fifteen 16s., or say for forty-eight miles $213. This distance, forty-eight miles, is the greatest on the Harlem road for which commutation is allowed. The Harlem road charges for commutation to Croton Falls (forty-eight and a half miles) $312 per annum. The rate between White Plains and Croton Falls is in very nearly the same proportion. Tickets, one hundred at a time, are issued, the use of which may be deferred for any period within four months.

The English rates are reduced 50 per cent. in perpetuity in favor of owners of houses erected within certain limits and of a certain value, and are continued to any successor or other occupant. Students or apprentices living with their parents at any of these suburban residences pay also one-half the established rates. The Great Western line has adopted very nearly the rates specified above. Other lines charge much less. For instance, the Chester and Holyhead Railway has established the following rates per annum: for seven miles £7, for fifteen £15, for fifty £28, for sixty £30, for eighty-five £40.

The extravagance of the Harlem rates is the more conspicuous if the amount of accommodation is considered. For instance, above White Plains there is but one morning train to New York, which is the only one a business man going daily to the city can be expected to take; there are but two afternoon trains up, and four in the whole each way per day. It is unnecessary to say that this is very, very far short of the accommodation furnished by the English roads. We understand that their commutation tickets are good for three hundred and sixty-five days, while here they are good for only the week days of the year. A commuter there is not restricted in the number of times he may travel back and forth, but here he must pay for more than one journey each way per day. Abroad, a general ticket is issued which is exhibited only when called for, here a ticket must be surrendered on each excursion and another exhibited for punching.

But the important difference between the two systems is the assurance of a permanent policy in the English roads looking to the substantial interests of those who erect improvements along their lines, tending strongly to mutual benefit and the entire failure of the managers of these two roads to exhibit any such policy. This may be due to the fact that these lines have recently come into the hands of those who, although of great experience in other affairs, are without experience on this subject, and hence they have adopted a rate of commutation which must diminish the population, repress industry, and seriously damage property along these great lines of travel.

THE EIGHT-HOUR SYSTEM.

J. T., who is sanguine of the success of the eight-hour system, is aggrieved by our saying that the British laborer drudges fourteen hours a day for a pittance, and would deny the truth of the statement, but that he understands us to have asserted it merely as an illustration of the law of supply and demand. He thinks we should have said ten hours a day. But if drudging for ten hours a day gives only a pittance to the British laborer, what would drudging eight hours give him? That we did not misrepresent the substantial fact of the condition of the British laborer we are persuaded by what Mr. BRIGHT said in his late speech at Birmingham.

"Have you read," says Mr. BRIGHT, "a paragraph which lately appeared in the newspapers about J. CROSS, a Dorsetshire laborer? He worked six days in the week. He had an excellent character from his employer, for whom he worked 24 years at the rate of 8s. per week. .....I tell you that many thousands of cases like that of JOHN CROSS are to be found throughout the country, and especially in the south, and that their condition is such that hitherto the most anxious investigation has been unable to solve the mystery as to how they keep body and soul together." It is truly, as he calls it, "a desperate condition." Does J. T. think that if the British Parliament were to reduce the daily hours of labor to six that JOHN CROSS could keep body and soul together any better?

J. T. is a stone-cutter. He says that as yet there are no mechanical inventions to lighten his labor, and that competition is so intense that when a stone-cutter's day's labor is done he is too utterly exhausted for any mental application, or even enjoyment, whatever. He adds, that the trade in New York, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood, have given only nine hours for a day's work since November 10, 1863, and that no more has been required. This was undoubtedly in pursuance of the law that we mentioned in the "Saturday Sermon" of the natural limitation of effective labor. Nine hours' work at stone-cutting is doubtless, upon the whole, as valuable as twelve, and it is worth, therefore, the wages of twelve. If eight hours' work is equally valuable, it is worth the same. But the question is, whether a law can make eight hours' good labor worth the wages of ten hours' good labor. If it can not, the inevitable effect of the law would be to drive capital where it could get the best return for investment.

J. T. thinks that if the Legislature will pass the eight-hours' law "they will check the selfishness of both labor and capital." But how? Can you compel capital in a particular direction? If you try it you will merely paralyze both capital and labor. Suppose the Legislature of New York were to pass a law that nobody should work more than five hours a day, nor be worth more than twenty thousand dollars. Might they not just as wisely and successfully enact that every body should be comfortable and happy? There are some things that laws can not effect, and laws about labor are wise and effective only so far as they enact the natural facts and conditions of labor. Thus it is found that in the work of computation for the census and other statistics six hours a day is quite enough. It would be a very foolish law that would make it sixteen.

It seems to us that the friends of the eight-hour movement are of opinion that it needs only an act of the Legislature to secure eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation. J. T., however, while apparently urging this kind of legislation, expresses his opinion that "it is too much to expect that our social evils can be removed by legislative acts." What arguments, then, and to what end, shall be addressed to the Legislature?

ONE QUESTION SETTLED.

ONE of the perplexing questions has been virtually settled. The petition of the earliest veterans of the war who enlisted from the noblest impulses, and who after long service have been discharged, often from illness and wounds, for bounties in proportion to that paid the later enlisted troops, was so plainly natural that it could not well be set aside.

But the Paymaster-General reports that it would take $550,000,000 to equalize the bounties. In view of such a sum and the present condition of the finances, do the patriotic petitioners themselves press their honorable claim? Some kind of provision might be possible, but who would advocate such an addition to the burden of the country?

We must be just before we are generous, and the necessity of absolute economy is imperative. It is not only the duty of the nation but of individuals. It would be a fit crown to the conduct of the people during the war if they universally and individually economized to help pay the debt as they nobly supported its necessary creation.

FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND.

Now that the skating season has fairly commenced, we take pleasure in reminding our readers of the advantages connected with Major OAKMAN'S Skating Pond, on Fifth Avenue. It is the favorite resort of all lovers of the sport, both male and female. This pond is always open to visitors when the skating is good, except on Sundays.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 16:

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler's resolution to withdraw our Minister from Great Britain, etc., was laid upon the table, 25 to 12.—Speaking on the Negro Suffrage bill for the District of Columbia, Mr. Davis indulged in his usual abuse of the negro. "Cuvier," he said, "had described the African, but he ought to have added that a foul odor exudes from his skin, and his heel makes a hole in the ground."

In the House, Mr. Conklin, one of the Committee of Fifteen, offered a resolution, which was objected to, providing for the following conditions for the restoration of the Southern States; first, renunciation of secession; second, repudiation of rebel debts; third, the assurance of human rights to all regardless of color; fourth, the impartial distribution of political power among all sections of the country, so that four millions of people shall not be represented in the interests of aggrandizement while at the same time they are excluded from political rights and privileges; and fifth, the election of truly loyal members to Congress.—Mr. Deming, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back the bill reviving the grade of General in the army, which was recommitted.—The House concurred in the Senate resolution authorizing the Committee of Fifteen to send for persons or papers, 128 to 35.—The bill on Negro Suffrage in the District of Columbia was debated through the remainder of the session. The black population of the District is about 30,000, or about one-fourth the entire population of the District. The provision made by the bill is simply that there shall be no restriction to suffrage based on distinction of color. Mr. Julian claimed that suffrage was the natural right of the negro. Mr. Randall, of Kentucky, would go with his State in refusing negro suffrage. Mr. John L. Thomas, of Maryland, claimed to be a member of the Republican party, but thought that the negro agitation should cease with emancipation.

January 17:

In the Senate, a remonstrance of Mr. Sumner against arming the militia of Alabama was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Howe's resolution to provide Provisional Governors for the rebel States was taken up. Mr. Doolittle addressed the Senate at length, claiming that President Johnson had in his policy of restoration simply followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. He supported the President's policy, and claimed that to insure the very Union for which we have been fighting we must have as rapid a restoration of all the States to their nominal relations in Congress as is possible.

In the House, Mr. Blaine presented the credentials of John N. Goodwin, delegate from Arizona, who was qualified and took his seat.—The bill to incorporate the National Protective Homestead Company, the object of which is to encourage emigration to the South, was taken up. Mr. Baker, of Illinois, objected to the bill as creating what purported to be a charitable institution. The bill conferred an immense and exclusive privilege on a small number of persons, who might convey lands without limitation. The bill was laid on the table, 120 to 32.—The Negro Suffrage bill for the District of Columbia was taken up and debated. Mr. Darling, of New York, favored qualified suffrage, the qualification to be one of education. He thought it better not to disregard the voice of the District. He moved a postponement of the bill to the first Tuesday in April. Mr. Hale advocated a restriction of suffrage to all who could read the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania, advocated the bill on the ground of equal and impartial justice. Mr. Van Horn, of New York, opposed the doctrine that this was exclusively a white man's Government.

January 18:

In the Senate, a bill was passed to distribute 500 copies of Mr. Madison's writings among the different State Libraries, departments, etc.—Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Colorado, ratifying the State government adopted by the people.—Mr. Nesmith of Oregon spoke on Mr. Howe's resolution, supporting the President's policy. He did not think any act of Congress necessary for the admission of the Southern States. This was a white man's government, etc. Mr. Wade followed in a reply to Mr. Doolittle's speech of the day before. He claimed that we were not to support a policy simply because Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Johnson adopted it. Mr. Johnson had gone farther than Mr. Lincoln, and had compelled the Southern States to adopt the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. Mr. Wade wanted to go still further and place all men, white and black, on an equal footing. He thought it bad faith, after tempting the negroes into the military service, to abandon them to their enemies now that the fight is over.—A bill was passed giving Mrs. Lincoln the franking privilege.

In the House, the bill for negro suffrage in the District of Columbia was taken up. Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, spoke against it. Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was opposed to postponement. He thought the right of suffrage should follow emancipation. He thought the negroes should have a share in the Government as well as in fighting for it. A motion by Mr. Niblack to lay the bill on the table was negatived, 46 yeas against 123 nays. Mr. Darling's motion to postpone was disagreed to, 34 to 134. A motion to recommit the bill with Mr. Hale's amendment was lost, 53 to 117. The bill was then passed, 116 to 54. It reads as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from all laws and parts of laws, and prescribing the qualifications of electors for any office in the District of Columbia, the word 'white' be and the same hereby is stricken out; and that from and after the passage of this Act no person shall be disqualified from voting at any election held in the said District on account of color.

"And be it further enacted, That all Acts of Congress and all laws of the State of Maryland in force in said District, and all ordinances of Washington and Georgetown inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, are hereby repealed and annulled."

January 19:

In the Senate, Mr. Doolittle presented the credentials of William Marvin, of Florida, which were ordered to be laid on the table.

In the House, $105,000 were appropriated for the purchase of Leavy's Island, Portsmouth Navy-yard.—Mr. Conway spoke on reconstruction, advocating that negroes have every political right necessary to their liberty, that the public credit should be insured, and rebel debts repudiated, and there should be a Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to make all laws necessary and proper to secure to all persons of every State equal protection to life, liberty, and property. We might demand more, but not a jot less can we receive.

January 20:

In the Senate, the bill for the enlargement of the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was debated, but no action was taken.

January 22:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported a joint resolution that representatives and direct taxes should be apportioned among the States according to their respective numbers, excluding from the basis of representation all persons to whom the elective franchise is denied.—The resolution to refer all papers and documents relating to the representation of the rebel States was adopted.—It was voted, 33 to 11, that Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau should not be restricted to the rebel States.

In the House, Mr. Stevens offered the same resolution from the Committee of Fifteen which Mr. Fessenden offered in the Senate. This was debated at some length, and was finally made the special order for the next day.

NEWS ITEMS.

Rufus Choate, Jun., the only son of the late celebrated Boston lawyer of that name, died on January 15, at Dorchester, Massachusetts, from the effects of wounds received in the late war.

The President has relieved Provisional Governor Marvin of Florida, and recognized Mr. Walker as the regular Governor. Texas is now the only State which has a Provisional Governor.

The Message of Governor Worth was received in the North Carolina Legislature January 19. He recommends the confirmation of proceedings under provisional rule in the State, the repeal of all laws in conflict with perfect allegiance to the National Government, and the adoption of a judicious militia system. He thinks there will be no necessity of continuing the Freedmen's Bureau after the restoration of the State courts, from which he says the negroes can get full justice.

The national debt at the close of December was less by forty-one million than at the close of last August.

Secretary Stanton has determined to make Ford's Theatre the deposit of the records relating to soldiers discharged for disabilities incurred in the service, or who have died in battle, in hospital, or in rebel prisons.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Chili disturbance appears to have been the death of Admiral Pareja. It is stated that this officer, upon hearing that one of his vessels had been captured by the *Esmeralda*, became despondent, and finally committed suicide, November 19, by shooting himself with a pistol on board his flag-ship.

It has been announced that the town of Bagdad, in Mexico, was captured from the Imperialists, on January 5, by an American force, consisting of the One Hundred and Eighteenth United States Colored Infantry, under Colonel Davis. The American General Crawford was in command of it, and General Escobedo was on his way thither. The accounts indicate that the former was about starting on another expedition. General Weitzel, at the request of Escobedo, sent two hundred men from Brownsville, Texas, to Bagdad to preserve order.

The Fenian trials at Cork have been concluded.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, one of the most powerful organs of public opinion in France, has an article showing the enormous cost of the intervention, and arguing that if security for the Mexican bondholders is the only difficulty in the way of the withdrawal of the French troops the French people would willingly submit to an increase of her own debt for that purpose. It is said that the French Opposition have determined to concentrate all their energies in the coming session of the Corps Legislatif, in order to bring the intervention in Mexico to an end.

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME AND YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MRS. SOREL.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER BARKER was in the full tide of the most confident and convincing assertions upon the state of the country when he experienced a sudden and singular interruption. This was none other than the entrance of a somewhat tall and slim but very neat lady, who was hailed by Mrs. Juggins with a cordial,

"Why, if here ain't Mrs. Sorel now! Walk in, Mrs. Sorel; glad to see you; don't take that chair, this here is an easier one; take off your bonnet; come to spend the day, I do hope; how are all at home?"

There was nothing specially wonderful in the lady, at least to look at. You could see that she must have been beautiful in her youth; the clear gray eye, regular features, and still graceful form, showed that plainly enough. Yet, being only a lady, clothed in some gray stuff, with a calico sun-bonnet, it was hard to account for the interruption caused by her simple entrance. The preacher stopped in his conversation, singularly abashed and confused. Even the old planter received her more like an overgrown boy caught by the owner thereof in the midst of a watermelon patch than the master of a household. And Mrs. Juggins, too, seemed endeavoring to hide something beneath the bustle of her welcome.

A close observer might have detected a peculiarly arch smile which passed over the face of the visitor at the sudden silence and evident embarrassment which attended her arrival, but it was gone in an instant as she saluted the company with quiet ease and took a seat beside Mrs. Juggins. It was evidently with an effort that conversation was resumed; and the burden thereof was thrown upon the visitor, who had herself to mention the facts in regard to the weather, which, in the section of which we are speaking, and probably all over the world besides, form the invariable introduction to conversation.

It is strange; yet if ever countenances expressed the sense of being caught at something wrong, the countenances of the persons thus interrupted expressed that guilty emotion. Certain it is, there was in the bosoms of the persons interrupted a sharp, sudden sense of guilt which surprised even themselves, but which their outward bearing was too true to their inward self not to manifest. Of all of them the preacher had the deepest, strongest sense of this; and a sense of it which, a moment after, he resented more than the others, being more violent and positive in his after-conversation from this very cause. Meanwhile, if any one could have known it from her composed and natural manner or not, Mrs. Sorel was saying to herself, as she took out her sewing—"Dear me, I wish I had known; but, as it is, I can not help it!"

With the rest, she felt that it was in vain to sit there five minutes and not get into the one, grand, only, all-absorbing, everlasting topic. That it should not, at least, be her fault, Mrs. Sorel immediately engaged Mrs. Juggins, who was her near neighbor, in conversation about the making of butter and the raising of chickens and turkeys. The scarcity of these was evidently leading into the topic of the war, so that it was necessary to avoid that theme also. The gentlemen had from her entrance ceased conversation; the preacher apparently engaged in reading the *Advocate*—the religious paper of the Church to which Colonel Juggins and himself belonged—and the Colonel engaged in smoking his cob pipe and solemnly thinking over Fort Donelson and Nashville.

Now there was no better soul in the world than Mrs. Juggins, but conversation formed no part of her excellences, so that it devolved upon Mrs. Sorel either to say something or to sit in silence. To avoid this end, at the same time, keep the thread of conversation in her own hands, Mrs. Sorel began in a lowered tone to tell her neighbor of her various devices in the economy of her household; how much a little alum had improved the candles she was making at home; how easy she found it at last to plat straw into hats for her household; how she had succeeded in making starch—a large sample of which she had brought over for Mrs. Juggins—from wheat bran.

"Yes; and just as good as any I ever bought of the store—Yankee made," remarked Mrs. Juggins, as she examined the article carefully. "That is what I say," continued the old lady; "we can do without them, we don't want them here; why can't they just stay at home and—"

"But I must tell you how I managed about making shoes," interrupted her visitor; and she proceeded to tell how many soles of old shoes she had made the children collect from about the place; how she had soaked them well in water, and so made them again into shoes. Mrs. Sorel also informed her neighbor how keenly she had suffered under the dearth of bluing, then desolating all the wash-tubs of the country, and how she had found out that common blue ink, largely diluted, answered just as well.

"Yes, and ink went right up from two bits to fifty cents a bottle, soon's you found it out," moaned Mrs. Juggins.

Much more did Mrs. Sorel have to tell her neighbor, talking rapidly and in her most cheerful manner. Not, if she could help it, should the conversation glide off into the war.

"By-the-by, when did you hear from Frank last?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, in the midst of a description his wife was giving Mrs. Sorel of a loom she was having made.

Colonel Juggins had no such intentions, but his sudden question ruined every thing. He was an ignorant man, somewhat dull too, yet he had his intuitions the moment after that it would have been as well not to have asked the question. But it was too late. Even Mrs. Juggins saw that they were, as she afterward expressed it, "in for it now."

"Not for several weeks, Colonel," replied Mrs. Sorel.

"Your son is in Virginia, I believe, ma'am?" said the preacher, in his usual tone at the beginning of a sermon. Brother Barker always began his sermon in a low and scarcely audible voice: he got loud enough, however, long before he got through.

"With our Tom," said the Colonel, promptly. "And now, Brother Barker, suppose we take a look at that three-year-old I told you about; you circuit riders know a good animal when you see it if any body does: takes a Methodist preacher to judge horse-flesh!"

"In a moment, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, who was not to be interrupted in that way either. "I congratulate you, ma'am," continued he, "that you have a son to fight the battles of his country; it must be a great satisfaction to you."

Now, "Brother Barker was built for fight," had been a highly complimentary remark often made in regard to him by his friends. No knight ever went into tourney with greater zest than did this man into any theological controversy, whenever and wherever the lists were opened. But controversy upon the well-worn themes of Church Government, Election, Baptism, and the like, had ceased entirely, had utterly passed from the minds of men. The one great controversy of the day, raging not only upon battle-field but in every village, in every knot of talkers, in every separate heart and mind, this controversy had swallowed up every other. To it men gave all the zeal they had hitherto squandered in dozens of different directions: certainly with Brother Barker this was the case.

"You are perfectly aware, Mr. Barker, that Frank's course does *not* give me satisfaction," said Mrs. Sorel, calmly.

"Ah, is it so?" said the preacher, raising his brows in wonder. Like every man who stakes every thing on a cause, falsehood favorable to that cause was a totally different thing from the old, abstract, abominable falsehood.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel; "but I have observed from the outset that equivocation, departure from strict truth, has been a leading feature of Secession. You know perfectly well what my sentiments are to-day and always have been. Frank would not have gone to the war if he could have staid at home. He no more wanted to go himself than I wanted to send him. He was taught to love his country from his cradle, and from his earliest recollection he was trained to regard Secession as the greatest of crimes."

"You must permit me, ma'am," began the preacher.

"Only let me finish, if you please," said Mrs. Sorel, in a manner as cool as it was decided. "At the opening of the war Frank never dreamed of enlisting, at least not under *that* flag, but his case became more unpleasant every day. Hardly a day but he would say when he came home, 'I hate the thing as much as you do, mother, but what can I do?' Not a day, not an hour of the day, but his old companions were after him to enlist. So many of them were gone that he began to feel as if left alone in the world. The hints, too, about his being tied to his mother's apron strings, about his being afraid to go, and a hundred things of the kind, wore upon him till he could stand it no longer. One bitter, bitter day he enlisted! He did as tens of thousands of others have done—swept away against every prompting of reason, religion, and conscience—swept away in the wild tide that sweeps the land—and woe to the wicked men that set that tide going! I tell you, Mr. Barker, if to no others, to thousands of desolated mothers they will have to answer for it at the bar of God!"

If Mrs. Sorel had only spoken this in an excited manner and with raised voice it would have been a much easier thing for Mr. Barker to reply; but there was a calmness, a conviction, a sense of being unquestionably right, in her manner which embarrassed the preacher. Or, rather, there was a sense—struggle against it as he might—of being wrong in the matter in the bosom of this latter individual which he could not overcome. Loudly as he talked, abundant as were his arguments from Scripture, fierce as were his denunciations of the Yankees—all the time there was under it all that sense of being in the wrong which the preacher could not get rid of to save his life. However it may be with other men, the really pious man has a sense of right and wrong in his bosom which nothing *can* quench—it is the unquenchable spark within him of an eternal life.

"I would think, Mrs. Sorel—you are a professor, I believe?" asked the preacher.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, with a steady and surprised look at him, "why do you ask such a question? You know that I am."

"Then I would ask, ma'am, why you do not have faith in God to leave your son in his hands? You should not grieve over your son, as I am told you do. Thousands of us—Sister Juggins here, for instance—have sons in the war—"

"And that is just the difference in my case," said Mrs. Sorel, breaking quietly in upon the preacher. "I do not grieve over Frank because he is away from me, or because he may be lying at this moment in some crowded hospital without a mother's hand to tend him. No. Nor if Frank was dying there of some disease or some dreadful wound, would *that* be what would break my heart. For all that I could and would trust him in the hands of the Lord—it is the *cause* he is engaged in that cuts me to the soul."

"Really, Mrs. Sorel," said the preacher, greatly excited, "your views are very singular, and they may be such as may injure you."

"Such have always been my views, Sir," said the lady, quietly and gravely, "and always will be. If I speak at all on the subject I have none others to express. And what I now think and feel was, a year ago, the sentiment of every individual in our then happy land, with the exception of a few desperate politicians who were even then plotting our ruin. Then they were regarded as bad men; to-day they are the rulers of a deluded people."

If Mrs. Sorel had only got angry as she spoke! But she was so entirely calm, spoke with such force of moral conviction, in such a tone as if of burglars or murderers whose guilt no one could deny, that, in spite of himself, the preacher was confused. A mere politician would not have been; but Mr. Barker, on the other hand, had a conscience.

"Were you not born at the North?" he asked, at length.

"Mr. Barker," said the lady, after a grave pause, "why do you ask such a question? You know perfectly well that I am a South Carolinian. Mrs. Juggins has told you that repeatedly—so have I."

"You are a strange sort of South Carolinian," said the preacher, with a sarcastic smile.

"Perhaps so," said the lady, quietly. "My father was a plain, sensible planter, living in South Carolina, as his people and his wife's people had lived from the settlement of the country. In the days of Nullification he was a Union man—not without some influence—the unpretending influence of plain, sober, Christian sense—in his neighborhood. He was murdered by a Nullifier, a leading politician then, and I never can forget the lesson I learned then—the calm, solid conviction of the one set of principles, and the heat and violence, the dueling, bullying, cursing, threatening spirit of the other. When I look over the country now I see the same difference between the two parties—only the noblest and best among us have, in many cases, been poisoned and borne away with the wicked spirit which was at one time confined to the bosoms of the desperate few."

"And is it possible, ma'am, that you, a Southern woman, can have any regard for Yankees?" said the preacher, with a strong emphasis, as of nausea, upon the first syllable of the word.

"Not for want of learning what a dreadful people they are," said Mrs. Sorel, with a smile. "Only last week Mrs. Juggins was telling me that marriage has been altogether abolished among them."

"Law me, yes!" broke in Mrs. Juggins; "so I'm told. Up there the women all wear pants like men, make speeches, vote, and, I *do* suppose, carry their revolvers, curse and swear, drink and gamble, just like the men! When any man and woman happen to meet any where and take a likin' to each other they just consider themselves married—free love, they call it!"

"And you remember, Mrs. Juggins," said Mrs. Sorel, "what you told me about Lincoln's having contracted with people to go through the South burning up people's houses by night, so much a house."

"And Mrs. Juggins could have told you, too," said the preacher, "that the North has apostatized into a universal infidelity."

"Mr. Barker," asked Mrs. Sorel, pausing from her work and looking steadily at the preacher, "do you believe yourself that the Christians of the North have thus apostatized?"

"I asked Lamum the last time I saw him," said the preacher; "he is a Northern man, too; he ought to know, and he said he didn't know that any one doubted it. Though," put in the preacher, with candor, "there may be—I say *may* be—some Lots in the midst of Sodom: for what I know there may be even seven thousand there that have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Don't mention that man Lamum, Brother Barker, if you please," broke in Sister Juggins. "Preferred cold light bread, he said, that night



COLONEL JUGGINS READING THE "SOMERVILLE STAR" TO HIS WIFE.

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he staid with us—a Yankee, a regular Yankee. He has a cold, creepin', calculatin' kind of a way. Bein' born and raised North, for my part I don't see how he can help feelin' with his own people; it's *nature* he should. For all he says, take my word, he don't want the South to whip. He ought to be made to leave—put the other side of that wall!"

"Sister Juggins," said the preacher, "you forget. Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things. But never mind about that. Please hand me that Bible again. Mrs. Sorel is an intelligent lady, a believer in plain Scriptnre. I have been blessed to convincing a good many before now who were perfectly infatuated—you must pardon me, ma'am—about the old Union. If you will only listen a little! I would not mind it so much, but that you should be from South Carolina, and not— But here is the place."

And thereupon Brother Barker launched out upon the theme which had never been out of his mind, and scarce for an hour at a time, except when he was sleeping, off his tongue, for the last year. He adduced all the passages in the Bible which are considered as sanctioning the institution of slavery, and which were as familiar to his finger and tongue now as the proof-texts in regard to election and baptism had once been in less interesting controversies of old. Having established slavery as a biblical ordinance, he then assumed the infidelity of the North because hostile to that divine ordinance.

This position he confirmed by numerous references to the avowedly infidel writers and infidel practices of the North. Garrison, Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, Berlin Heights, Oberlin, John Brown, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Millerism, Lovejoy, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln! flew from his lips with a fluency and a force amazing to hear. These were the things which, like the well-worn pebbles in the calabash, the war rattle of a savage warrior, Brother Barker made deafening noise with. It was astonishing what a mass of ammunition he had accumulated upon the subject. But Mrs. Sorel ceased to wonder when he began to refer to the *Advocate*, lying on the table beside him. It was a very large sheet, and week after week it had come to Brother Barker, as to almost every family connected with the same denomination in the State, brimful of nothing else.

As the preacher proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, louder and louder. But when he came to the unnatural, unchristian, despotic, malignant, fiendish, diabolical, hellish conduct of the North in actually waging war upon the South, recounting deed after deed of atrocity which he had gathered from the teeming papers, he seemed to have forgotten Mrs. Sorel—who sat by quietly sewing—altogether; seemed, in fact, even to have forgotten himself, for his language was rather that of an intoxicated bully than of a minister of the Prince of Peace. His sallow cheek became livid with passion, his whole frame trembled with the violence of his wrath. To Mrs. Sorel it was a painful spectacle, like the raging of a thunder-gust unpleasantly near—physically unpleasant, in fact. Even the Colonel and his wife hung their heads, deeply conscious how little in accordance with the gospel he preached was the temper and language of their pastor.

It took Brother Barker little time to get his feelings fairly wrought up when he began, but then it took him a still longer time to get them down again. Only when he was exhausted did he draw to a close.

"And now, ma'am, knowing all this, is it possible you can desire to be associated longer with such a people? Union! Union!" It is impossible to describe the loathing with which the speaker pronounced the hateful word.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, very quietly, "I was told something the other day in regard to yourself. We hear so much that is false these days that I took for granted it was not so."

"What was it, ma'am?" asked the preacher, hoarse from his exertion, but pale and eager.

"I was told that Dr. Peel made a speech in Somerville, in which he said that if he supposed the Yankees engaged in this war went to heaven, for his part he would prefer going to hell. And it was said that you clapped your hands, with others, in applause. Will you permit me to ask you if that is so?"

"It is impossible for me, ma'am," replied the preacher, "to remember distinctly all I either say or do. If I did applaud such a sentiment, it was because I well know it is impossible for any one engaged in this murderous war upon the rights of the South to get to heaven!"

"I am free to say," observed Mrs. Sorel, after quite a pause, "that I am convinced of some things by what you have said."

"Ah! ma'am, I believed you were open to conviction—and what are those?"

"I think it is extremely probable," said Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "that those German soldiers in Missouri *did* break into the dairies and drink all the milk; because our soldiers have done the same to my dairy." And Mrs. Sorel looks up with a smile.

"I had hoped, ma'am—" began the preacher.

"Pardon me, Sir," continued Mrs. Sorel. "Your remarks have thoroughly convinced me of something more to the purpose than that I have noticed, and you are yourself as well aware of the fact as I am—that when one is entirely satisfied of the truth and of the moral and religious right of a matter, in regard to that matter they are calm. It is to them a something as clear and settled as is the existence of God, and I can not imagine a person getting into a passion in asserting the existence of the Almighty, or any other thing in regard to which his mind is entirely made up. Now, if Secession be a thing so certainly right—a cause approved from Scripture, and for which the Almighty is so certainly pledged—why such feverish excitement on the subject? why such incessant argument and assertion and violence? If the North is pursuing a course so horribly wicked why abuse them so? Why not leave them, with little emotion save of pity, to the certain vengeance of God? And yet that paper you hold in your hand is full, from week to week, of such terms as rascally, scoundrelly North! villainous, execrable Government! and the like. Before this thing began the editor of that paper, and all of you ministers—yes, and all Christians—would have shrunk with horror from using, in regard to any thing, language which is now the everyday speech of even ministers in the pulpit, to say nothing of Christians in private life. Can it be a holy cause which inspires such language? And we, poor Union people, why are you so exercised in regard to us? We are quiet and silent; one would suppose you would have a pity, a contempt even, for people so deluded! Why are you so uneasy about us? You see no passion in us, only cool conviction. Can we help convictions which are as clear to us as any conviction can be? We don't interfere with your views; why can you not leave us in peace to our delusion?"

"Mrs. Sorel," said the minister, more excited by the calmness of the lady than he would have been by her violence, "I tell you, as a friend, the Union people about Somerville had better look out. The feelings of the country are getting hotter and hotter every day. As sure as you live, every Union man, woman, and child will have to leave the country or be hung! We are not going to be trifled with, ma'am," and there was a dangerous fire in his eyes as he spoke. "It's with your church, like people like priest," he added, with bitterness.

"And what has Mr. Arthur done?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"He voted against Secession, ma'am, and," continued the preacher, "so far from being ashamed of it, he has been known to say that he will always rejoice that he did not stay away from the polls, as many of his sentiments did, but went and cast *his* vote, at least, against the measure."

"I always wished I could have seen him that mornin'," said Colonel Juggins. "I like Mr. Arthur, like his preaching—just a word or two from me would have fixed it;" and the Colonel resumed his pipe, greatly regretting he had left the magical words unspoken.

A close observer might have detected a slight motion at the corners of Mrs. Sorel's mouth, but she said nothing. The training in the art of holding the tongue, which Union people at the South underwent during the revolution, was amazing. Alas! the long and severe training, too, in all manner of equivocation, deception, and dissimulation which many of them submitted to was one of the demoralizing influences of that most demoralizing of periods.

"Never you mind," interposed Mrs. Juggins, with a wise look from over the sock she was darning—"I know one will fix him, sure!"

"And who is that?" asked the Colonel. "Neely isn't the man to work on a man like Mr. Arthur. As to that Guy Brooks, he's worse Union than the parson himself. As to that red-headed Ferguson, somebody ought to get hold of that fellow! Only the last week or two I hailed him as he was riding by to ask the news. Would you believe it? he stopped his horse, threw one leg over the pommel of his saddle, and told me a long story of how Washington had been taken by Beauregard, and how Lincoln had been hung on a pole—flag-pole it was—on the dome of the Capitol, the Washington people hurrahing underneath like smoke, and all his dying confessions, and such like. He told it all as solemn—you know how dry he is—never stirred a muscle! And I was fool enough to believe it. Next time he saw me there in Somerville he came up to me, regretted—dry as you please—what he had told me was false! 'We hear so many things every day just as probable,' he said."

"Mrs. Sorel knows who I mean," said Mrs. Juggins, demurely. "Law me! it's no secret—Miss Ally Bowles. If she isn't sound nobody is, and if she don't make him toe the mark I'm mistaken."

"There is a true Southern woman for you!" broke in the preacher, by way of a severe hit at his late antagonist. "You remember, Colonel, and you, Sister Juggins, that day she presented the flag to the boys—I offered the prayer, you will remember. How straight she stood—as an Indian! Her hair down her shoulders, her cheeks as red as fire, her eyes sparkling. With her flag in her hand, and all, she reminded me of a picture of the Goddess of Liberty I saw somewhere once! Genuine Southern woman!"

"But they say Mr. Neely—" began Mrs. Sorel.

"A Yankee!" interrupted Mrs. Juggins. "Gracious!" may come very strong from the lips of an exasperated Mussulman, but it could not express more unutterable disgust than "Yankee!" did from the lips which then spoke it. "To lie like a Yankee" expressed a proficiency in the art which Satan himself might envy. "To run like a Yankee" left the old similes of deer and greyhound far behind. "A Yankee!" hurled by one boy on the play-ground at another was considered the quintessence of all insult and cursing. "Abolitionist" used to be considered strong language, but "Yankee" was stronger still—it meant the abolitionist armed and equipped and in full operation.

"Yet no one is a more ardent Secessionist," said Mrs. Sorel, in her gentle manner.

"Fine looking fellow, too!" put in the Colonel.

"I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I don't think Miss Ally could stand a Yankee. I don't care how much they make-believe Secession. I hate them only that much more. Let them go back where they came from! What I say is, let them let us alone; we don't want to go among them that I know of. However, Ally'd rather marry even a Yankee than a Union man any day. And if she did, there's Mrs. Bowles—it would kill her stone-dead!"

"Why, you are as pert as a tree-frog, old woman!" said her husband. "It's more than I feel after that Donelson news."

In a few moments Mr. Barker had left, carefully and cordially shaking hands with Colonel Juggins and his wife, and scarcely honoring Mrs. Sorel with a distant bow as he passed out. The subject of the war being exhausted with his departure, Mrs. Juggins and her husband were to Mrs. Sorel for the rest of her visit the same plain, cordial friends as before Secession was dreamed of by them.

But it was in vain, a day or two after, that the Colonel read aloud to his wife every word of the Somerville *Star*. That Fort Donelson had fallen, and that Nashville was threatened, was too evident. It is true the Colonel read several times over, with deep satisfaction, the important information derived from the gentleman direct from England; yet even this news, new as it was and delightful as it was to the Colonel, produced but a momentary relief.

It was a satisfaction, however, to learn, as he did from the Somerville *Star*, that the recent disasters were all owing to the most unexpected and abject cowardice of the military leaders—an event which could by no possibility ever take place again. Besides, the *Star* had ascertained that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers were both falling so rapidly that the capture of the Federal gun-boats and transports was a certainty. The *Star* even gave an estimate of the amount of provisions and military stores which would thus fall into the hands of the Confederacy—"brought to us by the fiendish enemy just when and where we needed them most."

Never had the Somerville *Star* shone more clearly than in the passing darkness of the hour. "Mark our words," said the *Star*, "if any of our readers fall in with any one who entertains a doubt, or the shadow of a doubt, of our success in this glorious struggle for all man holds dear, that doubter is a *traitor;* yes, a TRAITOR to his country, and *should be dealt with as such!*"

A NEW DISEASE; OR, PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

SAID Mr. Jonas Barcarole, looking about him at breakfast, "Has any body seen John Misling lately?" Every body looked at Clara.

"He has not been here in a month, Sir," answered the beautiful Clara, promptly.

"Hum!" said Mr. Barcarole; "ha! the young fellow may be sick. I should think somebody had better look after him;" and buttoning up his overcoat, for it was now well on in the chilly weather, the President of the Primrose Bank went down town; but Clara's conscience staid by the breakfast-table; and it tweaked and twinged her with remembrances of the way in which she had snubbed this poor little Misling, who labored under the double disadvantage of being a cousin, and madly in love with her; and it drew such terrible pictures of the forlorn little man, lying sick and untended in his dreary lodging-house, that it spurred her up, and drove her on to her dressing-bureau, where she arrayed herself in a velvet basque, a violet hat, and the smallest buff-tinted kid gloves, into which she could squeeze a very pretty little hand; and fortified by the presence of her aunt, Mrs. Douglass, a lace handkerchief, and a vinaigrette, went to find and nurse her missing cousin.

Now John Misling was a wholly inappropriate, unfortunate, unseasonable, and absurd individual! Noisy when he should be silent, mum when he should talk; the round man in the square hole; the third person at a tête-à-tête; the man never to see the paper in which he was told to call somewhere and hear something to his advantage; to have the small-pox when you counted on him as groomsman; to break his leg if your case depended on his evidence; while his mental and physical qualities, taken together, made such an odd jumble that you might have supposed that Nature had compounded him out of the scraps and leavings of every body's disposition and *physique*. For example: joined to the muscle of a young lady he had a preposterous itching for frays and adventures. He blushed and perspired in the presence of women, and was always dreadfully snubbed by them, and yet fancied himself a hero among them. He was scant five feet two inches in height, with a huge nose and a red shining face, and yet was haunted by a notion of carrying himself loftily and gracefully. He squeaked, stammered, talked fast, and without any commas, and insisted on trying to shine in society. He was the author of perhaps more rejected manuscripts than any one in the United States, and yet firmly believed in his own talents as a writer; and though utterly penniless and ridiculous in every one's eyes but his own, was madly in love with his beautiful cousin, Clara Barcarole, the daughter of the wealthy President of the Primrose Bank, and one of the most fascinating girls in New York.

During the month in which he had been missed from the Barcarole mansion he had written a book, and the polite publishers of the house of Sanscrit & Co. had promised it "their earliest attention." He calculated that their "earliest attention" signified three weeks, and at the end of that time intended to demand an advance of five hundred dollars on the book. Out of the five hundred dollars he would buy a pair of new trowsers, and in the trowsers he would call on the beautiful Clara, and give her an opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Misling. Meantime—and there is not a more difficult operation in the world than living out a "meantime"—Misling had only a balance of twenty-five cents in his pocket, and no prospect of money from any quarter. In this dilemma he picked up a little printed bill, reading as follows:

"J. CANTRELL, Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's cast-off Clothing, Bed-clothing, Boots, Shoes, old Metal, old Umbrellas, Musical Instruments, for all of which the Subscriber will give the highest Prices. He hopes any one who reads this Bill will look up all they have; if ever so trifling, it will be purchased. J. C. returns his sincere thanks for the liberal Encouragement he has received, and hopes every Person will look up all they can.

"N.B.—The Bill and the Goods will be called for in two hours.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

Misling had no old umbrellas or musical instruments to offer the accommodating Mr. Cantrell; but besides the gray mix that he was just then wearing he owned a pair of linen trowsers. There would be a certain risk in the venture; for, between ink-spots and mutton-chops cooked over the gas, there was nothing left for the "gray mix" but to be washed. While they were in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty Misling would be a trowserless man; and it would be like his luck for the house to take advantage of his situation and burn down; or some one might call; or Mrs. O'Flaherty might get drunk and forget him. But nothing venture, nothing have. Misling sold the linen trowsers, provisioned himself with crackers and cheese, and, with many injunctions, placed the "gray mix" in the hands of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

It was then, of all days in the year, that Clara Barcarole brought her violet-hat, her aunt, and her lace handkerchief to look after her unlucky cousin, and fluttering up the dingy steps of the dingier lodging-house, filled its onion-scented halls with wafts of Night-blooming Cereus, and the breast of its landlady with profoundest astonishment.

Misling heard them coming, the shrill voice of his landlady sounding in advance; for, as there was no waiting-room, the good woman had marshaled them up the damp stairs at once.

"This way, ladies. Take care—them steps at the top is broken. The third door on the left, ladies."

Misling heard and glanced wildly around him. There was the fire-place; but it was obstructed by a fire-board and a rusty stove, and, besides, he had never learned to climb a chimney. Closets there were none. He had no trunk, and might have hesitated about getting into it if he had. Impossible to get under the bedstead, for it was a cot, and, in his fright, it never occurred to him to lock the door; and hearing the rustle of silk and patter of boot-heels close at hand he sprang hastily into bed, covering himself up to the tip of his nose, just as Clara and Mrs. Douglass entered.

"Ah!" said Clara, looking about her compassionately. "Just as I thought. Now, Cousin John, how bad of you to be ill, and never send us word, and make me come all this way to find how you were!"

"You are an angel," answered Misling, vaguely, and tingling with pleasure and pain alike; for if it was so good of her to search him out, yet how dreadful to be visited by an angel when a man's trowsers were in the wash!

"Have you been long ill?" asked Mrs. Douglass, kindly, her womanly sympathies thoroughly aroused by the dreary, chilly, bare, little room.

"Yes—no—that is—a day or so;" returned Misling, getting scarlet.

"He has a fever," said Clara, growing more and more concerned. "Look at his face, Aunt Miriam! Just think of his lying sick and alone in this—"

She was going to say miserable den, and certainly the expression did the wretched little room no more than justice; for there was no fire in the rusty stove—the carpet, in the wear and tear of years, had forgotten long ago the pattern of its youth—and the table, adorned with bowl, ewer, shaving utensils, crackers, cheese, and stationery, was of pine, as were the two hard chairs occupied by the ladies.

"What medicines have you taken?" asked Mrs. Douglass, observing that Misling shrank from every notice of his surroundings. "If you have fever I would recommend—"

"I never take drugs," cut in Misling, hastily. "Perfect quiet, light diet"—here he glanced at the crackers and cheese—"are the remedies to which I always resort."

"You are accustomed to it then. You are often ill in this way?" queried Clara.

"Yes; my attacks may be said to be periodical," said Misling, not without a secret relish of his own wit, dangerous as was his situation.

"Periodical attacks!" echoed the young lady, to whom the words conveyed a very dreadful idea indeed, and opening wide her handsome brown eyes. "And you do nothing for them at all, cousin John?"

"Well, no—not exactly. I—I—" stammering, and cornered; "the fact is," brightening—"I use hydropathic remedies. I have great faith in the virtues of water;" secret relish of his own wit again.

"No wonder you are ill; but you need not suppose you are going on in this heathenish way now, Sir, that you have fallen into better hands than your own;" showing symptoms of taking off her gloves. "We do not mean to leave you till we have seen you more comfortable, do we, Aunt Miriam?"

Misling burst out in a cold perspiration, and, for the first time in his life, wished his fair cousin at the antipodes.

"You must not think of such a thing! You are too good," he stammered. "I am well—that is, I shall be well soon. You really give yourselves too much trouble."

"You hear," said Clara's conscience, bounceable as ever, under the velvet basque; "he lives here, half frozen on bread and cheese, till he falls ill; and then he calls you, who snubbed him, every time he approached you, 'too good,' because you take the trouble at last to ask whether he is alive or dead. Your own cousin, Miss; and if he dies whose fault will it—" Here the conscience was cut short by a tear from Clara, which she wiped away, not on the lace handkerchief, but on a plainer one taken from her pocket, saying:

"We are not too good at all; and we are not going to be put off in that way, are we Aunt Mir?"

"If John will tell us something of his symptoms," returned Mrs. Douglass, doubtfully. "What do you call your illness, John?"

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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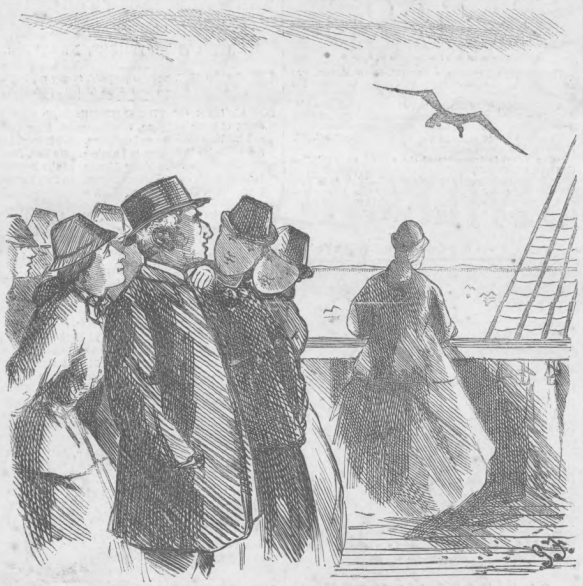
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH THE INFANT PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER INFANT.

A YOUNG mother, holding a baby of two years, is one of the loveliest and holiest objects that can be seen on earth, whether she be a Princess and future Queen or the wife of a poor laboring man. In either case we must look upon this attitude of womanhood grouped with childhood as an embodiment of the most sacred affections and capabilities of human nature; and the ideal of maternity, which the mystic piety of the Middle Ages was inclined to worship, under the noblest artistic forms, as an accessory to divine revelation, still remains all but the highest conceivable type of moral harmony and grace. There is no woman who bears a child, in the humblest home as well as in the palaces of Royalty, who does not, while she cherishes the young life derived from her own, exhibit a living picture of this adorable ideal, more truthful and more impressive than any which RAPHAEL or MURILLO has drawn.

We are happy to be able to present our readers this week with an illustration representing ALEXANDRA, the Princess of Wales, with her first-born infant, the little Prince VICTOR, whose second birthday occurred January 8 of the present year. Prince VICTOR EDWARD is in the direct line of regal succession, and, if he lives long enough, will one day be the King of England. The picture which we give is from an excellent photograph by Messrs. WINDOW & BRIDGE, Regent Street, London.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

WE have a very high respect for the admirable services of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, and for the earnestness with which he holds opinions in which we do not always agree; but Mr. STEVENS lacks some important qualifications as a parliamentary leader. He is too fond of snap judgments at a time when the utmost deliberation is required. He does not understand the intention of the motion for the previous question. Its object is not to stifle discussion, but to save time when debate is clearly exhausted. Yet when the Reconstruction Committee reported a constitutional amendment of the utmost gravity, and before the House could have a chance of consideration, or the country of declaring itself, he threatened the call of the previous question. Had he persisted a very serious mischief would have been done. As it is, the House will be wary hereafter.

The amendment reported is substantially that of Mr. BLAINE. It proposes, in substance, to apportion representation to the whole number of the population, excepting those who may be disfranchised by reason of race or color. In effect, it is a bribe of increased political power offered to the late Slave States to induce them to give political equality to their colored population. It is one of the innumerable indirect methods suggested to reach a result which is now gradually seen to be virtually indispensable to the successful reorganization of the late rebel States; but which, we think, will at last be attained by simpler and directer means.

Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, and Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, have indicated very distinctly and forcibly the objections to the adoption of the amendment. It admits, by implication, that States may disfranchise because of race or color, and that is something of which Congress should not be guilty. Then it enables a State to exclude large masses of its population of all colors by a property qualification, thus establishing an oligarchy where Congress is bound to secure a republican form of government. By merely omitting the word "white" in their present laws defining the electoral qualification, many of the States could still enjoy their present superiority of representation. In South Carolina, for instance, more than half of the population is colored. But the colored population are not property-holders. Nothing is easier than for the State to retain its law of a property qualification, by which more than half of the population would be excluded from the polls while they would be counted in the basis of representation. Yet if the amendment which authorizes or protects such legislation should pass, Congress would have virtually decided that such an exclusion is republican. There is still another objection, which is this—that while the object of the amendment is to protect colored citizens by giving them the vote, the feeling of caste in the unorganized States is so strong that they would probably be willing to submit to the lessened representation as the price of obtaining the complete control of the freedmen—a result which is to be resisted to the last by every honorable American.

The amendment, as it stands, will probably not pass—at least, we sincerely hope it may not. We do not know, indeed, what further suggestions the Committee may propose which will modify and control this. But we presume that the debate will have shown to the Committee the feeling of the House and of the country, and induce them to consider a very simple and obvious solution of the difficulty—an amendment defining the qualifications of all adult male citizens of the United States in national elections. Should some educational test be required of future voters, it would still be impossible to trust the education of their colored population to the unorganized States. They would keep them disfranchised by ignorance. Now, ignorance is a very bad thing; but loyal ignorance is better than disloyal, and the Union would be much more secure if the one kind were allowed to neutralize the other. Besides, as Mr. BOUTWELL asked with emphasis, if an educational test were imposed and the decision of its adequate fulfillment were left to white judges in the late Slave States, how many colored men would they admit to have satisfied the conditions?

The airy gentlemen who think that half a nation can be alienated from the other half for forty years, and after appealing to a tremendous civil war, which rages for four years, tearing up the industrial and political system of half a continent by its roots, and after one party is vanquished in the field and still remains hostile at heart, can conjure a settlement and reunion in a few weeks or months by a free use of the word "conciliation," will have an opportunity of learning wisdom from events. The duties of no Congress could be graver then those of the present, and it has thus far shown a sagacity which we have no reason to fear will desert it.

SENATOR TRUMBULL'S BILL.

THE passage, in the Senate, of Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill for continuing and enlarging the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau will be followed, we trust, by its early passage in the House. The debate was ample, and it is only the truth to say that every argument urged against it was utterly refuted. The ability and the tone of the speeches in its favor were contrasted with those against it as humanity and justice and enlightenment are always contrasted with injustice and meanness. It was fitting that Mr. GARRETT DAVIS should make a wretched spectacle of himself, and offer a motion upon the final passage of the bill which the President of the Senate could not entertain; for the unfortunate Senator from Kentucky is distinguished only, with Senator SAULSBURY of Delaware, by bursts of impotent and ridiculous rage whenever any proposition is made toward justice to the race whose long unjust treatment by us brought the war upon our homes and hearts. It was fitting also, in another way, that a Senator from the Northwest, a friend of President LINCOLN'S and from his State, should have presented the bill which will do so much toward finishing his work.

Land and education are to be the grounds of security for the liberty of the whole Southern population. If they could only perceive it, every step taken for the elevation of the freedmen is an immense gain for the Southern States and for the country. Whatever develops their self-respect and stimulates them to industry and thrift brings us all nearer to permanent peace. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, complains of the Freedmen's Bureau as opposing and perplexing the President's policy, and of its confirming the tenure of the Sea Island district to the freedmen for three years as an injustice. He also laments that the prospect of a homestead makes the freedmen unwilling to conclude contracts.

Nothing is more probable. If Governor ORR were homeless, houseless, and landless; if he were in the midst of a community which despised and hated him; if he knew that his most sacred rights, his most precious relations, were at the mercy of those who were educated to regard him and treat him as an ox or a dog; if he knew that the power which had given him his freedom, and was strong enough to maintain it, intended to secure him against the consequences of the cruel hostility which surrounded him by giving him land and defending his rights upon it, we are inclined to believe that Governor ORR—unless he were the dull brute which the colored man is represented to be by the political and social friends of Governor ORR, but which his conduct disproves—would do exactly what the freedmen are doing: he would wait the action of his friends before confiding himself to his enemies.

Governor ORR and the opponents of the Freedmen's Bureau do not appear to understand that it is just as impossible for the white population of the South to deal justly by the freedmen as it was for the Catholics of three centuries ago to be just to the Protestants. How absolutely and entirely the white gentlemen at the South misunderstand the colored race and the conditions of progressive civilization let our long war show. Nobody would be so mad as to insist that if the colored race had been always fairly treated in the South there would have been any serious alienation ending so tragically. And in view of their ghastly failure in dealing with the question, modesty might prompt these gentlemen to be slow and distrustful in offering their advice to those who have become the guardians of the freed race.

It is true that it is a question of peculiar moment to the Southern States, because the freedmen are native in that section, and will inevitably remain there. But it is no less true that experience has proved the Southern white policy upon the subject to be intolerable to the peace of the country. That policy was based upon a spirit of caste which is inconsistent with our whole system; and every sign in the Southern legislatures and conventions and papers and speeches and correspondence and conversation, and indeed in every form by which opinion is expressed, shows that the same policy will be continued if the decision were left to the same old authority. There is a universal tendency in the interested section toward black codes, black laws, and an absolute class distinction. But since the method which is utterly abhorrent to the American principle has failed, why not try a policy founded upon that principle? Since injustice has plunged us into war, why not try justice as a means of keeping the peace? Since we have resolved that the late slaves are men, why not treat them as men?

It is the object of the Freedmen's Bureau to secure that treatment. The result can not be reached without vexatious delays and perplexities. There will be complaints, often well founded, of the officers and agents employed. There will be friction and disappointment of many kinds in the working of the system. But they will all be slowly and constantly working out toward justice and the equal rights of men, upon which foundation only can future prosperity and union be erected.

FENIANISM.

WHILE General SWEENY declares that, if supported, he will conquer a spot of British territory before next May from which to threaten the empire, and Mr. ROBERTS indulges in the dangerous delight of prophesying that within ninety days the green flag will be flying over the largest army of Irishmen ever collected, the British courts are sentencing Fenian prisoners to long years of penal servitude, and the Head Centre, STEPHENS, is a fugitive upon the Continent. At the same time, also, Irishmen are every where asking themselves whether the prospects of the Fenian movement to emancipate Ireland and erect the Irish Republic are so promising that they can hopefully run the risk of ruining themselves and their families.

Indeed, the late Fenian performance in the city of New York was so lamentably farcical that the whole movement seems to have died quietly in ridicule here, as it ends more tragically across the sea. It is a symptom both of the discontent of Irishmen and of the utter incapacity of the leaders who have sought to direct that discontent to practical political ends. Yet that discontent, it must be allowed, is greatly traditional and sentimental. Probably few Irishmen who are established in this country would care to return to their native land, and still fewer would wish to give their lives and the comfort of their families to place that land under the rule of no higher wisdom than has been displayed in the Fenian movement. The British government of Ireland is not a noble or humane story. No honorable Englishman can contemplate it without sorrow and shame. But bad as it may have been, ungenerous as it may be now, it is undoubtedly preferable to the government of such leaders as have appeared in the Fenian ranks.

And even were it not so, every sensible Irishman, and from such only will actual danger menace England, sees that the British Government is now fully aroused, and does not hesitate to take the most decisive measures, and that a revolution in Ireland would be for every British subject a question of the integrity and honor of the British empire. Indeed, this revolution is baffled before it fairly begins. And what kind of a revolution could that be which advertises itself vociferously three thousand miles away in a foreign country, and explodes in a ludicrous wrangle of would-be leaders? Meanwhile, however, we suppose that the collection of Fenian alms continues, and that many a hard working man and woman is giving the money which should buy comfort for their families to a cause which, however inspiring in itself to an Irishman, shows not the least chance of practical success.

There is truly no nobler sacrifice than that of life and of every effort for the salvation of an oppressed country. There is no more splendid spectacle in history than the revolution of our fathers in '76. But grand and ennobling as that struggle was, it would have been a criminal folly if they had obeyed a mere vague sentiment, and had not literally counted the cost and scrupulously weighed the chances of success.

IS THERE TOO MUCH OF ONE SUBJECT?

IF any body thinks that both in Congress and in general conversation an undue prominence is given to the subject of the colored population, he ought to remember that precisely that subject was the root of our late war, and it must therefore necessarily be the most prominent topic in all considerations of settlement. But, says some one, why not discuss questions of trade and methods of conciliation, because, after all, it must be by commercial intercourse and social ties that the alienated sections are to be knit together again?

The reason is obvious. Trade and commercial relations depend upon the stability of the industrial system; and the question of the industrial system at the South is that of the colored population. Spite of ourselves, therefore, spite of our weariness of the topic, spite of the monotony of the discussion, it must turn first upon the fundamental point. Until the industry of the Southern section begins again, there can be no resumption of commercial relations; and until there is some final settlement of the industrial system there will be no capital invested and no risks taken, and consequently the land will remain comparatively unproductive.

But still further, as in this country there is no serious impediment any where to the acquisition of political power by every man, an equal share of political power has come to be the security of the fruits of industry. The most ignorant of foreigners, after a short probation, may be naturalized and share political power equally with the most intelligent native. If, therefore, any considerable number of the population should be arbitrarily excluded from political equality, and under circumstances which threatened to make this exclusion permanent, they would be dissatisfied and restless, their claims would be supported by an immense party; a great agitation would ensue, and the industrial relations of the region in which that population lived would be radically disturbed and unsatisfactory.

In our present situation, therefore, the political relations of the freedmen must be clearly defined and established upon the justice which all the rest of us demand, or we shall find ourselves unable to take a single forward step safely and intelligibly. This explains the prominence of the question in Congress and the public mind. The important point is to determine in what way the political equality of the population in question may be most wisely secured. That is the real intention of the amendments to the Constitution which are debated in Congress. That is the natural and serious interest of the people of the United States. It is with no wish to devote exclusive or disproportioned attention to any question that this is so constantly considered, but only because this is the key of the situation, and when this is justly settled all other questions are less difficult.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

LAME as Justice is said to be, she travels steadily and surely—at all events in some cases. It lacks but a few months of twelve years since the financial community was paralyzed by the news that the President of the New Haven Railroad Company had been flooding Wall Street with spurious certificates of stock, and had run away to hide his guilt and his shame in foreign lands. So vast was the extent of the fraud, and so high had stood the character of the criminal, that people at first refused to believe the news. SCHUYLER was not only a member of the church and a scion of our "hereditary nobility," he was a man personally well known in Wall Street, universally esteemed and respected, a king among railway men, a potentate among financiers. Yet this SCHUYLER, as it was soon proved, had issued fraudulent certificates of stock in the New York and New Haven Railway Company to an amount exceeding two millions of dollars, had foisted them on his friends and acquaintances the bankers, brokers, and money-lenders of Wall Street, and had run away leaving no trace behind.

After the first shock Wall Street turned its attention to the practical consequences of the development. There was $3,000,000 of genuine stock of the New Haven Road, and $2,000,000 or more of stock fraudulently issued by SCHUYLER. The stock had been active, and on the morning when the fraud came to light, there was hardly a banker or broker in New York who did not hold directly or indirectly some shares. How could the so-called spurious stock be distinguished from the genuine? The brokers studied the subject, and finding that all the certificates were alike, all duly-signed and registered, and all to outward appearance equally valid, concluded that no distinction could be made between them, and that the Company—being bound for the acts of its officer—must be equally responsible for all. This was the sense of the New York Stock Exchange, and of the bankers and brokers throughout the country. They therefore summoned the New Haven Railroad Company to recognize all the certificates, whatever their origin, and to transfer them on their books.

The Company refused. Its counsel took the ground that though the Company was responsible for all acts of its officer performed within the scope of his official duties, it was not responsible for acts committed beyond that scope, much less for crimes committed by him. And some of the subordinate clerks of the Company undertook, by a process never clearly explained, to separate the so-called spurious stock from

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the genuine, and to pronounce two-thirds of the floating certificates of New Haven stock absolute waste paper.

Naturally indignant at this proceeding, the brokers clubbed together and instituted legal proceedings against the Company to compel them to recognize the so-called spurious stock. More than half the leading lawyers of the city were retained on their behalf. The Company accepted the issue, retained able counsel on its side, and prepared for a long fight. The stock was struck from the list of the Stock Exchange, and has never since been bought or sold at the Board.

The suit began in the fall of 1854. It took many shapes, and came up in various ways. There is hardly a leading lawyer at the bar who has not been engaged in it at some time or other, either for or against the Company. As a rule the press and public sentiment were throughout in favor of the brokers. People generally took the common-sense view of the case, and decided that as a loss must fall upon somebody, it was more equitable that it should fall on the Company, which had erred in the choice of an officer, than upon innocent holders of stock who had been guilty of no negligence, and could not, by any possibility, have protected themselves against the event. But the Company stood unmoved. It had a long purse, an obstinate Board of Direction, and an ingenious party of lawyers. Year after year dragged on, and but little progress was made. Every technical difficulty was urged by the Company; every side-issue was elaborately discussed; every possible motion was made; every point of law raised; and thus, as we said, year after year passed; the law costs of the injured brokers were steadily on the increase, and they seemed to be no nearer judgment and redress. At last, some six years after the commencement of the suit, a judgment was obtained in one of the cases. It was substantially in favor of the Company.

This was so discouraging to the litigants that many of them, worn out by long waiting, loss of time, and heavy law costs, concluded to accept a compromise which was judiciously offered by the Company. On condition of withdrawing their suits and giving no further trouble, they received one share of real stock for every two shares of so-called spurious stock. Thus at least one half of the claims were adjusted at the cost of all the net earnings of the Company for several years.

But there was one man among the prosecutors of the Company who was not discouraged. This was CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. He had lent money to SCHUYLER on the so-called spurious stock. He had examined the stock before he lent his money, and had proved the certificates correct. He was not now willing to admit that they were otherwise. The adverse judgment did not dismay him. If the Company had patience, so had he. If they had a long purse, so had he. If they could fee able lawyers (one of the Company's counsel is said to have received no less than $100,000 for work in this single case), so could he. He rejected the proffered compromise with derision, and bade his lawyers appeal, and prosecute the appeal with vigor. Encouraged by his example, other victims of the fraud declined to accept the compromise, and appealed their cases likewise.

Then followed more tedious years of postponements, arguments on side issues, motions and countermotions, and all the legal manœuvres which are so profitable to lawyers and so heartsickening to needy seekers after justice. There is no doubt but the Company based its hopes in great part upon the probable death of Commodore VANDERBILT. If he died, there was every reason to believe they might succeed in wearing out the other suitors, and either inducing them to accept the proposed compromise or defeating them altogether. And he was an old man, over seventy, with heart-disease (so 'twas said), with a fondness for fast horses, and a habit of being dashed out of his wagon from time to time. The New Haven Directors each morning carefully examined the deaths under the letter V, and mutely prayed for the release of their relentless prosecutor.

Their prayers were not heard. The Commodore did not die. On the contrary, in spite of heart-disease, fast horses, and upsets, he seemed to grow most pertinacious at the very time other men's patience would weary; and at the very moment the Company expected a season of repose he was upon them more furiously than ever, with new motions and arguments and fresh reinforcements of lawyers. And so, at last, after over eleven years of waiting, he fought the suit to judgment in the Court of Appeals, and won it—obtaining a decision against the Company for the whole amount claimed, with eleven years' interest and costs.

There is something quite refreshing in the statement published by the Board of Directors in which, after reiterating their opinion that the judgment is unjust, they offer for sale $2,000,000 of new stock in order to meet the claims of the Commodore and his faithful adherents. No reliable statement has been published of the amount of money paid—directly or in the shape of stock—to the parties who accepted the compromise three or four years ago. But we judge that the Company would have saved not much less than a million dollars in one way and another had it pursued an honest course at the start, and acknowledged itself responsible for the frauds of its agent.

A healthy public sentiment has thanked Mr. A. T. STEWART for having promptly preferred a complaint against a newspaper which had seemed to charge him with improper conduct in private life. And a like tribute is due to Commodore VANDERBILT for having had the patience and constancy to pursue this railway Company through the mazes of a twelve years' lawsuit. It would be well if we had more such men. As for the Company, we trust we shall never again hear of a wealthy concern, officered by respectable men, trying to shift to innocent shoulders the burden of the crimes of its own officials.

ANOTHER SPANISH REVOLUTION.

WHILE Spain is apparently threatening Chili, she suddenly finds herself forced to look at home. General PRIM, the officer who withdrew from the Mexican invasion during our late war, and who thereby made his name pleasant in our ears, after passing privately through Europe for several months, and evidently proposing a movement, returned to Madrid, lived quietly in his own house under the eyes of Marshal O'DONNELL, his rival, and one day, when the Marshal sent some soldiers to arrest him, General PRIM's servants replied that he was not at home; that he had gone out shooting; grinned and bowed; and the next day PRIM appeared in arms at the head of part of the army.

Of course it is impossible to know much of the probable success of a Spanish revolution. Political chaos is permanent in that country, and the rest of the world can only wonderingly await the event of any movement. But the defection of any popular military chief is as alarming as it was in Rome. Every Spaniard is conscious that the throne stands upon volcanic soil. The royal family has not now the popular heart; and it may be said that a skillful leader of an insurrection has a fair chance of success. It may end in a compromise. The Queen may offer him a port-folio if he will sheathe his sword. But that merely makes the ground more volcanic than ever; and when some leader who declines the port-folio appears the Queen may lose her crown.

The official dispatches announced as soon as the rebellion began that it was all over. The royal troops held all the mountain passes. Three columns were bearing down upon the insurgents; and, dismayed and demoralized, PRIM and his adherents were straggling away toward Portugal. Official bulletins, however, express official desires rather than facts. Later accounts speak of the universal excitement and of the disturbed condition of Catalonia and Aragon. It is the old story, and certainly nothing can be more deplorable than the chronic political situation of Spain, for which she has to thank the Holy Alliance of forty years ago. But there is hope that every new revolution may develop the men who will truly help their wretched country.

EDUCATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

"THE Freedmen," said our martyr President, "are the Wards of the Nation." "Yes," replied Mr. STANTON, "Wards in Chancery." What is our duty to them as their guardians? Clearly, to clothe them if they are naked; to teach them if they are ignorant; to nurse them if they are sick; and to adopt them if they are homeless and motherless. They have been slaves, war made them freedmen, and peace must make them freemen. They must be shielded from unjust laws and unkindly prejudices; they must be instructed in the true principles of social order and democratic government; they must be prepared to take their place by-and-by in the great army of voters as lately they filled up the ranks in the great army of fighters. The superstitions, the vices, the unthriftiness, the loitering and indolent habits which slavery foisted on the whites and blacks alike, who were cursed by its presence in their midst, must be dispelled and supplanted by all the traits and virtues of a truly Christian civilization.

The North, that liberated the slave, has not been remiss in its duty to the freedman. The common school has kept step to the music of the advancing army. Willson's Readers have followed GRANT's soldiers every where. Many of the colored troops on the march had primers in their boxes and primers in their pockets. They were namesakes, but not of the same family. Charleston had not been captured more than a week before the schools for freedmen and poor whites were opened there. It is proposed now to educate all the negroes and poor whites in the South—as a political necessity; in order that henceforth there may be no other insurrections, the result of ignorance, either on the part of the late slave or the late slaveholder. Ignorance has cost us too much to be suffered to disturb us again. In free countries it is not the intelligent but the ignorant who rebel. Ambitious men could never induce an enlightened people to overthrow a free Government. It was because there were over 600,000 white adults in the slave States, and 4,000,000 of slaves who could neither read nor write, that DAVIS and TOOMBS and SLIDELL had power to raise armies against the nation. Let us prevent all social upheavals in the future by educating all men now.

The National Freedmen's Relief Association of New York—of which FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW is President and JOSEPH B. COLLINS Treasurer—has been the most active of the agencies in relieving the wants and dispelling the ignorance of the freedman. It has expended during the last four years three quarters of a million of dollars in clothing the naked; in establishing the freedmen on farms; in supplying them with tools; in founding orphan homes; in distributing school-books and establishing schools. They have over two hundred teachers in the South at this time. They support orphan homes in Florida and South Carolina. They teach ten thousand children, and large numbers of adults. They have instituted industrial schools to educate the negro women to be thrifty housewives. They are continually laboring, in brief, to make the negroes self-reliant and self-supporting. They appeal for additional aid. There are but a thousand teachers for freedmen in all the Southern States; whereas twenty thousand could find immediate employment. The National Relief Association could find pupils for 5000. It has but 200. As the work is a good and great one, and as the officers of this Society are eminent citizens of New York, we heartily commend their appeal to the generosity of our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

IN a late number of the *Weekly* we presented our readers with the first game occurring in a match incidental to the tournament of the New York Chess Club, between the well-known amateurs Mr. C. H. STANLEY and Captain M'KENZIE. This contest has subsequently been brought to a close, having been won by Captain M'KENZIE, in the manner as follows, viz.: M'KENZIE wins 3 games, STANLEY 1, drawn games 2. Mr. STANLEY's old friends and admirers, however, are not prepared to accept this result as altogether conclusive of his inferiority—attributing it mainly to his great want of practice; and it is not improbable that when the series of other matches still progressing in this tournament are completed, a return match may be arranged. Meanwhile we print below the final game of the late encounter:

SICILIAN OPENING.

BLACK (*Mr. S.*)	WHITE (*Capt. M'K.*)
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q B 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. Kt takes P	4. K Kt to B 3
5. Q Kt to B 3	5. P to K 3
6. Kt takes Kt	6. Kt P takes Kt
7. B to Q 3	7. B to Q Kt 5
8. B to Q 2	8. P to Q 4
9. Castles	9. P to Q R 3

A very excellent move, the utility of which will be more apparent as the game advances.

10. P takes P	10. B P takes P
11. P to Q R 3	11. B to Q 3
12. Q to K 2	12. Q to Q B 2
13. P to K R 3	13. B to Q Kt 2
14. P to Q Kt 4	

A very ill-considered move, by which the loss of Rook for Bishop will ensue. 14. Q R to Q or B would probably be the correct play, when we should be inclined to give Black's position the preference.

	14. B to K 4
15. Q to K	

Far better to make up his mind to a loss which is unavoidable, and play Kt to R 4 at once.

16. Kt to Q R 4	15. R to Q B
17. Q takes B	16. B takes R
18. Kt to Q B 5	17. Castles
19. B to Q B 3	18. Q to Q B 3
20. Q to K	19. Kt to K
21. B to Q 4	20. R to B 3
22. Q to K 2	21. B to B
23. P to Q B 4	22. P to K B 3
24. P to Kt 5	23. K to R

24. P takes P, or P to K B 4 had been far better play.

	24. P takes Kt P
25. P takes Kt P	25. Q to Q 3
26. R to Q B	

Black appears to have been demoralized by his first error on the 14th move; and, in consequence, his disasters accumulate.

	26. P to K 4
27. P to Q Kt 5	27. Q takes P
28. R to Q Kt	28. Q to Q 3
29. B to K 3	29. R takes Kt

And Mr. STANLEY resigns the game and match.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The interest connected with the reorganization of the Southern States is chiefly concentrated on the action of Congress. Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, recently made a speech at Washington somewhat radical in its tenor. The importance which would attach to this speech as coming from a member of the Cabinet is considerably diminished by the fact that the Secretary has determined to leave the Cabinet and enter the Senate. President Johnson, it is announced, has in private interviews expressed his disapprobation of the schemes proposed by Messrs. Stevens, Sumner, and Howe. He holds, it is said, that the Southern States have now more republican governments than they ever had before, and are entitled to representation.

CONGRESS.

January 23:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner proposed an amendment to the bill for the admission of Colorado, providing that the act should not go into operation except on the condition that there shall be no restriction of suffrage on the basis of color.—There was a long debate on Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, opposed the bill as a party measure, as an expensive burden to the country and an unwarrantable exercise of power, particularly in its application to States which had not been in rebellion. Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, favored the bill, and at the conclusion of his speech declared that there was no collision between the President and the Union party. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, thought the bill unconstitutional.

In the House, the session was mostly taken up in debate on the Amendment to the Constitution proposed by the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Stevens was for pushing the thing through without debate, but was not sustained by his own adherents. The debate which followed is not noteworthy.

January 24:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson proposed an amendment to the Constitution to prevent any future compensation for emancipated slaves, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. An amendment to strike out the section giving the negroes three years' possession of the Sea Island land was rejected, yeas 10, nays 32.

In the House, the proposed amendment to the Constitution was again debated. The debate covered minor points and not the main principle involved in the bill.

January 25:

In the Senate, the bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was passed, 37 to 10. The bill provides: 1*st*. That the Freedmen's Bureau shall be maintained, giving the President power to divide the section of country included within the provisions of the bill into twelve districts; 2*d*. That the Commissioner may divide the districts into sub-districts, and provide officers for the same, the salary of each not to exceed $1500; 3*d*. That the Secretary of War may issue supplies, medical stores, etc., and may provide for the shelter of freedmen and refugees; 4*th*. That the President may set apart for the freedmen unoccupied public lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding three millions of acres of good land, the occupants to pay a certain rental with the privilege of purchase; 5*th*. That the occupants of the land under General Sherman's special order shall be permitted to remain for three years; 6*th*. That schools and asylums shall be built for the freedmen at the expense of Government; 7*th*. That in any district where any rights allowed to white men are denied to freedmen, the freedmen thus discriminated against shall be protected by the Bureau; and 8*th*. That any persons, where there is such discrimination against the freedmen, who shall under cover of any local law subject freedmen to the deprivation of any civil right or to any punishment other than would in like case be inflicted on white men, shall be liable to imprisonment for one year or to a fine not exceeding $1000, or both, and that the Bureau shall have power to try and adjudicate cases of this nature.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued.

January 26:

In the Senate, the House bill, extending the time for the withdrawal of certain goods from the Custom-house, was passed.—Mr. Howe's resolution for the appointment of Provisional Governors in the South was debated. Mr. Howe replied to the speeches made by Messrs. Doolittle and Johnson.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued without result.

January 27:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, Mr. Smith, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Broomall spoke in Committee of the Whole on the subject of reconstruction. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, wanted members from the South to take the test-oath. Mr. Baker wanted prominent rebel officers excluded from any office under the Government. Mr. Broomall insisted upon it that the Southern people had been conquered, and therefore had no rights except what we chose to yield.

January 29:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull spoke at length on the bill for the protection of civil rights.

In the House, Mr. Raymond spoke for two hours on reconstruction, the question before the House being the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment to regulate the taxation and representation of the Southern States. He did not think it necessary to meddle with the organic law of the country. He thought that it was proper to demand certain guarantees of the South, but the Southern States retained every right which ever belonged to them. We had gained no new rights over them by our victory, but had only freed them from the usurpation of a rebel government. The South had not been subjugated. We could not hold them as provisional dependencies. Mr. Raymond was in favor of accepting the status of the Southern States as having resumed their functions of self-government in the Union; of admitting Southern Representatives, insisting upon loyalty as a condition to their admission; of excluding from the Federal offices the leading actors in the rebellion; of adopting such amendments to the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and to the States, acting without coercion; and of taking such precautionary measures as would prevent the overthrow of a republican form of government in any State. Mr. Raymond thus concluded: "I beg you to bear in mind this fact—that we of the North and of the South are at war no longer. The gigantic contest is at an end. The dead of the contending hosts sleep at last beneath the soil of one common country under their common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achieved. Let it be our task, as it will be our highest glory, to make the vanquished and their posterity to the latest generation rejoice in the end."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, the regiment which General Grant commanded at the beginning of the war, has lately returned from New Orleans. This veteran regiment now numbers four hundred and ninety-two men and twenty-one officers, among whom are only fifty men and two officers who started out with General Grant as Colonel. One of the originals is the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Jamison.

Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was married on the evening of January 23 to Brevet Brigadier-General Robert Williams, U.S.A., at her residence, corner of New Jersey Avenue and I Street, Washington. The ceremony was performed by Father Lynch, of the Roman Catholic Church, in the presence of a small and select circle of friends of both parties.

There is much excitement in the Pennsylvania Oil Regions caused by the existence of incendiaries. Lynch-law is being resorted to, to effect a remedy.

January 23, the New Jersey Senate ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The next day the ratification was signed by Governor Ward.

On the 23d January United States Marshal Murray seized the propeller *Meteor*, Mr. Podestat, an *attaché* of the Spanish Legation, having charged that the vessel was to be fitted out as a Chilean cruiser.

Both Gonzales and Pellicier have been convicted of the murder of Otero, and sentenced to be hanged at an early day.

New York City contributes one-fifth of the entire internal revenue of the country.

THE CHARITY BALL IN NEW YORK.

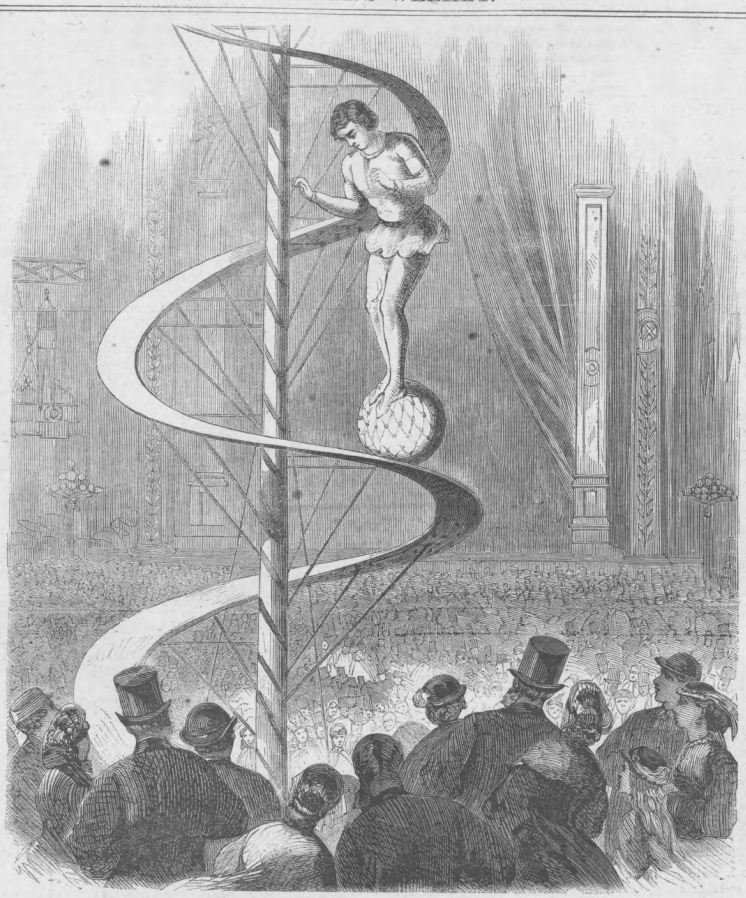
ON the evening of January 29 the *crême de la crême* of the New York City aristocracy exhibited in its characteristic manner the Christian sentiment of charity. The Nursery and Child's Hospital were in need of funds, and the *bon ton* was eager for excitement, and to satisfy both these demands at one and the same time, it was determined to give a grand ball, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the above-mentioned institution.

The grand ball came off with great éclat at the Academy of Music, and the result, measured in greenbacks, was a decided success. The occasion will be long remembered in the annals of Terpsichore. Under the skillful arrangements, superintended by Mr. KINGSLAND, the house presented a magnificent appearance. The stage supported a splendid painted canopy. In the centre were two beautiful fountains; at the end were two Cupids holding candelabras. The house was tastefully decorated with drapery and flowers, and the lobbies handsomely carpeted. There were two bands of music, and the beauty and splendor of the whole [illegible] including the dancers, baffle description. We [illegible]fer our readers to the illustration given [illegible]t on page 88.

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SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK.

ONE of the most attractive features of the entertainments at the Crystal Palace in London is the performance of Signor Ethardo. This wonderful gymnast, who is a native of Italy, ascends a long spiral platform by propelling up the narrow path a large ball on which he stands, and on which he immediately descends by the same difficult and narrow road—a feat which seems to be by far the more difficult. The spiral platform, in the shape of a cork-screw, is built on the platform in front of the great orchestra, and in full view of the many thousands of spectators. Signor Ethardo has been favored with royal patronage; for, at the Dante Festival at Florence, he appeared in the presence of King Victor Emanuel, who expressed his high approval, while his Majesty's subjects burst into a frantic fit of enthusiasm, which, it appears, baffled all powers of description. Italian sensitiveness was also carried to such a height that the music was stopped, for fear the vibration should cause the gymnast to make a false step. Certainly the large Christmas assemblages at the Crystal Palace displayed no particular anxiety for the performer's safety, though they were not backward in applauding him as he arrived at various stages of his tortuous and narrow pathway, as he reached the small circular platform at the summit, and as he finally descended in safety. The globe on which this extraordinary performer works his way up and down is 30 inches in diameter and 90 inches in circumference. The width of the winding platform is 12 inches, and flat, with no groove or protection of any sort to assist the ascent or descent; and the height of the spiral column is 50 feet. The incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upward of 180 feet in length. The globe is constructed of wood and iron, without any India rubber, gutta-percha, or other adhesive material to assist the Signor in his difficult task.



SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

THE adjoining engraving is a good representation of the monument erected at Geneseo, New York, last autumn, to the memory of General JAMES S. WADSWORTH. The monument stands in the burial-ground of the WADSWORTH family on Temple Hill. It is built of granite, about eight feet long and five feet wide at the base, and about two feet wide and five feet long at the top. It is about ten feet high, and is surmounted with a flag-draped urn made of bronze. On the four corners are four miniature cannon. On the west side of the monument is the inscription in bronze letters:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH,
DIED MAY 8, 1864,
From a Wound received in the Battle of the Wilderness,
AGED 56 YEARS.

Above this inscription is an emblematic design in bronze, composed of a sheaf of wheat, a cluster of fruit, scythe, sickle, and a reaper's knife. On the east side is another design, of a sword, epaulets, and laurel wreath. Under this are the names:

Manassas, Chancellorsville,
Fredericksburg, Gettysburg,
The Wilderness.

THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."

THE new steamship *Rising Star*, of which we give an illustration on page 93, is one of the largest and finest ever built in this country. She is thirty-two hundred tons burden, three hundred and fifteen feet in length, forty-four feet breadth of beam, thirty-one feet six inches depth of hold, and three thousand horse-power. For handsome fitting up, convenience for passengers, and capacity for cargo, according to tonnage, this vessel is the peer of any thing before sailing from this port. She combines all that is necessary to a perfect steamer, with the comforts and luxuries of the most sumptuous hotel. She has a beam-engine of 100-inch cylinder and twelve feet stroke, with surface condensers, auxiliary engines, etc. She seems to be a model for speed, and in her build a tower of strength. The *Rising Star* has accommodations for two hundred and twenty first-class passengers. The crew of the vessel numbers eighty-five men.

Captain HORATIO NELSON, of the *Rising Star*, was born in 1826, in New York city. He is a son of Captain WILLIAM NELSON, so well known to the mercantile community. Captain NELSON graduated at Columbia College of this city in 1843. Immediately afterward, although his education fitted him to enter any of the learned professions, he went to sea on a sailing vessel bound to Australia. He soon rose to the rank of Captain, and has for a score of years been a well-known ship-master in connection with the New Orleans trade. Before he became Captain of the *Rising Star* he held a similar relation to the *Morning Star*, of the same line.

While in this position Captain NELSON, last February, was the means of rescuing the officers and crew of the United States gun-boat *Merrimac*, off the Florida coast. When he first discovered the vessel there was some doubt as to the character of the latter. She might be a Government vessel or she might be a rebel cruiser. At any rate the Captain soon discovered that the vessel, whatever her character, was lying in a position in which no ship-master would place her, and he determined to heave close to her. Upon doing so he found that she was the gun-boat *Merrimac*, that she was foundered, and that her fires were out. Much to his own embarrassment, and at a great cost to the Company, he took the crew and soldiers, numbering in all 140 men, on board his vessel and landed them at Port Royal. Strange as it may seem, after going so much out of his way, and having consumed nearly all his coal, he found it impossible to obtain, even by purchase, a fresh supply either from the Government yard at Port Royal or at Norfolk. Never has the Government in any shape testified to Captain NELSON its approval of his generous action. Captain NELSON is one of the most careful and accomplished ship-masters of this country. He has carefully kept all the observations which he has ever made at sea, and his discipline on board ship is perfect and a great source of confidence to his passengers. Generous to a fault, he is a gentleman of culture, of the most refined manners, and we can wish no sea-farer a happier fortune than to travel under his care. The *Rising Star*, of which Mr. NELSON is Captain, cost nearly $800,000.



HENRY BARTH, DIED NOVEMBER 25, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT AT GENESEO, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. A. CHAMP.]

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



AT THE KNOW NOTHING CEREMONY.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE in his life the Rev. Edward Arthur had a misfortune befall him which was really one among the most fortunate circumstances he ever experienced. If it will make this seeming paradox any plainer, let us say instead, the gentleman in question stumbled over an obstacle at the outset of his ministerial path, but so stumbled as from that moment to walk that path, when it had become a thousand times more difficult and dangerous, with a step firm and sure where multitudes fell never again to rise.

This most fortunate misfortune, this most beneficial blunder, happened on this wise:

Some four or five years before Secession was ever regarded as a possibility outside the State lines of South Carolina, a great political movement took place throughout the United States—a movement as sudden, as unexpected, and, it may be added, as much underground, too, as an earthquake. At first there floated a vague rumor, eddying about the street corners of Somerville, of something new and remarkable in the political world. To the people of Somerville it was, however, a something so little understood, and so very far away, that no one felt or expressed much interest in the matter.

The matter, however, which at first was only hinted at in the papers with a scornful item here and there, began to be more fully and frequently and respectfully alluded to. Each successive paper contained news of sudden and amazing victories obtained by the new party in city elections here and there. The excitement rose rapidly. Overwhelming majorities for the new organization swept away whole States at once. The Whig and Democratic leaders ceased from their mutual strife in amazement; not more astounded were the white-haired old generals of Europe when the youthful Napoleon rushed with victorious hosts over their obsolete tactics and old-fashioned battalions. The one thought with these leaders was how to take possession of the new party, so as therewith to defeat each his ancient enemy. But while Whig and Democrat thus schemed and planned the new movement swept them, for the time, both aside from its onward course.

Somerville was very far from being at the first of things; but even Somerville became finally and deeply interested in this new thing under the sun. In vain, at the outset of the matter, did it look to the Somerville *Star* for light and guidance. For a time Lamum held both his tongue and his pen. Lamum was taken completely unaware, and was waiting to see. Weeks rolled by, friends and enemies alike waiting for the Delphic syllable from the lips of the renowned editor—friends waiting, afraid to step save after him who had so often led them on to victory, doubly afraid to place themselves in possible antagonism to that trenchant pen; enemies waiting for fear of committing themselves to an organization until Lamum was pledged against it; then, and not till then, could they be certain the organization was a thing right and good.

At last Lamum spoke. A thunder-peal was not more distinct, a lightning flash not more direct and destructive. The new movement was wrong, unprincipled, detestable in every point. Those who had gone into it were deluded fools or designing knaves. From that moment Lamum turned his artillery steadily and terribly upon the new party. It was enough. In a few days his followers had all abandoned and denounced it, his enemies had to a man united themselves to, and henceforth defended, it.

Lamum never hinted an explanation of his course in those days, but it was readily understood afterward. From his earliest political life the dissolution of the Union had been to him what it is said the conquest of Constantinople is to the Russian Government—the grand object and end of existence. If Lamum paused when the new party first rose into notice, it was only to ascertain whether that party could in any way hasten the destruction of the Union; could by any possibility be so wrought by main force as to be a new and effective engine to that glorious end. Had Lamum only been satisfied on this point he would have gone into it with all his—we will not say *soul*, the word does not apply to the gentleman—let us say intellect.

It was soon sufficiently clear to him that the new party was not available to this end; nay, it might even switch off the public mind upon a new track! Lamum was down upon it. Shrewd politician, men said afterward. Lamum had opposed and denounced Know Nothingism in the very moment it seemed certainly victorious over all opposition. Its sudden and universal unpopularity left Lamum amazingly in the ascendant. His influence was increased beyond computation. Yet all the shrewdness of the man, all the force, influence, success of Lamum rose solely from his having given himself up wholly to one idea. "The destruction of this accursed Union"—that was the thought, the passion, the end and aim of his life. He had cherished it years before he had dared whisper it even to his most intimate friend. He had attended years ago the Nashville Convention to plan toward this end, when almost universal contempt attended the step. Patiently, hopefully, unwearyingly had he toiled in this one direction. What amazing force it gives a man, the abandoning one's self to one purpose in life!

Had Europe known, had this continent known, how completely the destruction of the Union had been for long years the one fixed purpose in life of a few able men at the South, pledged heart and mind to this thing, Europe and this continent would have been less amazed at the attempt when it was made.

"Be at my office—can you?—this afternoon at four," said Guy Brooks one morning to Mr. Arthur at the rise of the great Know Nothing movement of which we have spoken. As he said this the lawyer—for Guy Brooks was a lawyer—had an aspect of meaning and mystery; and the expression thereof did not suit him either. A face franker and more open you might have searched even his native Kentucky for in vain.

"I can be at your office then," replied his pastor; "but what for?" Not that Mr. Arthur needed to be informed; his friend's mysterious manner had already informed him.

"You come down and see," replied the lawyer.

The young minister looked for a moment inquiringly, even doubtfully, at his friend, who had turned away to search for really nothing whatever among the pigeon-holes of his desk. After a minute's silence Mr. Arthur shut and locked the door and laid his hat upon the table.

"I suppose I know what you are speaking of," he said, "and I want a word or two of conversation with you just now and upon that subject."

The lawyer took his seat, though it was evident he had much rather have waived the whole matter.

"Mr. Brooks," said the young minister, "you already know how I am situated—young, inexperienced, aiming to effect good here in Somerville, if it please God. I am resolved to be nothing else in this world and in this town than a preacher of the Gospel. Do you think it will be right in me to go into this new movement? Tell me frankly as a friend, as an officer of our church."

"Yes, I do," replied the lawyer. It was not so much in a positive as in a dogged manner that he said this. What singular creations we all are! Sitting there by that table those two men knew perfectly well, each and both of them, that they ought to have nothing whatever to do with the new party. Guy Brooks, burly, open-hearted, open-handed, frank-spoken man that he was to the centre of his heart, knew with absolute certainty that he ought to go into no organization whatever with whose whole plan and purpose he was not thoroughly acquainted.

His pastor, too, knew, just as well, that, as a minister of the Gospel, he most assuredly had no business in any such affair whatever. If you had asked him, "Would an Apostle have enrolled himself a member of any such party—of *any* party at all?" the "No, Sir!" would have sprung spontaneously to his lips. "Would Whitfield, Wesley, Heber, Henry Martyn, any true minister of the Gospel, go into such a thing?" "No, Sir! no!" would have been the instant reply. From the first something within him had kept up a perpetual No! at the very possibility of his becoming an initiate in the mysterious Order And yet both he and his friend persisted, none the less, in doing what all the time they knew well they ought to have carefully avoided. Such is this perverse nature of ours. The voice within, certainly in the case of a Christian, may be as still and small as that which spake to Elijah at Engedi, but it is perfectly distinct, and is the voice of God. From the greatest to the smallest thing in life, no man errs but does err, not that this voice has not spoken, but that, having spoken within him, he will not heed it.

The mischief is, that the young minister put the keeping of himself in the matter out of his own hands into that of his friend. Almost feminine in his trust where he loved, it was his nature, then, to take a positive pleasure in looking to and relying upon others—at least in the way of advice about things better known to them than to himself. It was an amiable weakness, and a positive weakness if it was amiable. On the whole, after a man has become a man, if he lives in friendship with God, then to that man God within him is guide enough. Infinitely better be advising with Him in his Word, His Providence, and in prayer, than be running hither and thither in search of advice and direction from this one and that, who is himself a safe counselor only as he himself is counseled in the matter of God. Better live in one's own fellowship with the Almighty! With Christ on his own bark let every man hold the helm of himself with his own hand! Entirely too much do we depend upon and are we governed by each other.

And so, that afternoon, was our youthful divine introduced, with a sense of shame and wrong-doing, into a miserable back-room of an old office, and there initiated into the mystic hand. It so happened that by his side, during the process, stood Brother Barker. Profoundly impressed was pale, lean, lank-haired Brother Barker with the ceremony. His peculiar, heavy-lidded eyes drooped not enough over his pupils, but you could see the awe, the wonder, the intensity of his faith in the whole matter.

"Brother Barker," said the young minister, half aloud to his companion, about the middle of the initiation.

"Well, Brother Arthur," replied he, but giving all his attention to the ceremony.

"One thing I feel satisfied of. This"—and Mr. Arthur finished the sentence aloud—"is no place for either you or me!" And there was not a man there but knew the same, at least of the two ministers. But Brother Barker went into it, nevertheless! From that day none more zealous than he in the cause. No man in all the region organized, and, in every way, advocated the new party so efficiently and unwearyingly. "Brother Barker throws his whole heart into whatever *he* goes into, you'd better believe," had always been the remark among his friends of him.

"We ought—at least, of one thing I am certain, *I* ought never to have come here," said Mr. Arthur to Guy Brooks, as they walked away.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied his friend. Only he *did* know.

"You will act as you please," continued Mr. Arthur; "but I am done with the thing from this moment."

And yet not six weeks had passed when Guy Brooks recognized, and with regret, his pastor seated among the members of the Order at a special meeting for the purpose of nominating, which was the same as actually electing—the majority of voters in the place being members of the Order—certain county officers. The fact is, the young minister had been informed that Guy Brooks was that night to be put forward for an important office. The vote would be a very close one, it was urged upon him. "Attend for this once, your vote may elect him. Surely you will do that much for your friend!" And so again did he pass out of his own hands into that of others! Yet Brooks was not elected at last. The only vote cast for him was that of the minister, some sudden arrangement having been entered into just as the Order met, by which another man was substituted.

This was the first, and it was the last identification of Mr. Arthur by himself as a politician. In the sudden and overwhelming unpopularity of the Order which speedily followed, it so happened that no one was more thoroughly abused as having been a member of it than was he. Very bitter it was to the sensitive young man, the essence of the bitterness being that his own conscience joined its voice to those of his foes. Many a night did he lie awake utterly miserable, "That I should have erred so, I who so keenly feel the peculiar sanctity of the calling to which I have given myself. The severest of my enemies reproach me not half so bitterly as I do myself. But why should *I* be so singled out for reproach when every minister of every denomination in this whole region was also a member—all of them—active members! I opposed it in my very initiation, attended but once, and that for the sake of friendship, and yet I am so held up! Why should it be so?"

Why it was all so ordered he understood perfectly well not until years afterward. When Secession became the rage he was the burned child that dreaded the fire. His experience during the furor of Know Nothingism had branded into him several wholesome truths. He learned that a popular movement might swiftly rise and as swiftly cease. He learned that such a movement might, at one hour, number its millions of adherents, and at another after-hour have left scarce one to do it reverence. He learned that vast multitudes might, during a period, be roused to enthusiasm upon a certain point, professing the most thorough conviction, the most ardent affection, the most adamantine resolve in regard to that point, and yet, in a very short time afterward, that enthusiasm have utterly cooled out, that conviction utterly gone, that affection changed into as strong aversion, that resolve reversed to work exactly the other way.

His experience from Know Nothingism left him, and thousands like him, thoroughly prepared to resist the far more eventful Secession storm when it, in its terrible turn, raged over the South—resist it, at least, from sweeping them an iota aside. To that first experience did this son of Levi, at least, owe it that, from the outset to the end of Secession, he clung but the more devotedly and exclusively to his one business in life as a Gospel minister. And the wondrous dealing of Providence thus with him to this end awoke within him the sincerest faith and love ever thereafter in that Providence.

It was very early one morning, soon after the election of Lincoln was looked upon as a settled thing, that Guy Brooks entered the study of his pastor. That study was a little room in the rear of the church, amazingly convenient to the lawyer on his way between his house and his office down town. The lawyer had a half-concealed expression of anxiety as he entered the room, took his seat, unfolded a huge poster,



"THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

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spread it out upon the table before his friend, and leaned back in his chair with a "There! what do you think of that?"

As the minister read the flaming capitals the lawyer studied his countenance. It was the countenance of a poet as well as a preacher—oval brown eyes, clustering brown hair, quiet lips, almost too full to be so firm; an expression of thought, suffering, patience, and that altogether indescribable separatedness of the man from other men which characterizes the countenance of him who habitually looks within himself and above himself.

There was a marked dissimilarity and as marked a similarity between these two friends. The lawyer was of an unusually large frame—the singular characteristic of Kentucky—stature fit for those who man that outpost and bulwark of freedom, while the minister was but of medium size. The lawyer was angular, and somewhat awkward and cumbrous, while his friend was the exact reverse. The brown face of the lawyer would have been homely were it not for the frank and good-humored expression which pervaded it, while peace and thought gave to the face of the minister that which elevated and refined a countenance already prepossessing.

Even had the two men not been thrown together as minister and officer of a young and struggling church, in a new community having but little sympathy with religion, they would have been drawn together by an instinctive affinity. Genuine piety and heart-felt sincerity in both, the dependence of the lawyer upon the minister as his spiritual guide, and of the minister upon the lawyer as his counselor in matters of the world—these ties bound the two closely together. The lawyer found singular freshness and gentleness and elevation of sentiment in his friend in comparison with the rough and practical world in which he was struggling; and the minister turned with pleasure from his books and his own abstractions to the healthful, matter-of-fact, free-spoken lawyer. Not in vain, either, had they, side by side, learned the same lesson during the raging of Know Nothingism, and of all that followed upon its heels.

"Yes, but what do you think of it?" asked the lawyer, as his companion read the poster through, then, without a word, folded it up and returned it to its owner.

"Nothing at all. But where did you get it?" was the reply.

"Tore it down from beside the door of the Post-office," said the Kentuckian, with emphasis.

"It was hardly worth your while," said his companion; "you surely attach no importance to any effort of the sort."

"You are mistaken, Sir; terribly mistaken. Listen how it sounds!" continued the lawyer, and he opened the poster as he stood, and read it in a powerful and earnest voice.

"FREEMEN OR SLAVES!

"The die is cast. The unprincipled Abolitionists of the North have accomplished their diabolical purpose. Beyond a doubt Abraham Lincoln has been elected President. Are you prepared to submit to the iron yoke of an Abolitionist? *Your* President AN ABOLITIONIST? Fellow-citizens, we must strike for our liberty NOW, or be forever SLAVES! All those in favor of calling an immediate Convention of the people of this great State will meet this afternoon at the Court-house at 3 o'clock. Come one, come all!

"'Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!'"

"Well, and what of all that?" asked the minister, perfectly cool beside the excitement of his companion.

"What of all that?" replied his companion: "Is it possible you do not know what is to follow? Do you not know that South Carolina has already seceded? That Mississippi has probably followed? That the storm is just rising which is to sweep over all the Southern States? What of that? It means that our State, too, is to be hurled into the movement."

"By whom?" The minister patient with his mistaken friend.

"By the leaders of this meeting this afternoon."

"And who are they? Look at it, man. Lamum, first and foremost; Colonel Roberts; Judge Jones, who owes his late election to Lamum; Colonel Juggins will ride in, too, from the country; Dr. Ginnis; Alf Pike; Dick Simmons; Bob Withers; and the like. There may be others, but only as spectators, like yourself, Mr. Ellis, and Ferguson."

"You seem to take it for granted that I am not going into the thing," said the lawyer, composing his face.

"May God forbid!" ejaculated the minister, fervently, and somewhat anxiously.

"He has forbidden, he does forbid! But you do not estimate the thing right. Perhaps only a dozen or two of the professional politicians will meet there really determined to act. Lamum will be called to the Chair. Brother Barker, by previous arrangement, will open the meeting with prayer."

"Never!" interrupted the minister, eagerly.

"It shows how little you know, shut up here among your books. Brother Barker will open with a long and fervent prayer. His whole denomination at the South will identify itself, has identified itself with the movement. The strongest kind of resolutions have been written out by Lamum weeks ago, and will be introduced and passed. Not a hundredth part of Somerville will sympathize in the thing—the community as a community will heartily disapprove of the thing—yet Lamum will publish a blazing account in his paper, and represent the proceedings as the unanimous and enthusiastic expression of the whole county. Meanwhile, by letters and visits to all parts of the State, made weeks ago, months ago, similar meetings will be got up by similar politicians over the whole State; an enthusiasm will be kindled, will rage with fury over the State. Then a Convention will be held, Secession will be consummated, and then—God only knows what!"

"But the Governor—" began the minister.

"By—by nothing at all!" burst out the lawyer, deeply excited. "What a splendid opportunity for immortal fame that man has! Oh, if I could but be in his place to-day!"

"And what would you do? could you do?"

"Do? I would run up the flag of my country, rally around it by proclamation every true man in the State, and defy the devil of Disunion and all his infernal works! I tell you, Sir, three-fourths of the voters of the State would stand by me to the death. Lamum and his clique over the entire South—the *politicians*—are utterly distinct from the people in this whole matter. The politicians have a long-cherished hatred against the North burning in their bosoms; they want plunder and power. The people are busy with their crops and their families; they want only their rights and peace. Yet in one month—in two weeks from this hour, the people will have passed helpless into the hands of the politicians. And while this golden, glorious moment is passing away never to return, there they sit at the capital of the State, the Governor and the heads of departments, bewailing and deprecating and dreading the awful ruin they have at least sense enough to know is coming upon the State. Unwilling to shed blood! Imbeciles! Infatuated old women! As if the cause of Right and Liberty and Law, and all we hold dear as American freemen, is not the one cause to strike for, if need be to die for. Shed blood! As if *that* should paralyze us in this last moment. Only run up the flag of our country, rally around it the true men of the State, arrest every traitor; only a firm front and a bold hand for this next golden month, and the State is saved forever, just as old Kentucky will be!" And the lawyer walked the floor in excess of impatience.

"But the Governor?" insisted the minister.

"Understands the whole evil as well as any man; would do what is right; but—but—"

"Is too old," supplied the minister, in sorrowful tones.

The lawyer's head sunk gloomily upon his breast.

"You draw a terrible picture," said the young minister, after a long silence; "yet I do not feel at all dismayed. I have no certain faith in any human arm or brain. But I do feel a full and quiet faith in God. You believe in him as well as I. You know perfectly well that he orders all hearts, all minds, all events in infinite wisdom and love. This is a great Christian nation, has been founded as such. Ever since its peculiarly religious foundation was laid in prayers and tears by the holiest men then alive on earth, it has been a nation trained to piety. Think of the numerous and powerful denominations; think of the great benevolent associations for the advancement of Christianity at home and abroad, and of their millions of income. Why, Sir, this is a Christian land! I can not for a moment believe it is to be given up to disruption and ruin. I would as soon expect the sun to—to—"

"Go out?" asked the lawyer. "Well, and 'the sun shall be turned into sackcloth'—I don't remember the rest of the passage—'the moon into blood.'"

"Oh, that refers to the latter days," said his companion, with a smile of superior theological information.

"I myself can not think, can not bring myself to believe in the raging of a civil war in this nation—*this* nation. It seems preposterous," said the lawyer, as if reasoning with himself.

The minister laughed outright. "I did not dream you were ever troubled with such morbid notions, Mr. Brooks. Really Lamum frightens you altogether too much. Do you think that such men as Lamum, and the class whom he represents, are to be compared with the vast body of sober, sensible, Christian men who make up this great country? Or, if that is not strong enough," said the minister, with a pitying smile, "do you imagine that a million of Lamums are too powerful for the Almighty? For my part, the more I think of it the more composed I feel. War? Nonsense!"

"God often uses bad men to accomplish his greatest purposes," said the lawyer. "As to our Christianity, we may turn out to be not so Christian a people as we have fancied ourselves to be. And who knows," he added, looking at his friend in a way which both puzzled and awoke vague pain in his bosom, "but that the Almighty has a special controversy with us as a people—A *special* controversy? If He has, you depend on it no amount of Christianity, nor of national fasting and prayer on our part, will arrest His hand until that one matter be settled. We will see very soon. No matter about that just yet. The power of the bad men, the palsy of the good men just now! I declare it does look like the hand of the Almighty, though. However! It is the ruin of my native South, and by the rash hands of the South itself, that I fear. However, I am glad to find we think and feel alike in this matter. I was sure we would. Time for me to go to my office. Good-morning." And the visitor was gone only to look back again the next moment.

"I am afraid I know somebody with whom you will *not* be able to agree in regard to Secession," he said, significantly.

"And who may that be?" asked the minister, feeling his face suddenly burn as he spoke.

"Not the least use to inform you," said the lawyer with a smile, and closing the door after him.

THE WARRANTEE DEED.

AIR—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

A LAWYER there was, whom I'll call Mr. Clay,
He had but few clients, and those didn't pay;
At length, of starvation he grew so afraid,
That he courted and married a wealthy old maid.
Chorus.—Ri tu ral li, tu ral li, tu ral li, day.

At the wedding this lawyer made one great mistake;
'Twas not in omitting the cards or the cake;
The ring was well chosen, the parson well feed,
But the groom did not ask for a warrantee deed.
Chorus, bewailing this sad mistake.—Ri tu, etc.

One night, in their chamber, the lady arose,
And began to prepare to retire to repose:
While her husband sat near her, admiring the charms
Which it gave him such pleasure to clasp in his arms.
Enraptured Chorus, appropriate to the feelings of the joyous bridegroom.—Ri tu, etc.

She went to the wash-stand to bathe her fair face,
But the process destroyed all its beauty and grace;
The rose on her cheek, whether ruddy or faint,
When displayed on the towel was nothing but paint!
Amazed Chorus, on witnessing the materials of the lady's countenance displayed upon the towel.—Ri tu, etc.

She went to the mirror, to take down her hair,
But when she had done so, her cranium was bare!
Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my poor head,
I shall put on my cap when I get into bed."
Chorus: to be sung as smooth as the lady's head.
—Ri tu, etc.

Her husband next saw, with amazement and grief,
A curious performance of hers with her teeth;
She took them all out with her fingers and thumbs,
Said she, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my gums."
Toothless Chorus: to be sung by Dr. Colton's laughing-gas patients.—Ri tu, etc.

Then she loosened the robes which enveloped her waist,
And took something out which within them was placed;
Said she, "When I'm dead, let it not be forgotten,
You can make a small fortune, my love, on this cotton."
Chorus: exhibiting the sudden change in the feelings of the widower, produced by receiving the price of the cotton.—Ri tu, etc.

The groom had been sitting in stupid surprise
To see such strange doings before his own eyes;
But now he leaped up, and rushed out at the door,
And poor Mrs. Clay never saw him no more!
Slam. bang Chorus: showing how the departing husband shut the door after him.—Ri tu, etc.

Young man, when you go to agree for a wife,
'Tis the gravest agreement you'll make in your life;
Don't trust to good looks—of my counsel take heed;
But be sure and *insist on a warrantee deed.*
Grand final Chorus, by twenty-four resolute young men, each determined to exact a warrantee deed.—Ri tu, etc.

PHILIP FALKLAND'S STORY.

WHEN my mother was left a widow, and it had been discovered that the money which was supposed to be lying in the Crampton Bank had been invested in the consolidated Bubble and Smash Company, and in some mysterious manner disappeared with it; when the old family mansion was sold and the furniture with it, and all our earthly possessions were packed away in trunks standing ready corded in the hall for the morrow's flitting, mother looked around her and saw the three of us, all boys, sitting sadly over the fire, and sighed out:

"Well, I'm glad there are no girls among you: men can make their own way in the world, give them half a chance. Maybe it will be the Lord's will that I should go too; and how could I leave young lasses? There's Eben half a doctor now—and learning every day; and Samuel with good prospects before him—if the ironmongery isn't quite what we'd have chosen; and Phil"—there she stopped and reddened, and said, quickly—"Phil's but young yet, and has elder brothers."

I knew what she meant right well: why her face flushed and her lip quivered. And when Eben had taken his light and gone up stairs to bed, and Samuel, with a kiss a child might have given his mother, had followed him, I took my crutches and came out of the corner where I had been sitting, and sat down by mother's side.

"You've been fretting about me, mother," I said.

She looked at me with another flush, and said, "I've a great deal to fret about just now, you know, my dear."

"I know that, mother," I said. "But I know this also—when you sat thinking before the fire just now—often since our troubles came upon us you have said this to yourself:

"'Eben will be a doctor in good practice some day. Samuel will succeed and make friends and fortune. But what can Phil do but drag his brothers down by living on their bounty?'"

My mother put her hand over my mouth. "I never thought the half of that," she said. "Elder brothers should always help the younger."

"And how much younger am I than they?" I asked. "They are twins, and nearly one-and-twenty; I am full nineteen. Mother, you have been anxious on my score. You are still."

"Well, Phil," said mother, "I won't deny it; we have tried—your poor father and I—to make life easy for you, and it seems so terrible for you now. I wish again and again you were a little child, so that I could carry you about and cuddle you up in my arms more than ever. Ever since you were hurt I've felt so, and *now*, oh, Phil! the others may manage, and *I'm* an old woman; but what will you do without money?"

"As well as the rest, dear mother," I said.

"No, Phil," said mother. "They can walk and run. They hardly used the carriage when we had it, and you always rode, either in that or on horseback. They can eat common dishes with appetite, and you need things that cost money to tempt you. And soft cushions and carpets and cozy seats you must have, and I've seen the others choose to spend all day in their work-shop or the farm. I love all my boys; but you're right, I don't fret for the others as I do for you."

"Never fret again, mother," I said; "I'll be [illegible] mother."

into lazy habits, and am stronger than you think. And the riding was all pride. You see I look better any where than on my feet. And as for bread-winning, I can do something in that way too. I have hands, if I haven't feet, that are worth much to me."

"The boy never means to turn tailor or shoemaker!" cried mother, with a gasp.

"I'll do *that* before I'll be idle," I said; "but I was thinking of something else. Do you know I believe Nature made me an artist?"

"Goodness!" cried mother. "Why, what makes you think so?"

"Because I've always loved to paint and draw," I said. "Because I've done more than you know in that way, and because—to tell the truth to my own mother—I feel certain I don't daub. My pictures are not what they ought to be. I have every thing to learn, but I *feel* what I can not *do*, and I'm certain some day to do something."

Mother looked at me as though I were a pet child who had proposed some absurd attempt, and said, in a humoring voice,

"Yes, dear, of course you can. It will amuse you nicely."

"Wait here," I said. "Only wait here a while."

And I went from the room and along a little passage to my pretty bedchamber and brought out my port-folio.

Mother put on her glasses and prepared to look indulgently. But in a little while, as she turned the pieces of millboard over, her eyes began to sparkle. And at last she almost screamed,

"They're fit to frame and put in an exhibition. They are, Phil! I always went to one in the spring with poor dear pa, and I ought to know. Oh, to think that *I*, nobody but I, should have such a genius for a son. A boy who paints pictures fit to frame already! Why didn't you tell us before? Oh, Phil!"

She put both arms about my neck and cried outright as she spoke; and I could have cried for joy to see her so glad. I knew better than she how far my work was from that of an experienced artist. That this was crude, and that cold, and the other a little out of drawing. But it would have been pure vanity to point out these defects to her while she sat gloating over the sketches with her eyes dewy and her lips a-tremble.

After a while, when she would let me, I slowly gathered them up, and said,

"So you like them, mother?"

"Like them! Oh, Phil!" sobbed mother. "And to think how good God is all the while. So often I've watched boys at their games and wished my fair-haired Phil could be among them; and, perhaps, if you had not been lame you would never have painted at all. And to be such a genius is better than any thing else in this world. Money? Surely, Phil, I need not fret now. I've heard of great artists being paid small fortunes for one picture. And you'll be a great one, I know. Phil, I could almost kiss that little girl! I have almost (not quite) forgiven her."

"Forgive her entirely," I said, "for she was never to blame."

And as I plodded wearily into my chamber I could not help thinking of the point my life turned upon. I could not help sighing a little heavily to think, after all, how glad I should be to be strong and active like Eben and Sam.

I had not always been lame. It was not until I was fourteen that, as I sat sketching the vessels on the Hudson one afternoon, I spied a little girl, a mere child, on the railroad track between the bank I sat on and the river. She was picking up some flowers she had dropped, and knew nothing of the great iron monster screaming up the track toward her, or of her danger. I called to her, but she did not hear me, and there was so little time to spare that I had barely reached the spot when— No matter—you have guessed the whole already, and I saved the child. She had, they said, no scratch or bruise upon her.

I was so glad of that, when I was able to talk of it, that I longed to see the little creature once again. And then, for the first time, I knew that mother, with her heart full of sorrow for me, had spoken very bitterly to the mother of the little girl who had come weeping to ask after me and thank me, and had forbidden her to come near the house again. They were strangers, and had left the place since that time, and so we lost all trace of them.

I'm sure mother hated the very memory of the child; but I always felt tender toward her—something as a mother may to the child who owes its life to her agony I often think.

While I tied up my port-folio I gave a few moments to those remembrances, and then called "Good-night!" across the hall. Mother's voice answered almost cheerily,

"Good-night, Phil!" And soon I heard her in her own room, and though it was the last night in our dear old home, fell to sleep and dreamed of pleasant things until the day broke.

Then, with the ringing of the breakfast-bell, we were up and doing. There were good-bys to be said to a few neighbors; two faithful servants to part from. Each wanted to visit some favorite spot alone, and each dreaded the last moment for the others. But it passed better than we expected for all of us. Mother hid her face in her handkerchief—Eben sighed, and Sam's voice was husky; but that was all. After we were in the cars I felt my hand cold and clammy, and my heart beating fearfully from the excitement I had hardly been aware of; but I had given no sign of what I felt to the others, and was thankful for that, as I watched the roof of our old home fade into the distance, and saw at last even the steeple, in whose shadow my father lay asleep, turn into a cloudy dream and vanish.

Four days later we had found some rooms in one of the plainest streets of New York, and were fairly started upon our new, strange life.

Even I was busy, for the sketches had been shown to my brothers. Eben had said:

"I'm no critic, but I think he's got it in him,

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And Sam had cried, "You may turn it to profit somehow, Phil."

And the cabinet council decided that the best room was to be my study, and that the front door should be garnished with a plate bearing the words —PHILIP FALKLAND, *Artist*. So the plate was up; and my sketches were upon the walls, and a new easel and pallet and maulstick ready; and while Eben divided his time between the chemist shop and hard study, and Sam, as clerk in an iron foundry, earned his small salary well, I painted and waited for purchasers and sitters.

They were slow in coming; but daguerreotypes were not in all hands then, and some people were glad to find a young artist who would paint cheaply. My first patron was a coachman, who wanted a likeness to present to his sweet-heart; my second a little dress-maker from over the way, who had evidently been smitten by brother Eben, and fancied him the artist; and my third was a gentleman who longed for a portrait of his dead wife, and whose name was Hargrave.

I painted her as she lay, a beautiful piece of marble, on her pillow, and my fancy helped me to the life-like glow on the cheek and the radiance of the smile.

The husband told me his daughter's eyes were like her mother's, and the young lady was to sit to me while I painted them.

One morning I waited in my studio for her coming, and heard a little knock on the door. When I cried, "Come in!" it opened, and a girl of seventeen, dressed in deep mourning, entered. It was no surprise to me when she said, "I am Mr. Hargrave's daughter Jessie, Mr. Falkland," for I expected her; yet something startled me as I placed a chair for her. As I uttered the few commonplaces which usually come to the lips of strangers who meet for the first time, I was aware of a strange feeling that I had known this girl before, and tried to remember where I could have met her.

Afterward, as I tried to transfer those strange, solemn, long-lashed eyes to canvas, I began to know that I had always secretly expected to look into such eyes. That since I could dream at all I had dreamed of that face. That this girl, yet a stranger, would be more to me than any other living mortal. Somehow she was interwoven with my destiny. Somehow she would work me good or ill.

Thinking thus I painted on, and the daughter's eyes shone from the mother's pictured face. I had never painted so well before. I had never so longed for more time over my work. When the evening shadows began to creep over the sky I laid my brush aside with a sigh, and said:

"If you are as weary as sitters usually are, you will be glad to hear that I have done for to day, Miss Hargrave."

She answered: "I am not tired in the least;" and came around my easel to look at the picture.

"It is like mamma," she said. "How could you, who never knew her, paint so good a likeness? The eyes, too, though hers, were handsomer than mine will ever be. How papa will treasure it!"

It came into my mind to tell her that no eyes could be more beautiful than hers; but I held my peace, and only thanked her by a bow for her praise of my work. And then, as she was going, saw her to the door, not knowing that we should ever meet again. In fact, that we should not seemed most likely; for Mr. Hargrave had spoken of returning to England—his native place—and of taking his daughter with him. The picture was already paid for, and was to be sent for on the morrow, and I had no excuse for intruding upon the privacy of either father or daughter.

Yet, again and again the haunting memory of those eyes seemed to warn me that we were not to part thus. And when a month afterward my door opened and Mr. Hargrave entered with his daughter on his arm, I felt no surprise at their appearance.

It was my task, this time, to paint a portrait of Miss Jessie Hargrave—a small one, which her father could take with him on his journey. "For I have changed my plan," he said. "I shall travel until I feel that the old house yonder may be lived in again, and Jessie will keep it home-like for me. She does not wish to leave it."

"I had rather live there than in any other place," said Jessie. "I can remember poor mamma better, I think, with things she has touched about me; but the doctors say papa must go. And *he* says I should be a trouble to him."

The beautiful eyes filled with tears that I longed to kiss away. And she turned hastily to a portfolio which lay open on the table. While my mother and Mr. Hargrave conversed I made my way across the room and stood beside her. And we looked over the pictures together, and I answered her questions and turned the sketches over for her.

At last we came to a child's drawing-book. A common thing, much dog-eared, and she picked it up.

"I wish you would not look at that," I said. "It is a school-boy's handiwork. Nothing more."

"Yours?" she said.

"Mine, years ago," I answered.

She smiled. "An artist's first attempts," she said; "I should value it, were I you." And she furled the leaves.

There were caricatures of the schoolmaster. A picture of our house-dog on his mat. No end of wagons, steam-engines, and ships. Two or three copies of lithographs, and, at last, a sketch from nature. The one I had been at work on when I saw the child upon the rails. It was half-finished and a blur was across it, for it had lain face downward on the grass, but Miss Hargrave looked at it eagerly.

"Ah," she cried, "that is a place I know! Is it not at ——, on the Hudson."

"Yes, that is my native place, Miss Hargrave," I said. She gave a little sigh.

"Papa," she said, "look, you remember?" and the father gazed upon the paper earnestly.

"My poor wife loved that place," he said. "Ah yes, yes, I remember!"

"And why did you not finish the sketch?" asked Jessie. "You can't value it as I do. May I have it?"

"Take the book," I said, "if you will so far honor it." But I did not tell her why the sketch was not finished.

The little book was in a pretty reticule she carried when she left me. And the next day she came to sit for me. Again I looked at will into the depths of those glorious eyes. Again I marked the delicate outline, the flower-like coloring, the billowy waves of dark-brown hair. She was, to my fancy, the loveliest thing on earth. And soon I knew I loved her. Much as one might love the dweller of some sphere above him—for I had no hope of a thought from her or any other woman. But very earnestly and truly. A glove that she had worn, a flower she had touched, were precious to me as holy relics to a devotee. And often, though I strove to banish them, thoughts of what might have been, had I been handsome as my brother Eben, or stalwart as my brother Samuel, would fill my mind and make me sit idly before my easel in a waking dream.

I said to myself, "When the picture is done I shall see her no more;" but though I knew this would be best for me, my heart gave a great leap of joy when I heard that she had taken a fancy to drawing-lessons, and that I had been chosen for her teacher.

"If you will do me the favor of taking a pupil," said the courtly father, never guessing that the request had given me a little glimpse of paradise.

"Could she learn something in a year? You think so? Then for a year you shall try to make an artist of my little girl, though I doubt her talent."

So matters stood when he went away; and so I gained the entrée of Jessie Hargrave's home. I gave her lessons. Twice a week I had the privilege of sitting beside her for an hour and guiding her pencil. They were the happiest moments that I knew, for I was then alone with her. But we saw each other often at other times. A grim old aunt presided over her home, but Jessie often came to mother for advice or comfort. She grew intimate with all the family, chatted with Eben and laughed with merry Sam, and saw every sketch I made at its beginning.

Whether I quite hid my love, or whether it sometimes was revealed by look or tone, I could not tell; but one thing troubled me. Sometimes, when she thought I did not see her, I caught her looking at me in the strangest way. The look she might have given one she had injured—a remorseful look. That, and nothing else.

By-and-by I began to fancy I had fathomed it.

My handsome brother Eben was often at her side. Always ready to walk with her and her little cousin Madge, who had come to live with her. Never tired of hearing them sing duets, and perpetually "running over" with a book or a rare flower, or on some excuse or other. So plainly a mere subterfuge that he blushed rosy red when he uttered it.

Eben liked Jessie—*loved* her, and she had found it out—found out also that I adored her, and feared in her gentleness to pain me.

She pitied me so, you see; I saw that, and it was hard to be pited only, where I longed for love. She knew I could not awaken that love in any woman's heart; and because of that was kind to me.

Often, when we walked out together, she would leave the rest to keep by my side; and many a time I have seen tokens of her remembrance that I was different from the others in her sisterly watchfulness for my comfort. Yes, she loved Eben, and both were keeping the secret for my sake.

When I once felt sure of this, I said to myself: "Do not be selfish, Philip Falkland; prove to the kind brother and the sweet friend that you can be happy in their happiness: and I set to work to conquer my own heart. Vain attempt! The love I strove to smother was too strong.

But at least I could mask it; and rather than be a blight upon their pleasant interchange of talk and look I played a part; pretended to be surly; refused to join their walks; shut myself in my studio when they were all together in our little parlor, and hoped at least to make the handsome pair less tender of me. And I prayed earnestly, Heaven knows, that I might never feel angrily jealous of my brother; kind, quiet Eben, who would have cut his right hand off rather than do me harm.

Yet sadly jealous I must be; and once, when the spring days were growing bright, they had planned a quiet little picnic. Only mother, Madge, and Jessie, and my brothers, and four other young people the girls knew, and were full of merry talk about it, while I, refusing to join them, sat apart.

Jessie had looked troubled ever since I had given a crusty answer to her coaxing invitation. The others had begun to let me have my own way, and before they went she came to me again.

"If you don't like the place," she said, "or if it is too far for you, we will go somewhere else. Do come, Phil!"

And as she spoke her little hand touched my arm, and her dark curls dropped against my cheek. The touch thrilled me through. I trembled and grew pale; but I only answered:

"No; I shall be busy all day. Don't stop to think of me. Good-by!"

And I went to my easel and pretended to be at work. Alas! it was only pretense. For when they had gone out into the sweet spring sunshine I flung brush and pallet aside, and, lying prone upon my little scarlet-covered lounge, hid my face and wept—wept as a girl might, sobbing and moaning—for once, for the first and last time, giving vent to the emotions so long pent up within my breast.

The passionate storm was over at last, and I looked up to see Jessie standing in the door-way of my studio looking at me. Her hands were clasped, her face very pale.

When she saw me she advanced and knelt down beside the lounge. Of their own accord her little pearly hands took mine and held them.

"What is the matter, Philip?" she said. "Have we offended you? We have been so different of late to what we were that I have feared so."

I looked at her ashamed and troubled.

"Since you have seen me blubbering like a baby you might as well know the full extent of my childishness," I said. "It never happened before. It never shall again. But, for once, I longed to walk away beside you, as Eben and Sam can. The sweet air did it, or the sunshine. It's over now; and you have always been only too thoughtful of me. Go—they are waiting for you, Jessie."

"I am not going," she said. "And so it is *that;* and you suffer so in secret. Oh, Philip!"

She seemed to turn faint, and sat down on the chair near my easel, and leaned against it heavily.

"How you must hate the girl!" she said—"the child you saved upon the road. How you must wish she had never been born! Better for her to have died than this! Ah, you did not think I know of her! Your mother told me."

I arose and crossed the room. Even when I bent over her I could not see her face, but she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Jessie," I said, "my thoughts of that innocent child are the happiest of my life. Hate her!—my good, kind Jessie! Why should I hate that child? I love her, rather, because I have suffered to do her some little good. I think of her sometimes as the woman she must have grown to be by this time, and think of her young beauty still unmarred—her young life full of joy, as I pray it may be, and say, 'God permitted me to save her.' Often since I knew you I have thought she may be like you—I have wished it could have been you— Jessie!—Jessie!!"

For she had started up and stood before me with clasped hands.

"I was afraid of this, Philip," she said. "Ah! you guessed the truth, and speak as you do to spare me. You know I—I, Jessie Hargrave—was the child you saved from death at such a cost. Better that I had lain there dead—better any thing than the purchase of life and strength at such a price. Look at me as you must feel—show me your aversion—shrink from me—bid me begone, for I have marred your life—I—I—I!"

She was sobbing fearfully, and I drew nearer and put my hand upon her shoulder.

"For God's sake, Jessie," I said, "don't speak so, lest you hear the truth! Hate you! Oh, Jessie, I never guessed that you had been the child, but from my heart I say, 'Thank Heaven for it!' At least I have done you some little good, my best, my— Leave me, Jessie—for Eben's sake, leave me!"

"For Eben's sake?" she cried. "Leave you for Eben's sake—what can you mean?"

"Foolish words," I said. "Dear friend—dear sister, forget them."

She turned her wet eyes full upon my face. Her fingers touched my arm and clung to it.

"Say it again, Philip," she said. "Tell me you never hated this wretched child—that you do not hate her now! I have striven so long to keep the secret lest you should. I have said, 'While he does not guess who I am he may like me a little still.' I have wept so much for the harm I have done my friend. Don't deceive me, Philip. Is it really true that you have not hated my memory?"

"It is true that I love you better than my soul!" I cried. "That you are all my world and half my heaven! Go, now; go—best, sweetest, dearest Jessie; and forget that Eben's brother ever spoke those words to you. Whatever happens, the memory of those moments passed beside you will be the sweetest of my life. Some day I can say 'sister' from my heart, for God will help me."

Her clinging fingers never left my arm.

"Eben again!" she said; "surely you do not think we love each other? He is betrothed to Madge. Did you not guess that?"

A great cloud seemed to have passed from the face of my sun. The world was bright again. At least no other claimed her. At least I had done no wrong in loving her. I looked into her eyes. I felt the touch of her hand. I breathed her very breath—sweet as new-mown hay!

"Jessie! Jessie!" I cried. "I scarcely dare to ask you for your love, and claim you for my very own. Oh were I strong and able to cherish and protect you! But now, I dare not; I dare not ask what it would be madness to hope for!"

Still, her fingers never stirred. Her eyes never left mine; and from her parted lips fell these sweet words:

"If you dare not ask for my heart, Phil, how dare I, a woman, tell you how long it has been yours without great shame?"

I caught her in my arms, but paused even then.

"Is this pity—the payment of a debt?" I asked. "Do you sacrifice nothing in giving yourself to a cripple who has only love to give you?"

And she answered: "It is not pity—it is not gratitude. It is pure love, and love is all it asks."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The person who made the welkin ring writes to assure us he made it expressly for "the twelfth finger of the left hand but one."

Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is large and closely sewn. But if you will give me some money I will tell you how to meet the difficulty. Dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"How the language of flowers is known," remarked A, "Contrives my surmises to balk."
"Why, it's easy," said B, "what a flower would say
To discover—of course from its @talk."

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN MEAT IS FRESH.—Keep it until it gets bad, and you will then learn exactly how fresh it was at first.

HOW TO GET A GOOD SERVANT.—Keep on discharging the bad ones till you meet with one that suits you.

HOW TO DISCOURAGE THE PERQUISITE SYSTEM.—Never buy any thing of any body.

What is the difference between a honey-moon and a honey-comb?—One is a great *sell*, and the other a lot of little *cells*.



MISSUS'S UMBRELLER.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Empty tubs by the noise of their ring tell their state,
Empty heads by their wordy, dogmatical prate;
Empty jars are prepared any wares to receive,
Empty minds any folly or tale to believe;
Corn perks up its head when 'tis empty of grain,
And conceit makes the idle pragmatic and vain;
Empty houses are places for vermin to breed in,
Empty brains for suggestions of Satan to seed in;
Empty rooms are so cold that they give us a chill,
Empty hearts are so selfish they sympathy kill;
Empty sacks can't not long stiff and upright remain,
Nor long undeservers their credit maintain.

ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—Ascertaining the cost of a dinner-party.

When does a man sit down to a melancholy dessert?—When he sits down to wine and pine.

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is *the one*. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

The man who, on account of the high price of sugar, attempted to sweeten his coffee with his wife's smiles, has concluded to fall back on the "granulated juice of the cane."

Wrong! Of course you are, stupid! Egypt is not a Nile-land, but part of a continent.

ART OF LOVE.—A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

A boy, who displayed a long, dangling watch-chain, was asked:

"What's the time of day, Jim?"

The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while referred to another boy, and said:

"Is this the figure nine or the figure seven?"
He was told that it was the figure seven.
"Well, then," said the genius, "it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOHEA!—It is stated that Chang's parents are engaged in the tea-trade. If so, the celebrated giant must be a remarkably fine specimen of their High-son.

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze and can not do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
How with rapturous torment fills me!
Now says, "Sneeze, you goose—get through it."
Shee—shee—Oh, 'tis most del-ishi—
Ishi—ishi—most delishi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff is a most delicious thing.

THE BITTER CUP.—How annoying it must be to a teetotaler to have a bottle-nose!

IMPROMPTU.

I met a friend the other day,
Whose coat was rather C D.
When told, no wonder, you will say—
His pockets were quite M T.

A story is told of an inveterate drinker, who, after a great deal of solicitation, signed the temperance pledge, but soon after was noticed to imbibe as frequently as ever. To his friends, who remonstrated with him, he replied that the document which he had signed was illegal, and of no binding force, because it had upon it no internal revenue stamp.

What notes compose the most favorite tunes?—and how many tunes do they compose?—Bank-notes—they make for-tunes.

We observe a magazine article with the inviting title, "Under the Lash, by One who has been Flogged." Pleasant reading, if the announcement is to be read literally. We suppose it will be followed by "Under the Gallows, by One who has been Hanged."

CABINET CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crazy oil-speculator like the Secretary of the Navy?—He is giddy on wells.

Why is a rebel pardon-seeker leaving the White House like an outward-bound steamer?—He is going Seward.

Why is an archbishop like the Secretary of War?—He regulates the canons.

Why is the Secretary of the Treasury like a weaver?—He can't do without a Spinner.

Why is the Postmaster-General like a girl at a boarding-school?—He looks after the mails.

Said the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny:
"*Ma belle*, why is a new-born baby like a cow's tail?"
"I don't know. You know I never can guess a conundrum."
"Because it was never seen before."
Fanny fainted.

A CAPITAL R.—The clown's "Here we *are!*"

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass to show that it may be broken.

An elderly and good-natured spinster, on being rallied as to her "single blessedness," declared, "I never yet have lost heart, because I have always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married."

A NOTE THAT COULD NOT BE HEARD.—Many musical composers make use of A sharp and A flat; but the author of the "Marcellaise" introduced an A mute (*sourde*). Which calls our attention to the fact that a philosophical member of the Anthropological Society says all the European races are descended from people who could not speak, or, as he designates them, "mutes." We shall consider the author of the theory in future as "our mutual friend." "But, I say," says Johnny, who always listens to instructive conversation like a good boy, as he is, "if the first people were dumb mutes, who were the undertakers and who did they bury?"

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THE GRAND CHARITY BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 83.]

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LEAVING THE MATINEE.

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DADDY DODD.

JOHN BEADLE was an honest man, with a large family and a small shop. It was not a hopeful circumstance in John's position that, while his family kept on enlarging, the shop obstinately maintained its contracted dimensions; that, while there seemed to be no bounds to the race of Beadle, the business which maintained them was strictly limited. John's shop was situated in one of the many by-streets, with no main thoroughfare among them, which constitute Somers Town; and it was devoted to the sale of coals and vegetables. As a householder, John, though in a small way of business, was a person of some importance, inasmuch as he was the sole lessee of an entire tenement. It was something to boast of in that neighborhood, but not much; for the roof which John called his own was a broken-backed roof, and covered only one floor besides the basement, which formed the emporium. The tenement seemed to be fast sinking into the earth. The impression of the beholder was that one story had already sunk, and that the others were rapidly following it; so that it seemed probable in a few years there would be nothing visible but the broken-backed roof lying flat on the spot, a monument of departed commerce in coals. Meantime, by the agency of two upright beams and one transverse one, the broken-backed roof was kept over the heads of John and his family.

John's family consisted of his wife Martha, seven children, and Martha's old father. All these, including the old man, who was past work, and utterly without any means of his own, were dependent upon the exertions of John, aided, when urgent family affairs would permit, by his wife. John's exertions were divided between chopping fire-wood, taking out hundreds (more frequently half-hundreds) of coals on a truck, and "moving." The occupation of "moving" may be described as going to houses about quarter-day, wrestling with chests of drawers, sofas, four-post bedsteads, and other heavy articles of furniture, and getting very little money, but a good deal of beer. If John had been a pelican of the wilderness he might have nourished his family upon beer for a week after a moving; but he was only a man, and could do little more than find them a bit of supper with the single shilling which was generally all his reward in available currency.

The door and the window of the shop being always open, the nature and extent of John's stock in trade were patent to the world. It consisted of about a ton of coals—which generally ran small—heaped up in a corner, a little pile of fire-wood, a few strings of onions, a few bunches of greens, a basket or two of potatoes, a box of red herrings, a bottle of peppermint-stick, alluringly displayed with some marrowless nuts and wizened apples on a board outside the window, and a bed-wrench. This last instrument was a wonderful auxiliary to John's other resources. While the two upright beams and the single transverse beam were the support of the emporium architecturally, the bed-wrench was the prop of the emporium commercially. It was a thing not to be bought, but borrowed; and the charge for the loan of that bed-wrench was twopence. Chaldron Street was given to borrowing, and it seemed to be a street which did not lie easy in its bed, for it was always taking its bed down and putting its bed up again, the result being that John's bed-wrench was in constant and urgent demand. Such has been the eagerness to secure the instrument, that two rival applicants have been known actually to wrench each other in the effort to possess it.

One half of John's shop was occupied by the stock, the other half formed the ordinary sitting-room. This latter room had a fire-place, surmounted by a mantle-shelf, on which stood several works of art in china; and its furniture consisted of two or three Windsor chairs, and a small round table. Little active domesticity was ever witnessed in this department except at the close of the day, when the family, coming from the coals, and the potatoes, and the fire-wood, made a rush at the little round table, and scrambled for herrings and thick bread-and-butter and tea. At such times old Daddy, Martha's superannuated father, was to be seen sitting in an arm-chair by the side of the fire, his bald head encircled by a glory of onions, and the coals rising on his right like a distant mountain range, put in as a back-ground to the picture. Those family banquets were sharp and short. All unnecessary conveniences of luxury, such as knives and forks, slop-basins and the like, were dispensed with. Each one, as he finished his cup of tea, turned round and threw the dregs upon the heap of coals, and, when he had finished picking his herring, turned the other way and flung the bones into the fire. After the meal, Mr. Beadle was accustomed to sit down opposite old Daddy, while Martha drew up between them, and devoted herself to the mending of the family linen; but, as the number of chairs was limited, the younger branches of the family usually reclined, in the classic fashion, among the coals, from contact with which they derived a swarthiness of complexion which caused them to be known in the neighborhood as the "black Beadles." John and Martha loved their offspring dearly, and would not have had any thing happen to one of them for the world; but they began to find that they were increasing both in numbers and in appetite in a ratio altogether disproportionate to the development of the trade in coals and vegetables, notwithstanding that the rolling stock had been increased by a new truck and a second bed-wrench. John's ambition had often taken a run at a horse and cart; but it had never been able to vault so high, and always fell back upon the truck and hurt itself in the region of its dignity. A truck is not a glorious kind of vehicle—especially a coal-truck. It is a vehicle that takes the pavement rather than the middle of the road, for choice, and although the thunder which it makes as it traverses the coal traps on the pavement is considerable, it is not a source of pride to its owner. Besides, it does not warrant the assumption of that sceptre of authority, a whip; and it is usually propelled by one of the human species. Well, it would never do if we all had the same ambition. While some persons aspire to rule their fellow-men, there are others who prefer to exercise authority over the brutes, in driving a horse and cart. This was John's case. A horse and cart, with a corresponding increase of business, and a drive down the road to the Jolly Butchers on Sunday afternoon, with the missus in all her best by his side, and the kids, with their faces washed behind, like a pen of clean little pigs—this had been the dream of John's life; but it was a dream that had not yet come true. Indeed, so far from this, John's prospects were becoming darker than brighter every day.

"What was to be done?"

This question, which had long suggested itself both to John and Martha, found audible expression one night, after the black Beadles had scampered away to their holes for the night. Old Daddy Dodd was sitting dozing in his chair by the side of the fire, and John and Martha were sitting opposite.

It was John who propounded the question:

"What was to be done?"

Martha made no audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked across significantly at Daddy.

John shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"I have no right to ask you to do it any longer, John," Martha said. "I had no right ever to expect you to do it."

"But it was my duty and my pleasure to do it, Martha," John replied. "He's your father, and I couldn't see the poor old man starve!"

"But he needn't *starve*, you know, John," Martha said; and her lips trembled as she said the words.

"I know what you mean," John returned; "but I can't bear the thoughts of it. It's not what ought to be, when he's had a house of his own, and drove his own chay, and paid rates and taxes, and every comfort."

"Well, it *is* hard, when you think of it," Martha replied, sadly; "and the drawing-room that we had, too, and the silver spoons, and the real china cups and saucers!" And at the thought of the china cups and saucers Martha dropped a tear.

"Yes, it is hard," John returned; "and that's why I have stood between him and *it* as long as I could."

"But you can't stand between him and *it* any longer, John, and I mustn't ask you to; it's not fair to you, John, and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer."

Poor old Daddy was sitting dozing in his chair, blissfully unconscious of these deliberations, of which he was the subject. In his time Daddy had been in a good, though small way of business, in the carpentering line, combined with a little undertaking (which he undertook in his overtime, to oblige friends), and he had brought up a large family decently; but his sons, who might have been a help to him in his declining years, emigrated, and died in foreign parts; and when the infirmities of age began to creep upon the old man, and he was no longer able to work with his own hands, he disposed of his business at an alarming sacrifice, and retired to live on his means. His means were small, but his remaining years were few; and, proceeding on his philosophical calculation, Daddy lived upon the principal instead of the interest (which he could not have lived upon at all), and lived longer than he calculated. Although Daddy disposed of his business, and let the carpenter's shop, he still continued to occupy the dwelling-house of which it formed a part, and this led many to believe that the old carpenter was pretty well off. His daughter Martha shared in this impression, and was rather disposed to boast of the independent gentleman, her father, and cherish expectations of an inheritance.

One day, about two years after Martha had been married to John Beadle, and shortly after she had prodigally presented John with the second pledge of her affection, old Daddy arrived at the emporium, suffused with smiles. Martha thought he was going to present baby with the silver spoons. When the old man had settled himself in a chair, and recovered his breath, he said, with a pleasant chuckle,

"I've got something to tell you, Martha."

"What is it, father?"

"Well, Martha, I've been looking in the top drawer, and—and—"

"Yes, father, yes," said Martha, eagerly, making quite sure now that baby was to have the spoons.

"I've been looking in the top drawer," the old man repeated, "and—and—"

"The spoons," Martha suggested, as dutifully helping her poor old father in a difficulty.

"No, not the spoons, Martha," he said—"the money."

"What about the money, father?"

"It's all gone, Martha!"

"All gone! The money you've got to live upon, father!" cried Martha, hysterically—"all gone?"

"Every farden," said the old man.

Martha could not believe it. She gave baby to a neighbor to mind, and insisted upon the old man going back with her to his lodging immediately. He gave her the key, and she tore open the top drawer in a frantic way. She seized the canvas bag in which the old man kept his money (for he had an unconquerable distrust of banks), and plunged her hand into it. She could feel nothing like coin. She turned the bag inside out and shook it—nothing fell out of it. She rummaged among the useless odds and ends in the drawer, and not a farthing could she find. Suddenly she paused, and said:

"You've been robbed, father. Somebody's been at the drawer."

"No, no, my dear, you mustn't say that; nobody's been at the drawer but me. I've spent it all. There wasn't much of it—only eighty pounds altogether, and it wouldn't last forever. It's me that's lived too long, Martha;" and the old man sat down in a chair, and began to whimper and weep.

Martha could only sit down and weep too. She was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's destitution, and the prospect which lay before him, in his weak old age. His money was all gone, and his few sticks of furniture, with the silver spoons, which were the only portion of his plate which remained, would scarcely realize enough to bury him.

This was sad news to tell John when he came in (from a moving job) to his dinner. Martha, by way of breaking it gently to him, hysterically shrieked out the tidings at the top of her voice, as John was coming in at the door.

"Oh, John, father's money's all gone!" she cried.

Seeing that Martha was in a dreadful state of excitement about the matter, John, with a proper appreciation of artistic contrast, took the unwelcome announcement coolly.

"Well," he said, "in that case *we* must keep him. He has nobody else to look to."

And so one day John went over to Daddy's house, sent for a broker, and disposed of all the things except the old man's bed, which he dispatched by the truck to the emporium. That done, he locked the door, sent the key to the landlord, and taking the old man by the hand, led him to the shelter of the broken-backed roof. Putting him into the old arm-chair by the fire, and patting him kindly on his bald head, he said:

"There, Daddy, consider yourself at home—provided for for the rest of your life."

So it happened that John and Martha were burdened with old Daddy Dodd, in addition to their own numerous offspring. And Daddy *was* a burden, though neither John nor Martha ever said so, even to each other. He was an expensive old man, for though he did not eat much, and was well content to share a bedroom with the boys, he had, considering his circumstances, an unreasonable passion for snuff; and a glass of "six ale," punctually every morning at eleven o'clock, was absolutely necessary to his existence. The glass of six ale he *would* have, and he would have it nowhere but in the public house, standing at the pewter bar, according to a custom which he had most religiously observed for more than forty years. One of the inconveniences of this requirement was that the old man had to be provided every morning with three-halfpence, in current coin of the realm; and another, which followed in the course of time, when the old man became decrepit and feeble—was that some one had to take him to the particular public house on which alone he would bestow his patronage (half a mile distant), and bring him back again.

Still no word of complaint escaped either John or Martha, until their family increased to that extent when every half-penny became, as Martha said, an "object." The crisis arrived that night, when John, in general but significant terms, asked his good wife what was to be done.

"It is not fair to you, John," Martha said, "and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer." And, while the old man sat dozing in his chair, all unconscious, it was resolved between them, after a hard struggle on John's part and many silent tears on Martha's part, that John should next day put old Daddy into the work-house. The resolution was taken, and the old man slept on. Neither John nor Martha had the courage to wake him. They were afraid that he might read their terrible intentions toward him in their guilty faces. "I can not do it, Martha," John said; and he made an excuse to go out of doors to smoke his pipe. Martha could not do it either, and sat waiting for the old man to wake, and presently he woke and called for her. She had withdrawn into the shade, and he could not see her with his dim old eyes.

"Martha," he said, "where are you? Come here and let me tell you what I've been dreaming about. Such a pleasant dream, my dear, about the old days when you was all at home! I thought I saw you all round the table eating your Christmas dinners; and there was turkey and plum-pudding and all the nice things that we used to have, you know; and then I dreamed that I was taking you to the boarding-school, where you was for a twelve-month, you know; and—and, as we was driving down the Edgeware road in the chaise, John came up and wanted to borrow five pounds, just as he used to do, you know, and—and I lent it him, just as I used to do, and—and—but what's the matter with you, Martha? you're not crying, surely?"

Poor old man, he little knew what thorns he was planting in his daughter's breast. She *was* crying, but she hid her tears, and said kindly it was time for him to go to bed.

So, taking him by the hand, and leading him to his room, she put him to bed and tucked him up like a child.

When Martha went down stairs again John was timidly peeping in at the door.

"Have you put him to bed, Martha?" he inquired.

"Yes, John."

"Do you think he suspected any thing?"

"Oh no, poor old dear!"

"No, of course not, Martha," John said, "he would never dream that we could be such monsters—but did he say any thing?"

"Yes, he said, 'God bless you, Martha, and God bless John, for all your kindness.'"

John, whose heart was much too big for his other faculties, withdrew his head from the door, and vented his smitten feelings in a howl.

John and Martha crawled up to bed that night with the sense of a premeditated crime weighing upon their souls. As they passed the room where the old man lay they turned away their faces.

Next morning Martha dressed her old baby in his best clothes, crying over him all the while, and hiding her tears as best she could. Daddy wanted to know if it was Sunday, that they were putting on his best things, and Martha could not answer. Every innocent word he uttered was a reproach to her. She could not look at him at breakfast-time, neither could John.

When breakfast was over, John said to the old man, in as cheerful a tone as he could command,

"Grandfather, I'm going to take you for a walk."

"That's kind of you, John," said the old man, very kind."

"Well, come along, grandfather; here's your hat and stick."

"I'm ready, John, quite ready. Eh? bless me, what's the matter now, my dear?"

Martha had her arms round his neck, kissing him.

"Good-by, father," she said, through her sobs, "Good-by."

She had resolved not to say it, but she couldn't help it.

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man, "we are not going far. Are we, John?"

"No, grandfather, not very far."

"And we'll come back soon, won't we, John?"

"Oh yes, grandfather," John said; and the words almost choked him.

Martha whispered to the children to go and shake hands with their grandfather; and wondering what this unusual ceremony meant, they did as they were told, quietly and silently.

The old man was as much puzzled as the children, and wanted to know if it was a birthday. John could not answer him; his heart was full and his utterance choked. Without another word he took the old man by the hand, and led him from the house; and Martha stood in the doorway, surrounded by the children, looking after them sadly through her tears. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the work-house, but it was a long journey for Daddy, who was getting very frail now. He dropped his stick very often, and John had to stoop and pick it up for him, and there were dangerous crossings to pass, where it was necessary for John to signal to drivers of vehicles to draw up and slacken speed until he carried the old man safely over to the other side of the road. Poor old Daddy, going to the work-house, was highly honored that day. The stream of traffic staid its current and diverted its course to let him pass. It could not have done more for the Lord Mayor. At length John, leading his unconscious charge by the hand, arrived in front of the work-house gates. At the sight of the gloomy portal and the high black wall, which shuts in life and shuts out hope, his resolution began to fail him. He stopped and hesitated.

"Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, ain't it?"

"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a cheery tone.

"Will you take it here?" John asked.

"Is this the Nag's Head?" the old man inquired.

The Nag's Head was the house which he had "used" for forty years.

"No, grandfather," John said; "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here."

"Well, just as you like," Daddy assented.

So John took the old man into a public house opposite the work-house gates, and gave him the usual three-halfpence; for it was Daddy's pride always to pay for his liquor with his own hand. While Daddy was sipping his ale John tossed off a couple of glasses of spirits; he was trying to screw his failing courage to the point. When the old man had finished his glass John took him once more by the hand, and hurriedly led him across the road. He was at the gate, hesitating, with a full heart, looking through a mist of tears at the handle of the work-house bell, inviting only the clutch of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said:

"John!"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Ain't this the work-house?"

Daddy's look, his intimation that he knew where he was, the thought that he suspected his design, struck John to the heart; and he hurried the old man away from the gate.

"The work-house, grandfather, no, no!" John said; "what made you think of that? Come, come away, come away; we're going home, grandfather, going home as fast as we can."

John was so anxious to drag Daddy away from the spot that he fairly lifted him off his legs and carried him across the road. In his excitement and haste he quite forgot Daddy's feebleness, and hurried him along at such a rate that the old man lost his breath, and was nearly falling. It was not until a street had been put between them and the work-house that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy to recover himself. After that he led him gently back to the emporium, took him in, and replaced him in his old chair by the fireside.

"I couldn't do it, Martha," he said; "my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me; and his look, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I couldn't do it. I felt as if I was going to murder the poor old man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in yonder; it's burying him alive!"

"But, John—"

"I say it shall never be done by me, Martha," John interposed, sternly. "We must do the best we can for him, and strive to the last to save him and ourselves from that disgrace."

An interchange of looks sealed the compact between them—that Daddy was to have a home with them while they had a roof to call their own, and a loaf of bread to share with him.

Old Daddy had not only been a considerable expense to John and Martha, but during the winter months he had been much in the way. He was always pottering about in the shop, which being also the sitting-room, did not afford much scope for business and domesticity combined. But now the fine days were coming, and Daddy would be able to spend a good deal of his time out of doors. So, when the fine days came, little Benjy, John's youngest but two, who was not old enough to be of any assistance in the business, was appointed to the sole and undivided duty of minding grandfather, and taking him for walks, when it was convenient to get him out of the way. Little Benjy, a little, large-headed, wise-looking boy of six years, was Daddy's

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especial pet and favorite; or, perhaps, it might have been said, so much more responsible a person was Benjy, that Daddy was *his* pet and favorite. Be that as it would, they loved each other, and on fine days, when the sun shone, it was their delight to wander hand in hand among the neighboring streets, prattling together like two children, and gazing in, with child-like wonder, at the pretty things in the shop windows. The people round about called them the Babes in the Wood, and old Daddy was certainly as much a babe as Benjy. He took the same interest in the contents of the toy-shops, and sighed as deeply as Benjy sighed to think that his youthful guardian could not become the possessor of a much-coveted toy-gun (with a pink stock), which went off with a spiral spring. In their wanderings, day by day, the Babes saw many strange things, and studied the wonders of Somers Town with the deepest interest. It was their special delight to stand before any open door or window which afforded them a view of a process of manufacture. They stood on gratings and listened to the rattle of sausage-machines "that went by steam," Benjy informed his charge and pupil, who was not very well up in the modern arts and sciences; they gazed at the little men in shirt-sleeves and flat caps, who turned a miniature coffee-mill under a glass case at the grocer's—such industrious little men, who always kept on grinding whether their master was in the shop or not, and never seemed to go home to their meals. They superintended the lowering of barrels into public house cellars, learning the mysteries of the inclined plane, and speculating as to whether the barrels contained the particular kind of six ale which grandfather liked; they watched the making of shoes and the turning of wood, and were sometimes observed to be much absorbed in the flaying of sheep, a process which had a deep abstract interest for Benjy, while it set Daddy babbling about the delights—to him now purely visionary—of a boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce.

In these wanderings Benjy was careful not to release his hold of Daddy's hand, for he was particularly enjoined never to leave him for a moment, and whatever he did not to let him tumble down. One muddy day Benjy *did* let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for fear his mother should find it out. He did his best with his little cotton pocket-handkerchief to efface all traces of mud from Daddy's trowsers; but he was afraid lest the old man might "tell on him." Not that there was any want of loyalty between them, but Daddy was getting so garrulous that he sometimes, quite unintentionally, let out things which got Benjy into trouble; so, when any thing happened, Benjy was obliged to remind grandfather that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they bent their steps homeward.

"Oh no, Benjy," the old man protested. "I—I sha'n't say a word about it."

At first, before complete confidence had been established between them, Benjy sought on one occasion to purchase his grandfather's silence with a penny (which he did not at that moment possess, but expected to have some day), but he had come to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to sustain their mutual devotion, except when it was occasionally loosened by an inadvertence, or a lapse of memory, which, in Daddy's case, was beyond the power of either love or money to control. Going home in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benjy had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of Somers Town.

Alas, that those relations should so often have fallen upon indifferent ears! But John and Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a prey both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing, but the business continued to resist all efforts in the direction of development. John was getting into debt at the coal wharf, and at the potato warehouse. The times were hard, and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eighteen-pence a hundred, potatoes at a penny a pound. The poor people couldn't pay the price. Poor women came for a few pounds of coal and took them away in their aprons. There was scarcely any use for the truck. When coals were so dear and fires so small, Chaldron Street was a good deal given to warm itself in its bed, which thus became a permanent institution. The consequence to John was that his bed-wrench rusted in idleness, and in view of the oxyd which accumulated upon it, it might be said to have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of eating its head off. The fortunes of the emporium were at a very low ebb; John and Martha could scarcely provide bare food for the family. The black Beadles, clamoring for victuals, and not finding satisfaction at the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short work of the carrots, attacked even the cabbage-leaves and the turnip-tops. John and Martha were denying themselves day after day, that the old man might have a bit of something nice and nourishing. But things were coming to a crisis now. The coal-merchant, the potato-merchant, and the landlord, all three threatened process, and John was in hourly expectation of an execution. All his striving had been of no avail to save "him and them from that disgrace." It must come now. Nothing could avert it.

One afternoon John was sitting on a stool, on the site of the mountain of coal, which had been removed to the last shovelful of dust (and, alas! the capitalist at the wharf had not the faith to replace it), utterly dejected and dispirited. It was a terrible trial for a strong man with a stout heart and a vigorous will to be thus beaten down and trampled under the feet of a cruel and relentless Fortune, whom he had wooed with all his art, and wrestled with all his strength. Poor John had received so many heavy falls that the spirit was almost crushed out of him. When he looked up and saw a strange man darkening his door he felt that the last blow was about to be struck.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand upon any ceremony, I beg; I'm quite prepared for you."

"Are you?" said the man, curiously.

"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do yourself."

"Do you?" said the man, in the same tone.

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried John, angrily, rising and facing the intruder; "to mock me as well as ruin me."

"Mock you?" said the man.

"Yes, mock me," John repeated, in the same angry tone.

"I did not come here to mock you; far from it," the man returned. "In fact, my business is not with you at all. I came to see Mr. Dodd, who was an old neighbor of mine."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said John. "You'll excuse me, I hope; but we are in great distress, and I expected nothing but bad news."

"If I am not mistaken," said the stranger, "it is good news I bring you. You are Mr. Dodd's son-in-law, are you not?"

"I am, Sir, and I wish I were a richer son-in-law for his sake," John replied.

"Perhaps there will be no need for that, *for his sake*," the stranger returned.

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"Well, just this," said the stranger. "A few days ago I noticed an advertisement in the paper addressed to Daniel Dodd, informing him that, if he applied to Mr. Johnson, solicitor, in Bedford Row, he would hear of something to his advantage. Now, thinking that the Daniel Dodd wanted might be my old neighbor, and knowing Mr. Johnson, of Bedford Row, I called upon that gentleman and learned that the person wanted *is* Daniel Dodd, my old neighbor, and that under the will of his brother George, who died some time ago in India, he is entitled to—"

"Hold hard, Sir," said John, grasping the stranger by the arm, and staring at him with fixed eyes. "You're not having a lark, a cruel lark with us, are you?"

"God forbid," said the stranger, gravely.

"And answer me another thing, Sir," John continued, in the same excited way. "You're not out of your mind, are you?"

"Certainly not," returned the man.

"Very well," said John; "you may go on."

"I was going to say," the stranger continued, "that under the will of his deceased brother George, who died some time ago in India, Daniel Dodd is entitled to five thousand pounds."

"Martha!" cried John to his wife, who was up stairs cleaning the rooms.

"Yes, John. What is it?"

"Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again!" And he shouted it over and over again up the stairs, and slapped the balusters every time to give it emphasis.

"Are you gone mad, John?" was Martha's reply, when she was allowed to speak.

"You see, Sir," said John to his visitor; "she thinks I must be mad; no wonder if I thought *you* were mad. But here's Daddy; he knows you, I dare say, and you can tell him; he often talked about his brother George who went to India; but I thought he had been dead long ago."

At that moment Daddy came in from one of his walks with Benjy, and was told of his fortune.

"Dear me," he said, sinking into his chair, "brother George is dead! Poor boy, poor boy!"

The poor boy had died at the good old age of threescore and ten, but Daddy still thought of him as the lad in the blue jacket from whom he had parted at Wapping when they were boys.

Not without many difficulties, long delay, and considerable cost, Daddy's claim to the five thousand pounds was established. John gave all his time—utterly neglecting the emporium—to the prosecution of the matter, and, oddly enough, in wooing Fortune in this most audacious and presumptuous manner, he proved successful; though, previously, when he had humbled himself in the dirt to implore her for a single smile, she had contemptuously passed onward, bespattering him with mud from her chariot-wheels. And one day John, knowing Daddy's weakness, brought home the five thousand pounds all in notes in the very canvas bag which had been the old man's bank in the days when he was well to do.

"There, father," said Martha, "putting the bag in his hand. And now what will you do with it?"

"What will I do with it?" said the old man. "I'll—I'll keep my promise to Benjy, and buy him that gun!"

"But there's more than will buy the gun, father."

"You don't mean that, Martha?" said the old man.

"Oh yes, father, a heap more."

"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John to buy a horse and cart."

"But there's more even than that, father; ever so much more."

"Oh, well, you just keep that for yourself, Martha, for taking care of your old father."

And Daddy, with no elaborate design, but with the simple innocence of a child, which is sometimes wiser than the astute provisions of law, saved the dangerous formalities of will-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to his daughter Martha the bag containing all his money.

Before John even thought of his horse and cart—though that was lurking in a corner of his mind—he regained the tenancy of Daddy's old house, furnished it with as many of the old sticks as he could recover from the brokers' shops, with many splendid new ones besides for the drawing-room, and, when all was done, led Daddy back to his old quarters, and joined him there with Martha and all the family.

But dotage had been coming upon poor old Daddy, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He came at last to fancy that it was a dream, and sitting by the fireside of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the faces of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by-and-by.

And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a land where there was no more going to sleep.

And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GENTLE reader, if a fit of the "blues" comes over you some day, and you think God and the world have dealt hardly with you, take a trip to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It will quicken your sympathies and do you good.

Step into the Eighth Avenue cars, and ride up as far as they go—to Manhattanville. Do not be impatient if you have to wait a little here. Take a seat in the shelter car; or, if it is cold, there is a neat room near by where you are welcome to warm your toes while you watch for the omnibus from Harlem. It soon comes, a dingy little coach closely packed; but never mind, here is half a seat vacant, and there will not be much room for the cold to enter.

A drive through Carmansville would undoubtedly be delightful in summer as the street is lined with many trees, whose bare branches at this season stretch themselves shiveringly toward the sky. And while you are striving to imagine the change June will bring, the coach stops at the entrance gate of the grounds of the Institution, on Washington Heights, and a short walk brings you to the building itself.

It happened to be on a Monday when we visited the Institution; but every nook and corner was as scrupulously neat as if Monday were not the authorized scrubbing day throughout Christendom. We passed into some of the class-rooms. Intelligent looking lads and misses were solving questions in arithmetic at the blackboard. The teachers, a gentleman and a lady, were both mutes; but it was wonderful to see the ease and grace with which they communicated ideas and the readiness with which their pupils received them.

In another room was a class of older pupils, under the instruction of Mr. Peet, the gentlemanly superintendent. Their morning lesson, passages learned from the Bible, had been written by them on the blackboards. One young man had written the texts in French, and was said to be able also to write in Latin.

One exercise was of a very novel and interesting character. We had noticed a *drum* on the table, and wondered what use it could serve in such an institution. At a sign from their teacher several pupils turned to the blackboard, standing so that they could not see him. He asked us to mention some word; and then he slowly spelled that word by short beats on the drum, using the same symbols for each letter as are used by the operators on the electric telegraph. Though the pupils heard not, some wonderful sensation gave them information, and they wrote each letter as it was indicated by the drum. Similar exercises were repeated several times, and seemed the more strange since the experiment was tried for the first time only five days before.

Our party having been introduced to the class, some of the young ladies wrote a graceful welcome, showing at once ready thought and quick appreciation of ideas.

About four hundred gathered at the dinner-tables—from six years old and upward. What a confusion of sounds! Yet no word. A sudden silence; but there is no bowed head, only an earnest turning of every eye to the superintendent, while, in the expressive language of signs, he invoked a blessing. Then a clatter of knives and plates—they unconsciously making more noise than would four hundred talkers. The dinner is plain, yet substantial, and evidently well prepared.

We take our leave marveling at the intelligence and quickness—the grace of expression and motion—the cheerfulness and happiness which characterize those deaf mutes, who, though *unfortunate*, are yet *fortunate* in the education they receive in that institution.

The opening of a new hotel in the Central Park will be a matter of much interest to many who seek recreation in that vicinity. It has long been the design of the Commissioners to erect a spacious hotel within the limits of the Park. Instead, however, they have repaired and remodeled a cluster of buildings opposite One Hundredth Street, recently occupied by the Sisters of Charity, and known as "St. Vincent's." The older parts of this series of buildings are full of historic interest. It stood before the Revolution and was known as the M'Gowan House. It was occupied by the British officers when they held possession of the city; and when the British evacuated New York, General Washington made that house his headquarters. The hotel is tastefully fitted up, and offers entertainment for "man and beast" in the daytime. No lodgings are to be furnished or allowed in the building. Early breakfasts, with the fruits of the season, with dinners and late suppers, and refreshments at all hours are to be provided. An elegant parlor for the reception of ladies is prepared, and the Commissioners have omitted nothing that taste and talent can desire to secure the comfort of visitors. The house is under the charge of Messrs. Stetson and Radford, who have kept the Casino since it was opened. Early risers and early riders, as well as others, will find a warm welcome and tempting viands at the St. Vincent.

The following hints for the restoration of frozen limbs are given on medical authority:

Do not beat the frost-bitten limb; do not put it into warm water. The water used should be cold, and of about the temperature of thirty-two degrees. Some persons are in the habit of rubbing the frozen or benumbed flesh with snow. The danger is that this will be too cold. If used at all it should be when the air is not excessively cold, or in a room in which the temperature is moderate.

The old proverb, "He who would thrive must rise at five," is constantly sounded in the ears of sleepy morning nappers. There seems, however, to be more rhyme than reason in it; for if

> He who would thrive must rise at five,
> it must follow, naturally,
> He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
> and it will insure a consequence that
> He who'd still more thriving be
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And who this latter would outdo
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And, by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

> He who'd never be outdone
> Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be—

> He who'd flourish best of all
> Should never go to bed at all.

The following advertisement cut from a popular London gazette, gives the answer to a question often asked nowadays, "Where do all the waterfalls come from?"

CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAIR cut from the HEADS of FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Jails throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of color. The attention of PERRUQUIER'S, PERFUMERS, and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate Supply of Material for the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY.—N.B. The whole of the HAIR, representing the average COUNTY CROP of the United Kingdom, has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.

As the veracity of this advertisement may be questioned, we mention that the gazette in which it appears is one of the most reliable in London, and is published at "Punch Office, 85 Fleet Street," where further inquiry can be made if desired.

At this season of the year a good many novelties in the way of fashion come from London and Paris. Among the new styles of materials for dresses it is said that black and gold colored silk will be very generally worn during the winter months, for ordinary afternoon wear; the yellow, or rather pale orange stripe, being narrow, consequently the color is not the least conspicuous. The dresses are trimmed with black silk and with narrow silk braid, which matches the gold stripe, sewn on half an inch from the edge of the black silk bands. The *revers* for the front of the bodice are made with the black silk and narrow braid; a band of the same is placed round the epaulet and cuff of the coat-shaped sleeve, and a waistband is likewise formed with the same materials. As a fact worth mentioning, it should be observed that wide waistbands are going out of fashion, and that, besides being made considerably narrower, they are now fastened at the left side of the waist with a rosette, but without ends.

As collars are worn large and pointed in front, and decreasing to infinitesimal dimensions at the back, many young ladies are wearing loops and long streamers of narrow ribbon at the back of their dresses. These ribbons are stitched to the top of the bodice in the centre of the back, the loops hang downward, and the streamers, although narrow, are a yard and a quarter in length, consequently fall far below the waist. The ribbon should match either the dress or the trimming; thus with the black-and-gold striped dresses it would be either black velvet, or silk with gold-colored silk edges.

Sashes with wide ends are very much worn at present with dressy outdoor toilets, and likewise with evening toilets. They have usually three ends to them, and the richest are made of velvet. Imagine three square ends, longer at the back than the front, studded with either jet or steel beads, and finished off with two lace flounces; this, made in either black or cerise velvet, enlivens admirably an evening dress which has lost somewhat of its freshness. These wide sashes are now always fastened on to a small velvet corselet studded with beads to match. Sashes made of silk are cut with pointed ends, and finished off at the points with gold tassels, beads, or fringe.

Many very handsome and novel mantles for evening wear have lately made their appearance; they are trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon, arranged much in the same style as those worn out of doors, only the ribbons are wider, and consist of white moire embroidered with gold.

The official receptions at the Tuileries on the first days of the new year were conducted with the usual magnificence; the court mourning being partially laid aside. There were some striking toilets. A young Belgian lady, who was presented, wore a train of white *crêpe lisse* puffed all over, and in the hollow between every puffing a black velvet chrysanthemum. This train was fastened on a *crêpe lisse* dress, cut in the *Princesse* form, and trimmed all down the centre of the front with bouquets of chrysanthemums instead of with large buttons, as is usual with that style of dress. The head-dress was composed of a *bandeau* of chrysanthemums, and of a pearl and amethyst comb. This toilet was considered to be in most exquisite taste. A white *faille* train, worn by a beautiful German Countess, was studded all over with bees represented in violet velvet and gold, and was fastened at the shoulders with gold cord and violet chenille tassels. Other trains were ornamented with wide sashes having three or four ends, and these sashes had a very good effect, as they trimmed the centre of the train.

At a Christmas-eve party which was given at the Tuileries, and to which only the most intimate among the Court circle were invited, the Empress wore a most charming toilet. It consisted of white tulle, with sprays of foliage made of different shades of green velvet ornamenting the skirt, and tufts of white narcissus on the bodice. The head-dress was formed with a coronet of white narcissi, and round the throat her Majesty wore a magnificent pearl necklet. The Queen of Portugal also wore white; a white satin dress, with a tulle tunic, and over the tulle a coat-tail basque, made of white satin trimmed with lace; a jet gimp heading the lace. A diamond and emerald comb in the hair, and a diamond necklace round the throat.

A curious custom is kept up among the Saxon peasantry in some parts of England. On the morning of their marriage the bride sends her betrothed a shirt of her own making. The whole of the bosom is cunningly embroidered in the form of the carnation and the rose; also ears of corn are represented; the ruffles, too, are composed of a delicate sort of lace-work. This garment is kept the whole life long—"it is worn at the first marriage festival, and again put on when death comes to summon the old gray-headed man to be wedded to eternity."

DR. BARTH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.

DR. HEINRICH BARTH, the great and successful explorer of Northern and Central Africa, is so well known by his travels to the whole civilized world that we can not pass in silence over his premature death, which occurred in Berlin on the 25th of November last. His great work, although so large as not to have been read as extensively as one a third as large would have been, is the best portrait of his character; showing alike his modesty, good sense, courage, confidence, and learning. Germany has sent out some of the best, if not the very best, equipped travelers of modern times. It would be hard to find names which in this respect can stand before NIEBUHR, FORSTER, SEETZEN, BURCKHARDT, RUSSEGER, RUPPELL, HUMBOLDT, ZOBLER, LEICHARDT, and BARTH. Among these the last-named is admitted as *par inter fratres*; and although snatched away without warning at the age of only forty-five years, he has lived long enough to see his name among the foremost of living geographers, as well as to have completed two great enterprises—the scientific examination of the whole Mediterranean Basin, as well as the exploration of Northern and Northern Central Africa, doing in both cases a work which had been accomplished by no predecessor.

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His first great work is much less familiarly known among us than the second, and for this reason I may allude more fully to it, as, after all, it was the natural goal of all his earlier years. BARTH'S career may be divided into two sections, one of which was completed, the other of which was left incomplete. The goal of his youth was to examine the Mediterranean Basin, the geographical mother, as he thought, of all civilization. The goal of his later years was to prepare a grammar of the North African languages, a work for which his philological attainments eminently fitted him. This work has been left incomplete, and I know not who can walk in his footsteps and bring it to a conclusion.

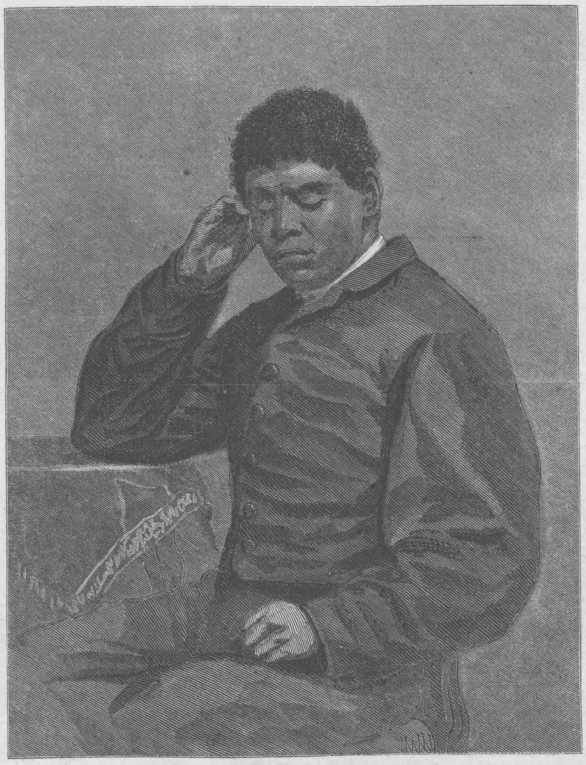
The son of a prosperous Hamburg merchant, BARTH enjoyed the advantages of pecuniary independence his whole life long. While at school in his native city he was remarkable for the same qualities which characterized him as a man—modesty, reserve, boldness, zeal, industry, and talents. He entered Berlin University in 1839, and studied philology and geography mainly, his instructors being the eminent BÖEKH, CURTIUS, GRIMM, and RITTER. His desire to see something even then of the Mediterranean Basin led him to Italy and Sicily, where he spent four months, and where he conceived the plan, to be executed at the close of his academical career, of following the whole course of Phœnician colonization on the shores of the Mediterranean. This goal he kept steadily in sight. In 1845 he went to England, acquired the Arabic language, took letters to the English consuls of the Levant, and then set out on his first great tour. He passed rapidly through France, over the Pyrenees, and spent four weeks at Madrid. Thence he journeyed on to Cadiz and Tarik, where his true tour commenced. Here, at the pillars of Hercules, he was at an outpost of European travel. My brief space will only allow my giving the slightest abstract of his course. He touched the African coast at Tangier, passed on to Tunis and Tripoli, explored the ruins of Carthage and Utica, Cyrene and Barca. Arriving on the Egyptian frontier, he was attacked by Bedouins, wounded, and robbed of every thing valuable, including what he most prized—his note-book filled with observations on the way. The work which he wrote and published after his return shows the excellence of his memory; and happily he had been in constant intercourse with his brother, Captain SCHUBERT of Dresden, and the letters to him proved of unexpected value after the loss of the original notes.

He passed up the Nile to the second Cataract, then through Arabia Petræa, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and so back to Berlin, where he became a lecturer at the University, and prepared the first volume of his travels. The cost of the whole expedition was $11,000 gold. It was worth all it cost to him, however, as a preparation for the next expedition, which was the great work of the next few years.

It is impossible for me, knowing Dr. BARTH as well as I did, to condense the matter which would be interesting to American readers into the brief space at my command. His own volumes contain, however, a full transcript of his later African life. That work was written in English as well as German by BARTH, who spoke and wrote our language perfectly. During the last five years he has been Professor in Berlin University. At the time of his death (which was caused by a mistake of his physician, who gave him six grains of tartar emetic to relieve a slight attack of dyspepsia) he was lecturing on the Mediterranean Basin, and preparing his work on the languages of Northern Africa. It aggravates his loss immeasurably to think that he was murdered, but it is too late to save him. I had a long conversation with him less than a week before his death. He was then in perfect health. His bronzed face still bore the impress of African travel, as well as of the journey through Albania, which he made this last summer. He called himself perfectly well; and he who was spared while both his companions, RICHARDSON and OBERWEG, succumbed to the African climate, lived to fall by the carelessness, not of an apothecary's clerk, but of an educated physician.

The portrait of BARTH, on page 84, is from a very accurate photograph taken a few years before his death. He was of medium height, thickly and strongly built, with a noble brow, deep though not large eyes, a reticent manner, and great modesty in speaking of his own achievements. He used to be a great admirer of England and the English, but within the last few years his admiration had much subsided; but he continued the friend of America and Americans. He went seldom into society; and it is worthy of record that the last time when he appeared in a social gathering was just one week before his death, at a soirée of Americans at Governor WRIGHT'S. Dr. BARTH was never married; but his life was not without its romantic side, a disappointment in love having been the impelling cause of his joining the African expedition. The same mighty passion which made KÖRNER a soldier made BARTH an explorer.

BERLIN, *Jan. 6*, 1866. W. L. GAGE.



"BLIND TOM"—THE CELEBRATED NEGRO PIANIST.—[PHOT. BY BENDANN BROTHERS, BALTIMORE.]

TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.

THIS extraordinary boy, who has for several months astonished and delighted the thousands who have had the good fortune to witness the astounding demonstrations of his wonderful genius, was born near the city of Columbus, in the State of Georgia, about the 25th of May, 1849. Shut out from all knowledge of the external world but such as could be acquired by hearing and by touch, his whole being seemed to be open to and occupied by touch and sound. No matter what its character; the moan of pain, the cry of anger, the harsh grating of the corn-sheller, the roar of the thunder, and the soft breathings of the flute, all were music to him.

Before he was two years of age BLIND TOM sung every thing he heard. When the young ladies of the family, upon their return from school, sat upon the steps and sung, TOM came and sung with them; and such were the facility and correctness with which he took up the air, that they were impressed with the belief that he did not have to learn the tune, but that upon hearing the first note he knew intuitively the balance. Soon without knowing, but from the promptings of nature, that there was any such thing, he began to sing seconds.

At about four years of age he heard the sound of a piano for the first time. Upon the arrival of the instrument he was amusing himself as usual in the yard. The first touch of the keys brought him into the parlor, he was permitted to run his fingers over the keys simply to gratify his curiosity, and to indulge his propensity to make a noise; this luxury he enjoyed occasionally only, as he could chance to find the parlor empty and the piano open. Very soon, however, between midnight and day, he found his way into the parlor, the piano having been left open, and the young ladies were awakened by the sound of the instrument. To their astonishment they heard TOM playing one of their pieces; and the coming of morning found him still at the piano. After this he was allowed to play occasionally, and his powers were so rapidly and so astonishingly developed that in a little time he was permitted to go to the piano at his pleasure. From that day he has played every thing he has heard. He is still developing new and startling powers, the existence of which has been heretofore unknown to the musical world, and the possession of which seems to have been vouchsafed by the power of God to TOM alone.

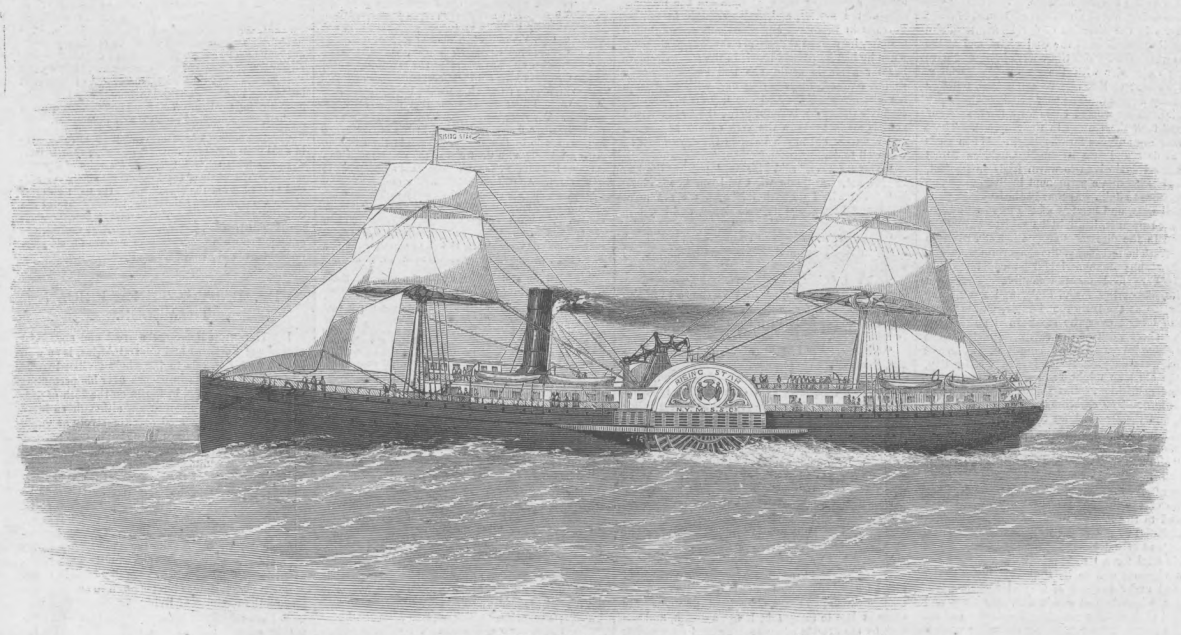
Seventeen teachers of music in Philadelphia spontaneously testify over their own signatures as follows:

"The undersigned find it impossible to account for these immense results upon any hypothesis growing out of the known laws of art and science. In the numerous tests to which TOM was subjected in our presence, or by us, he invariably came off triumphant. Whether in deciding the pitch or component parts of Chords the most difficult and dissonant, whether in repeating with correctness and precision any pieces, written or impromptu, played to him for the first and only time, whether in his improvisations or performances of compositions by THALBERG, GOTTSCHALK, ASCHER, VERDI, and others—in fact, under every form of musical examination (and the experiments are too numerous to enumerate), he showed a power and capacity ranking him among the most wonderful phenomena recorded in musical history."

BLIND TOM plays with wonderful effect some pieces of his own composition. One of these he composed when he was not yet five years old. It was immediately after a storm, and he called it, "What the wind, the thunder, and the rain said to him." Another he composed after hearing the various excited accounts of the first Bull Run battle. The imitation of the setting out and approach of both armies, the skirmishing, the fight, the whistle announcing the approach of KIRBY SMITH'S reinforcements, and the terrible retreat, is wonderful, and brings tears to the eyes of his audience. He plays a variety of the most difficult music of the great authors, with a delicacy of touch and a power of expression such as is rarely heard. BLIND TOM, we are informed, goes to Europe in Spring.

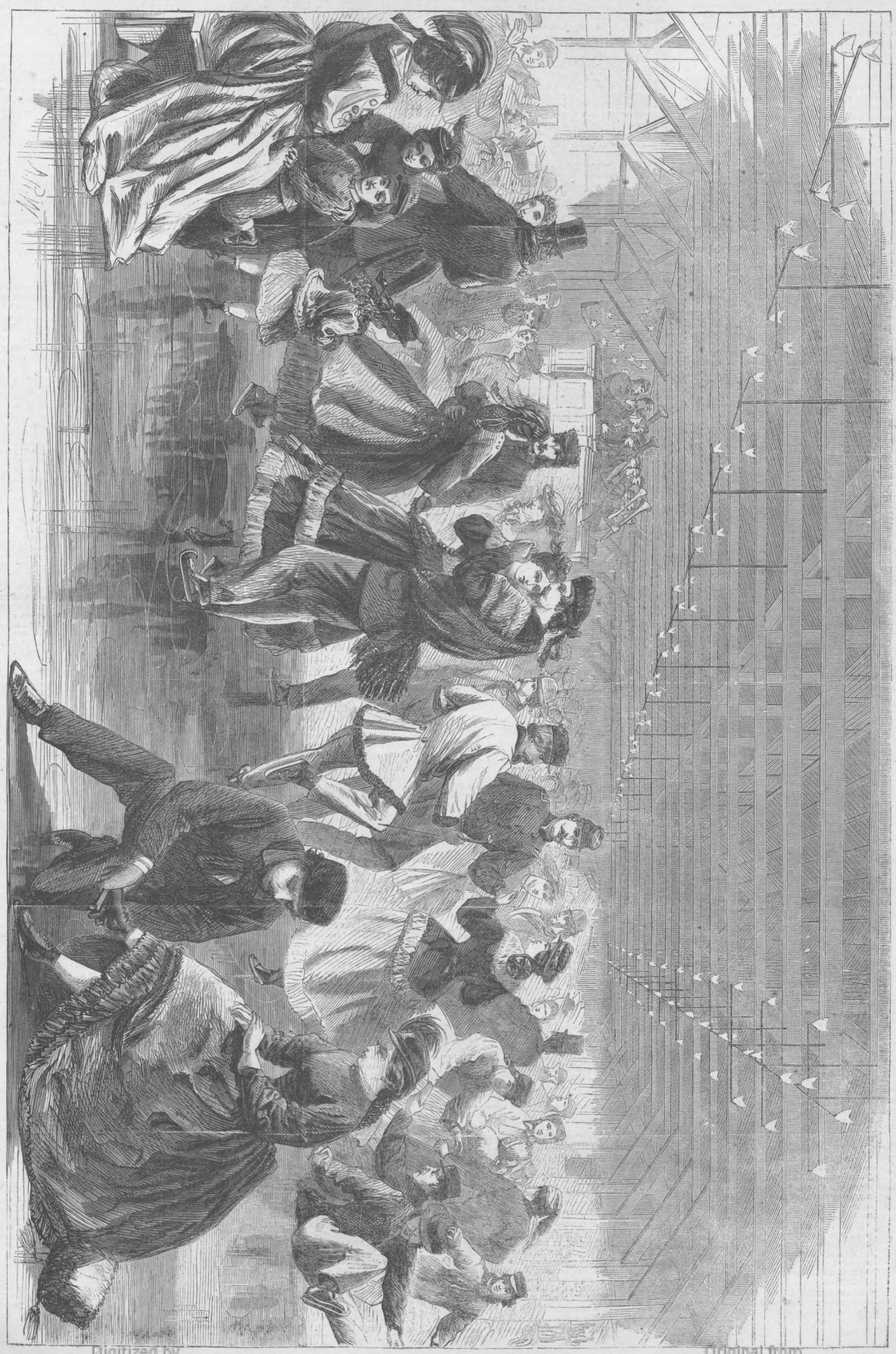
SKATING IN CHICAGO.

OTHER cities besides New York have their skating ponds, though they do not rival in size our Central Park lakes. We give on page 93 a representation of the interior of the "Great Skating Rink" at Chicago. This is the largest institution of the kind in this country, covering 18,100 square feet of surface. Here are daily and nightly congregated the *élite* of the City of the Lakes, and the scene represented by our artist when the waltzers are in motion and the fancy skaters are showing their skill, all under a flood of light from reflectors above, is brilliant in the extreme.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."—[SKETCHED BY C. R. PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 84.]

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THE GREAT SKATING "RINK" AT CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 92.]

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THE DEAD LETTER.

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

I PAUSED suddenly in my work. Over a year's experience in the Dead Letter office had given a mechanical rapidity to my movements in opening, noting, and classifying the contents of the bundles before me; and, so far from there being any thing exciting to the curiosity or interesting to the mind in the employment, it was of the most monotonous character.

The letter which I held in my paralyzed fingers when they so abruptly ceased their dextrous movements was contained in a closely-sealed envelope, yellowed by time, and directed in a peculiar hand to "John Owen, Peekskill, New York," and the date on the stamp was "October 18, 1857"—making the letter two years old. I know not what magnetism passed from it, putting me, as the spiritualists say, *en rapport* with it: I had not yet cut the lappet, and the only thing I could fix upon as the cause of my attraction was that at the date indicated on the envelope I had been a resident of Blankville, twenty miles from Peekskill—and something about that date!

Yet this was no excuse for my agitation: I was not of an inquisitive disposition; nor did "John Owen" belong to the circle of my acquaintance. I sat there with such a strange expression upon my face that one of my fellows, remarking my mood, exclaimed, jestingly,

"What is it, Redfield? A check for a hundred thousand?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I haven't opened it," I answered at random; and with this I cut the wrapper, impelled by some strongly-defined, irresistible influence to read the time-stained sheet inclosed. It ran in this wise:

"DEAR SIR,—It's too bad to disappoint you. Could not execute your order, as every body concerned will discover. What a charming day!—good for taking a picture. That old friend I introduced you to won't tell tales, and you had not better bother yourself to visit him. The next time you find yourself in his arms don't feel in his left-hand pocket for the broken tooth-pick which I lent him. He is welcome to it. If you're at the place of payment I sha'n't be there, not having fulfilled the order, and having given up my emigration project, much against my will; so govern yourself accordingly. Sorry your prospects are so poor, and believe me, with the greatest possible esteem,

"Your disappointed NEGOTIATOR."

To explain why this brief epistle, neither lucid nor interesting in itself, should affect me as it did, I must go back to the time at which it was written.

CHAPTER II.

EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

IT was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, windy autumn day, that I left the office of John Argyll, Esq., in his company, to take tea and spend the evening in his family. I was a law-student in the office, and was favored with more than ordinary kindness by him on account of a friendship which had existed between him and my deceased father. This being Saturday, I was expected to go home with him and stay over Sunday if I liked.

We quickened our steps as a few large drops were sprinkled over us out of the darkening clouds.

Entering the parlors, we found no one but James, a nephew of Mr. Argyll, a young man of about my own age, lounging upon a sofa.

"Where are the girls?"

"They haven't descended from the heavenly regions yet, uncle."

"Dressing themselves to death, I expect: it's Saturday evening, I remember," smiled the indulgent father, passing on into the library.

I sat down by the west window, and looked out at the coming storm. I did not like James Argyll much, nor he me; so that, as much as we were thrown together, our intercourse continued constrained. On this occasion, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, persisting in talking on all kinds of indifferent subjects despite of my brief replies. I was wondering when Eleanor would make her appearance.

At last she came. I heard her silk dress rustle down the stairs, and my eyes were upon her when she entered the room. She was dressed with unusual care, and her face wore a brilliant, expectant smile. The smile was for neither of us. Perhaps James thought of it; I am sure I did, with secret suffering—with a sharp pang which I was ashamed of, and fought inwardly to conquer.

Presently she came to the window, and as she stood by my side a burst of glory streamed through the fast-closing clouds, enveloping her in a golden atmosphere, tinting her black hair with purple, flushing her clear cheeks and the pearls about her throat. The fragrance of the rose she wore on her breast mingled with the light. For a moment I was thrilled and overpowered; but the dark-blue eyes were not looking on me: they were regading the weather.

"How provoking that it should rain to-night!" she said; and as the slight cloud of vexation swept over her face the blackness of night closed over the gleam of sunset so suddenly that we could hardly discern each other.

"The rain will not keep Moreland away," I answered.

"Of course not; but I don't want him to get wet walking up from the dépôt; and Billy has put up the carriage in view of the storm."

At that moment a wild gust of wind smote the house so that it shook, and the rain came down with a roar that was deafening. Eleanor rung for lights.

For the next half hour the rain came down in wide sheets, flapping against the windows, as the wind blew it hither and thither. James continued at the Piano, and Eleanor moved restlessly about, stealing glances now and then at her tiny watch.

All at once there occurred one of those pauses which precede the fresh outbreaking of a storm. As if startled by the sudden lull, James Argyll paused in his playing. Just then the shrill whistle of the locomotive pierced the silence with more than usual power, as the evening train swept around the curve of the hill not a quarter of a mile away, and rushed on into the dépôt in the lower part of the village.

Eleanor, with maiden artifice, took up a book, and composed herself to pretend to read; she would not have her lover to know that she had been so restless while awaiting his coming. Only Mary fluttered about like a humming-bird, diving into the sweets of things, the music, the flowers, whatever had honey in it, and teasing me in the intervals.

I have said that I loved Eleanor. I did, secretly, in silence and regret, against my judgment and will, and because I could not help it. I was quite certain that James loved her also, and I felt sorry for him; sympathy was taught me by my own sufferings, though I had never felt attracted toward his character. He seemed to me to be rather sullen in temper, as well as selfish; and then again I reproached myself for uncharitableness; it might have been his circumstances which rendered him morose—he was dependent upon his uncle—and his unhappiness which made him appear unamiable.

I loved, without a particle of hope. Eleanor was engaged to a young gentleman in every way worthy of her; of fine demeanor, high social position, and unblemished moral character. As much as her many admirers may have envied Henry Moreland, they could not dislike him. To see the young couple together was to feel that theirs would be one of those "matches made in heaven"—in age, character, worldly circumstances, beauty, and cultivation there was a rare correspondence.

Mr. Moreland was engaged with his father in a banking business in the city of New York. They owned a summer villa in Blankville, and it had been during his weeks of summer idleness here that he had made the acquaintance of Eleanor Argyll.

At this season of the year his business kept him in the city; but he was in the habit of coming out every Saturday afternoon and spending Sabbath at the house of Mr. Argyll, the marriage which was to terminate a betrothal of nearly two years being now not very far away. On her nineteenth birthday, which came in December, Eleanor was to be married.

Despite the watching and waiting, young Moreland did not arrive that night. Eleanor endeavored to conceal her disappointment under a pretence of gayety, and we passed a merry, if not a happy evening. It was late when we retired. I never heard it rain as it did that night; the water came down in solid masses, and, occasionally, the wind shook the strong mansion as if it were a child.

While we were at breakfast the following morning, the servant brought in a message from a man at the door, who wanted to see Mr. Argyll in haste—who was somewhat surprised at the summons, this being Sunday. He went into the hall, and two minutes later I also was summoned. The news which awaited me was this: Henry Moreland was dead. His body had been found on the road shortly after daybreak, and had been taken into the hotel by the railroad dépôt.

"They want you to come down to the inquest," said the messenger; "they think it's a fit; there's no mark of any thing."

Mr. Argyll and I looked at each other. Our first thought was of Eleanor. He gave the frightened servant, who had overheard what was said, strict orders to admit no one until our return, nor permit any one to approach Miss Argyll, and not to breathe a word of what he knew to any one in the house.

Hastening to the hotel, already surrounded by many people, we found the distressing message too true. Upon a lounge, in a private sitting-room, lay the body of Henry Moreland! The coroner and a couple of physicians had already arrived. It was the opinion that he had died from natural causes, as there was the least evidence of violence to be seen. The face was pleasant as in slumber; we could hardly believe him dead, until we touched the icy forehead, about which the thick ringlets of brown hair clung, saturated with rain.

"What's this?" exclaimed one, as we began to relieve the corpse of its wet garments, for the purpose of a farther examination. It was a stab in the back. Not a drop of blood—only a small triangular hole in the cloak, through the other clothing, into the body. The investigation soon revealed the nature of the death-wound; it had been given by a fine, sharp dirk or stiletto. So firm and forcible had been the blow that it had pierced the lung and struck the rib with sufficient force to break the blade of the weapon, about three quarters of an inch of the point of which was found in the wound. Death must have been instantaneous. The victim had fallen forward upon his face, bleeding inwardly, which accounted for no blood having been at first perceived; and as he had fallen, so he had lain through all the drenching storm of that miserable night. When discovered by the first passer-by, after daylight, he was lying on the path, by the side of the street which led up in the direction of Mr. Argyll's, his traveling-bag by his side, his face to the ground. The bag was not touched, neither the watch and money on his person, making it evident that robbery was not the object of the murderer.

A stab in the back, in the double darkness of night and storm! What enemy had Henry Moreland, to do this deed upon him?

It is useless now to repeat all the varying conjectures rising in our minds, or which continued to engross the entire community for weeks thereafter. It became at once the favorite theory of many that young Moreland had perished by a stroke intended for some other person. In the mean time, the news swept through the village like a whirlwind, destroying the calmness of that Sabbath morning, tossing the minds of people more fearfully than the material tempest had tossed the frail leaves. Murder! and such a murder in such a place!—not twenty rods from the busiest haunts of men, on a peaceful street—sudden, sure, unprovoked! People looked behind them as they walked, hearing the assassin's step in every rustle of the breeze. Murder!—the far-away, frightful idea had suddenly assumed a real shape—it seemed to have stalked through the town, entering each dwelling, standing by every hearth-stone.

While the inquest was proceeding, Mr. Argyll and myself were thinking more of Eleanor than of her murdered lover.

"This is wretched business, Richard," said the father. "I am so unnerved I can do nothing. Will you telegraph to his parents for me?"

His parents—here was more misery. I had not thought of them. I wrote out the dreadful message which it ought to have melted the wires with pity to carry.

"And now you must go to Eleanor. She must not hear it from strangers; and I can not—Richard!—you will tell her, will you not? I will follow you home immediately, as soon as I have made arrangements to have poor Henry brought to our house when the inquest is over."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGURE BENEATH THE TREES.

IT was late in the afternoon before the body could be removed from the hotel where the coroner's inquest was held. I asked James to go with me and attend upon its conveyance to Mr. Argyll's. He declined, upon the plea of being too much unstrung to go out.

As the sad procession reached the garden in front of the mansion with its burden, I observed, in the midst of several who had gathered about, a woman, whose face, even in that time of preoccupation, arrested my attention. It was that of a girl, young and handsome, though now thin and deadly pale, with a wild look in her black eyes, which were fixed upon the shrouded burden with more than awe and curiosity.

I know not yet why I remarked her so particularly; why her strange face made such an impression on me. Once she started toward us, and then shrunk back again. By her dress and general appearance she might have been a shop-girl. I had never seen her before.

"That girl," said a gentleman by my side, "acts queerly. And, come to think, she was on the train from New York yesterday afternoon. Not the one poor Moreland came in; the one before. I was on board myself, and noticed her particularly as she sat facing me. She seemed to have some trouble on her mind."

I seldom forget faces, and I never forgot hers.

"I will trace her out," was my mental resolve.

We passed on into the house, and deposited our charge in the back parlor. I thought of Eleanor, as she had walked this room just twenty-four hours ago, a brilliant vision of love and triumphant beauty. Ay! twenty-four hours ago this day before me was as resplendent with life, as eager, as glowing with the hope of the soul within it! Now, all the hours of time would never restore the tenant to his tenement. Who had dared to take upon himself the responsibility of unlawfully and with violence ejecting this human soul from its house?

I shuddered as I asked myself the question. Somewhere must be lurking a guilty creature, with a heart on fire from the flames of hell, with which it had put itself in contact.

Then my heart stood still within me—all but the family had been banished from the apartment—her father was leading in Eleanor. With a slow step, clinging to his arm, she entered; but as her eyes fixed themselves upon the rigid outlines lying there beneath the funeral pall, she sprang forward, casting herself upon her lover's corpse. Before, she had been silent; now began a murmur of woe so heart-rending that we who listened wished ourselves deaf before our ears had heard tones and sentences which could never be forgotten. It would be useless for me, a man, with a man's language and thoughts, to attempt to repeat what this broken-hearted woman said to her dead lover.

It was not her words so much as it was her pathetic tones.

She talked to him as if he were alive and could hear her. She was resolved to make him hear and feel her love through the dark death which was between them.

"Ah, Henry," she said, in a low, caressing tone, pressing back the curls from his forehead with her hand, "your hair is wet still. To think that you should lie out there all night—all night—on the ground in the rain, and I not know of it! I, to be sleeping in my warm bed—actually sleeping, and you lying out in the storm, dead. That is the strangest thing! that makes me wonder—to think I *could!* Would you guess, I was vexed at you last evening because you didn't come? It was that made me so gay—not because I was happy. Vexed at you for not coming, when you could not come because you were dead!" and she laughed.

As that soft, dreadful laughter thrilled through the room, with a groan Mr. Argyll arose and went out; he could bear no more. Disturbed with a fear that her reason was shaken, I spoke with Mary, and we two tried to lift her up, and persuade her out of the room.

"Oh, don't try to get me away from him again," she pleaded, with a quivering smile which made us sick. "Don't be troubled, Henry. I'm *not* going—I'm *not!*"

The kisses; the light, gentle touches of his hands and forehead, as if she might hurt him with the caresses which she could not withhold; the intent look which continually watched him as if expecting an answer, the miserable smile upon her white face—these were things which haunted those who saw them through many a future slumber.

"You will not say you forgive me for singing last night. You don't say a word to me—because you are dead—that's it—because you are dead—murdered!"

The echo of her own last word recalled her wandering reason.

"My God! murdered!" she exclaimed, suddenly rising to her full height, with an awful air; "who do you suppose did it?"

Her cousin was standing near; her eyes fell upon him as she asked the question. The look, the manner, were too much for his already overwrought sensibility; he shrunk away, caught my arm, and sunk down insensible. I did not wonder. We all of us felt as if we could endure no more.

The arrival of the relatives was the last scene in the tragedy of that day. Unable to bear more of it, I went out in the darkness and walked upon the lawn. My head was hot; the cool air felt grateful to me; I leaned long upon the trunk of an oak, whose dark shadow shut out the starlight from about me; thought was busy with recent events. Who was the murderer? The question revolved in my brain, coming uppermost every other moment, as certainly as the turning of a wheel brings a certain point again and again to the top. My training as a student of law helped my mind to fix upon every slightest circumstance which might hold a suspicion.

As I stood there in silence and darkness, pondering the matter, I heard a light rustle of the dry leaves upon the ground, and felt, rather than saw, a figure pass me. I might have thought it one of the servants, were it not for the evident caution of its movements. Presently, where the shadows of the trees were less thick, I detected a person stealing toward the house. As she passed before a lighted window I saw that it was the woman whose strange conduct at the gate had attracted my attention. With hovering steps she approached the west side of the mansion, and crouched down under one of the windows from which the solemn glow of the death-candles shone. Here she remained more than an hour, I watching her, and perplexing myself with vain conjectures. I could not help connecting her with the murder or with the victim. At last she arose, lingered, went away, passing near me again with that soft, rustling step. As she went out the gate I stood behind a tree, lest she should look back and discern me; then I followed her, in the shadow of the fence, toward a more crowded and poorer part of the village, where she went down a side street, and disappeared in a tenement house, the entrance-hall of which was open. As I came up the walk on my return, I met James Argyll in the avenue, near the front portico.

"Oh, is it you?" he exclaimed, after I had spoken to him. "I—I—" stammering, and with a hollow voice. "The fact is, you frightened me. Where have you been at this hour, Richard?"

"Walking in the cool air. The house smothered me."

"And me, too. I've just come out to get a breath of air. Do you know that it is midnight?"

CHAPTER IV.

MORELAND VILLA.

SEVERAL minor circumstances prevented my going in search of the woman who had excited my suspicions on the previous day until about nine o'clock of the morning, when I engaged an officer, and we two went quietly, without communicating our plans to any one else, to the tenement house before spoken of.

Although Blankville was not a large village, there was in it, as in nearly every town blessed with a railroad dépôt, a shabby quarter where the rougher portion of its working people lived. The house stood in this quarter.

It is not necessary to give the thousand questions and answers between us and our Irish friends, by which we gained all the information at present available. In one thing we were disappointed. The bird had flown. But we learned her name—Lecsy Sullivan. Her aunt occupied a room in the second story of the building, and supposing we came to employ her neice to do some sewing (a role of the officer's), gave us information willingly. Lecsy had formerly sewed in the village; had worked for the Morelands when they were at their villa in the summer. About a year since her health had failed; she was threatened with consumption; and hoping change of air would do her good, she had gone to the city, and got a place to do fine work in a fancy store. Once in a while she came home Saturday, and staid over Sunday; she had come so this last Saturday, and had returned to New York by the six o'clock morning train—"Though, dear knows, she wa'n't fit to stir the step, for she got awful wet comin' up from the dépôt that evenin'; and the shock o' the murder next day had upset her entirely; she'd fainted dead away when she heerd it. And no wonder; for the Morelands—the young man and all—had allus been kind to her, and good pay;" adding, "and have they heerd any thing of the murderer?"

We responded that nothing had been learned, and descending to the street, it was arranged, as we walked along, that the officer should go to New York, and put some detective there on the track of Lecsy Sullivan. I informed my companion of the discrepancy between her actual arrival in town and her appearance at her aunt's. Either the woman had purposely deceived us, or her niece had not gone home for a good many hours after landing at Blankville. I went with him to the dépôt, where we made a few inquiries which convinced us that she had arrived on Saturday morning, had sat an hour or two in the lady's room, and then gone away up town.

There was sufficient to justify our looking further. I took from my own pocket means to defray the expenses of the officer, as well as to interest the New York detective, adding that liberal rewards were about to be offered, and waited until I saw him depart on his errand.

When he left me, led by some "spirit in my feet," I turned toward Moreland Villa, which lay about a mile out of the village proper. My remedy for mental ailments was a long and vigorous walk, and this day I stood in need of it. The place had never looked more beautiful to me than it did on this occasion. As I approached the house by the garden, I came nearly upon the portico which extended across its western front before I perceived that it was occupied. Sitting on its outer edge, with one arm half wound around one of its pillars, I beheld the sewing-girl after whom I had dispatched an officer to New York. She did not perceive me, and I had an opportunity of studying the face of the woman who had fallen under my suspicion.

It was a face made to express passion. And, although the only passion expressed now was that of despair, so intense that it grew like apathy, I could easily see how the rounded chin and full lips could melt into softer moods. The forehead was rather low, but fair, consorting with the oval of the cheek and chin; the brows dark and rather heavy. I remembered the wild black eyes which I had seen the previous day, and could guess at their hidden fires.

It seemed to me that if I could see those eyes before she was conscious of observance, I could tell whether there was guilt, or only sorrow in her heart; therefore I remained quiet, waiting. But I had mistaken my powers, or the eyes overbore them. When she did lift them, as a steamer came puffing around the base of the mountain which ran down into the river at the east, and then suddenly encountered mine, where I stood not ten feet from her, I saw only black, unfathomable depths, pouring out a trouble so intense that my own gaze dropped beneath their power.

She did not start upon observing me, which, as I thought, a guilty person, buried in self-accusing reveries, would have done—it seemed only slowly to penetrate her consciousness that a stranger was confronting her. When I raised my eyes, which had sunk beneath the intensity of hers, she was moving rapidly away toward the western gate.

"Miss Sullivan, you have forgotten your bonnet."

With a woman's instinct she put up her hand to smooth her disordered hair, came slowly back, and took the bonnet which I extended toward her, without speaking. I hesitated what move to make next. I wished to address her—she was here, in my grasp, and I ought to satisfy myself, as far as possible, about the suspicions which I had conceived. Yet for the life of me I could not detain her. She had reached the gate and gone forth into the road while I was trying to decide what it would be best to do. She did not return toward the village; as if conscious of impending danger, she fled away, with a rapid step, over the hills.

Within two minutes the gardener's wife came up the road to the gate. She had been down to visit the corpse of her young master; her eyes were red with weeping. She was an American woman, in whose discretion I had sufficient faith to confide to her the visit of the sewing-girl to the premises, telling her if that person came to the place again to report the fact to me.

When I reached the office, on my homeward route, I went in. Mr. Argyll was there alone, his head leaning on his hand, his face anxious and worn, his brow contracted in deep thought. As soon as I came in he sprung up, closed the outer door, and said to me, in a low voice:

"Richard, another strange thing has occurred."

I stared at him, afraid to ask what.

"I have been robbed of two thousand dollars."

"When and how?"

"That is what I do not know. Four days ago I drew that amount in bills from the Park Bank. I placed it, in a roll, just as I received it, in my library desk, at home. I locked the desk, and have carried the key in my pocket. The desk has been locked as usual, every time that I have gone to it. How long the money has been gone I can not say; I never looked after it, since placing it there, until about an hour ago. I wanted some cash for expenses this afternoon, and, going for it, the roll was gone."

"Could you identify the money?"

"Not all of it. I only remember that there was one five hundred dollar bill, a fresh issue of the Park Bank, of which, possibly, they may have the number."

"Have you said any thing to James about your loss?"

"Not yet. You may tell him when you see him; and do what you can, Richard, for I feel helpless as a child."

I saw that he was really ill, and promised to do all in my power. As I expected to go that afternoon to the city with the funeral cortege. I resolved to take the opportunity of putting the police on the watch for the money.

For a continuation of this remarkable story see BEADLE'S MONTHLY, for February, now ready and for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers; or sent, *post-paid*, on receipt of the price, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Beadle & Co., Publishers, 118 William Street, New York.—ADVERTISEMENT.

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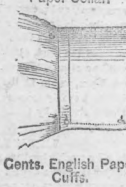

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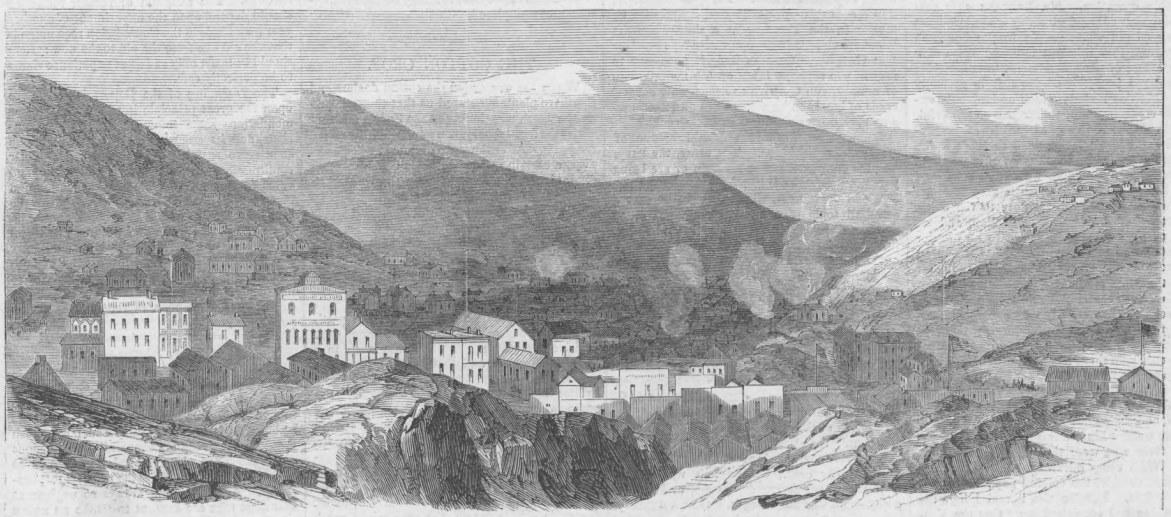
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE Amendment to the Constitution, of which we spoke last week, has been passed by a triumphant majority in the House. Of course our view of its adequacy to obtain unaided the special result sought is unchanged, but as one of a series of measures designed to secure certain indispensable ends — which is probably the truer light in which to regard it — it may yet appear to be wise. If, for instance, as Mr. STEVENS urges, this is all that the country will now bear, while the discussions and delays consequent upon its passage will educate the public mind to further essential measures, the objections to it as an independent proposition will disappear.

But lest any one should be inclined to think this sole amendment enough, let us look at its probable operation. Mr. STEVENS says that the ambition of political power is the strongest feeling of the white people in the Southern States, and that this will induce them, under the pressure of the amendment, to enfranchise the colored population. Now it is perfectly clear that this feeling, which undoubtedly exists, is controlled by another just as powerful, and that is the feeling of caste. That the proposed amendment is intended to make it the interest of the white inhabitants of every State to overcome this feeling we do not deny, and that it may ultimately do so is very possible. But we have a very plain duty to the living generation of the colored population, and we have no right to sacrifice them to an ulterior advantage. Let us see, then, what would be the probable operation of this sole amendment.

In the State of South Carolina the population is about equally divided between the white and colored citizens. Let us suppose that it has now three representatives, and would lose one of them if the colored basis were excluded, and would gain three if it were counted. There are no people who know better than the whites of South Carolina that the colored men are not born fools. Their instincts are as good as other men's, and their knowledge, if not of the reading and writing kind, was quite sufficient to inform them who were their friends in the late war. With every advantage apparently upon the master's side, the colored population were against him. Despite the liberal lying, the unblushing and consistent story that the Yankees were coming to sell them to Cuba, or that they would be left to starve and freeze; despite the insane orders of HALLECK and M'CLELLAN, which were the most convincing apparent proof of the truth of such representations, the colored population believed in the Yankees with an unshaken faith; the name of "LINCUM" was as sweet to their hearts as that of liberty, and the whites could not coax or drive the blacks to fight for them.

The war ended, and for ten months the same whites have shown the bitterest hostility to the blacks, and both sides know it. On what ground of reason or experience is it supposed that, if the blacks were enfranchised, whether by the State or the Nation, they would vote with the late masters? Nobody knows better than the whites that they would not. Why, then, should the white population wish to neutralize the three representatives whom they now elect and control? Rather than do it they would infinitely prefer to lose one that they might still have two. That is human nature, and especially Southern human nature, as much as the desire of political power. Indeed that is what the whites would do if they wished to retain political power. For they know that the three supposed representatives upon the colored basis would act with the liberal party of the country, while the three of the white basis would ally themselves to the Democratic or Tory party. As sagacious men, therefore, they would prefer to have two voices for their own purposes rather than no voice at all. And how could we excuse ourselves for having delivered the freedmen into the hands of the whites upon the plea that we thought we had devised a method of inducing the latter to be just? Mr. BEECHER deprecates rigor in the treatment of the Southern States; but, unless the report misrepresents him, he said in his Philadelphia speech, at the Freedmen's Anniversary Meeting, that the one point upon which he could not trust the white Southern brethren was their treatment of the colored population.

Other objections to the amendment as an independent proposition might be easily stated. But its intention is right, and it will doubtless be followed by other suggestions from the Committee. The object of the amendment is to punish arbitrary deprivation of political power, based upon race or color, by reduced representation, and no object could be more laudable. Thus the State of New York politically discriminates against a part of her population, not on account of ignorance or incapacity, but of color; a discrimination as outrageously unfair as if it were based upon bodily height or weight. The amendment will exclude that part of the population from being reckoned in the basis of representation. It may, indeed, be so distributed in the various districts as not to affect the whole number of representatives, but any national act imposing a penalty upon the indulgence in so unmanly and demoralizing a prejudice will hasten a reform. Meanwhile the colored voter in the State will not be deprived of his vote, and he will be very sure to cast that vote for the men and measures which will soonest make the organic law of the State conform to common-sense and equal rights.

A PREPOSTEROUS BALANCE.

THE balance in the Sub-Treasury, on the evening of January 31, was about $105,000,000, of which over half was gold and silver coin. This is a larger balance than could be shown by any other civilized government in the world. It is considerably more than our whole annual national expenditure used to be before the war. It is nearly one-third of our whole annual national expenditure now. The question arises, how comes this extraordinary accumulation of money in the Treasury at a time when the taxes are so extremely oppressive? How is it that Government, which finds it necessary to levy fifteen separate taxes on the manufacture of a book, can contrive to accumulate several cords of legal-tender money, and ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE TONS OF GOLD COIN in its vaults?

We have heard of no considerable amount of suspended requisitions. The army, the navy, and the contractors have all been or are being paid off. Nothing is heard now about the delays of Government, which used to be such a standard topic of denunciation a year or so since. Congress is "shutting down" pretty firmly on private claims for damages arising out of the war. Under the circumstances, the revenue being in fact in excess of the expenditure, what does the Treasury do with a balance of $105,000,000?

If we examine in detail the accounts of the Treasury Department we shall find that on the day on which this extraordinary balance was shown the Government held $114,000,000 of money belonging to individuals, and deposited in the Treasury on call after ten days at 4, 5, and 6 per cent. interest. A very insignificant proportion of this money was drawing 4 and 5 per cent.; the great bulk was drawing 6 per cent. interest. Assuming that the whole amount drew 5½ per cent., Government was paying $6,270,000 per annum for its use, or $17,500 a day—and was not using it. On what theory can such extravagance be justified?

If a Funding loan is to be placed on the market in this month of February, and the deposit certificates are to be received in payment for the bonds at par and interest, one might perhaps understand the squandering of $100,000 a week for a few weeks in the payment of interest on money that is not wanted, and lies idle in the Treasury. Otherwise there is no excuse for such mismanagement; and before Congress commits to Mr. M'CULLOCH the exorbitant powers granted by the Ways and Means bill, it may be well for some member to ascertain why this $100,000 a week has been wasted? The country is not in a condition to waste any money. Though the people, with their old whole-souled obedience to law, are paying taxes steadily just as they are exacted of them, there is none the less a feeling among all classes that Government is drawing at least as much money as it ought from individual pockets, and it is an outrage to throw any of it away through errors of policy.

Another point. Of the Treasury balance shown on 1st February about $52,000,000 were in coin. What did the Government want with all this gold if no immediate attempt was to be made to resume specie payments? For over a week gold has been so scarce in this city that ⅛ @ ⅜ of 1 per cent. have been paid for its use for a single day. This scarcity has not been occasioned by any export of coin—for exchange has ruled steadily below the point at which coin can be profitably exported; it has been wholly due to the withdrawal from general circulation of over fifty million dollars by the Treasury Department. It need hardly be explained that coin once received at the United States Sub-Treasuries is practically lost to commerce until it is disbursed. So long as it remains in the banks it can be loaned out or used in any way that is required. Once in the Sub-Treasury it might just as well be at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, so far as any benefit to trade is concerned. During the year 1865 Government sold its surplus gold as fast as it accumulated in the Treasury vaults. The sales were injudicious; they were secret; no one could be sure that Government was selling until the deliveries were made; and thus the operations of the Sub-Treasurer were the basis of much speculation. But bad as this practice was, it was infinitely better than hoarding the gold idly in the Treasury vaults.

We pretend to no knowledge of the purposes of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is questionable whether he has any set purpose beyond the general one of resuming specie payments as soon as he can. It may be his scheme to accumulate gold enough in the Sub-Treasury to resume specie payments suddenly, in which case the national banks and most of the merchants would incontinently break. In his report he avowed his desire for a gradual resumption. In this event, it is difficult to see why he absorbs all the floating gold of the country in the Sub-Treasuries, and thus renders it easy for speculators for the rise to keep up the price.

For many months the course of the Treasury Department has led financiers to suspect that it was "adrift." No great mistakes have been made. But there has been an obvious absence of direct policy in one specific direction. General GRANT and President JOHNSON have kept down the price of gold, and the cotton growers of the South have settled the balance of trade. It is possible that matters have been as well managed thus as they would have been if Secretary M'CULLOCH had interfered at every juncture and attempted to control the spheres. But there is surely a limit to "masterly inactivity." It is surely not masterly to pay 6 or 5 per cent. per annum for money that is not wanted, or to create a scarcity of gold by piling up a hundred tons of coin in the Sub-Treasury before resumption is contemplated.

THE COTTON CROP.

WHEN the war ended the cotton dealers and Southern planters assured us that there was no cotton worth mentioning at the South, and that under the free-labor system none would be raised for years. After the lapse of a few weeks, however, a certain number of bales began to come forward, and the authorities in the trade then reluctantly began to admit that there might be 1,250,000 bales on hand. We have already received more than this, and the best-informed circulars now estimate that not less than 2,500,000 bales will come forward before 1st September—worth, at present prices, 50 per cent. more than the largest crop ever raised in this country.

Again, until within a few weeks, the partisans of the defunct institution of Slavery were positive that the negro would not work in a state of freedom, and that many many years would elapse before even so small a crop as a million bales was raised at the South. For some weeks this theory has been exploded, and it has begun to be admitted that the crop of 1866 will be 1,500,000 bales. A fortnight since, the best-informed authorities, after a careful examination of the area of land that was likely to be planted, and of the amount of labor that could be relied on, came to the conclusion that, under favorable circumstances, the crop might reach 2,500,000 bales. And now the trade seem agreed that, if no accident happens, we may have a crop exceeding 3,000,000 bales.

Two results will follow. In the first place, the price of cotton must fall, and with it the price of cotton goods which have been selling at exorbitant prices. And, secondly, our friends in Europe will find it much more difficult to pay us for the cotton we shall send them, and with which they can not dispense, than we shall to pay them for the goods we are importing.

THE REVENUE COMMISSION REPORT.

THE Report of the Internal Revenue Commission is received with universal favor. It is both practical and philosophical, and is in itself an admirable illustration of one of its own observations—the advantage, namely, of putting the right men in the right places. If all other commissions for all other purposes in this country were filled with men who were peculiarly fitted for the work; if all the degrees and varieties of office in the Government Departments were occupied by men trained for their duties, the economy and efficiency of the Government would be incalculably increased. Fortunately, the choice for the peculiarly arduous undertaking of investigating the confusion of the present Revenue system, and of recommending one which should be at once comprehensive, simple, and effective, fell upon those who were signally competent.

The Report is written in the plainest and most intelligible style, and without a single weakening touch of rhetoric. It finds fault with the extreme diffuseness of the present system, producing a paralyzing reduplication of taxes, and consequent high prices. As a most striking illustration it presents the very case of the book manufacture, which we have earnestly exposed in these columns, and that of umbrellas; and it recommends a repeal of all excise duties upon printed publications.

But this is in accord with the principle which the Report considers should be fundamental in a wise revenue system—an entire exemption of all manufacturing industry from all direct taxation, excepting distilled and fermented liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles, for the reason that such taxes check the industrial development, which is the producer of national wealth. The Report proposes, therefore, to draw the revenue from a few sources; and after an exhaustive and unexaggerated survey of those sources, it estimates an aggregate revenue for the year ending June 30, 1867, of $367,000,000, about two-thirds of which are to be derived from customs, distilled spirits, fermented liquors, tobacco and its manufactures, cotton, coal oil, and spirits of turpentine and resin. The other third will be derived from licenses, incomes, salaries, banks, stamps, gross receipts, sales, legacies, and successions, with miscellaneous receipts. Adding to this sum the amount derived in 1865 from the taxes on industry, the gross revenue possible under the present rates, with the proposed amendments, would be $435,000,000. Then allowing $16,000,000 increase in the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1867, which will make $300,000,000, and setting aside $50,000,000 for the reduction of the principal of the national debt, there will remain a surplus, assuming the estimates to be correct, of $85,000,000 for the reduction of taxation.

The recommendations of the Report for immediate action relate exclusively to the reduction of the present excessive duplication of taxes, which would not seriously impair the revenue. The adoption of further reduction should depend upon the experiment of another year; and indeed the Commission recommends that the change from the old to the new system should be made only so fast as experience shows to be perfectly safe.

The reasoning of the Report is conclusive upon the great principle involved: its recommendations seem to us generally most judicious, and its exposition of the power of the country to sustain its burden are a singular confirmation of the substantial correctness and value of the little pamphlet, "Our Burden and our Strength," which was prepared during the war by Commissioner DAVID A. WELLS, and which gave to our foreign friends, like JOHN STUART MILL, and RICHARD COBDEN, and JOHN BRIGHT, a new and surprising ground of faith in our success. The present Report is of so universal and vital an interest, and so simply stated, that every man in the country should ponder it.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. A. T. STEWART has been doing a very disagreeable but a very necessary public service in summoning the law to notify certain editors and correspondents that they can not publish the defamatory rumors concerning conspicuous men, which are always circulating in a great city, without being held to the strictest responsibility. A libel suit is always so unpleasant that most men are content to "take no notice of what the papers say." But the substance of many of the letters written from New York to newspapers in various parts of the country is personal gossip; and the temptation to seize a shining mark and regale the country with "spicy" scandal is found to be very irresistible. The habit has been growing into an intolerable nuisance which Mr. STEWART's decided action will tend radically to abate.

But this fondness of gossip about noted persons is not confined to Yankees. Foreign critics are very apt to accuse American travelers of unpardonable personalities in their descriptions, and THACKERAY sharply satirizes the Yankee tourist for this offense in "Vanity Fair." But our sins of gossip about foreigners are white as snow compared with those of the foreigners, often well recommended and really agreeable and accomplished men, who come to see us and then go home to write about us. Their "trivial fond records" show that there is, especially perhaps in France, another standard of true gentlemanly conduct than in the United States.

The personal memoirs and diaries of sagacious men who are thrown into interesting society are always agreeable and valuable; but the kind of literature known as personal gossip is as respectable as the tittle-tattle of the kitchen or of the bar-room, and can really gratify tastes that look no further for enjoyment. There are certain proprieties which are as sacred in the case of every public man, whatever may be his distinction, as they are in that of the most private individual; and it is just as impertinent a folly to tell us how often General GRANT changes his collar as to make the same interesting revelation about an unimportant private soldier. There is a kind of strictly personal detail which should be reserved for biography.

No arbitrary rules can be laid down to regulate contemporary personal descriptions in literature, but every gentleman instinctively feels when they are violated, and the inevitable effect of their violation is to close the doors of those whose society would naturally be sought with curiosity by foreigners as well as natives. Besides, it concerns the honor of the literary guild that every man who holds a pen shall not by the frequent misuse of the pen come to be considered a bravo who may whip out his weapon at any moment and transfix you before the world.

The public are not entitled to more of the time of any man, however famous, than his duties demand or his inclination allows. Yet how many persons, because they delight in a

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poet's poetry, for instance, do not hesitate to consume his time in tyrannical visits of curiosity, from which it is not always easy for him to extricate himself. He is forced to seem churlish when he is merely asserting that his house is his castle. Of course he will not seem so to those who wish to offer the homage of sympathy and respect, even if he does seclude himself. They will understand that if he would do his work he can not always be the host of strangers, however kindly may be the mutual feeling.

But that American travelers have a peculiar relish for seeing or describing notable persons, or that our descriptions peculiarly transcend the fair bounds of such literature, we can not believe. Cousins Johnny Bull and Crapeau are even more addicted to gossip than we. A fine observer who is a gentleman will paint portraits in his travels with the most delicate hand, as EMERSON does in describing LANDOR and CARLYLE. But a traveler with the spirit of an admiring barber will confound fair and unfair details in a huge swash of gossip.

And how they might be paid off in their own coin! An indignant gentleman was speaking of a really cultivated and eminent foreigner who had the most desirable introductions in this country; and when he returned wrote about our most conspicuous men. "He staid with my friend X," said the indignant gentleman, "and in his book he spoke of his personal habits. I should like to speak of *his* personal habits, and I would inform the world that this prodigious critic allowed himself one shirt a week. On Sunday morning it was clean. Then his waistcoat and coat were thrown fully open. On Monday the waistcoat was closed a little. On Tuesday a little more. On Wednesday the ends of the cravat were suffered to appear over the bosom. On Thursday they quite overspread it. On Friday the waistcoat closed up entirely. On Saturday there was nothing but cravat to be seen. On Sunday there was the full effulgence of the clean shirt again, coat and waistcoat generously thrown open, and an imperceptible cravat.

No man can defend himself against the ingenious ridicule of an author, or from his well-meaning absurdity. But when the criticism or description descends to the most odious and unclean charges, if he refuses to endure it and invokes the law, he puts every lover of public decency under obligation.

MR. STEVENS'S RHETORIC.

IN the first reports of Mr. STEVENS's speech before the vote was taken upon the Amendment there were several allusions to the President which were the grossest insults. The speaker was said by the papers to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue," and "the man at the other end of the avenue;" and every decent reader was disgusted. But in the later reports it seems that the expression was "high authority at the other end of the avenue introduced through an unusual *conduit*"—the latter word being evidently mistaken by the reporters.

Yet while this correction is made the foolish sarcasm is still plain enough. "We shall not trouble President JOHNSON by sending him this Amendment, if it should be passed by Congress, because it is not necessary to submit it to him for his approval." And again: "We do not send it to him and ask his opinion about it, and therefore it was all the more kind in him to send us his opinion without being asked for it." The folly of such talk under the circumstances is incredible. There may be times when sarcasm is wise; but if Mr. STEVENS is of opinion that this is the time when sarcasm directed against the President is useful in the speeches of the President's party in Congress, it is but another proof of his singular incapacity as a leader.

Mr. STEVENS would justify his remarks by repeating what he said in his speech, that the reported conversation of the President with a Senator was an attempt to coerce Congress, and that similar conduct in other countries would have cost a king his head. Mr. STEVENS is ardent and rhetorical; but as the members of Congress are constantly going to the White House and talking with the President, who freely states his views, we can not see the enormity of his conduct in expressing his private opinion upon the subjects of which his opinion is asked. If, however, the matter be a grave one, and then under discussion in Congress, we may regret that peculiar publicity should be given to the conversation. But it is surely unnecessary to give the worst interpretation to the incident. The President must be a much duller man than even the Democratic journals and orators declare him to be, if he does not know that the infallible way of insuring the passage of a measure which he disapproves is the mere appearance of an attempt to coerce Congress. That would be the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to the people of the United States; and the assumption of such an attempt, except upon the plainest grounds, would be an equal insult to the President. He may think, as he is reported to have said, that legislation upon suffrage in the District of Columbia is untimely and unwise; but as he knows that Congress is the supreme and only Legislature of the District, it by no means follows that he would think it a timely or wise act to veto an overwhelming expression of its will.

The course of Mr. STEVENS invites a quarrel between those whom time and mature deliberation might readily harmonize, and must therefore be deprecated by all thoughtful men. "Let us be practical," he said to Mr. SCHENCK, in asking him to yield a favorite plan. Certainly, let us be practical. Let us also be firm and clear-sighted. Let us not betray any interest confided to us, and not be hood-winked or seduced. But let us also understand that honest men may honestly differ, and that the height of folly is to insist upon the alienation of those whose union is essential to success.

MAGNANIMITY AND CONCILIATION.

IN his late speech Mr. RAYMOND said that he "would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State;" and then added: "The courage and devotion on either side, which made it [the contest] so terrible and so long, no longer owe a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American name, the priceless possession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a common country, and under the folds of its common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore."

But surely if the rebel dead, who died, so to speak, in their sins, are worthy of this tender national regard, it would be very hard in the nation politically to disable forever the rebel living who may truly repent. For instance: WISE of Virginia, KEITT of South Carolina, COBB of Georgia, and BARKSDALE of Mississippi, were "leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion." They all took up arms. KEITT and BARKSDALE were killed; COBB and WISE survive. Now if KEITT and BARKSDALE are to be considered "the dead of the nation," why, in the name of fair play, are WISE and COBB to be dishonored and disfranchised by the nation? If two men engage in a criminal undertaking, and one is killed in the act and the other escapes, how can a nation be considered sincere in respecting the "courage and devotion" of the fallen if it stigmatizes the survivor? The sincerity and bravery of many of the Colonial Tories who fought against their fellow-countrymen in the Revolution were unquestionable; but we are not aware that they were ever considered the "priceless possessions" of the country. We trust that moral confusion is not essential to magnanimity, nor stultification to conciliation.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

THE coincidence of the appearance of the cholera and of the cattle plague is remarkable, and it is striking that no effectual preventive is yet discovered for either. The loss of stock in Great Britain is already so great that the most earnest attention is given to the subject, and while Commissions are investigating and advising, the whole history of the subject is faithfully explored.

It appears that the cattle plague, from Pharaoh's "grievous murrain" down to our time, has been constantly known, and during the ninth century it was especially severe. The armies of Charlemagne with their necessary supplies, strewing whole countries with decaying carcasses, are held responsible for the pestilence at that time, as armies are responsible for some other of the fearful scourges of humanity. The *North British Review*, which contains an interesting paper upon the subject, says that the wars of the eighteenth century, also, generated the cattle plague, and that in the three years, from 1711 to 1714, 1,500,000 cattle died of it in Western Europe. It lasted seven years in Italy, and Holland, in ten years, lost more than 200,000 cattle. In eight years after the death of Charles VI. three millions of cattle died of the plague in Central and Western Europe. Between 1745 and 1758 at least 500,000 were destroyed by the disease in Great Britain; and the *Review* says that no method of cure tried in 1865 was not tried in 1745 and found wanting. It is computed that during the eighteenth century, from 1711 to 1796, more than 200,000,000 of horned cattle were swept away by the plague in Western Europe.

The result of research and comparison is, that the pest proceeds from the steppes of European Russia. The lower part of the Dnieper is bordered by Russian provinces which breed some 8,000,000 cattle, among which the plague always prevails. The stock sent from these steppes to Polish and Austrian markets introduce the disease, which then penetrates Europe. The neighboring countries struggle to keep out these herds. Prussia destroys even birds and dogs that might convey the plague, but when it is smuggled in it is trampled out wherever it appears. Austria is not so rigorous or so successful. It is supposed that 100,000 infected cattle pass yearly into Hungary and Galicia, and in the former country it is now destroying sheep as well as horned beasts. The Hungarian cattle known as Dutch beasts are often seen in the London markets, and they are supposed to have brought the present plague into England.

The disease is apparently very contagious. Dogs, sheep, pigeons, hens which have pecked among the affected cattle; the attendants on the sick beasts; ponds and streams into which sheds of diseased animals have been drained; high winds and public roads along which the herds have been driven—all retain and convey the deadly virus. The disease appears in five or seven days after the poison is taken into the system; and although upon the steppes inoculation has checked the disease, it fails to arrest it elsewhere until it has coursed through seven or eight beasts; and it is remarked that the pestilence increases in intensity and fatality as it spreads northward.

The British Commission appointed to investigate the subject have decided that the only way to arrest the spread of the disease is to prohibit the movement of cattle, thus confining the ravages to one district. It is in accordance with this conclusion that Mr. WENTWORTH, of Illinois, introduced his bill into Congress forbidding the present importation of cattle. The latest accounts from England make the loss at the present time, in consequence of the plague, about 10,000 a week. An efficient and universal act of prohibition of import during the rage of the pestilence would doubtless save our own stock from its ravages, and it is the interest of the whole country that such an act should be stringently enforced.

THE CITY HEALTH BILL.

SENATOR WHITE, of the Onondaga District in this State, was one of the Committee appointed last year by the Senate to investigate our municipal affairs; and the curious and interesting knowledge he then acquired he has lately made effective in a remarkable speech in the Senate upon the Health Bill. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the enormous number of subordinate officers now employed in that Department under its present partisan auspices. He read the names of some of these officers, and said that it seemed to be a prerequisite to such an appointment that every man should be a liquor dealer by profession and an Irishman by descent. Their ignorance, he said, was amazing. All the officers brought before the Committee—and it will be remembered that these are the persons to whom the care of the public health is now confided—were asked if they understood Hygienics. Some were of opinion that they had it bad in some quarters; some thought it did not prevail much; and one officer told the Committee that Hygienics was the bad smell that arose from stagnant water! It is matter of devout public gratitude that at least one of the guardians of the municipal health knew that stagnant water does not smell sweetly.

Senator WHITE did not claim that his own party would manage the Health Department altogether better than that which is now responsible for it, although he might have safely urged that it could not manage it worse. But he is reported to have said that very much of the shameless swindle of the present Health system was due to its partisan character, and he most forcibly opposed making the one proposed a party machine. The opponents of the bill, as reported, claim that it is merely an extension of the power of the Police Commission, and through that of a certain political faction. But it is pretty clear that the objection comes from those who would not oppose the bill if it gave their own friends the ascendency. And meanwhile we shall be glad if so imperatively necessary a measure as the reported bill should become a law before these words are printed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 30:

In the Senate, a joint resolution was adopted, authorizing the payment of $10,000 to defray the expenses of the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Doolittle offered a resolution which was adopted, calling upon the President for a copy of the report of General Sherman of his observations in the States within his department in his recent tour of inspection.—Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported that John C. Stockton, of New Jersey, had been duly elected Senator, and was entitled to a seat from the 4th of March, 1865.—There was a long debate on the Civil Rights bill.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment on representation and taxation was recommitted to the Committee of Fifteen without instructions.—A resolution was agreed to instructing the Committee on Claims to reject all claims referred to them for examination by citizens of any of the States lately in rebellion until otherwise ordered.

January 31:

In the Senate, a joint resolution of Thanks to Admiral Farragut and his men was adopted.

In the House, a new rule was adopted forbidding the use of the Hall of Representatives for any other than legislative purposes.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported back the Constitutional Amendment relating to representation. As thus reported, the amendment has no allusion to taxation. It reads as follows: "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed, provided whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons therein of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." The resolution to submit this amendment to the States was adopted, 128 to 46. Messrs. Hale, Davis, Raymond, Eliot, Baldwin, Donckes, and other Union members voted in the negative, not because opposed to the principle, but because they objected to its present shape, and to the power exercised by the Committee in reporting it.

February 1:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the bill of Civil Rights was adopted, 31 to 9. The amendment declares all persons born in the United States not subject to foreign Powers, except Indians not taxed, to be citizens of the United States without distinction on account of color.

In the House, the bill was passed providing that no ship originally registered as an American vessel, and which during the rebellion sailed under a foreign flag, shall be deemed or registered as an American vessel, except by special provision of Congress. According to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, 264,000 tons had been transferred to foreign flags during the war, leaving 1,000,000 tons in the hands of our citizens, and we are now in want of vessels to do our carrying trade on the ocean.

February 2:

In the Senate, Mr. Saulsbury offered an amendment to the bill of Civil Rights, making the right to vote an exception. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 29 against 7. The bill was then passed—33 to 12. The bill is very similar in its provisions to some of the sections in the bill for enlarging the Freedmen's Bureau.

In the House, nearly the whole session was occupied in debate on the question of reconsidering the vote allowing Mr. Brooks's evidence in the case of the election contested between him and Mr. Dodge to go before the Committee. The motion to reconsider was withdrawn.

February 3:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, a somewhat excited discussion took place on the bill for the enlargement of the Freedmen's Bureau.

February 5:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment in regard to representation came up. Mr. Sumner occupied nearly the whole session in a speech upon a substitute for the Amendment, the provisions of the substitute being that in the lately rebellious States "there shall be no oligarchy, aristocracy, caste, or monopoly, invested with peculiar privileges and powers, and there shall be no denial of rights, civil or political, on account of color or race: but all persons shall be equal before the laws, whether in the court-room or at the ballot box; and this statute, made in pursuance of the Constitution, shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any such State to the contrary notwithstanding." Mr. Sumner objected to the proposed amendment as a compromise of human rights, and as inflicting taxation, directly or indirectly, where there was no representation. He thought Congress had it in its power to make the rights of all men equal before the law. He predicted the horrors of San Domingo as in store for us if we denied the political franchise to the negro.

In the House, several amendments to the Constitution were offered and referred to the Judiciary Committee. There was some debate on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, but no action was taken.

NEWS ITEMS.

We have received letters from General Lavoltpe, the Haytian General, dated at St. Thomas, from which it appears that he was treated in a very arbitrary manner by the English authorities. We have no space, however, to spare for the details. The telegram announcing his execution at Jamaica was a canard.

The steamer *Miami*, bound from Memphis for Arkansas River, when six miles above the mouth of the Arkansas, January 30, exploded her boilers, burned, and sank. One hundred and fifty lives were lost, including the clerk of the boat and a portion of Company B, Thirteenth United States Cavalry.

The steamer *Missouri* exploded January 30, opposite Robertson's saw-mill, half a mile below the mouth of Green River. About 100 lives were lost.

Lieutenant-General Grant has contributed the sum of $5000 to aid in the erection of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington.

The report of Mr. Craven, Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board, makes strong objections to the proposed Underground Railroad on Broadway. It has caused much sensation among the friends of the projected enterprise, although they anticipated somewhat the character of the document. There is no disputing the fact that the report is a serious blow to the underground project, but means may be found to overcome it.

Herschell V. Johnson was, on January 30, elected United States Senator from Georgia by the Legislature of that State, Mr. A. H. Stevens not allowing his name to be used.

Commissioner Cooley, of the Indian Bureau, accompanied a delegation from the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, and Orowa tribes of Indians to the President's mansion February 1, whither they went for the purpose of having an interview with him. Their representations were favorable to peace. The Cherokees were present in two delegations—a loyal and disloyal. The latter expressed its gratification at being able to communicate with the President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FENIANISM is not dead yet in Ireland. The city and county of Dublin, the county of Tipperary, and the county and city of Waterford have been proclaimed under martial law. This proclamation makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for any person to carry or have, except in his dwelling-house, arms or ammunition of any description in any of the proclaimed districts. The *London Shipping Gazette* says that London is no safer than Dublin. "The late great fire in St. Katherine's Dock was always believed to be the work of an incendiary, and common rumor now asserts the criminal's political creed was summed up in the word Fenian. A repetition of this catastrophe in the Custom-house and the government offices in Somerset House is dreaded by the authorities, and extra divisions of police are consequently sent in to patrol the buildings by night."

The Paris *Presse* of January 19 announces that Baron Sallard left Paris on the 15th for the purpose of making necessary arrangements with the Emperor Maximilian for the return of the French troops from Mexico at the earliest possible date. The Emperor was to open the Chambers on the 22d, and there was much speculation as to the precise position which the Emperor would assume on the Mexican question.

General Prim's Spanish insurrection does not appear to have assumed any very intelligible phase as yet. It was still asserted that Prim was retracting to Portugal.

The Russian Government have confiscated the entire property of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. By virtue of an Imperial ukase, dated December 26, 1865, and promulgated on January 10, the landed estates and houses, as well as the ready capital, stocks, claims, and all the other belongings of the national ecclesiastical establishment of Poland, have been seized and appropriated by the Czar.

The English steamship *London*, for Melbourne, recently foundered at sea. Two hundred and seventy lives were lost. Sixteen of the crew and three passengers were saved.

The ships supposed to have been lost during the late gales on the English coast number between three and four hundred. Among these was the American ship *Christina*, 800 tons, which became a wreck December 26, midway between New York and London. Her passengers were all saved by the English ship *Varuna*.

The American squadron under Admiral Goldsborough has received orders to leave the Mediterranean and proceed to Lisbon. Reason not stated.

From the dispatches of our Consul at Liverpool, dated January 20, 1866, we learn that the cattle scourge is rather on the increase than otherwise. He says that during the week previous to date 9241 cases were reported to the authorities; thus far upward of 40,000 cattle have either died with the plague or been slain after taking it.

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GEORGE BANCROFT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE eminent historian of the United States, whose portrait accompanies the present sketch, is a remarkable instance of the intellectual culture and development which may be attained under the influence of American society and institutions. A cosmopolitan by education, habits, and tastes, in spirit and character he is an American of the Americans. Nurtured in the traditional literary discipline and choicest scholastic learning of New England, at an early age he sought the more liberal and profound methods of European education. Absence from his native country only quickened his attachment to freedom. With the study of ancient philosophy he drank in the love of human progress, and with an instinctive forsight of his future career, conceived the purpose of embodying the spirit of Plato in the democracy of America. Like Dante and the patriots of the Middle Ages, like Milton and the champions of English liberty, his political aspirations were inspired and ennobled by ideal visions of the destiny of humanity. This is the key to his opinions and aims, the secret of his literary and official life. Hence his public course as a statesman, a historian, an essayist, and a popular orator exhibits a pervading unity which is rarely witnessed in the career of our most prominent men.

Mr. BANCROFT was born about the commencement of the present century in Worcester, Massachusetts, where his father was for many years the pastor of the First Congregational Church. By birth and early surroundings he belonged to the order of New England Brahmins, whom WENDELL HOLMES so quaintly celebrates, as predestined to a life of studious culture and lettered fame. At Harvard College, which he entered when a mere boy, he was considered a prodigy. Cambridge tradition still preserves the memory of his slight figure, his ruffled shirt-collar falling over his shoulders, and his voice of childish treble, in marked contrast to the facility and grace of his utterance and the mellow ripeness of his classical and philosophical attainments. His oration on graduating, when only seventeen years old, was on a profound theme, and is said to have been a master-piece of thought and eloquence. The brilliancy of his powers and the vivacity of his manners made him a universal favorite. His precocious genius, tempered with a wisdom beyond his years, was the admiration and pride of friends, and called forth the most sanguine prophecies of his future renown.

Upon leaving Cambridge he sailed for Europe, where he passed five years in travel and in study at the principal German universities. His instructors were among the most celebrated men of the day. His course of study was more extensive and profound than at that time had been pursued by any American. He evinced a rare capacity for labor, and a strenuous diligence that was unimpaired by any vicious indulgences. His course in history, philosophy, and classical learning embraced the whole development of ancient and modern thought. In each department he showed an aptitude, as if that had been his favorite specialty. His youthful zeal awakened a deep interest in the mind of his teachers, whose pride was gratified by his reports of the progress of their fame in the Western World. At the same time he formed the acquaintance of many eminent men in different branches of literature and science, with several of whom his intimacy soon ripened into a warm and permanent friendship.

On returning to this country in 1822 he resided a year at Cambridge as Greek tutor in Harvard College, and introduced several valuable reforms in the course of classical study, although the conservative spirit which was cherished among the ingenuous youth of that place was too strong to accept any innovations, however useful, without a struggle. His enthusiasm for learning, stimulated as it

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had been by his long residence at the highest seats in Germany, and his fresh and ardent faith in intellectual life and progress, came into violent collision with a mass of prejudice, ignorance, and stupidity on the part of youngsters who had scarcely ceased to be school-boys. His dreams of improvement amidst the shady retreats of Harvard were rudely disturbed; and he soon found a more congenial field of effort in the celebrated Round Hill School at Northampton, which, in conjunction with Mr. COGSWELL, he established in 1823. This institution was a decided novelty among the means of education in the United States. All its appointments were on a scale of prodigal liberality before unheard of. The ablest teachers, native and European, were employed in its service. The routine of study was varied by long and attractive excursions in the pleasant season. A certain splendor was thrown around the administration of learning which was scarcely in accordance with American tastes. Pupils, however, flocked to the place, and a wide and generous impulse was given to the cause of classical education.

At this period Mr. BANCROFT commenced his preparations for the "History of the United States," the plan of which he had conceived at an early stage of his historical studies. This magnificent work forms one of the proudest monuments of American literature. The composition of it has extended over a series of more than thirty years, each successive volume enhancing the value of the work and the reputation of the author. Profound and accurate in research, rich in illustrations from the whole field of contemporary events, ingenious and brilliant in its general views, every where alive with the spirit of humanity, founded on the soundest philosophical conceptions, and written in a style of remarkable terseness and picturesque glow, it fulfills all the conditions of a great historical production. Considered not only as a faithful record of a most important period in the development of modern civilization, but as a highly-wrought specimen of literary art, it may be said to take the lead in merit, as well as in date, of the admirable works in its kind which have so signally illustrated our youthful literature.

Mr. BANCROFT'S career as a statesman, if somewhat eclipsed by the splendor of his literary success, presents a highly honorable record. His discharge of the office of Secretary of the Navy, and of Minister to London, during the administration of Mr. POLK, was marked by sagacity, earnestness, and the love of salutary improvements. As a political leader, in which capacity he has been prominent in his native State as well as at the national capital, he has been distinguished for his reliance on ideas, for his ardent faith in the democratic principle, regarded as the highest expression of the spirit of humanity, and for his uniform advocacy of liberal and progressive measures. Mr. BANCROFT is a powerful and effective public speaker. He has the eloquence which proceeds from lucid thought and strong emotion. Always in earnest, often vehement, he appeals to the imagination by his impassioned rhetoric and graphic illustrations, while he masters the intellect by his power of transparent exposition and cogent argument. Not the least honorable distinction which crowns his name is the decision with which he sided with the friends of the Union during the recent terrible conflict, in opposition to the claims of party associates and political antecedents.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

IT may tend to lower the Rev. Edward Arthur in the eyes of the readers of these pages; but none the less must it be stated that, although a minister, he was none the less also a man. Not an ethereal being, not an ideal of all excellence, but, from head to foot, a human being like the rest of us. Perhaps the intensest human part about him was his heart. His capacity for loving, his proclivity for loving, his unweariedness in loving from his earliest recollection upward was wonderful.



ARTHUR'S WEAKNESS.

Of course it is painful to make the statement, yet it must be said that, from the day when just three years old, he was detected in the act of kissing behind a parlor rocking-chair a young lady-visitor of some six months or so less experience of life, onward he had never ceased to love. His own relatives, of course; but, in addition to these, all the little flaxen-haired companions of his childhood—there always being for the day some special queen of his heart in virtue of hair specially flaxen, eyes particularly black or blue, cheeks uncommonly rosy, and fair, and dimpled, dress remarkably beautiful, or, what was even more to the purpose, the being specially associated with him for the time of the little Cleopatra of the hour. Up to the very day of leaving for college he had not learned to master such nonsense.

With the development of lungs and brains and all the rest the heart had persisted in growing also. Not that, when he rolled away, just sixteen years old, in the stage from his father's door, he had as yet met exactly with his ideal. None the less did he bear away with him the image in his heart, the lock of her hair being in his Bible in his trunk, of the last, in the quick succession of the queens of his childhood; not so much because he loved *her*, as from the pleasure it was to him, the absolute necessity it was to him to love somebody.

His four years' course in college was a sudden and total interregnum in all this. Minerva set aside Venus with perfect success during those four college years. Heart had to content itself with merely keeping up the circulation while the brain was being developed. Vastly better would it have been could the two have shared the man more equally between them—not so cold and hard would those four years have been. Languages, philosophy, mathematics; mathematics, philosophy, languages all the session through, the impulse thereof bore him, like a locomotive over a break in the track, over the gap of each vacation with a jar scarce perceptible. That day Edward Arthur graduated he could have laid his hand upon the folds of the silk gown which covered his bosom and have truthfully declared his heart to have been, during the previous four years, wholly free from thought of woman. And as he descended the steps of the platform after Commencement, he could have safely declared that, leaving more sacred things aside dearer to him than the entire sex, from Eve down, was the honor he had obtained from Alma Mater, most revered and beloved of all her sex.

Altogether too short was the period which followed to think upon any thing but the immediate Past and the immediate Future. Bright and early that September morning following his graduation did he present himself in the chapel of the Theological Seminary to be matriculated; no man more free from every thing else in the world to devote himself to his studies for the ministry. And into it he plunged: Church History; Theology polemic, didactic, patristic, exegetic; the preparation and delivery of sermons; Hebrew; Chaldaic; Syriac; German. Grudgingly was the morning and evening walk granted to the muscles; only because it was a necessary nuisance was the stomach supplied with the regulation food at the regulation hours in the regulation refectory—it was the brain must be exercised, the brain must be fed. No wonder if, like the right arm of the blacksmith, it was developed beyond the rest of the body, out of proportion to the rest of the body. True, the heart was allowed free play in regard to things spiritual and divine, even stimulated and evermore prompted to this.

And, perhaps, it was well that such things should thus by years preoccupy the heart; obtain from long habit, the deep-seated, uniform custom of the heart, before its doors were opened to all the world. Yet, if its affection for all else could only be kept duly subordinate, the very exercising the heart in the love of all human things would fit it for the more vigorous loving of things superior to these; even as the eye and the hand, quick to see and prompt to gather every little flower flourishing by the way-side, is but trained thereby for the prizing and the gathering the more eagerly of all diamonds and precious stones, too, which may sparkle along the road-side of life. Is it altogether fanciful to remember here that, though the heart beat in the breast with but one throb, it yet has within itself two separate and distinct sets of organs, an auricle and ventricle on the left side thereof, and an auricle and ventricle on the right side thereof? Thou shalt love God, and thou shalt love men, is the divine command. Only as we love either perfectly do we love both perfectly. Only as we love both as we should, do we, as we should, love either; only when both sides of the heart are whole, and keep the mystic time to each other, does the entire heart throb aright! "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

One thing is perfectly certain, if ever there was a man prepared to love, prepared to love any thing and every thing which could be loved, that man was the Rev. Edward Arthur when he found himself, college and seminary passed through, pastor of the church in Somerville. Neglected, forgotten, the heart of the man was to assert itself—was to make up for the long-endured tyranny of the brain.

Let me pause a moment here. I have something to say which may greatly weaken the reader's estimation of the Rev. Edward Arthur. Shall I say it exactly as it was? Or shall I not rather carefully conceal the fact, so that the young minister may be that much the greater and stronger individual in the eyes of those who read these pages? Hesitate as I may to say it, ashamed as I may be to announce the fact, deeply conscious, as of course I am, of the damage it will do our hero from this instant to the end of his history, I must none the less say, because I can not possibly avoid it and be at all coherent in my narrative, that the Rev. Edward Arthur during the very first day of his arrival in Somerville fell in love! Pardon him, dear reader, he could not possibly help it; at least he *did* not help it. Pardon him, indulgent reader, for it was a love which, however hastily kindled, never ceased to burn thereafter with but stronger and brighter and purer flame.



"AND ARTHUR WAS IN LOVE."

The way of it was this: When Guy Brooks, Esq., years before Secession, had written to the young theologian to come to Somerville and organize a church in that new but promising town, and had received a promise of doing so in reply, he forthwith began, in a terrible hurry, to look around among the families of Somerville for some suitable home for the new minister. It ought to be among the members of the contemplated church, to begin with. Next, in which of these families should it be?

He himself was then a widower and boarded at the time at the hotel, and the hotel was no place for a preacher; half an hour in the bar-room or any where else about the house was sufficient to dishearten one of his calling through all the avenues of smelling, tasting, seeing, and hearing. Mr. Ferguson, the Scotchman, offered to share his bachelor home with the new-comer, especially as he was to be also a member of the church to be organized. Guy Brooks thanked him but declined. A most substantially and inflexibly good man was Ferguson, like all Scotchmen who are not utter reprobates; but, like every other Scotchman, reprobate or not, Ferguson was set in his way, notionate to the last degree. And cross, too; no tropical thunder-gust more suddenly, unexpectedly, and violently so. Upon Mr. Ferguson Guy Brooks counted confidently as upon a very oaken beam in the proposed church organization, but, as a host of the pastor thereof? No. The lawyer did not entertain the idea one instant. Suppose the guest should derange, should injure, should lose a Number from Mr. Ferguson's collection? The very possibility of such a catastrophe, with all its disruptive effects upon the proposed church, was sufficient to settle the matter. No one can dislike to pause more than the writer. The collection of Mr. Ferguson has been unintentionally alluded to. But now that it has been mentioned, it must be explained before we can proceed.

In Mr. Ferguson's bosom existed the instinct of collection. It *is* an instinct. Look at the magpie. We all know what a passion it has for stealing and secreting bits of raw cotton, shreds of rags, fragments of pottery, articles of jewelry, and the like. There is a story afloat in works on Natural History of another bird—a species of hawk—which has its nest in the centre of a thorny tree, and which impales upon these thorns all manner of grasshoppers, locusts, insects of all sorts, as well as the smaller birds. Toward the decline of its days this winged virtuoso has collected a perfect museum of natural curiosities, and lives and dies in its overshadowed nest, in the centre thereof, in scientific and serene content. However true this may be, we are certain of the instinct in the case of the magpie. And it is the same instinct which is seen in the collector of autographs, peculiar snuff-boxes, fantastic pipes, singular walking-sticks, rare editions of old books, and the like. Very strong was the instinct in the case of Mr. Ferguson. A Scotchman should have been more sensible; but in an old bachelor the object of his collection was preposterous—he had collected into a body every treatise on the subject of Infant Baptism he had ever heard or read of. It may have begun his making the collection, quietly and innocently enough, but it had grown into a passion—a mania.

The walls of a certain room in his house were devoted exclusively to these treatises. Books in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, were there; thick books and thin books, and in every possible style of binding. Pamphlets, too, of all shapes, sizes, and ages upon the subject. Files of all such newspapers also as contained articles upon the subject, and the whole collection patched, pasted, annotated, in every stage of wear and discoloration. Then there were bound volumes of letters he had evoked from reverend and irreverent sources, in all degrees of angry *pro* and recriminating *con*. A bulky scrap-book or two contained every flying anecdote, paragraph, item, cut right and left, from every paper which he had ever come upon bearing upon the one theme. One stood amazed to behold how much had been said upon the subject in the world, and turned away aghast at the remembrance that, even yet, the question remained as unsettled as ever. The plain fact is, Mr. Ferguson took hardly the slightest interest in the subject discussed itself—it was in his collection upon the subject that his interest lay.

"No, and it would sicken him, too, for life of the whole subject!" laughed Guy Brooks to himself, as, after declining Mr. Ferguson's offer of a room in his house for the expected minister, he walked back to his office.

"He shall know of my collection none the less. And surely no room in Somerville could be so appropriate for a minister as just that room," said Mr. Ferguson, as he parted from the lawyer. In something of a huff, too; only he knew that no amount of huff on his part could provoke any thing but amusement and good-nature on the part of the frank and open-hearted lawyer.

There was Dr. Warner, also. He, too, was to

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be a member of the church. There was not a pleasanter house in Somerville than his, nor a better spread table.

"He can have my office in the front-yard," said Dr. Warner, after having previously received his wife's views upon the subject.

A nice office it was, too, as Guy Brooks knew, for it was therein, in retreat from his wife, that the Doctor entertained his gentlemen friends. On the shelves therein were the Doctor's rows of bottles and papers of herbs. Therein also was his mahogany case of surgical instruments. The wooden apparatus, too, was in the corner, with its complicated straps, in which Bub and 'Ria had more than once imprisoned Amos when suffering, in imagination, with the fracture of every bone in his body in consequence of a fall from the top of the stable. In the book-case were the Doctor's medical books, especially his large and intensely-colored Surgical Atlas, of the inside of which he was so careful Bub should know nothing, and yet whose every plate had been often and most thoroughly studied by Bub in the absences of his father, assisted by Amos, with 'Ria carefully locked out. Therein, also, was the good Doctor's collection, in glass jars and alcohol, of such tumors, bits of lungs and brains, amputated fingers and toes, embryos, and the like delicacies, as had come in his way in the course of his profession. And there, also, was a full-length skeleton in its corner.

"The first thing he will see in the morning, the last his eyes will close upon at night—have an impressive influence upon his meditations," said the Doctor, in commending the room for the expected arrival.

But no. There is a certain smell about that room, considered the lawyer with himself. Besides—and the idea struck the lawyer with considerable force—deprive the Doctor of that retreat from his wife? It would be a base imposition on his easy good-nature. And then, her tongue! Phew!—no!

There was Colonel Roberts also. Fine, commodious house; Mrs. Roberts an excellent woman, and member of the church. And who knows but he might be able to influence even Roberts? But the lawyer, charitable and hopeful as he was, shook his head even as he said it. The squat figure of the Colonel stood before his imagination on the instant—that black hair, those splendid black eyes, that full face, so much like that of a bull-dog, and yet so handsome! "What an unmitigated bully and blackguard that man is!" said the lawyer to himself, as the image rose before his mind—forgetting all about the minister. "Gambler, hard drinker, duelist, obscene to the last degree; unmatched and unmatchable in profanity; loose to dishonesty in the payment of his debts and in all his business transactions; avowedly a scoffer at the truth of religion and the virtue of woman. With all this, when he cares to be so, what dignity, what grace, what eloquence, what polished wit, what exquisite courtesy! That it should be possible to combine into one such a devil and such an angel!" murmured the lawyer to himself.

Colonel Ret Roberts! Nothing could be more familiar to the public ear and to the public tongue than that. He had been a bold young lawyer; then an indefatigable stump-speaker throughout the State—copious in anecdote, reckless in statement, vehement in invective; next an Elector of a successful candidate for the Presidency; then, for six months, Chargé at one of the minor European courts; after that Governor of the State. When Guy Brooks was debating whether or no to make him the host of the expected minister, he was drinking, gambling, playing at once the Edmund Burke and the bully in the United States Senate at Washington. All the State knew pretty well the kind of man Colonel Ret Roberts was; most certainly he disguised nothing of himself from any one. Yet all over the State religious, grave, and sober men applauded the Colonel's speeches; contributed gladly pigs, turkeys, and beeves toward barbecues in his honor; introduced him, with pride at the opportunity of doing so, to their wives and daughters, and voted him into whatever office he demanded rather than asked at their hands.

"As you say, my house is too far out of Somerville for the purpose; or, there being only Robby and myself here, I would be pleased to have Mr. Arthur with me," Mrs. Sorel observed, when Guy Brooks, throwing his energies into the matter, had ridden out to consult her upon the subject. There is Mrs. Bowles, thought Mrs. Sorel to herself, and she knitted and thought over the matter, as was her placid wont on every subject, before she spoke out. It was not altogether so clear.

"I have thought of the hotel, of Ferguson, of Dr. Warner, even of Colonel Ret Roberts, besides every other place possible," said Guy Brooks, after a somewhat despondent silence. "It ought to be in the family of a member of the church if possible."

"How old did you say he was? or did you say any thing at all on the subject?" asked Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"I do not know, somewhere under thirty, I suppose. You remember I never saw him," said the lawyer. "Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and myself wrote to the head of the Theological Seminary to recommend some one to us for the purpose of organizing a church here. In reply Mr. Arthur was warmly urged upon us; we corresponded with him, he says he will come; that is all we know of him."

"Have you thought of Mrs. Bowles?" inquired Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"The very person!" exclaimed the lawyer, rising to his feet. "Strange I never once thought of her. That is, if she will consent. You know what a delicate, retiring lady she is. Besides, it would be an assistance to her, his boarding with her." "Yes," added the lawyer, with enthusiasm, "and there is the office Rutledge Bowles occupied before he went to college in the corner of the yard. The very thing! She is a member of the proposed church, too. I do not think she would consent to the arrangement except on that ground. I will see her right away." And the lawyer took his hat to leave.

"There might be one objection," said Mrs. Sorel, accompanying her visitor to the door.

"What, what can it be?" inquired he, turning suddenly. Mrs. Sorel smiled demurely and continued knitting.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the lawyer, looking at her first, inquiringly, and then with a smile breaking over his wholesome face: "Beg your pardon, I didn't mean to use such language, Mrs. Sorel. But you never fear. We men, especially in such a new place as Somerville, with every thing before us to do, have no time to think about such things. You ladies flatter yourselves; really, I beg pardon again," said the frank lawyer, laughing at himself.

"Do we, Mr. Brooks? Well, perhaps we do," said quiet Mrs. Sorel, not at all cast down—quite confident rather.

"You would not really advise against Mrs. Bowles on that account?" asked the lawyer, seriously, pausing hat in hand upon the front step.

"By no means, or I should not have mentioned it. Yes, see her, and see what you can do. Don't let me detain you. Good-evening!" But the wise, placid smile was still on her face as she said it.

"Stuff, nonsense! It is to be hoped he will find too much to do to think of such things! Oh these women, they think men never think of any thing else; sensible lady like Mrs. Sorel, too! Get up, Charley!" and with an unnecessary cut of his whip the Kentuckian cantered back into Somerville.

Mrs. Bowles came into the arrangement the moment the lawyer mentioned it, which he did with characteristic promptitude that same evening.

But it was after having most clearly and distinctly ascertained from the lawyer that the expected minister was not from the North, but from Virginia, born, raised, educated there. Good! If any spot on the globe could be said to stand next to South Carolina, in Mrs. Bowles's estimation, it was Virginia. "Though I have a great admiration for Kentucky also," Mrs. Bowles said, with the charming condescension of the daughter of a hundred Earls to a newly-knighted Baronet.

"If he will consent to live plainly there will be no inconvenience to us at all," she said to him immediately thereafter. "I have been so long without seeing even a minister of my own church that it will be a treat to me to have him. There is Rutledge Bowles's office. We can put a bed in there for him, you know. It will do for his study, too. If I do not like the arrangement afterward, you know, we can make a change. But I am sure we will like it—yes, I am quite sure of it!" and excellent Mrs. Bowles was almost enthusiastic upon the subject, greatly to the delight of her visitor.

The truth is, Mrs. Bowles was enthusiastic in every thing. If she liked any thing or person she liked enthusiastically—could not see, would not hear or believe any thing to the contrary. And, it must be added, if she disliked she disliked as sincerely and vehemently as her piety would permit. It so happened that Mrs. Sorel and herself were from the same neighborhood in South Carolina, had been school-girls together. Yet it was singular that the same soil could produce two persons so unlike. Mrs. Sorel tall, dignified, grave, self-possessed; Mrs. Bowles rather *petite* and *spirituel* in face and figure, unconstrained, full of lively fancies, impulsive, quick-spoken. Both were thoroughly ladies in the highest sense of the term—strongly attached to each other from memories of their childhood, still more from contrast of character; for while Mrs. Sorel could not but love the ardent and warm-spoken widow, so sincere and free in every thought and feeling, Mrs. Bowles could not but feel a warm affection for one in whose judgment, strong sense, sober speech she had long learned to have the deepest confidence. She had long been in the habit of consulting Mrs. Sorel in every thing of importance—much more so since the death of her husband, the Major.

I wish our story could pause long enough to permit us to say a little, or rather a good deal about Major J. C. Bowles. You can gather all you may wish to know of his character and history by turning to any book of national portraits. You will find him there among the politicians of South Carolina of some forty years ago. A stately gentleman he appears to have been from the somewhat stiff portrait in question, the half-length painting, from which it was taken, hanging in silent grandeur in the parlor at Somerville. Often did the young minister sit in that parlor of summer afternoons and study, not only the biography of the man himself, but a vast deal of national history, too, in that imposing portraiture.

Evidently a commanding man the Major was, with his high rolled collar, huge cravat beneath his chin, and the locks brushed away from the broad forehead, only a blue ribbon across the bosom lacking to make it pass as the likeness of a royal duke. The painting in question represented him thus: the gold-headed cane presented him by his constituents after his great speech in Congress resting between his knees, the sword wherewith his father had fought in the Revolution hanging on the wall behind him, St. Michael's Church visible through the window, to show the portrait was taken in Charleston. But you can see it all for yourself, dear reader, by turning to the volume in question, and his life besides on the next page.

Let us halt here long enough, however, to say at least this: Colonel Ret Roberts and Major J. C. Bowles were as exactly alike, and as utterly, eternally, and irreconcilably unlike, as any two men can possibly be. Both were apparently gentlemen of the highest type of breeding and courtesy, yet Colonel Ret Roberts was only superficially so; it was as natural to him as a suit of the superfinest broadcloth is to a prince, and as much a thing apart from and external to his real self as such a suit. Major J. C. Bowles was a genuine gentleman to the centre of his soul. Colonel Ret Roberts was a talented, highly talented man. Major J. C. Bowles was not, even a little dull. With Colonel Ret Roberts, the Major believed to the hour of his death that South Carolina was the first State on the continent—in the world, in fact; unlike the Colonel, however, the Major never in his life cursed and commended to eternal perdition, as the Colonel did every day of his life, whoever and whatsoever was in conflict with him on this point. That Calhoun was the superior of Webster Major Bowles never entertained the slightest doubt; yet Webster was a rational, respectable, perhaps conscientious individual. This the Major sincerely believed, while the Colonel did not—or, at least, swore he did not. That the "peculiar institution" was morally, socially, religiously, politically, eternally right, the essential foundation of all correct government, a thing to exist for ever and ever by ordinance like that which rolls the stars, both heartily believed; yet Major Bowles fed, clothed, cared for his negroes like the Christian gentleman he was; seeing himself to it, with a deep sense of responsibility, that they were not overworked nor their religious instruction neglected. Colonel Ret Roberts, on the other hand, believed and acted in every sense in the belief that his negroes were only speaking animals, to be worked to the utmost by the strictest overseers. However, as Colonel Ret Roberts had but scant reference himself to his own higher nature as an immortal being made in the image of his Maker, you could not reasonably suppose he should imagine any such thing for an instant in reference to his slaves. When in good-humor he would treat them to tobacco, whisky, and all manner of frolics and idleness; but with the same feeling toward them in good-humor as in bad, that they were but animals, worth no more thought than the horses in his stable, petted as such, beaten as such.

Major Bowles had no specially rigid notions on the subject of religion, yet he was not an avowed and insolent scoffer at it like Colonel Ret Roberts; even attended church, at least occasionally, a thing that Lamum never could induce the Colonel to do even when the most important political object was at stake. Nor did Major Bowles admire any Puritanism in regard to morals; yet he never would have soiled his fingers with the greasy cards, the dirty dice-box, the dripping gin-tumbler with which Colonel Ret Roberts was familiar, to say nothing of the profanity, obscenity, and practical debauchery which peopled the Colonel's plantation with his mulatto offspring, as much to the Colonel, and no more, than the puppies littered in his kennels. And the Major had as supreme an adoration for honor as the Colonel; but it was a principle which would have made him blush to leave a debt unpaid, or to do even a deed of doubtful honesty, wherein the Colonel differed from him amazingly in practice. As behooved gentlemen of honor, both had "been out" with an antagonist. The Major had gone out only when grossly insulted, and then had coldly received his enemy's fire with erect bearing, afterward firing into the air. The Colonel, on the other hand, had ever been the one provoking the quarrel, and then eager on the field to kill; in which, to the number of some five or six foes, he had been remarkably successful.

But why speak of Major J. C. Bowles? Did he not waste his estate with too prodigal an hospitality, too utter a devotion to politics, and so subside, in his later years, first into what remained of his large property, a small home in Charleston, and a practice at the bar, for which he had become too old or too unused by political life to succeed, and then into his grave there in St. Michael's church-yard? Had he but had Colonel Ret Roberts's—what shall we call it?—some highly-polished synonym for rascality, he would not have lost acre or negro. However, so it was.

When somewhat advanced in life the Major married his wife, of as distinguished and of as decayed a family as his own. A son and a daughter were the children of his old age—Rutledge and Alice. These were both but children when, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Bowles moved out westward and settled in Somerville. The Major owned lands there; Mrs. Bowles could not endure to take a lower rank in Charleston than her husband had once occupied. Mrs. Sorel had preceded her, and had written, urging to the step. So it was, that, at the date of our story, Mrs. Bowles was living in her neat little cottage-home on the edge of Somerville. She had left South Carolina, it is true, but the soil was all of the State she had left behind her.

The young minister learned all this, bit by bit, after his arrival. Welcomed at the hotel door, as he stepped from the stage, by Guy Brooks, he and the lawyer were at home with each other from that moment; for where people are sincere they understand each other from the first sight of each other's face, from the first grasp of each other's hand. The energetic lawyer had his new possession into his chamber in a moment; and had him brushed, dined, and introduced to Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and half a dozen more, within the hour of his arrival.

"You must feel yourself at home with us," he said to him, in his frank, hearty way. "We are all fragments of the church that is to be. Dr. Warner here is ready to doctor you the moment you say the word. Mr. Ellis has a store down town, a good place to drop into to get acquainted with people. Ferguson here—well, Mr. Ferguson can post you on the subject of Infant Baptism, if you need it at all. I am the only one not of much use. However!"

"Somewhat too young for my fancy; it isn't a fair-cheeked, brown-haired girl we wanted for such a place as this rough and unchristianized Somerville," growled Mr. Ferguson to himself, as he went back to his room.

The afternoon of his arrival—"Why not?" the lawyer said to himself—Mr. Arthur was carried over to Mrs. Bowles to be introduced, the lawyer explaining matters to him as they walked over.

"What a neat, home-like place!" the newcomer said to himself, as they entered the front gate and advanced along the graveled walk between the altheas and rose-bushes to the door. Like all houses at the South not built by people direct from the North, a goodly portico was in front of the residence, admitting to a hall into which rooms communicated on either side. It was a May morning when the new-comer stood there, inhaling the fragrance of jasmine and mimosa, glancing around at the many evidences of a refined taste on every side, while they waited for the door to be opened. With Mrs. Bowles, a few moments after, so warm-hearted and cordial in her sables and gray hair, the young minister felt himself at once at home and at ease—there is so much, so exceedingly much, in refinement when warmed by a glowing heart!

"I have but a small family, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last. "Rutledge Bowles, my only son, is at college in Columbia." Mrs. Bowles did not say, "Columbia, South Carolina," because to her there was but that one Columbia in the world. "My daughter Alice—" she began; but at that instant the front gate was heard to slam, hasty steps succeeded along the gravel, and a young girl threw open the parlor door, with sun-bonnet in one hand, school-books in the other, her hair about her glowing face.

And the Rev. Edward Arthur was in love!

THE MYSTERY OF TWO VALENTINES.

CLARA and Kate are twin-born maids;
But Clara is dark and Kate is fair:
Clara's locks lie in ebon braids,
Kate hath a crown of golden hair.

Clara's eyes flash, but Kate's cheek glows;
Clara is your love, Kate is mine.
Let us for sport to-day compose,
Each for the other, a Valentine.

Then for an hour's silent flow
Brows were knitted and ink was shed,
Till—this was just a year ago—
These were the Valentines we sped.

I.—TO CLARA.

Him that loves thee, woe betide!
Thou wilt chill him with thy pride;
Pierce his heart with sharp disdain;
Slowly crush him with a reign
Of alternate bliss and pain.

I have loved thee well; but now
I revoke my love, and vow,
By the martyred Valentine,
Not for Ophir's richest mine
Will I bind my soul to thine!

II.—TO KATE.

I have lain full long in the shadow
Of a love that sheds no light
Save such as the transient meteor
Flings fitfully on the night.

Thine eyes are dipped in the azure
Of the stainless heavens above,
And the clear rays shining through them
Are the constant sun of love.

I have lain full long in the shadow,
And I fain would seek the sun;
Wilt thou shed one beam upon me
From thine eyes, Sweet?—only one!

These were the Valentines we sped,
In a shrewd disguise, one year ago;
But—"Love is blind," it hath long been said,
And the blind have a second-sight, you know.

How it befell I can not say;
Love is the sport of the trickster, Fate!
But Clara is my betrothed to-day,
And Herbert sighs at the feet of Kate!

THE WHISPER-ROOM.

IT was a paragon lawn, that of Houseley Cottage—emerald in color, closely shaven, and velvet-like in smoothness. It was a fitting inclosure for the red and white roses which, in regular succession, girdled it round. The laburnums, that waved their golden blossoms above it, the great sycamore, whose broad leaves bravely faced the sun's fiercest rays, and the trim flower-beds that ended it, all added their attractions to Houseley Lawn.

Seated in a low chair, under a waving cluster of laburnums, was a girl, apparently eighteen years old. Her hand held listlessly an open book; but her eyes were fixed on the blue expanse of sea that stretched far away, and over which Houseley Lawn commanded a glorious view. She was very fair; the rich masses of light-brown hair glinting gold in the sun, the hazel eyes, which were radiant in their truth, and the rich complexion, all asserted her claim to beauty.

The French windows of the drawing-room were thrown noisily open, and a tall girl, rather older than she whom we have described, came hurriedly down the lawn.

"Now, Agatha!" she said, "do come in and per-

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suade your mamma to join the Daltons' picnic. It *will* be capital. Fred Hawkins and Harry Collier are coming."

The other's fair face wore an expression of hauteur.

"Lucy," she said, "I do wish you wouldn't talk in this off-hand manner. I don't see that any attraction lies in the fact of Mr. Hawkins or Sir Harry Collier coming—certainly not enough to make you call them by their names."

"Oh, bother!" said the other, who was a dashing beauty—blue-eyed, fair-haired, and gifted with superb self-possession. "You're such a prim creature!"

The two girls strolled down the garden together, and while gone we will, in a few words, describe their history.

Agatha Clare was the only child of Mrs. Clare, widow of a physician in large practice, and left by him in affluent circumstances. She was a woman of rare talent, tact, and generosity, and very popular for her kindness and charming manners. Her house of Houseley was a favorite resort of all the younger members of the population, for her dances and croquet parties were perfection.

Lucy Harwich was the daughter of the officer in command of the coast-guard, a retired commander, with more private property than usually falls to his brethren's share. His wife, too, had money. His daughter was what is termed a "fast young lady." She was a beauty, very daring and very willful, very ambitious, and very selfish. Truth must be regarded by a veracious chronicler.

The two girls re-entered the drawing-room, where there was a group of visitors eagerly discussing the picnic. Among them was a man of some note. Harold St. Vraie was a scion of old Norman stock. Unassuming English gentleman as he was, listening calmly to the picnic suggestions, and sitting dressed in gray tweed, with a hunting-whip in his hand, he bore the features and the name of a line of steel-clad warriors, whose swords had been foremost in every field of English battle from that of Hastings. The manors of his house had stretched through half a county, and the holders of them had been repeatedly offered a peerage.

But with him fortune had dealt hardly. But one old manor-house and a hundred acres of land remained to him of all his ancestors' territory. His small income sufficed for his wants, and his interest with the Government would procure him a diplomatic post whenever he married, which event was not unexpected by the young ladies of the locality.

"Let us go to Vrayville Towers," said Lucy, impetuously; "the ruins are splendid, and the legend wonderful."

"Lucy," said Agatha, softly, "remember Mr. St. Vraie's family. Look at him."

Lucy did look at him, and saw that his face flushed, and that he looked annoyed.

"Poor fellow!" said her mother to her nearest neighbor, "considering how long the property's been in his family, and the ghosts in the place, I don't wonder at his annoyance."

"I'll console him," laughed Lucy, and swept across the room to Harold St. Vraie's side. "I'll show Miss Agatha my winning colors," she said to herself, mentally.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. St. Vraie," she began, in a subdued tone, very unlike the usual rapid and autocratic key in which she spoke, and dropping her dark eyelashes over her violet eyes with a timid aspect, "for my stupidity in proposing the visit. I ought to have remembered all that you must remember when Vrayville is mentioned."

"The stupidity's mine, Miss Harwich," interrupted St. Vraie, with a smile. "My morbid recollections are ridiculous. Never mind them. We'll go to Vrayville, and I can lead the explorers over every corner and tell all the legends—if Mr. Thorpe will allow me," he added, with a slight sneer.

He might have been excused for this; for this Mr. Thorpe, who had purchased Vrayville for the sake more of its ruins than of its farms, was a rich man, who bought the place for self-gratification, and was as chary of showing it as he was of his picture-gallery and his gardens. He had refused Harold permission to sketch the old ruins which had been his forefathers' for seven centuries, and therefore there was mutual dislike between Thorpe and St. Vraie.

"I admire violet-eyed blondes," said Harold to himself, as he strolled down the lawn; but if I did not, I should certainly be enslaved by that hazel-eyed, brown-haired beauty. What a calm self-trust and stately quiet there is about her! But she rather repels."

Agatha's accustomed demeanor deceived many. Accounted cold and slow of feeling, she was a girl capable of strong emotions. For him who won her heart Agatha would be a very heroine of story in her lofty love.

The next day the picnic party started on horseback. On his black mare, thorough-bred and glossy-coated as satin, Harold looked like the knightly descendant of the Norman, as he galloped along. Arriving at the ruins called the abbey cloisters, and which formed an ancient burial-ground, most of the party cantered carelessly across. St. Vraie, with a bitter smile, turned off by the road, and Miss Harwich, on her bay pony, accompanied him.

"You see," she said, "there is some one else who thinks as you do, and avoids desecration."

"I thank you," he said, warmly. "Of course, none feel as I do."

Miss Harwich replied by a winning smile, and the two rode on. Now, she was, to a certain extent, fond of Harold, and of his long descent; but she was a good deal fonder of herself, and she had heard her mother positively assert that morning the fact of Harold's heirship to an "Aunt Clinton's" property of (presumed) five thousand a year. Otherwise, Sir Harry Collier, who was merely a *poor* baronet, would have stood higher in the young lady's estimate, for she admired his face nearly as much as, and his conversation was far more congenial than, Harold's.

She exerted herself to talk on the subjects he liked. Her blue eyes were very brilliant, her voice very low, her sympathy very marked, Harold's admiration of her beauty great, and his emotions of ancestral pride very potent. In an impulsive moment he proposed and was accepted.

They reached the picnic party, and Miss Harwich ran off to tell her mamma. At this moment Agatha rode in.

"What, Miss Clare," said St. Vraie, "did you not go with the rest?"

"No," she said, quietly.

"Why not?"

"Because I never like to cause pain," she answered, kindly; "and I knew your family tombs were in the cloisters. Will you help me down?"

"You are an angel," thought Harold; and then blushed guiltily, remembering he was an engaged man.

The picnic proceeded. Mrs. Harwich, indeed, embraced Harold when he was apart from the others, and sobbed out her congratulations on his having "her treasure."

"What old tower's that?" said Sir Harry, flinging a Champagne cork toward it.

"Har—Mr. St. Vraie can tell you," said Mrs. Harwich.

"Oh," said the baronet, blundering, as was his wont, "I suppose all the old legends were drilled into you till you believe 'em, St. Vraie."

The other's haughty face flushed red with anger, and his gray-blue eyes flashed fiercely.

"The story about that tower is merely one of family interest," he replied, with forced calmness.

"Let's have it—let's have it!" said Mr. Hawkins, loudly, the sun and Champagne having acted unusually on him.

Harold made no answer, till Lucy Harwich said, "Won't you tell me, Harold?"

His proud face softened, and he answered, quietly:

"It's only the tower where Hugh St. Vraie shut up his guilty wife, Lucy, till she died, three hundred years ago. You see it's not a picnic story."

Miss Harwich looked very grave, and a silence fell on the group, till Harold proposed visiting the "whisper-room."

Up a cork-screw flight of stairs, the ladies blushing and laughingly making the gentlemen go first, the whole party trooped, till they found themselves in a large room, leading out to an ancient terrace of stone, and connected by a passage with a smaller room.

"What is the secret of this place?" said Lucy.

"I shall leave you all to find out," he laughed; "at least, I'll tell you, Lucy, presently. I must go and see if any one's in the smaller room."

The "secret" was that by its acoustic properties the passage reflected back the lowest whisper uttered in the large room into the small one.

Harold St. Vraie passed hastily in with a smile on his lips, for he thought Lucy more charming each moment. He started back, for his eye fell on Agatha Clare, who was gazing out on the rich landscape, and whose fair face was sad. He advanced to speak, when wafted along the passage he heard Mrs. Harwich's voice.

"My dear, I've made a dreadful mistake! It's Sir Harry who's to—"

"Not to succeed to the property you said was Harold St. Vraie's, mamma?" said Lucy's voice, hurriedly.

"Yes; I found it out only just now."

"Oh, mamma, how stupid! What an awful nuisance!" burst out Miss Harwich; "and here, after he's proposed and accepted! And I might have had Collier so easily!" and the young lady stamped with passion.

Agatha Clare turned her face away to avoid seeing St. Vraie's. His features were ghastly pale, and his lips quivering, for the blow struck hard. But his resolution was soon taken, and his face grew stern and composed. Turning to Agatha, whose hazel eyes were full of soft compassion, he said, with difficulty:

"You'll keep the secret, Miss Clare?"

She bowed, and he passed out. As he entered the large room Lucy was saying, passionately, "Tied irrevocably!"

"No, Miss Harwich," said St. Vraie, haughtily, while mother and daughter were overwhelmed with confusion. "The secret of these rooms—the whispering-gallery—has put me in possession of your conversation; I therefore release you freely from your promise; and I trust," he added, sarcastically, "that your future conquest may be more satisfactorily ended."

He bowed low and stood aside for them to pass. Lucy's beautiful face crimsoned and paled alternately, but her accustomed spirit deserted her, and she and her crest-fallen mother descended into the court-yard, whence, under the plea of fatigue, they soon drove off, the baronet being in attendance.

Agatha Clare became conscious that Harold St. Vraie looked on her, to a certain extent, as a sharer in his secret, and she could not help observing his subdued manner and humble deference toward her. He rode home by her side that evening, and seemed unwilling to waste words on any one else. Afterward he was a frequent visitor, and ultimately he asked Mrs. Clare to give him "*her* greatest treasure," which, with her treasure's sanction, she promised to do.

And as Harold passed the turquoise betrothed ring on Agatha's slender finger, and lovingly pressed her hand, he whispered:

"I don't think any whisper-room will part us, my own?"

Agatha's reply is unrecorded.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.

CENTRAL CITY, Colorado, of which we give an illustration on our first page, is quite a large town, situated among the Rocky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the great mining operations in Colorado. Millions of dollars of Eastern capital are invested in the different mills and claims that circle the town. There has been much mismanagement on the part of Eastern agents, and this has rendered some of the best properties of this region unproductive. The "Lyon's Process," that promises so much, is being tested near Central City. If successful, Colorado will be the greatest State in the Union in its development of mineral wealth. Our artist has faithfully represented the peculiar topographical features of the mining regions among the mountains of Colorado.

We give also on the same page an illustration of a GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO. The scene represented by our artist is one which may every night be seen by stepping into the tempting saloons of the city. In all of these gambling saloons there is music of a very indifferent quality. They are nightly crowded by men of all classes of society. The games which are played are very curious, and some of them are peculiar to this region.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A CERTAIN London gazette, that is almost exclusively devoted to those topics which are supposed to be especially appropriate to ladies—viz., dress, fashion, domestic economy, and family management in general—has recently become involved in quite a discussion regarding the "Discipline of Young Children." An anxious mother, uncertain how to manage her rather willful little girls, asked for advice through the columns of this gazette, and immediately a flood of communications appeared, giving such a mélange of views that the poor "mother" must be puzzled. Each has her own pet theory. One bases her success on pure reasoning with children, and styles herself a "Hater of the Rod;" another advises only gentleness and firmness; a third suggests a plan of regular self-examination as the best method of training a child to obedience. "A Manager of Unruly Little Girls" insists that there is no "equivalent punishment for grave faults but the rod," and recommends that the whipping system be unflinchingly pursued, especially in the case of little girls, "as they fear pain more than boys!" One individual, claiming the euphonious name of "*Cornelia*," gives some philosophical views, from which we will quote a passage or two:

"I cordially agree with 'A Manager of Unruly Little Girls,' that for young children a whipping is the best corrective and moral stimulant. I would not whip a child till it is a year and a half old, nor (if it is a girl) after it is seven years old; but till then, for many faults it is an excellent discipline. Children's nerves often get into an irritable, excitable state, which exhibits itself in crying, and what is termed in the nursery 'naughtiness:' for this state of things it is wonderful what a fine tonic and alterative to the nervous system a whipping proves to be."

At this point we would suggest that "children of larger growth," who are often both nervous and fretful, be made to take this "fine tonic."

"A well-disposed child, who has been whipped in early days, will generally prove obedient and good-tempered."

And pray, what is a "*well-disposed* child" to be whipped for? To give amusement or employment to "Cornelia?" She goes on to say:

"Do your duty to your children in all sanitary matters—feed them well, clothe them well, teach them well; but don't leave off a pleasant employment because the children wish to use the room you sit in as a castle, and do not give up an interesting book because the children make a noise. Proclaim silence when you wish to read, and cause the castle to be abandoned when you wish to paint. Always make your children understand that you are to be considered before them."

"In short"—as Mr. Micawber would say—teach your children by example to be supremely selfish. Such a doctrine is wholly false. Children have their rights in the family—rights as sacred as those belonging to the parent. The family is the child's world, where he is to learn not merely obedience, but love, generosity, benevolence, justice, and rectitude. And these things are best taught by example. A child's happiness is as much to *him* as is the mother's happiness to *her*. And while no child has the right to disturb the peace of the family by selfishness or fretfulness, no more has the mother a right to disturb the family by like means.

But we have unconsciously drifted upon a mooted question, and had better "change the subject."

The following is suggestive to clergymen:

The late Rev. Samuel Fiske ("Dunn Browne") once prayed in the pulpit "that the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and that portion of it which was on the way to church, and those who were at home getting ready to come, and that, in his infinite patience, he would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that." By this eccentric method the clergyman succeeded in breaking up a bad habit, which had resisted all legitimate appeals.

Somebody, who evidently has not *cultivated* his taste for the beautiful, thus remarks upon the appearance of the ladies at a recent ball given at the Academy of Music:

The toilets were superb in material but often tasteless in fashion. As a scheme to pay the national debt, one is minded to confiscate these splendid dames, and procure a Government sale of their attire. The heads! Whim and vagary can no further go. They are pyramids of false hair. They are obelisks of hirsute blocks. They are grand staircases of rolls and puffs, improperly swept, and with the dust flying. Diamond dust, indeed, and gold dust, but not the less tolerable, and not to be endured. No face is lovely enough to bear this utterly hideous arrangement of the hair.

"Doctor," inquired a lady, last week, of one of the most reliable physicians in New York city, "what about the cholera? Shall we have it here next spring?"

"Well," replied the physician, "you can judge as well as I—there is every reason to expect it."

"If so, what would you advise us to do? Run away from it?"

"Well, yes, I think I should, if in your place. You are somewhere in the vicinity of a bone-boiling factory, are you not? Dreadful concern! Yes, I would certainly get out of the way of such a nuisance if the cholera prevails."

"We are dreadfully annoyed by that nauseating odor," replied the lady, "though not nearly so much as some of our friends who live not a dozen blocks from us. It is positively *awful* sometimes on the west side of the city. But I have often heard it said—though I never believed it—that, disagreeable as is the odor, it was not unhealthy, and consequently not a '*nuisance*' in the legal sense of the term."

"That is utterly false," responded the Doctor; "it is positively injurious to the health; and if cholera prevails, such nuisances will greatly increase the risk of remaining in the city. There will be a 'row' about that matter in the spring."

"I hope there will," returned the lady, emphatically; "I should like to help make it!"

The lady has "done what she could," in thus sending to us the opinion of one of the first physicians in the city, on the *healthfulness* of bone-boiling establishments.

The rich, whose brown-stone houses stand within the wide-spread, infected region, can leave their homes a prey to burglars next summer, and flee for their lives. But there are thousands who have neither money nor country-seats, and *they* must remain, while some benevolent souls will risk their own lives to care for others.

The following incidents related by a visitor to the ruined town of Plymouth, North Carolina, is indicative of the state of feeling in that section of our country:

Five of us were exploring a fort in the vicinity of Plymouth. We, the ladies, leaving our friends discussing some point of military architecture, passed around an embankment which hid them from our sight, and came suddenly upon an old negro who was removing for fire-wood the remnants of the abatis. He touched his hat in the most approved style and stepped aside for us to pass, but we stood still, and Miss M—— began a conversation with him.

"Well, uncle, how do you enjoy your freedom?" she asked.

He eyed her suspiciously for a moment; then putting on a look of stupidity and indifference, added:

"Ah, missus, I don' know—don' know as I is free."

"What!" we exclaimed, in astonishment; "don't know that you are free! What do you mean?"

"No, missus," he persisted, "don' know nothin' 'bout it: nothin' 't all."

Just at that moment one of the officials who accompanied us came up. As the negro caught sight of the Federal uniform the look of stupidity vanished as if by magic. Off came the old hat in a twinkling, and with a smile beaming all over his dark face, he turned to us exclaiming:

"Oh! I know you now. You's not Secesh, you's friends; an' I know what I is too. Yes, missus, I's a *free man*, tank God!"

An interesting article recently appeared in one of our daily papers in regard to the city of New York fifty years ago. The writer stated that "the 'Delmonico' of fifty years ago was a colored man ('Billy') who lived in William Street, east of Frankfort, where it was the custom of prominent merchants, lawyers, and physicians to go, winter evenings, for *buckwheat cakes*. This was a general resort." He also remarked that when, "of a Sunday afternoon, we wanted exercise and fresh air, we would walk up to the State Prison, then a prominent feature far away out of the city, but now standing, almost unobserved, near Christopher Street. It then looked directly upon the river—now several streets intercept the view."

Nowadays nobody thinks any air or exercise worth speaking of can be obtained short of the Central Park. And when, as is the case the present season, the skating carnival is unusually extended, those who love the exhilarating sport never grudge a long journey to obtain it. Seldom, if ever, have the denizens of our city enjoyed this pastime so long and so thoroughly. It was estimated that not less than one hundred thousand visitors made their appearance in the Central Park one day last week, about eighty thousand of whom were on the ice during the day and evening. New York gathers on the skating-ponds "her beauty and her chivalry," and "all goes merry as a marriage bell."

A few days ago a man broke his leg in Chatham Street. A coach was procured, and he was sent, in charge of a police officer, to the City Hospital. He was refused admittance there because his injuries were not considered so severe as to prevent his removal to Bellevue Hospital. But at Bellevue they refused to receive him because he had been in the country only four weeks. Application was then made to the Commissioners of Emigration, but they could do nothing because the man's name was not registered on their books as an emigrant. Learning that the sufferer was a seaman, the officer endeavored to obtain permission to have him cared for in the Seaman's Retreat at Staten Island. But the poor fellow having no papers to prove that he was a sailor, this plan failed. By this time the unfortunate man's limb was much inflamed, and he suffered intense pain. Such being the case, the officer assumed the responsibility of conveying him, without a permit, to the Seaman's Retreat, where he was cheerfully received—after having been driven about, in search of a place where his broken leg could be dressed, *four mortal hours!* Comment is unnecessary.

They raise sweet potatoes on a large scale at the Sandwich Islands. The Honolulu *Advertiser* tells of one that measured 16 inches in length, 38 inches in circumference, and weighed 22 pounds! Such a potato ought to last a family a month.

Now that the "waterfall" is a little *passé* it is rumored that it originated, not in Paris, but in India! This is on the authority of Dr. Judson, the celebrated Baptist missionary, who in a letter, written thirty years ago, describing the costume of Karen women, said they wore fancifully-constructed bags inclosing the hair, suspended from the back part of the head.

A new style of engagement-ring is mentioned among the novelties in an English paper. It is composed of "three pieces, which can be separated but never disunited, and which the wearer alone, being in the secret, is able to readjust into the true centre-knot."

In a London literary weekly appears a long list of the "ages of English writers." A few of the more popularly known will be of interest:

Wilkie Collins, 42; John Ruskin, 47; Rev. C. Kingsley, 47; Captain Mayne Reid, 48; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade, 52; R. Browning, 54; Charles Mackay, 54; Dickens, 54; Tennyson, 57; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli, 61; Barry Cornwall, 67; T. Carlyle, 70.

An exchange says:

A lady of our acquaintance, young, lovely, and intelligent, called on a celebrated physician to do "something" for a rush of blood to the head.

"I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M.D., while he was feeling her pulse.

"Ah! how?"

"Why, I have taken Brandreth's Pills, Parr's Pills, Stranberg's Pills, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's Expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and—"

"My Heavens, madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these do your complaint no good!"

"No! Then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient.

"Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eying her from head to foot; "take!" exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection; "why, take off your corsets!"

Those who read the interesting article on "Diamonds and other Precious Stones," which appeared in the last number of *Harper's Magazine*, may realize how easily the eye can be deceived from the following little anecdote, cut from a recent London journal:

"An extravagant baronet, well-known at the Clubs in St. James's, being, on one of very many occasions, hard pressed for money, bribed his wife's waiting woman to procure for him her ladyship's casket of diamonds, with which he forthwith proceeded to the family jeweler, expressing a wish that he would substitute the best paste for the real article, when her ladyship would be none the wiser; to which the lapidary unhesitatingly replied, "*Why, Sir Charles, I did that for my lady more than twelve months since!!*" thus showing that 'my lady' was quite as *fast* as her 'lord,' and in nothing was he her 'master.'"

The following directions to a portrait-painter are characteristic of *some persons:*

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he can not be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—[By Arthur Lumley.]

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ABOARD THE "PROMISED LAND."

THE "good ship" *Promised Land* really deserved that praise. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetizing advertisement, which had been in the *Times* for many days, under heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks," the "airy and well-ventilated saloons," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and unobstructed promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-annihilator," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," and, above all, of that "Favorite" Captain, Robert Magregor, who was "so well known on the American station." This collection of nautical blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "bark-rigged liner," the *Promised Land*, and her Favorite Captain, Robert Magregor.

That was rather a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three commercial travelers, a couple of officers and their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans—with, in fact, the almost unvarying elements which make up the complement of a packet bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper, with great relish, by himself. He had come on board early, had established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had put every thing he wanted in its "proper place." When nearly every one was like a moody and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and poking into wrong cabins, and lurching over unseen trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name was Colter, a Chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea-voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct his voice at their "L'dships."

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was dull and angry, and the "bark-rigged-liner" rode heaving and lurching. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their misery, to the music of the "hish" of the waters, and the straining and creaking of the inside timbers. It was a dark day, too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half-dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Magregor came down himself, and sat at the head. He was a surprisingly young man for a Favorite Captain, but of a stout build, with sandy hair and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent. "Stiff bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "always the better, though, for my passengers; they get into it at once and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She'd stand any thing, Sir. Go any where. Built under my own eye."

The Chancery barrister was, of course, there, picking out the best bits of broiled ham and eggs with his fork. I saw him well. Tall, thin, with a yellowish face, and "thin hair, besprinkled spare." "Captain," he said, abruptly, "what was the stoppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was—a small hooker came alongside, with two passengers. We nearly ran 'em down; serve 'em right, too. Pretty thing, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stop the passage-money out of my salary, I'd have let 'em shout till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast, with a rasping, crackling sound, "what were they like—men, women, or children?"

"A woman, Sir—a lady, I suppose we must call her," the captain said, with disgust. "Nice thing, isn't it—ladies coming out in hookers to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Magregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again!" he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a *good* storm before night."

All that day the weather freshened; by dinner-time it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than even at breakfast.

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with miserable faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, at the breakfast-table all but some children were assembled. The captain was at the head, a little down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all here?" said the barrister; "a difference to the first day, eh? By-the-way, where's the Gravesend lady?" She that woke us up out of our sleep—eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed—in berth, I mean—it's bad for the morale of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this.

"We'll have none o' that, aboard. No favor or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one—d'ye hear?"

"No, Sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, Sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous. My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before every thing. And see, steward. Tell that lady—what's her name?"

"Mrs. Arlington, Sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington!" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain," what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed to be ashamed of having started or shown surprise.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker—very nearly the same point as the rule in Shelley's case, but cut down a good deal, you know."

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and truth."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the little sky-light of my berth, and reading and working all through the storm)—why shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us—eh?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the covers were taken off a little rustle was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very neatly cut out of the great human material—slight—was in a purple silk—had a very small face and features—soft hair, with a tiny cap. She seemed almost as shy as a girl, and about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much bustle, caused room to be made for her opposite—near the captain—who shook himself angrily, like a Newfoundland dog.

"Expect every one to be on time on board the *Promised Land*," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am—"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Magregor. I did not know the rules—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her, graciously:

"Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather?"

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain:

"I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you weren't ill during the storm, for you had your meals in regularly, and this gentleman here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his sky-light, reading away, when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Magregor," she said. "I did not say that I *was* sick, but that I was *almost always* sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflectors to see how I employed my time."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night when our vessel was stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board, that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully.

He said, suddenly, as if putting a question:

"You were coming home from foreign service—you and your husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered steadily, with her wonderful eyes on him:

"Well, yes, supposing we were?"

"Oh, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put inquisitive questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my enemy here, Captain Magregor, wouldn't resort to that."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, addressing her, "that coming on board in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it *were* Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was not a smile of pleasure. "Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my birth-place, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit—well sent home too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing; "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table, laughing. "Look here," he said; "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uneasiness passed over that piquant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile. "You know I am helpless. Captain Magregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so every body is privileged."

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington—a captain in her Majesty's Ninetieth Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a dash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment her face had changed. She had burst into tears, and, with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this is going a little too far, I think. A helpless woman is no match for a clever lawyer. It ain't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"'Pon my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing—I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The next morning, when the wind had again freshened, I went up very early upon deck. It was a cool, delicious morning, and the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp, breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was about seven, and I was sure I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little hood talking to him. I knew both hood and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that rope. In all these things she seemed to take an eager interest, and I could see was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great alacrity and pleasure. Then he came toward me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the forecastle in the breeze, and looked down on the hissing waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a statue. I was leaning on the side of the vessel, looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning!" It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down toward the pair at the end. When the lady saw him coming she jumped down. She said nothing to him beyond "Good-morning!" but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, and a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out things which he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even playthings are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unlocking and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q.C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given Champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great animation. I noticed that Captain Magregor listened with extraordinary attention to every thing she said, spoke very little himself, not even a word about his beloved ship.

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gayly, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is!"

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Magregor's capital Champagne, so kindly given, never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," he answered, merrily, "with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend at the sitting of his lordship to-morrow. Indeed, how could I feel any thing but cordial good-will to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know every thing!"

"Know every thing?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yes," said he, "but we have not drunk our Champagne together yet. It is really the oddest thing. There must be some mysterious relation between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now to-day, at the luggage, I found out your house and street!"

"Champagne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have no reconciliation."

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter. I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly, when the side grazed against the hold, and half tore off a card. I saw it wouldn't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, though you won't credit it, took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, Grove Villa, Chatham. Seven and sixpence to pay. 11/6/66.' (You know the odd way they write that.) The very day before our vessel sailed. Obviously the trunk-maker's bill for a look or repairs."

She almost ground her teeth, and the wine shook in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing myself; but if I ask other gentlemen"—and she looked at Captain Magregor—"I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us at dinner, that you have opened my little trunk and searched it."

"I think," said Captain Magregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone. If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have authority here, and I must require you to give over prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few places from him:

"Mr. Wilson! you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came out of the hold with a card hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "In fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There!" said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's trunks. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and regiment, in an Army List—"

"An Army List!" she repeated, starting.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List *of the present* month, and this is only the seventeenth, and I found him there. But that, of course, must be a printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly), for I think we understood you to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered, excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now, that being so, I appeal to the company whether our excellent captain has not traveled a little beyond what is proper in the way he has spoken to me. Really it seems to me a little unwarrantable! and if I was one of your people with a grievance, and were to bring the matter officially before my friend Sir Charles Robinson, chairman of the company, he might look at it rather seriously. Now, I put it to our captain, a brave man, and one of the best seamen going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain colored.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great responsibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have deserted me," she said, in a whisper, to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck and make the wind and the sea my friends. They, indeed, are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

Very soon the curiosity of the passengers had been excited about this lady and her doings; and I could see that the barrister's little speech had produced a marked impression. Some of the gentlemen took her part; but the ladies were, to a lady, against her.

The barrister was very pleasant on the subject.

"I have got so into the habit of putting this and that together," he said, "that really I can't help speculating, and following out my speculations in this way. Now, this lady, though I really may be putting myself in bodily risk (for who knows how she may turn out? and she gives me such wicked looks), is really quite like a child's puzzle to me; and positively I must put it together successfully before the voyage is out."

There was a rustle behind us, and she was standing at the top of the table. She had heard him. There was the same twitch of vexation in her mouth.

"No warnings," she said, with a smile, "will do you good. Take care; other people may be fond of puzzles too."

"Nothing can be fairer," he said, laughing.

He was walking on deck that evening, when I saw her come up to him with a very sad and bewitching face. I could hear her low voice almost pleading. As I passed close by I heard her say something about—

"Oh, so clever! with such a reputation as you!"

To which he replied:

"Oh, nonsense. You never heard of my name before, unless you had been reading conveyances and deeds all your life. No, no."

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had come on board late, and had to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said it was "an instance of singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. This was welcome news to the passengers, and brought every one up from below with glasses, to share in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out, after all, that she was only "short of water," which created quite an ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long boat, and was presently surrounded by a group asking him all manner of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said, in his gay way, "While you were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward, and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to that? I suppose no one ever thought of that; though there is not much news, except—except—Indeed—" and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, "one of the usual dreadful murders," he said. "Where is it?"

As he spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and there saw the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

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"At Chatham, I think it was," he said: "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutch, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!"

"What do you mean by this?" she said.

He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain Magregor. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Port-mouth. How stupid of me!"

A curious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain.

"Was the murderer a sergeant—one Ridley?" asked a passenger.

"Yes! God bless me, yes!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the *Times* a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his paper, "after that I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire from the profession."

The correcting passenger laughed and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never abated in his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gloomy and moody every day. He had lost all his enthusiasm for his ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way. On the other hand, carrying out his view of studying every thing that came in his way, Mr. Colter had latterly taken great interest in the ship, and all about her, "just to fill in the time," he said. Every day at noon, when the observations were taken, he was careful to assist, and picked up the outlines of navigation in a very short time. Even the mate pronounced that he'd work the reckoning "afore to-morrow next day." This was always his way, Mr. Colter said, "because," he added, "who knows but a navigation case might be briefed to me? Last year I had a dyeing case, and I made up all the chemicals in a week." By-and-by the mate's prophecy actually came true, and Mr. Colter worked out the ship's reckoning for himself in a very satisfactory way.

The next day a great dark steamer, homeward-bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near him look at, pronounced to be one of the Cunard vessels. As it drew near all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short parley, were sent on board; and it steamed away out of sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and noisily at dinner. Mr. Colter, to whom the captain was very cool and yet very submissive since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a mail as went on board," he said; "all of us writing home to our fathers and mothers, daughters, wives, and husbands. By-the-way," he went on gayly, and with his eye on the lady, "I didn't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull mess."

She colored, and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said. "Is the next thing to be that I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered, laughing, "if I had to read or look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But come now," he went on, half addressing those near him, "I *did* remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going, and thus lost such an opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barrister—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to get among them about this lady. There was nothing to do, monotony was beginning to set in, so that even a little suspicion was welcome. This little fact, therefore, started so innocently by Mr. Colter, was taken up readily, and speculated over very often. And the looks of fury and secret hostility that naturally came into her face—as I surprised her often looking at "her persecutor"—were remarkable. Really he was carrying it all too far. But he never seemed to tire of it. A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? No one would guess, I am sure. Mrs. Arlington, *you* are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." Again she was in great confusion. The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilled some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was carrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the lad makes it *nearly* as well as my own man), and Mrs. Arlington here ran against him, spilled some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterward to my cabin, and wanted to know should he make more. Of course I said no. But I didn't even take what was left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently prevailed that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later, we all knew the signification of this chocolate story.

The *Promised Land* had now been some seven or eight days out, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well broken down into the ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkably fine, with a bright sun out, and the one or two always sick passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behavior of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon far and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the mast-head, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to wonder, and then to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I made up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We leave our witness-boxes at home on board this ship." And walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up, and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked with him a good deal about the ship and her handling, now walked over to take a look at the binnacle before going down. "Why, look here, Cobbett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What d'ye say?"

"Yes, we are, Sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?"

"Cap'en bid me keep a quarter-point or so to nor'ard," said the steersman.

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter.

"I don't know what's coming over the cap'en," said Cobbett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added, cautiously, "he's now after one of the Haver liners (so he pronounced it) for New York, which we should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, Sir. I suspect he wants news, or something."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was cheerful. When it was nearly done, a steward's boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This motion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said, gayly, "I really must see what it is all about."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary fierceness, "but you will not find out much, or be able to *interfere* much *now*."

"I?" said he, good-humoredly. "Not I, indeed. But a little walk on deck can do no harm." He went up, and presently many followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The evening and the half darkness had come on. The sky-lights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated globes. The sea was fresh, and cool, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining. Many faces were looking out to the one point where there was a black patch, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out to each other. "See the Haver packet!" said Cobbett, coming up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile. Only think! Of course it's his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders.

"We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't lie by for us. The French skipper knows *his* dooty to *his* company."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where's Mrs. Arlington?"

She was in her cabin. By-and-by some boxes were coming up from the hold. Presently she herself came up, dressed in her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said, "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and unmanly persecutions. This kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We ... gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals. They are getting out the boat so as to have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his habitual jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sulkily. Mrs. Arlington was very restless during the interview, but she looked very often toward the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited.

"I'll not listen to you, Sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I sha'n't move in the business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking the captain's hand. "I knew I had a friend in you who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers, and to them I *shall* appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly—so cruel," she said, half imploringly.

"I shall tell them what I know *and can prove* as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman—"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting up beside the great black figure of the French steamer, breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and the trunks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and *we have an extradition treaty with that country*."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry to have given these foreign gentlemen all this trouble; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall never be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barrister was one no one could forget.

The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days more the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have *that* power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, cap'en, to a certain extent. We *must all support the law, cap'en*. The legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were off the coast, near a tongue of land and a light-house. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of oars was heard alongside, and the Customs officers, some green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. To our surprise we heard Mr. Colter talking, in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very obsequious, and touched his hat often. Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away—two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Colter was literally now regarded as a being of mysterious power.

About nine that night (we were all to land in the morning) another boat was heard coming alongside, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain asked his business a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Boxminster is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do every thing we can for you, Mr. Colter. Would you like to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land—at a hotel? I can manage that."

"Well then, do you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gayly. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"Hope you enjoyed the voyage," said the consul.

"Well I *did*, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been like Westminster Hall all the way. I suppose you can give me half an hour?"

Half an hour after that he came into the saloon muffled up to go. I and the captain were the only people there. "Good-by," said Mr. Colter, good-humoredly, "for the present. It seems a little invidious my being the *only one allowed to go ashore*, but I shall be back in the morning. Good-by."

"And what legacy do you leave behind?" said a woman's voice close by. We looked up and saw flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Colter.

"What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No; I will tell you what you are—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you!"

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round.

"If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray to-night—that the boat which takes you to shore may open and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You mouchard, you! You crawling, creeping, sneaking spy; this is the dirty work *you* love! Curse you, I say!"

"What language!" said Mr. Colter, not in the least disturbed.

"What have I done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage—a poor woman that did you no harm—tell me that—eh?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and most exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.)

"Since you ask me," he said, "I shall tell you—something, at least. Young William Arlington, your husband—*that was*—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering.

"—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history—how the foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage at Boulogne with a sort of half French woman that no one knew any thing of, and about whom there were strange rumors. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false—every word of it," she said, furiously.

"We shall see," he said, gathering up his coats and shawls. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is allowed on shore. Good-by at all."

She gave a half shriek and shook her hand at him.

"May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stopped herself and rushed back into her cabin, for stray passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning—a beautiful bright morning—we saw the fine gorgeous coast quite clear. But, to my astonishment, there were police in the Spanish dress on the deck talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too. The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering.

At last the captain went down and two of the officers. He came up in a moment with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had at last her cabin door forced, she was found lying in her berth quite dead and cold; and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the Brazils, we all heard of the dreadful Chatham murder of a young officer who had married a half French milliner against the wishes of his family.

The murderess, the papers said, had got away—it was believed in a Brazilian packet—but hoped, according to their favorite phrase, that "the officers of justice would soon be on her track."

Mr. Colter made the return voyage successfully, and much improved in his health, and is now the well-known Sergeant Colter, who stands next for Solicitor-General.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED A DISCHARGE.—A contemporary opens a grave article on explosives with the following words: "We have had a committee sitting for several years on 'Gun Cotton.'" Well, all we can say is that, considering the material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report.

NATIVE WIT.—Brown, being advised for the benefit of his palate to taste an oyster roasted in a thin slice of bacon, passed a sleepless night in trying to concoct a feeble joke about the oddity of putting the spat upon the spit.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?—Because it is an invisible force.

Milton was once asked why he did not teach his daughters foreign languages. "Surely one tongue is enough for a woman," was his reply.

MYSTIC ENDS OF RIBBON.—Few of the uninitiated know the significance of wearing long ends of ribbon round the neck, and for their benefit we make the following statement: When they wear the ends hanging in front, it means "the lady is married;" over the right shoulder, that "she is engaged;" over the left shoulder, that "she has a fellow coming to see her, but isn't engaged;" and down the back it means "boys, come follow me." If she do n't wear any at all, it means she "is engaged," and don't wish to have any thing to do with "any other fellow."

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the Pit?"—"Because they didn't want him in the Family Circle."

General Nye says "Congress may be able to reconstruct the Southern States, but neither they nor the devil will ever be able to reconstruct the women: they are perfectly *awful*."

A gentleman who takes the morning journals, and whose attention is apt to be monopolized by them, remonstrated one day with his wife for coming down to breakfast in curl-papers, when the lady replied, "if you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine."

A man advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds "that it will be profitable to the undertaker." No doubt of it.

A traveler, relating his experiences in the East Indies, alluded to the great number of servants employed by gentlemen in that country. "For to take care of my pipe," said he, "I had four servants." "Is it possible?" "Yes, it was the duty of the first to bring me the pipe; the second filled it; the third lighted it." "And what did the fourth do?" "The fourth smoked it—I never could bear tobacco myself."

Our incomes should be like our shoes. If too small, they gall and pinch us; but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

A locomotive on a Western railroad has been adorned with the title, "I still live." That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of their journey.

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

Why is a horse like the letter G?—Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between this conundrum and my aunt who squints?—One is a query with an answer; the other is an aunt, Sir, with a *queer eye*.

A WEDDING FEE.—"Many and many a year ago"—how many deponent saith not—a youthful couple appeared at the gateway of the parsonage in a town not a hundred miles from Harvard. Mounted on a sober nag, they also claimed companionship with a hog, evidently filled with, to them, some valuable commodity. Dismounting, the gallant youth left his lady and the hog, and proceeded up the avenue of elms leading to the pastor's door, and entered the mansion. Soon re-appearing, he waved his hand to the waiting damsel, at the same time calling, in stentorian tones, "Come along—he says he'll take the beans!" Guiding the steed to the door, the lady was received by her would-be lord, and soon "the twain were made one flesh," and the minister was left in possession of a goodly supply of beans.

BOARDING-HOUSE DIALOGUE.—"Your milk does not pay any income-tax, I suppose, Mrs. Skimpenny?" "Why not, Sir?" "I shouldn't think it was rich enough."

SHAKSPEARE POPULARIZED.

"All's well that ends well," as the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter.

"Measure for measure," as the chemist said when he took a bad sixpence for a blank draught.

"As you like it," as the servant said when he drank his master's grog.

"A winter's tale," as the churchwarden said when the pauper asked for some coals.

What is the difference between homicide and pig-stealing?—One is assault with intent to kill; the other, kill with intent to salt.

MUSICAL CATECHISM.

What is a rest?—Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time.

What is called singing with "an understanding?"—Marking time on the floor with your foot.

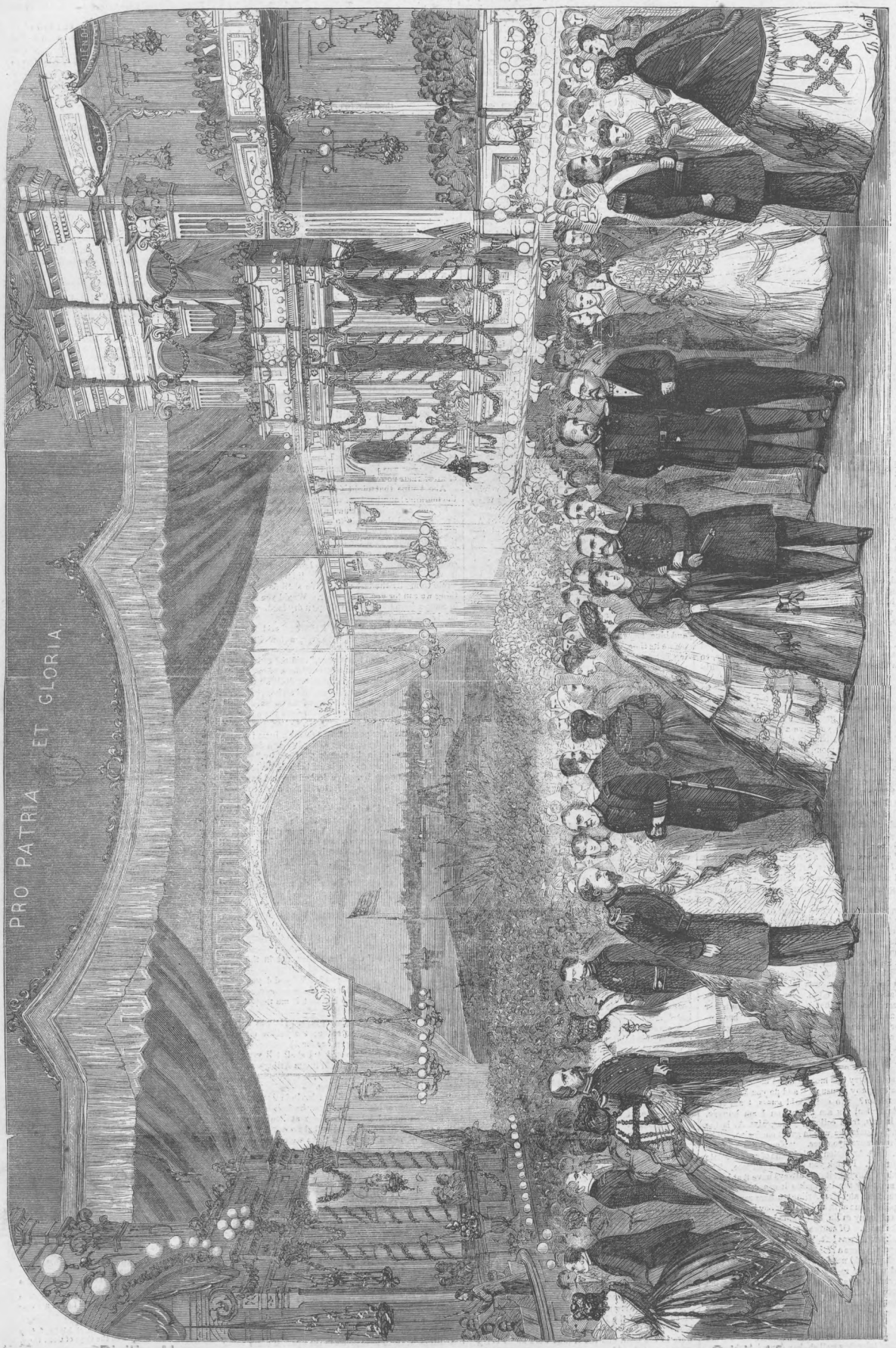
What is a staccato movement?—Leaving the choir in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell?—A professor of music who pretends to know every thing about the science, while he can not conceal his ignorance.

Miss Thompson says that every unmarried lady of sixty may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

"Working for Bare Life" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.

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GRAND RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, JANUARY 31, 1866, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

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THE REV. DR. NOTT.

THE Rev. Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT, whose death occurred on the morning of January 29, was the veteran among American divines. He had nearly reached the end of his ninety-third year when he died. His life was more than coeval with that of the republic. Born in the midst of the exciting events which heralded our first Revolution, he lived to see the close of its second—a revolution more momentous than that of '76.

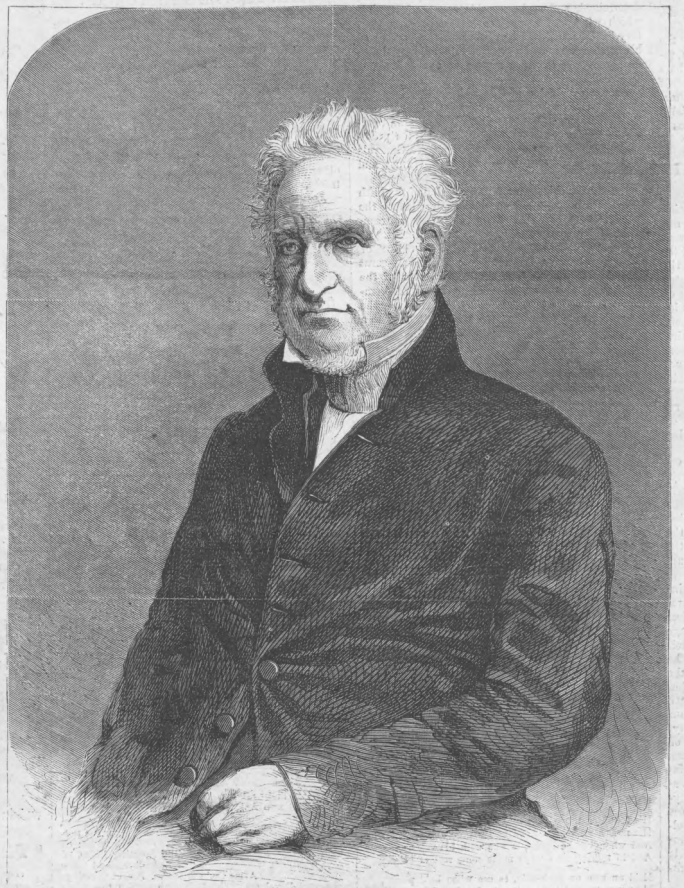
Dr. NOTT was born June 25, 1773. For almost two-thirds of a century he held the position in which he died—the Presidency of Union College. He was born of English ancestry. His father, a merchant, had been unfortunate in business, and was unable to give his son the advantages which at an earlier time he might have done. His mother, a woman of fine culture, exercised a great influence over his first intellectual training, and her discipline created in him an ardent desire to pursue his studies to the utmost practicable extent. While still a boy his brother, the Rev. SAMUEL NOTT, of Franklin, Connecticut, adopted him as a member of his own family, and taught him the elements of Greek and Latin. At the age of sixteen he took charge of a school in Plainfield, where he received much aid and encouragement from one of the most learned divines of that day, the Rev. Dr. JOEL BENEDICT. In his twentieth year he entered Brown University, and, after being connected with that institution for the brief period of six weeks, graduated with the honor of the first degree in the arts.

Returning to Plainfield he commenced to study for the ministry under Dr. BENEDICT, teaching school at the same time. In his twenty-fourth year he was licensed to preach. In 1798, one year later, he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Albany; where his ministry was very popular, and in every way a memorable success. His celebrated sermon, in 1804, on the death of HAMILTON, who was a personal friend of the young clergyman, has long ranked among the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in this country.

The same year in which this sermon was delivered, and while NOTT was only thirty-one years of age, he was invited to assume the Presidency of Union College, an institution which had had a corporate existence for less than a decade, and was yet struggling to maintain itself. Dr. JONATHAN EDWARDS had been the second President; Dr. NOTT was the fourth. Up to this time the whole number of graduates for nine years had been only 63. The College had no library or philosophical apparatus, and was embarrassed with debt. "Some forty students," Dr. NOTT himself says in an address fifty years afterward, "scattered over the then village of Schenectady, meeting for educational purposes in what was then a cabinet-maker's shop, with a single professor, was the whole of Union College." He bent himself to the work of removing all these disabilities and providing for these pressing needs. The State had as yet made no available appropriation, but through his energetic and persistent efforts a law was passed, in 1814, which may safely be said to have laid the foundation of the success of the institution. By this act, granting also liberal assistance to Hamilton and Columbia Colleges, Union College was to receive $200,000, to be appropriated to the payment of its debts, to the purchase of a library and apparatus, and to the erection of college edifices, etc.

From this time the College progressed rapidly. Dr. NOTT has himself been the most munificent benefactor to the institution.—Through his direct bounty the College will realize over half a million of dollars. Dr. NOTT had acquired a fortune through valuable inventions which he had contributed to society—among which was that of the first anthracite coal stove ever used in this country—and the College reaped a large harvest from his success.

To the last of his long life Dr. NOTT retained a very large proportion of the vigor and enthusiasm which had characterized his early career. It was not until September, 1860, that he ceased to appear in the lecture-room. In 1862 he presided at the annual Commencement of the College. Since then his decline has been gradual, and death came to him as winter follows upon autumn, after the rich and abundant harvest of life had been fully reaped.



THE LATE REV. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

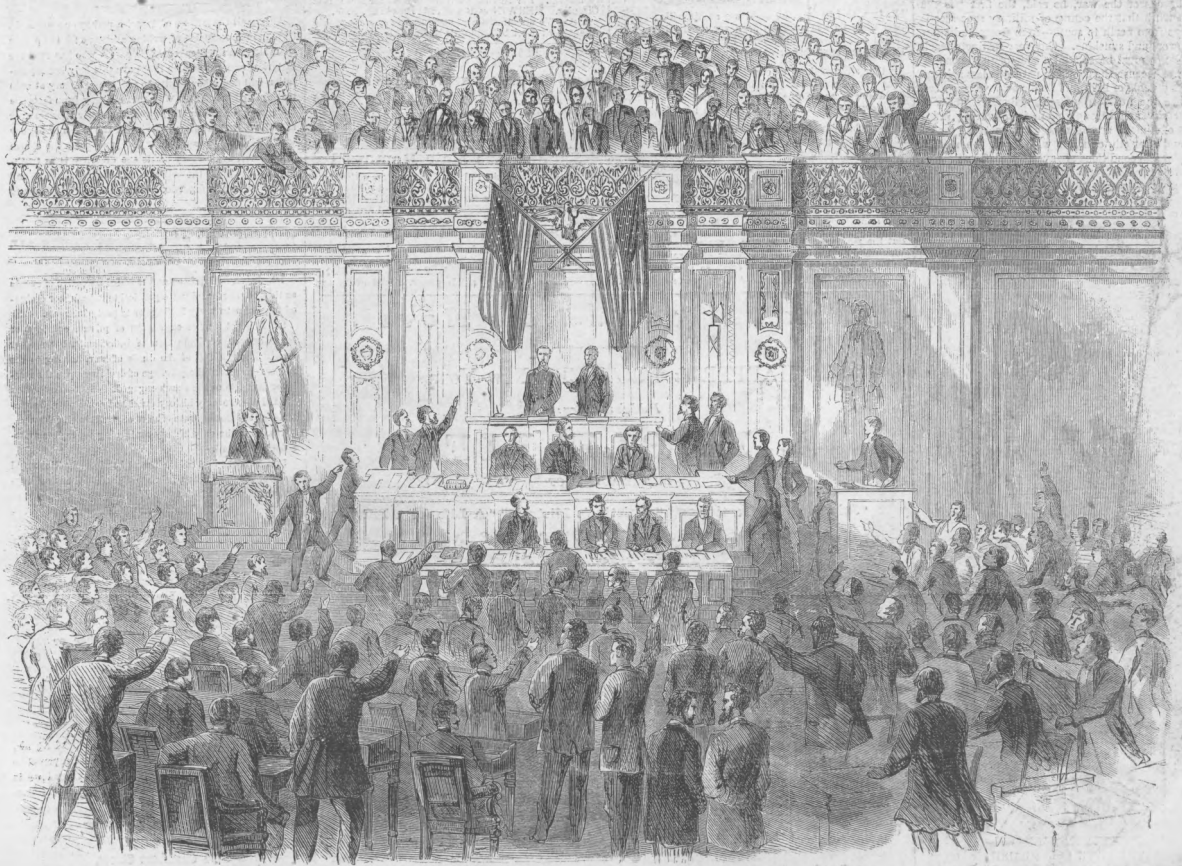
GEN. SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE HOUSE.

WE illustrate on this page the scene in the House of Representatives on the occasion of General SHERMAN'S reception by that body January 29. All business was suspended. The Speaker invited the General to the desk, where he was greeted with an outburst of applause such as has been rarely witnessed on that floor. The Speaker made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I have the honor of introducing to you this day, by your unanimous order, Major-General SHERMAN, so well known to you and to the whole civilized world as one of our most gallant and heroic defenders in the contest for the Union which has so happily closed. Of the brilliancy of his achievements for our beloved country—imperiled but, thank God, preserved—I need not speak to you, as I know they will live forever in the gratitude of every heart."

To which the General replied:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I am more accustomed to cheering such as has been given by you than to pitching my voice to reach all parts of this room, which I never entered before



GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 29, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY THE CAUCUS.]

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save in those galleries. I can simply say I thank you from my heart for the reception you have given me. I hope I may continue to deserve the good wishes you express, and I shall endeavor to do all I can to that end."

General SHERMAN, after being introduced by the Speaker to the members thronging around him, retired to a seat in the back part of the House, where he listened with great attention to Mr. RAYMOND'S able speech on reconstruction. He is said afterward to have, in a private conversation, cordially indorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. RAYMOND.

RECEPTION OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We illustrate on page 108 the grand reception given on the evening of January 31 by the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, in this city. The Academy of Music and Irving Hall were connected together, thus forming one immense edifice for the occasion. The Academy was profusely decorated with flowers and drapery. Along the balusters of the first tier, on the red field of drapery, were inscribed the names of those members of the regiment who rose to the higher ranks of the army during their term of service. Among these names were those of Generals GANSEVOORT, JARDINE, DURYEA, MOLINEUX, GURNEY, SHALER, and M'NEILL. The balusters of the second tier were twined with evergreen and hung with white and gold drapery, relieved with touches of pink. Rustic baskets of flowers were placed here and there, overshadowing the snowy ground-work of the festoons, each panel of which bore the name of a soldier or a hero. On the third tier deep blue and gold and silver drapery, with white lettering, and knapsacks and flags were used with good effect.

Conspicuous on the stage was a scenic painting representing Fort Federal Hill, occupied by the regiment in 1862, with a view of Baltimore in the back-ground. Irving Hall was used as a banquet saloon.

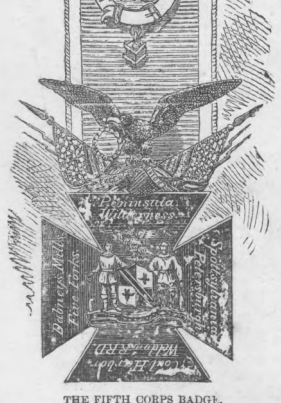
The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was the address delivered by Major-General JOHN A. DIX. He recounted the valuable services rendered by the Seventh Regiment at an early stage of the war, and again in 1862 and 1863, and their conduct in the great riot in New York city. The crowning glory of the regiment, he said, was the large number of officers it had furnished to other organizations. "I hold in my hand," he said, "a roll of five hundred and fifty-seven members of your regiment who received commissions in the army, the navy, or the volunteer service. Nine-tenths of the number were serving with the regiment when the war broke out. Three rose to the rank of Major-General, nineteen to the rank of Brigadier-General, twenty-nine to the rank of Colonel, and forty-six to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Many whose names are on this roll of honor are sleeping in soldiers' graves. Others are moving about with mutilated limbs and with frames scarred by honorable wounds, the silent but expressive memorials of faithful and heroic service."

General DIX then reviewed the momentous events connected with the close of the war. As among the lessons of the war, he said, the first "is the great truth that the course of military successes is always from north to south—from frosts and snow to flowers and sunshine. Our very instincts teach us that it must be so, and all history confirms it. It is not because the southern nature is less spirited or less capable of high and heroic achievement, but because the northern muscle, elaborated under a colder sky and through more invigorating influences of climate, acquires more compactness, tenacity, and strength, carrying with it (for the mental and physical conditions always assimilate) a greater moral power of endurance. Southern races are, for the most part, precipitate, impassioned, fiery, vehement, sometimes breaking down all opposition by force of their resistless impetuosity. Northern races, on the other hand, are calm, deliberate, persistent, determined, and as immovable as a rock against which wind and storm are idly expending their fury." The political tone of the latter portion of his speech was conservative. He advocated forbearance even in the assertion of our undeniable rights.

At the conclusion of this address the floor was cleared for the dance, and hundreds of couples took their positions, and executed quadrilles, polkas, galops, and valses until midnight. Among the prominent guests present at the reception were Generals BARLOW, "Baldy" SMITH, ANDERSON, HAZEN, and FOSTER.

We give on this page a representation of the Fifth Corps' badge presented on the evening before the ball to General R. N. BOWERMAN by his old comrades of 7th G Company, Seventh Regiment. It was manufactured by Messrs. D. AUSTIN & SON, of this city, and is a Maltese cross of solid 18-carat gold, having on its face the coat-of-arms of the State of Maryland, surmounted by the national emblems, suspended to which by a white ribbon is the Seventh Regiment badge, the whole attached to a gold keeper, in the centre of which is a Brigadier-General's star set in brilliants.

General BOWERMAN, a native of Maryland, had been in business in this city for some years previous to the rebellion, at the commencement of which he was a Corporal in the Seventh, and as such served with them in the campaign of '61. On their return from Washington, on the recommendation of his Captain, he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Eleventh New York Regiment, "Ellsworth's Zouaves." He fought at Bull Run, and was, in 1862, appointed Captain, but thrown out of commission by the disbandment of his regiment. He fought with the Seventy-Third New York, without rank or pay, in the hard battles of the Peninsular campaign. In the Wilderness he fought with the rank of Colonel, and when General DENISON was wounded he took the place of the latter at the head of the Maryland Brigade. This brigade had become attached to the Fifth Corps. August 24, 1864, he received a wound in the attack on the Weldon Railroad. In the battle of "Five Forks" he was again wounded. His brigade in that battle captured 1700 prisoners, of which his own regiment took 400. He retired from the service with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed Deputy-collector of the port of Baltimore.



THE FIFTH CORPS BADGE,
PRESENTED TO GEN. BOWERMAN BY THE 7TH REGIMENT.

THE SINGULAR MAN.

THERE was a young man, you may think very strange,
But sometime or other a little deranged;
And if it be true, then as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

His face was the oddest that ever was known,
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.
And whenever he spoke, it was with his voice,
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side, to use when he'd please,
He never worked hard, when he lived at his ease;
Two legs he had got to make him complete,
But what was *most* strange, at each end were his feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could use at his will,
And when he was walking, he never stood still;
If you had but seen him, you'd laugh till you burst,
For one leg or t'other would always go first.

Another strange thing as e'er I did meet,
Was when he was hungry he always did eat;
He drank when he was dry, and then, if you'd note,
Whatever he drank always went down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,
If he couldn't get over, he staid where he was;
And though he ne'er went off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Another strange thing about him I'll tell,
For when he was sick he was always unwell;
He gave a deep sigh, then oped his mouth wide,
And somehow or other this odd fellow died.

But the reason he died, and the cause of his death,
Was simply, poor soul, for the want of more breath;
And now he is left in the cold earth to moulder,
If he had lived a day longer, he'd have been a day older.

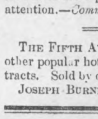
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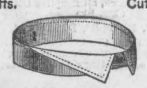
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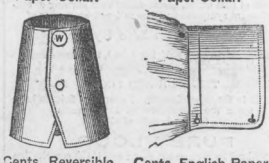
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Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides. Made in white, fancy and printed stitch.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



George Washington

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is now nearly eighty years since the Constitution of the United States was framed. The sagacity which moulded it is attested by the fact that it has adapted itself so long to the necessities of a nation which has increased and extended beyond precedent. No written national constitution has endured so long and prosperously. But wise and skillful as it is, it was the work of men, and, like all human work, it was not perfect. The fathers who made it foresaw that Time would reveal the necessity of change in some of its details, while its great principles of Justice and Liberty would remain forever immutable. They provided, therefore, for its amendment by means which should not in the least degree imperil the stability of the Government established by it, and various amendments have been already adopted.

The experience of eighty years has shown that in two cardinal points the Constitution was defective. These points were not unknown to its framers; but they were those which made the adoption of any constitution doubtful, and they saw that, to form the Union, some concession was essential. The instrument, therefore, did not speak plainly and decisively of either point. It did not in terms destroy all claim of State Sovereignty, and it did not secure the equal rights of all the people of the country; and it is now clear that from that double obscurity the civil war proceeded. The injustice was continued by some of the States, and the doctrine of State Sovereignty was simultaneously inculcated in those States that a convenient constitutional pretext might be found for destroying the nation in order to maintain the injustice. When the crisis came the rebellion justified itself as constitutional, and so thoroughly had the public mind been poisoned that the power of resistance was almost paralyzed. But it rallied, and the struggle was fierce and long, ending in the assertion written in the life-blood of thousands and thousands of American citizens that the doctrine of State Sovereignty is not to be tolerated under any pretense, and that equal rights shall be universal.

It is obvious that after such a struggle the Constitution must be amended; for if we are to have a Constitution it ought certainly to express the most solemn convictions of the people sealed by their blood. And if the Constitution is ever to be enlarged or modified in any manner now is the time. The war is the ghastly proof of the weakness of certain parts of the instrument, and we can never strengthen those parts so securely as now. It is because this is the universal national conviction that the emancipation amendment was so readily accepted.

But the moment that was adopted it changed certain fundamental provisions, and made others necessary. Thus the basis of representation and taxation has hitherto been the whole number of free persons, and, excluding untaxed Indians, three-fifths of all other persons. But the emancipation amendment makes the three-fifths five-fifths who have no political power, and, if they are to be thus counted, a gross inequality of representation is created in favor of those who are most alienated from the Government; and, still further, the consequence will be that, in the very section which is thus unjustly preferred, nearly half the population will be taxed without any representation whatever. An amendment to avoid so absurd a result is therefore imperatively necessary; and, under such circumstances, to complain of "tinkering the Constitution," is to complain of simple justice. The New Hampshire Democratic Convention and the Virginia Legislature are opposed to any constitutional amendment. But such opposition merely proves both its justice and necessity.

In amending the Constitution it will be always remembered by wise men that it is the fundamental law, and should contain only permanent provisions. Temporary objects are better attained by Congressional acts. Yet the fundamental law of the United States will be manifestly imperfect until it guarantees equal rights for every one of the people. We shall gladly hail and support every practicable measure toward this great result; and, meanwhile, let every man who knows that peace and progress are sure only as they are founded upon justice, do what he can to persuade public opinion to believe it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE last solemn rite in commemoration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN has now been performed. As the historians at the Grecian games told the traditions of the country to the assembled Greeks, so the historian of the United States has recited the latest chapter of its story to the Congress and all the chief officers of the nation. The orator was most wisely chosen, and his discourse illustrates the immense advantage to a public speaker of severe literary training. Mr. BANCROFT, of whom we last week published a portrait and sketch, is so accustomed to a comprehensive view of the sequence and relation of events, and to a graphic relation of them, that he treated the story of the war with thoroughness of grasp, compactness and felicity of description, and a severe but true eloquence. His words are exactly chiseled, and the force and precision of his survey of the civil war in its causes and relations will secure a permanent value to this discourse.

The character of LINCOLN himself we could have wished estimated with a subtler sympathy. But it is hard for a man of purely intellectual temperament like the historian heartily to appreciate a simpler and more emotional nature like that of the late President. Posterity will see in him a greater man than his contemporaries can acknowledge. In earlier days the poetic mist of increasing time would have enlarged him in the popular mind to a demi-god. And among all the incidents of his life none will be more fondly prized and remembered than that which THOMAS NAST has illustrated in this paper.

On Tuesday, April 4, the day after the capture of Richmond by the Union army, President LINCOLN entered the city. He came up as far as Varina in the *River Queen*, and was thence drawn over in an ambulance to Richmond, where he met Admiral PORTER, who had by that time reached the wharf in the *Malvern*. About eleven o'clock the President walked up the streets of the late rebel capital, preceded by half a dozen marines, and accompanied by Admiral PORTER, Captain BELL, and some citizens who had been apprised of his arrival. Crowds thronged the streets, and chief and eager among them the emancipated race, which called Heaven's benediction upon their Liberator and Friend as he passed by. Ten days afterward those sad eyes that had seen the end of the great labor closed, and the anxious heart that beat for all his countrymen, was stilled forever. The nation that loved him mourns for him, and will long mourn. It will do more. It will secure to the utmost the Liberty which, in the name of the nation, ABRAHAM LINCOLN proclaimed.

TAXATION OF OUR PUBLIC DEBT.

IT was well known at the time, that many of our leading capitalists, among them Mr. ASTOR, were lately examined by the United States Revenue Commissioners on the question whether or not it is expedient for the General Government to impose a direct tax on such of its public debt as was held by citizens of the United States, the amount received to be applied to a sinking fund intended for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. The ostensible reason for the imposition of this tax was the supposed necessity for counteracting legislation to meet the growing disposition in favor of a tax by the several States on the income derived from those securities. A report having been made on this subject to Congress since our last issue was made up, the injunction of secrecy imposed on the press is no longer in force, and we are now at liberty to notice this very important proceeding. The draft bill accompanying the report imposes an *annual* tax of one per cent. on the face of that portion of the debt which is payable in currency, and seven-tenths of one per cent. on the principal of the gold-bearing bonds. The tax is equivalent to a reduction of the rate of interest on the Seven-Thirties of one per cent. annually, and on the Five-Twenties and Ten-Forties each of seven-tenths of one per cent. annually, thus leaving the rate of interest on the Five-Twenty bonds $5\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. instead of 6, and on the Ten-Forty bonds only $4\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. instead of 5 per cent., an unjust discrimination against the latter. The income derived from this diminished rate of interest is left subject to the income tax of ten per cent. imposed by the United States, and is made subject to such further income or other tax as shall hereafter "be equally imposed and levied upon all incomes, or directly upon all real and personal property within the United States, subject to taxation." The bill by its terms excepts from its operation that portion of the debt which is held abroad, supposed to amount to $300,000,000, but applies to the residue, upward of $2,000,000,000, held at home. It is thus seen that the value of those securities will be greatly impaired if the bill pass, unless it shall be found that the exemption secured by the bill against the schemes of demagogues in the several States amounts to a fair equivalent for this forced reduction in the rate of interest. The arguments presented in the report of Mr. HAYES, one of the Commissioners (for he alone is directly responsible for the measure) in favor of the passage of the bill, are founded in part on the testimony given by those capitalists, a synopsis of which is published with the report; but we see nothing in the evidence thus taken to justify so large a reduction in the rate of interest, and hence we infer that the justification for it is found, if any exist, in the mass of testimony not reported, taken by the Commissioners, to ascertain the effect of present taxation on the industry and future growth of the country. We regret that we are not able to present a view of this testimony, but we can not shut our eyes to the conviction that the fear of State taxation is not the only motive for the bill, but that it is founded also on the apprehension that the burden of the debt will be found too oppressive. The Report states: "Our debt is not excessively large compared with our means of payment. *The interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant.*"....."A general system of indirect taxation on a scale as large as ours will either be abandoned for a better, or it will reduce the masses to pauperism and dependence," etc. The payments for local and general taxes are stated at $597,000,000, or within $112,161,781 of the entire net earnings of the people of the United States for 1860, which are quoted with approbation from the *Social Science Review* at $709,161,781, or 5 per cent. on the whole amount of capital. By adding to the amount of Government tax the per-centages stated as necessarily charged by wholesale and retail dealers before commodities reach consumers, and the payments amount to $112,161,781 over and above those entire net earnings.

An examination of these figures presents the momentous fact that our annual payments for and by reason of all taxes require a constant invasion of the capital of those who pay, and hence the allegation in the report that "the interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant," having reference of course to the amount of the debt. The remedies proposed are:

1. Such a tax as will secure a reduction in the rate of interest, the amount to be applied to a sinking fund for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt.

2. The imposition of a tax on the real and personal property in the United States according to its assessed value, for which purpose an amendment of the Constitution is proposed. This will relieve much of the industry of the United States from the burdens upon it which are now directly imposed.

3. A resort to specie payments, by means of a reduction in the weight of metal equivalent to the present difference between gold and our legal-tender currency.

If measures of this sweeping character are necessary for meeting the payments of the Government they must of course be resorted to; but we have been accustomed to suppose, and we still think—although without the lights which the great body of testimony taken by the Commissioners furnishes—that the resources of the country are ample for this purpose without resorting to this extraordinary measure. It has already been mentioned that Mr. HAYES is solely responsible for the bill and report now undergoing examination in Congress; but all the Commissioners recommended that his report should be laid before that body, on the strength of which Mr. M'CULLOCH sent it in, specially recommending its consideration, but stating that he disagreed with its objects. The report states that "the majority of the commission upon a partial consideration did not accede to the proposition to recommend the passage of the bill;" but this guarded language shows that they neither dissented from it nor were willing to state that they were unfavorable to its passage. They merely did not agree "to *recommend* its passage." It was the possible fear that the foundations of the Government credit might be seriously shaken which induced the great caution that has been observed in introducing this measure to the deliberations of Congress and the country.

If the alleged discontent with the exemption of the bonds from State taxation is in danger of being aggravated by the action of demagogues into a feeling calculated to impair the value of those securities, and if taxation of the debt by the General Government is necessary to countervail this mischievous tendency, it would seem that a much lower tax might accomplish the purpose. The sinking fund created out of this tax constitutes the sole provision for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. While the holders of the bonds must contribute in the shape of taxes to the payment of interest they alone are called upon by this bill to pay the principal to the exemption of foreign owners. It can scarcely be necessary, under any view of the case, to saddle the whole principal of the debt upon the holders of it here, the consideration for it being the certain and secure payment of the lower rate of interest adjusted by the bill. On the contrary, every interest in the country ought to be taxed alike for this object, the accomplishment of which constitutes the highest and most sacred duty of an American citizen.

DEMOCRATIC SPRING FASHIONS.

THE Democratic Conventions of New Hampshire and Connecticut have laid down the Democratic platform for the spring elections. Upon the one important point of reorganization they are logical and consistent. They declare that the Legislatures of the late rebel States having revoked their pretended Acts of Secession, "said States are of right entitled to all the privileges and powers of States belonging to and exercised by them previous to said pretended Acts of Secession." This is the ground which the New York *World* took early last spring, before the complete surrender of the rebels. "Throw down your arms," cried the *World* to its political allies in rebellion, "repeal your Acts of Secession, elect Senators and Representatives, hurry to Washington, and demand a voice in the organization of Congress; and let us see who will dare to oppose you." Probably it has seen. Probably it has discovered that the loyal American people, who were strong enough to conquer rebel arms, were also shrewd enough not to be fooled by rebel arts. Probably it will continue to behold the same spectacle for some time yet.

And now let every honest citizen of Connecticut and New Hampshire, as well as of all the other States, understand exactly what this Democratic platform is. It asserts that South Carolina and Mississippi, having laid down their arms and repealed their Acts of Secession, are again in the Union exactly as New York or New Hampshire are. If this be true military commanders have no right to control the civil authorities in those States as they now do. Yet if the United States troops were withdrawn, every loyal Union man in those States would be in danger of his life. That, of course, does not trouble the Democracy, which, as its party sympathies during the war were for the rebels in those States, can not be expected to care for Union men now that the war is over.

Again, if the Democratic position be correct, the Freedmen's Bureau must be abolished, and the laboring population of the late rebel States, which at every hazard was wholly loyal during the war, must be abandoned to the Black Codes and the Vagrant laws, as well as to the unbridled wrath and vengeance of those who bitterly hate them. The consequences may be imagined.

If the Democratic plan be adopted, the men who are still hot with hate of the Government and the Union, who frankly confess it, and who are elected for that very reason, must be admitted unquestioned to Congress to take a supreme share in the control of a Government whose destruction they have long and fiercely attempted, and which they now regard as a conquering and alien power. He who doubts that they would strain every nerve to involve the country in foreign wars, and to ruin its credit by insisting upon compensation for the losses of the war at the South, has little knowledge of human nature or of history.

These Democratic Conventions solemnly declare that they support the President. Let us see if they do. If, as they claim, every late rebel State is of right entitled to exercise every privilege it did before the rebellion, certainly the President has no right to override their civil authority with the national military power. Yet he does so. He retains General TERRY in Virginia, who supersedes the action of the State Legislature in certain cases. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President sustains General SICKLES in South Carolina, and Governor ORR submits. Do the New Hampshire Democracy approve? The President sustains the Freedmen's Bureau. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President favors impartial suffrage in Tennessee. Do the New Hampshire Democracy agree? The President approves a Constitutional Amendment limiting the basis of representation to actual voters. The New Hampshire Democracy oppose with true Tory instinct "all proposed or contemplated amendments to the Constitution." The President holds the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended in several States. The New Hampshire Democracy declares that "it is a right which must be preserved." If the States in question are entitled to their position before the rebellion, how do the Connecticut and New Hampshire Democracy support a President who denies them that position, and who insists that only men known to be "loyal" shall be admitted to Congress?

Our pleasant but somewhat "played-out" friends the Democrats, so-called because of their hostility to every distinctive Democratic principle, are at their old tricks. Three years ago they resolved that they were in favor of the war, but were opposed to carrying it on. Now they resolve that they support the President but are opposed to what he does. But, really, as the old judge said to the young lawyer that the court might be supposed to know some law, so the loyal people of this country, who have saved its Government from armed rebellion at the South and Copperhead sympathy at the North, may be supposed by this time to understand the huge political imposture called the Democratic party. From the moment the people of the United States, plainly seeing whither this party was driving the country, put it out of power, its oracles have regularly proclaimed with owlish solemnity that we are all going to the "demnition bow-wows." Journals which unscrupulously supported HORATIO SEYMOUR, who declared he would give up the Union rather than Slavery, and which strenuously advocated the election of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, an open disunionist, against ANDREW JOHNSON, now inform the people who elected ANDREW JOHNSON that they are his true and only supporters and the bosom friends of the Union! We are in great peril, they tell

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as plaintively, as they have told us for five years past, but all can be avoided upon one little condition. If the people would only comprehend! If they would only see that to put the country out of danger it is only necessary to put the political allies of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the legatees of the Chicago Convention into power! In a word, if they would only believe—and with the experience of the last five years how can they help it?—that the Democratic party are the sole friends of the Union and of the Government and of ANDREW JOHNSON! Yes, if you only believed a green cheese to be the moon! When they do believe that, the people will intrust the Government to the political allies of its enemies, and not until then.

COLORADO.

THE Senators from Colorado have been admitted to the floor of the Senate, and their admission to seats is warmly urged in some quarters. But before that is done Congress will doubtless thoroughly investigate the facts of the case.

It will then appear that in March, 1864, an enabling act was passed by Congress, but the people of the Territory, at a legal election in September of that year, decided against the admission under the Constitution proposed. In the summer of 1865 an informal call was issued by the Territorial Committees of both parties for a Constitutional Convention, and an election was held—or, rather, since there was no law, an expression of opinion was taken, for delegates to the Convention, and subsequently for a Constitution and a Legislature. The Constitution was adopted by a majority of the votes cast, and the Legislature was chosen in pursuance of the Constitution. The Legislature elected Messrs. EVANS and CHAFFEE Senators, and they went to Washington. Upon their arrival they requested the President to proclaim Colorado a State. But the President very properly replied that his whole authority in the matter was derived from the enabling act, and as the Constitution submitted to the people of the Territory in pursuance of that act had been declined by them, its force had expired, and with it his authority. He therefore referred them to Congress.

The whole proceeding, therefore, from the call of the Committees to the election of the Senators, must be regarded as a petition of certain people of the Territory that it be erected into a State; and the labor of Congress is made all the more difficult because it must explore every detail. An enabling act is a convenient method devised by Congress to ascertain the wishes and conditions of a Territory in regard to a State Constitution. If there shall appear to be a sufficient population; if a majority, upon a fair vote, accept a Constitution framed by delegates elected in pursuance of the enabling act; and if the conditions of the Constitution are in the judgment of Congress republican—then it may, at its pleasure, admit the Territory as a State. But it is absolutely unbound except by its own discretion. It may refuse to admit a State formed in virtue of an enabling act if the Constitution is unsatisfactory, and it may admit a State without an enabling act if it is fully satisfied upon all those points upon which it is the purpose of an enabling act to satisfy it.

Now it is very strongly urged that the whole population of the Territory of Colorado is not more than 25,000—men, women, and children; that of the 5874 votes cast for the Constitution under the call of the committees there was a majority in its favor of only 155, and that at least 2000 men refrained from voting on the ground of the illegality of the election. The Constitution thus adopted excludes colored men from the suffrage, although we have the testimony of a miner to the fact that such men enjoy the benefit of the Homestead Act, preempt lands of the United States, discover and mine the Government mineral lands, have never been deprived of any rights by the district laws of the miners, and are quiet, industrious people, and many of them rich. Moreover, this Constitution disfranchised them at the very moment they were volunteering into the army.

These statements will, of course, be satisfactorily proved or disproved before Congress acts finally upon the question of admission. The action of the voters upon the Constitution was not authorized by Congress, and merely informally expresses the wishes of certain inhabitants of the Territory. This fact being borne in mind, we may all trust Congress to see that no injustice is done any resident of Colorado.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

No man who knew the White House in the dreary days of PIERCE and BUCHANAN could have believed that in less than six years after they left it, a man who in their time was a slaveholder and a Southern democrat would stand in that House as President and say to a delegation of colored men, headed by a fugitive slave and pleading for absolute equal rights: "I would it were so that all you advocated could be done in the twinkling of an eye;" and adding, that they were pursuing the same end but by different means. We confess that we are more cheered by this fact and these words than surprised or disheartened that the President does not agree as to methods and times with Mr. DOUGLASS and his friends.

The President's position is plain. Let us see if it is one that should bitterly disappoint or discourage those who believe that an honorable and peaceful Union can be established only upon equal rights. He is not opposed to impartial suffrage, but he thinks it better that those who are now vested with the political power in any State should decide when and how it is expedient to extend it to others. Looking at the actual situation, he is of opinion that the morbid hate of the colored race, upon the part of the whites, in the unorganized States, and the fact that the colored population there is in general landless, homeless, ignorant, and habitually dependent, are sufficient reasons for not enfranchising them by what he regards as an unconstitutional exercise of power. The consequence of such action, however just in itself, he considers would be a conflict of races, and even were it probable that the blacks could hold their own against the whites in the contest, he supposes, and he is doubtless right in the supposition, that in such an event the hostility of the whole country would be aroused against the unfortunate colored population and postpone indefinitely the establishment of equal rights. It is better therefore, he thinks, as a matter of expediency, to maintain the personal freedom of the colored race, to give them land and protect them in its cultivation, to defend all their civil rights by the arm of the United States, to promote their education, and by all these means to enable them to acquire a habit of self-support and self-respect, to show the whites that they are a permanent and integral part of the population, to allow Time to soothe the angry passions that follow so fierce a war, and by making it the overpowering interest of the present political community in which they live to enfranchise them, to secure that result by consent and not by arbitrary enactment.

Now if, as many assert, he proposed to leave the freedmen at the South naked to their enemies by withdrawing the troops, by abolishing the Freedmen's Bureau, and by restoring the privilege of the *habeas corpus*—if, in a word, the President were in favor of the Democratic policy in the matter, he would be scorned and repudiated by every humane and honorable man. But it is not so. He thinks and says a great deal more. He virtually says to the freedmen: "The United States will secure to you all that the ballot would secure, until the ballot is given to you by those who, in my judgment and in that of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, alone have the right to give it. But I will do all that I can to make them see that it is their interest to give it to you by recommending, as I have frequently done, that representation shall be based upon the number of voters. I do not propose to leave you defenseless to your enemy panoplied in political power. I do not mean to arm the strong or cast down the weak. And if I can not do what you wish directly and in your way, I shall yet do it indirectly and in my way."

This is certainly an intelligible and consistent position. Its weak point, however, is evident. It makes the Freedmen's Bureau stand in the place of the ballot to the colored population of the late Slave States. But it admits to Congress those who deprive the freedmen of the ballot, and allows them to vote whether the Bureau shall be continued. If the enemies of the freedman shall at this time have an increased representation based upon his freedom—as they will have unless the unorganized States be required to adopt the amendment—we shall have done what we can to deprive the freedman of the only defense we promise him. And when the States in question are thus disproportionately represented, and succeed by various combinations in overthrowing the Bureau, what can absolve this nation from the enormous guilt of conferring freedom upon a race, yet, while it had the power, refusing to secure it? And when the late slaves are once more wholly in the hands of the late masters, the victims of Black Codes and Vagrant Laws, how will the President have led them through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace?

But no man, however he may differ with the President as to methods and details, has any right to doubt the sincerity of his purpose; and no intelligent man but must applaud and adopt his words, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and should feel wholly at liberty to differ, and to state the ground of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being found outside." For ourselves we believe that ANDREW JOHNSON means what he says: "God knows that any thing I can do in the mighty process by which the great end is to be reached—any thing I can do to elevate the races, to soften and ameliorate their condition, I will do; and to be able to do so is the sincere wish of my heart."

JOHN BRIGHT.

IN his late speech at Birmingham Mr. BRIGHT expressed the opinion that education is more likely to follow than precede political enfranchisement. He said: "I have just seen a report of a speech delivered last night by Mr. WALKIN, who has recently returned from the United States. Speaking of education, he says that, taking the nine Northern States to contain 10,000,000, and half of the people, he found there were 40,000 schools, and an average attendance of 2,133,000 children, the total cost of their education being $9,000,000. In the four Western States, with a population of 6,100,000, there are 37,000 schools, and an average attendance of nearly 1,500,000 scholars, at a cost of $1,250,000. Thus, in a population of 16,000,000, there are 77,000 schools, to which every poor child can go, at a cost of £2,000,000 sterling." Mr. BRIGHT thought this rather creditable to our American cousins. "But," he added, "if the franchise in the United Kingdom were as wide as it is in these Northern and Free States, within five years there would be established in this country a system of education as universal as that which produces such admirable results among our cousins across the Atlantic."

In his subsequent speech at Rochdale Mr. BRIGHT entered in detail into the argument for the political enfranchisement of "that great section of five millions of families;" "this unenfranchised people, without whom England would be nothing but a power which a division of the Continental army might subdue and annex." He claims the suffrage for them, however, not as men or British subjects, but as a class; and in that he touches the exact difference between our government and the British. Ours is a "government of equal citizens; the British of balancing classes; and the present problem of "Reform" in England is how to adjust the representation of the most numerous class to that of the other classes, so as not to put the control entirely into the hands of one class.

It seems to be probable that the persistent and intelligent agitation of Mr. BRIGHT will compel Earl RUSSELL to signalize the close of his public career by a Reform bill which will widely extend the suffrage in England.

LITERARY.

MRS. GASKELL'S "Wives and Daughters" is now issued by the HARPERS. It was sometime in course of publication before it was suspected or known to be hers, and the deep interest it excited, with the curiosity as to the author, was a most gratifying confirmation of her genuine talent. The art of the story is remarkable. It is finished with a fidelity and dramatic skill and propriety which are very unusual among present novelists. It is not a sketch boldly dashed in, nor a caricature, nor a striking exaggeration, compensating for its infinsic defects by its picturesqueness and eloquence and humor, but it is a picture of life and character maturely conceived and elaborately and conscientiously made out, with the grace and spirit and facility of a master. Some of its characters are so vividly drawn that they rise almost to the rank of permanent creations, like Mrs. Gibson and Miss Browning; but the great excellence of the tale is the delicacy and sustained skill with which the action of the various characters upon each other is described. It is wonderfully successful in showing the complexity of human character, the play of mixed motives; the inconsistencies and falsities which constantly check respect, yet are themselves modified in turn, and do not prove those who have them to be wholly monsters or criminals. And the contrast is exquisitely rendered, although never emphasized by the author, between superficial, unsteadied, fascinating characters of good impulses and kindly but selfish feelings, and the simple, sweet steadfastness of character rooted in principle. The humor of the Miss Browning household is delightful, and recalls the pleasantest passages of "Cranford," while the entire action of the story has perfect freedom and ease of movement. The morality is of the truest kind, whatever the actual end may have been; for the story was not quite finished, although its necessary conclusion is plainly seen. The death of the author with the pen yet in her hand gives a touching and tender interest to the work. But its essential merit will always give it place among the best of contemporary novels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner continued his speech on the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, the substitute for the Freedmen's Bureau bill offered by the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs was passed, 136 to 33. The substitute differs from the Senate bill only in minor details, such as the salary of officers, etc.—The bill giving the assent of Congress to the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson Counties from Virginia to West Virginia was passed.

February 7:

In the Senate, the House bill to prevent the reissue of registers to American vessels whose registers were changed during the war was called up. Mr. Sherman opposed the bill as too severe. It would only injure the American Marine. The bill was passed, 31 to 12.—Mr. Wilson's joint resolution to Amend the Constitution so as to provide that slaveholders shall never receive compensation for emancipated slaves was referred to the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Wilson made a lengthy argument in favor of the resolution.—The Constitutional Amendment being in order, Mr. Fessenden replied to some objections which had been urged against it in the Senate and the House. He did not think the amendment subversive of republican principles as Mr. Sumner had argued. He did not think either that the Committee of Fifteen had transcended their proper functions, as had been urged in the House, in reporting the Amendment. The subject had been referred to them, and they could not evade it. He had as much reverence for the Constitution as other men, but he did not deem it more perfect than those deemed it who had made it. Why did they make provision for its amendment? If there ever could arise an occasion for revising the provisions of that instrument, it was now. We had had a great war which had resulted in the emancipation of slaves. The Constitution had been formed at a time when it had to be adapted to the existence of slavery. This was the case in regard to representation. It might be objected that the Constitution in this instance regulated itself, and that the negroes now made free came to be of the whole number of population to be counted as a basis of representation. But Slavery *had existed*, the slaves had been freed contrary to the inclination of those among whom they must live, and the prejudice against the negroes as a class would exclude them from all political rights. Leaving the Constitution as it is there would be representation for all, but there would be an entire class excluded from any voice in the government, and therefore from any real representation. The result would be that the powers of the oligarchical interest would be increased by just that amount of representation which was denied to the blacks. Why not propose a simple amendment in the terms proposed by the Senator from Missouri, to do away with all distinction on account of color or race in all the States of the Union, so far as regards civil and political rights and immunities? He would prefer something of that kind at once. There were not many Senators within the sound of his voice who would not prefer it; yet the Committee had not recommended such a provision, and he stood there to approve what the Committee had recommended. The position of the Missouri Senator would compel the Southern States either to limit their suffrage or extend it too far for their own safety. The Senator from Massachusetts would hardly contend that at this time the mass of the population of the Slave States were fit to exercise the right of suffrage. No man looking at the question dispassionately would contend that those so recently slaves were fit to vote. The consequence would be, that the Slave States must admit all or make an exclusion that would cut off not only the negro population but a large proportion of the whites. This would place the power in the hands of a few. This might not prevent him from putting such a provision in the Constitution, if he could, for he should trust to time to do away with the immediate consequences for evil. However this might be, he was not convinced that suffrage was such a natural right that it must be conferred upon any freeman. The argument of Mr. Sumner would apply to women as well as to freedmen. Mr. Fessenden then explained that the Committee had not reported an amendment abolishing distinction of color instead of the pending measure, because it was believed that it could not get the requisite number of States, and there would be no hope of its adoption. Connecticut and Wisconsin had refused to adopt a similar measure in their own territory. All the Western States seemed to be opposed to it. New York would not consent to it. The pending measure was the best that was practicable. "It gives to any State a right to be represented according to population, with this distinction: that if a State says that it has a class of people not fit to be represented that class shall not be represented."

In the House, the Senate resolution to appropriate $10,000 to pay the expenses of the Reconstruction Committee was passed.

February 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Lane made a speech on the Amendment. He thought the rebel States not yet fit to enter the Union. The representatives from Tennessee he would admit now. In Arkansas he believed men had been elected who might be admitted.—The Freedmen's Bureau bill, as amended by the House, was passed.

In the House, the bill for the disposal of public lands for homesteads in the Southern States was passed, 112 to 29.

February 9:

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson made a speech on the Amendment. He claimed that the limitation of the representation to three-fifths of the slaves instead of allowing representation for the whole number, in the original Constitution, was on account of the fact that they *were* slaves. Now that they were free the spirit of the Constitution demanded that all should be reckoned. He said that only six States allowed suffrage to negroes, while thirty refused it. Exclusive of the rebel States there was a majority of those opposing negro suffrage.

In the House there were three military visitations, which appeared to very much excite the members. No important business was transacted.

February 10:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, the session was taken up in speeches by Messrs. Ward, Delano, and Williams.

THE PRESIDENT'S FINANCIAL VIEWS.

In President Johnson's recent address to the Virginia Delegation he expresses his views of the financial situation of the country in the following terms: "If these (the Southern) States be fully restored, the area for the circulation of the national currency, which is thought by some to be inflated to a very great extent, will be enlarged, the number of persons through whose hands it is to pass will be increased, the quality of commerce in which it is to be employed as a medium of exchange will be enlarged, and then it will begin to approximate, what we all desire, a specie standard. If all the States were restored, if peace and order reigned throughout the land, and the industrial pursuits, all the avocations of peace were again resumed, the day would not be far distant when we could put into the commerce of the world $250,000,000 or $300,000,000 worth of cotton and tobacco, and the various products of the Southern States which would constitute in part a basis of this country. Then instead of the cone being inverted we should reverse the position and put the base at the bottom, as it ought to be, and the currency of the country will rest on a sound and enduring basis, and surely that is a result which is calculated to promote the interests not only of one section, but the whole country, from one extremity to the other."

NEWS ITEMS.

There are upward of forty-two thousand destitute persons in Alabama, who will require an expenditure of upward of two million of dollars per annum to relieve their necessities.

The Portage (Wisconsin) *Register* announces the death of Joseph Crele, the aged veteran of one hundred and forty-one years, which occurred on the 27th of January, after a brief illness. Mr. Crele was the oldest man in the world; our readers will remember that we gave his portrait a few months since.

From some statistics made up at the War Department of the casualties to our general officers during the war it appears that we had eight Major-Generals and seventeen Brigadier-Generals killed outright in battle, while two Major-Generals and nine Brigadier-Generals died of wounds received in action, and seventeen Generals of the two ranks died of disease. In the year 1862 our losses of general officers in battle were very heavy, numbering no less than fifteen, while during the present year, or from the end of 1864 to the close of the war, we lost but one General, though the fighting was great and decisive.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE most important item of foreign news is the speech of the Emperor Napoleon to the Corps Legislatif January 22. In this speech the Emperor says that arrangements are being made to withdraw the French troops from Mexico; and it is hoped this will pacify the people of the United States, who were originally invited to join the allied expedition, but declined, although such expedition was not opposed to their interests. The following is the paragraph in the Emperor's speech relating to Mexico:

"In Mexico, the government founded by the will of the people is becoming consolidated; the non-contents, vanquished and dispersed, have no longer any leader. The national troops have shown their worth, and the country has found guarantees of order and security which have developed its resources and raised its commerce with France alone from twenty-one to seventy-seven millions. According to the hope which I expressed last year, our expedition is approaching its termination. I am coming to an understanding with the Emperor Maximilian for fixing the period for recalling our troops; so that the return may be effected without compromising the French interests which we have to defend in that distant country."

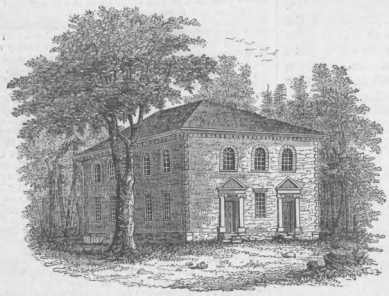
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THE BIRTH-PLACE, HOME, AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



SITE OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S birth-place was destroyed before the Revolution. Upon its site was owned by WASHINGTON'S father. It was soon after WASHINGTON'S birth, in 1732, that his parents removed to this estate. The mansion has long since gone to decay.



POHICK CHURCH.

In the rooms of the National Institute (a portion of the Patent Office Building) at the Capital are to be seen WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND STAFF.

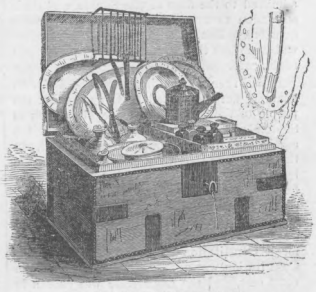


SWORD AND STAFF.

The sword is inclosed in a black leather sheath, with silver mountings. The handle is ivory, colored a pale green, and wound spirally with silver wire. The belt is more ancient, having upon it a silver plate on which is engraved "1757." The staff belonged to FRANKLIN, and was by him bequeathed to WASHINGTON. It had been presented to FRANKLIN by a French dowager Duchess, Madame DE TORBACH.

Near the Staff and Sword stand WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST, of which we give an illustration. This is an old-fashioned hair trunk, twenty-one inches in length, fifteen in width, and ten in depth, filled with table furniture used by the chief during the Revolution. The compartments are so ingeniously arranged that they contain a gridiron, a coffee and tea pot, three tin sauce-pans, five glass flasks, three large meat dishes, sixteen plates, two knives and five forks, a candlestick and tinderbox, tea and sugar boxes, and five small bottles.

POHICK CHURCH, where WASHINGTON worshiped, is about seven miles from Mount Vernon, upon an elevation on the borders of a forest of oaks, chestnuts, and pines. The MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON was occupied by WASHINGTON both before and after the War for Independence had been fought. It overlooks the waters of the Potomac and the shores of Maryland beyond. WASHINGTON'S mansion is built of wood, cut so as to resemble stone, and is two stories in height. The central part was built by LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, brother of the General. WASHINGTON himself added the wings. On the eastern or river front is a piazza, extending the entire length of the building. The estate passed into WASHINGTON'S hands July 26, 1752. The large north room in which he entertained his friends is preserved, with the furniture in the same condition in which he left it. Upon the walls are pictures of hunting and battle scenes. The ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED is closed to the public gaze. The architecture of the room remains unchanged. It is entirely empty, as represented in our engraving.



WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST.

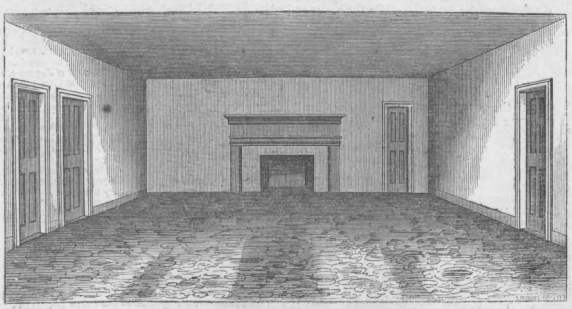
GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS, Esq., WASHINGTON'S Aid-de-camp, placed a slab of free-stone, represented in the above engraving. The house was precisely the same in appearance as the RESIDENCE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY, shown in the engraving opposite. It was a plain homestead of one story and attic, situated on the "Wakefield Estate," near the junction of Pope's Creek with the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Va. The stone which marks the site was deposited in its place in June, 1815. It was enveloped in the Star-Spangled Banner, and laid upon the spot by four Revolutionary patriots and soldiers. The pedestal was constructed of bricks from the old chimney that once formed the hearth about which WASHINGTON played in his infancy. This was the first monumental stone ever erected to the memory of WASHINGTON.

The residence of the Washington family, in the engraving already alluded to, was situated on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, and



MANSION, LAWN, AND OUT-HOUSES, MOUNT VERNON.

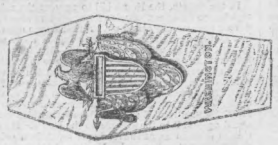
The TOMB OF WASHINGTON is a spacious vault of brick, with an arched roof. Its iron door opens into a vestibule, in which, seen through a picketed iron gate, stand two marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of WASHINGTON and his wife. Over the vault door is this inscription: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE." The tomb is situated near the pathway from the river.



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, DECEMBER 14, 1799.



WASHINGTON'S COFFIN.



THE LID.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

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two pounds apiece as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away, like a fog in the sun; and I kep' on drawing, but nothing come, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light agen. So I knocks the ashes out—what there was on 'em—and then I breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket—right-hand trowsers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.

Not in' at all, as I knows on; but that's what I did; and I am a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with nothing to rattle in my pocket. Howsomever, my mind was made up; and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side:

"Polly, my lass, I'm a-agoing up to London!"

"Going where?" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; and then I began to think about what going to London meant. For, mind yer, it didn't mean a chap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue handkercher, and then shovin' his stick through the knot and sticking it over his shoulder, and then stuffing his hands in his pockets, and taking the road upards, whistlin' like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a saving up for years, to make snug; it meant half breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; tearing up the nest that took so long a-building, and was allus so snug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little winders, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small fire as there was, and then fust at one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely, and all showing how proud my lass was of 'em all, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have been through feeling low and faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but truth's truth. Well, somehow a blind seemed to come over my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a school-boy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling aside me in a minute, and got my thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doing all she could to make-believe it was all right, and she wouldn't mind a bit, but we'd get on wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made-believe to be so cheerful, and knelt at my side, a-ciphering away—a-putting down nought for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me—till I glowed up, under the discovery that whether work was plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemed to stiffen me up, and put bone and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; so we set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a lodging in London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I warn't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one o' the big work-shops, where the bell was a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scuffling in; while a chap with a book was on the look-out to time the late ones, for stopping on pay-day out of their wages—which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, come to see if they could get took on, and one of 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearing and growling like any thing, and then t'other goes in, and he comes out a-swearing too, and then I feels my heart go sinking down ever so low. So I says to the fust:

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Go to—" somewhere, he says, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Not a ha'porth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the fust one; and I must say as they looked a pretty pair of blacks.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for myself, or go and try somewheres else. I didn't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me quite fierce.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, Sir," says I.

"Then why didn't you come in and ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"Oh! we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it;" and then he looks through me a'most. "I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I, spitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four lot."

If you'll believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I didn't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well—I wonder how many times I've said well since I began!—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it. Didn't I make the bricks and mortar fly! My hodman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing; one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says I'd better have a couple o' Paddies to keep me going, one for bricks and another for mortar; while one fellow makes hisself precious unpleasant by keeping on going "puff! puff! puff!" like a steam-engin', because I worked so fush. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-engin' friend, and jest as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"'Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heerd.

London work was something fresh to me. I used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and every thing else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel. Right up so high that one turned quite creepy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind come and upset one's balance. I could never have believed neither that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crushing and snapping those at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what should be done, and what they'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she'd have been on the fidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the crowd on pay-day and draw your week's wage, good wage too, jest as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but as there was only our two selves we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendious rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top—I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard that the scaffold shook and quivered, while, wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it was impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down, but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much: so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again: the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with sometimes on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backards would be—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head and see that the men was a-scuffling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece of the scaffolding gave way and swept with it poles, boards, and bricks right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a block at the end, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand toward the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone: the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I lung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was horrible, and that long afterward I used to jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks and hooked my fingers and held on; then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and bloodshot, I fell.

—Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, shaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries again and again, and at last I manages to ketch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now, then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if every thing was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swang backward and forward in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it wasn't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organize the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out o' work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The policeman.

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be?—A little above two feet.

SHAME!—The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

"The rich," said the Jew, "eat venison because it ish deer; I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

Why was the giant Goliah very much astonished when David hit him with the stone?—Such a thing had never entered his head before.

MARITIME LAW.—The Law of Libel does not apply to a "running down" case. The parties are not in the same boat.

TRITE THOUGHTS.

It is quite a mistake, with respect to certain heavenly bodies moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that in direct proportion to their circumference is their power of attraction.

Is matrimony one of the liberal arts? We ask this having in view two young persons who are all in all to each other, and whose hands are already united as often as they can be conveniently. This sweet pair propose in a forthcoming announcement to comply with the polite economy of "No cards" the tender denial of "No company."

There is something sarcastic and significant in those feminine titles which have been bestowed on Woman by Man—that gorgeous nomenclator. Matrimony, of course, is her perpetual target, and if a lady does not hit it, she continues till doomsday a Miss.

A THOUGHT IN THE DARK.—The haunted chamber is often hung with tapestry. Goblins of course.

If a man simply asks you to be his surety, he will probably pay. If he makes you a solemn speech of thanks, saying that he is your debtor forever, he most likely speaks the truth. But if he writes you a touching letter, swearing that he will have his right hand burned off before you shall be hurt, you had better lay aside the money at once, as you are sure to be let in.

A farmer who had passed innumerable sleepless nights immortalized himself by discovering a method for keeping babies quiet. The mode of operating is as follows: "As soon as the squaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, molasses and more feathers, and in place of the nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

Man-hood, a hat; woman-hood, a bonnet!

The man who takes things easy—The city pickpocket.



PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

In the gap of Dunlo
There's an echo or so;
And some of them echoes is very surprisin';
You'll think in this stave
That I mane to desave—
For a ballad's a thing you expect to find lies in.
But sartin and thrue
In that hill forninst you
There's an echo as sure and as safe as the bank too;
If you civilly spake,
"How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?"
The echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh
With Kate Connor did go
To hear from the echo this wonderful talk, Sir;
But the echo, they say,
Was contrairy that day,
Or perhaps Paddy Blake had gone out for a walk, Sir.
"Now," says Teddy to Kate,
"'Tis too hard to be bate
By this deaf and dumb baste of an echo, so lazy;
But if we both shout
To each other, no doubt
We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy!

"Now, Kitty," says Teddy,
"To answer be ready."
"Oh, very well, thank you," cries out Kitty; then, Sir,
"Would you like to be wed,
Kitty darlin'?" says Ted.
"Oh, very well, thank you," says Kitty again, Sir.
"Do you like *me*?" says Teddy;
And Kitty, quite ready,
Cried, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beguiling.
I think you'll confess
Teddy could not do less
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Blake,
May you never forsake
Those hills that return us such echoes endearing;
And may girls all translate
Their soft answers like Kate,
No faithfulness doubting, no treachery fearing.
And, boys, be you ready,
Like frolicsome Teddy—
Be earnest in loving, though given to joking;
And thus, when inclined,
May all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're invoking.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" said the losing client, "how come you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" says one; "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves—but what's between!"

Punch gives some good advice to women in looking for suitable husbands. Among other things he says:

"The man who don't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you to marry on any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love. But the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is very sure to make the best husband.—Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your best to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart within it.

"Dar ar," said a sable orator, addressing his breathren, "Two roads tro' dis world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction." "Ef dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud individual takes to de woods."

ALL OUT.—A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No; he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, Sir; she's out too." "Well, I'll just step in, and take a warm at the fire till they come in." "Faith, Sir, and that's out too!"

"I wish to look at some shoes for Sissy," said a very important-looking lady entering a village store.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the obliging clerk, instantly displaying a dozen pairs of tiny ankle-ties and baby-boots before the astonished dame.

"I don't want *these*, Sir. *Why, Sissy is my daughter, a grown-up young woman, and wears ladies' slippers number six!*"

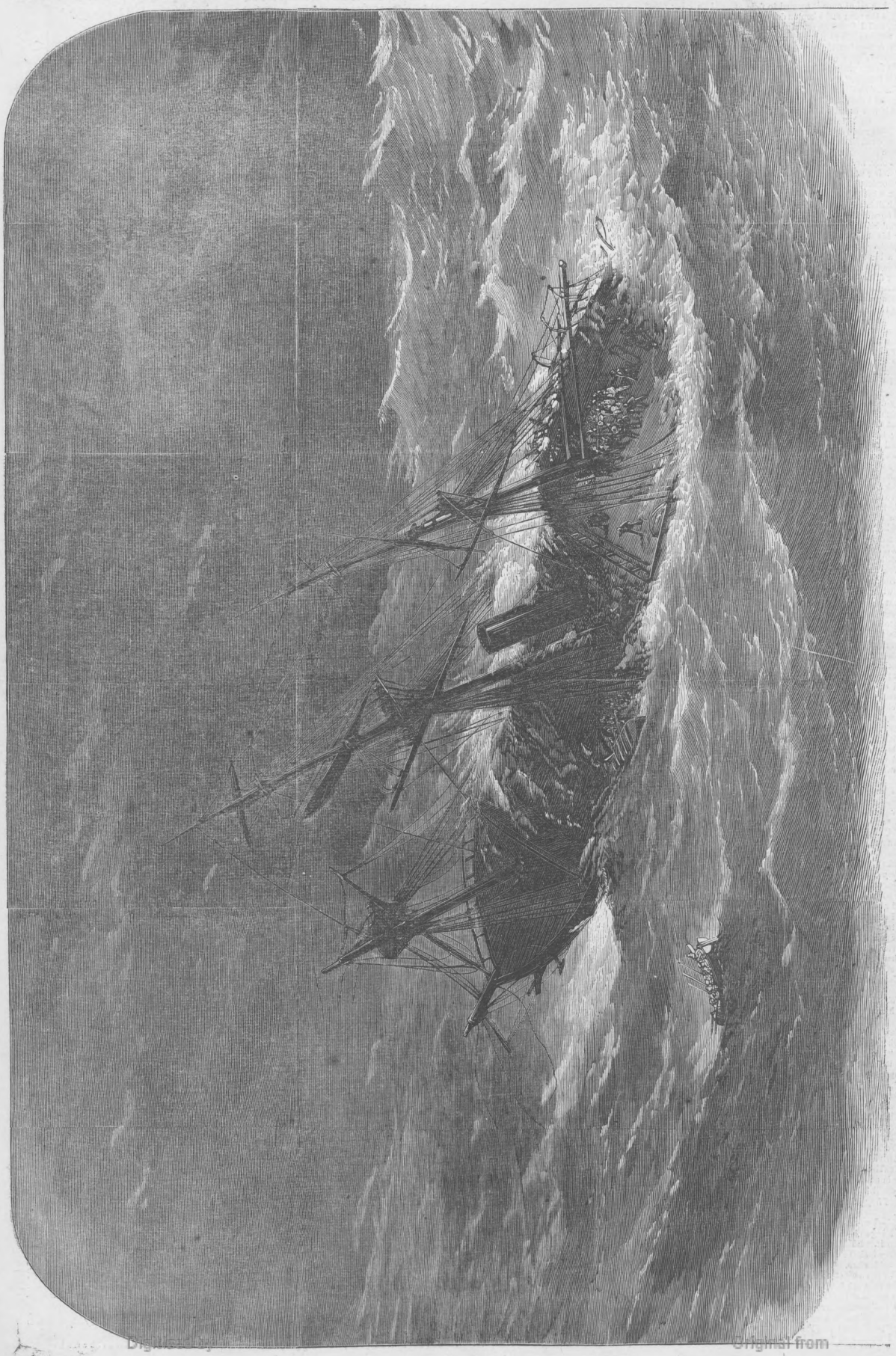
"No man can do any thing against his will," said a metaphysician to an Irishman. "By Jabers! I had a brother," said Pat, "that wint to Botany Bay, and faith I know it was greatly against his own will."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you shall descend from that chair before I ask you twice." "Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently. "Come down." "I will not," was the reply. "Then stop till I ask you a second time." The gentleman, having no desire to remain his position until that period, came down from the chair, and his opponent won the wager.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is penned and folded.

A DOSE.—An opinion laid down with a snarl.

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FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PRIM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS & CO.]



ICE-YACHT ON THE HUDSON.

GENERAL PRIM.

DON JUAN PRIM, the leader in the late attempt to overturn the Spanish Government, bore the rank of Lieutenant-General in the national army of Spain. He is Viscount del Brusch, Count de Reus, Marques de Los Castillejos, and Grandee of Spain of the first class. He was born at Reus, in Catalonia, December 6, 1814. He fought against the adherents of DON CARLOS in the six years of civil war, terminating in 1839. At the close of the war he was elected Deputy to several successive Parliaments. In 1844 he is said to have been seriously implicated in a conspiracy against NARVAEZ, then at the head of the Government, the upshot of which was an attempt to assassinate the Prime Minister as he was driving to the Opera one evening, by firing at his carriage in the Calle de Ballesta. NARVAEZ himself and the present Minister of State, BERMUDEZ DE CASTRO, who sat in the front seat with him, escaped with their lives. Not so NARVAEZ's aid-de-camp, RASETTI, who was in the back seat and was shot dead on the spot. PRIM was tried with others, convicted of participation in the murder, and condemned to death; but NARVAEZ, either out of a very extreme magnanimity or possibly from some intimate conviction of PRIM's innocence, induced the Queen to cancel the sentence.

In 1854 General PRIM was sent as Spanish Military Commissioner to the camp of the Allies during the Crimean war. On his return from the East he passed through Paris, where, in 1856, he married a Mexican lady, Senora ECHEVARRIA, who brought him a dowry of $600,000, with expectations of no less a fortune from her mother, and $1,000,000 from each of her two uncles. He was promoted to his present rank in the army in 1856, and in 1858 was raised to the Senate. In 1861 the joint expedition to Mexico of England, France, and Spain was projected, and PRIM was sent out in command of the Spanish contingent, being charged at the same time with the duties of a Minister Plenipotentiary. How PRIM proceeded to Mexico with the French and English contingents, and came back with the latter, leaving to the former alone the task of a complete subjugation of Mexico and the installment of an Austrian dynasty there, are matters of well-known contemporary history.

Under the Ministry presided over by Señor MON, PRIM was again implicated in some underhand manœuvre which caused him to be banished or "confined" to Oviedo. He was recalled by NARVAEZ, during his last Administration, and is nevertheless said to have joined O'DONNELL in the efforts made by the latter to oust his rival, by fair means or foul. Soon after O'DONNELL's accession to power, however, PRIM seemed to recall to memory his former political predilections; he leagued himself with ESPARTERO, and threw himself with all his influence into the interests of the Progressistas.

It was on January 2 that General PRIM left Madrid on his "shooting excursion," and placed himself at the head of the mutinous cavalry regiments at Aranjuez. His insurrection has not been supported with any great force, and he has retired to Portugal.

SAILING ON THE ICE.

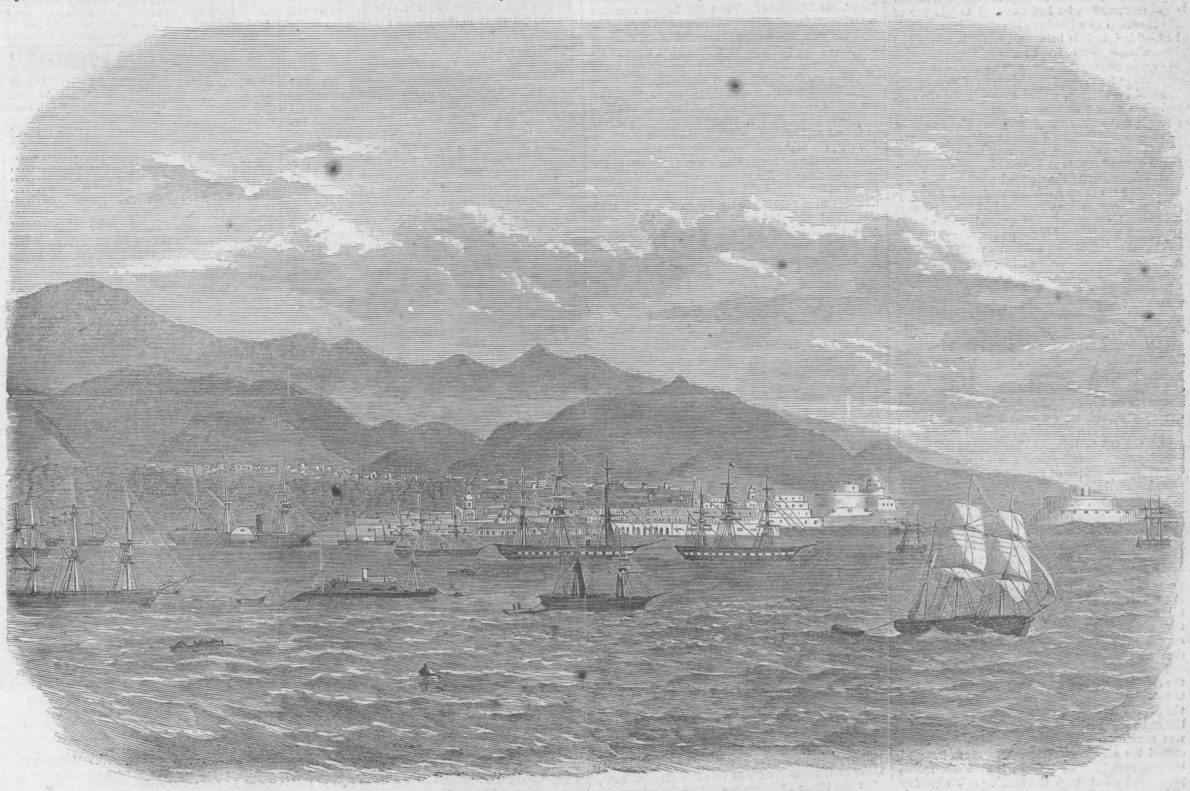
AN engraving which we publish on this page illustrates one of the most exciting of winter recreations on the Hudson. It represents a boat on skates, so to speak, and impelled by the wind in the same manner as an ordinary yacht. With a strong wind and smooth ice these novel craft glide along with almost fearful velocity, attaining a speed said to equal, if not exceed, a mile per minute, or greater than that of the most rapid locomotive.

These ice-yachts on the Hudson are all made on the same general plan. A light frame, 13 feet long, partially floored, is secured to a transverse plank, 13 feet in length, by two bolts and rubber springs. To this movable runners are attached, thereby giving an easy motion to the boat. The stern rests on a third runner, which forms the apex of an equilateral triangle. By this the helmsman guides his boat in perfect safety while flying literally with the speed of the wind.

Poughkeepsie, New York, claims precedence in the proper construction of these glacial yachts. Great rivalry exists among the ice-boatmen, each striving to lead the "fleet" in the constantly-occurring races during the winter season.

THE HARBOR OF CALLAO.

PERU, having entered into an alliance with Chili, has declared war against Spain. The Peruvian and Chilean fleets have effected a junction, and all Spaniards residing in the province of Lima have been forbidden to leave the country. As our readers are aware this war is in consequence of the seizure of the Chincha Islands, with their valuable deposits of guano, by the Spanish fleet, as a material guarantee for the compensation which is claimed on behalf of some Spanish subjects lately resident in Peru. These circumstances give some additional interest to our engraving of the Harbor of Callao, the chief Peruvian sea-port. The town of Callao, when not covered with mist and cloud, which is too often the case, presents a pretty and pleasing aspect



THE HARBOR OF CALLAO—THE PERUVIAN FLEET AT ANCHOR.

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from the water. The streets, indeed, are dirty in the extreme; but the view of the country around, studded with trees and verdure, and bounded by ranges of deep blue hills in the distance, is agreeable and picturesque. On a clear day the towers of Lima, the metropolis of Peru, may be seen at the base of the hills sparkling in the sun, as shown in our engraving. The two forts on the right were built by the Spaniards before the era of Peruvian independence. They form a prominent feature of the town, being constructed of stone and colored a bright yellow. The Peruvian fleet consists of a frigate, an iron-clad ram on the *Merrimac* principle, and one or two gun-boats and mail-packets converted into war-steamers, besides a sailing brig. The Peruvians have also attempted to build a Monitor, carrying a revolving turret, but though now afloat, and with her turret fixed, she is capable of so small an amount of speed as to be of little or no service should the Spaniards take it into their heads to bombard the port of Callao.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "LONDON."

FOR many years no shipwreck has created a more profound sensation than that of the steamship *London*, bound for Australia, which foundered at sea soon after leaving the British Channel, and on the 11th of January went down with over two hundred souls on board. The late fearful gales off the European coast have left behind them many a signal monument of their power for destruction, but none other so memorable as the disaster which forms the subject of our illustration on page 124.

The *London* was one of the finest ships for strength that ever left the Thames. She belonged to WIGRAM & SON, and was of nearly 3000 tons burden. She had been built about a year, and had made two voyages to Melbourne and back, and her success had realized the great expectations which had been entertained respecting her as a vessel competent to steam around the Southern Capes to Australia. But the gales off the British coast proved fatal to a vessel that had successfully encountered the difficulties of this southern voyage.

The *London* left the East India Docks December 28, commanded by Captain MARTIN, an Australian navigator of great experience, and, as the event proved, a man of great moral courage. As the night of the 30th was unusually wild, and the wind dead ahead, the vessel brought up at the Nore, and remained there the whole of the next day, which was Sunday. There were two clergymen on board, the Rev. Dr. WOOLLEY, Principal of Sydney University, and the Rev. Mr. DRAPER, and both took part in the usual Sunday services. At daybreak on Monday, the 1st of January, the anchor was weighed, and the ship steamed down the Channel still against a head wind, but making fair way. While passing outside the Isle of Wight the wind increased to half a gale, and Captain MARTIN deemed it prudent to put back and lay-to for the night in St. Helen's Roads.

On the morning of January 2 the vessel proceeded into the open Channel; and as she ran down, the wind, which was at first light, increased blowing a gale right ahead, with a rolling sea, all the way to Plymouth. Here she took on the first and second class passengers who had arranged to join her at Plymouth. Some incidents in connection with this halt—this interlude between the storm which had been already encountered and the storm that was to come—are worthy of record as illustrating the apparent y fortuitous disposition of our lives by the hand of Providence. How fortunate for the second-class male passenger who, apprehending the possible fate of the vessel, resigned his passage at Plymouth and returned home! How fortunate, also, for the lady who, after repeated applications to the owners' agents at Plymouth, was finally excluded from among the doomed passengers by the Captain on the ground that his cabins were already full! and for a young man who had taken passage on account of some family quarrel, and who at Plymouth was induced to forego his voyage! But, on the other hand, what a fate it was that, with the persistence of Nemesis, had followed, and on this occasion succeeded in overtaking, a poor old couple with their three children, who had, on two occasions previously, attempted in vain to go upon the voyage, and each time in a vessel that was wrecked before it reached its destination, but who succeeded the third time in gaining a passage upon the *London*, and were drowned with their unfortunate companions!

At midnight, on Friday, January 5, the *London* proceeded on her voyage, and on Sunday the wind again threatened, with a head-sea rising. In the night the wind increased to a gale, and the sea still rose. On the morning of Tuesday, the 9th, while the Captain was endeavoring to keep the ship in her course by means of the screw, the violence of the gale carried away at one sweep the jib-boom, the foretop-mast, the gallant-mast, and the royal-mast. It was impossible to again secure these. At this crisis, the gale all the while continuing to increase, with a sea running mountains high, the Captain seems, for the first time, to have become seriously alarmed, though he had not been in bed the previous night. Still the engines were kept steaming ahead, and there was no anxiety felt as to the ultimate safety of the ship. About the middle of the afternoon a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying the port life-boat clean away from the davits.

The next morning, the 10th, the Captain turned the ship about for Plymouth. In half an hour after the ship's course had been altered another blow from the sea carried away a second life-boat and stove in the starboard cutter. At noon a heavy cross-sea was running, with the wind dead astern, which caused the ship to roll heavily and much impeded her progress. But no danger was even now anticipated, and all through the evening of Wednesday and long after nightfall the ship continued to steam slowly ahead, the Captain and his officers remaining steadily at their posts and the passengers appearing to have full reliance upon the skill of Captain MARTIN to bring them safely to port. At 10.30 P.M., the ship still rolling deeply in a heavy cross sea, and the wind blowing a whole gale from the southwest, a mountain of water fell heavily over the waist of the ship, and spent its destructive force upon the main hatchway over the engine-room, completely demolishing this massive structure, measuring 12 feet by 8 feet, and flooding with tons of water this portion of the ship. Instant endeavors to repair the hatchway were made, with a promptitude and vigor commensurable with the imminent crisis. Every spare sail that could be got at, and even blankets and mattresses from all parts of the ship, were thrown over the aperture, but each succeeding sea shipped by the vessel tore away the frail resource of the moment, and not more than ten minutes after the hatchway had been destroyed the water had risen above the furnaces, and up to the waists of the engineers and firemen employed in this part of the ship. The lower decks were also now flooded with the rush of water the ship was continually taking in. The chief engineer remained at his post until the water had risen above his waist, when he went on deck and reported that his fires were out, and his engines rendered useless. Captain MARTIN, with calm conviction, remarked that he was not surprised; on the contrary, he had expected such a result. Finding his noble ship at length little more than a log on the water, Captain MARTIN immediately ordered his maintop-sail to be set, in the hope of keeping her before the wind. The difficult work had scarcely been accomplished when the force of the wind tore the sail into ribbons, with the exception of one corner, under which the ship lay-to throughout the remainder of the night. The donkey-engine, supplied with steam by a boiler upon deck, and all the deck-pumps, were kept going throughout the night, and the passengers of all classes, now aroused to a sense of their imminent danger, shared with the crew their arduous labors. Notwithstanding every effort the water still gained upon the pumps, and the gale continuing at its height, cross seas with tremendous force were constantly breaking over the vessel, which at length succumbed to the unequal conflict. From this moment the motion of the ship was low and heavy, and she refused to rise to the action of the waves. At a quarter after 4 o'clock on Thursday morning she was struck by a stern sea which carried away four of her stern posts, and admitted a flood of water through the breach. From this time all efforts were useless; and at day-break Captain MARTIN, whose cool intrepidity had never for a moment forsaken him, entered the cuddy, where all classes of the passengers had now taken refuge, and, responding to the universal appeal, calmly announced the cessation of all human hopes. It is a remarkable fact that this solemn admission was as solemnly received, a resigned silence prevailing throughout the assembly, broken only at brief intervals by the well-timed and appropriate exhortations of the Rev. Mr. DRAPER, whose spiritual services had been necessary during the previous twenty-four hours.

The next morning, the fatal 11th, the Captain informed those in his charge that the ship was sinking and they must prepare for the worst. A life-boat was lowered with five men in her, but was immediately swamped, though the men were got on board again. Was there no hope, then, in that last resort, the life-boats? Then indeed the situation was desperate. All the passengers and crew gathered as by one consent in the main saloon, weeping and with pale, panic-stricken faces, but with no tumult, no frantic exhibition of terror.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the water gaining fast on the ship, and no signs being apparent of the storm subsiding, a small band of men determined to trust themselves to the mercy of the waves in a boat rather than go down without a struggle. Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got out and lowered away the port cutter, into which sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers succeeded in getting, and they launched her clear of the ship. These nineteen men shouted to the Captain to come with them; but with that heroic courage which was his chief characteristic, he declined to go with them, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God-speed and safe to land!" The boat then pulled away, tossing about helplessly on the crests of the gigantic waves. Scarcely had they gone 80 yards, or been five minutes off the deck, when the fine steamer went down stern foremost with her crowd of human beings, from whom one confused cry of helpless terror arose, and all was silent forever. Those in the boat were saved, being rescued the next day by the Italian bark *Adrianople*. Among those lost, numbering all together 220, was the distinguished actor GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOK and his sister. The cause of the wreck of the *London* was probably the large amount of iron on board.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

THE PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON, nine in number, which we give on our first page are now for the first time grouped together in a single series. Two of these portraits have, we think, never been engraved before. One of these, painted by JOHN CUSTIS, represents WASHINGTON in the regalia of a Freemason. It was for many years in the BERNARD family mansion, at Fredericksburg. The other is a copy of one painted soon after the battle of Princeton (whether by CHARLES WILSON PEALE or V. M. POLK is uncertain), and believed to be the only original picture of WASHINGTON in his full uniform as Commander-in-Chief, except that in possession of the AUDUBON family. The original painting was burned in the house of EDMUND J. LEE in 1864 by HUNTER'S forces. But two years before an excellent copy of it was painted at Washington for Hon. CALEB LYON, of Lyonsdale. This and the AUDUBON picture were painted at about the same time, while General WASHINGTON was on the AUDUBON farm, after the battle of Princeton. The AUDUBON picture, we understand, is for sale. These two pictures were considered to be the best portraits of WASHINGTON during the active portion of his life.

The portrait which is known to have been painted by C. W. PEALE, in 1772, represents WASHINGTON at forty years of age, in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel of that day. PEALE was a remarkable man. He entered the Revolutionary War at an early period of the contest, and from studies commenced at Valley Forge he painted another full-length portrait of WASHINGTON as Commander-in-Chief at the battle of Princeton. This latter portrait is in the National Institute at Washington.

DE MERE'S portrait represents WASHINGTON as a young man of twenty-five. The portrait of WASHINGTON which is most familiar to every body is STUART'S, which represents him at a very late period. This is more massive and grand than any of the others. The original head is in the Boston Athenæum in an unfinished state. The celebrated "Pitcher" portraits were copied from STUART'S.

The portrait by SHARPLESS, painted in the latter part of the last century, was considered by his family the most faithful likeness of any extent.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

WHEN Dr. Livingstone was sleeping out one night in the course of his explorations a lion seized and shook him, with a view to further proceedings. It is not many men who can say with Miss Peck-sniff that they have "lived to be shook" in such a style as this. The doctor records it as his experience that the result of this shaking was to superinduce a sort of comatose state—a feeling half of numbness, half of contented repose—in which he disregarded pain, and had no considerable dread of the tearing of flesh and limbs which was to precede his death. Thereupon he suggests the idea that, perhaps, the practice of shaking their prey which is observed in all feline animals, as well as in dogs and in some of the more violent fishes, is a Providential arrangement to spare the necessary victim pain. If we look into tales of death by violence, we shall see in very many cases some such preparation for a comparatively easy death; easy, that is to say, as compared with the horror which the account excites in those who hear or read of them. This would appear to be notably the case in some kinds of railway accident. The shock and jar of a collision has something peculiarly numbing about it. Passengers who escape unhurt from such a catastrophe relate that they suddenly became conscious of something happening or being about to happen, and knew nothing more till they found themselves faced round the other way, or heels uppermost, or contorted in some of the many strange ways in which the human body is found to be contorted after accidents of this kind. There has been no blow to account for a loss of consciousness; there is no bruise to show, no outward injury done, and yet locomotion of a very complicated and difficult nature has been achieved, and a space of time has passed which can not by any means be called instantaneous, for it has sufficed for the crash and tumult of the collision to come to an end, and the transported passenger finds himself settled and stationary. A Scotch physician who was in a bad railway accident some years ago discovered himself sitting at the top of the cutting in which the accident occurred, externally unhurt, as if he could not have been thrown there; indeed, from the nature of the case, he could not have been. How he had got there he had no conception; and it seemed quite certain that he had not been carried or in any way helped there. His nervous system was so completely thrown out of gearing that he never recovered from the shock. It can scarcely be doubted that had death come upon him in any form whatever during the interval which elapsed between his leaving the carriage and his finding himself quietly seated on the cutting, many yards away from the ruined train, he would have met it without conscious suffering. And, without going through such a hazardous ordeal as this, large numbers of persons have had experience which points in the same direction. A man who is a bad sailor, and has crossed the Channel in really dirty weather, sitting on the deck, knows what it is to be suddenly lifted, as it were, from his seat by some strange power, such as that which carried the prince and princess in the "Arabian Nights" backward and forward through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among ruinous *débris* of umbrella and cloak, and other impediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, no imminence of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And much the same result follows sometimes from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the head; so that in many very horrible accidents resulting in prolonged "agonies of death," which make every nerve of one's body quiver at the bare recital, there are great chances in favor of the victim's having received just some preparatory jerk, or shock, or blow which paralyzes that part of his system to whose sensitiveness pain is due, and so render him unable to feel the lengthened pangs. And this may very well hold in the case of those who struggle on and cry aloud in their apparent torture, even as the "subject" under the surgeon's knife makes signs of pain when his nerves are under the blessed influence of anæsthetics. It is a comfort to think of such things in these days, when steam locomotion and steam machinery bring to so many households the horrors of a dreadful death to enhance the usual sorrow for death. And, in face of the terrible catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, it is a great comfort to think that a similar effect is often produced, though perhaps not to so high a degree, by fatigue, by exposure to wet and cold, by prolonged and anxious doubt. Sea-sickness has especially; and to a very high degree, this effect. A man under its influence will constantly say, "Do with me what you will." If he were to fall overboard he is sure he should make no effort to save himself. If he is told that the ship is sinking, the announcement has but little interest for him. In that storm in which the *London* went down, long before a tenth part of the passengers could have become accustomed to the motion of the vessel, we may be sure that there were many whose ordinary sufferings rendered it impossible for them to have that keen perception of the horrors of the situation which each fresh detail brings to us on land. And of the rest large numbers must have been tired into resignation, tired by the efforts at self-preservation and the preservation of others they had so spiritedly and so nobly made, tired by exertions the very intentness of which precluded the possibility of much agony of anticipation while such exertions lasted. Many again of those whose sex or age or infirmities forced them to be somewhat inactive spectators of all that went on, were doubtless only half alive to their trials. The discomforts of a vessel on which the sea was making clear breaches, the numbness of cold and the results of exposure to wind and spray, the deafening noise of the elements and the confusion of all within the ship—all these and many more influences would be at work to reduce persons of weak constitution to a half-regardless state, some time before death was known to be inevitable.

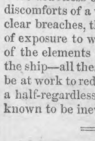
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SAND-MARTINS.
THE BURROWERS AT HOME.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Fortress of the Mole.—"Earth" of the Fox.—A Prairie Dog "Town."—The Rabbit Warren.—The Polar Bear.—The Giant Armadille.—The Aard Vark.—Woodpecker.—Kingfisher's Nest.—Toucan.—Petrel.—The Robber Crab.—Pholas in Wood.—Pholas in Rock.—Shipworm.—The Trap-Door Spider and Nests.—Humble Bee.—Lapidary Bee.—Burying Beetle.—Scarabæus.—Ant Nest.—Wasp Nest.—Carpenter Bee.—Sphrifer.—Saperda.—Cocoons of Scarabæus and Goliath.
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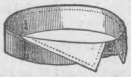
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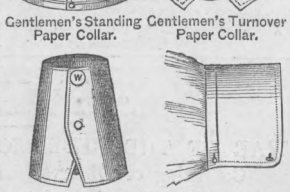
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 479.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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STARKWEATHER THE MURDERER.

On the last day of January of the current year was concluded at Hartford, Connecticut, the trial of ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER for one of the most horrible murders on record. The prisoner, whose portrait we give on this page, was convicted of murder in the first degree. The sentence was postponed until the meeting of the Supreme Court of Errors on the third Tuesday of February, before which there was to be a new trial; but the evidence of the prisoner's guilt is so overwhelming that no reversal of the verdict could have been expected.

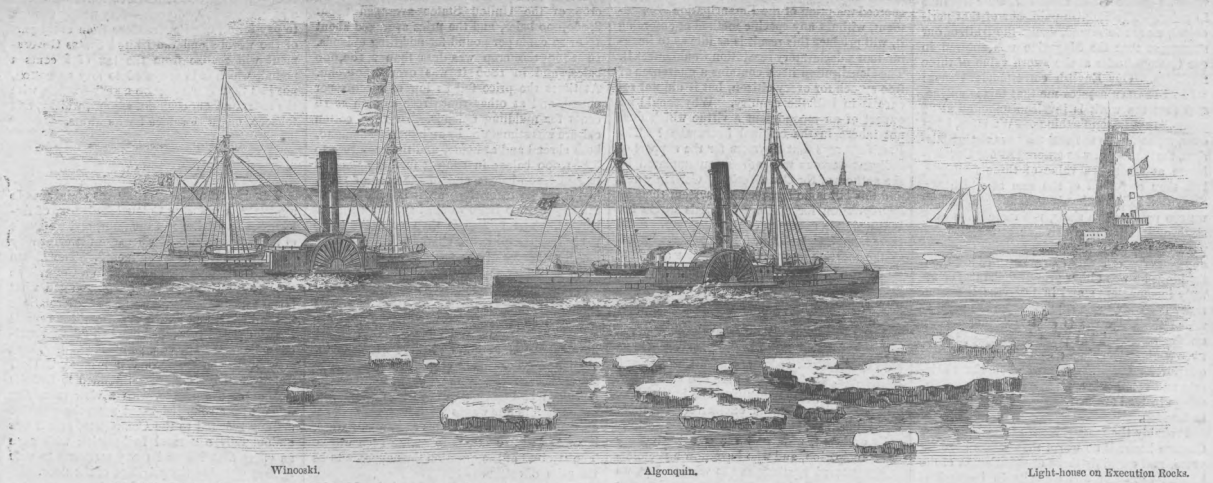
The circumstances of the murder were as follow: Young STARKWEATHER was unmarried, but had been paying attentions to a young lady in Manchester named EMERETT CAMPBELL, who had refused her consent to an engagement, apparently on account of his embarrassed circumstances. According to STARKWEATHER's own confession:

In the early part of the week preceding the homicide his mother, he said, came to Hartford and executed a deed to him of the homestead. Previously (in 1862) she had delivered to him a deed of a lot containing 63 acres, though the deed had never been recorded. In giving him the deed of the homestead she had required him to give in return a mortgage note for $1500 in favor of ELLA, his sister. On the Saturday following, he said, he went to Rockville, and, securing the services of a lawyer there, had the 63 acres of land given to him in 1862 and the homestead which had just passed into his possession deeded by a warranty deed to EMERETT CAMPBELL, thus disposing to her of all the estate to which he held title. On his return home that evening he stopped at Mr. CAMPBELL's house and gave the deed to EMERETT. When he reached his own house he told his mother what he had done, and she, very naturally, censured him for doing what she pronounced to be a very foolish act, and expressed herself in strong terms. She finally told him, however, that if he was willing to take the deed of the place, as previously agreed upon, and let the note of $1500 in favor of ELLA stand as it was drawn, and would keep the deed in his own name and live on the premises, the arrangement she had made with him with regard to property might remain binding, and if EMERETT would marry him she could come there and live; but if he chose to treat the matter as he had—deeding away all he was worth—he should not have "an inch of the ground." The words quoted are precisely those used by her, as stated by STARKWEATHER in this confession. He told her that he would do nothing of the kind—would not take back the deed he had given to EMERETT—and then accused her of interfering with his own and Miss CAMPBELL's arrangements. Some further conversation of an excited character ensued, which resulted in his mother's going and getting the deed and note (which were in her possession) and tearing them up in his presence. High words followed, "and I told her," said he, "that I would be revenged." The destruction of the deed and note rendered the deed he had given to Miss CAMPBELL totally valueless. "From that time," he added, "until the time of the murder the idea of killing mother did not leave my mind." He said he thought of it constantly—all night Saturday, and Sunday and Sunday night, and all the following day, "and the more I thought of it the madder I grew," were the words he used. Monday night he made up his mind to do the deed, as a favorable opportunity was presented by the absence of the hired man and boy. His mother and sister sat up to a very late hour, as they were frequently accustomed to do. Toward morning, about 3 o'clock, the house became quiet, and he took the axe from the wood-shed and the knife from a drawer, and proceeded to the bedchamber of his mother up stairs. On getting there he immediately struck her blows upon the head with the axe, and in so doing startled his sister ELLA, who was lying in the back part of the bed, and she sprang up and jumped toward him. He did not expect to kill her, but, awaking as she did, and, as he supposed, seeing him, he was led to knock her in the head in order to put her out of the way, that she might not be a witness to his crime against him. To make certain work he used the axe freely, and then stabbed his victims with the knife. Having done this much he says he knocked his head against the wall, and made a bruise on his forehead and one on the side of his face, and then took his jack-knife from his pocket and cut his shirt and his breast, so that the story he had decided to tell, relative to his being assaulted by two men, might be believed. After this, in order to cover up the crime, he set fire to the beds, particulars of the finding of which by Mr. WHITE, to whose house the murderer repaired and gave an alarm, appeared in the evidence on the trial.



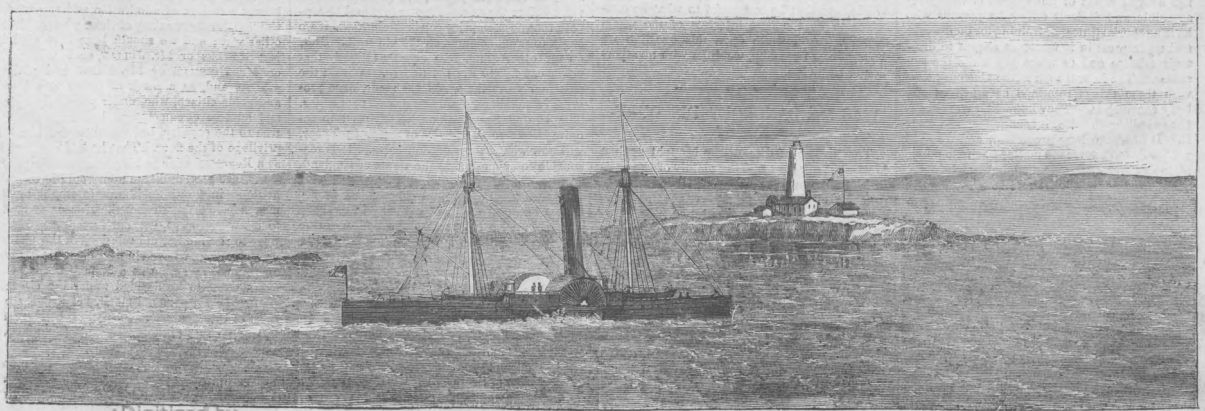
ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER, THE MATRICIDE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. H. WAITE, HARTFORD, CT.]

This is the story as given by the prisoner himself. His counsel put in the usual plea of insanity as the only defense; but the deliberation with which the crime was committed, and with which the attempt at concealment was made after the act, destroy the plausibility of such a supposition, for which the very enormity and unnaturalness of the crime might otherwise have elicited some degree of credence.



Winooski. Algonquin. Light-house on Execution Rocks.

NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND "ALGONQUIN"—THE START, 3 P.M., FEBRUARY 13, 1866.—SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.—[SEE PAGE 142.]



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND ALGONQUIN"—THE "WINOOSKI" OFF FAULKNER'S ISLAND, FEB. 14, 1866.—SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS.

THE Report of the Revenue Commission, which should be carefully pondered by every citizen, and whose admirable philosophy and simple and wise suggestions we have already commended, is fully sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury. There are some statements in it which are startling to every taxpayer. Thus the Commission affirms that in its judgment

"the annual losses experienced by the Government through the frauds perpetrated in connection with the New York Custom-house range from twelve to twenty-five millions of dollars."

Now the revenue collected at this port during the last year was about $60,000,000, so that the loss by fraud amounts to from one-fifth to five-twelfths of the whole amount. The largest sum exceeds the entire estimate for the Naval Department for the coming year, and is about two-thirds of the sum asked either for the War Department or the Civil Service. The Commission add:

"A very large part of these frauds arise from the undervaluation of invoices, coupled with the neglect and incompetence in the Department of Appraisers."

Here is a very distinct charge. The Appraisers' Department deals mainly with articles upon which an *ad valorem* duty is imposed. These are probably about one-third of the whole amount of duties; and if we estimate them at $20,000,000, the frauds perpetrated in and through this Department are fully equal to the entire sum collected. The Commissioners cite several instances of the "common, systematic, and shameless manner" in which these frauds are accomplished. Thus they inspected

"two invoices received during the past few months from one of the leading and most respectable houses in one of the chief cities of Europe, one of which invoices *sworn to falsely* for the payment of duties was nearly 40 per cent. less in amount than the other which was transmitted for the private account of the importer."

The Champagne makers at Rheims have lately been exposed in this way, and the Commissioners mention half a score of invoices of Rhine wines, in none of which was the amount sworn to one-half of the real market value, and in some cases barely one-third.

The case of the *Sunday Magazine*, to which we have before called attention, is an instance in point. The English publisher of that periodical, we are informed, denies the truth of our statement that the Magazine was entered in our Custom-house at the sworn value of three farthings. Our English correspondent says: "MR. STRAHAN assures me that this is untrue, and that the work is invoiced unbound at 2½ pence," that is, ten farthings. We must, however, repeat, upon the authority of the Commission, that the work was entered at our Custom-house at the sworn value of three farthings, less than one-third of the sum at which MR. STRAHAN declares that it was invoiced, and, as we are prepared to show, not more than one-sixth of its true market value at the place of production. Certainly if any Custom-house appraiser passed this sworn invoice of three farthings he was either grossly dishonest or utterly incompetent; and in this case incompetency is hardly to be supposed, for the price at which the Magazine is sold is plainly printed on the cover. That price is seven-pence, or twenty-eight farthings; and if we deduct one quarter for the difference between the wholesale and retail price, we have twenty-one farthings instead of three as the true market value in London.

Probably the management of the New York Custom-house is no worse than it has been for years, and certainly there are gentlemen of the highest character and capacity in its various departments. But these enormous frauds are the natural result of the system of filling responsible and difficult offices by persons who have no special fitness or training for their work, and no interest in it whatever except to draw their salaries and to make hay while the sun shines. The honest men in the Custom-house wish these things reformed as much as any body can wish it. They know how outrageous the swindling is. But it is not enough to know it. It has been long proverbial, and we shall not hesitate to press the matter upon the public attention that something effectual may be done. A new Collector is to be appointed. If he be the right kind of man he will save the Government and the tax-payers millions of dollars. He will do this in three ways:

First—In being by character, experience, and capacity fully competent to manage such an institution.

Second—By displacing first the knaves and then the fools in the different departments.

Third—By sharply watching the invoices of representatives of many "respectable houses" in the chief cities of Europe.

The man who is fit to be Collector of New York will "feel satisfied," with the Revenue Commission, "that the necessity of reform in the manner of doing business in this institution was never more urgent than at present."

THE VETO MESSAGE.

THE Senate did wisely in adjourning after the Veto Message was read. Legislation under such excitement is not likely to be dignified or sagacious. That the Message was a sore disappointment to the truest friends of the President can not be denied. Their regret may be measured by the rejoicing of those who would fain use him for their own purposes. Whether those friends are to be found among those who most earnestly advocated his election, or those who most strenuously opposed it, whether those who were in bloody rebellion at the South, and those who heartily supported them at the North are really the wisest advisers upon the great problem of reorganization, are questions which time will adequately answer.

Of the President's sincerity there is no doubt. That he honestly wishes, as he says, to secure to the Freedmen the full enjoyment of their liberty we fully believe. But he seems to us not entirely master of his own positions. Thus he acknowledges the usefulness of the Freedmen's Bureau as established by the act of last March. But he regards it as a war measure, and war having ceased, he is of opinion that the matter should be left to the States. Yet, if war has ceased, why does he support General TERRY'S military order reversing the action of the Virginia Legislature? So the President says that in his judgment the late rebel States "have been fully restored, and are to be deemed to be entitled to enjoy their constitutional rights as members of the Union." Yet if this be so, why in his late proclamation restoring the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* did he except the late rebel States? The Constitution defines the conditions under which the right of suspending the privilege may be exercised. It is only when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it. Yet he expressly exhorts us in the Message not to suppose that the United States are in a condition of civil war.

The Freedmen's Bureau is exceptional, but it is so only because the condition of the country is exceptional. All the President's acts in initiating the reorganization of the late rebel States were exceptional. But the question of the hour is very simple in itself, however difficult it may be to answer. How can the United States most surely and judiciously and temperately secure the fruit of the victory they have won? Having given liberty to millions of slaves, how can the authority that conferred it maintain its perpetuity? To suppose that a coerced adoption of the Emancipation Amendment, without any specific method of enforcing it, will produce this result is as idle as to imagine that a declaratory resolution would effect it. The Constitution itself contains a guarantee of free speech for every citizen, but it did not secure it in half the country. Why should we expect of an amendment a virtue which does not inhere in the original instrument? The President says that a system for the support of indigent persons was never contemplated by the authors of the Constitution. Certainly not, and this bill is no more such a system than an appropriation for military hospitals would be. It is a simple necessity of the situation. Shall these homeless, landless, forlorn persons be left to the mercies of those who despise and hate them, or shall the United States say, "We cut the bonds that bound you to the ground, and we will protect you while you are struggling to get upon your feet?"

If the President believes that the word of the nation sacredly pledged to the freedmen will be kept by the black codes of South Carolina and Mississippi, his faith would remove mountains. And if he proposes to abandon the freedmen to civil authorities created exclusively by those who think that the colored race should be eternally enslaved, who deny the constitutionality of emancipation, and who have now a peculiarly envenomed hostility to the whole class, we can only pray God that the result may be what we have no doubt he honestly wishes it to be. We believe that he is faithful to what he conceives to be the best interests of the whole country. And while upon this question we wholly differ from him, we differ with no aspersion or suspicion.

WAS MR. BANCROFT DISCOURTEOUS?

THE charge of discourtesy brought against MR. BANCROFT for speaking plainly of the position of foreign powers during the war in the presence of their representatives seems to us very superfluous. Congress invited MR. BANCROFT to deliver a discourse in commemoration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. To do it properly was to speak of the civil war of which the late President was a central figure; and it was certainly impossible to speak truly of the war without describing the unfriendly attitude of England and France. Sir FREDERICK BRUCE probably remembered that it was his own chief, Lord RUSSELL, who was responsible for the situation in which he found himself. For if the Foreign Minister of England did not hesitate to speak of the United States in its fierce struggle to save its government as fighting for empire, the English Minister in Washington surely has no reason to be offended if in a discourse commemorative of the Chief Magistrate during that struggle the fact was plainly mentioned.

Nor was it surprising that the orator should point the contrast between the American President and the British Prime Minister. They were the heads of the two chief constitutional countries in the world, and they died within a few months of each other. They were most striking and characteristic representatives of their countries and of their differing political and social systems, and the parallel drawn by the orator was entirely natural, appropriate, and instructive. It is simply impossible that the true story of ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S life should be agreeable to the spirit that controlled British or French policy during the war, and Congress invited MR. BANCROFT to tell the truth. He did so with signal and memorable power and effect.

KING COTTON REDIVIVUS.

IN a late Number of this journal it was stated that there was reason to expect that this year's cotton crop would not, under favorable circumstances, fall short of 3,000,000 bales, and might exceed that figure. Further reports from the South, received since that statement was made, go to confirm the views then expressed. Throughout the South, with the exception of a few localities mostly outside of the cotton States proper, land-owners are straining every nerve to plant a great breadth of cotton, the freedmen are hiring readily, and the general report is that every acre cultivated will be planted in cotton to the exclusion of food. It must be expected of course that a certain proportion of the crop will be lost through disputes between planters and freedmen. A certain number of the former will try to cheat their laborers, and a certain number of the latter will desert their employer in the hour of his need. But the best judges do not estimate that the loss from this source will reduce the crop below 3,000,000 bales—if the weather proves favorable.

Assuming that this year's crop marketed between 1st September, 1866, and 1st September, 1867, will amount to 3,000,000 bales, what would be a safe estimate for the crop of 1867? And at what figure would it be safe to estimate the average price of raw cotton, with a three million crop this year, from 1st September, 1866, to 1st September, 1867?

For the ten years ending in 1857, the cotton crop of the United States averaged about 3,000,000 bales, and the price averaged about 10 or 12 cents per pound for middling uplands. In 1849 the crop was less than 2,100,000 bales, and in 1855 it was over 3,500,000. At times the price fell as low as 6 cents per pound, and at other times rose as high as 16 cents for middling uplands. In 1858 cotton culture was stimulated by an increased demand, both abroad and at home, and the crop rose to 3,851,000 bales; in 1859 it further advanced to 4,660,000 bales; and of the crop of 1860, had it not been for the war, it is believed that fully 5,000,000 bales would have been sent to market. The price was then 12 @ 13 cents per pound for middling uplands.

All estimates of the probable crop for 1867 must depend on: *1st*. The willingness of the freedmen to labor; *2d*. The willingness of the planters to employ them; and, *3d*. The price of the staple when grown. No large crop can be made if planters and laborers do not work harmoniously together, and there will be no incentive to grow a large crop if the price of the staple be low. If, on the other hand, the price of cotton be high, planters will be tempted to offer laborers fair wages for fair work, and, according to the ordinary rules of human nature, laborers will be anxious to secure such wages. The "joint" of the question thus appears to be the price of cotton.

Middling uplands is now worth in this city 44 @ 45 cents per pound, nearly four times its value before the war. It seems natural to suppose that no such price can be maintained if we begin to produce crops on the old scale. But, on the other hand, it is equally unlikely that prices can fall to the old figures. Within the past four years the world has made large progress in numbers, civilization, and necessities. The United States alone, which used to require barely 700,000 bales of cotton each year, will now want over a million bales. It is reasonable to suppose that the wants of England, France, Germany, and Russia have increased in a corresponding proportion. This is proved in fact by the firmness of the cotton market in the face of a development of a cotton supply fully twice as large as was expected. Of the countries which, during our war, undertook to supply the world with cotton, Egypt alone succeeded to any extent, and the rapidly increasing consumption of cotton goods in the Levant and Southern Russia fully counterbalances this increased supply. India can never furnish any material amount of cotton to Europe. Nor can the West Indies or Central America until they are better furnished with labor than they now are, or have any present prospect of being. Should the price of middling uplands decline in New York to 25 @ 30 cents in gold, it is hardly likely that the competition of these countries would be felt, and there is reason to believe that spinners at home and abroad would, at such a price, take every bale that could be grown here until the product far exceeded the crop of 1860.

Now, in the old days of slavery, a planter was said to be on the high road to fortune, and was willing to pay $1200 for adult field hands when he could sell his middling cotton at 12 cents per pound. It is hardly necessary to demonstrate, even to the planters of South Carolina, that free labor is cheaper than slave labor. That is now universally admitted. If then a planter could grow rich by growing cotton at 12 cents per pound with slave labor, what will be the result when he can grow cotton at 25 cents per pound with free labor? Will it not follow, inevitably, that whatever objections the planters may at first entertain to hiring their old slaves, and whatever restiveness the freedmen may evince in renewing their relations with their old masters, both parties will eventually, in view of the obvious profit to be made by harmonious co-operation, agree to work together to grow cotton for the world? To assume that they would not, would be to deny the natural tendencies of human nature.

If the crop of 1866 should amount to 3,000,000 bales, worth on the average 25 cents a pound in gold, it would be safe, in the opinion of sound judges, to look for an increase of 33 per cent. in 1867—say a crop of 4,000,000 bales. There are those who, believing in the broad commonsense of the planters and of the sound instincts of the freedmen, predict that the crop of 1867 will in effect prove the largest ever made—over 5,000,000 bales. But it is best to assume nothing but what can be demonstrated as certain or highly probable. If we raise 3,000,000 bales this year—and the very men who persisted that the negroes would not work in a state of freedom, and that we should not grow a million bales a year for ten years to come, now pin their faith to this estimate—it is reasonable to believe that in 1867 the increase will be as much as is stated. And if in 1859 the world consumed a crop of nearly 5,000,000 bales @ 12 cents per pound, it is also reasonable to believe that in 1867–8, with an advance in all prices throughout the world, and a general increase of population and necessities, a crop of 4,000,000 bales would be consumed without a decline in price below 25 cents a pound.

If these anticipations are realized the United States will be able to export in the fiscal year 1867–8, 3,000,000 bales of cotton worth $100 a bale, say $300,000,000—very nearly enough to pay for all our importations from every part of the world; and the United States Government will realize from the tax of 5 cents a pound, which it is proposed to levy on cotton, not less than $80,000,000 a year—which, with the revenue from customs, stamps, whisky, and tobacco, ought to suffice for its wants.

A MISTAKE.

THE House of Representatives plainly made a mistake in refusing Colonel JOHNSON, of Arkansas, the privilege of the floor, and we speak of the circumstance now because the error may be repeated if it is not exposed. The House has properly, indeed, intrusted to a Committee the investigation of the question upon what terms certain States may resume their relations in the Union, and until that Committee reports the House is honorably bound to take no serious action upon any vital point involved. There is no doubt that the resolution to admit Colonel JOHNSON to the floor was intended to feel the temper of the House, with a view to calling upon it for a snap judgment upon the question already referred to the Committee, and it was undoubtedly a natural indignation with such an effort that induced many members to vote against granting the privilege of the floor.

Yet we are very sure that there was not a single member who so voted who had not as hearty a feeling of admiration and respect for Colonel JOHNSON as any of those who voted the other way; and we should have been glad if Mr. STEVENS or Mr. JULIAN or Mr. KELLEY or Mr. BINGHAM or Mr. ELIOT had plainly said so, and, as a mark of honor to a brave and noble citizen, who, under peculiarly trying and adverse circumstances, had been steadily true to the country, had voted to give him the privilege of the floor. That he had credentials as a Representative in his pocket was the proof that other good and true men would have been honored in honoring him. It would by no means have followed that the House was ready to allow Arkansas, without further consideration, to resume her old relations in the Union. The vote would have shown that while his unconditional reception as a Representative was not a point to be decided under the circumstances by his personal merit, yet that the respect of the House for him and his conduct, as well as for that of those who had elected him a Representative, was cordial and profound.

Meanwhile we have no fear that the moral will be drawn by the Union men of Arkansas which has been dolefully set forth. Men tried in the fire for the Union understand perfectly well that the delay in the admission to his seat

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of a man like Colonel JOHNSON is due to a wise and natural care that the Union for which he and his Arkansas companions fought shall be secured as far as possible against the peril which still threatens it. They will not see in the caution of Congress a proof that they have gained nothing by fidelity to the Union. On the contrary, they will see in the delay, with the Union men of Tennessee, only a little more sacrifice to make sure of the perfect triumph of their cause.

We should be glad to see the House reconsider its refusal, and express the respect it unquestionably feels, by admitting Colonel JOHNSON to the privilege of the floor.

NEWSPAPER MANNERS.

IN a letter to a friend at the time GEORGE CANNING was made Prime Minister of England, old Lord ELDON wrote: "The whole conversation in this town is made up of bitterly abusive talk of people about each other—all fire and flame. I have known nothing like it." Lord ELDON was an arch-Tory, and he spoke of the mutual crimination of Tories and Whigs. But fierce as party quarrels were, he does not record that Whigs maligned each other, or that Tories abused Tories.

The necessity of harmonious party action to secure desirable results in a free country is indisputable. To that end a certain courtesy between those of the same party, who may differ as to points of policy, is indispensable. Forgetfulness of this fact is a blunder of which we are surprised to see even veteran journalists and politicians guilty. Yet the conduct of many of the Union orators and journalists toward some of their party allies would have amazed even tough old ELDON. Certainly the New York *Tribune* helped neither its cause nor its own influence and character when it spoke of an editor of a journal of its own party as "a little villain," and cried to another, "You lie, you villain!" In like manner Mr. STEVENS's late speech bristled with stinging sarcasms of the President, whose good faith even Mr. STEVENS could not question, and whose cooperation with the dominant party of the country certainly can not be wisely repelled.

But this want of sagacity and good manners is not confined to what is called the radical wing of the Union party. Thus the New York *Times* can not repress a tone of reckless contempt in speaking of its party friends from whom upon some points it differs. It is fond of calling Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, for instance, "a common scold;" but is it not the most common and vulgar scolding to speak of faithful Union men whose views of justice and good policy differ from its own as the "selfish patrons" of the negro, "the negro communion," and "the amalgamationists." We expect to find such absurd epithets in the New York *News* or *World*, whose personal abuse of President JOHNSON a few months since made the old *Aurora's* abuse of WASHINGTON seem tame and dull. But why should a Union paper descend to such slime?

The *Times* speaks of the colored people of this country, whose condition and conduct certainly merit something better than sneers from every faithful American, as a class "which not only hold themselves to be the saviours of the nation, but who find a powerful faction both in and out of Congress clamorously asserting these preposterous claims on their behalf." If the *Times* concedes that disloyal ignorance shall vote, why is it preposterous to suggest that loyal ignorance might vote also? It describes those who do not adopt its own views of policy as "revolutionists in Congress who threaten the Executive with impeachment unless he bends before their decrees." When and by whom was this threat made? It sneers at the same persons as "those who desire to use the negro for party ends." Those who would do this are of course those who love party supremacy more than justice or equal rights. But if the point should be pressed, which wing of the Union party would probably be found guilty of the charge? The *Times* was doubtless disgusted when Mr. STEVENS was, but as it proved wrongly, reported in the warmth of debate to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue." It undoubtedly held Mr. SUMNER guilty both of impolicy and bad taste when he spoke of the President as sending a "whitewashing" message to Congress. But how does it suppose its own readers are affected when it deliberately describes the Speaker of the Assembly of New York as "bucking and gagging," and sneers at him as "his High Mightiness" and "His Loftiness?" If this strain when indulged by an orator with wit and point makes him "a common scold," what does it make of a newspaper-writer who uses it without either?

All such recrimination is of questionable service against an adversary, but among party allies it is worse than foolish, for it produces an exasperation which imperils the common objects of the party. Differences there must be, but why insist upon aggravating them into fatal quarrels; and why, when differences are to be expressed and argued within a party, should the expression not be such as prevails among well-bred persons? Differences there must be, but Time will work wonders if every body keeps his temper. It is easy to call those who differ from us knaves; but it is hard to expect them to continue to regard us as friends.

BOUNTIES.

A LARGE meeting of soldiers, sailors, and marines was lately held in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia to urge the equalization of bounties, and a general movement will undoubtedly be made to this result which will be felt in the elections. In speaking of the estimate of the Paymaster-General that the sum necessary for this purpose would be not less than $550,000,000, we said that the question might be considered settled, because, as we supposed, the soldiers themselves, who had proved their devotion to the country, would not insist upon adding more than half a thousand million more to the national debt, however honorable their claim might be. We said that we must be just before we are generous, meaning that we must pay the debts we have honestly and distinctly contracted before we assume or create others. Of course we are not saying that the man who volunteered early and served long and honorably is less deserving than any other; but only that the terms of his service were distinctly defined, were accepted by him, and have not been repudiated by any party. And we say so much in explanation to "a reader"—a soldier who writes us forcibly from Ohio.

He is of opinion that the case, as presented by the soldiers, is not understood, and he states it as follows:

"From the day of the first call of 75,000 men up to the 6th day of August, 1861, the pay of a private soldier was $11 pay proper and $2 60 clothing allowance per month; bounty, $100. From August 6, 1861, to May 1, 1864, pay proper $13 and clothing allowance $3 50 per month. From August 6, 1861, to June 25, 1863, bounty remained at $100, to receive which a soldier must serve at least two years and be honorably discharged, or be discharged for wounds received in battle. On June 25, 1863, $400 bounty was promised and given to *Veterans;* October 24, 1863, $300 bounty was promised and given to recruits for new organizations; and on December 24, 1863, $300 bounty was promised and given to recruits for both old and new organizations. These bounties continued up to the 31st day of March, 1864, when the so-called commutation bounty ceased altogether, and only the $100, under act of July 22, 1861, was paid. This up to July 18, 1864, when, as per act of Congress of the 4th of the same month, $100 bounty for one year's service, $200 for two years' service, and $300 for three years' service was promised and paid, one-third to be paid in advance. These latter bounties continued up to the day all bounties ceased. From May 1, 1864, pay proper and clothing allowance remained respectively $16 and $3 50 per month until March 3, 1865, when clothing allowance was increased to $3 83 per month for first year's service, $5 21 for two years' service, and $7 24 for three years' service, and remains the same today.

"To illustrate more fully what we demand let us take three examples: *First*—A. B. left July 6, 1861, for three years, is discharged June 6, 1863, for disability incurred in service, in line of duty, after a service of twenty-three months; without particularizing, I will say his payments amount to $376 50. *Second*—C. D. enlists October 24, 1863, in same Company for same length of term; serves same length of time, and is discharged for same reason, after a service of twenty-three months. He receives $658 35, of which $125 is bounty. *Third*—E. F. enlists August 1, 1864, for three years, gets $100 bounty *advanced* to him. The third day after his enlistment he gets injured, and is discharged. He receives two days' pay and $100 bounty, for which the man who enlisted in 1861 has to *fight two years or get exchanged for wounds received in battle.* And C. D. gets nearly twice as much as A. B. for the same service. Now understand me, Mr. Editor, that these examples are not exceptional or impossible, but have thousands of parallels. The same rule would of course show a *greater* difference if the whole term were served. When is taken into account the large local bounty received by the late soldier, what was paid to the early soldier will bear no comparison.

"The Paymaster-General says it will take $550,000,000 to pay this demand. His calculations are based upon the assumption that enough to make up $400 Government bounty to each man is claimed. This is erroneous. The $400 was paid to veterans only, and no soldier who went into the service as a recruit claims that his arm was worth as much to the Government as that of a veteran who needed little or no instruction; $200, to which is added the $100 already received, is all that is asked. Thus, $200 being all that is required, the figures will be reduced nearly one-half. A little more than one-half will be required to make up the payments to those who have received no bounty at all—being discharged for disability before having served two years. A great many of those who have never received bounty have forfeited their right by desertion, crime, etc. This will be a still further reduction. In this connection I would ask, is not the soldier who is discharged for disability incurred in service in line of duty as much entitled to the full payment of his bounty as he who was discharged for wounds received in battle?

"I admit the difference in the condition of the Treasury now as compared with 1861, yet who does not believe the country is to-day stronger and better than then? If this money was to be taken out of the country the case would be altogether different, but it is to be paid to *our own soldiers*, and used at home.

"If Congress would recognize these claims, all, or any part, say part in land and part in a bond or money, the only reasonable argument against them I have yet heard becomes beautifully less. This course would, in addition to strengthening the tie between the old soldier and our Government—it would, I say, prove a positive benefit to the country at large, for it would result in the settlement of thousands of *good, stanch*, sound men among our fire-eaters in the South and West, and they would exert a wholesome influence in keeping certain evil-disposed persons in a correct path. Thousands of acres of the country's mineral and agricultural land would thus be developed, and would, in a comparatively short time, return to the Government every dollar thus expended by an increased tax and revenue."

LITERARY.

"The War of the Rebellion; or, Scylla and Charybdis," by HENRY S. FOOTE. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) This book disarms criticism. What can be said of the political speculations of a gentleman who thinks that MILLARD FILLMORE was a great statesman, whose election in 1856 would have spared us the civil war, and while he censures Mr. BUCHANAN for saying that he could not coerce rebels, applauds Mr. FILLMORE for saying at Albany, in 1856, when he was himself a candidate, that of course the friends of slavery would not submit to the constitutional election of FREMONT? Mr. FOOTE has been long in public life. At one time he obtained an unenviable nickname, of which he speaks frankly, explaining the circumstances, so that every reader will regret if he has ever given it currency. A colleague of JEFFERSON DAVIS in the Senate of the United States, and subsequently Governor of Mississippi, Mr. FOOTE was an earnest advocate of the Compromises of 1850. He was afterward an "American" in politics and a resident of California. Again he is a citizen of Tennessee, pleading against the election of BRECKINRIDGE in 1860, and vigorously "saving the Union" according to the gospel of Castle Garden. In 1862 he appeared in Richmond as a rebel representative from Tennessee, but if there had been no heartier rebels than he the rebellion would have died of atrophy in a month. He went to the rebel Congress to be in the way of aiding an adjustment at the first opportunity; and when all hope had fled, and he saw the Richmond authorities bent upon an insane defiance to the last, he undertook alone the task of pacification, and with romantic resolution. But the tempest was beyond the offices of sweet-oil, and he withdrew quietly to Europe. Returning after the final surrender, he has written a book which can not be read without interest and with a peculiar kindliness for the author. Evidently amiable, courteous, and gentle; a sentimentalist and a patriot, he has been brought often into intimate relations with the most eminent of our public men of the last generation, and has borne a part in important public measures. But he never suspects that morals have any possible connection with politics, and therefore he supposes that a little adroit compromising would make fire and powder the happiest union conceivable. That the Union could not endure half slave and half free seems to him a sentiment little short of blasphemous. He sees that it had so endured for eighty years, but does not perceive that during that time it was really hastening to the catastrophe. Mr. FOOTE belongs to that large school of politicians who make the mistake of those political economists who regard man merely as a machine. But man is a machine *plus* a soul; and the soul is the uncertain quantity in politics as it is in economy. Mr. FOOTE has an overpowering admiration for DANIEL WEBSTER. But the WEBSTER of Plymouth Rock in 1821, and of Niblo's Garden in 1837, and the WEBSTER of the 7th March, 1850, in Washington, are two different men. The first acknowledged, the second denied the irresistible force of moral conviction in politics. In Mr. FOOTE's opinion the war might have been avoided by some kind of compromise; and, utterly unable to understand that men should not prefer peace at any price to war, and recognizing no principle or progress in the late struggle, he adjusts himself at the end of the book, like MARIUS among the ruins, and exclaims, "Oh, my country!" and "O tempora, O mores!"

The glimpses which the author gives us of the terrorism of the rebellion, and its utter defiance and contempt of its own dogma of State rights and sovereignty, are vivid and instructive. One of its most unscrupulous despots was the SEDDON of Virginia, who figured as the most truculent Southern member of the Peace Convention of February, 1861, and was the rebel Minister of War and tool of DAVIS. We should be glad to have from Mr. FOOTE a more copious history of the social and inner aspects of the rebellion, and he half promises such a work should the present command attention. It is quite sure to do that, and to win for its author, from every sympathetic reader, the praise of a sincere, if mistaken, sense of duty.

"A Noble Life," by Miss MULOCK, also issued by the HARPERS, is one of the sweetest and saddest of stories. It is doubtless substantially a true tale: the life of a young Scotchman, the last Earl of Cairnforth. The scene is in the far north of Scotland, upon a bonny loch, shifting briefly to Edinburgh; and there runs through the whole story the tragical sadness which is the undertone of Scotch poetry and tradition. A dwarf and life-long cripple and sufferer, with the clearest perception of all the happiness of love and companionship which he can never know; thoughtful, simple, and generous, he devotes his whole life and fortune to the welfare of others, conscious always with an inexpressibly tender solemnity that the proud name of an honored and traditional line ends in him. There are one or two passages of exquisite delicacy, as when the Earl asks Helen Cardross whether her son, to whom his whole fortune is to descend, shall lose his reprobate father's name. As an invention the story would be too sad: as a biography it is of the utmost interest and beauty.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 13:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden reported a Constitutional Amendment, providing that Congress shall have the power to make all laws necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States, and to all persons of the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property.—Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, again recommended his amendment providing that there shall be no withdrawal of the franchise in any State on account of color. He thought that citizenship should be denied to rebels.

In the House, Mr. Whaley submitted resolutions supporting the Monroe doctrine, and advocating an alliance between all the American republics. Previous question being called, the House, by a vote of 13 to 95, refused to second it.—Upon the question of laying on the table a resolution for the admission of Colonel Johnson from Arkansas, the vote stood 78 to 70, about 41 Unionists voting in the negative.—The Committee on Elections reported in favor of Mr. Trowbridge for the contested Michigan seat, and against Mr. Baldwin.

February 14:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment debate was continued.

In the House, Mr. Trowbridge, of Michigan, was confirmed in his seat.

February 15:

In the Senate, there was further debate on the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, no business of importance was transacted.

February 16:

In the Senate, a bill to prevent the perversion of the mails to fraudulent and illegal purposes was referred. Debate on the Amendment continued.

In the House, the resolution to purchase 1000 copies of the Memorial Record, together with the Address of Mr. Bancroft, was adopted.

February 17:

The Senate not in session.

In the House, speeches were delivered on reconstruction by Messrs. Cook, Lawrence, and M'Cullom.

February 19:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution to disband the military forces of the lately rebellious States, and to forbid their reorganization.—There was considerable debate on the Constitutional Amendment, and upon its conclusion the President's Message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill was read. There was considerable excitement in the Senate, but it was finally determined to postpone the reconsideration of the bill till the next day.

In the House, by a vote of 102 to 36, the following resolution was adopted: "That in the language of the proclamation of the President, of May 29, 1865, the rebellion, 'which was waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the properly constituted authorities of the Government thereof in the most violent and revolting form, but whose armed and organized forces have now been almost entirely overcome,' has in the revolutionary progress deprived the people of the States in which it was organized of all civil government."—A resolution was also adopted, 117 to 29, that the President ought to maintain the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Southern States.—Also, by a vote of 134 to 8, the following resolution: "That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining military possession and control therein, and that the President is entitled to the thanks of the nation for employing the war power for the protection of the Union citizens and the freedmen in those States."

THE HEALTH BILL.

The Health Bill has now good hope of success. The Assembly and the Senate having each passed a bill of its own, one of them (the Senate) specifying the Commissioners to be appointed, and the other leaving the appointments to the Governor, a Committee of Conference has been appointed, and the differences have been settled. The bill reported by the Committee takes in the four Police Commissioners, the Health Officer of the port, and four members (three to be physicians) to be named by the Governor. So it appears that, instead of a complete commission to be made by the Governor, the majority (four Police Commissioners and the Health Officer) are, after all, made by the bill, leaving only the minority to be appointed. This bill the Senate has passed, 23 to 22.

SUPPRESSION OF THE RICHMOND "EXAMINER."

The Richmond *Examiner* was suppressed by General Terry February 14. The cause of this act is the conduct of the Journal in attempting to perpetuate ill-feeling between the late rebels and loyal people. Mr. Pollard, the editor, came to Washington to get the order revoked. General Grant replied thus:

"The course of the *Examiner* in every number which I have seen has been such as to foster and increase the ill-feeling toward the Government of the United States by the discontented portion of the Southern people. I believe it to be for the best interests of the whole people, North and South, to suppress such utterances wherever the power exists to do so. The power certainly does exist when martial law prevails, and will be exercised. Reluctant as I was to pursue this course, I have felt it my duty to pursue it in this instance; and as much as I dislike to interfere with the interests of individuals, I would deem it improper and mischievous in tendency to revoke the order for the suppression of the Richmond *Examiner* at this time."

Mr. Pollard then went to the President, and upon his pledge that he would hereafter sustain the Government and the Union, was allowed to resume the publication of his journal.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Union State Convention of Connecticut on the 14th of February nominated General J. R. Hawley for Governor.

Fifteen miles below Franklin, in Western Pennsylvania, an oil well was accidentally set on fire a few days since, the flame at first being small, but defying all attempts to extinguish it. It soon increased in volume, and at last accounts presented a most wonderful appearance, shooting up from sixty to a hundred feet, and lighting the country for many miles. The ground had become heated for several hundred feet, starting vegetation into the greenness of spring. The light is seen at Franklin and points much further distant.

It appears by the records in the Treasury Department that the revenue received from the lately rebellious States from April, 1865, to the first day of February, amounts to nearly $29,000,000, principally derived from abandoned lands and internal revenue. Louisiana has paid over $8,000,000 of this, while from Virginia less than $1,000,000 has been received.

It is estimated that the entire income of the National Treasury for the fiscal year ending 1866 will be equivalent to about $572,000,000; the internal revenue amounting to $224,000,000, and the customs revenue (on the currency basis) to $247,500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

THE diplomatic correspondence between Druyn de Lhuys and Count Moutholon is somewhat more explicit than the Emperor's late speech. The Emperor stated that the French troops would be withdrawn as soon as the interests had been established which France had to defend in Mexico. But in answer to the question, What interests are included among those which France feels bound to defend? there is nothing satisfactory in the imperial manifesto. Druyn de Lhuys is more particular. His instructions to Moutholon in his letters of December 26, and January 9 and 25, when summed up, amount to this: Our Mexican expedition had for its purpose the satisfaction of certain claims held by French citizens, and not the establishment of any particular form of government rather than another. We found that our interests could not be permanently secured unless a stable government were established. We found a strong sentiment in favor of a monarchy and supported that sentiment. We submitted the entire question of government to Mexican citizens, and Maximilian was sustained by a majority. Our only purpose in regard to the Government of Mexico was to help it to become secure and independent. We have no responsibility for Maximilian's acts; we have no exclusive interest in his government. We shall withdraw our army as soon as we can do so, and satisfy our interests and our dignity.—Such is the position of France toward Mexico. The Emperor is pledged by treaty to keep in Mexico 25,000 French soldiers, and that these shall be gradually withdrawn only in the ratio of Maximilian's ability to organize native troops to replace them. Even after the withdrawal of the 25,000 French soldiers the foreign legion, according to precise stipulation between the Emperor and Maximilian, is to remain in Mexico for six years longer.

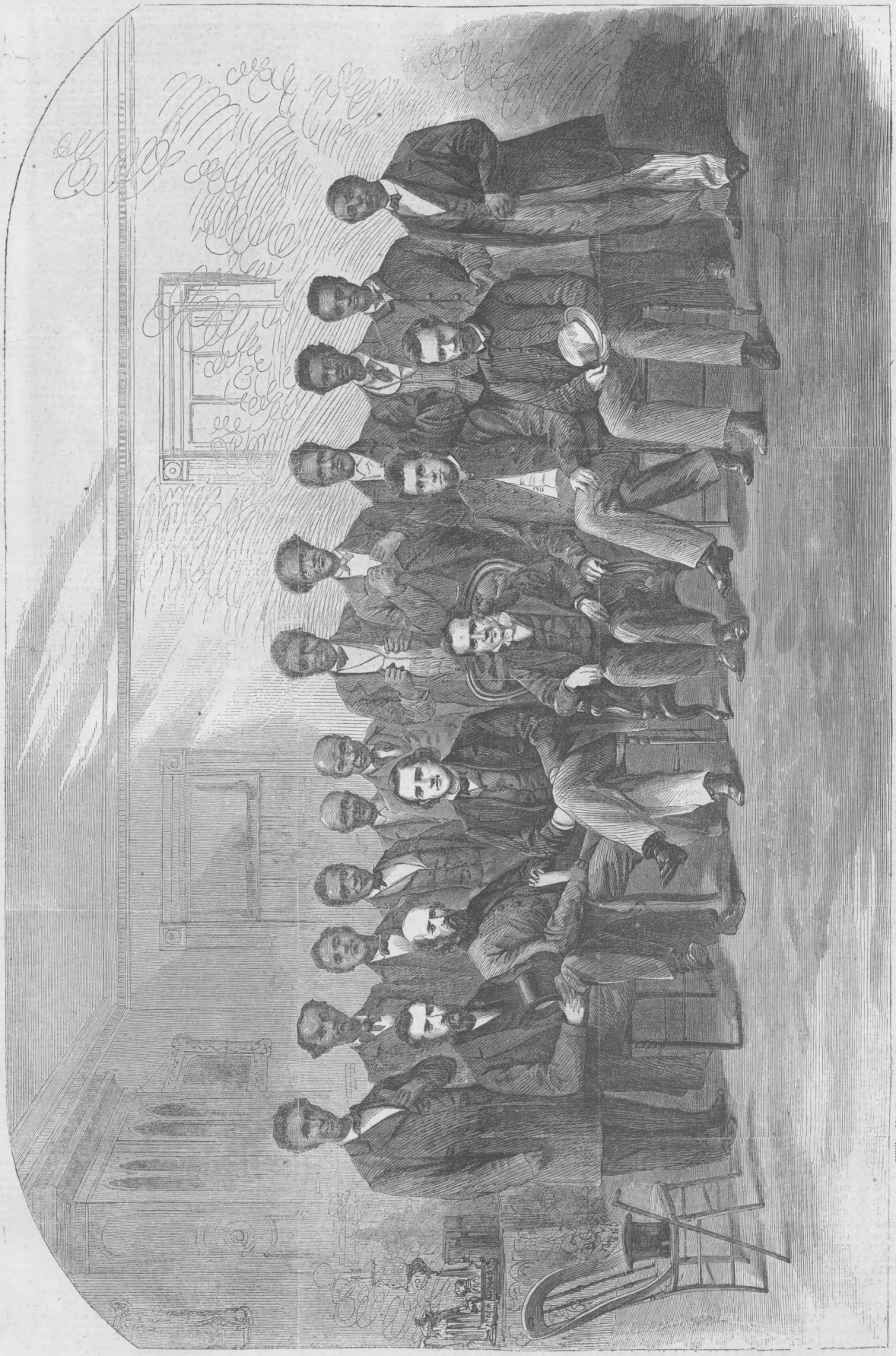
It is said that the proposed address of the French Senate in reply to the Emperor's speech repudiates the idea that the French troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico under American menaces.

Advices from the city of Mexico report important successes of the Imperial forces. The Liberal Generals Munoz and Alatorre have surrendered the city of Papantla, which is about 150 miles northwest of Vera Cruz. The Liberals have also been driven out of Michoacan. At Mazatlan and Sinaloa the Liberals were so strongly posted among the mountain fortresses as to resist all the attempts of the French to drive them out.

Queen Victoria opened Parliament on 6th February. The speech expresses satisfaction at the successful termination of the American war and the abolition of slavery, and says that the correspondence relative to the rebel cruisers will be laid before Parliament.

The cattle-plague returns for the week ending January 27 show the number attacked to be nearly 12,000, against 10,000 the previous week.

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William Murrill, J. M. Bryant, Emperor Williams, S. M. Small, Henry Green, J. Goodwyn, Hardy Byrn, A. Ross, Scott Giblin, David Lintz, Samuel Osborne, Thomas Kennedy.
R. H. Disney, J. P. Newman, Bishop Thomson, N. L. Brakeman, W. M. Henry,
H. G. Jackson.

THE MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE MIGHTY CONFLAGRATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE current of events presses more and more powerfully upon us as we near the roaring, foaming vortex of Secession. Let us resist it for a moment longer; for even in the waters, comparatively calm and smooth, just outside that vortex, there is a quickening and a current toward that fatal circle, and toward that circle's fatal centre, and all its disastrous result among the black rocks and the surging waters.

Months, and even years, had passed over the young minister at his work there in Somerville. His charge has increased wonderfully from the little seed of its organization. It is no longer an experiment, but a regularly established church and congregation, having a strong family likeness to churches of the same denomination the land over. The old Major gazing down upon his family had heard Know Nothingism wondered over as the last new thing under the sun. He had heard his daughter Alice say one night to the young minister, lifting her eyes from her slate after having satisfactorily reached the Q.E.D. of her proposition—she was getting fast toward the end of her schooling now—"Mr. Arthur, what is Know Nothingism?"

"I know nothing about it, Miss Alice."

"Oh pshaw!" Miss Alice has said; and is engaged in making a rapid but not flattering sketch upon her slate of her music-master as he appears at the piano.

"What an expression, Alice!" says Mrs. Bowles, looking up from her sewing. Her eyes are not as strong as they might be, as they were years ago when the Major overhead first surrendered to them; but Rutledge Bowles must have his shirts. Rutledge Bowles has left college now—not graduated exactly, but left it. More than once had he consented to waive the past and return to Columbia from Charleston, in the earnest hope that the College Faculty had come to their senses. The last time, however, it was too much, really too much—their course—for him to endure. In company with the other students he again withdrew as to *Mons Sacer;* but this time he could descend no more—could not even entertain such a proposition.

In fact there is, just now, no college at Columbia to descend to. For the time, Student-Secession has killed it. Rutledge Bowles is now in the law office, at Charleston, of one of his father's old friends. That is, he is occasionally in it. What with cigars and wine-parties, games at billiards and the like, he really has but little leisure for the office. Besides, politics must be attended to. Being in Charleston, the *Mercury* and the *Courier* must be read, at least glanced over, after breakfast, and an hour or two spent in discussing with the nearest friend the last points of the case. As Rutledge Bowles retires rather late of a night, and rises rather late of a morning, when he has done with the papers and the conversation thereupon after breakfast, it is altogether useless to go to the office that day at least.

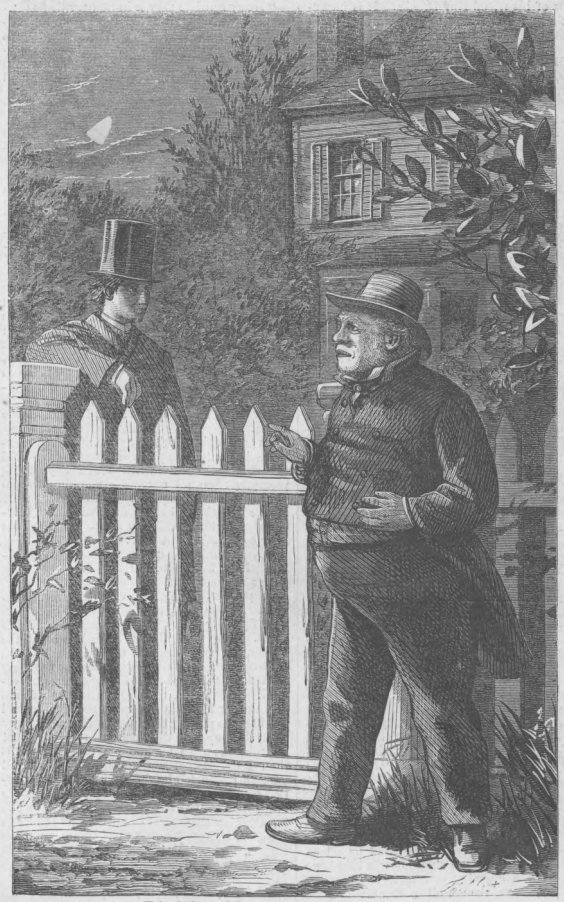
Not that he has no purpose in life. Rutledge Bowles has plenty of talent, undisciplined as it is, and superabundance of fire to warm it. He has a purpose before him in life—a purpose to which he would gladly give all his energies. If he could only get to stand upon the floor in Congress, make one good, full speech containing all he would like to say against the North; see the Abolition Members writhe in their seats beneath it, and then have it printed and circulated over South Carolina and the rest of the South, a copy carefully mailed to his mother, he could be content to die, naturally or in any duel which might turn up. Rutledge Bowles has his ideal of human glory, too. Let him have justice done him. Congressman Brooks is the idol of the hour in his latitude—but not with him.



A NIGHT ON THE PORCH.

"No, gentlemen," he has said in his knot of friends, "you must permit me to differ from you. I perfectly agree in all you say or can say about that most contemptible fellow, Sumner. But Brooks was wrong to cane him. With all respect for Brooks, the club is not the weapon of a gentleman. Under no circumstances is cudgeling a gentlemanly deed. My idea is simply this: Calhoun would not have done it! If the fellow was a gentleman, call him out. If he is not a gentleman, be unaware of his existence."

But his friends can not agree with him for an instant. He does not know it; but it is the old Major, his grand old father, speaks out in him. And it is amazing in Rutledge Bowles. Not only the young approve the cudgeling; even white-headed men, members of the church, officers of churches, even venerable pastors, think, "under all the circumstances," that Brooks was right. They regret he was compelled to do such a thing in just such a place; but, as it was, he was right, Christ and all his apostles to the contrary notwithstanding. No; Calhoun is Rutledge Bowles's ideal of earthly glory. Not exactly Calhoun the hard student in his youth; nor Calhoun the cold dialectician; nor Calhoun the spotless husband and father; nor Calhoun the irreproachable gentleman only—but Calhoun the scourge of the North. More than once has Rutledge Bowles, strolling along the street there in Charleston, thrown down his freshly-lighted cigar at the door of the public edifice wherein it is enshrined, and gone in yet once more to have another good look at Powers's statue of the old Roman. And Calhoun is an awful presence, standing there in a marble coldness which harmonizes with his character. Only lava cold from Vesuvius could have been better and more significant material. There he stands, his outstretched arm shattered to the shoulder by raging waters and foundering ship. Did Rutledge Bowles read no omen in this of another tempest, another foundering bark, shattering in the future more than that?



THE WARNING.

"I am astonished at you, Alice," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mr. Arthur tells you he knows nothing of the matter about which you ask him, and you say, Oh pshaw!"

"Yes; but, ma, the girls all say that is just what all their brothers and fathers say when they ask them—and they members of the Order all the time. That is the way it came by its queer name," said Alice, giving unnecessary length on her slate to the fingers of her music-master's widely-extended arms.

"You are right, Miss Alice," the minister replies. "But I am in earnest. And, what is more, I never intend to know any thing more of this new party than I do now."

He was in earnest when he said it; yet we saw how he afterward fell from this his high estate. And it is almost a positive satisfaction to know that he did err herein. The weaknesses of these ministers are so often internal and undiscovered by the world around, that this error of the Rev. Edward Arthur will help the reader to believe the assurances of the writer of these pages that he was by no means an angel. On the contrary, a man, and a very imperfect one at that.

Yes; Know Nothingism had come and had gone, accomplishing its specific something for God in the land, certainly in this individual. It had been entombed beneath editorials, pamphlets, speeches, as beneath autumnal leaves which had once been so fresh and flourishing. People had subsided somewhat into merely youths and maidens, husbands and mothers, when suddenly they are brought back to their condition of citizens with a shock. Lo another excitement begins, literally, to redden the horizon!

It had amazed Mr. Neely very much—Mr. Neely was from New Hampshire, and taught school in Somerville—when he first arrived in the South, not to find the negroes working in irons all day and carefully locked up all night. Why they were not in a condition of incessant and universal insurrection had been a puzzle to him, and multitudes with him there, before he left the North. Mr. Neely had often read items in the papers before he left the North, and he met with them in the papers of the South after settling in Somerville, to the effect that the blacks in such a county and in such a State had been discovered to be in a conspiracy to rise on a certain fixed day, murder all the whites, plunder and burn all the houses, and—who knows or had any idea of what they *would* do next? It was a thing in which Mr. Neely took the liveliest, deepest, most nervous interest; yet, for the life of him, he could never get the exact facts of any such case. Every few months he would read of some such conspiracy being discovered, now in this county, now in that, in the State in which he had settled. Oftener still he would hear accounts, to the same effect, of which the papers made no mention. It was always the same story—a conspiracy existing, embracing it was not known how many negroes; a discovery thereof just before the day it was to break out; certain white men mysteriously involved therein; a dozen or two of the negroes hung in company with one or more white men.

Always exaggerated, the facts were in some cases substantially so. Yet Mr. Neely could not understand the matter for his soul. Who were the white men? What was their motive in exciting the negroes to insurrection? Was it hope of plunder? Was it revenge of private grudge against certain owners? Or was it nothing other than desperate fanaticism? There must be

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some powerful motive to induce any one to undertake such terrible risk. What was the motive? The detected conspiracy was always followed by confession on the part of some one or more of the parties involved. What was the confession? Among so many discovered conspiracies, taking place during so many years, why was no more understanding arrived at of the germ, and process, and end aimed at? The fact and philosophy of the thing—that is what the inquiring mind of Mr. Neely wished to get at. But Mr. Neely never found any body who could cast the least light upon the subject.

Nor would he if he had sought for information throughout the entire South. When such things take place people in the immediate neighborhood thereof are terribly excited; rigid investigations are made; negroes and others are hung; but at last the whole matter remains as much as ever a puzzle and a mystery. A regular organization of white men to excite the negroes to insurrection, with agents abroad? or each case a private, isolated, spontaneous matter? The people of the South know no more on the subject than did Mr. Neely, or than the North from which Mr. Neely came.

So that when, one mid-summer morning, Mrs. Bowles asked her guest, at breakfast, "Mr. Arthur, what *do* you think of these dreadful burnings we hear so much about?" Mr. Arthur could only reply, "The accounts are greatly exaggerated, madam, I feel confident; beyond that I really do not know what to say or to think."

"We were speaking of the subject last night at Mr. Ellis's house," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mrs. Ellis told me about it before Mr. Ellis came in from his store, and he confirmed all she had said. Stables, mills, private houses have been burned in great numbers; all in different neighborhoods, but all about the same time. In every neighborhood, too, negroes have been arrested and hung. Mr. Ferguson happened to be in to supper. I believe it is the only place in Somerville at which he visits; and he says it is amazing sensible people should be such fools. He does not deny the many simultaneous fires, but accounts for them by the great heat of the summer, which has turned every thing to tinder. Under such circumstances, when the least spark will produce a conflagration, his only wonder is that there are not more fires. We all know Mr. Ferguson, however," Mrs. Bowles adds, with a smile.

"But how does he account for the torpedoes and matches which are said to have been discovered among the negroes—the arms and powder also?"

"Oh! you know Mr. Ferguson. All stuff and nonsense, he says."

"If you will permit me, here is General Lamum's view of the matter," said Mr. Arthur, unfolding a damp paper—the Somerville *Star*.

"We all know Lamum is a bad, unprincipled man; but, Yankee as he is, nobody doubts him to be a genuine Southern man, as far, at least, as he *can* be, poor man!" said Mrs. Bowles. "Please read what he says."

"'We have long looked for it,' read Mr. Arthur—'have even wondered why the work was not begun before. It is fairly inaugurated, however, at last! True to their infernal principles, faithful, as madmen ever are, to their diabolical threats, the Abolitionists have entered upon their work of fire, and blood, and plunder at last! From innumerable parts of the South and of our own State we hear of awful conflagrations and of detected conspiracies among the blacks. That the whole North is entered upon a crusade against slavery we have no more doubt than we have of the shining of the sun. Advices from Texas are to the effect that over the whole of that State conspiracy reigns triumphant. From sources which place the information beyond all doubt we know that there exists a powerful organization, secret, and amply supplied with men and money, sworn to the work. This secret Order has its peddlers, map and book agents, furniture-varnishers, school-teachers, preachers, and the like, traveling over the entire South. To-day are these infernal emissaries among us, in intimate intercourse with the negroes, poisoning their minds, supplying them with torpedoes, strychnine, and arms, preparing them for what is to come. The signal has already been given. Any night we may wake to fire and carnage unprecedented in the annals of the world. Our homes, our wives—'" But here Mr. Arthur stopped. There was much more to the same effect.

"You need not fear my nerves, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, with a smile. "I have heard and read things to the same effect in South Carolina ever since I can remember. I am used to it."

"It reminds me," said Alice, after a pause, "of what you read to us, Mr. Arthur, in Carlyle's 'French Revolution' the other night. You remember the negro alluded to therein standing before the magistrate in St. Domingo, with black seed in his palm covered with a few white seed. He shook his hand: the white seed had disappeared, only the black seed seemed left! And after that came the awful convulsions there!"

Mr. Arthur ate his breakfast in silence, the negro servant, a smart mulatto boy, waiting assiduously on the table, and hearing all that was said. That was never thought of by any one there. Talk about excluding Abolition emissaries from the South! No public speaker for years past has ever mounted the stump in any part of the South but he has had negroes by scores among his audience: negroes with white children in their arms; negroes attending to the horses; negroes bringing water; negroes loitering around from curiosity. And when, for years past, has any stump speaker failed in his speech to dwell upon Abolition, conveying to his negro hearers, and through them to every black in the South, all the information any human being could convey to them on the subject? It had struck the young minister as a little odd, hearing, on a grand barbecue occasion, Colonel Ret Roberts deprecating from the stump this very thing, when, all the time he was speaking, half a dozen of the brightest mulattoes in the county stood in eager attention within almost arm's-length of him. Save beings to do the work, needing in consequence just so much food, clothing, and the like, the house-flies were little less heeded, save in parentheses of excitement about insurrection.

"For my part," said Alice, motioning Charles, the waiter, to hand her the sirup—she was school-girl enough yet for that—"I wish you had never read me that horrid book, Mr. Arthur. All that description of the peasantry of France in the first part, and how they rose afterward!"

"It was no selection of mine, Miss Alice—" began the guest.

"Oh! I know that, Mr. Arthur; but I do wish, with all my heart, all the negroes were in the Red Sea!" And none but a school-girl could have made such an irrelevant remark, with such singular emphasis too.

"One thing I hardly need say," observed the minister, as they lingered still around the table, "I am not a blood-thirsty character, I believe, and I abhor Lynch-law; but if there *be* agents among us inciting our servants to insurrection, they are guilty of the most terrible of crimes against us, and against the negroes themselves. They can not be watched against too carefully, nor dealt with, when detected, too severely."

"Yes; but what I hate," broke in the impulsive Alice, "is, that we should be in a condition requiring us to be afraid of any body, requiring us to be keeping up a watch all the time. I am a genuine Southern girl," continued she, erect as an Indian, with glowing cheek and sparkling eye, "and I can't bear to think the South should have to be always in a panic about Yankees, and emissaries, and conspiracies. They want us even to be looking around to see if any of the negroes are near before we speak; watching lest they be peeping through keyholes and listening behind doors; whispering and talking low, and using all sorts of devices to hide our meaning. It's a cowardly condition to be in!"

"You foolish girl!" said her mother, smiling at her energy of manner. "Don't parents have things they never speak of freely until their children are sent out of the room? Do we say all we think before our acquaintances even, and friends? What a child you are!"

But, like a willful child, the young beauty only arched her brows and shook her head.

"I only know pa always taught me, and you have always taught me, and all I have read has taught me to admire England; and I'm sure there's nothing of the sort—the continual trembling and apprehending I mean—there; is there, Mr. Arthur?"

"There is in Austria and in Italy," replied that gentleman. "I have read about the Chartists of England, and the Irish, the French, too, over the Channel; but to what degree they are feared I really can not say. But I must go to my books."

As the weeks rolled by matters became more and more alarming. Every number of the Somerville *Star* was taken up with accounts of new burnings, new conspiracies, additional hangings. Several fires had taken place in the vicinity of Somerville. One day Somerville was thrown into the intensest excitement—a carpenter's shop was suddenly discovered to be in flames. Not a man of the many speedily on the ground but had his revolver girt beneath his coat. It was discovered, however, to be the work of poor Jack Sampson's children, the unfortunate carpenter himself. Like other unfortunates in this world, Jack had altogether too many children, and every one of all he had was perpetually in mischief and in trouble of some sort or other—a broken leg, or a chopped foot, or a blued eye, or a bad burn, or a "Deary me! somethin' goin' wrong all the time with them children; it breaks my back to nurse 'em, and breaks my heart to raise 'em!" was poor, slouchy, sallow, worked-to-death Mrs. Sampson's continual expression of the matter.

"Just as I knew!" said Mr. Ferguson. "And if every one of these fires could but be thoroughly investigated it would be found to be the same case in all. Incendiaries? Stuff and nonsense! Look at Sampson's shop; those piles of shavings baking under this hot, dry summer for months; the wonder is they have not caught fire long ago. All those fires in stables, too; any man in his senses must see that the heaps of straw and litter about such places are tinder during such a season as this."

Another fire in Somerville! A dwelling-house this time, and by a negro boy of some ten years old. He was seen to fire the building in broad day! In fact, he never denied the thing. The town authorities had prohibited the usual services for the blacks on Sunday afternoon at the churches; and the boy avowed that he did the deed partly because they had stopped his going to church, but chiefly on account of the overweight of the white babe he was required to nurse.

"I heern tell of de black folks burnin' houses all de time, dat's what made me fust tink of it," was his candid explanation to Mayor and Council. "Nobody put me up to it," he persisted. "Mass George he say sha'n't go to church, an' dat baby weigh five hundred pound!"

Now what to do with this negro boy? that was the question. For four weeks Scip lay in the jail; that was all. Longer than that his owner could not do without him. Hired to somebody else, bearing a lighter infant, he sinned no more. But for months he considered himself rather a hero than otherwise. More than once, as he drifted about Somerville on warm Sunday afternoons with his charge, in answer to the question, "Whose baby is that boy?" "Mass Bolling, what lives down by de steam-mill, an' I is de boy what burned down de house by de gully," was his prompt reply.

Another fire! This time it originated in a grocery. By this time Mr. Withers had fallen from being only a drinker of whisky to the lower degradation of being a seller thereof; and "All I know about it is this, gentlemen. Late one night I fell asleep against the counter, by George! There *were* a good many newspapers, I know, lying on it. Was a candle any where near? Of course there was! Do you think I was sitting, by George! in the dark? I don't pretend to say how my place caught afire," continued Mr. Withers; "but one thing I do know, Jem Budd's gun-shop is next door—*was*, by George!—to my place, and we can easily guess why any incendiary would want that burned down. The other thing I know is, that I am regularly cleaned out this time—nary red! Not able to get even my daily liquor except on tick!"

Another fire! A cotton-gin this time, a few miles out of Somerville. The excitement was becoming fearful. Could Lamum's explanation be the true one? Was the country really filled with incendiaries? It certainly looked like it. Mr. Arthur found no satisfaction in Mr. Ferguson's theory. Dry and hot as the summer was, there were altogether too many fires. To do Mr. Ferguson justice, with every new conflagration he became more positive upon the subject, fractious even. It had become one of his storm reefs, which his pastor had learned to avoid.

Another increase of excitement! Mr. Isaac Smith, the painter, had been out of his shop all day painting at Colonel Ret Roberts's new office. He did not return to it until bedtime—Mr. Smith was a bachelor, and slept in his shop. After entering it, and while groping about in the dark for his candle and matches, he was astonished to observe flashes of light under his feet. On lighting his candle he found scattered over the floor white grains little larger than the head of a pin, which burst into flame on being trodden upon or rubbed in the hand. Not that Mr. Arthur himself got to see any of these torpedoes, but the story was told him by a dozen lips.

By this time the panic was fairly under way. Even Mrs. Warner disappeared, so to speak, in the universal excitement. Lying Sam Peters, lingering about street-corners, found himself singularly tame and uninteresting where every body was talking. Every fresh number of the Somerville *Star* was filled with the topic, to the exclusion of every thing else; conspiracies detected, men hung, the whole North engaged systematically in the work of Southern destruction. The paper was frenzied in its descriptions, assertions, invectives; and it was but one of hundreds of sheets employed, few with equal, none with greater ability, to the same end.

"What *do* you think about it?" asked Mr. Arthur of his friend Guy Brooks. It is impossible for any human being to live for any length of time amidst universal and intense excitement and not be affected thereby. Physically, mind, as well as mentally, the human magnetism, electricity, sympathy, whatever you may choose to call it, which binds men together, insures that.

"I have my own deliberate opinion on the subject," replied the lawyer. "But we won't bring it up just now. Let us keep cool, and wait a little. The temperament of Somerville just now is too much that of Sam Peters; the whole place talks too much like Mrs. Warner to believe all we hear. No man likes Dr. Warner more than I do," said the lawyer, apologetically; "but Mrs. Warner is really, really—ah, well, we all know Mrs. Warner!"

"But, Mr. Brooks," persisted Mr. Arthur, "I would like to know what you do think upon the subject. It certainly is a mysterious matter, one affecting us very—"

"It certainly is," interrupted his friend, gravely. "But we won't venture an opinion just now. My case is not quite made up, as we knaves at the bar say. Wait. I certainly have my fearful opinion on the subject. But it is really too bad to utter. I may be mistaken. God grant I am! If I'm wrong I'm glad of it. If I'm right time will show." And that was all the generally frank lawyer could be induced to say.

It was the next Sunday night after this conversation that Mrs. Bowles was aroused by a tapping on her chamber window.

"Don't be alarmed, Madam; it is me—Mr. Arthur," said that gentleman, in answer to her hurried exclamation. "Please get up and dress yourself—Miss Alice, too—and don't be alarmed; I trust there is no occasion to be. I will be out upon the front porch."

There Mrs. Bowles and Alice found him when they had hurried on their dresses. But no need to ask him why they had been aroused. Even before they left their bedroom the ruddy glare upon the walls told them of another fire. As they stood upon the front porch the whole conflagration was distinctly visible, turning night into day, and throwing the shadows of fence and trees darkly upon the ground. Full in view from the eminence on which it stood, the Somerville Factory was one vast blaze from the ground, and with flames which towered high above the lofty roof. A six-story edifice, recently completed, thoroughly furnished, and owned by a Northern Company, the establishment, a good deal sneered at as "that Yankee concern," was none the less the boast and pride of the place.

For a time not a word was spoken as they stood gazing upon the sublime spectacle, listening to the hiss and roar of the steam from the heated boilers. It was remembered by all of them afterward that no shouting was heard, no one was seen hurrying past their house to the scene. In fact, though all in Somerville knew of the fire, few besides those immediately connected with the mill were there.

"You need not remain with us," said Mrs. Bowles, at last. "Perhaps you would like to assist at the fire. The Major always hurried to them when we lived in Charleston; he liked the excitement. If Rutledge Bowles was here he would not even have stopped to awaken us."

"I have no desire to go, I thank you," said Mr. Arthur, quietly; and Alice noticed now that her brother's double-barrel shot-gun, rusty from long disuse, was leaned in a corner of the porch behind him. Beneath his hastily-buttoned coat, too, she saw the butt of a revolver gleaming in the light of the conflagration. And not a man or boy in Somerville that night but remained at home armed to the teeth. It is strange the new and singular emotion which stirred in the bosom of this young and impulsive girl as she stood beside Edward Arthur that night, aware, she hardly knew how, of his pale face and set lips and fixed resolve. Not that he said any thing. Mrs. Bowles engrossed the conversation with reminiscences of South Carolina, and the magnificent scale on which that State indulged itself in its conflagrations.

Like all the other school girls, Alice had made abundant fun of the young preacher among her companions, the truth being that reverence was a trait as yet undeveloped in her character. Her novel emotions are easily accounted for. You have often observed that when you are suddenly awakened at midnight from a sound sleep by music there is a freshness of feeling about you which makes the music far sweeter to you than the very same strains heard on any other occasion; and it was out of a very sound sleep that Alice had just awakened. It might be incidentally remarked that these young people had been closely associated now for some time, not only as dwellers under the same roof. It is amazing how much of history and poetry they had read together; how much, in consequence of that, they had conversed, thought, and felt together—all in a natural, imperceptible way—from week to week. We will say nothing about any impression which may possibly have been made upon her by Mr. Arthur's purity of character and refined breeding, and, above all, his enthusiasm in his profession. You may not have thought of it before, but an honest enthusiasm in any good cause is one of the most beautifying things in this world: it imparts a light to the lip and to the eye, an uplift to the whole person! A quiet, unfathomable enthusiasm is the light and bliss, the element of heaven.

Not a more unpopular man existed than was Mr. Ferguson the next day, when, true to his native heather, he was as Scotch in his belief of the accidental nature of the fire as ever. There is nothing people in a panic hate more than the man who coldly refuses to go with them therein; there is an affected superiority to every body else, a self-assertion in such a course which is positively insolent.

"Every sensible person in Somerville has expected the burning of that factory from the outset of the summer," said Mr. Ferguson. "It was one pile of tinder from top to bottom: cotton, wool lying all about, and a raging furnace in the centre of it. Incendiary? Stuff and nonsense!"

Not an adherent did Mr. Ferguson have to his theory. He only held to it with the zeal of thousands concentrated in himself. Besides, he had entered upon a new collection. It had occurred to him during the last few days to collect and preserve all things in his reach which had so far been published upon the subject of the burnings and conspiracies. "A rare treat it will be to read them after the delusion is over," he said to himself; and he entered with an enthusiasm upon the subject which he had not experienced even in making up his treasure of documents relating to Infant Baptism.

But the excitement in Somerville, as well as throughout the whole region, who can describe! Nothing else was thought or talked of. Arms of all sorts were cleaned, loaded, and laid in readiness. Hardly a lady in Somerville but took lessons, with a hundred "Oh my's!" and "Oh, I am so afraid!" in the art of using the rifle and the revolver. You could not walk past a door-yard without hearing the crack! crack! of pistol practice on the part of the inmates of the house.

As to the blacks, the Sunday afternoon service had been long stopped. Now patrols scoured the streets from dark till broad day, firing promptly upon all negroes attempting to run when ordered to stop. By an arrangement of Mayor and Council the room and trunk of every negro in Somerville was searched at the same hour by a large committee.

"And nothing found—not a thing!" said red-headed Mr. Ferguson, in triumph.

But at least some few arms, boxes of caps, even powder, *was* found, was the general rumor. In one case, at least, several glass bottles of powder were certainly found in a negro's cabin. Very promptly was he had up before the Mayor, but as he seemed more amazed at the discovery than any one else, he was as promptly released. "I need not say, gentlemen," remarked pursy Dr. Ginnis, the owner of said boy, during his examination, "that if Jim had any hand in putting that powder there, you may string him up, and welcome. But my boy Jim! I'd take my oath he knows no more about it than I do. Why, gentlemen, Jim was raised with me! Nursed by the same mammy; wrestled together a thousand times. He thinks more of me than if I was his own brother." And while Dr. Ginnis waxed short of breath, and redder in the face, and puffier even than before upon the subject, Jim stood beside him open-mouth'd, thoroughly bewildered, undeniably innocent. It was singular the lack of definite, decisive, undoubted proof upon any one point in the whole mysterious matter.

"I am more and more convinced," Guy

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Brooks had said more than once, or even twice, to his friend, Mr. Arthur. "But I may be mistaken. Wait. Let time show." But of what he was convinced he altogether refused to state.

"It really seems to me as if this excitement were deranging the whole of us," said Mr. Arthur one evening to Mrs. Bowles, about a week after the destruction of the factory, as they sat out upon the porch in front of the house enjoying the moonlight. For several nights now he had slept upon a pallet in the hall of the house, dressed, two loaded revolvers within easy reach of his hand. Mrs. Bowles said nothing to him about it, but she saw to it that every table-knife in the place was under lock and key before she lay down at night, counted and safe; the silver-mounted carving-knife, wherewith the Major had carved at his hospitable table many a joint and turkey, rested safe under her pillow. And her guest never spoke to her on the subject; yet, before lying down, he never failed to take the axe from the woodpile and secrete it, restoring it to its place before dawn next day. And he could not but confess to an almost sheepish, if not mean, feeling as he did it—a sense of being ashamed of himself, he knew not why.

And now, as they sit upon the porch, they hear a rapid foot along the street. Every ear had grown painfully attentive, every eye keenly alert lately. The person stops at the front gate, shields himself in the moonlight behind one of the gate-posts, and begs Mr. Arthur to step there a moment. Mr. Arthur does so, and finds an Alderman of Somerville there. The Alderman is fat as becomes an alderman, although turtle soup smokes not within half a thousand miles of Somerville, and is panting from his rapid walk.

"We have learned, Mr. Arthur," he says, as well as he can—"learned but an hour or so ago that the negroes have arranged to rise, and that to-night is the time appointed for it."

"But, Dr Ginnis, is there any foundation," begins Mr. Arthur.

"Can't tell; fear so; in fact, we feel almost certain upon the subject. But I have no time to stop," said Dr. Ginnis, in the same low, hurried tones. "We are alarming every family in Somerville, and glad we knew of it in time to do so." And the Alderman has hastened on to apprise other families of the impending insurrection, with that keen gratification in having news of moment to impart which the heart *will* feel, though the news be the death of one's own father.

That night Somerville sat up.

With the single exception of Mr. Ferguson. Leaving every window of his house open and every door unlocked, the Scotchman made a point of going to bed earlier than usual, and of sleeping particularly sound, in open defiance of the panic of the hour.

If Dr. Warner could only have been induced to do so, he could have deponed under oath that, from supper time till breakfast next morning, Mrs. Warner never ceased speaking; the impression produced on the Doctor's mind thereby being that, in some inexplicable but undoubted way, he, Dr. Warner, was to blame for the whole thing. It was also currently reported afterward that Mr. Neely, the schoolmaster, had abandoned his own bachelor home, after locking in his negro woman with her children, and nailing down all the windows, and had taken refuge, armed to the teeth, and making ten thousand inquiries as to the contemplated rising, when it was to begin, and how it was to be met, in the centre of a crowd of watchers at the hotel. "White in the gills, by George; actually frightened out of his wits!" was Bob Withers's statement on the subject afterward. However, it was morally impossible for Bob Withers to speak of a Northern born man save in scorn and contempt.

As the young minister returned to the house from receiving Dr. Ginnis's information, perplexed for a moment what course to pursue, he finally concluded that here, as in every thing else, the frankest course is the best.

"I do not think there is any ground for apprehension," he said to his companions; "but then I can not be positively certain, not knowing upon what the Mayor and Corporation rest their belief."

"But have they adopted no plan in case there is a rising? Suppose the negroes do attempt it, what are the men going to do? Will the negroes move in one body, or will they rise separately, the blacks on each place attacking their own people? When are they to begin? What are you going to do, Mr. Arthur? Oh, if Rutledge Bowles was only at home!" And Mrs. Bowles showered question upon question on the head of her guest. Not at all hysterical either. The least frightened persons that night in Somerville were the females. Bless their inexplicable natures, they shriek at a spider, but look a lion undaunted in the face!

It was little their defender had to say; but after the servant boy Charles and his wife were gone to their room to bed, he quietly locked them in to begin with. Next he laid the double-barreled shot-gun within easy reach in the hall, and plenty of ammunition on the chair beside it. As to his revolvers, they were girded on as a matter of course and of custom. But while he made every possible preparation for any event, he treated the whole as a needless alarm—a good joke, in fact, to be laughed over hereafter.

It was strange, but Mrs. Bowles seemed rather to enjoy the excitement than otherwise, recounting innumerable like alarms passed through in South Carolina, especially one, in which the Major patrolled the streets by night for two weeks at a time. So excited was she that she refused to go to bed at all; and it was after midnight before she at last fell asleep, with South Carolina on her lips, in her easy-chair, seated with them on the front porch. Softly adjusting a pillow beneath her mother's head and a shawl around her shoulders, Alice again seated herself on the step of the porch, leaning herself against the column.

Mrs. Bowles's house—Rutledge Bowles's property she preferred calling it—stood by itself on the outskirts of Somerville, no other house within several hundred yards. The moop had now gone down; only the clear bright stars illumined the serene summer night. Seated in a chair above her on the porch, somewhat in the shadow of the vines which overhung it, her companion abandoned himself in silence to her loveliness as she sat, her face and eyes turned up toward the shining stars. Ah, that feeling of love, first love, love unuttered as yet even to the object thereof, why should I describe what we all know so well? It is the purest, sweetest emotion felt beneath those stars. He felt unwilling to break the silence by a word, while he blessed the fat Alderman for his news, forgetting for the time the nature of the news altogether.

It seemed suddenly to occur to his companion that the situation was becoming an embarrassing one, and she uttered what came first to her lips:

"There was something I overheard Charles tell Sally, his wife, the other day, Mr. Arthur," she said, without taking her eyes from the stars. "I do not know what they had been speaking of, but I only heard Charles say: 'Never mind, never mind, we'll be free soon, any how;' and Sally answered, 'You'd better try an' see if you can't tell me some *news!*' Such a singular emphasis on the word news."

"You have not mentioned it to your mother?" began the minister.

"No; but she knows how it is with the rest of the negroes. There is not a day but some negro says something of the same kind, especially when they are whipped, or are threatened with a whipping. And Charles and Sally were born, too, and have lived all their lives in the family, and if ever servants were indulged they have been."

"The truth is," said her companion, after a pause, "they hear so much from the public speakers and from the conversation at table—I mean all the negroes do—I do not wonder they get such ideas in their minds. Besides, there are several of the mulatto boys in town who can read, who do read all the papers, I am told, and they communicate all they know to the rest. You know the reason why their Sabbath service was stopped: one of their preachers—I know not how true it is—is said to have been so swept away in the fervor of his prayer as to have prayed most fervently for Freedom. And where they got their notion of their being like the Jews in bondage in Egypt, one day to be delivered by God, it is impossible to say, but they certainly *have* such an idea."

"Do you think they would be better off if they were free?" asked his companion.

"No, I do not. I confess the whole thing is a puzzle to me. Their parental relation and"—her companion was about adding marriage relation, but checked himself in time—"is not as the Gospel requires it to be among Christians. Many of our Southern ministers are writing, even preaching, upon the subject. Besides, we do know that in many respects the institution is a positive evil to—well, to us—at least I fear so. But what to do with them is the question. If we were to send them to Africa—and how *could* we ship off the three millions of them?—they would relapse under its climate into barbarism. They do not do well in any sense when free, either here or at the North. I confess it is all a puzzle to me." Mr. Arthur spoke earnestly.

"And how is the puzzle to be solved?" said Alice, her eyes fixed upon the fleecy clouds rolling rapidly by over the deep blue.

"The Providence of God will solve it, and in His own time and in His own way. I am content to wait," said her companion, quietly.

"It is strange, Miss Moulton making us read Guizot's History of Civilization," said Alice, after a while, in a dreamy manner. "I do not know what makes me think of it to-night. It was very dry at first, but I became deeply interested in it at last. I have never thought of history in that way before—a plan, a purpose of God in the whole, from first to last—you know we were speaking about it."

"Guizot is a Protestant, you know—has read his Bible, Miss Alice, though, like a Frenchman and a philosopher, he almost ignores the existence of such a book. Yet he has stolen his whole idea from it. From creation history is the slow overturning of all wrong things toward the development of the race and the establishment of God's dominion again upon earth. It seems a very, very slow process through so many ages. At times the tendency seems to be in the other direction altogether."

"I have been reading Dickens ever since I can remember," said Alice, after a long silence; "and there is one theme running through all his pages, and I do believe it is his dwelling so eloquently on that theme which makes his books so popular. I hardly know how to describe what that theme is—a steady denunciation of all that wrongs human beings, even the lowliest; a continual dwelling upon the excellence of loving-kindness toward the meanest and humblest."

"Peace on earth, and good-will toward men! Yes, and this Song of the Angels at the birth of Christ is becoming every day more and more the substance and staple of all popular literature. Perhaps," added the theologian, "Glory to God in the highest may come to be blended in the strain also as the world nears its consummation."

In what a singular, thoughtful mood they both are! The still night, the romance of the hour, the desire to entertain each other.

"Do you remember Tennyson's lines—'Ring out, wild bells?'" asked Alice.

"And its close—'Ring in the Christ that is to be?' Perfectly well."

"And that

'One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.'

So unlike Byron, Scott, and all the old authors. There is Locksley Hall, all full of the same theme," continued Alice, her head still leaning against the column behind her. "You remember,

'Slowly come a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.'

Who do you suppose he means by that, Mr. Arthur?"

"All enslaved people; those in Hungary, Italy, every where," said her companion.

"He means them too when he speaks, in one shape or other, so often, of 'a slowly-dying cause,' I suppose?" said Alice.

"The fact is," said the minister, after a pause, "all Scripture is the Prophecy of, and all History is the Record of, the slow, steady destruction over the whole world of Feudalism—yes, *Feudalism* is the best word."

There follows hereupon a long silence. Both were thinking exactly the same thing. Like all persons at the South these two had, from their childhood, singular ideas at times to flash upon their minds—ideas easily staved off, but often returning—uneasy ideas, disagreeable ideas; ideas one prefers to leave in their present nebulous condition. Both have a sense almost of guilt in entertaining such ideas an instant. Both would deny ever thinking such a thing, if plainly charged with such a crime. As to uttering such thoughts, both are thoroughly afraid to do it.

"How, then, about our 'Institution?' It is an ugly word, isn't it—Slavery? I wonder if it must go down too?" ventures Alice, at last, being the braver of the two. "Strange," she adds, "how full of fancies one feels such a night as this!"

"Only one hundred years ago, or so," says her companion, our 'peculiar' institution, as we well call it, existed over the whole world: nothing peculiar about it then. Just look at it to-night. Outside of the South, of all the civilized world only Brazil and Spain retain it. Brazil! Spain! And here, on this continent, it was once unrestricted of its whole area; now it is crowded down—a thing abhorred and hunted down by the world—into the South."

"You forget Russia," said Alice.

"I beg your pardon; the Czar has already decreed its extinction. Serfdom ceases in Russia March 17, 1861," replies her companion, eagerly.

"And here we are to-night watching against an insurrection of slaves among us. That there should be slaves among us—*slaves!*—it strikes me sometimes so oddly! And the movement which has overthrown slavery every where else, under *us* too this very night. Pshaw! what nonsense! and for a South Carolinian too! What I hate about it is that those Yankees at the North think they are so wise," said Alice, gayly. "But do you think it *is* to cease among us, Mr. Arthur?"

"I certainly do. I am as certain of it as I am of the existence of God," he replies.

"Yes, but how?"

"I have a sort of theory of my own, Miss Alice. I believe slavery is now driven to bay here at the South. I believe, too, that it will fight desperately, perhaps with struggles which will deluge the land with blood and shake the world—long after you and I are dead, though. Of the result I am as certain as I am that every wrong thing must go down before God. No use attempting to make a China or a Japan of the South. Open the gates *must* fly, down the walls *must* go; the Gospel *will* have free and perfect access to every human being that breathes. Just see those stars, great worlds they are, all moving so unswervingly, so musically upon their paths beneath the hand of the Almighty; how do they assure us past doubt of the presence and power and love of God! Such a still night as this, the jarring voices of men hushed, God's great universe moving so serenely under his loving care, one feels content to leave this little star we live in, too, in the same hand that cares for all the rest of the worlds. I don't intend to preach a sermon, Miss Alice," added the minister, in earnest tones, lowered, too; "but you believe it all as well as I. Just think of it. It was on this world alone of them all that God dwelt in person, living here, dying here for its inhabitants; putting on then, and wearing forever henceforth, the nature of its race, God and yet a man forever! With such assurance of His special interest in us, I am perfectly content to leave this world and all its events in His hands. And to think that He is no respecter of persons; that he died for, and wears the nature of, and cares equally for, the least human being that lives! You remember the trial we are to undergo at his bar; as ye did it, or as ye did not do it unto the *least* of these little ones, ye did it or ye did not do it unto *me!* When you think of that sublime Will moving us silently on in the accomplishment of his gracious purposes toward every being on earth made in His image, how idle and senseless and despicable do all our strugglings against it seem! To acknowledge and bow to that Supreme Will is the act of every sane intelligence. To acquiesce in, to exult in that glorious Will as in that of one's own personal friend and father and saviour, seems to me the very essence of piety."

It was not much all this; it was the low tone in which it was said, it was the mood in which it was heard. It was soul in communication with soul.

Both knew how near henceforth they stood to each other. And well did Alice know why Edward Arthur did not long ago, and did not to-night, say things of a nature more interesting to them even than all this. Being proud herself, she understood his pride, admired it, was vexed at it in the same instant.

"And you do not have much faith," said Alice, after a long silence, "in the success of any movement in defense of slavery, or in the permanence of any government based on slavery?"

"Not the least in the world," said her companion, quietly. "Nor will such a mad experiment ever be tried."

There was a long pause in the conversation. How utterly had they both forgotten fat Alderman Dr. Ginnis and his insurrection! Both felt like any thing else rather than like those sitting on the crater of a volcano that night.

"Yonder is a fire at last," said Alice, really gratified thereby, pointing to the reddening horizon.

"Yes, Miss Alice, but one kindled by no human hand—it is the dawn," said her companion, and with any thing but the emotion of them that watch for the morning.

"Dear me, I never dreamed it was so late—I mean so early!" exclaimed Alice, but a blush followed the words.

"Any insurrection yet?" inquired her mother at this juncture, wakening and rubbing her eyes.

"Not a bit, ma; and, oh! I am so disappointed," laughed Alice; "and after sitting up for it all night, too—it is too bad!"

"We used to have some ground for such things when we had our alarms in South Carolina," said Mrs. Bowles, patient and forbearing for failure in the present instance. "We must write to Rutledge Bowles about it, Alice; it will amuse him."

In fact, there was a general sense of disappointment that morning throughout Somerville, a sense of having been cheated and defrauded, as people yawned and stretched themselves. Alderman Dr. Ginnis sank fifty per cent. in the opinion of every body. However, like all other light yet bulky bodies, his depression on the surface of things was but for the moment; his the imperishable property of bobbing up again when wind and wave might serve.

"Of course, do you suppose they would rise after they found we had put every body on their guard?" chorused Mayor and Councilmen.

As to Mr. Ferguson, coming down that morning from his peculiarly sound and refreshing sleep, more inflexibly Scotch than ever, he was insolent even in his triumph, hard to be endured by people surly after a sleepless night. However, people were used to Ferguson.

"And who sat up with you, Alice?" said the school-girls to her next day.

"My mother, of course. And, dear me, how stupid it was! No rising at last, either. I was so disappointed!" said Alice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

JOSH BILLINGS ON PREACHIG.—"I always advize short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister kant strike fire in boreing forty minutes he haz either got a poor gimblet or else he iz boreing in the rong place."

What is every one doing at the same time?—Growing older.

An editor in describing the doings of a mad dog, says, "He bit the cow in the tail which has since died." This was very unfortunate for the tail; but we naturally feel some interest to know what became of the cow.

Why is the Rinderpest like a mouse?—Because the cat'll catch it.

"While belles their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And won't have any *but her*."

"Beware!" said the potter to the clay, and it became *ware!*

TAKING LIBERTIES WITH THE TEXT.—A new and frightfully literal translation of the New Testament has been printed, in which John the Baptist has been styled "*John the Dipper.*" Another specimen is, "Neither do men light a lamp and put it under a corn measure, but on a lamp-stand, and it giveth light to all who are in the family." This new version, the Springfield *Republican* suggests, might suit that rustic minister who, in a hot controversy against immersion, took for his text, "Be not carried away with divers."

A bachelor's reply to a young lady, who rather significantly sent him, as a present, some wormwood:

"I'm glad your gift is not a-Miss,
Much worse might me befall;
The wormwood's bad alone, but worse
The wormwood and the gal(l)."

When does a baker's wife become one of the fixtures of his shop?—When she is a little-lovin' (a little oven).

"MY LIFE IS INSURED."—In a storm at sea, when the sailors were all at prayers, expecting every moment to go to the bottom, a passenger appeared quite unconcerned. The captain asked him how he could be so much at his ease in this awful situation? "Sir," said the passenger, "my life is insured!"

Why is an adhesive envelope like a boy who doesn't know his lesson?—Because it is licked and turned down.

Rabelais, the facetious divine, laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit; accordingly he took these words for his text, from the Canticles: "It is for you, woman, that I die."

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—Feed your chickens well, and *large crops* will be the certain result.

Those who are very difficult in choosing a wife seem as if they would take none of Nature's ready-made works, but want a woman manufactured particularly to their order.

What is the most indigestible supper you can eat?—To bolt the street-door the last thing before you go to bed.

ONLY A VARIATION.—Some one having lavishly lauded Longfellow's aphorism, "Suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed that it was merely a variation of the old English adage, "Grin and bear it."

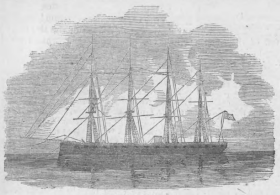
TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE.

When Julia was asked if to church she would go,
The fair one replied to me, "No, Richard, no!"
At her meaning I ventured a pretty good guess,
For from "Murray" I learned *no* and *no* stood for *yes*.

A scold and a blockhead—brimstone and wood—a good match.

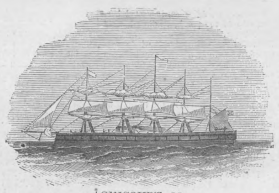
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THE IRON-CLAD FLEET OF ENGLAND.



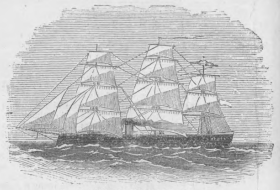
ACHILLES, 26.

Iron Ship. 6121 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Four masts; Built at Chatham 1863; Armed with 6½-ton 100-prs. and 6½-ton rifled guns.



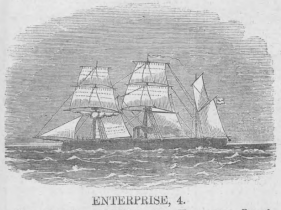
AGINCOURT, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Five masts; Built at Birkenhead; Armament, 4 12½-ton 9 in. rifled guns, and 22 6½-ton 7 in. rifled guns, all muzzle loaders.



BELLEROPHON, 16.

Iron Ship. 4270 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 300ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 6 in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 10 300-prs. in protected battery, and 6 110-prs.



ENTERPRISE, 4.

Iron-cased Sloop. 993 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 180 ft.; Beam 36 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 19½ in.; Armed with 4 6½-ton guns, 100-prs.



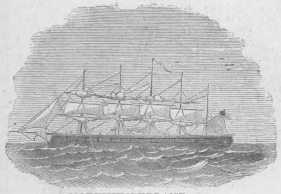
FAVORITE, 10.

Iron-cased Corvette. 2094 Tons; 400 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 47 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 8 100-prs., in battery wholly protected, and the bow and stern each armed with a 68-pr. shunt gun.



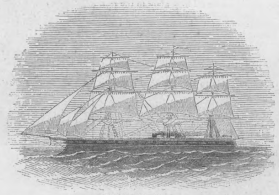
HECTOR, 24.

Iron Ship. 4089 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has a powerful armament of 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



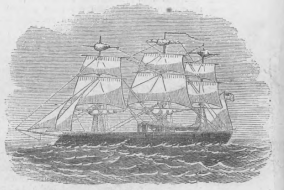
NORTHUMBERLAND, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. and 22 100-prs.



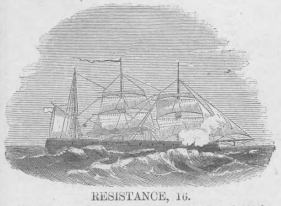
OCEAN, 23.

Iron-cased Ship. 4047 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, upper-deck 3 110-pr. Armstrongs, main-deck 20 7-in. 100-pr. rifled guns.



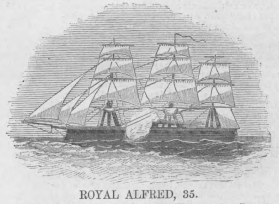
PALLAS, 6.

Iron-cased Corvette. 2372 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 50 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 4 6½-ton guns, and 2 110-pr. Armstrongs.



RESISTANCE, 16.

Iron Ship. 3710 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship is heavily armed, and has a protruding stem for use as a ram.



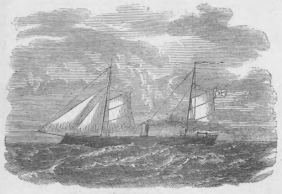
ROYAL ALFRED, 35.

Iron-casted Ship. 4045 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 6 in. and 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, 10 12-ton 150-prs. inside battery on main-deck, 4 6½-ton 70-prs. outside battery, and 4 6½-ton guns on upper-deck.



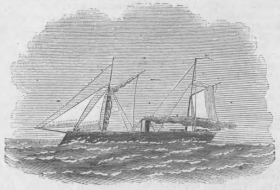
ROYAL OAK, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4056 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Carries 24 68-prs. and 11 110-pr. Armstrongs.



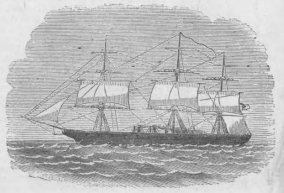
VIPER, 2.

Double-Screw Iron Gun-Boat. 737 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament (probable), 2 7-in. guns; *Building at Poplar.*



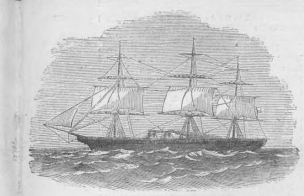
VIXEN, 2.

Double Screw Iron and Wood Gun-Boat. 754 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 2 7-in. guns.



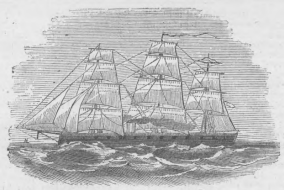
WARRIOR, 40.

Iron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft., Length over all 420 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrongs.



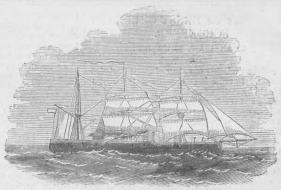
BLACK PRINCE, 41.

Iron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Sister ship to the *Warrior;* Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrong guns.



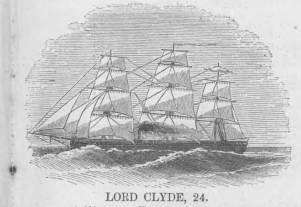
CALEDONIA, 31.

Iron-cased Ship. 4125 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in. Built at Woolwich. Armed with 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



DEFENCE, 16.

Iron Ship. 3720 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has, like many others of the fleet, a formidable projecting beak for use as a ram, with a heavy armament.



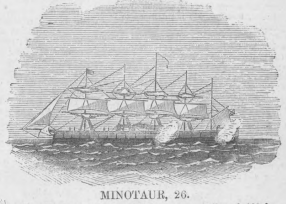
LORD CLYDE, 24.

Iron-cased Ship. 4067 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 in.; Armor 4½, 5½, and 6 in.; Wood ship side 31½ in.; Built at Pembroke; Armament, main-deck 20 6½-ton 7-in. rifled guns; upper-deck 4 7-in. rifled Armstrong breech-loading guns.



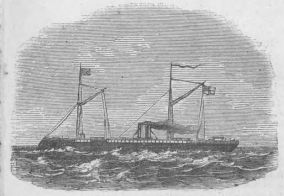
LORD WARDEN, 24.

Iron-cased Ship. 4080 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½, 5½, and 6 in.; Wood ship side 31½ in.; Built at Chatham; Armament 110-prs.



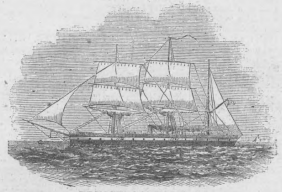
MINOTAUR, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Built at Blackwall; Armament, main-deck 4 150-prs. 10½ in. 12-ton guns, smooth bore; 18 100-prs. 7 in. 6½ ton rifled guns; upper-deck 4 100-prs.



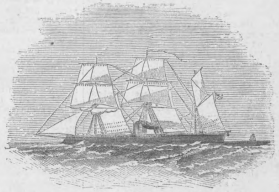
PRINCE ALBERT, 4.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 2637 Tons; 500 Horse-power Length 240 ft.; Beam 48 ft.; Armor 4 in.; Backing 18 in. Armed with 4 12-ton guns in revolving turrets. *The ship is represented as cleared for action with her bulwarks lowered.*



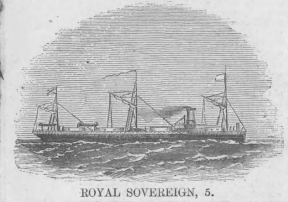
PRINCE CONSORT, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, 16 68-prs., 7 110-pr. Armstrongs, 8 6½-ton guns; Crew 605.



RESEARCH, 4.

Iron-cased Ship. 1253 Tons; 200 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 38 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 19 in.; Armament, 4 smooth bore 9-in. guns of 6¼ tons in a central battery.



ROYAL SOVEREIGN, 5.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 3765 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 240 ft.; Beam 62 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Wood ship side 36 in.; Carries 5 10-in. guns in revolving turrets. *The bulwarks are represented as lowered to show the turrets.*



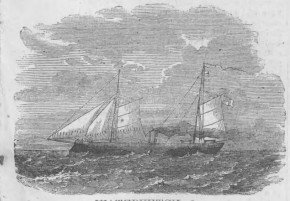
SCORPION, 4.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 1833 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.; Armor 4½ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Coles's principle.



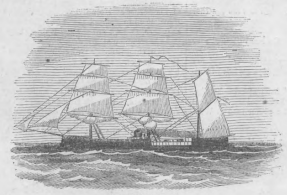
VALIANT, 24.

Iron Ship. 4063 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Built at Millwall; Armament 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



WATERWITCH, 2.

Hydraulic Iron-cased Gun Vessel. 778 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 162 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; *Building at Blackwall;* probable armament 2 7-in. guns.



WYVERN, 4.

Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 1857 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.; Armor 4½ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Coles's principle.



ZEALOUS, 20.

Iron-cased Ship. 3716 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 252 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 26½ in.; Armament, upper-deck 4 Armstrong 110-prs., main-deck 8 smooth-bore 94-prs. and 8 rifled shunt 100-prs.

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THE STORY OF ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

I.

I PURPOSE relating the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer. In order to do this circumstantially, I will begin by stating that he was the only child of Dorothea and Wolfgang Schoeffer, of Ulm, and was born in an upper chamber of a house on the Graben, just thirty-one years since.

Wolfgang Schoeffer belonged to a somewhat better class than the majority of his neighbors. He was poor, but not abjectly poor; and he had seen better days. He was a second-hand bookseller by trade, and had begun life with some show of prosperity. He inherited his father's business and stock; and his wife—a pretty Bavarian with whom he had fallen in love while traveling to and fro among the great fairs of Augsburg, Munich, Bamberg, and Nuremberg—was reported to have had not only beauty but money. So when he brought home his bride and opened a shop in the market-place, his fellow-citizens looked upon him as a rising man, and approved of him accordingly. Their approbation, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. Wolfgang Schoeffer had started too ambitiously, and at the end of five years became a bankrupt. He left his shop in the market-place for one of the ruinous little tenements on the Graben; and there, when the brief sunshine of their career was all past, and the bitterness of poverty was yet new to them both, Dorothea Schoeffer died in giving birth to the only child of their marriage.

From that day the bookseller was a changed man. He had borne his reverses with tolerable courage, but this last blow told heavily. He seemed to grow old all at once; he avoided his former acquaintances and friends; he ceased to frequent any place of public worship; he became daily more bent, more gray, more gloomy, more sordid in his clothing, and more solitary in his ways.

Put out to nurse to the wife of a poor neighbor for the first year or two of his little life, the child was brought home to his father's house almost as soon as he had begun to prattle; and there, under the care of a certain Frau Martha, who was very deaf, very pious, half lodger and half servant, spent all his motherless boyhood.

It would be impossible to conceive a more dismal home for a young child than bookseller Schoeffer's house on the Graben. The floors were never scrubbed, the stairs were never swept, the windows were never cleaned or opened from year's-end to year's-end, and it was filled with musty books from top to bottom. The walls were lined, the floors were cumbered, the air was stale with them. The house contained little else; nothing for comfort, nothing for grace—not even a flower in a pot, or a poor bird in a cage. Books, books, every where books—yellow, dusty, worm-eaten, and unfragrant, like bones in a charnel-house. As for the garden, it was a very wilderness of nettles and briers.

All this, however, would have mattered little if the boy had known the happiness of being surrounded by kind parents and teachers, and children of his own age; but none of these blessings were his. His nurse, really fond of him in her dull way, believed her duties to be all fulfilled so long as she kept him clean and quiet, mended his clothes, cooked his food, taught him the Lord's Prayer, and took care that he did not drown himself in the ditch at the bottom of the Graben. His father cared for him after a morose, negligent, fitful fashion; but as he was more frequently absent from home than not, and spent his time chiefly in traveling from city to city, he was well satisfied to leave the care of his child's health to Frau Martha and his education to the government.

The painter, like the poet, is born, not made; and Ernst Christian Schoeffer was a born painter. He was endowed from his cradle with the gift of seeing—that precious gift that no mere training can do more than develop, and without which all the academies that ever were incorporated can achieve nothing toward the production of an artist. This privilege is his from very birth. He enjoys it even before he knows that he enjoys it. A brighter heaven than the heaven of other babes lies about him in his infancy; and for him alone of all the sons of Adam that "vision splendid" which even nature's own poet lamented as he traveled on to later life, *never* "fades into the light of common day."

Thus it was that Ernst was a happy child despite the squalor of his surroundings; thus it was that, even in the midst of these surroundings, he came to an instinctive sense of poetry and beauty. As he grew older he discovered an inexhaustible treasure in his father's books. A good third of Wolfgang Schoeffer's stock consisted of Bibles—Bibles of all shapes and sizes, in all languages, of all dates; some bound in wood, some in vellum, some in old brown leather; many of them illustrated with quaint wood-cuts, and some with colored maps and tail-pieces of strange device. Bibles, indeed, were the bookseller's specialty; and it was chiefly to buy and sell scarce and curious copies that he traveled so constantly from city to city.

From these—from the "storied windows" and altar-pieces of the churches round about—from the Gothic fountains at the corners of the streets—above all, from the cathedral, with its rich sculptures and traceries, and its wonderful tower like a filigree of old brown stone, the boy learned and studied every day of his life. He passed that cathedral each time that he went to his school, and lingered before it each time that he returned on his homeward journey. He came to know every stone of it by heart—every niche and saint and canopy; every tuft of wind-sown grass that waved aloft on buttress and pinnacle. He knew it in the morning light; in the afternoon, when the shadows lay richer and deeper; in the evening, when the eastern front was golden with sunset. The rooks that built undisturbed in the tower were his familiar friends. The great entrance peopled with quaint processions, and the bas-reliefs in the spandrils of the huge Gothic arch above the triple doorway, filled him with a perpetual wonder and delight. There is God creating the earth, the air, and the sea; the Almighty artificer being represented each time as an old man dressed in a flowing robe with a globe in his right hand; the only variation in each repetition being that he holds a smooth globe for the earth, a curly globe for the air, and a wavy globe for the sea. Then comes the creation of man; Adam looking at his own shapeless legs with great astonishment, as well indeed he might. Then the creation of Eve, the temptation, and the banishment. Nothing in medieval art more naïve and curious than these bas-reliefs above the principal entrance of Ulm cathedral! Few travelers turn aside from the beaten track to see them; few artists study them; but Ernst Christian Schoeffer learned all that they had to teach—all, indeed, that the great minster had to teach both within and without. Messages written with the brush and the chisel, upon iron, stone, wood, he hearkened to them all with humility and reverence. The relievo triptoglyph over the high altar, with its Magi gorgeous in gold and colors, which in very early childhood first fixed his wondering eyes; the slender, elaborate pyx, like a magnified ivory carving; the choir with its quaint, delicate, wonderful oak sculptures, its clustering fruits and flowers, its lace-like canopies, and its triple rank of heroes, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian, each feature of whose unauthentic faces he knew by heart; the carved scutcheons of dead and gone nobles hung all about the lower end of the nave; the monumental brasses, memorial portraits, and medieval frescoes scattered so lavishly about the private chapels in the side aisles—these things were his first masters in art, and upon them his genius fed and strengthened year by year. It showed itself, as the artist instinct generally does show itself, in all kinds of blundering first attempts. The boy tried his prentice-hand upon every material that fell in his way. He scrawled upon his slate and in his copy-books; he dabbled in clay; he daubed a little in coarse pigments begged from a neighboring house-painter; he carved rude statuettes in common fire-wood. These occupations kept him quiet in holiday hours, and his father, when at home, desired no more.

At length the time came when Ernst Christian's seven years of schooling were on the point of expiring. He was now fourteen, and of an age to be apprenticed to a trade. His father intended him for his own business; but the boy had made up his mind to be a painter, and, foreseeing the struggle to come, had also made up his mind to be first in the field. There was fierce opposition to be encountered and there were innumerable difficulties to be overcome; therefore, he argued, the sooner the opposition was combated and the difficulties were faced the better. It was characteristic of Ernst Christian Schoeffer's peculiar temperament that he should have so measured himself against these obstacles. It was especially characteristic that he should have the moral gallantry to face his father at once upon this matter so vital to his own happiness, and yet that his heart should beat and his breath come short as he went up to that father's chamber on the evening of the very day when his school term had expired.

It was about six o'clock on a bleak November night. The stairs creaked under his feet as he went feeling his way in the darkness, and rehearsing the words in which he meant to begin. On the landing he paused, and guided by a thread of light upon the threshold, tapped at his father's door. No reply came. He listened—he heard a sound as of something being closed and locked—he tapped again—he thought he was answered—he went in.

His father, standing by the table with a framed oil-painting lying before him and a key in his hand, turned upon the boy in a sudden paroxysm of anger.

"What do you want?" he said, furiously. "How dare you come in without knocking?"

"I knocked, mein Vater, but—Gott! what a beautiful picture!"

It was a beautiful picture. It represented a fair delicate-featured girl with down-looking eyes and pale golden hair woven into a profusion of soft braids, and a smile as pensive, as sweet, as sad as that of the Madonna del Velo. The painter of this gracious head had done his work lovingly and lingeringly. Though too cold in color and too hard in effect, the portrait was as highly finished as a miniature, and as patient in detail as if it had come from the easel of Memling or Floris. It measured about twelve inches square, and was inclosed in a clumsy frame of plain black wood, the front of which was glazed, worked upon hinges like a little door, and locked with a small brass key.

The boy forgot his own purpose, his father's anger, and all else at the sight of this treasure. He pressed forward to look upon it, but the bookseller thrust him roughly back.

"The picture is nothing to thee," he said, hastily. "Get thee gone. Get down to Frau Martha. I am busy to-night."

"But, father—"

"Get thee down, I say. Go learn thy tasks for to-morrow."

"I have none. The Herr-president signed my certificate to-day; and he said, if you wished to enter me for another term—"

"Another term, indeed!" interrupted Schoeffer. "Who is to pay for it? Let the Herr-president tell me that. There is not a poorer man in Wurtemberg than myself."

"He said—"

"It is nothing to me what he said. There have been times when I scarce knew where to find food and clothing for thee."

The lad glanced round the squalid room, and sighed.

"I know it, father," he replied.

"It is well you do know it," replied the bookseller, sharply. "You have to earn your bread."

"That is what I came about, father. I wish to be a painter."

The Herr Schoeffer shook his head.

"A painter?" he said. "Pooh! it is an unhealthy trade. Besides, I have not a groschen wherewith to apprentice thee. No, boy; thou must follow thy father's calling—a poor one, but, at the worst, better than neighbor Strauss's."

"Neighbor Strauss!" echoed the lad. "Do you think I wish to be a house-painter, like neighbor Strauss? No, no—I mean to be a painter like our ancestor, Martin Schoeffer."

His father looked at him incredulously.

"The boy is mad," he said, with a contemptuous shrug.

"I am not mad. I would live on bread and water to be a painter. I would beg my way to Rome on foot, if you would only let me go."

"Rome! What would you do in Rome, pray, when you *had* begged your way there?"

"I would go to Overbeck's studio and tell him that I was a poor German boy who loved art, and wished to be a painter."

The bookseller struck the table angrily with his clenched fist.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said. "You talk like a fool."

"But—"

"Silence! Not another word. Get you down stairs and bid Frau Martha make the soup hot for supper."

The boy obeyed reluctantly. As he reached the door his father called him back.

"Hark you, Ernst," he said, more gently. "This portrait is not to be talked about. You must not tell any one that you have seen it. Do you hear?—not even Frau Martha."

"Whose portrait is it, father?"

The bookseller hesitated.

"You must give your word not to speak about it," he said, fixing a searching eye upon his son's face.

"I will never speak of it, father."

"You promise?"

"I promise. But whose portrait is it?"

"Your—your mother's."

"My mother's!"

The lad sprang forward—would have taken the picture in his hand, but that his father again put him back, and would not let him touch it.

"You can see it well enough where it is," he said, with a frown.

"Oh father! was my mother so beautiful? Were her eyes so very sad always?" And the boy's own eyes filled with sudden tears.

"She was very like it," replied the bookseller, gloomily. "There—you have looked long enough."

"May I see it again to-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow—some day, perhaps. Now go, and remember your promise."

"I will remember it, and keep it," said Ernst, and left the room.

He made his way slowly down the dark stairs, thinking over all that had been said.

"My mother's portrait!" he muttered to himself. "To think that he had my mother's portrait hidden away all these years!"

When he had reached the bottom step he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and fell into a long reverie. His heart was heavy, and the future seemed to lie before him all dark and uncertain, like a scene in a dream.

At length he sprang to his feet, resolved and self-reliant once more.

"I *will* be a painter!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "I *will* be a painter; and I will paint as well as that too, some day."

II.

ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER carried his point, and became a painter after all. Not, however, without a long and toilsome battle—a battle against his father's imperious will; against poverty, prejudice, and obscurity—a battle that lasted three whole years, and cost the victor many a fall and many a bitter blow before 'twas won. Still he did win it. He became a painter. He even went to Rome.

A drawing made in secret, and sent up anonymously to the Government School of Art in Ulm—a prize carried off, and a year's gratuitous instruction gained thereby; a second prize achieved, and a second year gained; a third, and its results a gold medal and a purse of two hundred and fifty florins—these were the steps by which the youth struggled on to the fulfillment of his hopes.

His father stormed, railed, argued, and finally yielded a sullen acquiescence.

That purse came as if dropped direct from heaven. Every florin in it was stamped for him with the magic name of Rome. Those two hundred and fifty coins represented in his eyes the inexhaustible riches of opportunity. They opened the gates of knowledge to his eager footsteps. They were his passport to the tomb of Raffaelle.

Ernst Christian would not have spent a fraction of that prize in Ulm for all the temptations that assailed Saint Anthony. He regarded it as a sacred deposit—(it was worth about twenty-two pounds of English money!)—and having paid in two hundred of his florins at Herr Schliermacher's bank to be transmitted to Rome, he took fifty for his traveling expenses, and set out for the Eternal City with a light heart and a still lighter knapsack.

He did not literally make his way from Ulm to Rome on foot. It would have cost him more than his fifty florins for food and lodging by the way if he had done so; but he traveled by the fourth class as far as any German railway would carry him; and he walked through Switzerland, and over the Alps; and what with a lift in a peasant's cart now and then, or a cheap fare by rail or diligence, he found himself one evening, just at sunset, before the gates of the Porta del Popolo, with only a few pence left in his pocket, and the likeness of a pair of boots on his feet.

How he lived in Rome for the next five years—how, indeed, half the poor students live whom one meets in every gallery and every church—was, even to himself, a marvel and a mystery. Thus, from term to term, from year to year, winning now a medal, now a scholarship, now a small sum of money, he made his way an inch at a time, and struggled at last into the foremost rank of student life in Rome. Then, just as his fifth year was drawing to a close and he was looking forward with something more than hope to the chances of achieving an honorary rank to the Accademia, he was summoned home to the bedside of his dying father.

There was not an hour to lose. The elder Schoeffer had been smitten down by paralysis while traveling back from the great book-fair at Leipsic, and had continued slowly sinking ever since. His one prayer was that he might see his son once more before he died.

A poor man can not travel fast. His nearest and dearest may lie dying a thousand miles away; yet the slowest train and the cheapest carriage must bear him to them. Our poor young painter had almost to beg his way to Ulm. How his prayers, his hopes, his fears outstripped his weary feet—how his heart seemed to go on before him all the way—how he sickened at each delay, and counted the miles, the days, the hours, that lay between him and the only parent whom he had ever known, were tortures which only he who had experienced them could adequately describe.

At length, after nearly three weeks of painful journeying, he found himself once again traversing the blank expanse of country by which Ulm is approached from the side of Switzerland. Plodding on foot along a dusty road that seemed as if geometrically produced in one never-ending line, the young man toiled through this dreary landscape well-nigh from dawn to sunset before the distant batteries, forts, and earth-works of Ulm became visible to his eager eyes. From that moment his fatigue was forgotten. He pressed forward as if he had but first set out upon the long day's march, and entered the gates of his native city about an hour after dusk.

For several days past the conviction that he should be too late had weighed heavily upon him. He had repeatedly told himself that all would be over—that he should never hear his father's voice nor see his father's face again; but even those who are best prepared for the worst are never so fortified against it as not to feel the shock. Death is a surprise—a mournful, terrible surprise—whenever it comes; even though we may be sitting by the bedside waiting for it, watching for it, dreading it as each breath leaves the lips we love. This poor student had, as he thought, prepared himself manfully; and yet when he came to the old house on the Graben, saw no light in any window, heard the echo of his repeated knocking reverberate desolately through the empty floors, and was presently warned off by a voice from an upper chamber of some neighbor's house, with the information that Master Schoeffer was dead, and if any one wanted particulars he must go to the Polizei, he felt as if he could hardly believe in the reality of his misfortune.

It was a hard blow. Although the bookseller had been so often absent from his home, although as a father he had been undemonstrative, careless, gloomy, and irritable, still, in his own strange way, he had loved his son, and the young painter felt his loss bitterly. All weary as he was, he sat down on the desolate threshold of what had once been home, and wept in the darkness as if his heart were breaking.

Perhaps he had scarcely known till then that he loved his father so well.

He slept that night at a little Gasthof down by the Danube, and went next morning to the Polizei to lay claim to Wolfgang Schoeffer's effects. The news which there awaited him was both startling and painful. His father, always a poor man, had been brought home, after his seizure, by easy stages, and what with the heavy expenses attending his journey, the cost of medical attendance, and the outlay incurred at his funeral, the bookseller had died in debt, and the whole of his possessions had been sold for the benefit of his creditors. Chief among these, it seems, was Herr Schliermacher, the banker and money-lender in the Anlage. Applied to by Frau Martha when her master lay ill, he had advanced a certain loan upon the bookseller's stock, and when all was over laid peremptory claim to his money. A valuation having then been taken, the stock and household goods were sold, and the money-lender, doctor, and undertaker took what they could get, which, after all, fell below the amount of their several claims. So poor Ernst Christian Schoeffer found himself homeless and penniless in the streets of his native city.

At length, when the first burst of anguish was past, the young man turned his face toward the Anlage, and presented himself at Herr Schliermacher's office.

The banker, a small, plump, pleasant-looking Jew, with a shining bald head, and a pair of brilliant black eyes, received him civilly enough, and ushered him into his private room. The painter informed him that he had come to inquire into the particulars of the sale.

Herr Schliermacher elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head significantly, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"The particulars, Herr Schoeffer," he replied, "are told in a dozen words. I advanced certain moneys upon your father's goods, three hundred florins in all; our excellent friend the Herr Doctor Philipart furnished him with medicines and attendance to the amount of fifty florins; his funeral expenses came to one hundred florins. There was also a half-year's rent owing for the house on the Graben, besides a few trifling bills for smaller items, making about thirty florins more. Taken altogether, the liabilities fell little short of five hundred florins, and the effects realized just three hundred and forty-five. Not a kreutzer more or less. Here are the accounts. You can examine them at your convenience."

The young man's hand closed convulsively upon the papers.

"Then my father's creditors are losers to the extent of one hundred and fifty-five florins," he said, in a troubled voice.

"Just so."

"I pledge myself to repay them. I will work day and night to do this."

The Jew nodded pleasantly.

"We expected no less from you, Herr Schoeffer," he said.

"And I may take these accounts to look through at—" He was going to say "at home," but remem-

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bering that he had now no home, checked himself, and substituted "at my leisure."

"By all means."

He rose—he hesitated—he had evidently something still to say.

"There is one very precious and sacred relic," he faltered, "which I would give much to possess."

"If it be any thing which I can assist you to recover I shall be happy to do so," replied the banker, politely.

"It is my mother's portrait."

"Will you have the goodness to describe it?"

The painter, with visible emotion, described the picture minutely. The banker listened, looked down, coughed dubiously, and rubbed his little fat hands slowly over and over.

"Dear me!" he said, "is that a portrait of your mother? How handsome she must have been!"

"Then you recognize it?"

"Perfectly."

"And can you tell me what has become of it?"

The young man's question came with hot eagerness: the Jew's reply with cool composure.

"Why, yes—no one better. That picture is in my own possession."

"In yours!"

The tone, the look of entreaty, were alike unmistakable; but Herr Schliermacher met both with the civilest imperturbability imaginable.

"Exactly so," he replied. "It is a charming little thing, and I really value it."

"But Herr Schliermacher—my good Herr Schliermacher, you do not value it as I do!"

"I value it too well to part from it," said the banker.

"Herr Schliermacher, I would serve you for seven years to earn back my mother's portrait."

Herr Schliermacher shook his shiny head.

"I regret to refuse you," he said; "but it is quite out of my power to grant your request. I like the picture—my daughter has taken quite a fancy for it—and I have been too heavy a loser in this matter already."

"It is worth more than the whole of my poor father's debt put together!" cried the young man, impetuously.

"Not as a work of art. If it were I should not feel justified in keeping it."

"What would you do with it?"

"Sell it, of course, my good Sir; and when I had repaid myself from the proceeds, refund the surplus to yourself."

The painter turned pale.

"For God's sake don't do that!" he said, quickly.

"I do not mean to do it. I mean to keep it."

The Herr Schliermacher uttered these last words in a tone that rendered further discussion impossible, and the young man reluctantly took his departure.

He came back, however, the next day at the same hour.

"Herr Schliermacher," he said, "I have come to ask what price you set on my mother's portrait."

"I set no price upon it, Herr Schoeffer. I do not mean to sell it."

"But you would not—you *could* not—refuse to sell it if I could afford to pay for it!"

"If I understood you rightly when you did me the favor to call upon me yesterday," said the banker, very stiffly, "you are not even in a position to pay off the residue of your father's liabilities."

"That is true; but—"

"Excuse me, Herr Schoeffer. It will be time enough to enter on this topic when you come to me with your one hundred and fifty-five florins in your hand. I wish you a good-morning."

Again the painter turned away disheartened; but again the next day, at the same hour, he returned to the charge.

"Herr Schliermacher," he began, "will you let me earn that portrait? Will you take me into your office? Will you receive me as one of your clerks? I write a good fair hand, and I am a tolerable accountant. If you will agree to this, I will work for you without salary till I have earned the picture back at whatever price you choose to set upon it."

The banker laughed outright.

"My dear Herr Schoeffer," he said, "gentlemen in your profession are the very worst stuff in the world to cut bankers' clerks from! No, I thank you. No æsthetic accountants for me. Besides, if you worked without pay, how would you live?"

"I would rise at dawn in summer, and work by lamplight in winter, and so earn a few florins a week. I can live on dry bread; I have done so before now."

"You are a most energetic young man," said Herr Schliermacher; "and you deserve to succeed in life. What a pity you were not brought up to business!—you would have made a fortune."

"I do not want a fortune. I only want my mother's portrait."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you try me for a week, Herr Schliermacher?"

"Not for a day. Your proposal, Herr Schoeffer, is wholly impracticable."

For the third time the poor painter went his way sorrowing. He desired the picture passionately, and each fresh rebuff only quickened his intense longing for it. He remembered how his father had treasured it, and he also remembered how it was the only earthly record of a mother whom he had never been so blest as to know.

The next day he was back again at the money-lander's office with a fresh scheme.

"For the fourth time," he said, "I come to appeal to you. If you have the heart of a man you will not refuse what I am now about to ask from you."

The banker tapped impatiently upon his desk.

"Be brief, if you please, Herr Schoeffer," he replied. "My time is valuable, and I warn you that this is the last occasion on which I can listen to you."

"This, then, is what I have to propose. Give me three years in which to earn the one hundred and fifty-five florins, and promise me that you will neither sell the portrait nor dispose [illegible] during that time!"

The banker leaned back in his chair, and seemed as if he were taking this request into consideration.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Ernst, impatiently, "is it possible that you hesitate? Do I ask any thing unfair—any thing unreasonable? Think, Sir—think if it were your own mother's portrait—a mother who had given her own life for yours—"

His voice broke, and he turned aside to conceal his trouble.

Herr Schliermacher looked grave.

"I hesitate," he rejoined, "because it has occurred to me that there may possibly be some other way. Do you paint portraits, Herr Schoeffer?"

"Of course I do! May I paint yours? Oh, my dear, excellent, amiable Herr Schliermacher, let me paint your portrait!"

The Herr Schliermacher smiled, and shook his head.

"Not mine," he said. "I would not give a kreutzer for my own portrait; but my daughter—"

"I will paint her for you in any style you please. Only tell me what you wish done, and I will do it."

The banker was excessively amused.

"I must speak to Salome first," he replied. "Call upon me to-morrow at the same time, and I will tell you more about it."

He returned the following day, as he was bidden, and to his supreme joy the banker informed him that his daughter was willing to sit, and that he might begin on the morrow.

"As for terms," said he, "we will make it picture for picture. You shall paint my daughter's portrait, and when it is done you shall receive your mother's in exchange. Will that content you?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will not object to paint my Salome on a somewhat larger scale?"

"You shall have her at full-length, life-size, after the manner of Vandyck."

And Herr Schliermacher was well satisfied, knowing that he had the best of the bargain.

III.

Poor Ernst Christian Schoeffer! it was his destiny. He fell desperately in love with Salome Schliermacher. She was very lovely—lovely with the dazzling oriental loveliness of Rebecca—of Rachel—of Mariamne. He had not seen a woman in Italy to compare with her. Her skin was of that soft, rich, tender brown which so enchants us in the Madonna della Seggiola. Her eyes were as brilliant and bewitching as those of the Fornarina in the Palazzo Pitti. Her smile was stolen from Leonardo's portrait of Joanna of Naples. Her hands, long, white, slender, were Vandyck's. Her gestures, her attitudes, were Titian's. The young painter, to the destruction of his peace, beheld in her the rare and perfect epitome of all that he had admired in art and despaired of in nature. And Salome Schliermacher was as charming as she was beautiful, and as capricious as either. It seemed to be her delight to enchant, to torment, to bewilder her unfortunate victim. To-day she would be all mirth, to-morrow all gravity; to-day all affability, to-morrow all reserve. Sometimes she would talk of poetry, of music, of art, and talk of them, too, with intelligence and enthusiasm. At other times she would prattle of none but the most childish matters, and pout at a serious word.

Then she was the most tiresome of sitters. She changed her mind about the dress in which she would be painted, about the attitude, the background, the accessories, fifty times, at least, during the progress of the work. She would be taken in her ordinary dress; she would be taken in her riding-habit; she would be taken as Jessica with the casket; as Ruth with the corn-sheaf on her head—there was no end to her caprices, and there promised to be no end to the picture.

And all this time the infatuated young painter thought each new dress and attitude more becoming than the last, and, Penelope-like, spent as much time in undoing his work as in doing it.

"When it is once finished," thought he, "all will be over. I shall no longer hear the daily music of her voice; I shall not dare to intrude upon her privacy; I shall be as much parted from her as if we lived in two separate hemispheres. What better, then, can I desire than that the picture may stay in progress forever?"

He was ready, in fact, to spend his life upon it; and I am by no means prepared to say that the beautiful Salome was not quite as well disposed to prolong the task as himself.

Meanwhile Ernst Christian was living within an inch of starvation. Having once been a pupil in the local school of art, he had been able to procure his painting materials upon credit; but he found it far more difficult to get food and lodging on the same terms. There were days when he wanted bread. There were nights when he knew not where to lay his head. His clothes were worn so threadbare that he was ashamed to be seen in them. Let those who have read the lives of Savage, of Chatterton, of Heyne, supply the painful details of starvation.

There must be an end to all things mortal, and despite alterations and delays innumerable, the portrait of Salome Schliermacher at length approached completion. There could be no question of the artist's perfect success. He had been painting with his heart as well as with his hand, and the result was a portrait of such force, such delicacy, such complete and life-like portraiture, as would have made the fame and fortune of a painter in any city less hopelessly stagnant than Ulm. The beautiful Jewess, holding a fan of peacock's feathers in her hand, and dressed in a rich robe of white satin brocaded with gold, seemed almost to be stepping from the frame. The smile flickered on her lips; the fixture of her eye had motion in it. It was a portrait that Paolo Veronese might have designed and Rubens painted.

"Herr Schoeffer," said the banker, when he came in one morning to observe the progress of the work, "I am so well content—nay, so much more than content—that I will not keep you longer without your mother's picture. You can take it home with you, if you choose, to-day."

Ernst was as grateful as if he had not already earned it ten times over. He grasped the banker's hand; he thanked him with tears in his eyes; and he went home to his garret that afternoon happier than a king.

The dear, dear portrait! The portrait that he had first seen in his father's chamber that memorable night, now more than eight years ago, when he first announced his desire to become a painter! It was not in the least faded or changed. The eyes had the same sad sweetness as of old. The pale golden braids shone with an undiminished lustre.

He set it up before him on the table and sat down to eat his evening meal before it. It seemed to light the sordid attic like a glory. It gave quite a delicious flavor to his lump of stale bread and his slice of melon. It turned the water in his pitcher into wine. Thus munching and meditating, with his eyes fixed all the time upon his newly-recovered treasure, he observed that the canvas seemed to have warped away from the stretcher at one corner, and that the picture bulged in the middle, as old pictures are sometimes apt to do. He had long since resolved to carve an exquisite frame for it some day; now it occurred to him that the painting would be improved by what is technically called "backing." That is to say, by being relieved from tension, and pasted down upon a freshly-strained canvas.

"It would preserve as well as improve it," he muttered to himself, as he swept the crumbs from the table. "I will do it at once, and give it a coat of varnish at the same time."

And with this he drew the picture toward him and proceeded to break open the front of the frame with his knife. The little brass key had doubtless been lost long since; at all events Herr Schliermacher had not given it to him. So he forced the case off at the hinges and proceeded to remove the picture. It was held in its [illegible] by two little brass buttons green with verdigris, and came out when these were turned quite easily.

Then he saw what it was that had bulged the surface of the canvas. No wonder, indeed, that it had warped away from the frame! It was crammed—literally crammed—between the canvas and the back of the old wooden case with scraps of dusty paper.

Ernst Christian Schoeffer felt quite indignant with the perpetrator of this unnecessary mischief.

"The Goth!" he muttered. "This must have been done in Bavaria. I don't believe there is a frame-maker in Ulm who would have been so ignorant of his business."

He laid the picture tenderly aside, and shook out the contents of the empty frame. As he did so he suddenly changed color, and began trembling from head to foot.

"Gracious Providence!" he exclaimed aloud, "what is this?"

It was a little bit of yellowish paper that had rolled over toward him from the rest of the heap—a dirty, oblong, yellowish scrap, filled in with several lines of close printing in the middle, and adorned at each corner with a little engraved medallion. He took it up—he laid it down—he snatched it up again. Then he plunged his hands wildly into the midst of the heap, and took up first one little crumpled scrap, then another, then another; then drew the whole heap toward him, and examined it with a strange, frantic, feverish avidity that was almost terrible in its intensity.

Every one of those papers lying piled before him on the table was a bank-note. There were hundreds of them—hundreds and hundreds: many endorsed with his father's own writing; some Austrian, some Prussian, some Bavarian, some French, some English. And they were as various in their value as in their nationality. They represented sums ranging from one thaler to five hundred, from a hundred francs to a thousand, from five pounds to fifty.

The half-starved heir to all this wealth felt at first as if he must go mad with joy. He laughed—he cried—he shouted scraps of songs. At length, to sober himself, he plunged his head into a tubful of cold water, and then sat down to add up his money.

It was a complicated task. In order to accomplish it with any degree of accuracy he had to translate the language of each currency into florins; and this was a feat almost beyond his knowledge. Morning at length surprised him asleep in the midst of his riches, his head resting on the table, the pen fallen from his hand, and the sum total still unwritten.

Wolfgang Schoeffer, the bankrupt bookseller, the poverty-stricken inhabitant of the old house on the Graben, had just been a miser after all. Nothing, when one came to think of it, was easier than for him to accumulate wealth while seeming abjectly poor. His special branch of trade, be it remembered, was the sale of old Bibles, and there are certain very rare and curious old Bibles—such, for instance, as the Coverdale Bible of 1535, with wood-cuts by Hans Sebald Beham—which are, when perfect, of almost incredible value. It came out on inquiry that the painter's father was believed to have known more of this branch of bibliography than any German of his time; that for the last fifteen or twenty years he had been known to all the principal collectors and booksellers of the Continent; that hundreds of precious volumes had passed through his hands; and that, on more than one occasion, he had both received and paid some of the highest prices on record for certain famous early editions. Perhaps one of the oddest parts of the story lay in the fact that, among all the old books which cumbered the house on the Graben from basement to attic, there was not found one volume of any importance. It appeared to have been his habit to deal, as it were, in only one valuable book at a time, and always to have the book in his own keeping. As soon as he had succeeded in picking up a scarce volume he knew precisely to whom to take it, and what price to set upon it; and so was ever turning his money, journeying from place to place, and laying up riches of which no living soul in his own native city so much as suspected the existence.

Aben Hassan, when he woke up that fine morning in Bagdad and found himself Commander of the Faithful, scarcely opened his eyes upon a more astounding change in the aspect of his private affairs than did Ernst Christian Schoeffer when he lifted his head from the midst of his wealth and found the morning sunshine turning all his notes to gold. His brain was clearer now, and his pulse steadier, than either had been the night before; and again, therefore, he set to work, like the methodical queen of the nursery rhyme, "a counting up his money."

It came, when so counted, to no less a sum than one hundred and twenty thousand florins; that is to say, to about ten thousand and two hundred pounds of English money.

How the painter deposited his fortune in Herr Schliermacher's bank; how that excellent gentleman marveled at the same, and took a quite paternal interest in the young man from that moment; how he invited his dear young friend to dinner that very evening; how Ernst Christian made his appearance in the banker's drawing-room at six o'clock punctually, dressed in a suit of resplendent black, and looking as if he had never known what it was to be hungry or shabby in his life; how the beautiful Salome, grown suddenly quite shy and distant, reduced her lover in the course of the evening to a state of vassalage more abject than ever; how the story of the picture padded with bank-notes flew through the country and made its appearance in every newspaper where the German tongue was written and spoken; how, finally, before three months of wealth had passed over his head, the painter became the happy husband of his beautiful sitter, are facts which here can receive no more than a passing record. We have given the outline; those who desire to fill it in with detail must seek in Ulm (the cradle of his fame and the centre of his affections) for all that is yet left untold of the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer.

IRON-CLAD FLEET OF ENGLAND.

About a month ago we gave a double-page engraving of the iron-clad fleet of the United States. This week we give a similar illustration on the same scale of the iron-clad fleet of Great Britain. The whole number of vessels, wooden and iron, in the British fleet at the present time is 735, of which 80 are iron-clad. Our illustrations include every one of the latter class.

There can be no doubt that while the whole number of vessels in our navy is less by a few ships than the number of vessels in the British navy, our iron-clad fleet is largely superior to that of England in numbers and far more efficient in character. In this connection we quote from a recent letter of Donald M'Kay to the editor of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*. Speaking of the iron-clad fleets of England and France, he says:

"While viewing these, their style of construction, equipment, etc., I felt proud that our Navy Department since 1861 have constructed, built, and equipped an iron-clad fleet, both for home defense and sea-going service, more powerful than all the iron-clad navies of the world; and I strongly recommend to the Government, as a profitable and judicious expenditure, and one which will prove to be the strongest guarantee of peace and just neutrality, a continuance of building and adding to our iron-clad sea-going fleet, thus keeping pace with other nations.

"I can allude with pride to that wonderful production of human genius, the *Dunderberg*, now in process of construction by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York. I have personally inspected all the iron-clads of England and France, but I have not seen one of them which, in originality of design, power and completeness of detail, begins to compare with her. She combines the impregnability of the turret system with the advantages of the broadside and ends. In short, she can bring guns to bear from every point of the compass without changing her position. From the appearance of her model it is evident to me that she must be an excellent sea-boat, of superior speed, and, notwithstanding her great size, easily managed. It is said she will cost over two millions of dollars; but this is not high when compared with the sums lavished upon the large ironclads of the Old World, which are far inferior to her as a vessel of war. I consider her a match for a fleet of such vessels as some of the best produced in France."

Mr. M'Kay especially recommends the suggestions of Secretary Welles as to the enlargement of our navy-yards, work-shops, dry docks, etc., and a building-yard of proper size for the construction and fitting complete of the largest iron-clad ships, for the machinery and furnaces for forging and rolling plates, equal in size and thickness to those used by the English navy.

In regard to dry docks Mr. M'Kay says:

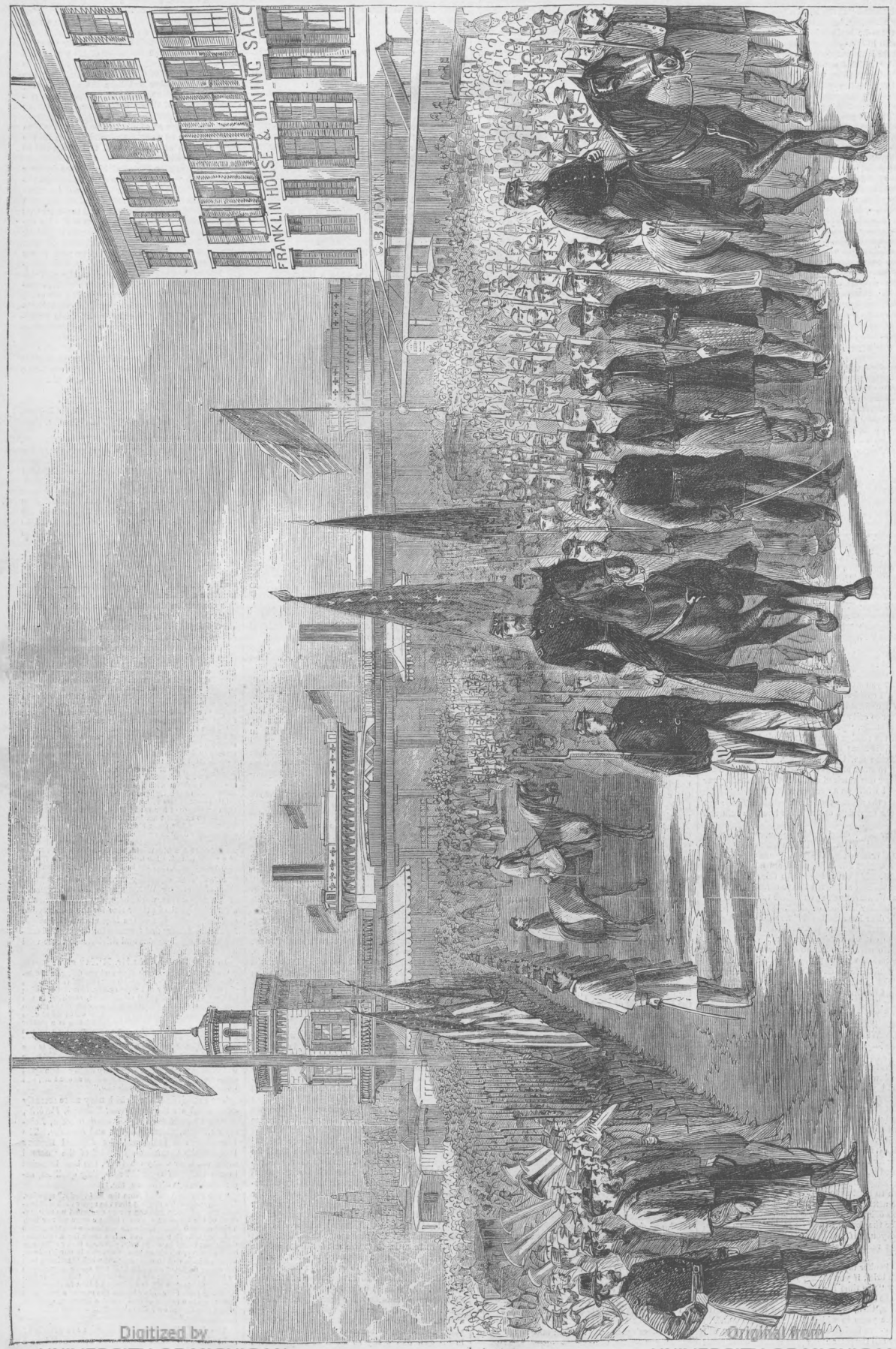
"With all that we have done and are doing in the increasing of our navy, I see, with our honorable Secretary, one fearful deficiency in basins or dry docks. Supposing that we had a hard naval engagement, resulting in the damaging of many vessels, we have only dry docks enough to repair a few ships, and for this reason we would at once become comparatively weak at sea, and this is a matter which should receive our early attention. Both France and England, while adding to the strength and number of their ships, keep pace with the increase of their dry docks and basins. Unless we adopt this system, the additions to our navy so liberally appropriated for by Congress will avail but little. The French dry docks contain space sufficient for fifty of the largest class ships at one time, and England is fast approaching this also."

The iron-clads of the British navy more recently constructed are the *Enterprise*, *Research*, *Favorite*, *Pallas*, *Zealous*, *Lord Clyde*, *Lord Warden*, *Bellerophon*, *Viper*, *Vixen*, *Penelope*, and *Hercules*. The *Enterprise* was pronounced by Admiral Sidney Dacres, the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel squadron, after many sea trials, the best iron-clad in the navy, as regarded sea-going qualities, accommodation, ventilation, etc.

"The *Research* differs from the *Enterprise*," says Mr. M'Kay, "chiefly in the fact that the upper deck was lowered in the former, and the armor continued up to it, instead of the armor at the ends being a mere narrow belt. This would, no doubt, make the *Research* a stronger, more enduring ship in action, but it has made her a comparatively wet vessel in a sea way, although many officers of our own navy, who have had experience in our Monitors, would perhaps consider her efficient when they learn that her upper deck is four and a half feet above the water at its lowest point; that the whole length of the deck is protected by bulwarks six feet high, and that in the central thirty-six feet of the ship's length she carries a fixed solid battery up to a height of eleven and a half feet, at which height it is decked over with sheet-iron, covered with four-inch planking."

The *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden* are vessels of light draught. The *Pallas* was constructed as a defense against future *Alabamas* and *Floridas*.

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RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS IN BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

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HON. EZRA CORNELL.

HON. EZRA CORNELL, the founder of the Cornell University, was born in the town of Westchester, New York, January, 1807. His father and more remote ancestors were Quakers, and young EZRA was brought up under the teachings of this peculiar sect. His father, ELIJAH CORNELL, was a potter by trade, but was a man of considerable culture and strongly-marked character. He attained the age of ninety-one, and reared a family of eleven children, of which EZRA was the oldest son. When the latter was about twelve years old the family went to De Ruyter, New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen EZRA and his younger brother wishing to attend school in the winter, obtained permission to do so if, by the next planting-time, they would have cleared off five acres of timber. They went to school, and the five acres were cleared.

In 1826, at the age of nineteen, Mr. CORNELL commenced life for himself. He left home and worked for two years as a carpenter and joiner in Syracuse and Horner, in this State. In 1828 he removed to Ithaca, which became his permanent residence. Here he commenced work in the machine-shop of a cotton-factory. In 1831 he married. His wife not being a Quaker he was expelled from that sect. In 1840 he purchased the right of a patent plow for Maine and Georgia, and traveled in those States to sell this improved implement of agriculture. It was about this time that Mr. CORNELL entered into the telegraph enterprise. The first method proposed for the construction of telegraph lines was to lay the wire under ground. Congress had appropriated $30,000 to lay such a line between Baltimore and Washington. Mr. CORNELL invented a plow for the special purpose of digging the trench for the wire and laying it at the same time. His project was a success; but he soon discovered that the wires were not perfectly insulated. Finally the whole scheme of an underground telegraph was given up, and the plan in use at the present time was adopted. Mr. CORNELL, from his contract for the New York and Buffalo line, made $6000, his first success in business. Since then, from various telegraphic contracts and speculations, he has realized several millions of dollars.

Mr. CORNELL first entered into political life in 1861, when he was elected to the Assembly of this State by the Union party. In 1863 he was elected to the Senate. But it is not Mr. CORNELL'S political success or his large fortune with which we have to do in this sketch. It is the manner in which he has used his wealth that entitles him to the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen.

In 1830 he appropriated $100,000 to establish a free library in Ithaca. His recent splendid donation of $500,000 to establish a University in Ithaca illustrates his benevolence. He has also given his home farm of 200 acres as grounds upon which to build the University buildings. He has purchased for the institution the Jewett Paleontological Cabinet at Albany. The buildings will be erected a short distance northeast of Ithaca, on an elevation of 400 feet above Cayuga Lake. The State has appropriated for the support of Cornell University the income to be derived from the Land Grant Fund, permanently invested for that purpose. The number of acres appropriated to this State is 990,000. This land scrip is now worth only fifty cents per acre. Mr. CORNELL has begun to buy in and locate this scrip, and hopes by thus increasing its value to secure for the University the princely endowment of $3,000,000.



HON. EZRA CORNELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL & DENISON, ALBANY, N. Y.]

CASTING AT THE ETNA WORKS.

ON Saturday, the 3d of February, a cylinder for one of the largest marine engines in the world was cast at the Etna Works in this city. This enormous cylinder weighs 18 tons, is 13 feet 8¾ inches long, 110 inches in diameter, and 2½ inches thick. It is five inches larger in diameter than any cylinder made for a paddle-wheel steamer having an engine of equal length of stroke. Cylinders have indeed been made larger than this in diameter, as was the case recently for one of the English iron-clads, but they had only one-third the length, the engine having a stroke of only four feet.

The largest cylinders in the world heretofore were those in the steamer *Metropolis*, of the Fall River route, which, having a stroke of 12 feet, had a diameter of 105 inches. Cylinders of the same size were afterward used by some of the vessels belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; but they have all been cast into the shade by the enterprise of the Merchants' Steamship Company, who are now constructing two vessels for a new route to Boston *via* Bristol, R. I., at the yard of WILLIAM H. WEBB, near the foot of Sixth Street.

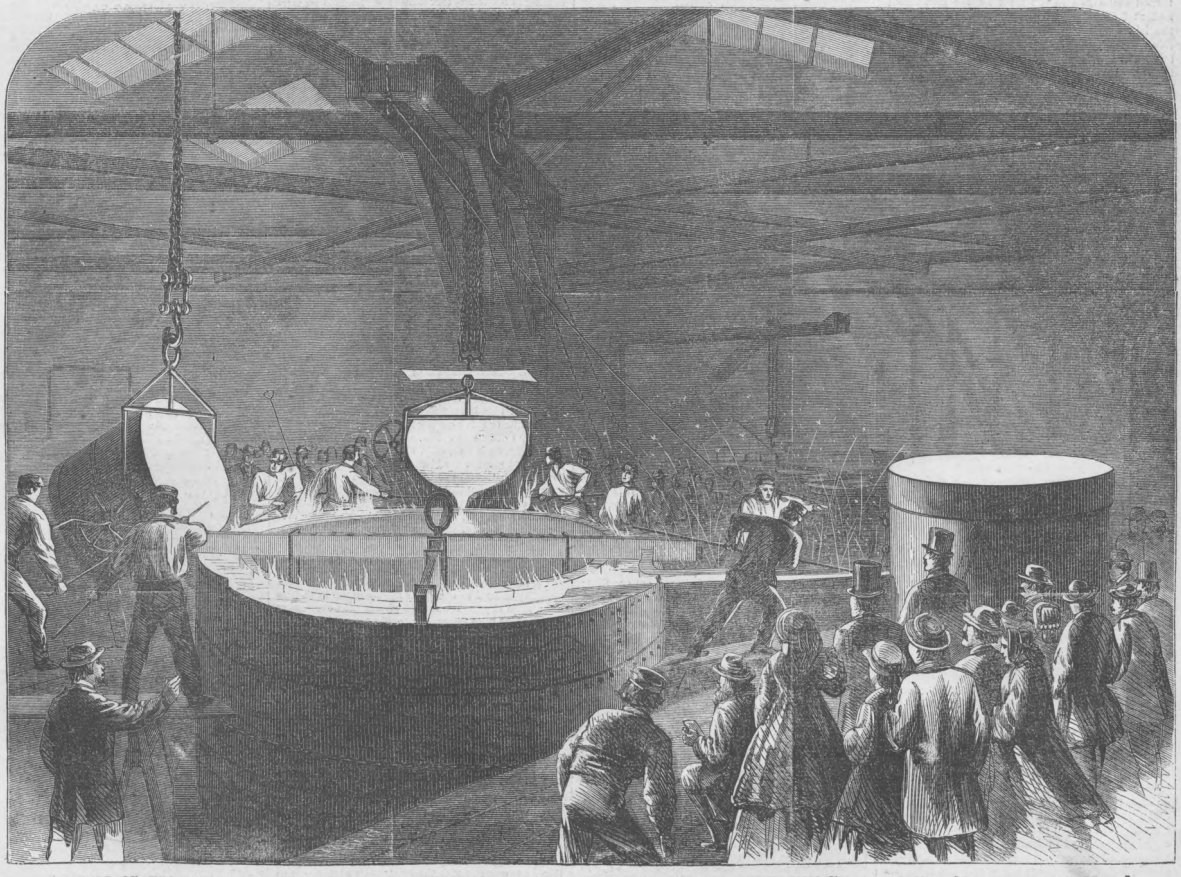
For the purpose of casting this cylinder a pit was dug near the centre of that part of the establishment used as a foundry, into which the mould was placed, leaving about one-third of its length above the ground. The main reservoir for the melted iron, which contained nearly eighteen tons of fluid metal, stood near, with a duct leading from it to the mould. At equal distances around the circumference of the mould two immense pots, containing five or six tons each of melted iron, were suspended from huge cranes — which metal, by-the-way, was held as a kind of reserve, to be used in the event of an insufficiency in the main reservoir, or in case all the interstices should not be filled from that source. The act of casting was an occurrence of but a moment or two in duration. The engine when constructed will weigh 1,300,000 pounds. ERASTUS W. SMITH, Esq., is the constructing engineer.

The boats for which these enormous engines are intended will be spacious, and when completed will be signal monuments of the enterprise and skill of our master mechanics.

RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH REGIMENT.

WE give on page 140 an illustration of the reception of the Ninetieth New York Veteran Volunteers in Brooklyn, February 15. The Ninetieth Regiment is the last Brooklyn regiment to return, and the Thirteenth Regiment, National Guard, determined to give them a proper reception, in which they were very efficiently aided by the War Fund Committee of Kings County. The regiment, numbering 180 muskets, was conveyed from Battery Barracks to Brooklyn. The Thirteenth Regiment, under the command of Colonel J. B. WOODWARD, was drawn up to receive them on the south side of the street. A section of artillery from the Seventieth Regiment was detailed for the purpose of firing the salute, which was the signal of the arrival of the regiment. As soon as the regiment landed they formed in column and exchanged with the Thirteenth the usual courtesies.

Both regiments then marched up Myrtle Avenue to the arsenal in Portland Avenue, where the reception ceremonies took place. Along the line of march every body who had a flag displayed it, while



CASTING OF THE ENORMOUS CYLINDER FOR MARINE ENGINE AT THE ETNA WORKS, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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the side-walks were lined with the friends of the regiment, all eager to welcome them and do them honor. At the arsenal, both regiments paid Major-General H. B. DURYEE the compliment of the marching salute. The large drill-room was set apart for the dinner, which was served on four long tables, and was such as to do great credit to all concerned in getting it up. The Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn, Police Justices, the veteran officers of other organizations, the Thirteenth and Ninetieth regiments, all occupied seats at the tables. After the regiments had assembled about the tables, Hon. J. S. T. STRANAHAN welcomed the returned regiment, in behalf of the War Fund Committee and the citizens of Brooklyn, in a very appropriate speech, to which Lieutenant-Colonel SHAUMAN, the regimental commander, responded. S. B. CHITTENDEN, of the War Fund Committee, also made a speech of welcome, but it remained for Brigadier-General S. L. WOODFORD to make the speech of the occasion. The General was frequently interrupted by the applause of his hearers, whose sympathies he was very successful in touching. The reception was excellently managed, and was worthy of Brooklyn.

The Ninetieth was recruited in Brooklyn in the fall of 1861, and on the 5th of January, 1862, sailed for Key West, Florida. In January, 1863, the regiment went to Beaufort, South Carolina; and subsequently joined the Department of the Gulf, taking part in the siege of Port Hudson and the Red River campaign. In July, 1864, the Ninetieth joined the Sixth Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. The men fought at Fisher's Hill, at Cedar Creek, and in many other engagements under SHERIDAN. The regiment re-enlisted in February, 1864. It has had about three thousand men in its ranks, including recruits.

RACE BETWEEN THE "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINOOSKI."

OUR readers will remember that last summer there was a trial between the *Winooski*, a Government vessel, and the *Algonquin*, to test their comparative economy in the consumption of coal. They will also remember that in this trial the latter vessel, though she managed for several hours to maintain a nearly equal competition with the *Winooski*, finally broke down, being unable to bear the severe strain upon her machinery. It was then arranged that there should be another trial to test the speed of the two vessels. After numerous disappointments, the long-expected race was entered upon on the 13th of February.

The race was not run the entire distance, which should have been 1040 miles; but was, owing to the furious storm on the night of the 14th, ended in the most summary manner, after running 390 miles. At 11.30 A.M. the two vessels left Wallabout Bay, and steamed up East River and through Hurl Gate. The race commenced at Execution Rocks, opposite Sands Point, at seven minutes past 3 P.M. Before passing the light-house the *Winooski* was more than a ship's length ahead. At 7.45 P.M. the *Winooski* turned Faulkner's Island light for the first time; and at 8.38 passed the *Algonquin* going toward the island as she herself was coming from it, the *Algonquin* being about fifteen miles behind. About an hour and a half after turning Faulkner's Island for the second time the *Winooski* was thirty miles ahead of the *Algonquin*. The next round increased the distance between the vessels by ten miles. On the completion of the third round the *Winooski* was seventy miles ahead. The total number of revolutions made by the wheels of the *Winooski* since starting was forty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two, averaging twenty-one and a half turns per minute. The pressure of steam was uniform throughout the three first rounds, and averaged thirty-five pounds on the engine and forty pounds on the boilers. The consumption of coal averaged about three thousand five hundred and fifty-seven pounds per hour. Going about twenty miles further on a fourth round, the storm and the darkness rendered further progress dangerous, and the *Winooski* came to anchor in Huntington Bay. The *Algonquin* also anchored about a mile from Stratford Point. The race was not continued.

As might be expected, the *Algonquin* claims to have had a misunderstanding about the start, and when the signal was given her fires were low; her wheel-men were inefficient; her engine broke down, etc.

Faulkner's Island, shown in our second sketch, lies fifteen miles east of New Haven, and but three miles from the main land. It is one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with a light-house on its extreme southern end.

MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

THE progress of the war early revealed the probability of the emancipation of the whole colored population of the South. A very large portion of this population was in religious communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. But as the idea and hopes of liberty took possession of their minds, they naturally inclined to renounce the communion of the pastors and people who had not only justified their bondage, but many of whom had actually held them in slavery and profited by their unrequited toil. The progress of our arms brought many of these colored people within our military lines, and their pastors fled from them. Thus the way was opened for the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church to come to these people and assume the pastoral care of them. In order to do this more effectually, the Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D., of New York, was sent by Bishop AMES, in 1864, to New Orleans, with instructions to make arrangements for ministering the word and ordinances of the Gospel to both the colored and white congregations, or to mixed congregations. Until the close of the war all received his ministrations gladly. But when peace came, and the ministers of the Church South returned to Louisiana and Mississippi, the white people almost universally withdrew from the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church and returned to the pastoral care of the Church South.

The colored people still cleaved to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was more or less the case throughout the South, but was specially so in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In order more effectually to serve these people, the Bishops have divided the whole Southern country into four Mission Districts—one of which comprehends Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. Rev. Bishop THOMSON has charge of this District, and made a tour through it in December last. He found a goodly number of intelligent colored Local Preachers, and also excellent white Missionaries who had been transferred to the work. On the 25th of December, 1865, in the city of New Orleans, he organized them into a Conference, of which our engraving on page 132 gives a view, with the Bishop in the centre. It ought to be carefully noted that white persons are admitted to these mission churches on the same terms as are the colored people; so that there is no distinction of caste.

We look upon this organization of colored men into churches, under the care of colored pastors, as a much more important movement than at first may appear. It will bring the colored men into the sphere of self-government, and powerfully tend to elevate the race. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church aids them, to a limited extent, in building plain yet comfortable churches, and gives employment to all colored preachers whose piety and intelligence will justify it.

The Conference contains 17 preachers, 12 colored and 5 white; 4 districts; 28 pastoral charges, most of them being large circuits; 2266 church-members; and $47,000 worth of church property. It is the beginning of a self-governing movement that will bear precious fruit in years to come.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WHAT are you thinking about, my dear?" inquired Mr. Jones, glancing at the puzzled face of his better half as she sat toying with her tea-spoon after the dinner dessert.

Mrs. Jones looked up with a preoccupied air, but smiled as she met her husband's gaze, and answered, "Considering what we shall have for breakfast."

"For breakfast? Why—have—hu-ve—some coffee, to be sure. We don't want much besides."

Mrs. J. laughed. "You'll think differently to-morrow morning. You like something good to eat as well as any body. As for me, before I half finish my dinner I begin to wonder what to have for breakfast. I declare it puzzles me more to plan varieties for breakfast than to arrange for dinner twice over."

Mrs. Jones was an excellent housewife. She did not, like many fine ladies, leave domestic affairs wholly to her servants, however faithful they might be; but gave orders respecting meals personally, and took special care that the dishes should be well prepared and nicely served. Yet she often wearied of the perpetual thinking "what to have"—especially for breakfast. Many ladies find themselves in a like dilemma. In summer, when nobody feels like eating heartily, fresh bread and berries and coffee make a nice breakfast. But in winter one must have rather more substantial food to fortify the system against the inroads of weather and business.

It is not that the good housewife don't *know*, but she can not *think* what to have for breakfast. Every little while she "gets ashore," as Mrs. Jones used to say. "Chops, steak, boiled eggs, omelet, griddle cakes, and toast—I am tired of all. What else can I have?"

There are many simple articles which a little ingenuity can easily vary. The white hominy boiled, and eaten with sirup, is a common dish. It is better still with sugar and cream, if you can persuade your milkman to serve you with cream. The boiled hominy, cut up cold, and fried, is excellent, either with sirup or cream. What are called German Fritters make a nice breakfast dish. Take common soda crackers, let them soak five or ten minutes in cold water, then fry in a little lard on a griddle or in a frying-pan. These are also very suitable as an accompaniment to the roast at dinner. Cold chicken, turkey, veal or lamb, and even beef, left over from the previous day, may be minced up fine, warmed in gravy, and served on toast. But in order to make this or any minced meat acceptable, more care must be given to the mincing and seasoning than servants will ordinarily give without special instructions.

Breakfasts may be wonderfully varied in the article of bread alone. Of course, good home-made bread is generally preferred for ordinary use. But for a change one may put on the table a different kind every day for a fortnight, and not exhaust the resources, if a good bakery is in the vicinity. Boston brown bread is excellent. Not cold—as we have frequently seen it served—but thoroughly heated through. This, with some nicely browned cod-fish-balls, or sausages, if you approve of eating sausages, makes a very palatable breakfast. But your codfish-balls must be carefully prepared and seasoned, and mixed up *moist* before frying, or nothing is more tasteless. The Boston brown bread is excellent with cream. It is somewhat difficult to procure this kind of bread, yet many of the larger bakeries supply it. It can be made easily at home, if rye meal, one of the principal ingredients, can be obtained. But that is difficult. Rye *flour* is not the article needed. Common Graham bread is much more healthful than a constant diet of bolted wheat bread. "Sally Lunns" split open, toasted, and buttered, are excellent; so also both wheat and corn muffins. "Jenny Lind Cake"—so called—is very appetizing. This is the recipe:

One quart of flour, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one tea-spoonful of soda, and two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix with milk enough to make a rather stiff batter; put it in cake-pans, and bake twenty minutes in quick oven.

If you choose, bake in small muffin-rings, and call them "Goldschmidt Cakes!" This will give a variety, and they are really nicer made in that way.

Perhaps Mrs. Jones has decided on her breakfast by this time; but we must recommend one other article, a favorite for breakfast in some parts of New England. Though called there "Pancakes," they are very unlike the "Pancakes" of New York. They may be made plain or rich, at pleasure, but the following recipe is a good one:

Half a pint of milk. Three eggs. Table-spoonful of melted butter or lard. One cup of sugar. A little nutmeg. Half a tea-spoonful of salt. One half tea-spoonful of soda. One tea-spoonful of cream of tartar. Of course the cream of tartar should be mixed in the flour. Make the batter rather stiff. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard and drop the batter from a table-spoon into it. In order that these should be successfully made, the batter must be just stiff enough and the lard just hot enough—otherwise they will "soak," as it is termed. A little experimenting will enable one to decide these points. Too many must not be put into the kettle as they rise a great deal. In order that the batter may slip easily, dip the spoon into the hot lard occasionally. When the pancakes look done try them with a knitting-needle; if it comes out smooth they can be taken up. If rightly prepared these are round or nearly so (contradicting the phrase, "flat as a pancake"), of a beautiful crisp brown outside, and light and nice within. With warm biscuit and coffee—and a bit of cheese is a good addition—they make an excellent breakfast. These may also be used, with lemons and sugar as a condiment, for a dinner dessert.

It is stated that 63,100 valentines were delivered by the New York letter-carriers on the 14th and 15th of February.

A lady coming on from Montreal to Portland had bought a love of a silk at the former place, and after entering the cars, a custom-house officer asked her if she had any thing that required examination. Very innocently she produced her valise, the said silk lying in her lap all the while done up in a coarse brown paper, and asked the officer to hold that parcel while she exhibited the contents of the valise. The innocent victim, not suspecting that common-looking parcel of being an offender, allowed her to go on her way rejoicing.

At a lecture recently delivered at Cooper Institute on "The Philosophy of Smoking," in enumerating the advantages of using tobacco, the lecturer recited an instance in the case of a crew wrecked among the Feejee Islands. All were eaten by the Islanders except one man, and him they declined to touch in consequence of his flesh smelling so strongly of tobacco. Hence the lecturer argued that all travelers should at once commence the use of tobacco, as they never could tell among what company they might fall.

In the Court of Special Sessions, a few days ago, a Cuban, who claimed to be unable to speak English, was tried for stealing, there being also evidence that he was not unacquainted with the ways of burglars. As he signified that he did not understand the evidence against him, a woman who stated that she knew the prisoner, having done washing for him, proffered her services as interpreter. On being questioned, after having given her name and residence, she stated that she was born on the rock of Gibraltar, was a widow, and supported herself and children by taking in washing. She spoke English with great correctness, and said that she could speak fluently and translate correctly French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic. She had formerly been a governess, but, being without friends in this city, was reduced to the greatest distress. Her child, whom she had not found time to teach the alphabet, could speak three languages. She had taught him while busy at the wash-tub. She was undoubtedly perfect in both the English and Spanish languages. The answers and explanations of the prisoner were given with a quickness and clearness seldom found in interpreters.

The following statement, if true, certainly indicates a wonderful change in the times. We cut it from a Boston paper:

"A Southerner has been boarding in his own house in Beaufort, South Carolina, and paying the negro occupant $3 per day."

In the enlightened State of Delaware there is a law authorizing the sale of negroes convicted of crime into slavery. Four victims recently sold under this statute in Wilmington, brought only from twelve to twenty-five cents each. In view of this decline of prices we should think the business would hardly pay, and that the law might be repealed.

A precocious pair of 14 and 15 summers respectively, residing in Baltimore, took it into their heads to get married, which they did recently, and started for the congenial society of Washington. The parents followed, and found the youth selling papers and the girl sewing for a clothing store, both happy as cooing doves.

The manufacturers are now busy with spring goods. We may state, for the benefit of such of our readers as like to be beforehand in their information on fashions, that stripes prevail on all the thin materials which have as yet been prepared. Not that the spring dresses will be made up from one piece of goods, the design on which represents stripes of equal width, but with three or four different pieces, the ground-work of which is similar, but the stripes are of different widths. The skirts will be composed of these different pieces, but the bodices will be made of self color, matching the ground-work of the skirt, and they will be trimmed with the stripes. Buff or nankeen color, as last spring, will be fashionable for morning wear, and the stripes will not be solid lines (either broad or narrow), but clusters of fine lines, which are softer in effect than when the lines are solid.

For morning promenade dresses the patent velvet or velveteen has superseded linsey, reps, poplins, cashmeres, and serges, in popular favor. The velveteen dresses, with paletóts to match, are decidedly the favorite toilets for morning outdoor wear—not that they are by any means common, but, on the contrary, are extremely fashionable, and have, so to speak, been well patronized. This cotton-backed fabric is of English manufacture, and although it pretends to be what it is not, it has many qualities to recommend it. For the effect it produces it is not costly; then it wears well—that is, it does not become either white or shiny quickly; and lastly, in some colors it is very brilliant and rich-looking; such hues as Humboldt violet, dark blue, *cuir*, or rather a shade of golden brown, and mauve; the black inclines to brown, and may be said from the first to look shabby. Then these velveteens require but little or no trimming, which can not be said of either linsey or serge.

Shoes for evening wear are made either of white *gros grain* or satin, or of silk to match the dress, elaborately embroidered with beads. For evening home wear mule slippers are generally made either of velvet or of unglazed kid, also embroidered with crystal beads. White shoes are trimmed round with ribbon ruches of a gay color, generally selected to match the flowers in the head-dress—the mule slippers are ruched with guipure over either cerise or blue satin ribbon. For outdoor wear, in dry, fine weather, brown kid boots, with black patent leather tips, are general; they are fastened with black buttons, and ornamented at the top with black tassels. For children this style of boot is particularly fashionable; it is more youthful in character than black kid.

A deliberate act of suttee was recently perpetrated near a village on the Jubbulpore line, about twenty-five miles from Allahabad, on the border of the Rewah territories. The subject of the sacrifice was the wife of a barber, who, on his death, declared her intention of not surviving; and on her steadily refusing to the expostulations of her neighbors, they at last yielded to her importunity, and assisted at the brutal ceremony. The woman did not appear to be under the influence of *bhang*, but simply acted on the promptings of what—for want of a better term—we must call religious fervor. She sat upon a pile of wood with her dead husband across her knees, while fagots were piled up to her shoulders, and her hair saturated with *ghee*, continuing to converse with the by-standers while her arms were burning, and only ceasing to do so when flame and smoke choked her utterance.

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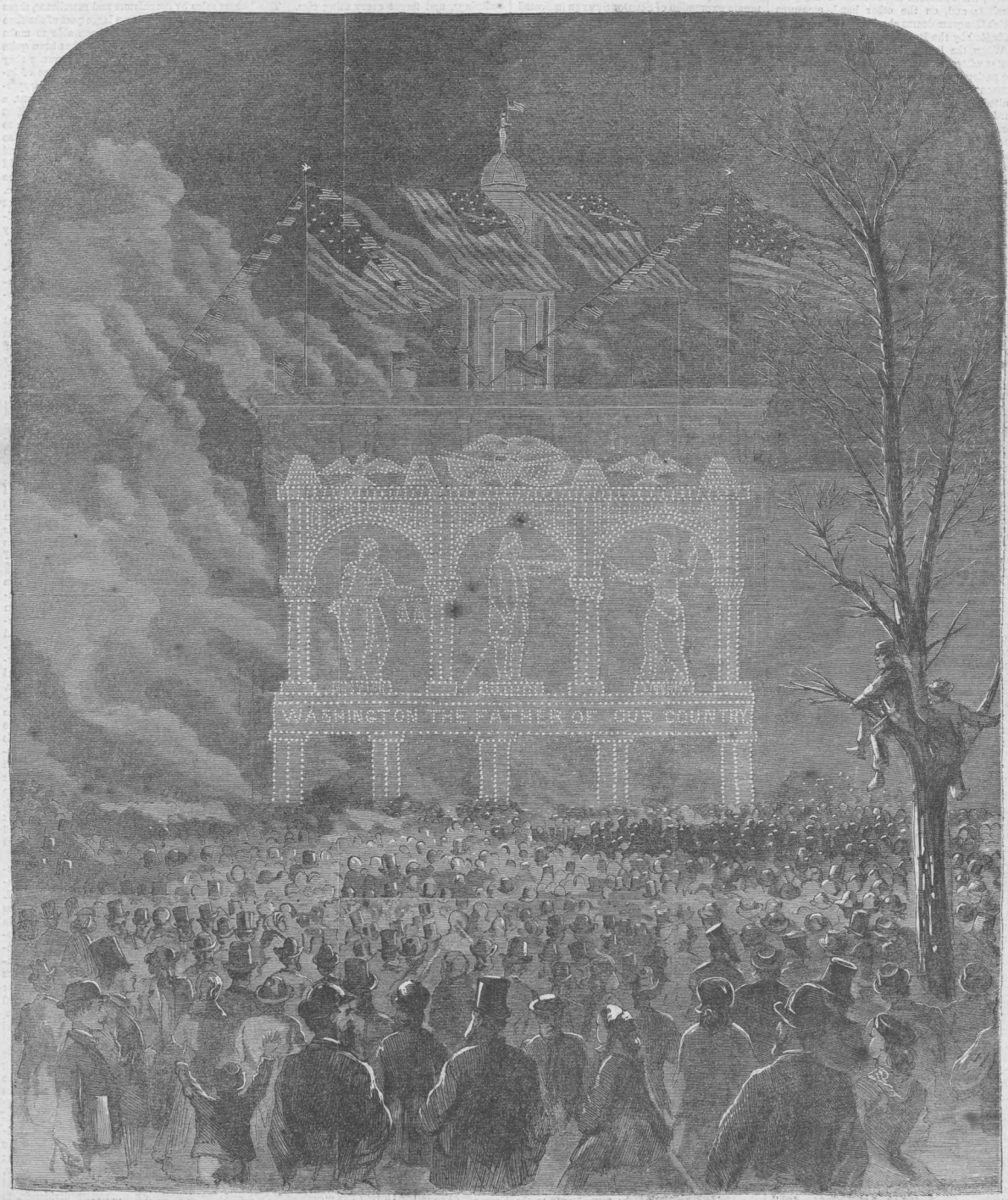
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 480.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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DISPLAY OF FIRE-WORKS IN CITY HALL PARK ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 168.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

IT is a matter of the gravest regret that the President and Congress should differ so decidedly at this most important moment. It was clear, however, from the day that reorganization became a practical question that great forbearance would be necessary in each branch of the Government, and it is painfully evident that neither has exercised it. But we are inclined to believe that the events of the past fortnight have taught both the President and Congress, as they have taught the country, that a different spirit must prevail upon both sides at Washington, or very serious consequences will follow. Thus, upon the cardinal point of the admission of members from the late rebel States, the President is powerless if Congress persists; and, on the other hand, measures which Congress deems absolutely essential may be baffled by the President's veto.

When the last rebel surrendered, and the States whose secession had been prevented by the national arms were left without other government than the military authority of the United States, it was necessary that steps toward the civil reorganization of those States should be taken by the Commander-in-Chief. The President, therefore, acting under no special verbal warrant of the Constitution, but by its undoubtedly implied authority and from the necessity of the case, appointed Provisional Governors and authorized them to call primary elections of delegates to Conventions, indicating at the same time who should vote. In this last point of his instructions the President was governed by the view which had been kept steadily prominent through the war, that no State could lawfully secede from the Union; and as it was conceded that, under the Constitution, the suffrage should be conferred by the State alone, he refrained from disturbing that understanding, naturally anxious to follow as far as practicable the normal traditions of the Government. He excepted, however, certain classes of those who by the old State laws were entitled to vote, while he refrained from creating new voters.

Undoubtedly this whole proceeding was exceptional. He acted as an absolute military commander, and might, at his discretion, have imposed other conditions and adopted a different system. If he forbade voting to any whom the local law had formerly empowered to vote, the local law was really repudiated. His will was the only law in the case, and he had the same right to authorize WADE HAMPTON'S late slave to vote as he had to prohibit WADE HAMPTON from voting. WADE HAMPTON was no more a traitor, according to the Constitution, although he was a more conspicuous one, than any of his soldiers; and if the Commander-in-Chief could authorize a traitor taken in arms to vote because he had been formerly a voter, he could certainly permit a loyal soldier of the Government to vote who had not hitherto enjoyed that right. But in this matter the President was guided by the plain consideration that it was desirable to make no fundamental changes which he could avoid; and although the true grounds and limits of his authority in the case do not seem to us to have been very clear to the President himself, he proceeded upon his conviction of the indestructibility of a State in the Union, and his action was perfectly intelligible.

The Conventions having met, he stated certain conditions which he, at least, deemed essential precedents to a resumption of the relations of the States to the Union. These were substantially the revocation of the acts of Secession; the repudiation of the rebel debt; the formal adoption of the Emancipation Amendment; the guarantee of all civil rights to the freedmen; and the election of truly loyal representatives to Congress. All of these but the two last were generally accepted by the States in question. But none, we believe, have fully guaranteed an equality of civil right before the law, although in one of the Southwestern States it has been held by a Court that the overthrow of Slavery carries with it all legal distinctions based upon color. One or two loyal representatives were also elected from the late rebel States.

This was the condition of the case when Congress assembled. The point to decide was exactly that stated by the President in his late unfortunate speech: "When those who rebelled comply with the Constitution, when they give sufficient evidence of loyalty, when they show that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law that you and I acknowledge, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." Congress met and found representatives of the rebel States awaiting admission. Congress said at once, "Let us examine and see if these States *can* be trusted, and whether they *have* given sufficient evidence of loyalty." Surely Congress was not bound to take the President's opinion upon these points. It would doubtless give it great weight; but the power already exercised by the President in the reorganization was so enormous that it was desirable another authority should intervene. The President had certainly no reason to be angry with Congress for exercising the very discretion which he claimed for himself; and it seems to us if the President had been more patient, if he had reflected that it was not for him alone to decide without appeal the conditions of reorganization of the Union, the collision might have been avoided.

It was the evident determination of the President that his view should prevail which excited the jealousy of Congress. How could he expect that General GRANT'S report of a few days' excursion to Charleston would be accepted as a conclusive statement of the actual condition of public sentiment as against the evidence of prolonged and faithful observation presented by CARL SCHURZ? Mutual defiance was exchanged almost at the very opening of the session. The House insanely allowed its most unfit member for the office to be its leader, while the unfortunate expression of Senator SUMNER indicated a hostility and impatience which could only lead to mischief. With an equally unfortunate want of reticence the President talked freely and warmly of the action of the House; and the House had not dignity enough to rebuke THADDEUS STEVENS when, in return, he grossly insulted the President by comparing him, for expressing an opinion, to CHARLES I. subverting the fundamental law. The heat grew. The President, in his Veto Message, most unwisely engaged in an untimely exposition of his views of general policy. The Senate failed to sustain its own bill by the necessary two-thirds. The House, stung with disappointment at the defeat of its favorite measure, and incensed by the untimely remarks of the President, needlessly declared that, whatever his opinion might be, no rebel State should resume its relations in the Union except by permission of Congress. Again THADDEUS STEVENS talked wildly about usurpation at the very moment the President was refusing enormous power, and as if the President's opinion could admit a representative to Congress, and then followed the melancholy scene in the White House grounds.

If this hostility continues, practical reorganization of the Union will be delayed for two years certainly. A political revolution will inevitably arise which will return the late rebel States to Congress without the oath of loyalty, and transfer the Government to the present Opposition. Now Congress, it seems to us, for reasons which must be apparent to every thoughtful man, must take the initiative in returning to co-operation with the President. It must consider what is called his policy totally irrespective of his personality. The central idea of that policy is, that a change of feeling can not be wrought by law. We must remember that we are to live with the people of the late rebel States as fellow-citizens, not as subjects; and wise men will see many reasons why it is better to leave many things that we might now wish to effect directly to the surer accomplishment of indirect methods. Congress is undoubtedly the judge when the unrepresented States may safely resume their relations in the Union. But the decision should be based upon common-sense and a generous faith in the logic of events, in the great laws of human development, and in the wisdom of the American system.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

IN our remarks last week upon the Veto Message we assumed from the President's remarks that he proposed to leave the freedmen to the care of the States in which they live. We did so because he spoke of some of those States as in his opinion entitled to resume their normal relations with the Union, and consequently to the right of caring for all their people. He spoke of the present Freedmen's Bureau as still existing; but as that is to expire a year after the end of the war, and as he told us war was now ended, it was fair to assume that the present arrangement would end by the first of May. Moreover, he did not say that he approved such a Bureau, and by insisting that the freedmen were not so forlorn as has been represented, and might emigrate if they were dissatisfied or appeal to the courts, he very plainly intimated, as we inferred, that their rights were not to be defended by the United States. We therefore said nothing of his objections to the particular bill presented to him, but simply expressed our profound sorrow that, in his judgment, the emancipated slaves ought to be abandoned homeless, houseless, landless, and at an inconceivable disadvantage to those who are peculiarly hostile to them.

That our view was not singular was proved by the universal excitement that followed the Message. The party of hostility to human rights, the "Democracy," whose sole article of faith is contempt of negroes, fired their loudest guns at the pleasing prospect that the loyal people of South Carolina who had fought for the Union were now to be turned over to the revengeful hands of those who had fought against it. The extreme opponents of this party, true friends of the people and of equal rights, also generally hung their heads in speechless sorrow and amazement. But the *Evening Post*, which is edited by men as faithful to justice and equal rights as men can be; HENRY WARD BEECHER, whose tongue flames and sparkles against the enemies of man; and many a private citizen not less constant in the good faith, openly asserted that they did not understand the President to be opposed to any bill, but only to the present one, and for reasons which were in some points very weighty. But such was the doubt of the President's position arising from the want of precision of statement, and from the mixed discussions of his Message, that it was immediately announced that the Secretary of State would come to New York and speak upon the subject. Under such circumstances a speech could only be an explanation, and we waited patiently the Secretary's coming.

Mr. SEWARD'S reception was deserved. It was a tumult of enthusiasm. Every man in the audience remembered his services and his sufferings, and forgot every thing else. The important part of his speech was this plain declaration:

> "Both the President and Congress agree that during the brief transition which the country is making from civil war to internal peace the freedmen and refugees ought not to be abandoned by the nation to persecution or suffering. It was for this transition period that the Bureau of Freedmen was created by Congress, and was kept and is still kept in effective operation. Both the President and Congress, on the other hand, agree that when that transition period shall have been fully passed, and the harmonious relations between the States and the Union fully restored, that bureau would be not only unnecessary, but unconstitutional, demoralizing, and dangerous, and therefore that it should cease to exist."

He added that the President thought the transition period was nearly passed, and that the original provision is sufficient for the end desired. That provision is for a year after the end of the war; but the war does not end, he said, until a proclamation is issued by the Government; and if, as the year closes, it is found necessary to continue the provision, it is for Congress to continue it. Mr. SEWARD confirmed our view that in the President's judgment the war of the rebellion is "not yet fully closed."

General HOWARD was equally uncertain of the President's meaning, and asked an explanation. The General subsequently issued a letter to the agents of the present bureau informing them that the President regards the law as continuing "at least a year from this time;" and Senator WILSON, who has wisely maintained pleasant relations with the President, has introduced a bill extending the operations of the present bill for two years.

We are sincerely glad that this is the truth. The national disgrace of an abandonment of the freedmen in their present condition to those who lately held them as slaves would be overwhelming. They are our wards, and we have no moral right to relinquish their hands until we leave them as fully secure in every civil right as every other citizen. Upon this point there is no difference of opinion among Union men. It is the "Democracy" only which would abandon them. The President, in his conversation with Governor COX, of Ohio, speaks of his resolution to see justice done with a distinctness which we should have been glad to find in his Message. The case is unprecedented, and we must treat it accordingly.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bull speculators in gold are having a hard time. For three years they have fought the Government with vigor and success. But their glory is departing. They thought 140 quite a moderate price for gold, in view of the $750,000,000 of currency afloat; and when the Government began to sell its surplus gold, some three weeks since, they merely laughed at the Government broker, and took, day after day, all he had to sell. It was not till he returned to the charge day after day, and week after week, each time seemingly with an increased supply of gold for sale, that they lost heart, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, fled in dismay from the field. The premium dropped to 136½, and would have gone still lower, but that at that point the Government broker, not caring to press the market, withdrew for a time.

In days gone by the supply of gold in the Treasury was so slender [illegible] of its actual wants that every one could calculate to a nicety how much the Government could afford to sell. This ascertained, the Bull speculators would make up a "pool," take all the Government gold at a price, and then, when the Government dared sell no more, would run up the premium with perfect impunity, and compel the merchants who required gold for duties to buy it of them at the advance. Now the reserve of gold in the Sub-Treasury is so far in excess of the wants of Government, and the revenue from customs so far beyond general expectation, that there is practically hardly any limit to the quantity of gold which Government can afford to sell. During the month of February it is safe to say that the Government broker must have sold from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 of gold, and if the speculators had had the courage to keep up the premium above 140 he might have sold much more. By the last official report of the Treasury Department Government held over $50,000,000 on 1st February, and since then the customs have yielded about $15,000,000 more. Fighting a "pile" of this magnitude is a very different matter from fighting poor Mr. CHASE, with his beggarly reserve of five or six millions.

The decline and the increased supply of gold are very distasteful to most of our foreign merchants. When the banks suspended specie payments most of these gentlemen put their capital into gold, and have held it in gold ever since, borrowing currency on the pledge of the gold for the transaction of their business. In ordinary times these gentlemen have done very well. In the first place, their business has been safe from the perturbations and uncertainties which have embarrassed all trades prosecuted on a currency basis. And, next, gold having generally been scarce for delivery owing to the small volume of floating gold, and the large short sales by speculators and merchants, these foreigners have, during a large part of the time they have held their gold, been able to make something by lending it out. It has been quite common for them to get all the currency they wanted on the pledge of their gold free of interest; and it has not been uncommon for speculators to pay them ½ and even ¼ per cent. a day for the use of their gold. During the first days of February, before Government began to sell, the stock of floating gold had fallen so low that speculators were obliged to pay ½ and even $\frac{3}{16}$ of 1 per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. These were halcyon days for the foreign houses which held their capital in specie. Since Government has supplied the market times have changed. Gold is now quite abundant, and holders who want to use their money in business are compelled to pay full 7 per cent. interest for the use of currency.

It need hardly be observed that these merchants had a perfect right to invest their capital in gold. In one point of view the operation was eminently business-like and judicious. But as it somehow generally happened that men who had thus invested their capital in gold became imbued with a deep distrust of the national currency, and as they generally lost no occasion of expressing that distrust, spreading it through society, and impressing it upon all with whom they came into contact, they came, rightly or wrongly, to be regarded as unfriendly to the national cause, and to be classed among the sympathizers with the rebellion. That injustice was herein done to many holders of gold is quite likely. But, in the main, the chances are that the popular theory was just, and that merchants who held their capital in gold were not, as a rule, friends of the national currency or of the country in which it was issued. For this reason there is the less regret felt that this class of persons should now be suffering loss in consequence of the Government sales of gold.

Of the future of the gold market nothing can be said except that gold ought to steadily decline, and probably will. There is no reason why it should be maintained at its present premium. The currency has reached and passed the maximum point of expansion. More compound legal-tenders are now passing out of circulation than Government is issuing of national bank notes. In the course of a few weeks, of the entire issue of $185,000,000 of interest-bearing legal tenders, there will not be $15,000,000 in circulation. At the same time a lively demand for currency at the South is drawing to that section a considerable proportion of the existing national bank notes and plain legal tenders. The currency is still far larger than is required for the business of the country. But it is not as large, in fact, as it was three or six months ago, when the bulk of the interest-bearing legal tenders circulated as money, and few or none of the national bank notes went South.

Serious differences of opinion have been developed in Congress with regard to the Financial Measure, sometimes called the Morrill Bill. It is of very little importance whether Congress passes the bill or not. Under the acts now in force Mr. M'CULLOCH can contract the currency just as fast and as thoroughly as he requires. The new measure would certainly enlarge his powers. But it is open to objections to which existing statutes are not obnoxious; and if the work to be done can be accomplished without creating Mr. M'CULLOCH Dictator of the money market scandal will be avoided, and the reputation of the Secretary will be spared aspersions otherwise inevitable. It seems probable that Congress will pass a law excluding interest-bearing legal tender notes from the reserve which the law compels national banks to keep on hand for the redemption of their notes. Such a measure would restore compound legal tenders to the category of investments, to which they fairly belong—would at a blow curtail the currency by $185,000,000; and would compel some of our national banks, which have been doing business on a grand scale, and declaring enormous dividends, to convert a large proportion of their assets into legal tenders.

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The great balance in the Treasury—$110,000,000 at this point, and probably not less than $150,000,000 at all the various Sub-Treasuries and depositories—continues to attract attention. Merchants can not understand why Mr. M'CULLOCH should be willing to pay 5 @ 6 per cent. interest for money which he doesn't want, can't use, and keeps idle. Possibly a solution to the problem may be made public within a few days.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

THAT the President of the United States should have been incited by a shouting crowd of his fellow-citizens to denounce by name a Senator, a Representative, and a private citizen, and to speak of another citizen in the slang of the stump, is something so unprecedented and astounding that, while every generous man will allow for the excitement of passion, there is no self-respecting American citizen who will not feel humiliated that the chief citizen of the Republic, in such a place, on such a day, should have been utterly mastered by it.

Yet the servility which actually defends and approves such an outburst of passion is even more deplorable. The President, excited and exasperated, may be charitably supposed unconscious of the real scope of his words when he accused Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS of inciting to his assassination. It is conceivable that he was too angry to weigh his words when, after calling for justice upon traitors—meaning the gallows—he denounced those gentlemen as traitors. But for an editor to sit deliberately down and elaborately justify so tragical an outrage of the plainest official propriety upon the ground that the speaker said that he should "stand by the Constitution," is an offense so contemptible as to be ludicrous. The President has taken a solemn oath to "stand by the Constitution," and nobody supposes that he intends to perjure himself. But the Senator and Representative have taken quite as solemn an oath, and their purpose is no less undoubted. Is it treason and deserving of death to differ from the President's view of constitutional duty? How if, because of a difference of opinion as to constitutional obligation, the Senator and Representative had denounced the President by name as a traitor like JEFFERSON DAVIS? Would they be excused on the ground that they declared they would "stand by the Constitution?"

This is not a question of President against Congress, or the reverse. It has nothing to do with the merits of different views of reorganization. It is an offense unprecedented in our history, which we fervently trust may never be repeated.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

MESSRS. STRAHAN of London, whose exports of books to this country were arrested at the New York Custom-house for apparent undervaluation of invoices, are naturally angry at the interference with their very pleasant and very profitable business, and, being angry, are naturally indiscreet. The practical discrimination in favor of the foreign producer which at present exists, under the heavy accumulation of excise dues and the light *ad valorem* duties, encourages them in the belief that the American market is at the mercy of the London publisher. Serenely confident in this advantage given them by the much lower wages of their workmen, they boastfully predict, in a letter published in the London *Bookseller*, of January 31, "Americans may ignore all the teachings of economic science, and may refuse to believe that COBDEN and BRIGHT ever lived; but this must happen nevertheless, that the useless employment of men in the manufacture of books that are already manufactured will cease, and that there will no more be an English and American edition of the same book than there are just now an English and Irish, a French and Belgian, or a Prussian and Austrian."

But besides being very petulant Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. are, as we said above, very indiscreet. The lesson they have received has led them to examine the United States Custom Laws, and they boast that if one of their games can be stopped they can still play another unchecked. They have found that, under the law, if they export as manufacturers to their New York agent they are bound to invoice their books at the "actual market value thereof at the time and place when and where the same were manufactured," but that if their books undergo an intermediate sale they can be invoiced by the buyer "at the actual cost thereof." This opens a new door to them, and they thus cheerfully point out to their brother publishers the mode by which they propose to make America the literary Ireland of England: "Can we not make the question one of 'actual cost' instead of 'market value?' The New York house of STRAHAN & Co. (which, by-the-way, has interests separate from ours) can cease dealing with us and order their goods from an export house in London, to whom we can sell for one-eighth per cent. profit, and who on their part can sell for the same. This is quite according to the statute, and if the New York publishers will insist on our playing at business we may have no objection to do so."

We admit that all this is perfectly feasible, and further, that men who boast that they will commit two fictitious sales to bolster up an invoice of this kind are just as likely to make those sales, nominally, at twenty per cent. loss each as at one-eighth of one per cent. profit, and thus deplete the revenue still more. Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. have our thanks for the openness with which they avow their design of reducing us to literary bondage and the means by which they hope to effect it. We trust the confession will not be without weight with our legislators when they come to revise the tariff.

A PUNGENT QUESTION.

HON. JOSHUA HILL was a representative in Congress from Georgia when the State seceded. He held fast to the Union, and while withdrawing to his home did not disguise his loyalty during the war. He was a candidate at the late election of a United States Senator by the Georgia Legislature, but the fact of his loyalty was successfully urged against him. In a speech to the Legislature which is remarkable for dignity, force, and fidelity to the country, he told his fellow-citizens many valuable but not agreeable truths, and said to them with a stinging emphasis what is well adapted for other meridians than Georgia:

"You all profess to love the President and to sustain his policy. If I may be allowed to compare large things with small, let me inquire how it is that you can forgive ANDREW JOHNSON for making war upon the Confederacy, and exerting himself to crush it, and yet complain of me for my peaceful opposition to your revolution? His children fought you while mine fought for you. Are you quite certain that your love for the President is heartfelt and sincere?"

DR. DRAPER'S "CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA."

THE interest with which books in relation to America are now read all over Europe is strikingly shown by the publication of Dr. DRAPER'S work on "The Future Civil Policy of America" at Leipsic, by OTTO WIEGAND & Co. This German translation is published in a style calculated for extensive circulation, and is made by Mr. BARTELS, Librarian in Wolfenbüttel.

Dr. DRAPER'S previous work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe" has had extraordinary success. It has been reprinted in England, and translated into Dutch, Italian, German, the latter edition being published in two volumes by the above-named Leipsic house. The German cities speak of it with unqualified praise. One of the ablest of them in his review describes it as "one of the most masterly and profound presentments of the course of European mental progress that has yet appeared."

Dr. DRAPER'S forthcoming "History of the American Civil War" will be reproduced in England, France, and Germany, simultaneously with its appearance in America. It is expected to be ready the ensuing summer, and doubtless will do much to disseminate in Europe just views of the principles of that great conflict.

LEFT-HANDED WRITING.

THE specimens of writing by soldiers and sailors who have lost their right arms during the war are well worthy inspection at the hall corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway. They are generally "back-handed," but legible and comely, and it is plain that a left-handed clerk or book-keeper can write as fairly as any other. The specimens are another illustration of the character and talent of Yankee volunteers.

IN PEACE.

Oh leave me to my reveries,
My own pure sky, my valleys fair,
My streamlets running where they please,
My flowery hills, my forest trees,
My blue-waved river flowing there.

And let my life that stream beside,
Like it pursue its onward way,
Far from the loud world's pomp and pride,
Not deep, but ever clear its tide,
And careless of the future day.

Thus let it glide on, sweet and slow,
Bordered with flowers, the hills between,
Playing with moss shreds in its flow,
And grasses waving to and fro,
With willow branches dropping in.

My hours rocked by each wind that blows,
Linked hand in hand steal soft away,
In their light track my thoughts unclose,
As fast and fresh as grass that grows
Beside the trodden public way.

They say that life is hard to bear;
My God! it is not so to me,
Two angels—poetry and prayer—
Like sister's love, like mother's care,
Cradle and keep it pure for thee.

Childlike, it still pursues a dream,
A hope, a wish, a memory,
Like butterfly beside a stream;
And in each morning's sunny gleam,
It sees its whole futurity.

Drop upon drop, but honey-sweet,
Thus to its share the days are given;
There is not one it fears to meet,
Oh God! thus, doubtless at Thy feet,
The angels live in heaven.

And when this happy life is run,
Death must draw very gently nigh,
Like flowers half-faded by the sun,
When the long summer day is done,
We only bend our heads and die!

And if but Faith and Hope be there,
Why what is Death? To close our eyes,
To concentrate ourselves in prayer,
To yield our souls to angels' care,
And sleep, to waken in the skies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade introduced a joint resolution to amend the Constitution so that no President shall be eligible for a second term of office, and made a speech insinuating that the President was too ambitious of power.—The question then comes up whether, notwithstanding the President's objections, the Freedmen's Bureau Bill should be passed, and was decided against the passage, there not being a two-thirds majority. The vote stood yeas 30 to nays 18. Among those voting in the negative were Senators Morgan, Dixon, and Doolittle. Vice-President Foster voted in the affirmative; also Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Wilson.

In the House, the entire session was taken up in noisy discussion on a motion of Mr. Stevens, that "in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to disturb the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the minds of the people of the eleven States which have been declared in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of the said States, until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to such representation." Mr. Stevens moved the previous question. For several hours a persistent attempt was maintained to prevent a vote, but Mr. Stevens triumphed at last, and the resolution was adopted, 109 to 40.

February 21:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden attempted in vain to introduce the concurrent resolution which Mr. Stevens had rushed through the House the day before. The Constitutional Amendment was then debated.

In the House, the great topic of discussion was the Loan Bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, when he deems it expedient, to convert obligations not bearing interest, and also to dispose of any of the Government bonds, either in this country or Europe, for the purpose only of retiring other obligations, but not for any increase of the public debt. Mr. Morrill favored the bill. Mr. Stevens proposed to amend the bill by striking out the discretionary power of the Secretary and the foreign loan clause. He complained that the bill placed sixteen hundred and forty-four millions at the absolute control of the Secretary. Mr. Hooper spoke in favor of the bill at great length. He reviewed the financial history of the country for the past five years. He said: "According to the estimates of the Treasury Department, and the actual results of the first half of the present fiscal year, the revenue of the Government from the existing system of taxation, and from other sources, will not be less than $500,000,000; while the annual expenditures for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1867, including the interest on the public debt, is $284,317,181 88. It is apparent, therefore, that the present rates of taxation will, under any circumstances, yield an amount of revenue much in excess of what is necessary to secure the amount required for the ordinary expenses of the Government, the interest on the public debt, and a reasonable appropriation for its extinguishment within the lifetime of many of those who now bear the burdens of this taxation."—Mr. Hooper thus summed up the terms of our debt: "It may be well to recapitulate the statement of the different forms of obligations which now represent the debt of the country; and also to state the amount of debt existing in each of those forms on the 1st of January, 1866:

Bonds, the principal and interest payable in gold	$1,120,786,700 00
Legal tender Government notes, including the fractional currency, not bearing interest	452,231,810 37
Seven and three-tenths Treasury notes payable in three years, and convertible at maturity into six per cent. bonds	830,000,000 00
Legal tender compound interest Treasury notes, bearing interest payable with the principal three years from date	188,549,041 00
Certificates of indebtedness, payable one year from date, with interest	60,667,000 00
Certificates of deposit of temporary loans, payable with interest on demand, or in ten days from demand, after thirty days	97,257,194 50
Amount of the war debt	$2,749,491,745 87
Adding other Government debts	50,530,472 12
Total amount of debt Jan. 1, 1866	$2,800,022,217 99
At the same time there was in the Treasury, in coin	$45,735,550 69
Less gold certificates of deposit	7,288,140 00
	$38,447,410 69
Add in currency	44,903,271 11
Total amount to the credit of the United States in the Treasury	$83,440,681 80

It was essential, Mr. Hooper said, that our currency should not be subject to fluctuation. This could only be done by a gradual reduction of its amount until the remainder shall circulate as the equivalent of coin. The first step in that direction should be to exchange the interest-bearing legal-tender notes for long bonds; and at the same time to reduce the rate of interest on temporary loans to at least four or five per centum. This reduction of the rate of interest on temporary loans would enhance the value of certificates of indebtedness, which bear six per cent. interest; and, being payable at a period fixed by the Treasury Department, they are a more convenient form of loan, while at the same time they provide a mode of anticipating the revenue at times when it may be needed. When the only unfunded obligations of the Government are the legal tender notes and fractional currency, costing nothing for interest, we can more easily determine to what extent, and when, they shall be withdrawn from circulation. They now constitute a fund or loan amounting to over $450,000,000 without any cost to the Government for interest. They constitute a loan from the people; and before I consent to their conversion into bonds that will require the addition of $27,000,000 to the annual payment for interest, I wish to know how much benefit is to be derived by assuming so large an increase to the amount of interest we now have to pay; and also, for whose benefit it will be. . . . My chief objections to withdrawing the United States notes from circulation by converting them into bonds are, besides the expense that would be incurred for interest on the bonds, my belief that a larger amount of money than formerly is now required for the business of the country, and my fear that some other paper-money not so good may be allowed to take their place, by which the country would be further than ever from a currency convertible into coin."

February 22:

Congressional proceedings were interrupted to give place to the memorial service in honor of the late Hon. Henry Winter Davis. The eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Creswell, Senator from Maryland.

February 23:

In the Senate, a new Freedmen's Bureau bill was introduced by Mr. Wilson, and was referred to the Committee of Fifteen.

In the House, Mr. Washburn was declared entitled to the contested Indiana seat by a vote of 87 to 36.

February 24:

In the House, Messrs. Clark, Plants, Besman, and Bromwell made speeches on the subject of reconstruction.

February 26:

In the Senate, the credentials of the Arkansas Senators were laid upon the table, 29 to 17.—Mr. Sherman spoke against the resolution for the indefinite exclusion of Southern representatives. He held that the lately rebel States were States still. He showed that President Johnson's policy only differed from Lincoln's as being severer against rebels. He deprecated a needless conflict with the President. No act of the President's, he said, up to the present hour had been inconsistent with his obligations to the great Union party that elected him.

In the House, Mr. Bingham reported back the Constitutional Amendment that "Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States, and to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property." The amendment was laid over.

NEWS ITEMS.

During his last visit to New York General Grant has been presented by several of our leading wealthy citizens with a purse of one hundred thousand dollars.

The winter on the Pacific coast has been even more severe than heretofore reported. Communication with Montana has been cut off by the great depth of snow, and it is feared there has been great suffering and loss of life. It is said that two hundred Mormons on the way to that Territory are known to have perished.

The Georgia Legislature has sent Commissioners to Washington for the purpose of requesting the Government to remove colored soldiers from the State.

The chief medical officer of the Freedmen's Bureau represents that during the month of December the total number of freedmen treated at the various hospitals throughout the Southern States, principally for malarious diseases, was 13,112. The deaths during that period were 653; discharged, 12,459.

Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding in Kentucky, has been urged by the publishers of the Louisville *Journal* to urge the restoration of the *habeas corpus* in that State. He answers that he can not do it, and gives reasons therefor, whereof these are a part:

"More than 20,000 persons, who were for a longer or shorter period of time in arms for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Government of the State of Kentucky, and forcing its unwilling people into subjection to a hostile revolutionary government, have returned to the State, welcomed back to their former homes in many cases by communities that regard them as patriots and heroes. In many such communities loyal citizens and soldiers are objects of prejudice, dislike, and often of persecution. Courts organized under the laws of the State for the equal distribution of justice in many instances have permitted themselves to be used as the mere instruments of the vengeance of those who are hostile to the Government, so that loyal men are still, in some parts of the State, compelled to leave their homes, or, if they remain, are constrained to feel that their lives and property and all their dearest interests are insecure. The duty of protecting all the people of the State, and especially those who have periled their lives in its defense, is one that no Government can neglect, and, at the same time, escape the imputation of ingratitude, and subjecting itself to merited contempt. It is also true that upward of 200,000 of the people who were until lately slaves are now free. As slaves they were governed by a system of law adapted to their condition, but the same laws were intended to embarrass them as freemen. I assert, with as much earnestness, and with as high regard for the honor of the people of my native State as any one possesses, that the general treatment of slaves in Kentucky was humane and kind, and that the people generally recognize the fact that slavery has ceased; but that many outrages have been committed upon negroes in many parts of the State is true beyond all doubt; and, after the most careful inquiries, I have been unable to hear of a single instance in which the civil authorities have punished the aggressors."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE Queen of England's address to Parliament was delivered on February 6. We quote those paragraphs which have most interest on this side the water:

"My relations with foreign Powers are friendly and satisfactory, and I see no cause to fear any disturbance of the general peace.

"The meeting of the fleets of France and England in the ports of the respective countries has tended to cement the amity of the two nations, and to prove to the world their friendly concert in the promotion of peace.

"I have observed with satisfaction that the United States, after terminating successfully the severe struggle in which they were so long engaged, are wisely repairing the ravages of civil war. The abolition of Slavery is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in showing its abhorrence of an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity.

"I have at the same time the satisfaction to inform you that the exertions and perseverance of my naval squadron have reduced the slave-trade on the West Coast of Africa within very narrow limits.

"A correspondence has taken place between my Government and that of the United States with respect to injuries inflicted on American commerce by cruisers under the Confederate flag. Copies of this correspondence will be laid before you."

In regard to Fenianism she says: "A conspiracy, adverse alike to authority, property, and religion, and disapproved and condemned alike by all who are interested in their maintenance, without distinction of creed or class, has unhappily appeared in Ireland. The constitutional power of the ordinary tribunals has been exerted for its repression, and the authority of the law has been firmly and impartially vindicated."

In considering their reply to the Queen's Speech some members of the House of Commons thought that Ireland had grievances which ought to be redressed. To these Mr. Gladstone replied, taking exception to the remarks that the evils which afflicted Ireland were the results of legislation, and objected to pledge Parliament to redress evils which were in some degree beyond their power. He also objected to the amendment, on the ground that the Government had in the address desired to denounce Fenianism, and said the more clear and unequivocal their language was the better it would be.

ITEMS.

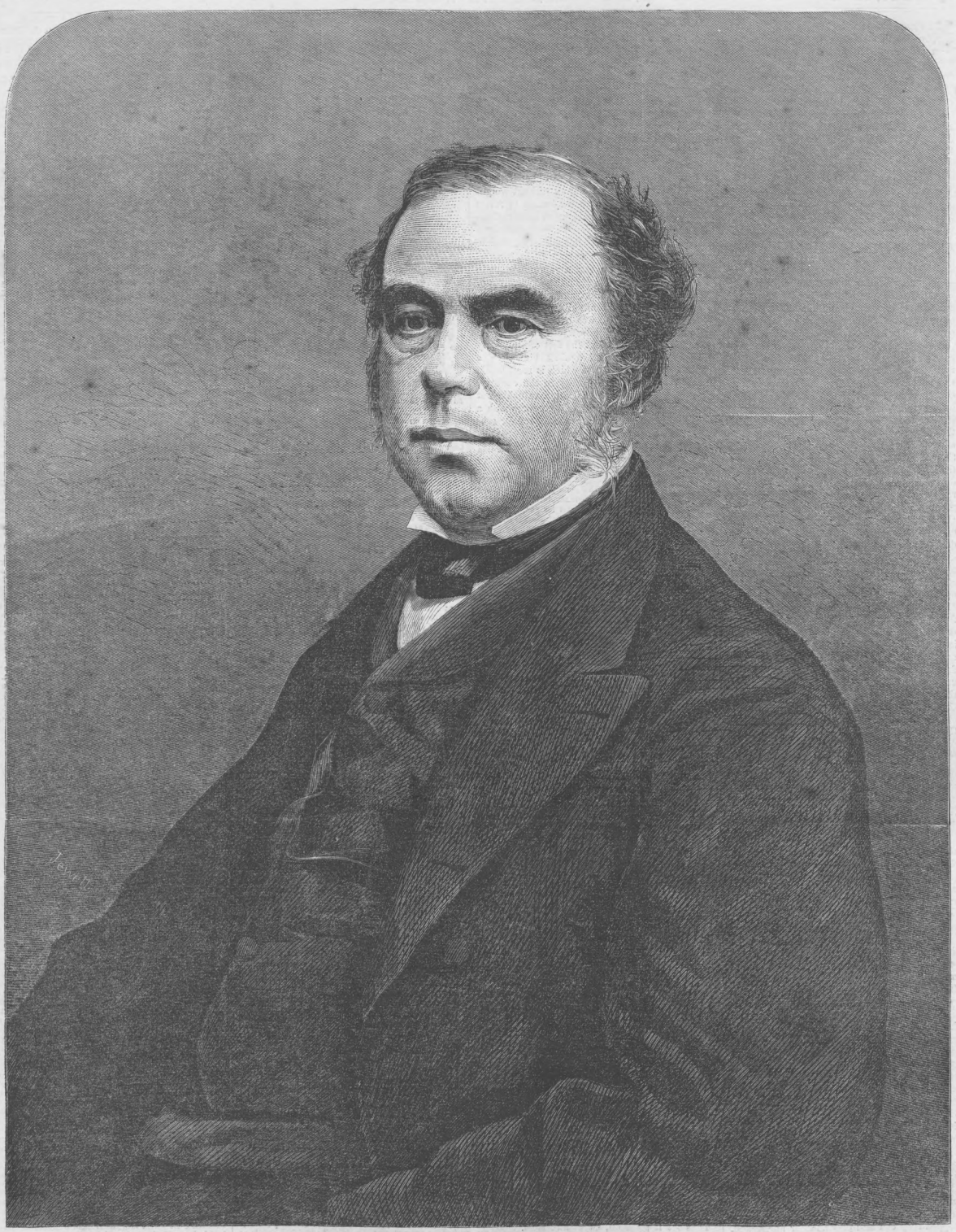
Spain has issued letters of marque against Chili.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies have passed a resolution, by a large majority, protesting against the attempt of the Supreme Court to restrict liberty of speech.

With regard to the Mexican question, the address of the Senate, in reply to the Emperor's speech, says:

"Your Majesty informs us that the memorable expedition to Mexico approaches its termination. This is announced to satisfy France that the protection of her commercial interest is assured in a vast and wealthy market now restored to security. As regards the United States, if, from misconception, the presence of the French flag in America appeared to them less opportune than at a previous and most illustrious period of their history, the firm tone of the communications made by your Majesty's Government has demonstrated that haughty and menacing language will not decide us to withdraw. France is accustomed to move only at her own time, but she nevertheless wishes to remember the ancient friendship between herself and the United States. What your Majesty asked of the United States is neutrality and observance of international law."

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JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

DR. DRAPER, whose portrait we give on this page, was born near Liverpool, in 1811. His academical education was much more varied and extensive than is commonly the case. He had every advantage that could be obtained from public and private instruction, and as was at that time the custom, especially directed his attention to classical and mathematical studies, in both of which he became very proficient.

Selecting the profession of medicine as his vocation, he commenced his studies in the University of London, and subsequently completed them in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. At that time there were very few persons in the United States who had turned their thoughts to Chemistry, and scarcely any who had had the great advantage he possessed of a thorough drilling in European laboratories. His inaugural Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, which was altogether experimental, received from the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania the unusual distinction of being published at their special request.

For some years after graduating Dr. DRAPER practiced medicine in Virginia. He then became connected with Hampden Sidney College in that State, having received the appointment of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. In 1838 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of New York, and has remained connected with that institution ever since.

His original contributions to science are very varied and voluminous. They are mathematical, chemical, physiological, botanical, geological. His medical writings were published for the most part in the "American Journal of Medical Sciences," Hay's Journal, those on non-professional subjects partly in Silliman's Journal, and more extensively in foreign Reviews. If collected together they would make several volumes. They have been translated into French, German, Italian, and extensively republished in England. Indeed so identified is Dr. DRAPER with the scientific reputation of our city all over Europe, that his experiments and memoirs are constantly referred to as those of "Dr. DRAPER of New York," as though the name of our city was a part of his name.

Many of these publications contain experimental solutions of difficult problems in Chemistry and Physiology. There is probably no private person in America who has expended more money in a purely scientific direction than Dr. DRAPER. Whatever discoveries he has made, and they have been very numerous, he has freely given to the world. He has never taken out a patent for any of them, nor sought to make them sources of personal emolument. He took the first photographic portrait of the human face, at a time when the possibility of doing so was universally denied. Had he sought to secure all the advantage from it, he might have made from that alone an enormous fortune. Probably more than ten thousand persons in the United States are obtaining a living from that invention.

Twenty years before general attention was directed to what is termed "Spectrum Analysis" in Europe, he had published some very important monographs in relation to it. They were, however, in advance of the times, and their value is only now beginning to be appreciated. Thus Professor TYNDALL in his "Rede Lecture," last year, before the University of Cambridge, shows that these experi-

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ments are at the basis of the modern theory of the Radiation of Heat. Professor Youmans, in a recent review of Dr. DRAPER'S "Civil Policy," mentions that one of the most distinguished scientific gentlemen in England said to him, "You Americans have a very remarkable man in Dr. DRAPER; beyond all question your first physicist. He is a most original and consummate experimenter, and I can not but regret that he leaves the field for which he is so eminently fitted." The regret was but natural in a passionate lover as well as an illustrious cultivator of Physical Science.

To the advancement of Physiology Dr. DRAPER has contributed probably as much as any living man. Thoroughly skilled in Anatomy, there is scarcely one of the animal functions which he has not made the subject of experimental investigation. Of his treatise on Physiology, published eight or nine years ago, it may be fairly affirmed that it contained more new discoveries and explanations than any other similar work. It became at once the text-book of many of our medical colleges. It showed that its author belonged to the party of progress in science, as other later works have shown that he does in politics and history.

Dr. DRAPER is a member of the leading scientific and philosophical societies in America and Europe. Honorary degrees of all kinds have been conferred on him by various colleges. For many years he has been President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and has given much of his time to the administration of the affairs of that institution. His physiological studies and scientific ideas have led him almost necessarily to the cultivation of History. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" and "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" have had an extraordinary circulation, the former having been translated and reprinted in many different languages. These books have made him more extensively known to the general public than any of his former physical, mathematical, or medical writings.

In these books is recognized at once the same turn of thought that gave such celebrity to his Physiology. He belongs to the party of Progress, the party of the Future. His views are those of the school which insists on the application of exact science to questions of Politics and History. One of the recent English Reviews, comparing his writings with others of that school, says: "In part, perhaps, from his medical education, and in part from the original constitution of his mind, Dr. DRAPER is more predominantly scientific than Mr. BUCKLE. The latter was essentially a literary man, his scientific knowledge mostly acquired by reading, being simply an accessory. But with Dr. DRAPER it is the basis of his intellectual attainments, the fundamental principle which tends to shape all else into its own likeness. Hence his clear perception of the presence of law, and his unwavering reliance on the regularity and cyclical repetition of historic events—ideas which generally appear vague and hypothetical, if not absolutely chimerical, to a mind cast in a purely literary mould."

His last work, "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," has attracted more attention than usually falls to the lot of such books. Originally nothing more than half a dozen fugitive lectures delivered before a miscellaneous audience, and, as its title of "Thoughts" indicates, not intended as a complete or systematic production, the ideas it conveys on matters of public policy have been received as of very serious import. Whatever their intrinsic value may be, it is undeniable that they have made a very profound impression. It is understood that in his "History of the American Civil War," now in preparation, these views will be extended and systematized, and their application in the case of the United States more completely shown.

Dr. DRAPER spends most of his time not devoted to professional pursuits in retirement, at his country seat at Hastings, in Westchester County. He married a Brazilian lady. Of his three sons, one is Professor of Physiology in the Free Academy of this city and in the Medical College; another is Adjunct Professor of Chemistry to his father in the University; he it is who constructed the great reflecting telescope—the largest in America—at the Observatory at Hastings; the third is an engineer of rising eminence.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

AND so we return at the point from which these pages set forth—the fall of Fort Donelson, and all the boundless astonishment which followed it. We unmoored our bark and set sail under the strong wind beginning to blow at that date; and though we have been compelled to reef sail, and lie by for the last few chapters in order to get our ship's company thoroughly acquainted with each other, we will from this moment spread all sail, drive before the ever-increasing blast, and gain such haven in the end as it may please Heaven to grant.

"Exactly as I have all along said it would be, only far worse," Guy Brooks, Esq., is remarking to his pastor in the study of the latter at the very hour Brother Barker is reasoning over the same topic—the fall of Fort Donelson—with



THE FALL OF FORT DONELSON.

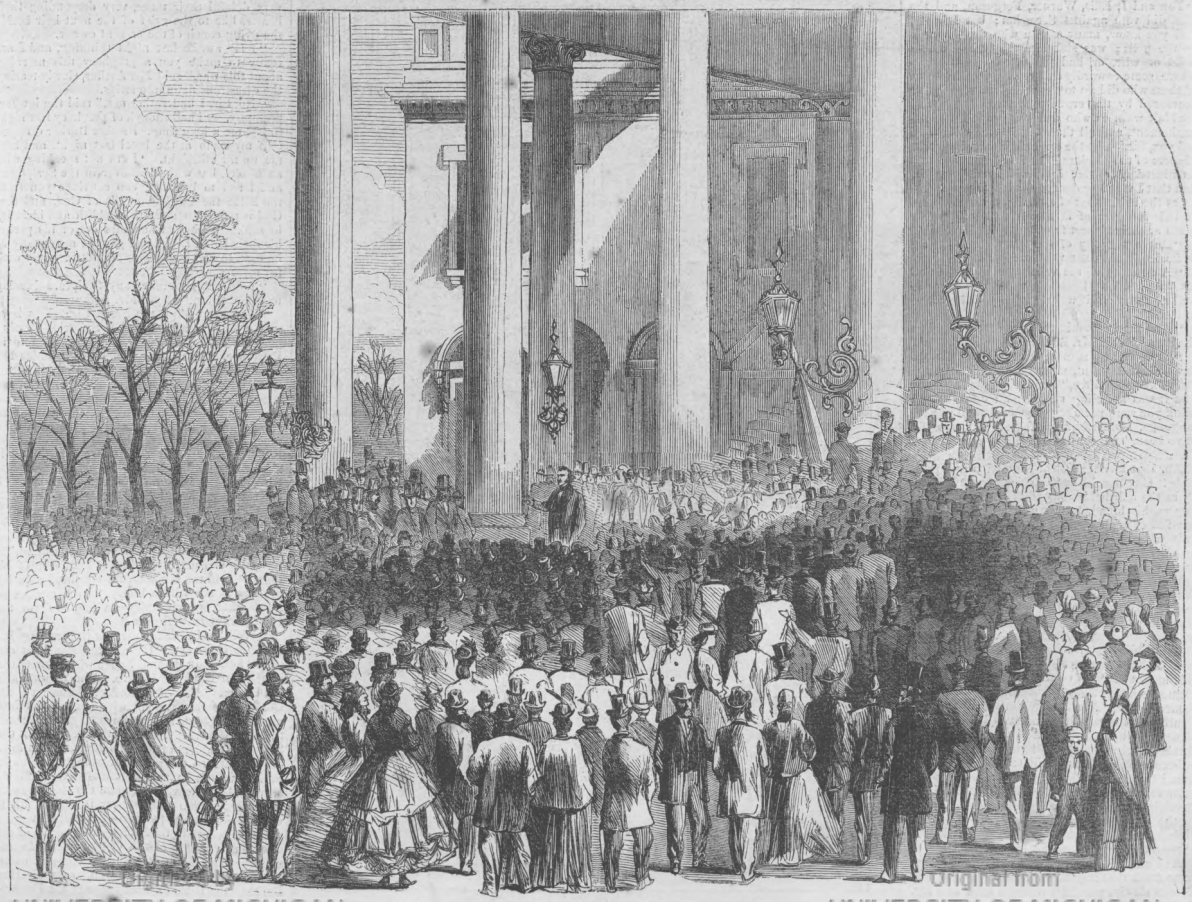
placid Mrs. Sorel under Colonel Juggins's hospitable though somewhat leaky roof. In fact, every person in the South—doubtless in the North also—over ten years of age is eagerly engaged at this instant upon this same theme. There in Somerville, the excitement being so intense, it is but natural a warm-hearted, large-limbed Kentuckian like Guy Brooks should feel deeply also. And strongly disposed to converse, too. Not in public, however. The time had been when no man spoke his mind more warmly and freely before Bob Withers, Sam Peters, Brother Barker, Colonel Ret Roberts, Colonel Juggins—ay, even before the dread Lamum himself, apt to put it all in savage print ten minutes after; before all Somerville, for that matter, than the lawyer. On the streets, in his own office with his heels upon his table, in good Mrs. Ellis's store, and every where else, the Kentuckian was wont to give his opinion upon whatever the topic might be.

Not so in these days. The lawyer has altered into a grave and silent man, with only occasional eruptions, showing that the fires within are only intenser for being smothered. What he would have said every where before, he now utters only when with such intimate friends as Mr. Ferguson and his pastor.

In every city, village, and neighborhood throughout the South it is touching to see how the Union men cling to each other. The ship having passed completely into the hands of mutineers, these poor disarmed passengers in the cabin below, the hatches battened down upon them, cluster instinctively together for comfort, speculating with each under their breath upon the storm raging around and the breakers ahead. One of the cruelest effects of Secession was the breaking up on every square mile throughout the South of many a friendship between even the oldest and most intimate friends. Worse still, families were broken up, son turned against father, brother against brother, wife against husband. In this latter and worst case, in nine instances out of ten it was the wife who was the Secessionist, while to many a husband nothing was left but either to engage in bitter and unceasing strife at home, or to play as well as he could the patient part of poor Dr. Warner. Yet it would be telling only half the truth here if we did not add that, where friends and relatives did hold to their country alike, the ties between them were immeasurably strengthened thereby; friend loving friend, father loving son, brother esteeming brother, wife valuing husband just so much the more as they thought alike, felt alike here, where thought and feeling had their intertwined roots about the soul's very centre. Ay, and persons never before acquainted, at enmity even, came now together into cordial friendship upon this one and sufficient ground.

"I frankly confess," said Edward Arthur, drawn toward his burly friend as he had never been before, "every thing is altogether unlike what I anticipated."

"Of course," replied the lawyer. "You ministers are only too ignorant of human nature, especially its darker side—which is all over," added the lawyer. "You preach total depravity from the pulpit as an abstract doctrine, yet ignore it in all your dealings with men or expectations from them. Do you remember that day I brought the first placard here for you to read? I prophesied then how it would be. As I knew at the time, the whole programme had already been arranged by Lamum and Colonel Ret Roberts, the Colonel at the very time solemnly sworn as a member of the United States Senate to uphold its Constitution—only one instance of a thousand similar perjuries. And yet we were all so horrified at Louis Napoleon! As we all know, there is a Colonel Ret Roberts and a Lamum, in some stage of development, in every town throughout the land. The meeting called and held by them in our Court-house here, not a corporal's guard of the people there; the furious resolutions adopted calling a State Convention; the blazing account thereof in the paper, was but a specimen of like meetings engineered by like men over the State. And this



PRESIDENT JOHNSON ADDRESSING HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS AT WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.

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was the spontaneous, indignant, unanimous uprising of the people! You know it all. Before the masses can realize it, lo! a Convention is in actual session—a Convention voted for, and delegates thereto elected, by only a miserable minority of the people.

"And who composed that minority?" said the Kentuckian, becoming more and more excited. "First, the politicians themselves—men whose trade and living is politics—men who saw their power and plunder passing forever from their grasp unless they made just that last desperate move. And even they accomplished their end only by superhuman exertion through the press and from the stump. Next come the set in every neighborhood, following their party leaders from the very force of habit. Last, the people, fancying Secession the only remedy against the North. Remedy? Good Heavens!"

"You forget, Mr. Brooks," said Mr. Arthur, "there were really sensible and excellent men—"

"Who voted for the Convention, and for delegates to that Convention?" interrupted the lawyer. "Yes; Colonel Juggins, for instance, and all his class; and why? Because Lamum assured them Secession was only a step to Reconstruction—merely a peaceful Secession! He and his no more voted for the dissolution of the Union, and for war if necessary, than did you or I, or Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and the rest of us who refused to vote about a Convention at all."

"I half thought at the time a terrible mistake was being then made," said his companion. "If Union men throughout the State had all suddenly come into the idea of a Convention when it was first proposed by the Secessionists, had voted for it, had voted true men into it, then—"

"We would have seized their one piece of artillery, turned it upon the Disunionists, and with it blown them to the—the moon!" said the lawyer. "Ah, it is easy to talk! Or, if the Governor had but planted himself upon the Constitution from the first. But what is the use of talking about that now?"

"You know Secession was submitted to the vote of the people afterward," suggested the minister.

"And with great difficulty was that precious Convention induced to do it," said his friend. "And when it *was* done! By that time hadn't the politicians fanned the fire into a conflagration? You remember how it was commonly declared then that the man who refused to vote Secession was a base submissionist. As to him who voted against it, that man was an Abolitionist, and the sooner hung the better. Freemen! And yet tens of thousands of the best men in the State, scattered apart as they were among the excited, infatuated—"

"Don't let us say fools," interrupted the minister. "We can not keep our tongues too carefully from the violent language of the day."

"Did not dare to vote," continued Mr. Brooks. "You and I, Ellis, Warner, Ferguson, and the like, did vote against Secession; but I know, and you know, many a man who dared not go to the polls; was sick himself, or had a sick child or wife, or had pressing business somewhere, some cowardly excuse of the sort. Even of those who did go to the polls, how many were prevented by the crowd about the boxes, and couldn't wait, or who disliked going into such excitement, and all that, didn't vote at last. I tell you, Sir," said the excited Kentuckian, "the Signers of the Declaration of Independence left an illustrious name; but I will hand down the fact that I voted against Secession to my posterity as the noblest act of my life; my declaration of independence of falsehood and folly, made when at their highest flow."

"But a majority of the votes cast were for Secession," said the minister, after a pause.

"A majority of the votes *cast* you may well say," replied Guy Brooks. "But you know as well as I whether it was a majority of the voters in the State."

"And then came the raising of troops against the South," said Mr. Arthur, reflectively.

"Yes; and no man in the South had, in the flush of the moment, more disposition than I to meet force with force," began the lawyer. "At first it was a feeling sudden and universal. I think you were not altogether as clerical in your language, Mr. Arthur, my friend, as you might have been," he continued, with a smile. But there he stopped.

Ah, that terrible test of conviction and principle! Guy Brooks sat in silence, tugging gloomily at the hair behind his right ear with restless fingers, his broad, brown face no longer open, but full of such anxious thought as men know only when bosom and brain are at cross purpose, when feeling and principle are at strife for ascendency.

He said nothing, but he thought, thought! And multitudes at the South were at the same instant thinking, thinking, thinking—not saying a syllable of their thoughts even to brother or wife.

If his disjointed thoughts could have been written down they would have run somewhat in this manner: "We of the South—Southerner! Democratic right of self-government. But that democratic old Andrew Jackson and his native South Carolina in 1832? Humph! The old General would not have actually fought Carolina? Perhaps. South fighting for its very existence as a nation? Yes; and the United States Government fighting, since need is, for its prior existence. Secession in this case? Then Secession legitimatized at the North, East, West, in the South over and over again. Humph! Universal disintegration, dissolution, death! Wrong to fight against *that*?"

And on and on—millions at the South on the same track that instant with him—plodded Guy Brooks, slowly, painfully through mire and fog. Alas, the systematic effort to drown one's own soul with the clamor of the times! Multitudes of the noblest men of the South were forced to conceal their trains of thought from others, from themselves. Alas, for the laborious process of self-silencing! Miserable dissembling to one's own self as well as to others.

With some it became settled into a hopeless habit, for which "the peculiar times are to blame, Heaven knows, not I; *I* can not help it!"

With many, very many, the soul came out of the mire at last, to see clearly, to stand firmly, to speak boldly. But that daylight has not arrived as yet to Guy Brooks, sitting there that hour in his pastor's study.

"I am as well satisfied as a man can be on any moral question that Secession is a great wrong, a crime against man, a sin against God." The minister, as he says it, walks to and fro across his study, his hands clasped behind him, his chin drooped upon his bosom. "But then the Battle of Manassas! At the time it seemed to me God's approbation of Secession. Not that I thought for an instant the Almighty approved of Secession," said the minister, hastily correcting himself; "that I never can bring myself to believe. I mean, it began to seem as if the Almighty intended permitting the deed, as he permitted the partition of Poland. So far as we could gather from our papers, the North had pretty much given the South up. But now this sudden, determined, apparently overwhelming advance upon the South—"

The speaker hardly uttered to himself even the rest of his sentence. You who know, could you have found just at that date a Southern-born man at the South who would then have intimated even to himself, much less to his dearest friend, a wish for the success of the Federal arms?

Guy Brooks and Mr. Arthur never were more busy than in keeping themselves from distinct thought upon the matter.

"And do you suppose," said the lawyer, at last, "that the politicians did not know all this time of the immense preparations being made by the Federals on shore and sea at the North? No, Sir. It was no ignorance on their part. From the first they have studiously kept the people at the South in profound ignorance. Look at Bowling Green! Who dreamed the Confederate Army there was so small?"

"It certainly was poor policy," said his companion.

"Knaves are *always* fools in the end," was the lawyer's remark. "It is all of a piece. You remember that summer of the burnings?"

The minister nodded his head to this altogether unnecessary question. If no one else remembered it Edward Arthur certainly did, the memory of his heart assisting therein the memory of his head. That serene, starlight night upon the front porch sparkled in his memory amidst that dark time like a diamond set in jet.

"You may remember," continued his friend, "I had my idea then, as well as Ferguson his, as to those fires, poisonings, conspiracies, book agents, and all. I did not utter my suspicion then to a soul. I could not believe it possible. I do believe it now," he added, with a blow of his huge fist on the pastor's table, sending his heavy Concordance inches in the air.

"Well?" inquired the other. "I confess I am just as much puzzled this hour upon the subject as I ever was." And he paused in the midst of his walk before the lawyer with curiosity in every line of his face.

"Sir, I suspected it then; I know it now," said the lawyer. "The whole excitement in the South then was the result of a regular conspiracy."

"So Lamum said at the time," not so innocent, however, of his friend's meaning as the words would indicate.

"And the unprincipled—yes, it is better to use no epithets; it may become a habit these awful times, and become oaths—the unprincipled man," continued the lawyer, "was right. Only he was himself one of the conspirators. The whole plot was devised and worked by him and his masters. I tell you, Sir, not more than a dozen or two of the ablest and most desperate of the leaders may have been in the secret; but as I believe in the existence of Satan, so do I believe that the whole excitement that summer was plotted and carried on by them and by their agents to prepare the people at the South for Secession. It was not enough to split the Baltimore Convention, and so bring about the election of Lincoln—*that* was in the programme. But they knew that even if Lincoln was elected—a Black Republican I mean, whatever his name might be—the South was not ripe for Secession even for that; and that is the way they ripened the South, as by a hot-house process."

"And the John Brown Raid?" asked Mr. Arthur, with a smile. "No, Mr. Brooks, I can not agree with you there. I have long thought that political ability, and political success, too, whether on the part of Louis Napoleon, or of Jeff Davis and his set, consists not so much as people suppose in creating or even in anticipating events. No; it consists rather in instantly and adroitly seizing upon events, even altogether unforeseen events, as they arise, exaggerating them, turning them, working them toward their own end. The destruction of the Union being the end fixed upon, the politicians in Congress, from the stand, by the papers, and in every other way, have strained every nerve to make every event a help toward that."

"And all the time the people, intent only on their daily matter, dreamed of nothing about their country but that it was the greatest and most permanent government on earth!" said Guy Brooks.

And yet a great many people at the South hold with the lawyer upon that incendiary summer up to this hour. Not Mr. Ferguson, of course. As to every thing being worked by the Disunionists to their own deadly end, he believed that as firmly as any man. But for those burnings, the excessive dryness and heat of the season is the full and sufficient explanation.

"Look at the papers if you doubt there being a systematic conspiracy as I say," urged the lawyer. "Do you not see how invariably they are exaggerating into the utmost importance every thing favorable to their Confederacy—invariably, systematically distorting or suppressing every thing in the least degree unfavorable to it? The tremendous clatter they keep up on the bells at every rumor of victory, only a part of the same thing. They desire to establish a manufacturing interest at the South; they have begun it with a vengeance in the manufacturing of lies—out of all material, and out of no material at all."

As we have observed, it was just after the fall of Fort Donelson that the lawyer held this conversation with his pastor. Time was to teach him something of the capacity of human nature to produce, and to believe in, falsehoods beyond what he or any other man could at that day have deemed possible.

"'NASHVILLE OCCUPIED BY THE FEDERALS! NOT ONE SOUL THERE SO BASE AS TO WELCOME THEM. INHUMAN ATROCITIES ALREADY COMMITTED THERE! NORTH ALABAMA THREATENED! GRAND ADVANCE UPON VIRGINIA! FLEET TO DESCEND THE MISSISSIPPI! ATTEMPT SOON TO BE MADE ON NEW ORLEANS! OUR AROUSED PEOPLE READY TO HURL THEM BACK. THEIR VERY ADVANCE PERMITTED BY OUR GENERALS AS PART OF A BRILLIANT STRATEGY SOON TO BE SEEN IN ITS FRUITS!'" read Mr. Arthur from the headings of the last Somerville *Star* lying on the table. "It really does seem as if the North was about making a determined effort," he continued, after a pause.

"It does indeed; you may well say so," replied his friend, with tones in singular contrast with the gloomy shake of the head which accompanied them. And it was not only singular, but to the last degree exasperating to Lamum and his set, the way in which the Union people began to swarm out into the streets from their retreats, like bees on the first burst of summer; and the frequency and fullness and unction with which they spoke of "the late most disastrous news."

Good Secessionists shrank instinctively from all conversation with them; but there was a wonderful degree of sudden visiting among themselves on the part of the Union people. No two of them could meet on the street, or upon the roads around, but they must stop to shake their heads together in sad concert over the "terrible intelligence," and to agree that "matters must be much worse even than our papers represent them, if we only knew." Very sad their brows, very doleful their tones, very desponding their hearts, like to the grief of the next heir beside the dying couch of the present owner.

"I lay awake last night thinking, and I am ready to make you a prophecy this morning about this war," said Mr. Arthur, slowly tearing the disastrous news into strips.

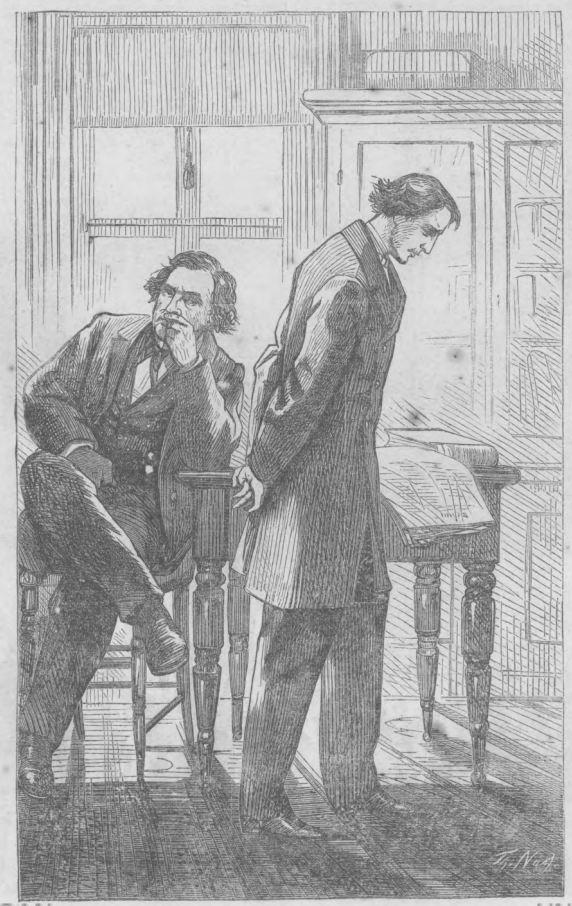
"No, Sir, I had rather not," said the lawyer, promptly. "I had enough of prophecy last night to last me a long time. Brother Barker dropped into my room at the hotel last night, and kept me up till midnight. 'I am not speaking with an infidel, but with a believer in the Scripture; and I feel to believe I can convince you from the Bible the Confederacy is of God, and that God is going certainly to establish and bless it,' he said. With that he whips out of his pocket his little black Bible, and goes at me exactly as he used to do about points of doctrine, only with far more zeal."

"I do not remember any Scripture bearing upon Secession," began Mr. Arthur.

"You are behind the times, Sir. You have seen a book, written by a Dr. Baldwin, showing how the United States is clearly alluded to in Scripture. Since Secession Baldwin's idea has been seized upon and arranged to admit Secession and all its glorious results. Oh, I can not remember half the man's nonsense! I listened to it as part of the insanity of the times with some curiosity. Abler and better men than poor Brother Barker originated the idea; he has jumped upon it as his last hobby, and is riding it to death. Even Captain Simmons has caught the infection. Fullest of memories of Sabbath-school and Scripture when drunkest, the Captain's religious knowledge until so warmed being as invisible as the writing in lime juice, he now brings, when drunk, an amazing number of scriptures to illustrate the subject in hand."

"Can you not remember at least one of his texts?" said the minister, all the theologian beginning to stir within him. "I am curious to know what even insanity can find to favor the Confederacy in Scripture."

"Well," said the lawyer, his fingers busy behind his right ear, "there is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands which smote the image—in Daniel, I believe. The mountain is the United States Government; the stone is the Confederate Government, which is to grow into a great kingdom, and in some way or other fill the whole earth. Ah, yes, the stone being the Scripture emblem of the Confederacy, you have only to turn to the places in which it occurs in Scripture to find plenty of reference to that Government! Whoever fell upon the stone was to be broken; upon whomsoever it was to fall it would grind him to powder—I do not remember where it occurs in the Bible—emblematic of the victorious strength of the Confederate Government. 'The North and Europe sneer at us on account of slavery. Very well,' says Brother Barker, 'the Bible expressly *says* of the Confederacy, it shall be a stone of stumbling and a rock



THE PARSON AND THE LAWYER.

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of offense.' All the rest of the world is infidel, is his notion, because it rejects the Bible doctrine of slavery as a divine right. In other words, the Confederacy is the last, lingering abode on earth of pure religion. 'Perfectly clear that,' says Brother Barker; 'does not Scripture say on this rock or stone I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? which settles the result of this war upon us by the North,' he said. Yes, he thinks when once you have what he calls a key, like the symbolical meaning of the word stone, you can unlock all prophecy. There is the word seven also; he makes it refer in Scripture to the seven States which first seceded; and he runs that word down through the Bible. Seven women shall lay hold on one man; that means those seven States laid hold upon, to feed and protect them, a Confederate Government over them all, and so on. Then there is a prophecy about the Mount of Olives; mountain in Scripture, he says, means the old United States Government splitting asunder by a line running east and west, referring to Secession. 'Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind;' Europe lying to the east of us, this is a prophecy of the raising of the blockade by the European states. There was a vast deal more to the same effect, but I have forgotten it. But to do every body justice," continued the lawyer, "though people rather like to hear Brother Barker's expositions of prophecy, feel strengthened by them, I have not heard of any one as yet decidedly embracing them. 'They *may* be correct; we hope they *are* correct,' is what his hearers say, but that is all."

"To me such a thing is one of the darkest features of the times," said the minister, very sadly. "If ever there was a time when religion and the ministers of religion should hold themselves aloof from the infatuation of the hour it is now; for if there is no restraining influence exerted on the rising tide of worldliness and wickedness by these, what is left under heaven to restrain? I know of no other influence used of God for this purpose."

"I fear matters are going to be far worse than you or I have ever imagined. And this brings me to the matter I called this morning especially to see you upon," continued Guy Brooks, rubbing his upper lip with his rueful finger.

Ah, that sinking of the heart, which tells more surely in the bosom of impending evil than does the mercury in the barometer of approaching storm! Not yet had Edward Arthur got used to it; though he was to be made a stronger man, and by this very process.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I fear we are going to have trouble in our church—great trouble," said his friend.

"I think not," said the minister, earnestly, but with more hope in his tones than in his heart. "You remember I announced from the pulpit, at the outset of Secession, that I intended to confine myself exclusively to the peculiar duties of my calling, and to keep politics utterly out of my sermons and my prayers."

"It doesn't matter," replied his friend. "Do you suppose there is a person in Somerville but knows your views in regard to Secession?"

"I can not help that," replied the minister. "I have the deepest and clearest convictions on the subject—how could I but have? I have all my life been accustomed to express myself frankly to my friends in conversation on every topic which came up. Upon this topic, one so continually up, one in which I can not but feel the deepest interest, I have done the same. What else could I do? You would not have me dissemble my honest convictions, I know. I have sometimes wished I had been able from the very first never to have uttered a syllable on the subject one way or another to a human being."

"You would have possessed supernatural strength to have done so. And even if you had," continued his friend, "your very silence would have had the worst possible construction placed upon it. How could you be silent, people would have said, amidst the universal enthusiasm, unless because you could not, would not join in it?"

"But what have I done to imperil the church?" asked the young pastor.

"You do not pray for the Confederacy."

"Why, Mr. Brooks, you know how often we have discussed that question. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and to the present powers that be I have submitted as to the providence, for the time, of God. The Bible commands us to pray for these powers. So I do every Sabbath from the pulpit in the exact language of the Scripture."

"You have never prayed for the success of the Confederate Government," said the lawyer.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, "I never have in private nor in public. What is more, I never will. Mr. Brooks," continued the minister, deeply agitated, "I believe in my soul, as before God, that this whole movement is a wrong, a crime, a sin. Men better than I may not believe so, but *I* do believe so. For my life, after all the thought, reading, and prayer I have given for years to the subject, I can not but believe so, always have believed so, always will. Can I, then, pray for the success of a wrong, a crime, a sin? I believe this whole movement is ruinous in every sense of the word to the whole land. I believe its success would be specially disastrous to my native South. Can I stand up, then, and ask the Almighty to bless, to prosper, to grant success to the movement? No, Sir, I would die first! Scripture distinctly commanded what Timothy and every other minister then was to do, Nero being then on the throne, a usurper, and the vilest of tyrants. The command is left for the guidance of every Christian now. I obey that command literally and fully in my prayer every Sabbath in the pulpit—more than that I can not do."

"I perfectly agree with you; I heartily and entirely approve your course," said his friend. "The plain truth is, I would not, a good many of us would not, enter the church if you pursued any other course. Yet it will not satisfy the Secessionists in our church. They have been growling at it for some time. As the excitement deepens, and it is deepening every hour, they will not stand it. They—"

"You know I have often offered them my resignation. It is ready at any instant," interrupted the young minister.

"Yes, and your resignation is the closing of the church," said his friend, gloomily.

"I had thought my course met the approval of at least the overwhelming majority of the church," said the minister.

"So it does," said the lawyer; "but times are rapidly coming when even those entirely with you in sentiment will not dare to say so. You see I know men better than you. And I may mistake, but I dread even more than that. You who by habit give yourself to religion, and keep aloof from the excitement of the streets, can not imagine how this excitement is beginning to eat into the very piety even of those who entirely agree with you in political sentiment. Unless I mistake, you will find even they will cease taking any interest in religion; will cease from attending public worship even, such is the paralysis creeping over even the best Christians."

The heart of the pastor had been already too full of forebodings not to acknowledge the truth of all this.

"But what do you advise?" he asked at length, so sick, so deadly sick at heart.

"Simply that you pursue the even tenor of your way," said his friend. "I have told you all this in order to keep you thoroughly aware of the exact state of matters. You should feel no mortification at it as at a matter personal to yourself. You need not I should tell you the sentiment of the church toward you. But we are passing through a terrible revolution—a revolution social and religious as well as civil. Your trial will be that of, I suppose, every pastor in the land. If you were a Secessionist that would not mend matters, for then the Union people would be against you. Let us bear up as we best may; no man in the land but is smitten in some shape by the accursed step we have taken off the precipice," said the lawyer, disregarding in his excitement all the rules of rhetoric. "I am sorry you are so cast down; you are as pale as a sheet."

And long and sad was the conversation which followed between the friends, drawn now nearer together than ever before.

"There is one thing I hardly need say," added the lawyer, as he rose at last to leave. "We are entering on times of great scarcity and pressure. At least do not let *that* trouble you. To my last cent you may depend on me. There is Ferguson, too—but I am ashamed even to suppose you do not know all this without being told. Good-by!"

With the door locked, the curtains down, all the raging madness shut out, Edward Arthur sank upon his knees before One nearer to him and more to him than all the universe beside. Amidst the wreck of all else, this seemed all that was left him. It was not only his church, his old friends, Alice too—Alice? But he never dreamed of regretting his opinions. They had been as much a matter of course to him as his breathing. Long he kneeled there in earnest, fervent prayer. He had had troubles before, but here was the wreck to him of all things at once. Alas, he was only entering upon the trial! It was to him but as Gethsemane; the awful remainder of Agony was yet before him.

"I fear you are unwell, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles to him that night at supper. "We wondered you did not come to dinner." But Mrs. Bowles was not in her manner and tones the Mrs. Bowles of other days. And Alice, too!

"But I can not help it!" groaned Edward Arthur.

THE DEAR PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Dear President,
Lay in the Round Hall at the Capitol,
And there the people came to look their last.

There came the widow weeded for her mate;
There came the mother sorrowing for her son;
There came the orphan moaning for its sire.

There came the soldier bearing home his wound;
There came the slave who felt his broken chain;
There came the mourners of a blacken'd Land.

Through the dark April day, a ceaseless throng,
They pass'd the coffin, saw the sleeping face,
And, blessing it, in silence moved away.

And one, a poet, spake within his breast:
"It harm'd him not to praise him when alive,
And me it can not harm to praise him dead.

"Too oft the muse has blush'd to speak of men—
She need not blush to speak her best of him,
And still to speak her best of him is dumb.

"O lofty wisdom's low simplicity!
O awful tenderness of voted power!
No man e'er held so much of power so meek.

"He was the husband of the husbandless;
He was the father of the fatherless:
Within his heart he weighed the common woe.

"His voice was like a father's to his sons:
As to a father's voice they, hearing, came—
Eager to offer, strive and bear and die.

"The mild bond-breaker, servant of his Lord,
He took the sword, but in the name of Peace,
And touch'd the fetter and the bound was free.

"He shall not stand among the historic kings,
Strong barbarous chiefs and bloody conquerors,
But with the pure and great Republicans:

"Those who have been unselfish, wise, and good,
Bringers of Light and Pilots in the dark,
Bearers of crosses, Servants of the World.

"And always in his Land of birth and death
Be his fond name—warm'd in the people's hearts—
Abraham Lincoln, the Dear President."

WASHINGTON, *February* 12, 1866.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD.—The "room for improvement."

Shooting Folly as it flies is, of course, a sportsman's work, but it is well to take an occasional shot at Wisdom as it struts.

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

You should never a donkey with caviar feed,
Nor cast forth your pearls before swine:
The one will love better a plain thistle weed,
And the other on offal to dine.

BALANCE OF EVILS.—"It is a painful thing," said Jones, who had been deceived, "to have pretended friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said Brown, "but that can happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."

A NEW CRY.

In England the question is, "Where are the Police?"
In Ireland it is, "Where's Stephens?"

A physician of Magdeburg, who has just died prematurely at the age of 109, has left it on record in his will that his longevity was due to his having always slept with his head to the north and his heels to the south, so that the magnetic current passed through him and increased his vitality.

Why is a church singing-book like a school-house?—Because it is full of little hime.

A FEW CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

The best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to any thing, trim a bont and a bonnet too.

There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light fails.

Are jury-masts regulated by the law of storms?

Are you wedded to your own opinions? Then never court inquiry.

Did you ever meet with a "maiden sword?" How well one would match with a single stick!

A gin-sling does not suit a broken arm.

It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest them.

How odd, yet how appropriate it would be, to go to a tournament in a tilt-cart!

Some people like to argue in a vicious circle; we prefer to talk in a virtuous square.

If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room.

What corresponds to an Archdeacon?—A cunning priest.

"Jane, has that surly fellow cleared off the snow from the pavement?" "Yes, Sir." "Did he clear it off with alacrity, Jane?" "No, Sir; with a shovel."

We have been asked the question, What material makes the best bed-comforter? Being inexperienced in such matters, we refer the querist to the Committee of the Hudson County Fair, who put it this way: "Best bed-comforter—Miss Jane Van Buskirk."

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—Two or three hundred young ash-trees have already been cut in Wicklow, on a plantation of Earl Fitzwilliam's at Shillelagh. Brisk business is in consequence to be looked for at the markets, and there will be a fine show of heads at Donnybrook. A rise in ash-saplings may be expected there, followed in most cases by a fall.

What comes after cheese?—Mouse.

Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths would do well as banks of deposit, but not notes of issue.

Why is a married man like a candle?—Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A smart young lawyer hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a Suing Machine."



JONES,
AS HE APPEARED WHEN BEING TOLD THAT HE WAS "SO DREADFULLY SATIRICAL."

A School Committee man writes: "We have a schoolhouse large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

The Allies of Spain in her war against her South American Ex-dependencies—Block-ade and Rhodomont-ade.

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they never go off without a bow (beau), and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

On a fence in Berkshire is painted in glaring capitals, "Use Dr. Prior's Cough Balsom;" and just below, "Buy your grave-stones in Pittsfield."

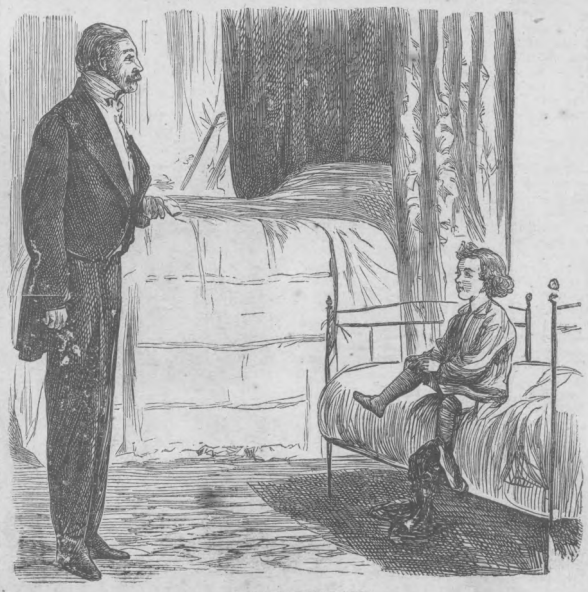
EPITAPH ON A COQUETTE.

Fair as a rose, when first it smiles,
On the green earth—her pretty wiles—
In childhood shadowed gentlest worth,
But oh, how false all things of earth!
Sleep on, nor wake, we pray you, Anne,
Your guile has ended many a man;
Coquette you lived and flirt you died,
Death made you his unwilling bride.

"Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, Sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost any thing in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly; just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

A good story is told of a country gentleman who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw! no," replied he; "why, the minister preached in his shirt-sleeves!"

In a town in which they were building a railroad was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring store, kept by a Yankee, and asked for a "yard of pork." The Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs' feet and gave them to him. "Sure, is this what ye'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" "Yes, indeed; don't three feet make a yard?" The biter was bit.

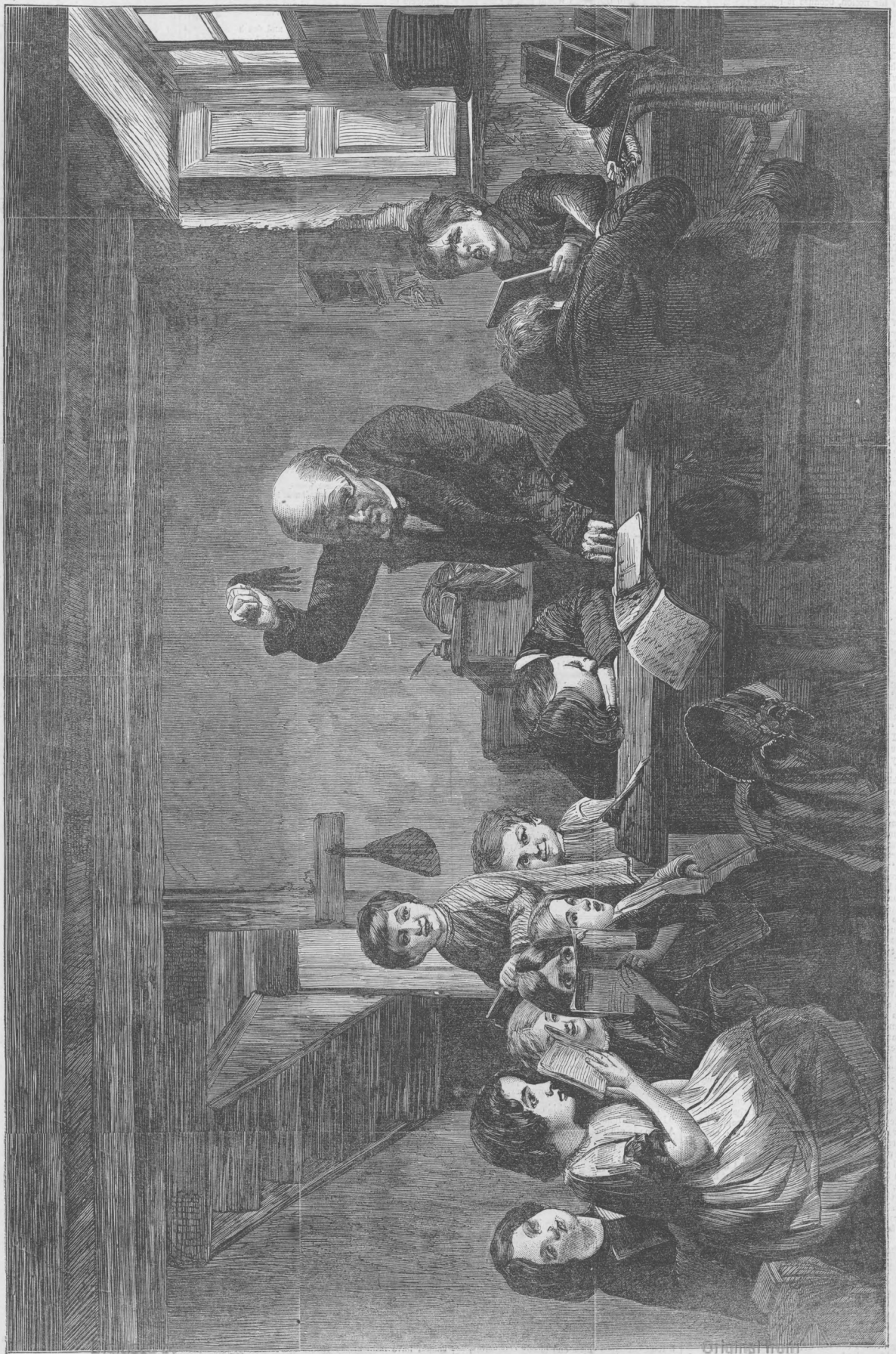


AFTER THE BALL.
(REGINALD SLEEPS IN HIS FATHER'S BEDROOM.)

PAPA. "Why, how's this, Reginald? Not in Bed yet? It's nearly Four o'clock! You should have been asleep Hours ago!"

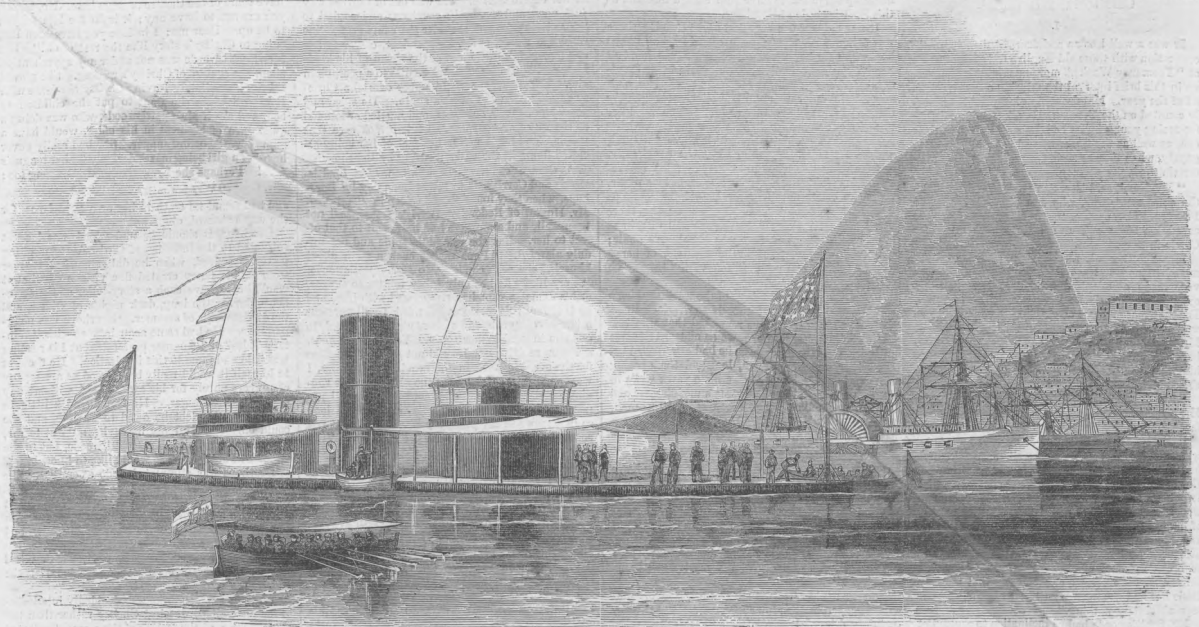
REGINALD. "Haw! And pray, *why me in particular*, Papa?"

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"CAUGHT NAPPING."—[SEE PAGE 158.]

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THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL VISITING THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD "MONADNOCK" IN THE HARBOR OF RIO.

VISIT OF DON PEDRO TO THE "MONADNOCK."

A LETTER from Rio Janeiro of January 9 thus describes a visit made to the United States iron-clad steamer *Monadnock* by DON PEDRO, the Brazilian Emperor:

"On the arrival of the imperial party the vessels of war and the forts belched forth a salute. It is unnecessary to state that in this the American war-vessels had the lion's share. His Majesty was accompanied by his son-in-law, the Conde d'Eu, and his officers of state and of his household. He was received by Commodore RODGERS and Lieutenant-Commander BUNCE, commanding the *Monadnock*.

"The Emperor passed around the vessel on deck, followed by his suite and courtiers. After this his Majesty inspected the interior of the two turrets, and listened with much attention to the explanation given him in regard to the turrets and the system of pointing the guns.

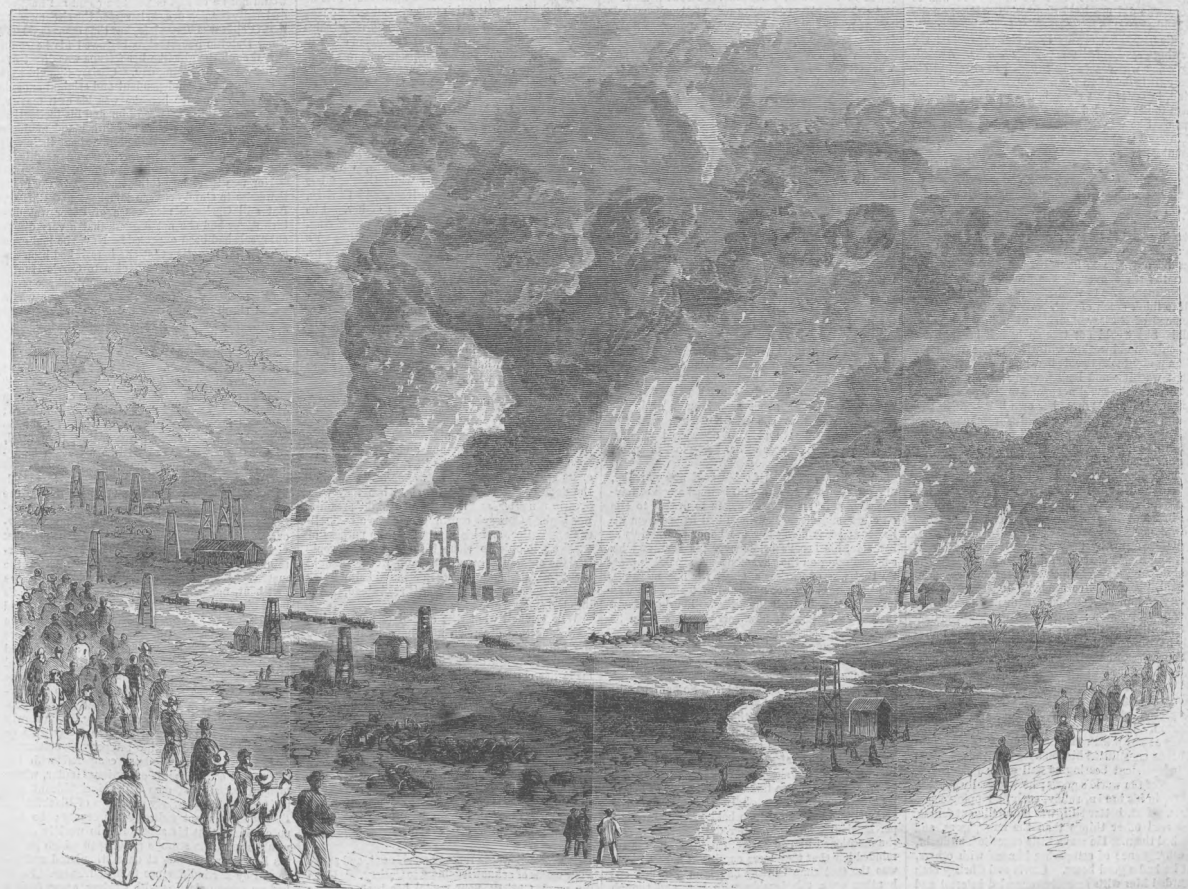
"After exploring the mysteries of the engine-room and lower decks the imperial party partook of refreshments in the cabin of Captain BUNCE, when sentiments of respect between the two nations were interchanged. His Majesty and attendants left under another salvo of artillery, after a pleasant visit of about two hours. His Majesty expressed himself highly satisfied with his visit."

FIRE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the recent conflagration which occurred on Bennehof Run, Venango County, Pennsylvania, February 2. The fire originated from a spark from the smoke-stack of the Getty Well.

The scene of the conflagration was in the very heart of the oil regions, being a short distance north of the Hyde and Egbert Farm, on which is situated the Maple Shade Wells and the Coquette and Jersey Wells, which were at one time in great danger from the burning oil running down Oil Creek.

The progress of the fire was stayed at Well No. 29, partly because this well was not yet in operation, and partly from the persistency with which an Irish laborer, at the risk of his own life, poured water down the sides of the tank. At least half of the wells further up the creek were saved. It is supposed that the carpenters engaged about the Getty Well had been smoking, and thus originated the fire. So soon as the tanks burst the liquid flames rolled down the valley of the Run, licking up the water and every thing in its career. In half an hour from the first outbreak a stream of fire nearly half a mile in length extended down the stream, wrapping in flames no less than nine of the best wells on the Run, and several engine-houses and derricks were thus consumed. The bridges both on the railroad track and highway were generally burned. Burning pools of oil, trees fiery to their tops, mouldering masses of ruined machinery, twisted tank-hoops and blackened stumps, offices and hill-side tell the sad tale. Some of the wells destroyed produced from 200 to 250 barrels per day.



THE GREAT FIRE ON BENNEHOF RUN, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 31, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. GOODWIN.]

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CHRISSY HUNTER.

I.

IT was a well-known and accredited fact that, in connection with those old English festivities known as "Yeomanry Weeks," more marriages were made up in this brief interval than during any other period of the year. Match-making individuals seriously counted on the Yeomanry Weeks; and probably far-seeing young ladies had fitting matches in their eye, as well as the fire-works and the introductory gayety, when they came in troops to Priorton to entertain the lucky yeomen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of the chief magistrate, who was likewise banker of Priorton, to her spouse, "your cousin Bourhope has asked his billet with us: I must have my sister Corrie in to meet him."

Mrs. Spottiswoode was a showy, smart, good-humored woman, but not over-scrupulous. She was very ready at adapting herself to circumstances even when the circumstances were against her. For that reason she was considered very clever as well as very affable among the matrons of Priorton. Mr. Spottiswoode was "slow and sure;" and it was because of the happy alliance of these qualities in him that the people of Priorton had elected him chief magistrate.

"My dear," deliberately observed long, lanky Mr. Spottiswoode, "would it not be rather barefaced to have Bourhope and Corrie here together?"

"Oh, I'll take care of that," answered the lady, with a laugh and a toss of her ribbons. "I shall have some other girl of my acquaintance to bear Corrie company—some worthy, out-of-the-way girl, to whom the visit will be like entering another world," continued Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a twinkle of her black eyes. "What do you think of Corrie and my cousin Chrissy Hunter of Blackfaulds? The Hunters have had such a deal of distress, and so much fighting with embarrassment—though I believe they are getting clearer now—that the poor lassie has had no amusement but her books, and has seen absolutely nothing."

Mr. Spottiswoode had no inclination to contradict his wife for contradiction's sake, and as he could rely on her prudence as on her other good qualities, he said: "Well, Agnes, I have no objection; Hunter of Blackfaulds is an honest man though he is poor, and he is righting himself now."

The invitations were dispatched, and accepted gracefully. The guests arrived before Bourhope occupied his quarters; ostensibly they came so soon in order to prepare for him. Corrie had nothing Roman about her except her name, Cornelia. She was a tall, well-made, fair-faced, serene beauty, the sole remaining maiden daughter of a Scotchman who had returned from the Indies with a fortune, as so many returned then. Chrissy, again, was one of a large, struggling family—a small girl, a very little crooked in figure, and with irregular features and a brown complexion. If she had not possessed a bright, intelligent expression she would certainly have been plain—as indeed she was to those who did not heed expression. It was a delightful chance to her, this brief transplanting into the flourishing, cheerful town-house, amidst the glowing gayety of the Yeomanry Weeks. Accordingly she was constantly engaged in checking off every little detail on the finger-points of her active mind, in order that she might be able to describe them to her secluded sisters and her sick mother at home. She was determined not to miss one item of interest; never to sleep-in so as to lose the mount; never to stray in her walks and fail to be in the house for the return from the afternoon drill. She would pace the meadows among the gay promenaders even when the evening was cloudy, and would not care though she walked alone; she would enjoy the play when Mrs. Spottiswoode chose to take her, and not even object to a squeeze in the box. The squeeze was really part of the fun! But she did not care to have her attention distracted from the stage, even by the proffers of fruit from the yeomen. As to the ball, she did not allow herself to think much of that. Who would ever have dreamed of Chrissy figuring at a fine yeomanry ball! She would not trouble herself because she had only an old worked white frock of her mother's, taken up by tucks to suit her, and yellowed by frequent washing and long keeping; she would not fret because she could not spend money upon a hairdresser. She must dress her own hair—which was scanty, like every other outward adornment of hers. This was little matter, she reflected, for it would not dress under the most skillful artist into those enormous bows on the crown of the head which every body then wore; it would only go into comb-curls like little hair-turrets on each side of her round, full forehead, which was by no means scanty. She had no ornaments in the way of jewelry, save a coral necklace; while Corrie had a set of amethysts—real amethysts—ear-rings, brooch, and necklace, and a gold cross, and a gold watch which she rarely wound up, and which was therefore, as Chrissy said, "a dead-alive affair." But Corrie was a beauty and an heiress, and ornaments became her person and position; while on Chrissy, as she herself admitted with great good sense, they would only have been thrown away.

Bourhope came with his fellows, and was specially introduced to Corrie and Chrissy. He had had some general acquaintance with both of them before. He gallantly expressed his pleasure at the prospect of having their society during his stay at Priorton. He was a farmer, whose father had made money at war prices. He had bought his own farm, and thus constituted his son a small laird. He had an independent bearing as well as an independent portion of the world's goods; he was really a manly fellow, in his brown, ruddy, curly, strapping comeliness. But, better still, was an intelligent fellow, who read other things than the newspapers, and relished them. He was a little conceited, no doubt, in consequence of comparing himself with others, but he had a good heart. Corrie and Chrissy both regarded him with scarcely concealed interest and admiration. Chrissy wished that the lads at home would grow up to be as comely and manly: Corrie made up her mind to have just such a husband as this Spottiswoode of Bourhope.

It was evident the very first night that Bourhope was taken with Corrie. He stared and stared at her, admiring her waxen complexion, the bend of her white throat, and the slope of her white shoulders; and even changed his seat at one time, as it seemed, in order to see her better. He quickly claimed her as his partner at loo, and engaged her to walk out with him to hear the band practicing next evening. Chrissy thought it all very natural, and all the more enjoyable. But she caught herself fancying Bourhope and Corrie married, and rebuked herself for carrying her speculations so far. Only she could not help thinking how Bourhope would weary after the marriage—say when there was a snow-storm, or a three-days' fall of rain at the farm-house. But that was Bourhope's affair; if he was pleased, what business was it of hers? Bourhope had this in common with Chrissy—he could entertain himself.

During the first three days of the week Bourhope was zealous in attaching himself to Corrie. But a sharp observer might have remarked that after this he flagged a little, taking more as matter of course and politeness the association he had established between her and him at tea, loo, and the evening promenade. He would even stifle a yawn while in Corrie's company, though he was a meddlesome and not a listless fellow. But that was only like men, to prize less what they had coveted when it was half won.

II.

AT this juncture it struck Bourhope, riding home from the morning drill, to ask himself what could possibly take Chrissy Hunter out so early every morning. He had already seen her once or twice keeping out of the way of him and his companions, and returning again from the opposite end of Priorton, which was flanked by the doctor's house. Corrie, he noticed, was never with her. Indeed, Bourhope had a strong suspicion that Corrie retreated to her pillow again after showing him her lovely face—lovely even in the pink curl-papers. But Chrissy certainly dressed immediately and took a morning walk, by which her complexion, at least, did not profit. Not being a very strong little woman, her brown face was apt to look jaded and streaky when Bourhope, resting from the fatigues of his drill, lounged with the girls in the early forenoon in Mrs. Spottiswoode's drawing-room. So it was worth while, he thought, to spur up to Chrissy and inquire what took her abroad at such an untimely hour.

When Bourhope caught a nearer glimpse of Chrissy he was rather dismayed to see that she had been crying. Bourhope hated to see girls crying, particularly girls like Chrissy, to whom it was not becoming. He had no particular fancy for Cinderellas or other beggar maids. He would have hated to find that his kinsfolk and friendly host and hostess, for whom he had a considerable regard, were mean enough and base enough to maltreat a poor little guest of their own invitation. Notwithstanding these demurs Tom Spottiswoode of Bourhope rode so fast up to Chrissy as to cause her to give a violent start when she turned.

"Hallo! Do you go to market, Miss Chrissy, or what on earth takes you out in the town before the shutters are down?" pointing with his sheathed sword to a closed shop.

Chrissy was taken aback, and there was something slightly hysterical in her laugh, but she answered frankly enough, "I go to Dr. Stark's, Mr. Spottiswoode. Dr. Stark attends my mother, and is at Blackfaulds every day. I wait in his laboratory till he comes there before setting out: he goes his rounds early, you know. He lets me know how mother was yesterday, and as he is a kind man he carries our letters—Maggie and Arabella and I are great writers, and postage comes to be expensive—a great deal too expensive for us at Blackfaulds; but the doctor is a kind man and he 'favors' our letters. And Mr. Spottiswoode," she said, warming with her subject, and impelled to a bit of confidence, "do you know, Dr. Stark thinks my mother will be about again in a few months. You are aware her knee-joint has been affected. We were even afraid she would never put down her foot again. It would have been a dreadful trial to all of us." Chrissy spoke simply, in a rather moved voice.

Bourhope was slightly moved, too. He had never heard much about Mrs. Hunter of Blackfaulds, except that she was a woman who had been long ailing; and also occasional remarks about the consequences of her being lost or spared to her family.

Chrissy was grateful for his evident sympathy, and gratified by it; but, as if half ashamed of having elicited it, she at once began to prattle to him on other subjects. Bourhope had leaped from his horse, and was doing her the honor of walking at her side, his beast's bridle over his arm, and his spurs ringing on the pavement. A sparkling prattle that was of Chrissy's, about the fine morning, the town, and the yeomanry—few topics, but well handled and brilliantly illustrated. Bourhope dared to confess to himself how sorry he was when he reached Mr. Spottiswoode's door.

Next morning Bourhope detached himself from his comrades when he approached the town, and looked narrowly for Chrissy. It would be but civil to inquire for poor Mrs. Hunter. So bent was he on being thus civil that though Chrissy was far in advance he knew her by the pink gingham trimming of her morning bonnet, fluttering like roseleaves in the morning sun. He came up to her, and politely asked after her mother. Chrissy was a little confused, but she answered pleasantly enough. She was not nearly so talkative, however, as on the preceding morning, though Bourhope made witty comments on the letter she held in her hand, and pertinaciously insisted on her telling him whether she mentioned him in her return letters! He reminded her that they were cousins in a way. This was the first time Chrissy had known of any one hunting up a relationship with her, and though pleased in her humility—Chrissy was no fool in that humility of hers—Bourhope she knew was destined for her cousin Corrie. He was out of Corrie's way just now, and was only courteous and cordial to her as living for a time under the same roof. She liked the ruddy, curly, independent, clever fellow of a farmer laird who, out of the riches of his kindness, could be courteous and cordial to a poor, plain girl. But Bourhope could never overtake Chrissy coming from Dr. Stark's again. He spied and peeped and threw out hints, and hurried or loitered on the way to no purpose. Chrissy took care that people should not notice the fact of her being escorted home in the early morning by Bourhope.

A chance conversation between Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie was overheard one day by Bourhope, when they imagined him deep in *Blackwood*. Mr. Hunter of Redcraigs, Corrie's father, had not been well, and a message had been sent to that effect to her. But she was philosophic and not unduly alarmed. "Papa makes such a work about himself," she said, candidly, to Mrs. Spottiswoode. "Very likely he has only taken lobster to supper, or his Jamaica rum has not agreed with him, and he is bilious this morning. I think I will send out a box of colocynth, and a bit of nice tender veal, to put him in good-humor again. You know, Agnes, if I were to drive out I could not get back in time for the evening walk in the meadows. Besides, I was to see Miss Affkin about the change in the running on of my frills. It would overturn all my plans to go; and my head gets so hot, and I look so blowsy when my plans are disarranged," Corrie concluded, almost piteously.

"Yes; but, Corrie," hesitated Mrs. Spottiswoode, "you know Dr. Stark is not easy about papa just now. I think I had better go out myself. It is unlucky that Spottiswoode is to have several yeomen, who do business at the bank, at dinner to-day with Bourhope; but I dare say Mary will manage that, as Chrissy will mix the pudding for her. So I will go myself to Redcraigs; all things considered, it would be a pity for you not to be in your best looks—"

Bourhope, at this point, fell into a fit of coughing, and lost the rest of the dialogue; but perhaps his occasional snort of disapprobation was called forth as much by this interlude as by the audacious judgments of the Shepherd and Tickler.

The day unluckily turned out very rainy, and the drill was gone through in a dense white mist which caused every horse to loom large as an elephant, and every rider to look a Gog or Magog. The young ladies, so fond of a change of costume at this time in Priorton, could do no shopping; the walk in the meadows at sunset with the lounging yeomen had to be given up. The green meadows were not inviting, the grass was dripping, the flowers closed and heavy, and the river red and drumly. All was disappointing, for the meadows were beautiful at this season with their summer snow of daisies—not dead-white snow either, for it was broken by patches of yellow butter-cups, crow's-foot, lady's finger, and vetch, and by the crimson clover flowers, and the rusty red of sorrel, and the black pert heads of the nib-wort plantain, whose black upon the white of ox-eye daisies has the rich tone of ermine.

Instead of walks there were gatherings round shining tables; and bottles and glasses clinked cheerily in many a parlor. But Mr. Spottiswoode was sober by inclination. The impressiveness of office, which had quite the contrary effect on many provosts of his era, only added to his characteristic caution. The yeomen, too, knew well where hilarity ended and excess began. So there was little fear of excess in Mr. Spottiswoode's house. Mrs. Spottiswoode, a genius in her own line, had a cheerful fire in her drawing-room, and sat by the hearth, with her children tumbling round her; while Corrie, fairer than ever in the blinking fire-light, and Chrissy, brown and merry, sat on either side of her. She invited the farmer laird to enter that charmed ring, which of course he could not help contrasting with the loneliness and comfortlessness of Bourhope. But though he sat next Corrie, a certain coldness crept over the well-arranged party. He caught himself glancing curiously at the book Chrissy Hunter had been almost burning her face reading by the fire-light before he came in. Mrs. Spottiswoode did not much care for reading aloud, but she took the hint in good part, and called on Chrissy to tell what her book was about, and so divert Bourhope, without wholly monopolizing his attention.

Chrissy was rather shy at first. She never told stories freely away from home; but she was now pressed to do it. After a little, however, she put her own sympathetic humor and pathos into the wondrous narrative, till she literally held her listeners spell-bound. And no wonder. Those were the days of Scott's early novels, when they were greatly run after, and the price of a night's reading was high. Chrissy's cousin "Rob" was a bookseller's apprentice, and his master, for the purpose of enabling Robbie to share his enthusiasm, would lend the apprentice an uncut copy. Robbie brought it out to Blackfaulds, and then all would sit up, sick mother among the rest, to hear it read aloud, till far into the small hours.

Who can tell what that cordial of pure healthful intellectual diversion may have been even to the burdened father and sick mother of Blackfaulds, and to Chrissy! The very speaking of it made her clasp her hands over her knee, and her gray eyes to shine out like stars—as Bourhope thought to himself.

The assembly paid Chrissy the highest compliment an assembly can pay a speaker. They forgot their schemes, their anxieties, themselves even, to fasten their eyes and hearts on the brown girl—the book dropping from her hand, but the story written so graphically on her memory. Corrie was the first to recover herself. "Oh dear!" she cried, "I forgot I was to take down my hair for Miss Lothian to point it at eight o'clock"—and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Spottiswoode roused herself next, and spoke a few words of acknowledgment to Chrissy. "Upon my word, Chrissy, your recital has been quite as good as the play. We are much obliged to you. I am afraid your throat must be sore; but stay, I—tion, for three days before the grand review and the have some of the theatre oranges here. No, bairns, you are not to have any; it is far too late for you to be up. Dear me; I believe you have been listening to Chrissy's story like the rest of us!" But Mrs. Spottiswoode was not under any apprehension about the success of Chrissy's reading. She proved this by immediately leaving Chrissy *tête-à-tête* with Bourhope while she went to put the children to bed, and see if Mr. Spottiswoode, who was doing a quiet turn of business in his office, would have a game of cards before supper. She had really never heard of a girl being married simply for her tongue's sake! Perhaps she knew the line in the song too:

"Very few marry for talking,"

and had found its truth in her own experience, for she was a shrewd, observant woman.

Bourhope, it should be understood, was longest subjected to the influence of Chrissy's story-telling power. Indeed, when he did somewhat recover from it, his fancy created fine visions of what it would be to have such a story-teller at the farm-house during the long, dark nights of winter, and the endless days of summer. Bourhope was no ignoramus. He had some acquaintance with "Winter's Tales" and summer pastorals, but his reading was bald and tame to this inspiration. He thought to himself it would really be as good as a company of players purely for his own behoof, without any of the disadvantages. He stammered a little in expressing the debt he owed to Chrissy, and she could only eagerly reply by saying: "Not to me, not to me the praise, Mr. Spottiswoode, but to the Great Unknown. Oh, I would like to know him!"

Bourhope was stimulated to do at once what he was sure to do ultimately—he presented his hospitable entertainers with a box at the play. No doubt this was a great delight to Chrissy, for it was in the days when actors were respectable artists, and play-going was still universal. Chrissy in her freshness enjoyed the provincials as well as if they had been first-rate performers, took the good and left the bad, and sat quite entranced.

Bourhope, although he was decidedly intellectual for his calling, watched Chrissy rather than the stage. He read the feeling of the moment reflected in her sagacious yet sensitive face. Once he turned round and tried the same experiment with Corrie. He might as well have expected to borrow a living soul from well-moulded stucco or marble. He now realized in a more lively manner than ever that geese may look as fair and white, and soft and shapely as swans till they expose their waddling. He tried in church the process he had learned at the play, and, it must be confessed, not without effect, Chrissy's expression giving a fair notion of the good Priorton minister's earnestness and eloquence.

But at length Chrissy, aware of the liberty Bourhope took in thus making her his study, got restless and troubled in her sound head and warm heart. She was no fool in her simplicity. She knew that Bourhope did not in any sense belong to Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie, and she had shrewdly suspected of late that their anticipated projects would not be carried out. She could not help occasionally turning over in her mind the circumstance that Cecilia was very plain, but that depressed Mortimer Delville nevertheless bestowed his heart on her, though the gift like her fortune was disastrous to her for many a long day. Chrissy thought that if Bourhope were independent and original enough to like her—to love her—he was his own master, there was nothing between him and his inclination save her inclination and her father and mother's will. And there was little doubt about their will with respect to a man so worthy, so unexceptionable, and so well endowed as Bourhope.

Nor was there any thing like duty to the Spottiswoodes to stand between Bourhope and Chrissy. But still Chrissy's nice sense of honor was disturbed, for had she not a guess that a very different result had been expected? Nay, she had even a half-comical notion that she herself had been expressly selected as a companion to Corrie Hunter during the gayeties of the Yeomanry Weeks to prove a sort of harmless foil. A dream of love was a grand shock to Chrissy's quiet life, making wild yet plaintive music, like all nature's true harmonies, within her; and filling her mind with tremulous light which glorified every object, and was fain even to dazzle herself. It was not unnatural that Bourhope should excite such a dream. But Chrissy was not completely dazzled. It was only a dream as yet, and she would be the mistress of her dream; it should not be the mistress of her. So she resolved, showing herself a reasonable, thoughtful, conscientious woman, as well as a loving, fairly-proportioned, and lovely human spirit.

Chrissy retained all her sober senses. She recollected what was due both to the hero and to the others concerned. She was neither a weak victim, nor a headstrong, arrogant, malicious conqueror. Like all genuine women, she struggled against yielding herself without her due—without a certainty that there was no irreversible mistake in the matter. She was not a girl to get love-sick at the first bout, nor one to run even at a worthy lover's beckoning, though she would sacrifice much, and do it proudly, joyously, for true affection, when once it had confessed itself. So she shrank from Bourhope, slipped away from him, and managed to avoid him. He was puzzled and vexed and almost exasperated by doubts as to whether she cared for or wished to accept his notice and regards. Little brown Chrissy taught the bold yeoman a lesson in her own quiet way. She slowly forced upon him the conviction that any gifts or attainments of his—the prosperous, cultivated farmer-laird—were as dross compared with the genius and acquirements of Chrissy Hunter, whom many short-sighted men called insignificant and plain amidst the poverty and cares of Blackfaulds. Bourhope was not radically mercenary; he had no certainty that his superiority in worldly estate would secure the strange good upon which he set his heart, and he was at once stimulated and incensed by her indifference to his advances. So he had no communication with Chrissy, apart from a demure interchange of words in general conversa-

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ball, except in a single incident touching the pipe-claying of his belts.

The gentlemen of the old yeomanry who had not servants to do it for them, did their own pipe-claying, and might generally be seen doing it very indifferently to the accompaniment of private whistling, or social bawling to each other over adjacent walls, in the back courts and greens of Priorton. Bourhope was one day doing his rather gloomily in the back court, and succeeding very ill, when Chrissy, who saw him from a window, could endure it no longer. Chrissy was not what most intellectual women are described as being—an abstracted, scared being, with two left hands. The exigeicy of her situation as eldest daughter at Blackfaulds had rendered her as handy as other girls, and only unlike them in being a great deal more fertile in resource. How could such a woman stand and see Bourhope destroying his accoutrements, and in danger of smearing himself from head to foot with pipe-clay? She therefore came tripping out, and addressed him with some sharpness: "That is not right, Mr. Spottiswoode; you will never whiten your belt in that way; you will only soil the rest of your clothes. I watched the old sergeant doing it next door for Major Christison. Look here"—and she took the article out of his hands and proceeded smartly to clean it. Poor Bourhope bowed to her empire, though he would much rather their positions had been reversed; he would rather a thousand times have brushed Chrissy's shoes than that she should clean his belts. She was gone again the moment she had directed him. A portion of his belt was now as white as snow; but nothing would have induced her to stay.

Bourhope was new to the humiliations as well as the triumphs of love—that extreme ordeal through which even tolerably wise and sincere spirits must pass before they can unite in a strictness of union deserving the name. He was not exactly grateful for the good suggestion; indeed, he had a little fight against Chrissy in his own breast just then. He told himself it was all a whim; he did not really care for the girl, one of a large family in embarrassed circumstances. No; it would be absurd to fall in love with a little coffee-colored girl, one of whose shoulders was a fraction of an inch farther out than the other. He was not compelled to marry either Corrie or Chrissy—not he! Pooh! he was not yet half through with his bachelor days. He would look about a little longer, enjoy himself a little more. At the word enjoyment Bourhope stopped short, as if he had caught himself tripping. If Chrissy Hunter was ugly, she was an ugly fairy. She was his fate indeed; he would never see her like again, and he would be a lost and wrecked man without her.

III.

THE review and the ball were still in store. Bourhope would not be beaten with that double shot in reserve. It would go hard with the brown, curly, independent laird if he were beaten, for already he was shaken more in his pride and confidence than he had ever thought to be.

The review, for which all the drilling had been undertaken, went off without serious effect on the contesting parties. The only thing was, that Bourhope was so disturbed and so distracted in his mind that he could not attend to orders, and thus lost his character as a yeoman and all chance of being future fugleman to his corps. And this, although the Major had said, when the drills began, that there was not a finer man or a more promising dragoon in the regiment than Bourhope.

Chrissy's bright, tranquil satisfaction in contemplating from the box of Mrs. Spottiswoode's phaeton the stand of county ladies, with their gorgeousness and grace, was decidedly impaired. The review, with its tramping and halting, its squares and files, its shouting leaders, galloping aids-de-camp, flashing swords and waving plumes, was certainly very fine. All the rest of Priorton said so and proved so, for they stood or sat for a whole day witnessing it, under a scorching sun, on foot and in every description of vehicle from a corn cart to a coroneted carriage. Yes, the review was very fine to the mass; but it was a confused, hollow, agitating play to Chrissy as to Bourhope. Still she lost sight of the grand, general rank and file by concentrating her regard on one little scarlet dot. It was to her a play with its heart awanting, and yet the whirl and movement were welcome for a moment as substitutes for that heart.

The ball remained, and Bourbope was resolute it should settle the question for him. It was the commendable fashion at Priorton that no young lady should refuse to dance with an acquaintance without the excuse of a previous engagement, under the penalty of having to sit during the rest of the night. Bourhope would get Chrissy to himself that night (balls were of some use after all, he thought), and have an opportunity of hearing a terribly decisive word, and of getting a reason for that word too, should it prove unfavorable. In short, he would storm the fortress and beat down its faltering guard then or never.

Others besides Bourhope had determined on making the ball a theatre of explanations. Mrs. Spottiswoode was not pleased with the aspect of things as between Bourhope and Corrie. Their affair made no advance, and the ball was the conclusion of the Yeomanry Weeks. The yeomen were already, to all intents and purposes, disbanded, and about to return, like Cincinnatus, to their reaping-hooks. Corrie was evidently not contented. She was listless and a little peevish, unless when in the company of other yeomen than Bourhope—a rare thing with Corrie, who was really a very harmless girl. But she looked elegant in her ball-dress, and had always a train of admirers on such occasions. And then, of course, many men needed the spur of jealousy to induce them to take the bold leap of matrimony. Chrissy, too, had her own fears and doubts about this ball. Bourhope hitherto had only pursued her, if he had pursued her, in rather a secret manner. She would now see how he would treat her on a public occasion. His conduct would then be marked and conspicuous, and even Mrs. Spottiswoode's and Corrie's eyes would be opened to it. Then, again, he would have an opportunity of contrasting her personally with all the girls about Priorton. Chrissy gazed wistfully into the glass, as she fastened her yellowed scrimp old white frock and sighed. But she did not look so much amiss as she supposed: she was young, slight, and full of subtle character. And with her scarlet coral beads twisted among her dark little turret curls and bows, there was piquancy and attraction in her. But her first purely disinterested and unbounded pleasure in the gayety was grievously checkered, and it was to be feared the account she would carry home of her first ball to expectant Blackfaulds would be disappointing.

There were only two chaises in repair in Priorton to convey the whole town's-people in rotation to the ball. It was thus unavoidable that some should be very early as well as some very late. Mr. Spottiswoode, as provost, was of course among the first after the Colonel and his lady—old country people, who stood arm in arm, bluff and bland, under the evergreens over the door, and shook hands with every body, great and small—a family of pretty girls, meanwhile, laughing behind them.

Mrs. Spottiswoode wore a splendid bunch of white feathers tipped with straw color in her blue gauze turban. Even Chrissy's dazed eyes noticed that, as well as the white ribbon in Provost Spottiswoode's bottle-green coat, which pointed him out an honorary steward. But how handsome brown curly Bourhope looked in his red coat!

A strange thought came over Chrissy. She did not wish Corrie, in her white crape and French ribbons, and so tall and straight and fair, to be blighted in her beauty. No, not for a moment. But Chrissy was cruel enough to cherish a passing wish that, by some instantaneous transformation, Bourhope might be pitted with small-pox, or scarred with gunpowder, or have premature age brought upon him as with the wave of a wand—the soul within being left unchanged, however.

Mrs. Spottiswoode thought Bourhope looked as if he were going to do something desperate. His first blunder had been to hand, or rather lift, Chrissy into the chaise, instead of Corrie, at starting from their own door. He repeated the unaccountable blunder at the County Rooms, which compelled him to take Chrissy into the ball-room; and while Chrissy was still gazing in bewilderment and admiration at the evergreens, and chalked floors, and laughing couples, Mrs. Spottiswoode could scarcely believe her ears when she distinctly heard Bourhope ask Chrissy's hand for the first dance, saying that he would have engaged it before if he had got the opportunity.

Now Mrs. Spottiswoode had no doubt that Bourhope would solicit her sister Corrie for this dance, and therefore she had peremptorily forbidden Corrie to engage herself in any other quarter, even when Corrie had demurred at the certainty of the arrangement. It was very odd of Bourhope, unless he thought Chrissy would have no chance of any other partner, and wanted to spare a plain little girl's mortification at the very commencement of the evening. "That must be it," Mrs. Spottiswoode said to herself, and was consoled by Corrie's hand being immediately requested for the Colonel's nephew.

The Colonel's wife opened the ball with the most popular and oldest private for partner, and of course Chrissy and Bourhope stood below Corrie and the Colonel's nephew. But Bourhope and Chrissy did not mind Corrie's precedence, and were talking to each other quite intimately. Bourhope was forgetting the figure and bending across to Chrissy, though he was saying nothing particular and speaking out quite loud. But he looked engrossed and excited. If it had been any other girl than Chrissy Mrs. Spottiswoode would have called it a flirtation, and more than a flirtation. Chrissy looked well in her shabby dress, almost pretty, indeed, in the new atmosphere. Mrs. Spottiswoode was aggrieved, disgusted in the first instance, but she would not just yet believe such an incredible contradiction to her well-laid scheme. Match-making involves many parties, there are such numerous wheels within wheels of calculation and resource. She glanced at Corrie, who was dancing very complacently with the Colonel's nephew, and exchanging passing words with yeomen who tried to get speech with her. In her white crape and teeth as white, and her dimples, she was safe, heart-whole, and prosperous, a beauty who might pick and choose a suitable husband, even though infatuated Bourhope should throw himself away.

Mrs. Spottiswoode gave a sigh of relief. Failure now would only be comparative.

The dance being over, Bourhope sat down beside Chrissy. No, she turned her head the other way, and he rose up and strolled through the room. But he was soon back in his old place.

He wanted to dance with Chrissy again. She hesitated, grew nervous, and cast her eyes on Mrs. Spottiswoode. He went straight across to their hostess and said, "Mrs. Spottiswoode, you have no objection that I dance this dance again with Miss Chrissy Hunter?"

"None in the world, Bourhope," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a spasmodic smile; "why should I?"

"Why, indeed," he returned; "or every dance? May I tell her so?"

"That is as she and you may agree. You are aware that would appear something serious," she said, trying to laugh.

"I will take the consequences," he significantly assured her, and went back and told Chrissy so; and then he drove her to her inmost citadel and beat her there.

Other eyes than Mrs. Spottiswoode's were attracted to the pair. Half a dozen matrons' heads went wagging significantly; girls whispered and tittered: gentlemen opened their eyes, shaped their mouths as if about to whistle, strolled up and took their observations of the preoccupied, unconscious couple quite coolly, and then speculated and gossiped.

Mrs. Spottiswoode read these comments as well as what had gone before, and was ready with her magnanimity. It was this which constituted her a truly able tactician. She shifted her tack before the shout of malicious exultation and ridicule could have been raised at her discomfiture. By a dextrous sleight of hand she shuffled her cards and altered her suit. In a moment Mrs. Spottiswoode was winking and nodding with the matrons interested in the news of the night. She arrested a good-humored yeoman, and crossed the room on his arm, to express and receive congratulations. "You have found out the secret? Foolish fellow, Bourhope: he can not conceal his feelings, though their display is premature. I must scold him for exposing himself and her. Poor dear! She is not accustomed to this sort of thing. But I am so delighted—so nice, isn't it? Such an excellent marriage for my cousin Chrissy: a good girl, a very clever girl: such a fortunate beginning for the Blackfaulds family. I often say the first marriage makes or mars a family of girls. It is so lucky that I invited Chrissy for the Yeomanry Weeks this summer. It is a great deal better than if it had been Corrie, because Corrie can wait," with a careless wave of her hand in the direction in which Corrie moved, deliberately followed by her train. "Corrie has too many admirers to make up her mind speedily, yet she takes it all very quietly. But this is so appropriate, Mr. Spottiswoode's cousin and my cousin—nobody could have planned it better."

She turned round and heard a blunt booby of a farmer speaking out his mind. She at once took him up: "You would not have thought it? You can not comprehend what has come over Bourhope, or what he sees in that thin yellow mite, Miss Hunter of Blackfaulds, even though she were as good as a saint, and as wise as the Queen of Sheba? Oh! come, Balquin, you do not allow sufficient latitude to goodness and cleverness. I tell you Bourhope has neither eyes nor ears for any body but that mite; he counts his colorless daisy far before the gayest painted face. He knows that we are remarking on them now, and he is holding his head as high as if he had sought and won a queen. He is right; she will prove a sensible, cheerful wife to him. Bourhope will have the cleverest, best wife in the county for all your swaggering. And that is something when a man comes to be old, and has an old wife, like me. Not old! Balquin? away with you. I wish the Provost heard you. Do you think to flatter me because I am in spirits about my cousin's match? No, it is not lost a friend gets, Balquin."

The public of Priorton did not know whether most to admire Mrs. Spottiswoode's diplomacy or this rare instance of poetic justice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK abounds in tragedy. But there is no need for the lovers of the fearful and mysterious to frequent theatres to obtain a knowledge of it. There is many a terrible drama enacted on the stage of life in our very midst from day to day. True, the glittering lights, the gay dresses, the picturesque scenery, the tuneful orchestra, and the brilliant, applauding audience are wanting. In secrecy and darkness are the real tragedies usually wrought out. But they are speedily brought to light, and the columns of our daily journals spread the deeds of darkness open to the world. In glancing over any newspaper of last week the eye was fastened by "Tragedy in Beaver Street;" "Tragedy in Thirty-fifth Street;" "Tragedy in Forty-seventh Street;" and other headings of a similar nature.

The shocking affair which occurred in Forty-seventh Street is still, at this writing, shrouded in mystery. One evening a man, returning from his work, found in his little shanty, lying dead upon the bed, three little children, the eldest only six years old, and the mother by the bedside in an unconscious state. The children were all neatly dressed, with their hair brushed, and they arranged side by side in bed according to their ages. Whether the wretched mother murdered the innocents, and then attempted suicide, or whether some less fearful explanation of this mysterious event will be developed when the woman recovers her consciousness sufficiently to be examined, is yet unknown.

No April could be more fickle than has February been. All the alternations of cold and warm, wet and dry, snow and rain, ice and mud, wind and calm, have succeeded each other in wonderfully rapid succession. We have had some fine spring-like days, undisturbed by cloud or shower, save in Broadway, where a tornado—sometimes dangerous—of fair sight-seers swept steadily downward from "early dawn to dewy eve." The new spring goods, which are so fresh and pretty, are the great attraction. Prints and brilliants, lawns and muslins, barèges and grenadines, must soon take the place of heavier materials. Washington's birthday brought with it charming weather, and it being a legal holiday, every body enjoyed it to the very uttermost.

Those of our readers who are not so fortunate as to have access to all the New York daily papers will be amused by an extract or two from a spirited account of a recent reception to General Grant by some citizens of New York, at which a portrait of General Scott was presented to him:

"Since Richmond capitulated, and his trusty sword was put away in the family wardrobe, that stern soldier (General Grant) has passed his days, and eke his nights, in conjugation the transitive verb *to receive*, in all its moods and tenses, but always in the first person singular active or passive. As thus:

I receive	Committees.
I did receive	A House.
I shall receive	Speeches.
I have received	Presentation Volumes.
I may receive	Swords.
I must receive	Bores.
I might, could, would, or should receive	Freedom.

Passive Form.

I am received by	Cities.
I was received by	Assemblies.
I shall be received by	Clubs.
I have been received by	Fossils.
I may be received by	Senates.
I must be received by	Mayors.
I might, could, would, or should be received by	Nobody.

"It is said that the delightful family mansion presented to General Grant by the excellent citizens of Philadelphia is become such a museum of trophies that there is no room therein for the domestic circle, their Lares and Penates. The drawing-room is reputed a storehouse of patent saddles, cavalry boots, afghans, photographs, swords, medals, books, comp-chests, cloths, ice-pitchers, Champagne-baskets, gold-headed canes, wax fruits, breakfast-knives, and cigar-boxes, which have been given to the Commander-in-Chief by his ardent admirers.

"When thirty rich and loyal citizens of New York, therefore, felt that their loyalty and their wealth must find expression in the portrait of a hero of the past, they felt also that that commemorative canvas must be bestowed upon the hero of the present. That patient man sighed once, glanced at his crowded walls, descried one possible back-ground for the picture, and signified his eagerness to receive it."

Nevertheless, the whole affair was very successful, and passed off to the apparent satisfaction and pleasure of all concerned. General Grant, in his characteristically brief reply to the donors, assured them that the portrait of one who has rendered such vast service to the Republic, and whose services have continued through so many years, possessed a peculiar value to him.

A worthy gentleman of this city, who has been often excessively annoyed by beggars coming to his counting-room, was the other day best-ged in the usual way by a decent-looking emigrant from the Emerald Isle. The reiterated "Nothing for you, my good woman," produced no effect. The applicant persisted.

"Can't you give me two cents?"

"Why yes," returned the merchant slowly, "I suppose I can give you two cents," and he drew a couple of pennies from his pocket and laid them on the table. "But is that *enough*?"

"Well, an' if you please to give me two cents more would be better."

The merchant placed two more pennies on the table.

"And is *that* enough?" he asked.

"Well, an' sure I won't stint you," replied the woman, magnanimously.

Two additional coppers brought down a shower of blessings on the donor's head.

"Oh! you are going to pray for me, are you?" said the gentleman. "Then I must give you three pennies more;" and they were laid on the table.

"May the blessing of God attend ye!" adjured the woman. "And what might be your name?"

"William," was the reply.

"William—but an' please ye, Sir, the other name, what is it?"

"Oh, no matter about the other name—William is enough. You just say William and God will understand."

We suppose the woman retired satisfied.

Lazy scoundrels in New York make use of sundry devices for getting money on a small scale without earning it. A few weeks ago a Wall Street lawyer was applied to by a man, whom he knew slightly, to advise him about some petty business. The lawyer took him to his office, but finding other business awaiting him there, introduced the man to his partner, Mr. X——, to attend to the details of the matter. After a few moments' conversation the new client departed ostensibly to obtain some minus papers. Presently, however, he returned in haste.

"Mr. X——, did I drop a five-dollar bill here?"

"No, I think not," said Mr. X——; "I have seen none." And a fruitless search was made.

"Well, I have lost it somewhere," remarked the man, moving toward the door; but returning, as if with a second thought,

"If you will just lend me a V, I can finish up this business without going up town."

Mr. X—— thought he "smelt a rat;" but remembering he had fortunately just emptied his porte-monnie, instantly took it out of his pocket, saying,

"With pleasure, Sir—but really—I have not a five with me."

When up stepped a well-meaning clerk with, "Here's a bill, Mr. X——."

"It may all be right," thought Mr. X——, "since my partner knows him." And the anxious client departed with the money.

He has not been heard from since; and has probably put his business into the hands of other lawyers—in a similar manner.

Americans, be they ever so eccentric or self-willed, may follow their own inclinations in matters of dress. But not such liberty has not always been given in all countries. In the reign of Henry IV. no person of lower rank than a knight was permitted to wear any cloth of gold or velvet, or to wear a robe long enough to reach the ground. Large sleeves, also, were strictly forbidden. If a lady wore a "dress or petticoat of silk, or any velvet in her kirtle," or "any chain of gold about her neck, or upon any part of her apparel," her husband must forfeit ten pounds every three months, unless he gave some other designated equivalent. It must have been a sad time for the lovers of pretty things. Bad enough to face one's husband with a long dress-maker's account; but a tax-gatherer on the back of that, looking in for £10 every quarter because my lady would be in the fashion—Whew! Under the Emperor Paul of Russia, a gentleman wearing pantaloons instead of knee-breeches was certain to be arrested. A gentleman was caned by the police in the public street for wearing a neckcloth thicker in texture than was allowed by law. A lady at court wearing too low a bodice was ordered into close confinement on a bread and water diet. A gentleman's hair falling a little over his forehead at a public ball, he was threatened by a policeman that, if he did not instantly cut his hair, his head should be shaved by the authorities!

Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the president whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The Doctor replied, "Certainly, M. le President; but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points I can answer your question."

Apropos of the cattle-plague the following recipe for a disease among cattle, known as "muir-ill," will be found in the "Heart of Midlothian," in the postscript of Jeanie Dean's letter to her father. Whether that disease has any affinity to the present epidemic let the learned decide: "I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow (writes Jeanie to 'Douce Davie,' her father), that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca', of yill, whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly a mutchkin, boiled wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed down the creature's throat in ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bauson-faced year-auld quey: an' it does na gude it can do nae ill. She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beasts." It would be strange, indeed, if the recipe of one of Scott's most amiable heroines should prove more efficacious than the thousand-and-one nostrums which have been prescribed as a remedy for the disease.

An exchange tells of an enamored man who took a young widow on a sleigh-ride, proposed to her, and was accepted; after which he was so elated that he wished some one would ask him for a loan of a few hundred dollars without security, saying he was never so happy in his life. The paper, however, forgot to give the address of this supremely happy man, and so all our efforts to borrow the "few hundred dollars" have been in vain.

Gentlemen are politely requested not to read the following paragraph. It is inserted expressly for the ladies, and designed to give *them* a hint for times of danger:

"A few nights ago Mr. Bodkins, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out the parachute. 'What are you going to do with that thing?' said she. 'Why, my dear, I expected a very severe storm to-night, and so I came prepared.' In less than five minutes Mrs. Bodkins was fast asleep."

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FREDRIKA BREMER.

IN presenting our readers with the accompanying portrait of FREDRIKA BREMER a few words may not be unacceptable regarding the career of this remarkable woman, whose earthly life closed at Arsta, the former residence of her family, on the 31st of December last. To the people of this country the career of Miss BREMER is especially interesting from the fact that she has lived among us, and is so well remembered here by thousands of loving friends.

It is now about a quarter of a century since the spirited publisher BROCKHAUS, of Leipsic, introduced to his countrymen and women a series of stories so truthful in their descriptions of simple, often homely life—their living portraiture of fathers, mothers, children, and servants, all the individuals of the home circle, in all their varieties—their tendernesses, their queernesses, their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears—as to seize at once on the public heart. Nobody criticised them, nobody questioned whether they were good or bad; all they did was to read them, to laugh or to cry over them, and to feel astonished how pictures so simple could exercise such a fascination over them. These were the famous "Sketches of Everyday Life," by FREDRIKA BREMER, first and foremost of which stands her inimitable "Neighbors," with its charming Francisca, the excellent Bear, and the powerfully-drawn Ma chère Mère. Now that the once so greatly admired authoress has passed from earthly existence, we shall not attempt a criticism of her works, but remember how much we have loved her, how much we owe her, and how much has been accomplished by a woman of slight physical frame and in any thing but robust health through the greater part of her life, and for how much lasting good her name will be honored in her native land for generations yet to come. Twice she received the highest honor which the Swedish Academy could offer—that of its gold medal. Besides the so well known "Sketches of Everyday Life," Miss BREMER wrote "The Diary," "Brothers and Sisters," and "The Midnight Sun," none of which, however, attained to the celebrity of their predecessors.



THE LATE FREDRIKA BREMER.

No doubt Miss BREMER felt this herself when she changed the pleasant fields of fiction for the more laborious ones of foreign travel. Her travels, to which five years were devoted—two in America and three in Europe and the Holy Land—fill about ten volumes, which contain much close study and deep reflection, and are remarkable for their vivid pictures of life and scenery.

It is not always that the author whose works have delighted and even edified the world lives up to the nobility and truth of his own teaching. This, however, was the case with this excellent woman, whose private life was as remarkable for its deeds of love and mercy as her literary life was for its industry. Those who knew her best loved her most. She enjoyed the society of the young, and surrounded herself by them, generally having one or more young ladies residing with her. One of these assures us that in the twelve months she was in daily intercourse with her she never saw her out of temper, never saw her otherwise than actively kind and assiduous in every way to add to the comfort and pleasure of those who surrounded her. She was received in the highest society of Stockholm, from the Royal circle downward. She was highly accomplished, and spoke several European languages fluently.

Miss BREMER was the means of establishing the Seminarium in Stockholm, an institution kindred to our Ladies' Colleges. She was at the head of every philanthropic work in Stockholm, and many a noble institution both there and in Copenhagen, as, for instance, the Asylum for Destitute Children, owes its existence entirely to her.



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE ROYAL SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS. [SEE PAGE 157.]

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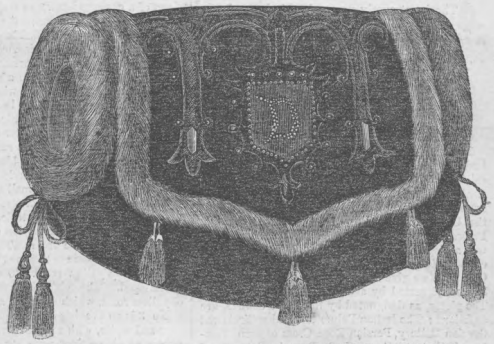
PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 158.]



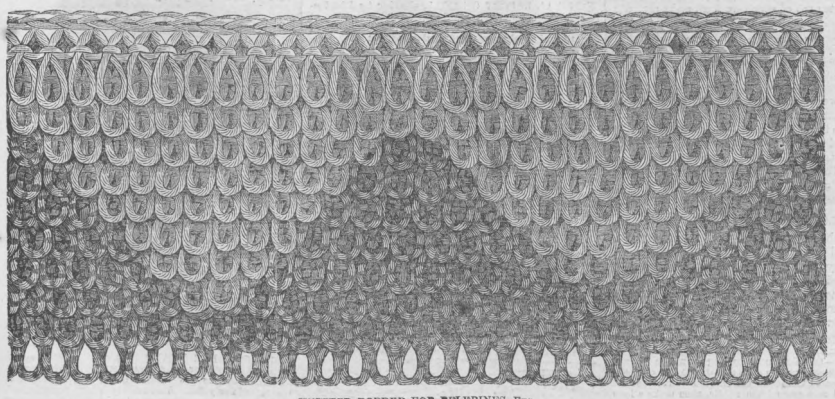
No. 2.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET WITH SILK TRIMMING.



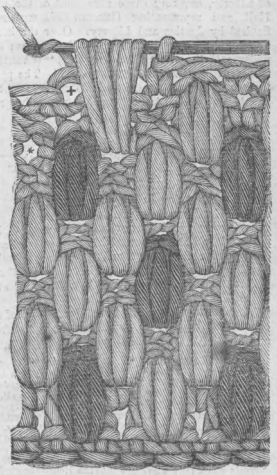
BANDEAU GREC OF PEARL MOSAIC.



No. 1.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET TRIMMED WITH FUR.



KNITTED BORDER FOR PELERINES, ETC.



FLOCCONE CROCHET STITCH.

LADIES' WOOL WORK.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

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TWICE FIVE AND TWICE TEN.

Two children talking together
With the wisdom of twice five years,
And the simple inductive fancy,
That sees beyond what appears.

Said Charlie to little Bessie,
Abruptly ceasing to play,
"I saw Bertie's horse in the stable;
He comes nearly every day."

"Don't you know he comes to see Annie?
Ah! ah! I was right in my guess,
I always know when he's coming—
Annie has on that pretty pink dress.

"She always makes a difference,
Be it only a ribbon or rose,
Whenever he comes, she wishes
To look her best, I suppose."

"And do you think she's in earnest?"
"Oh! Charlie, how cruel to doubt—
Why they walk hand in hand together
When the stars are shining out."

"Well that certainly ought to mean something,
But, somehow or other, I fear
He is not the first or the second;
There may be another next year.

"To-day a new dress or new ribbon,
To-morrow, perhaps, a new rose,
Next year, let us say, a new lover—
Or it may be a dozen, who knows?"

"Now, Charlie, don't be sarcastic;
Would you have her dress always the same?
What has dress to do with affection?
It may be she was not to blame."

"Ah! Bessie, we birds grow cautious
When we see one or two in the net—
The bait may be very attractive,
And the snare very cunningly set.

"But those two or three victims before us,
They seem to whisper, beware!
The woodland berry is safer,
And, perchance, more wholesome fare.

"Give me the girl that has never
Lov'd any one else but me,
That changes not with the season,
Nor runs after novelty!"

"Ah! Charlie, it must be outrageous
For love once settled to range;
Whatever the season or fashion,
The heart surely never should change."

Take care, Master Charles and Miss Bessie,
There are some things beyond your ken,
The pledges of twice five summers
Are not always redeemed by twice ten.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No anniversary of WASHINGTON'S Birthday has had so much significance as the last, which was celebrated in this city with unusual enthusiasm. Among the events of the day worthy of notice were the Military Parade and the presentation by the Union League Club to General GRANT of a Portrait of General SCOTT. In the evening there was a display of fire-works in different parts of the city. Of the display in the Park in front of the City Hall we give an illustration on our first page. It was witnessed by about fifty thousand persons. The pieces, as designated by the pyrotechnists, are as follows: The Indian Palmetto, Golden Circle and Grecian Battery, Persian Rose, Cross of Peru, Yew-tree, Tribute to Ceres, Zania Peruvia, Saturn and his Satellites, Star of America, Star of Independence, Golden Waterfall, Yankee Wind-mill, Passion-Flower, Fairies' Frolic, and, lastly, a Grand Temple of Liberty, covering the centre front of the City Hall, and representing GEORGE WASHINGTON, flanked by Justice and Liberty. Over the heads of the three figures were three golden eagles; and underneath the whole were the words, "WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY." The pyrotechnic display was concluded without accident at about half past eight in the evening, when the great multitude dispersed.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND OPENING HER PARLIAMENT.

FOR the first time in five years, QUEEN VICTORIA met her Parliament in person on February 6. It was the opening of the Seventh Parliament of her reign. The last occasion of her personal presence in the House of Lords was to inaugurate the Session of a Parliament (the Sixth) which had been thrice honored in a similar manner. On that occasion the Prince Consort stood by her side.

The following is an abridged description of the opening of the Seventh Parliament as taken from an English paper:

"Meanwhile an interesting scene had been for some time visible within the House of Lords. At noon a long line of carriages extended from Pall Mall to the peers' entrance of the Palace of Westminster, most, if not all, of which were occupied by ladies in full evening costume—the wives, daughters, and sisters of peers, and of members of the Government, and some few who were, perhaps, not so nearly connected with the Upper Chamber, but who had influence enough to procure the entrée from the envied distributor of such favors. One of the most notable of the arrivals was a lady who came into the House escorted by the Earl of Lovelace, and who was recognized as Lady ANNE ISABELLA NOEL KING NOEL, the grand-daughter of GEORGE GORDON, Lord BYRON.

"The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince in the full uniform of a general officer, and the Princess tastefully attired in a dress of white tulle, trimmed with black lace, wearing a tiara of diamonds and a long flowing veil of white gauze, entered side by side. The Princess was escorted to the place of honor on the woolsack, immediately fronting the throne. The Prince of Wales took his seat alongside the Duke of Cambridge, with whom he was speedily engaged in conversation. At twelve minutes past two the door on the right of the House was thrown open; and we had just a glimpse of the green-carpeted vestibule, with two gigantic Guardsmen standing by. Then the procession slowly entered. Preceded by the Gentlemen-at-Arms, the chief officers of the household, and the bearers of the state sword and crown, her Majesty, accompanied by Princesses HELENA and LOUISA, Prince ARTHUR, and Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein, walked round to the front of the throne. Ascending the dais, she was followed by the Princesses, who, as soon as her Majesty had seated herself, partially drew round her the robes of state which had been hanging loosely on the throne. Her Majesty wore a velvet dress of so deep a purple that it almost seemed black, bordered with ermine, a mantle of the like material, a white lace veil falling from her widow's cap, and a heavy diamond necklace. The two Princesses, dressed in white, stood with Prince CHRISTIAN on the left of the throne, while on her Majesty's right were two ladies in waiting, dressed in black, the Prince of Wales, the Lord Chancellor, etc.

"During the interval that elapsed between the summons of the Commons and the reply, the Queen sat silent and motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground."

The Speech from the throne was then read by the Lord Chancellor.

"CAUGHT NAPPING."

THE picture engraved on page 152 is by a promising young English artist, Mr. A. H. BURR. We must leave the reader to speculate how the idle little urchin and despiser of learning came to commit the outrage on all scholastic propriety for which he is about to be visited with condign punishment. Perhaps the dominie has been absent a short time and returned unexpectedly; perhaps the little culprit has fancied himself out of observation, beneath the desk of the despot immediately behind him." Possibly the Jove of this petty realm and half-blind wielder of the leathern Nemesis has himself been nodding; if so, his anger would, of course, be heightened tenfold by the presumption of this little creature in following the example of irresponsible power. As the child is father of the man, so is the school an ante-room to the world. Here we find one bending manfully to his task, there another makes faces at it, either in disgust or for his own and others' amusement; and, yonder, a third neglects it altogether. While what more characteristic of adult nature than that we should make merry over our neighbor's misfortunes? Even some of the softer sex, it seems by this picture, are capable of sharing the tempting pleasure. Here and there, however, it also appears, there are little womanly hearts attuned to thrill with pity and compassion at misfortune and pain; and now and then beauty may be seen irradiated with the heavenly light of unselfish love.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIGURES 1 and 4 furnish two distinct representations of a casaque known as "the Sappho," which has met with much favor in the grand monde, and promises to become very fashionable generally. It is made of black velvet, trimmed with a passementerie of black silk and jet ornaments, which terminates in a broad fringe, with a couple of tassels at the extremity. In the parts which are turned over by the collar and the cuffs is a fine and narrow guipure. The waistcoat is terminated with a guipure of similar pattern but of greater depth.

The bonnet adapted to this casaque is extremely simple. It is composed of black velvet, with a black ostrich feather, and having a kind of diadem in front ornamented with small black cameos.

Figure 2 is a ball-dress of straw-color satin, over which is a jupon of white tulle, which covers the entire robe, with the exception of the corsage and the extremity of the train. The corsage and the bottom of the jupon are trimmed with puffs of tulle, caught up by yellow roses. The train of the robe is scolloped. The coiffure is composed of a branch of yellow roses, which descends as low as the waist.

No. 3 is an evening dress of pouts de soie, striped blue and white, with a large relevé fixed behind by a bow of blue velvet with very long ends. The relevé, which is of blue satin, is bordered—as well as the body and the bottom of the robe—with velvet to match. At the extreme end of the robe is a tuyauté bleu.

The "coiffure Josephine" is composed of a chignon of small curls, covered with a net, and fastened on by a large gold comb. A diadem, also of gold, is worn in front.

On the same page with our Fashion cut we give several engravings illustrating specimens of ladies' wool work, to each of which we shall make separate allusion:

"BANDEAU GREC" OF PEARL MOSAIC.

This bandeau can be very easily manufactured at home out of chased bronze pearls, imitation coral, or any other fancy beads, in the following manner: The two inner threads, marked *a* in the pattern, are passed alternately, first through one, then through two beads, forming a diamond square. The outer threads, *d*, are then each passed through a single bead and crossed inside of the two inner beads in the middle of the diamond. A bracelet can be made to match the "bandeau" in the same manner with fine elastic cord.

"FLOCONNE" CROCHET STITCH.

This stitch is admirably adapted to coverings for the feet and traveling wraps, not only on account of its beauty, but its warmth and elasticity, and when worked in two colors—for example, black and white—forms a good imitation of fur for children's muffs and collars. It is set up in tolerably loose meshes and worked backward and forward, thus:

1*st Row.*—In each mesh of the original casting one ordinary close mesh.

2*d Row* (*).—One close mesh (passing the needle through both loops, which forms an *open mesh*), one tuft of meshes, to be repeated from * to the end. To form the tuft pass the wool once around the needle, then make a loop through the next mesh; repeat this process three times, always using the same mesh for the three loops. Unite the loops and extra three threads of the tuft with one mesh, as is shown in the first row of the pattern, then make an open mesh and crochet it with that which remains upon the needle.

3*d Row.*—Hole mesh through every single and every tuft mesh.

4*th Row.*—Repeats the second, except that the loops for the tuft are passed through the second open mesh below the top, designated in the pattern by an asterisk (*). The hole for the close mesh is the one succeeding the tuft, and is marked in the pattern by a cross (+). The contrasting color may be worked in longer tufts or strictly according to the above design.

MUFF WITH POCKET.

This perfect protection against the severity of the winter furnishes a beautiful and suitable gift, and can be made at home. Its excellence consists in being manufactured of materials to match the dress, and being furnished with a pocket, the opening of which is covered with a lappet. The arrangement of this muff may be varied, but the above design is worthy a pre-eminence. The outer covering is made of black velvet, laid in folds at the sides underneath the arm-holes, which are trimmed, as well as the lappet, with broad bands of fur. The whole is lined with white sarsenet. The lappet is adorned with a rich application of black satin, embroidered with pearls, in the middle of which is a shield with an initial letter. The lappet is closed with buttons, and the muff is furnished with rich cords and tassels.

A more simple style for children is shown in pattern No. 2. This consists of dark blue velvet, lined with blue silk, and trimmed around the arm-holes and lappet with double frills of blue silk bound with the same. The whole is completed with bands of blue velvet and mother-of-pearl buttons.

KNITTED BORDER FOR PELERINES, BASQUES, ETC.

Material: White zephyr worsted, pearl-gray worsted, two fine wooden knitting-needles, and a flat mesh, four-fifths of an inch wide, such as is used in netting.

This fringe-like border is peculiarly fitted for pelerines, basques, small rugs, etc., and is knitted with white and pearl-gray worsted in interlacing points. The required amount of stitches is cast on with pearl worsted, always taking care that it be capable of being divided by 14, that number being necessary for each point; and it is knitted backward and forward, like a garter.

1*st Row* (loops).—The first stitch is taken off without knitting. The netting wand is then placed at the back of the work, * the needle is passed through the next stitch, and the thread thrown over it; this thread is then placed around the wand from above, again thrown over the needle, so that the latter has two threads, the wand only one, and the stitch is taken off. This process is repeated from * to the end.

2*d Row* is knitted regularly without drawing out the wand, every double stitch being made into one. The wand is then drawn out, and the 1st and 2d row alternately repeated until the border, which consists of ten rows, is completed. In the 3d row of loops two after every twelve must be made of white worsted, and the same number of white must be added in each successive row, until in the 8th row two meshes of pearl appear between every twelve of white. Two rows of white loops finish the border.

The use for which the article is designed must determine the arrangement of the colors as well as the strength of the material to be employed.

LAUGHABLE.—All the world and his wife seem to be inhaling the laughing gas, and having their teeth extracted, at the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute. The danger is that, DR. COLTON having destroyed the pain, people will sacrifice their teeth when they should save them. One natural tooth is worth a dozen artificial ones.

WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA is a sure cure. Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN was relieved from distressing paroxysms by its habitual use. It is not injurious.
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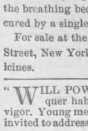
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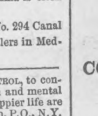
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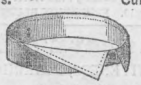
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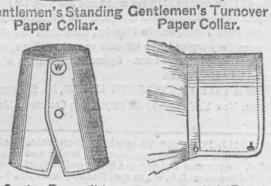
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

DURING the great debate in which the country is now engaged it is well to remember that temperance of tone and a careful regard for truth are always powerful allies. We have lately had signal illustrations of the folly of extravagant statements and personal aspersions; and there can be no more palpable absurdity than that those who stood steadily together against rebellion when rebellion was formidable are now anxious and plotting to surrender the Government to rebels defeated and disgraced. Yet these are charges gravely made against such men as CHARLES SUMNER on the one hand, and ANDREW JOHNSON on the other. Now either or both of these gentlemen may be mistaken in the policy of reorganization which they favor, but there is surely no reasonable ground for believing that they are hostile to the Union or Government. Their views of the true course to pursue may hopelessly differ, but certainly while their intentions are beyond suspicion the difference of their views may be discussed without acrimony. The situation is entirely without precedent, and denunciation, insinuation, and fierce partisanship merely confound the confusion and exasperate honest differences.

It is as unjust to assert that Congress is hostile to the loyal men at the South as it is to insist that the President is anxious to have disloyal men sit in Congress. It is as inaccurate to declare that Congress means to sustain a pauper class of freedmen at the expense of the Government as to argue that the President intends to betray the freedmen defenseless into the hands of those who hate them. It is as untrue to say that the course of Congress violates the Constitution as that the policy of the President overthrows it. The truth lies between all these extremes, as may be seen by looking at the last point we have mentioned. If, for instance, it be alleged, in defense of what is called the President's policy, that the war was to prevent secession; that it was successful; that secession was therefore prevented; that the States are now, as before, in the Union; and that, consequently, Congress has no constitutional right to prohibit their representation—it is no less true that if those States are in the Union they were equally so in May last, and that the President has no constitutional right to appoint a Provisional Governor of a State in the Union. The truth is, that the President acted from the necessity of the case; and that must be the principle of action until reorganization is complete. Then, and not before, the authority which is called the war-power ceases, and the normal habit of the Union is resumed. The argument is by no means ended, as Senators DOOLITTLE and JOHNSON seem to suppose, when it is proved that the late rebel States are not out of the Union. They were not out of the Union a year ago. Was any representative which South Carolina might have chosen to send to Congress at that time to be therefore admitted without question? No sensible man will affirm such an absurdity.

Neither the President nor Congress hold that the mere fact of laying down arms raised against the Government proves either the loyalty of those who surrender or the propriety of admitting without question the representatives whom they send. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON himself concurred in the report made to the Senate in February of last year that it was "improper for this body to admit to seats Senators from Louisiana *till, by some joint action of both Houses, there shall be some recognition of an existing State Government acting in harmony with the Government of the United States* and recognizing its authority." All that Congress asks is that the subject shall be investigated and the facts ascertained, and for that sole purpose was the Reconstruction Committee appointed. The President also reaffirms the same principle when he says, in speaking of the late rebel States: "When they comply with the Constitution, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." So says the President; so say we all. But here are points to be decided, and by whom? Is it not evident that Congress must decide them for itself before it can admit a single member? The President may for himself be satisfied upon some of these points, and he says in his Veto Message that, in his judgment, "some" of the late rebel States may properly be admitted to representation. But surely neither he nor any other man can expect that his conviction will bind Congress. There was never a subject, indeed, which required more deliberate consideration. The honor of the country pledged to the freedmen; the security of the national debt; the increased representation given by the Emancipation Amendment to the late rebel States; the danger of any risk of assumption of the rebel debt in any form—all require the most thoughtful care in legislation.

But the most truly patriotic men may honestly differ about methods, and if upon any point Congress and the President disagree, the Constitution indicates the course to pursue. He may interpose his veto. If Congress overcomes it by the Constitutional vote, its will becomes a law of the United States which the President is sworn to execute. If his veto prevails, the will of Congress so far fails to become a law. But the President, if he have any regard for the dignity of his office or for the just distribution of powers in this government, will be very wary of declaring that his view of the case shall prevail against that of Congress. The President is but a co-ordinate branch of the Government. He is not the superior of Congress nor of the Supreme Court. He is the executive officer of the laws. Meanwhile his veto of any measure is a deliberate appeal to the country upon the point of difference, and the country will decide the question at the ballot-box.

But we confidently trust that no such appeal will be necessary. The President and Congress have the same end in view. They both desire the resumption by every State of its relations in the Union at the earliest moment consistent with the general peace and security; and if Congress, accepting the facts of the situation, trusts something to time, something to the traditions of the Government, something to the sure laws which, despite passion and prejudice, still control human affairs; and if the President, mindful of the equal dignity and responsibility of Congress, remembers that firmness is not inconsistent with forbearance, nor conviction with conciliation; and if orators and journals reflect that rhetorical fury is always feeble and futile, the great party of loyal men who saved the Union will secure its peaceful perpetuity by mutual moderation and wise concession.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE "loud and general cheers" that greeted Sir GEORGE GREY when he announced in the House of Commons on the 16th of February that he should bring in a bill next day for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland; the remark of Earl DERBY, the Tory leader in the House of Lords, that he would not interpose a moment's delay; the special session of Parliament on the 17th, when the suspension bill was brought in; the assent of Mr. DISRAELI, the Opposition leader; Mr. BRIGHT'S protest without intention of opposition; and the passage of the bill by a vote of 364 to 6, and the Queen's approval on the same night, show that the British Government is seriously alarmed by the condition of Ireland, and that it means, if possible, to prevent, not to subdue, an insurrection.

The suspension of the great writ is a favorite method of prevention with that Government, and especially in Ireland. This is the seventh time it has been suspended during this century in that country. An act to that effect was in operation in 1800, at the very time of the Union; from 1802 to 1805; from 1807 to 1810; in 1814; from 1822 to 1824; and last in 1848, when the Irish people were arming and organizing and threatening, and were incited to massacre and plunder. In England also the suspension has been frequent. In 1745 the Solicitor-General stated that the act had been suspended nine times since the revolution of 1688. From 1745 until 1794 the law was inviolate; but in that year, amidst the wild turmoil of the French Revolution and the terror of the British Government, Mr. PITT moved its suspension. FOX, GREY, and SHERIDAN eloquently resisted. In one of his speeches FOX said that forcible opposition was merely a question of prudence. He declared that the suspension made the will of Ministers the real Government of England, and that it was Magna Charta itself which was to be suspended. Yet thirty-nine members only supported the opposition, and the writ remained continuously suspended for eight years. In 1817 it was again suspended; but for the fifty years since, as the Constitutional historian of England says, "Ministers, animated by a higher spirit of statesmanship, have known how to maintain the authority of the law in England without the aid of abnormal powers."

But Ireland is always an exception to all English rules. The tone of English feeling toward the unhappy country is generally, not always, harsh and hostile. The popular English conception of the island is that of a wretched people in a chronic state of suppressed or latent rebellion. The traditions of wrong and suffering, which would gradually perish in a thriving and intelligent community, are kept forever fresh in one which is ignorant and wretched, whether the wretchedness be the result of local causes or of unequal legislation. The problem of Ireland has never been solved; and Carlyle expressed doubtless a vague English feeling of despair when he suggested that the only solution was the submersion of the island in the sea for twenty-four hours.

Now if the true view of international relations upon the globe were simply the-devil-take-the-hindmost, we might complacently "chaff" England upon her late conduct toward us, and "thank thee, Jew, for teaching" us the word Neutrality. But acutely suffering as we are from the sorrows of civil war, it is impossible not to sympathize with a kindred nation which is menaced by it; and while the British policy in Ireland can not be approved by those who believe that justice is essential to peace, yet if the Fenians or Irish revolutionists propose to invoke the sympathy of the world in an appeal to arms, the world must distinctly know their grievances. A general plea for independence, a general protest against unjust laws, are not sufficient. Discontent with the church establishment and the land-tenure in Ireland are not enough to justify bloodshed, unless it is plain that legal redress has been sought and refused. All the Fenian fury of invective is impotent compared with one plain statement of the leading wrongs which the Government refuses to remedy.

It is true that England did not wait for such a statement from our late rebels before Earl RUSSELL declared that we were fighting for dominion. But if we can find no better example for our conduct than Earl RUSSELL and British neutrality during our war, we shall deserve the scorn which we lavished upon him. Sir GEORGE GREY, in moving for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, said that the Fenian movement was wholly discountenanced by the American Government; and Mr. LABOUCHERE called attention to "the inadequacy of the laws to enable England to fulfill her international obligations toward foreign countries." There is our revenge, and it is a thousandfold sweeter than pettifogging a Fenian *Alabama* out of New York Bay.

We need not fear to trust our principles or our traditions. The hostility with which so much of the world viewed our struggle to maintain free Government will change to admiration of the humane and honorable conduct of such a Government in all its domestic and international relations. If England falls into trouble our duty is to do what England ought to have done during our troubles, not what she did.

THE BEGINNING OF CONTRACTION.

WHILE Congress is disputing about the proper method of inaugurating a policy of contraction, this member declaring that the country will be ruined unless his scheme be adopted, and that member announcing that no other plan than his can save the nation, the Secretary of the Treasury, in the absence of appropriate legislation, is quietly in his own way curtailing the currency. On 1st November, a little over four months ago, the aggregate legal-tender currency was $633,709,611. On 1st March the aggregate legal-tender currency was only $605,984,414; a reduction, in four months, of $27,725,197. It is true that during the same period the volume of national currency was increased more than $30,000,000. But over these issues the Secretary had no control; and as the national banks are compelled to hold in their vaults legal tenders to redeem their notes on presentation, any substantial reduction of the former will quickly compel a recall of the latter.

It will be noted that this reduction of $27,725,197 in the legal-tender currency in the course of 120 days was effected without any "funding loans." By offering $50,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds in exchange for compound legal tenders, in January or February last, the curtailment might easily have been raised to $77,000,000 instead of $27,000,000 without disturbing trade or industry.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," the Secretary has ample power under existing statutes to curtail the currency—even though Congress should deny him the additional authority he has sought. He can go on quietly exchanging compound legal tenders, Seven-Thirty notes, and other short date obligations for long bonds, at the rate of at least $15,000,000 a month throughout this year, without creating any very serious disturbance in the money market, and he can employ his surplus revenue in paying off debt certificates and call loans. In this way he can curtail the currency perhaps as fast as it would be safe to curtail it, and he can do it in a way which will not involve periodical spasms in the money market.

The two weak points in his position are the deposits on call and the debt certificates. Talk to a Bull in gold about contraction, and he responds triumphantly:

"Contraction, Sir! Impossible! Ridiculous! How can the Secretary contract when he owes $118,000,000 on call after ten days, and $62,000,000 more on debt certificates, maturing on the average within eight months?"

It can not be denied but there is a great deal in this reasoning. So long as Government may be called upon for $118,000,000, on ten days' notice, the Secretary dare not create a tight money market. Such a money market as they have had in London for six weeks would—if established here—have brought the United States Government to the verge of bankruptcy. Every dollar of the temporary deposits would have been called, and it would have taxed the resources of the Government to the utmost to have responded. Surely this is clear enough to dictate the necessity of at once abandoning the seductive but fatal expedient of receiving money on temporary deposit. We have drawn attention more than once of late to the bad policy, in a mere business point of view, of paying interest at the rate of 5 and 6 per cent. per annum on money which lay idle in the Treasury, and was not required by the necessities of Government. But if contraction be fairly adopted as the policy of Government, these temporary deposits will become an element of danger as well as expense. They constitute an impregnable bulwark behind which the banks can defy the Government. So long as they exist Government can no more afford to distress the banks by curtailing the currency than a debtor can distress his creditor by purchasing the latter's paper.

In war time, when the great object of Government was to get money at once in any way, and to postpone the day of payment, debt certificates and temporary deposits were a fair expedient. They answered very well, and more than once helped the Secretary out of grave embarrassments. But now the Government ought not to need to resort to such methods of finance. The revenue is in excess of the expenditure, and Government ought to occupy a position above and beyond the control of local banks or bankers. It is in the power of the Secretary to pay off the bulk of the temporary deposits, and to reduce the debt certificates to a small figure. Until he does so all the legislation in the world will not enable him to curtail the currency, because the parties to be injured by such curtailment will till then hold a call on him for currency to which he can not respond. After he has done so he will be in a position, without further legislation, to curtail the currency about as fast as it ought to be curtailed.

REMEDIES AGAINST FIRE.

THE complete destruction by fire in the daytime of Dr. TYNG'S Church and of the Assembly Rooms in Broadway, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Fire Department, and without any want of water, lead us to consider what it is in the construction of our buildings which exposes them to such certain destruction. The question involves not only the interests of owners and Fire Insurance Companies, but the safety of occupants and the contribution which the generation on the stage makes to the one that is to succeed in the shape of permanent improvements.

Buildings in the Old World are made to stand for ages. Their destruction by fire is as impossible as it is to save houses from being thus destroyed which are built on the American plan. A traveler walking the streets of Florence and Rome is not a little astonished at the preservation of the palace built by the Medici family about the year 1300, and of the Pantheon built for Pagan worship or some other purpose before the Christian era. St. Peter's, which has stood about three hundred years, is safe from destruction by fire, or indeed by any means short of an earthquake.

Although these specimens of architecture have been so long the subject of examination, and although the fire of 1835 swept over above sixty acres of the most valuable part of New York, we still build on the plan of Dr. TYNG'S Church and of the Assembly Rooms, which in a few hours became a mass of ruins. The feature about our houses which most exposes them to rapid and certain destruction by fire is the presence of lath and plaster throughout their interior, constituting with the joists on which lath are nailed a complete wooden structure incased in walls of masonry. The succession of wooden chimneys leading from cellar to roof thus formed, and of well-devised drafts or passages leading to them between the beams on each floor, constitute a perfect contrivance for the steady and rapid progress of fire, secure from streams of water aimed from without. Architects must know this difficulty full well, but yet either from the eagerness of owners to have cheap structures and large rents, or from the wish of architects to be constantly engaged in the work of rebuilding, no proper remedies are provided, and reliance must probably be placed on Legislative means to correct the fatal effects of their joint cupidity.

If those who are engaged in the business of insurance were equal to the necessities of their vocation, the great fire of 1835 would not have been without some value as a warning against a pernicious mode of building. A few buildings, it is true, have since been constructed which are proof against fire. Among these are the Merchants' Exchange, the offices on the southeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, the structure for brokers in Broad Street, and more recently the elegant house of Mr. STEWART in the Fifth Avenue. But take the mass of houses and churches built since 1835, and they all possess the same vice which exposed the city to a fire extending over sixty acres of valuable property. The loss on that occasion occurred before the introduction of the Croton;

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but it was due to the prevalence of extreme cold and a high wind, which made it difficult to subdue with water a fire which suddenly became extensive among houses favorably constructed for its ravages.

Take any ordinary corner house as an example of this peculiarity of structure. The walls—front, rear, and sides—are of brick, the front faced with stone. This is well enough. Behind the front and rear walls a series of joists about a foot back extend from cellar to garret. On these are nailed laths, and all the woodwork of inside shutters and a deep base. The open space, about a foot deep, forms a perfect draft or chimney of wood completely dried. The exterior side on the street is similarly constructed, except that the strips to which lath are nailed are inferior in depth to the ordinary joist, but there is nevertheless an open space extending also from cellar to garret between the plaster and the external side wall into which the openings between the beams are conducted, thus extending the draft or chimney under every portion of the floor. In addition to all this staircases are universally built of wood, with the disadvantage, in case of fire, of a well protected open space between the treads and risers and the lath and plaster, which latter constitutes the finish at the back of the stairway. Although many houses have an inside wall along the main hall, yet more generally this and all other or most other partitions are made of joists resting on beams or on each other, covered on each side with lath and plaster, and constituting a further means of conducting the fire rapidly to each floor and to the roof of the building. The wonder is not so much that such structures are completely gutted—such is the well known phrase—but that they are ever saved from this result if fire ensue.

The interior ornamentation of Dr. TYNG's elegant church consisted mainly of lath and plaster from floor to roof, constructed on an infinity of wood formed to represent solid work, but as ready for the flames as any thing which ingenuity could devise. This building and the Assembly Rooms, in open day, defied the skill and unremitted exertions of firemen. We can scarcely expect that the care and expense devoted by pagans to the Pantheon for the safety of their house of worship, or by the Catholics in the time of MICHAEL ANGELO in the construction of St. Peter's, will be displayed in our structures, but we can easily show that a very slight attention to details in building will prevent such complete destruction, and that without much expense beyond what is usually borne.

In lieu of the system of joists and lath and plaster in the front and rear of ordinary houses it would cost but little more to construct a brick wall separated a few inches from the front and rear wall, to receive the plaster, and to have nailed to it the wood-work of inside shutters. The plaster would of course be perfectly dry. Houses in the interior of blocks would by this simple precaution be much more safe, solid, warm, and durable than are the usual structures, and there would be no loss of room. The outside and inside wall would not need to be tied to each other, but an occasional tie of iron or copper sloping downward from the internal to the external wall would convey any drip from the latter away from the interior, if a tie were supposed necessary, which we are sure it is not. We have closed the open space between these walls at the place where the work for shutters is affixed by a strip of tin, to exclude vermin from this retreat, which, when joists are used, constitutes the place in which they are secure from attack, and where they safely breed—rats, mice, and cockroaches. If, in addition to this, the interior walls were of brick and the main hall were of solid material, with a metal or stone stair-case rising to the second floor, such houses could be inhabited with safety from fire, and with the certainty, at all events, that no extraordinary efforts would be necessary to prevent any but a partial destruction of the building. A cheap class of tenement houses with narrow halls might have flagging in the halls from the partition wall to the external wall on every floor, and an iron staircase to give certain means of exit in case of fire. Such an assurance of safety would enable occupants to take means themselves to put out a fire which could generally be done with ease.

The interior of churches must be constructed on a plan wholly different from that which prevails, or their pastors must share in the anguish of the venerable Dr. TYNG, who, at a period of his life when he most required a secure roof for the worship in which he delights to engage, finds that his efforts to this end have been completely frustrated by the sacrifice made to appearances in the church which his congregation erected. Grand arches made of the flimsy material generally used must be dispensed with if we wish to make certain provision against the carelessness of a workman handling fire. Caen stone, such as we import from France, makes an elegant finish for the interior of churches; but an interior wall of brick, constituting with the exterior a double wall, would be less expensive, the interior wall to be plastered and painted. Where columns are necessary, iron may be used with advantage. It would be well also, in important structures, to have iron rafters and iron lath, but perforated tin or galvanized iron may be used instead of wooden lath. In forming the interior arches galvanized iron may be used with benefit and pressed into whatever shape may be required.

So far as concerns houses built for occupation, the legislation of the State is defective in omitting proper provision for security against fire; and we hope to see such laws passed as may enable the present generation to transmit its industry in the shape of houses to its successors, as a substantial contribution to the wealth of the country. A Commission appointed by the Legislature to examine experts would afford the means for accurate and efficient legislation at the next session.

FOREIGN PROSPECTS.

THE Austrian Archduke MAXIMILIAN still remains in Mexico in his capacity of titular Emperor of that country, and LOUIS NAPOLEON has not yet begun to embark his troops for France. Marshal FOREY declares in the French Chambers that "the great idea" of the Mexican expedition can not be fulfilled without more French soldiers, and a minister of NAPOLEON'S rises hastily and says that the Marshal speaks for himself as the Emperor has already spoken for himself. Meanwhile the Juarez Government of Mexico is both nomadic and shadowy, and—to use a droll expression of the prize-ring or the bar, we forget which—seldom puts in an appearance. This country continues placid, and satisfies itself with keeping an eye upon LOUIS NAPOLEON, and smiling at the Captain Bobodil statesmanship that would peremptorily order France out of Mexico. Mr. CONWAY, a trenchant American writer, now living in London, excites John Bull by arguing that, if we go to war by way of healing our domestic alienations, it will undoubtedly be a war to settle the *Alabama* claims, *et cetera*; while Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, an accomplished and brilliant Englishman, does not reassure his countrymen by declaring that Lord PALMERSTON leaves Great Britain behind France and the United States in the estimation of the world.

It is very clear that none of the Great Powers wish to go to war. If France would fight for Mexico, she sees the United States, the Monroe Doctrine, three thousand miles of ocean, and a native population, all sitting like lions in the path. If England would haughtily decline to look at the little Yankee bill for the *Alabama*, she sees Ireland seething with discontent, and watchful France ready to turn all chances to account. If the United States would insist upon an *Alabama* settlement or a departure from Mexico, she sees her own military hand still stretched over a large part of her own domain, and a debt which she can not wisely increase. We believe, therefore, that all these questions will be peaceably adjusted; but we are quite sure they would be adjusted much more rapidly were our own position a little more harmonious. England will disregard the little bill, France will be more reticent than ever, when they hear the President and Congress of the United States mutually denouncing and defying each other.

We must not be surprised if the remarkable prestige with which the event of the war invested us is diminished in the eyes of the world by our political discords. If the Union party had moved steadily and unitedly forward to the full reorganization of the Government the amazement and admiration of other nations would have been indescribable, and the triumph of the American system would have been complete. The foreign THOMAS always shook his head dolefully and bade us beware of the perils after the war. But they were not unforeseen by us, and our doubting critic may be very sure that the same intelligent persistence which finished the war will establish peace. He may remember that he was signally wrong in his calculations of the rebellion, and he will be no less so in his theories of the practicability of adjustment. The force of our system is shown quite as much by its capacity to bear undisturbed the strain of extreme opinions and hot differences as by its rapidity of adaptation to new circumstances. The war was truly effective because it did not end at Bull Run. The peace will be permanent and secure because it will spring from wise deliberation.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE spring is here and the cholera is in the West Indies. Up to the 1st of January there had been eleven hundred deaths from cholera in Guadeloupe. The pestilence had decreased there, but had appeared at Dominica; nor is there any reason to doubt that it will presently appear among us. Meanwhile an efficient Board of Health has been created, and is now organized and at work. We trust that that work may be relentlessly thorough; and that the owners of the tenement houses which are the hot-beds of disease and vice in this city may be rigidly compelled, as the law allows, to cleanse these disgraceful dens.

The usual method of arranging a tenement house in New York is as follows: Upon an ordinary lot of 25 by 100 feet, a front house 25 by 50 is built, and a rear house 25 by 25. There is a court between, 25 by 25 feet, containing hydrant, cess-pool, and privy. The houses are generally five and often six stories in height above the basement. The principal rooms, four upon each floor, occupy the width of the building, with small bedrooms between, one to each main room. Thus in a six-story building there are usually twenty-four families; each averaging five members and often more, as there are generally other lodgers. Each person has thus a little more than ten square feet of ground area, and 480 cubic feet of air space in the whole house. In the main rooms the air space is 317 cubic feet, and in the dormitories 89 feet to each person. This is stated by the careful sanitary report of the Citizens' Association as the average, but often the crowding far exceeds this. Light and air are well excluded. Garbage and slops of every kind are thrown into the street, tainting the atmosphere of the whole region, while the privies are filthy beyond description. The condition of the wretched people who inhabit these places is unspeakable, and it is among them that cholera runs riot. In the last great visitation of 1832 the great bulk of deaths was in quarters like those now filled with tenement houses. But the pestilence was not confined to them. Cholera in Greenwich or West streets is death in the Fifth Avenue, for when once it has taken hold of a city it is no respecter of persons.

The work before the new Health Board is enormous, but there is no reason to doubt that it will be well done. Mr. SCHULTZ, the President, is a gentleman noted for his energy and administrative skill. His medical associates are gentlemen of the highest professional distinction and personal character; and the Police Commission can at once bring their extensive and detailed knowledge of the city to the most efficient use. The responsibility of the new Board is very great. The City and the State will require rich results from them; but whatever a Health Board can do for a city like New York we are very confident this Board will do.

A COPPERHEAD HISS.

THE Chicago *Times*, one of the most conspicuous "Democratic" journals in the country, suggests that it is the duty of the President to command the arrest of Messrs. SUMNER, STEVENS, and PHILLIPS; and if Congress does not immediately obey the President, it is also his duty to turn the Senate and House out of the capital at the point of the bayonet.

This is a plain proposition that the President of the United States should arrest, during a Congressional discussion, those members who do not agree with his views. It is not a new thing. A little more than two hundred years ago CHARLES I., King of England, did exactly what the Chicago *Times* urges the President to do. He went to the House of Commons and ordered the arrest of five members. It was in consequence of this violent assault upon the fundamental law of the realm, and not as Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS foolishly said, because of the expression of an opinion, that CHARLES lost his head.

An act which was so intolerable in the English monarchy under the STUART kings more than two centuries ago that it plunged the kingdom into civil war, is now gravely recommended to an American President by a chief "Democratic" newspaper. Of course we do not assume that all "Democrats" are responsible for such folly, although GARRETT DAVIS makes a kindred proposition in the Senate of the United States. But it is instructive to observe the spirit of those who are most clamorous that the late rebels shall be at once restored and without conditions.

The Chicago *Times* was a steadfast and unscrupulous supporter of the rebellion; and as JEFFERSON DAVIS failed to overthrow the Government, it is naturally very willing to see any body else undertake the work. The rebel shots upon the field and the tortures inflicted at Andersonville were constitutional resistance to coercion, thinks the Chicago *Times*; but the expression of opinion that loyal men should administer the Government it holds to be "Northern rebellion." We greatly misunderstand President JOHNSON if he does not entirely agree with General GRANT'S expressed opinion, that such a paper as the Chicago *Times* is one of the chief hindrances of peaceful reorganization of the Union.

GOOD INVESTMENTS.

AT a time when the price of all kinds of property is declining, and investors are puzzled to know what to do with their money, it may not be out of place to draw attention to two classes of bonds offered for sale, in another column, by the bankers FISK & HATCH. These are, first, the new Thirty Year Six per cent bonds of the United States Government, issued to aid the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad; and, second, the Central Pacific Railroad Company's Sevens, interest guaranteed by the State of California. The former are the longest Six per cent. bond yet issued by the General Government; and if, as seems probable, the rate of interest on the public debt be reduced to 4 or 5 per cent. when the Five-Twenties mature, these new Sixes, with the Sixes of 1881, will then command as large a premium as the like security did before the war, when Government bought them up @ 116. It may well be questioned whether, in the event of the continued improvement in the public debt, Government can afford to issue many more such bonds.

The Pacific Railroad Sevens are an equally eligible investment. From the last estimates, it seems pretty certain that the Railroad Company will be able to pay the coupons without difficulty. Should its traffic, however, fall so far below present calculations as to leave a deficit, the State of California is bound to supply the money required to meet the interest on these bonds. The interest on them is payable semi-annually in gold; so that, at the present rate of gold, they are almost a ten per cent. bond, guaranteed by one of the most solvent and honorable States in the Union.

TAKING CARE OF THE HEALTH.

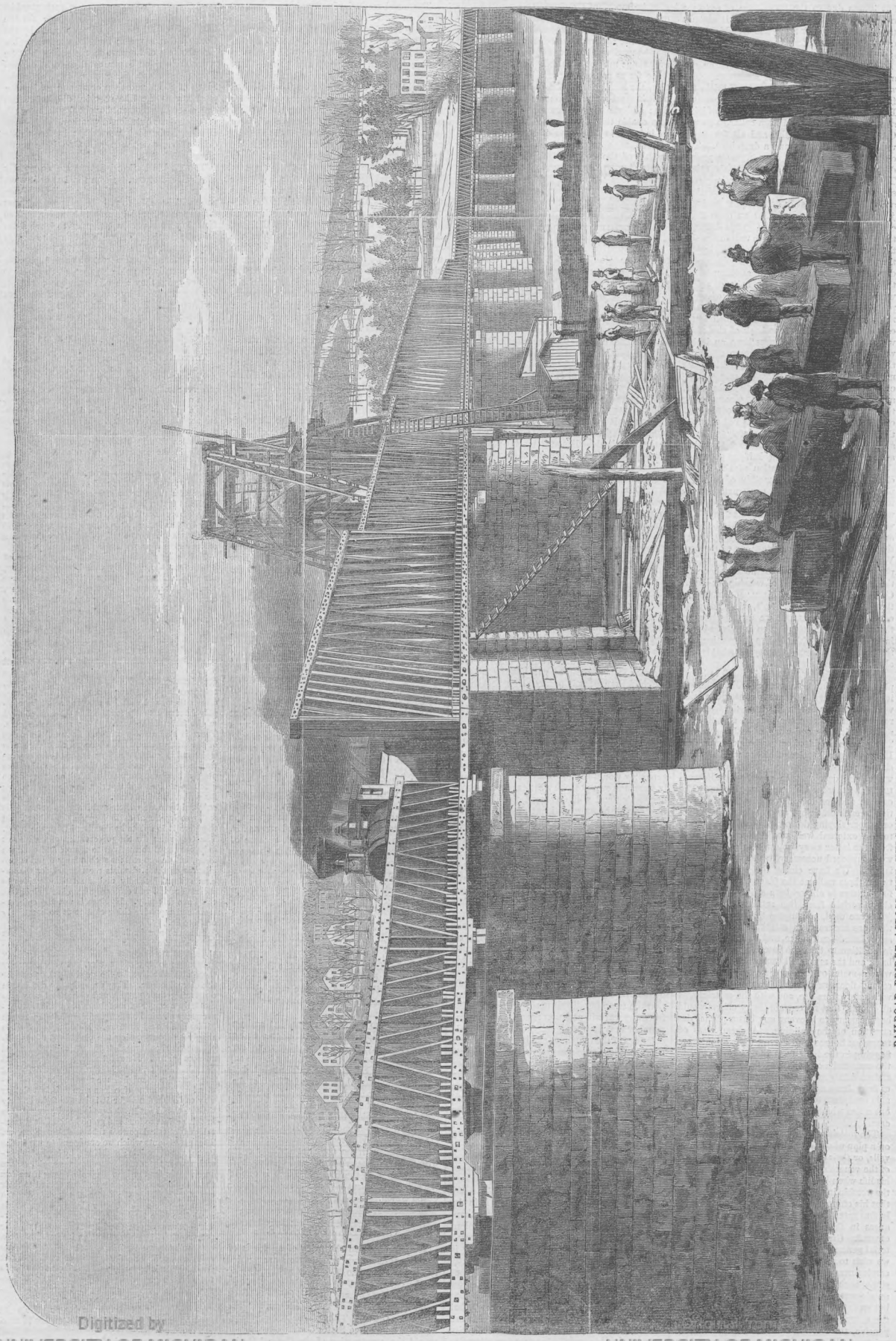
THERE is an abundance of painstaking on the part of the sick to recover health, but a strange indifference in those who are well to the means of its preservation. We see this contrast strongly marked in relation to consumption, a disease which occasions about one-sixth of all the deaths in the northern portion of this country. In restraining its ravages immeasurably more can be done by means of prevention than by those of cure. And yet, not merely in the community taken as a whole, but among the intelligent and those who may be deemed decidedly prudent in most matters, very little heed is given to what is said of the causes of this malady for the purpose of escaping them, and the public attention is largely occupied with the delusions of consumption-curers. The same contrast may be seen in regard to other diseases, though in most cases it is not so palpable, because the action of the means of prevention is not so obvious.

Now, with all the manifest liability to loss of health from the endlessly varied causes of disease, the expectation would seem a rational one that there would be, at least with all sober and thinking men, earnest and constant inquiry as to the safeguards against this liability. Why is it not so? The chief reason probably is, that with the consciousness of vigor and buoyancy of spirits that attend health there is engendered a feeling of individual security. With this comes in the pressure of present business or gratification. Men are too busy in the pursuit of the objects before them to pause at all for the consideration of the laws of health. They press on, transgressing these laws more or less, till sickness arrests them, and with its present necessities compels them reluctantly to attend to the cure of what might have been prevented by seasonable care. There is still another reason. It is the influence of the fact, so commonly observed, that those who write and talk about hygiene are apt to be impracticable ultraists, and their disciples are therefore mostly those who are weak-minded, or are prone to catch up notions and theories, in place of seeking for well-established facts. Such painstaking as is enjoined by some writers and lecturers on health is really so irrational as to degrade the subject, and therefore it is apt to be dismissed from the mind. The true rules for the preservation of health not only commend themselves to reason and common sense, but do not call for such a busy round of appliances as these ultraists recommend, for the human system decidedly resists all provocatives to aberration, and will ordinarily keep itself right if it can have fair play. Hygiene is not the cumbersome and repulsive thing that it is so commonly made to be.

It is not merely those who live for the present alone, and are governed by worldly and selfish motives, that are guilty of sacrificing health by daily inattention to its obvious rules, but very generally those also who live for the good of others and for the eternal future. They are culpably careless in overtaxing their powers, and either end very prematurely a career of usefulness or mar it with unnecessary physical burdens and disquietudes. Hugh Miller is a signal instance. He destroyed his life simply by transgressing the plain hygienic principles which should regulate the use of the brain and nervous system. If he had been content to perform less mental labor, with his sturdy frame what a long life of service he might have rendered to his fellowmen! Many a conscientious man fails in a similar way to do his duty—for it is in the light of duty that we would put it. There is a real transgression in this neglect to husband properly the linked mental and physical powers that God has given us. These are talents which we are bound to use in the best manner possible; and if we, by imprudent exercise, wear them out faster than we ought we are accountable for the loss. We do wrong if we tax them to the utmost to-day without regard to their capability of doing the duties of to-morrow. We ought to have an intelligent plan of action which shall take time into the account; and to do otherwise—to use our powers without due regard to their preservation—is as irrational as it would be for a mechanic to put a machine to such rapidity of movement as would soon derange it, or even break it down. "It is better to wear out than rust out" is the common proverb used in justification of the error that we have indicated. But surely in escaping an extreme it is not wise to run into the opposite one. The intellectual man has no more right to overtax the brain than the glutton has to overtax the stomach.

This subject is most important, and we shall offer some further plain reflections upon it.

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RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL & DENNISON, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. NEELY.

CHAPTER X.

IT is late one afternoon, a few weeks after this, that Edward Arthur, seated in his little room there in Mrs. Bowles's front yard, hears the front gate open and shut, and sees through his window Mr. Neely walking toward the house. In that one glance he sees that Mr. Neely is carefully dressed in his very best; sees all that Mr. Neely has come for; knows almost every syllable of all that Mr. Neely is going to say; sees and knows all this with a sudden glow which tingles him from head to heel—a glow followed by as sudden a chill. We must endeavor to excuse the young minister, the fact being that he has lain wide awake all the previous night on account of the bells.

On account of the bells! At nine o'clock exactly the night before, Bill Perkins, the stage-driver, had driven up to the door of the hotel. Long before he could rein in his horses a dozen voices from the crowd, which now awaits his every arrival in the ample porch of the hotel, hails him—"Any news, Bill? What's the news?"

Bill Perkins is aware of his importance, and is silent and even dignified accordingly. No man there so calm as he, though his team is all in a foam, and he an hour earlier than usual on account of the news which burns in his bosom. Their classic reading being extremely limited, the series of stage-drivers of which Bill Perkins is one are not aware of the fact that they strongly resemble the runners in that one of the old Olympic Games in which each one bears at full speed, and transmits in full blaze to the one next beyond him, a lighted torch. During the last hundred hours or so, each driver on the line, catching the news, with the reins and whip, from the one before, has borne it on like a torch indeed, setting aflame with the great and glorious tidings all the country as he drives along. Perhaps it is on account of its being transmitted so far, and from hand to hand so often, that the torch blazes larger and brighter for every mile it is borne over, as with the very rapidity of its transmission.

"The news! What is the news?" says Bill Perkins, at last, very slowly, and with considerable irritation in his manner. "Ask me if there's any news! I guess there *is* news!" And Bill Perkins is thereupon silent, enjoying the dependence of the assembled crowd, and all Somerville behind it, upon his single tongue. Here is the possession of power, and, like all of us, he greatly enjoys it. The moment his news is spoken he vanishes from public attention, and he knows it.

"I tell you what it is, you Jake," he says to the negro hostler, amidst the breathless attention of the crowd, "you'd better have them horses a little cleaner when I come to leave to-morrow than they were last time; better had, or I'll Jake you till your very wool 'll come out o' curl! No, they *ain't* any passengers. What *are* you unbuckling them straps for? Think I kerry trunks about behind jest fur the fun o' the thing? Gentlemen, *do* shet up till I kin—News? I rather guess there *is* news! Great battle at Corinth! Glorious victory! Yankees whipped all to smash! Beauregard's taken prisoners all he hasn't killed, an' that's fifty thousand! Battalions, gun-boats, brigades, all kep-tured! Sydney Johnson killed, only that's known to be a lie. But get out o' the way, gentlemen, I must drive to the Post-office. Can't you wait till the mail is open and get your papers?"

And having keenly enjoyed his momentary importance, Bill Perkins subsides, as he drives off, into private life till the next time.

But the news! It is to the crowd like fire to powder. Such a brightening of faces, such a shaking of hands, such a chorus of yells! People hurry off to their homes to tell it to their waiting families. Men who live in the country can not wait till the mail is opened, but mount their horses, tied hard by, and gallop off at the risk of their necks through the darkness to tell the news at home, then to gallop back again for their papers. Lamum only stops to say, "The bells, boys, the bells! Every bell in Somerville!" and is in the Post-office and his hand in the mail-bag almost before the Postmaster can unlock and draw out the chain through the iron loops thereof.

It is a little strange about Dr. Peel. Up to the arrival of the stage he had been one of the foremost, and certainly the loudest, of the crowd at the hotel awaiting the stage. No man so confident as he that, "Mark my word, gentlemen, there'll be great news to-night;" consigning his soul most emphatically to perdition if his prophecy is not correct. But Dr. Peel has made many a similar prophecy similarly emphasized before; in fact, he never ceases from prophecies to the same effect all day long and all over Somerville, so that people have come to attach not so much meaning to his words as they used to do. It is strange, then, that he is not among the foremost in pressing around Bill Perkins when Bill first drives up. Nobody notices him when Bill has first announced the great news. They would have been surprised at the singular pallor of his face as he stands a little back in the shadow cast by the large lamp hanging in front of the hotel from one of the pillars of the porch.

Nobody notices him in the wild excitement of the hour; but he is silent, has ceased even from cursing, is suddenly shrunken from his burly prominence, ague-struck, dumb. It is not for long, however. Ten minutes later, and Dr. Peel's lumbering form and heavy black brow and exultant profanity is foremost as usual. He can hardly make his voice heard, for three citizens are ringing at the tavern bell, while Joe Staples, the hotel keeper's little boy, is beating the gong, relieved in turns by such of his companions, specially favored thereby, as are not engaged in firing their revolvers and ringing the church bells.

"Gentlemen," he roars, with stentorian oaths, slapping down a twenty-dollar gold piece on the hotel counter as he does so, "there's twenty dollars toward powder to celebrate this glorious news; and there's another ten toward liquor for all who will help me drink success to Beauregard and perdition to the Yankees!"

But there must have been a good deal more than twenty dollars' worth of powder fired off that night from the two cannon, the four anvils, and the innumerable rifles and revolvers in Somerville. As to ten, it was rather many hundreds that went that night across the counters of every grocery in Somerville for liquor; the bells scattering the news meanwhile over all the country for miles around.

All night Lamum is busy in his office reading the papers, writing editorials, answering questions to the crowd pouring through it like a thoroughfare, all flushed and noisy but he. With stooped shoulders, face beaked like a kite, and thin, sharp voice, he is the acknowledged intellect and oracle of the hour, ruling by his very paleness, confidence, and coolness. There is a tone of asperity even in the manner in which he alludes, from time to time, to the excitement of the hour. "Acting as if you did not *know* who would whip!" he says. No outward sign thereof; but, ah, how keenly he enjoys the hour! Sweeter taste of bliss this man will never know so long as his soul endures.

All night long people came galloping in on horseback from the country. The dispatches are read over and over again at every bar in town; beside the hotel lamp in front of the hotel; by fathers at home in shirt and drawers to the mothers in night-gowns, and the children starting up from cradle and trundle-bed, wondering and crying. All night neighbors are hurrying into each other's houses to talk it all over; and so, from where the news smote, like a stone in the centre of a lake, there at the hotel door, the waves roll and spread until they die off into all the country around miles away. There has been a slight misunderstanding between Captain Simmons and Bob Withers at a grocery, however.

"What I say is, by George, I want to see all this news confirmed first! Suppose it shouldn't be *true*, by George!" is what Bob Withers has remarked over and over again as he holds on to an awning post in front of a blazing bonfire.

"Look here, Bob Withers: I tell you, Sir, you mustn't say that; you oughtn't to say that," Captain Simmons has remarked, as drunk as Withers, but only the stiffer in attitude, and the more quarrelsome on that account.

"Confirmed, gentlemen, that's what I say; confirmed is what I want this news to be first. Yes, by George, *confirmed!*" hiccups Bob Withers, regardless of the Captain.

"Any man, such a glorious night as this, who can refuse to believe news, *such* news, is a traitor!" says Captain Simmons, still more sternly. Unlike poor Bob Withers, the Captain prides himself upon being a gentleman in the genteel sense of the word. Were not his parents highly respectable people, members of the church, specially careful in his training? Hence it is the Captain never dresses except in black, even in summer. As to Bob Withers, the drunker he gets the lower he descends. The drunker Captain Simmons is, only that much higher he ascends. When sober, which is becoming a very rare thing with the Captain, he is but a common sort of person; but as he waxes intoxicated his reminiscences of parents, and church, and Bible-class, and college, and the term he served in the Legislature, and all his past respectability in general, become more and more vivid. It is when at his deepest possible stage of drunkenness that the Captain is in bearing and language the very Chesterfield of Somerville. He now stands regarding Bob Withers with lofty indignation.

"Confirmed, gentlemen!" exclaims Bob, still more loudly, more dogged in his insane notion, blinking gravely with owlish eyes upon the crowd, "that's what *I* want, by George!"

"This most disreputable individual is a traitor, gentlemen," says Captain Simmons, slowly and solemnly; "a Yankee at heart, an Abolitionist in disguise. By sainted parents I was carefully instructed never to fight, never even to associate with drunken squabblers. This case must be made an exception. He is inebriated, I know, but even his pitiable condition shall be no protection." And the Captain, lifting his cane and advancing upon him, is prevented only by the crowd from inflicting merited chastisement.

But Colonel Ret Roberts is at this juncture dragged out of Lamum's office, after having been called for in vain for the last three hours. Dr. Peel has opened a basket of Champagne, and Colonel Ret Roberts is very drunk by this time, though Dr. Peel and Lamum are not. But zealous friends stand close around the hogshead upon which the Senator totters to catch him when he falls.

Oh, divine gift of eloquence!—given not to one man in multitudes, and not by one man in thousands to whom it is given used but for the basest of purposes. People have heard Colonel Ret Roberts before; no wonder, as the news spreads that he is speaking, all groups break up from hotel, grocery, bonfire, street corner, and hurry toward the spot. In a little while hundreds of excited faces show around him through the half light, half shadow of torch and bonfire as he speaks. The frantic applause as he steadies himself to begin drowns even the sounds of scattering shots and the pealings of the church bells, intoxicated with their own clamor.

The bells! As the suggestion had broken from Lamum's lips boys and men had raced off toward every church in Somerville. True, the doors of each church were locked. But what difference did that make? The news, the great news, the glorious news! Sashes were smashed in, doors burst open, the very churches made to take—alas! and not in that way alone during these days—the noisiest, rowdiest part in the jubilee. And it is of no use stopping up the access to the bell-ropes afterward. During all these days they hang within open and easy reach to the hand of whosoever chooses to pull.

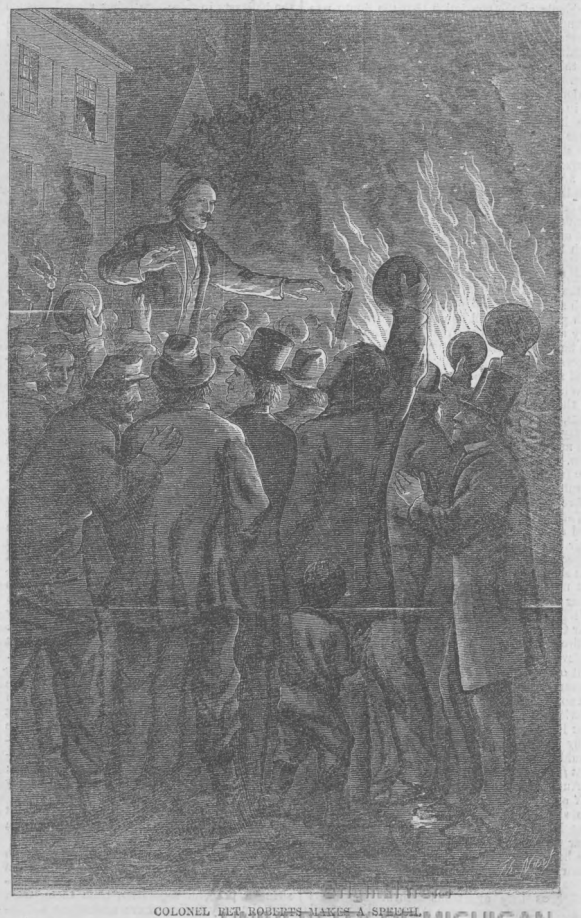
But the voice of Colonel Ret Roberts rises clear and strong and fascinating above every other sound. Falsehood, fact, fierce invective, anecdote, prophecy, appeal—how smoothly they flow from his lips! No belted earl in Europe has so supreme a contempt for the people as has this South Carolina cavalier; hardly concealed even. He speaks now, as always, not so much to the mob around him, nor for their hearing, as just because he thereby gratifies himself. He speaks as naturally and as necessarily as a river pours its water, or as a mocking-bird sings.

And how they applaud! Men stand there yelling with laughter at his jokes whose daily business is utterly ruined by what Colonel Ret Roberts and his set have brought to pass. Colonel Juggins has ridden in by this time, summoned through the night and the mud by the bells and the cannon. How cordially he agrees in the speaker's bitter descriptions of the Abolitionists, not even dissenting at the exciting instant to the horrible oaths with which it is peppered! Colonel Juggins with his plantation swarming with negroes, and so ignorant of the fact that it is just that speaker there before him who, aided by his like, have secured the speedy emancipation of every negro he owns! Abolitionist! For practical abolitionism Wilberforce, Clarkson, Burdett, Beecher, Garrison, Brown, and all the rest, with all their meetings, petitions to Parliament and Congress, speeches, books, papers, pikes, and torches, are, in comparison with Colonel Ret Roberts and his class, but as the jury to the executioner. And not a man in that excited crowd dreams of it!

There is Sampson, the carpenter, listening with both ears, never wincing even when the Colonel culminates his denunciation of the Federal army as being composed of "base mechanics!" Staples, the hotel keeper, has left his hotel to take care of itself while he can hear Roberts. How he exults in the demoralization of the North, its speedy bankruptcy and ruin, as prophesied by the speaker; so ignorant that, of his three boys turned by the Colonel and his set from thriving citizens into soldiers, one lies at that moment dead at Shiloh, another is to suffer amputation, and consequent death, to-morrow at Corinth, while George, the last but one, is to be returned at the end of the war a drunken loafer until his death. Yes, there stands Staples, his hat left behind in his hurry, his red and enormous crop of hair on head and face full one-fourth of the man it seems, for Staples is but a small man, and was once a tailor; disheveled and bristling and electric with the glorious news in every fibre, with eyes sparkling through it like those of a ferret, mouth agape, hands ecstatic, how he listens and laughs and applauds, more of a lunatic than sane to-night!

In the name of God's eternal justice, if Benedict Arnold deserved death for attempting to betray and ruin his country, what do Colonel Ret Roberts and his gang deserve—deserve at the hands of the South, who have so terribly succeeded therein? Let them escape the gallows, unhung as traitors, none the less will they swing forever in the chains of history as the greatest criminals that ever blundered through blood and mire since the days of Cain—criminals whose wickedness was exceeded only by their folly!

"Sheep, sheep, sheep," Mr. Ferguson has been



COLONEL RET. ROBERTS MAKES A SPEECH.

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murmuring to himself all night; "and herded here and herded there, as sheep always are, by smart dogs," adds Mr. Ferguson to himself, from recollections of his native hills and glens. As to believing in the news of the night, not exactly. Mr. Ferguson disbelieved it in advance when he first heard, that night, the rattle of the approaching stage. He disbelieved it still more strongly when he heard the uproar which followed its announcement. Truth is, by this time Mr. Ferguson and Somerville occupy in regard to each other opposite ends of an ever-moving plank, like children playing see-saw. When Somerville goes down in heart up goes the Scotchman, never so cheerful as when his friends and fellow-citizens are gloomiest. To-night Somerville revels in the ascendant over Yankees and universe, but very low in spirits is the Scotchman, indignant all the time at himself for being so, the news being, whatever it is, so absurd! Not that he went down from his room to ascertain its nature; being all a lie, why should he?

There was one satisfaction in it—he would have another flaming sheet to add to his collection. Beginning with the summer of the burnings, he already had a large one. Not a placard posted on the walls of Somerville from the first in relation to the matter, not a notice of thanksgiving for victory, not a sermon upon the war preached by minister or bishop, not a document of the kind had so far come within his reach but he had seized upon and placed it, in its due order, upon file.

If any man tried desperately to sleep that night Mr. Ferguson did, but Mr. Ferguson did not succeed, the bells were too strong even for him.

As to the Union people in general, you saw few of them on the streets that night. Doctor Warner went to the office for his paper—but that is no rule. Mrs. Warner made him go. She read the paper on his return, sitting up in bed in her night-cap, the Doctor holding the candle, and enduring in his own person, from his wife, the whole Federal defeat of Shiloh over again. There were others of the Union people who glided swiftly and stealthily into the office, obtained their papers, and studied them on their return home—gathering far less cause for the pealing bells and the reports of cannon and guns than others found. It is astonishing, it is perfectly amazing, they should find so much to exult in! they said to themselves—and, in strict confidence, to each other next day of the people of Somerville; yet they themselves were far, very far, from being as cheerful under all the circumstances as, according to their own views of the tidings, they should have been.

In Somerville, as in every town on earth, there existed what may be called the wavering one-third. That is, one-third of the population was sincerely and decidedly in favor of Secession—firm believers in the Millennium it was about producing; another third was still more decidedly of the conviction that the South was wrong, and had nothing but evil to expect in consequence; the remaining third believed in nothing so clearly, inflexibly, and consistently as this—that the winning side was the right side. When with Unionists the waverer was a Unionist too, but, "Bless me, we must be guarded in our language during such times as these, you know!" When with Secessionists the waverer was, "I confess, somewhat doubtful about the step at first, but now that we *are* in it, of course there is but one course left us; we are all agreed in *that*, I suppose!" And now that this last news has come, the waverer, when with the Secessionists, shakes hands and smiles amidst the universal smiling and hand-shaking, gladly lost among the crowd. When thrown in private with his Union friend the waverer has nothing special to say—only arches his brows and gives a mournful shrug of his shoulder at the delusion of the rejoicing. The sympathy of the waverer with such a man as Guy Brooks just now—Corinth pealing with all its cannon in his ears—is very much that of the Frenchman who took off his hat to the antique statue of Jupiter. "Who knows," said the Gaul, "but he *may* get his head above water once more!"

When the first stroke of the first bell smote on the ear of Edward Arthur, studying in his room, it struck like—it may be an awful thing to say of a Southern born, Southern raised man, but none the less must the truth be told—a cruel blow.

"It is the last desperate effort of the Yankees to subjugate the South," Mrs. Bowles had said, before the news came, that night at supper. "They obtained a partial and greatly-exaggerated success at Fort Donelson, on account of their gun-boats. Our Generals were inexperienced, perhaps cowardly, then. The South was slumbering in full belief the war was over; but now the two armies are in front of each other near Corinth you will see a different result. Their gun-boats can not help them then. Our Generals are experienced and brave. The entire South has swarmed to their assistance. I believe in our army; I believe in our cause, as believe in our army; I believe in a just God, above all, and I know already the victory is ours!" said Mrs. Bowles, with glowing cheek. "If it was not that Rutledge Bowles is at the head of his Company in Virginia, soon to be victorious there, I would only regret he is not at Corinth to share that great victory!"

And now hardly has the pastor seated himself after this in his room before the bells, and the shouts, and the roar of cannon announce that Mrs. Bowles is right. As he sits he can hear the instant and joyful bustle in the house. He hears Mrs. Bowles hurry the negro Charles down to the office for the papers. He hears Alice and her mother conversing eagerly together as they await his return. He hears Charles return; can hear Alice reading aloud the dispatches to her mother; hears Mrs. Bowles's loud "Oh, thank God! thank God!" mingled with even weeping. Had it been in regard to any thing else in the world he would have been with them, and one with them.

But as it is? A great gulf yawns between him and the rejoicing town; between him and the very family in which he lives, heretofore one in every thing; between him and Alice! There is a pause; and then the voice of Alice at the piano rings clear to the song of Dixie, and then of the Bonnie Blue Flag. There is another pause; then Alice plays more slowly, sings more sweetly: it is a Psalm this time—the Forty-sixth Psalm. Edward Arthur well knows why: it was the Psalm sung, he has often heard Mrs. Bowles tell, in the Major's father's family by the whole household, white and black, after the news of the surrender of Cornwallis. All this, and he sitting there in his room separated from all the world.

Shall he dash away from him every thing, go in the house, congratulate them on the glorious news, rejoice with her—with Alice—with the whole world rejoicing around? He sinks his head upon his hands resting on the table before him, and tries to go over the whole question of Secession from the first. Was Secession a right thing? During these last two years he has, in reading and in conversation, made himself perfectly familiar with every thing that can be said on both sides of the question. He had brought to the investigation no prejudices or partialities except in favor of the South, in which he has lived all his life, out of which he never expects or desires to be as long as he lives. Distrustful of himself, he has ever sought divine guidance herein. Leaning his brow upon his table he sinks upon his knees, and goes again over the whole subject in the language and feeling of prayer. How ardently he desires to believe Secession, under all the circumstances, to have been a right thing before man and before God!

But with all the loud opinion of Somerville ringing at the instant in his ears, for his life he can not effect the slightest, most momentary agreement in himself with that opinion. Secession was—is a wrong thing. But so many at the South disagree with him here? He can not help it; to him Secession was—is a great wrong. But so many pious Christians, learned and pious ministers have believed in it, have written and preached in its favor, have entered into it as the very cause of right and truth and God himself? They are more learned, more holy than he a thousandfold; none the less to him Secession was—is wrong, wrong! He may be deluded, may be insane, but to him that night, reason as he may, Secession is to him as clearly a crime as ever.

Only a little time ago, he remembers, the whole land, North, South, East, West, thought and felt as he thinks and feels to-night. All were unanimous then, at least, on that point—the believers in Secession being regarded, such a little while ago, and by the whole land, with contempt as deluded, with horror as wicked men. He can remember how that sentiment ran through the speeches of all public men, the leading articles of all editors, the sermons of all preachers, the platform addresses on all anniversaries, the very school readers and hymns for Sabbath-school celebrations, the entire country over. And to-night, like a man in full health suddenly drugged into a hideous dream, he finds himself, as it were, alone in this same sentiment, all the world changed as in an instant to believe with all their soul in exactly the reverse. But he has not changed with it; he almost wishes he could have done so; but he has not, and he can not help it. It was—it is a great crime!

Then all that good Mr. Ellis said to him only yesterday comes into his mind. There is no man in Somerville with whom he has held such sweet and intimate communion, for years now, as with Mr. Ellis, the member and pillar of his church. He has a friendship for Guy Brooks, but the lawyer has not the deep and devotional piety of Mr. Ellis. He has often conversed, and very agreeably, with Guy Brooks on church matters; but he has never conversed with him as he has with Mr. Ellis, deep into the night, there by his study fire, or here in his chamber, upon doctrines precious alike to them both, unveiling to him in Christian friendship, the closest and sweetest of all on earth, the deepest experiences of his soul. He has often knelt with Guy Brooks in prayer in private; but it was Mr. Ellis whose devotional spirit rose with his own in agonies of entreaty, in the very wrestlings of living faith for the common cause of their hearts. Was there a proof of affection and esteem for him which Mr. Ellis had not given? Blameless in life, prudent in speech, sincere in soul, liberal of his means to the last cent, above all devotedly pious, Mr. Ellis had been the man of all men he had ever known to whom he had clung closest.

"You know I was a Union man to the very last," his friend had said to him only yesterday. "We agreed perfectly in sentiment on that point. But the case is altogether changed now. We are both Southern men; have and desire to have no country but the South. Well, the South has established itself as a separate nation from the North. We both opposed the step, but it has been taken, and we are not responsible for it. In the providence of God the Confederacy being a nation, and we the citizens thereof, our duty is clear. You know the maxim: 'My Country, may she ever be right; but my Country, right or wrong!'"

And here Mr. Arthur had cried out against this maxim, but all the argument only left them where they were before.

"When the North actually declared war upon us"—Mr. Ellis continued, at last—"war upon us, think of that! Actual *war*, simply for desiring a peaceful separation from them, from that time my feelings have undergone a complete change. I am glad we did separate from a people capable of taking such a step—such a wicked, diabolical step! Henceforth I have no wish but for the success of our arms, and for the defeat, destruction if need be, of the Northern Government. You have not a warmer friend in the world than I am," adds good Mr. Ellis, taking his pastor by the hand, the tears standing in his eyes as he speaks; "from my soul I admire and love you—am your *sincere* friend. Don't persist in your course—don't, I entreat you, for the sake of our friendship, for the sake of Christ's cause—"

If Edward Arthur could only have got his friend then and there to have united with him in prayer, first for wisdom, and then have discussed together the one thing at the core and centre of it all—Slavery. But he dared not do it. An *Abolitionist!* Horror. Why Mr. Ellis would have—what would he *not* have said and done?

As if, deep down under all, Mr. Ellis, and every other Christian at the South was not thinking, in various stages of advance, exactly the same thoughts!

Yet it was strange, too. Long after war had been begun Mr. Ellis had little to say upon the subject. Week after week had the pastor, Guy Brooks, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Ellis, besides other church-members, met for prayer. On every one of these occasions Mr. Ellis had led in prayer, had prayed for peace, had prayed that God's will might be done, but had never once prayed distinctly for the Confederacy, nor for the success of its arms and the defeat of its foes. As the months rolled on, Mr. Arthur, standing still himself, could perceive a change in his friend. At first he would have scouted, and did scout, with horror the idea of his son Henry going to the war. "It was like causing Henry to pass through the fire to Moloch," were his own words often repeated to his pastor. But, at last, Henry did go. Henceforth Mr. Ellis was indeed changed. Now he began to pray earnestly for the Confederacy, to give freely up to and beyond his means to all the demands upon him toward it; to feast upon the papers, believing all they said of success to the Confederate arms; to seek and join eagerly in all meetings and street conversations; in a word, to outdo many even of the most violent "from-the-start Secessionists."

As the young minister knelt there in his room, with the bells pealing in his ears, he well knew that no man in Somerville was rejoicing more than Mr. Ellis in the news. "We must cease looking back, cease reasoning upon the matter," Mr. Ellis had told him yesterday, "and must give way now to our feelings, to our natural and hearty feelings, as citizens of a nation invaded by a brutal foe."

"But was not Secession a wrong thing?" Mr. Arthur had asked.

"Well, yes, in a certain sense it was," Mr. Ellis had replied.

"And is not this a war, on the part of the North, but an energetic attempt to put down a wrong thing? Is it not, this war, a desperate attempt on the part of the South to establish this wrong thing? Can you hope for the blessing of God, Mr. Ellis, on any effort to establish any wrong? Dare you deliberately pray to God to give success to the wrong?" said the minister.

"All this is mere morbid fancy, Mr. Arthur. Fight? yes, it is the duty of every man in the South to fight. I have sent Henry! I tell you, Sir," continued Mr. Ellis, a fire gleaming in his eye which no man had ever seen there a few months agone, "if there are any among us who are unwilling to go and fight for the Confederacy I would have them torn by force from their homes and made to go; if they are of no other use on the battle-field they will make breast-works there for those who *do* love their country."

Mr. Arthur had never been calmer in his life than when he replied, rising as he spoke: "Mr. Ellis, we once thought and felt exactly alike in this matter. You have left me. I stand this hour exactly where I have always stood—must always stand. Wrong is of the Devil. Right is of God. A Wrong is eternally a Wrong, and a Right is eternally a Right. He who fights for the Wrong and against the Right fights for the Devil and against his God. May my right arm wither from its socket before I strike a blow for the one and against the other!"

Only Secession the Wrong? No vague, undefined, instinctive apprehension of a deeper, more desperately wrong thing than that, *under* that, out of which, as from a giant and deadly root, Secession had naturally sprung?

Yes, Edward Arthur—the bells pealing in his ears—went over the whole subject which he had gone over and over and over again so often during the weary months past. Has not the South passed into the hands of the very worst and most desperate men in it? he asked himself. Many a Mr. Ellis drawn into it now; perhaps many a better man than I am deluded into it from the outset—but that its leaders are men who occupied, two years ago, a position in the esteem of the country the reverse of that to which they have now risen who can deny? And, suppose Secession successful, what is that but the certain crumbling apart, both at the North and at the South, of States held together by so fragile a tie? Will not Secession be ever before the mind as the easy remedy for any dissension among States? And what is my country, my *nation*, then? What permanency in such a Confederacy toward nations abroad? What permanency in such a loosely-bound nation for the building of railways—the founding of great institutions? What hope for the peaceful spread of civilization and the Gospel in a region perpetually in danger, at least, of crumbling to fragments? Shall I desire and pray that the South may succeed in this effort to make itself another South America of wrangling and warring provinces?

And suppose the Confederacy successful as against the North—does not the one existing cause—Slavery—still exist? With such a line of frontier, with such hostility to Slavery North, with such jealousies and rivalries, could a peace between two such nations last six months? That, *Slavery!* Old, and stale, and hackneyed reasonings these, now; but to Edward Arthur that night they were living things with which he wrestled as for his life!

It is as one exhausted with long conflict that, on this afternoon after the night of bells, Edward Arthur sees Mr. Neely enter the house of Mrs. Bowles, on a little visit to the mother, and especially to the daughter.

Just a word or two in regard to Mr. Neely while he waits on the front porch for Charles to answer his knock. A tall man is Mr. Neely, with fair hair and florid face. When he first came South Mr. Neely had always replied, "Kentucky," when asked where he was from. Because having made an extensive tour of that State before settling in Somerville, he *was* from Kentucky. But his fair and rosy face was against him; he had always to acknowledge, at last, that shameful and painful fact of having been originally from New Hampshire; in fact, hard to say, "*born* there." If Mr. Neely's body was in perpetual motion—hands, eyes, feet, tongue—it was only because it was an instrument thoroughly adapted to his active and restless mind.

One definite purpose Mr. Neely had in life—to succeed. That is, to obtain as much position and property as he could, in which he is very far from being singular. Starting from New England with just one hundred dollars in gold, a good suit of clothes, an old-fashioned watch, once belonging to his father and his father's father, a pleasant person, a ready wit, he had gone into the Book Agency Business because it was the first thing that turned up. But it had occurred to him as a thing still better to study Law, and now he is teaching in Somerville as a means of support—glorious Daniel Webster before him in that—while he masters enough legal knowledge to obtain a license. Mr. Neely is not an unprincipled man; Mr. Neely would not do a dishonest deed for the world—an undoubtedly, undeniably dishonest deed, you know—but Mr. Neely, all this apart, is resolved to succeed.

Now it is not in New Hampshire that Mr. Neely is expecting to succeed, but in Somerville and the South. Therefore Mr. Neely must adapt himself to Somerville. Point out to him that "Hadn't oughter" grates upon the ears of Somerville, and never again does that expression pass his lips. It is part of his creed that though there are such quadrupeds as cows, the universe owns nothing answering to the name of keows. Well does Mr. Neely know that the calling any one to an account for a thing is vastly better expressed by the phrase "calling him to dew for it," but he would prefer death to such language. Mr. Neely often speaks of "throwing a rock," but of such a thing as a "stone" he has never read, except in the Bible. Cheerfully does Mr. Neely interchange "evening" for "night," and as freely does he give up "chores" for "jobs;" and so of all forms of speech unadapted to his new meridian. There now lingers not even the knowledge of one in his mind. It is rather the custom of Somerville to substitute negro labor for one's own labor, and to no man there has it become so indispensable as to Mr. Neely. No man denies the piety of Mr. Neely; but it was after ascertaining which of the churches in Somerville had the largest attendance that he united himself to just that church—and of that church's choir Mr. Neely is a prominent member; but as to introducing, or even alluding to any of the tunes so familiar in New Hampshire and in the old church there, and so unknown in Somerville—why, Mr. Neely has long since ceased even to whistle them to himself, on principle. "Identify myself with the South" is Mr. Neely's one, plain path; and the only question on any and every point with him, great and small, is simply, which is the Northern, which the Southern side of this matter? and magnetized by this, Mr. Neeley repels the Northern and clings to the Southern Pole of the question by a second nature which has become an instinct.

In a word, Somerville contains many hundred Southern-born individuals, but Mr. Neely is the most intensely Southern person there. That is, in comparison with the born Southerners, we mean. There are a plenty of other men there—Lamum, Barker, and the rest—born at the North, as Southern as he. Let us pause to inscribe this fact on the page of the times for future analysis and inference by whosoever chooses to undertake the task. Among the people, in the army, in political office, in the pulpit, on the stump, as editors—in all things at the South, Northern-born men are the most intensely Southern Southerners there. Pugnacious and self-conceited old Dr. Johnson once dreamed that he had an argument with some one in which he was defeated. We all remember how he consoled himself on awaking in this defeated condition: "At least, Sir, it was I myself, at last, who furnished my imaginary opponent with all the arguments with which he defeated me!" The North may flatter itself or bewail itself on the fact as it please, but, in a goodly measure, the desperation of Southern resistance was owing to muskets and pens in Northern hands under the flag of the Confederacy, New England wit and New England resolve where raged the battle fiercest in council or in field.

"I was born in Columbia, South Carolina, Sir," Dr. Peel had one day replied to Mr. Neely. Dr. Peel was a dark, superb-looking man, aristocratical in dress and bearing, and the words were spoken with his black eye full upon Mr.

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Neely, and in tones, to Mr. Neely's ear, so distinct and regal! "I am a prince of the blood, Sir," would scarce have sounded nobler. Ah, how mean New Hampshire, and how plebeian Mr. Neely to himself in comparison!

By no one was Mrs. Bowles congratulated, that day after the bells, in her parlor, more cordially than by Mr. Neely. No one had a brighter smile or a more hearty grasp of the hand on the occasion. If there was any defect in Mr. Neely it was that he was too glad, too fervent. But this one thing, brought with him from his bracing mountains, Mr. Neely could not unlearn; this one Southern thing he had not yet learned—to be still. Not that Southerners are not demonstrative enough, but then they are quiet withal; and this Mr. Neely could *not* be.

"A most wonderful victory, Madam," said Mr. Neely, rubbing his hands; "the complete rout of the Yankees. You will observe in the dispatch, Beauregard remarked on the spot that it was a more complete thing than Manassas even. I rejoice sincerely in it."

And no doubt Mr. Neely did. He opened his school with prayer every morning, and never had he failed since Secession to insert a petition therein for the victory of the South, and for "the speedy and total defeat of our cruel and implacable foes." Of late he had got into the custom of making little addresses to his school, descriptive of the wickedness of the North and of the glorious and successful revolution in which the South was embarked. As to giving the boys a holiday after the good news of last night, he would certainly have done that if the boys had only come to school that morning, which, however, they did not do, having voted themselves a holiday already, and altogether irrespective of Mr. Neely—the fact being that Mr. Neely was the most thoroughly governed individual in the school. "Old Neely?" any boy would indignantly exclaim on being remonstrated with on some special act of insubordination to his teacher, "why, old Neely is a *Yankee!*"

Yes, it was hard, very hard! No man could have been an earlier Secessionist or a more consistent Secessionist than the schoolmaster. His whole language had from the outset been of unwavering and unmitigated hostility to the North. Other men would venture to make exceptions in favor of "some, at least, it is to be hoped—*some*, however few," at the North; Mr. Neely could not in conscience make any such exceptions. In teaching his boys History he constantly kept up the striking parallel in their minds between the Revolution of '76 and that in which the South was now engaged. He required compositions from every pupil old enough to write them upon the topic of the day, and applauded most highly those in which the Yankees were most terribly demolished. "Nero was the Tyrant of the Roman Empire, and Lincoln is the Tyrant of America," "Only Powder and Steel can cure the North of its Phrensy," "Jefferson Davis is the Washington of our New Nation," and the like, were the copies set by him for his pupils. More than once highly patriotic songs had appeared in the Somerville *Star* signed N., which Mr. Neely had never denied as being from his pen. In fine, if Mr. Neely left any thing undone in proof of his sincere devotion to the cause of Secession it is impossible to imagine what that thing was. When he arrived in Somerville he possessed a Daguerreotype of his father. A large one and a very good one it was, and an honest, fatherly, clear-countenanced old patriarch the elder Mr. Neely seemed to be therefrom. Shall it be recorded here that the son deliberately broke to atoms and stamped, in his own words, "to flinders" beneath his heel that likeness in the first fervors of the war? Shall it be added that of this he afterward boasted with all phrases suitable to such a deed? Artistically considered this ought not to be mentioned, on account of its improbability, yet was it simple fact.

And yet? True as it is of the teacher it is equally so of all other Northern-born Secessionists—they never were thoroughly trusted and believed in as being really "sound."

"It isn't nature," Mrs. Juggins was continually remarking to husband and visitors, "for any body to turn so agin their own people. You needn't tell me what good Secessionists that Lamun an' Neely an' the rest are, I don't believe a bit in them myself. And there's Brother Barker," adds Mrs. Juggins, after a long pause, approaching the subject with reluctance. "Oh, I know how well and how much he talks. But —somehow—yes. Ah, well, don't it 'pear to you Brother Barker is too feverish like, kind o' over-het?" and Mrs. Juggins looks you anxiously and inquiringly in the eyes as she knits.

And this was the universal feeling whether expressed or not. The more violently Southern Northern men were, only that much the more did people murmur, "Only put on; you'll see one day if it isn't!" It matters not how violent and consistent in his course Lamum, for instance, was; though mortal could say no more against the North and for the South than he; though he harped perpetually on the infamy and the merited halter of "the traitors among us," at last people were only suspicious—"Yankees *all* of them!"—to the greatest degree. Had any one of them been detected in the worst practices of the incendiary and Abolitionist, one universal chorus would have broken forth, "A Yankee! I always knew it!"

Mrs. Bowles was pleased to see Mr. Neely, however, and conversed eagerly with him on the glorious news—an unconscious condescension running through all her manner as of a South Carolina lady conversing with a New Englander —a condescension not more assumed on her part than taken for granted on his. To no female born and living at the North would or could Mr. Neely have been so obsequious, so deferential. It is an unpleasant thing to write, but it is a fact.

But in all Mr. Neely's conversation, though he addressed himself mainly to Mrs. Bowles, it was with chief reference to Miss Alice that he spoke. The truth is, the man really admired and loved the beautiful and queenly girl as he never loved or admired a woman before. There was a majesty in her erect bearing, a dignity inherited from her stately old father the Major, in her reserve, a serene soul in her full and steady eye, which was more to him even than her glowing cheek and coral lip. It is a shame to hint such a thing in America, but it was the old story of plebeian and aristocrat, squire of low degree aspiring to the hand of noble dame. Marrying a South Carolinian! It was next to being born there!

"And it must be a great gratification to you, Miss Alice," he said, at last, "that the flag you presented that day to the regiment was in the fight." And Mr. Neely went back in memory to the day of its presentation, Alice standing on the platform with the colors in her hand, saying her few thrilling words more with eye and cheek and attitude than with tongue, a goddess to him from that moment henceforth and forever. For the moment Alice had endeavored to believe herself then and there a sort of "heroine of '76" over again. But, under all this cry of "Our Country!" "Our Glorious Revolution!" "Our gallant Army!" "Our despicable foes!" there steadily ran this fact, we are fighting for our negroes. Ugly thought, we are fighting for our —slavery! No, not a *thought*, an unpleasant but undefined consciousness thereof.

"Yes," said Alice; "but I am more anxious to know the fate of the men that received it, just now, than any thing else." Whereupon Mr. Neely skillfully turned the conversation upon their bravery, mingled with reasonings to show why he did not think, at least sincerely hoped, they had not suffered much in the contest. "And you have not heard, you tell me, from your son, Captain Rutledge Bowles?" he said at last, turning to Mrs. Bowles.

"Only that he is at the head of his company in Virginia," said Mrs. Bowles.

"I suppose we shall be compelled to inflict another Manassas upon them there. Perhaps one more defeat of the kind may satisfy them," said Mr. Neely.

"Rutledge Bowles was then in Charleston," said Mrs. Bowles, "in obedience to orders. He assures me in his last letter that he will be in the next battle, orders or no orders, wherever he thinks it likely to take place. I regret that he and many of the youth of South Carolina can not feel as satisfied with Mr. Davis and his arrangements as could be wished. It is a little hard that South Carolina should be second to Mississippi, taking the lead in the revolution the way my native State did. It is only for the present, however."

Thereupon Mr. Neely entered upon a glowing eulogy of South Carolina, adroitly worded, too, in the midst of which the bell rang for supper.

"Really, I had completely forgotten myself," he said, as he arose. "Only when one gets to speaking of South Carolina—"

"Stay to supper with us, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, with a warmer manner than when he first came, and with perhaps somewhat more of hesitation and of apology for possible intrusion than was necessary, Mr. Neely at last consented.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, when the family were seated at table, "but you are really looking as if you had just risen from a severe illness." It was a fact; the pale, care-worn face of Edward Arthur contrasted strongly at the moment with the rosy and happy countenance of Mr. Neely by his side.

"Yes, Madam, I had no sleep last night," was the reply of that gentleman as he endeavored to assume a more cheerful manner.

"Why, as to that, none of us slept last night," said the schoolmaster. "Glorious news! Was it not, Mr. Arthur?"

Oh, the temptation, the pressing, the almost hourly temptation to lying those days! What is the use of talking about dissembling, evading, getting out of telling the truth, and all that? Satan is Satan, God is God, a lie is a lie! And the lying, downright lying, on the part of the Union people at the South—multitudes of them at least—was one of the most terrible demoralizations of the times. If ever necessity, the fear of consequences, the unparalleled nature of the case, justified people in this, of course they were completely justified. But can any thing make a wrong to be a right? Does God ever so place man that he *must* sin? Alice was cutting cake at the moment, but how keenly she was on the alert for Mr. Arthur's reply, though she raised not her eyes.

"Has any confirmation of it as yet arrived, Mr. Neely?" was Mr. Arthur's calm reply.

"Confirmation? It needs no confirmation!" exclaimed astonished Mr. Neely. "The victory is one we already knew would take place whenever the armies joined. The only question was one of place and day."

"You must pardon me if I seem to cast a gloom on the matter, but I frankly confess that my dominant feeling since the news came is one of sorrow," said the minister.

"Sorrow, Mr. Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely in the same breath.

"At the awful destruction of human life," said the minister, and Alice breathed again. "You know my profession has habituated me to look on things in that light. Pardon me; but to think of a civil war in our country, not in France or Italy, but actually in America! A battle on our soil, with all its hideous carnage! I say nothing about souls hurried by thousands, unprepared many of them, into eternity. Again, pardon me, but you must blame my profession."

And thus Mr. Arthur told part of the truth; but did he tell really the truth in telling only a part?

But not for nothing had Mr. Neely been born in New England. "Why, Mr. Barker is of your profession, and I saw him last night listening to Colonel Ret Roberts, and I really believe he was the happiest man there!"

Mr. Neely was right. Brother Barker *was* there, and was as happy, to say the least, as any man on the ground. So happy, that in drinking down the Colonel's speech he had no time on the instant even to object mentally to its innumerable oaths, and to its blood-thirsty atrocities. Yes, no man laughed louder, or applauded every sentiment with both of his long hands more eagerly than he. What though Secession had arrested at once the operation and income of every Bible Society, Tract Institution, Missionary Cause—domestic and foreign—as well as every other Benevolent Association in the land; what though it was pouring over the land, through the prostrated embankments of Law, Order, Religion, and Society such a torrent of Profanity, Sabbath Desecration, Intemperance, and all kindred vices as the most gloomy-minded had never dared even to fear: what though ministers were starving at their ministry, or driven from it into other pursuits, churches were being split into fragments and dissolved, all religious worship being comparatively abandoned save to hear political sermons and proclamation prayers; members of churches and even ministers backsliding and apostatizing by multitudes; what though the minds of worldly men were being hardened a thousandfold more in irreligion; even the coming generation blasted in advance by the arrested instruction, and the inevitable corruption, mind and heart, by the times, of the very children. What though the cause dearest, avowedly, to Mr. Barker of all on earth —that of the Gospel—was perishing beneath the deadly influences of war in the land—civil war —yet was Brother Barker the loudest, and happiest, and heartiest among all beneath Colonel Ret Roberts's eloquence that night.

Ah, if Brother Barker had been the only minister of the sort! It was indeed the hour of the Saviour's crucifixion afresh. Never speak of the soldiers gambling at his feet, spotted with his falling blood, nor of the taunting multitude, nor of the darkening sky above and the earth quivering beneath, next to the hiding of the Father's face, the darkest, bitterest thing was that, even of Christ's disciples how nearly may we come to reading: "They all forsook him, and fled." We speak not of you who clung all the closer to your Master, with separatedness from the reigning spirit of the world, with strong crying to God during all that hour of darkness. You who, heartily with the North then, or as heartily with the South then, kept most heartily of all to Christ—one with each other at least in that—alas that, North and South, your number seemed so small in those days of Satan's hour, and the Power of Darkness!

"For my part I do not wonder Mr. Barker should rejoice," said Mr. Neely, after having waited in vain for the minister's reply. "With him, I believe the entire North to have become thoroughly infidel. This is a religious war—a war for Scripture doctrine in regard to Slavery against Abolitionism and all the other infidel isms of the North. Mr. Barker rejoices in the defeat of the North as in the defeat of irreligion itself—so do I."

"Mr. Neely," said Alice at this juncture, "how then about England and old Scotland—all Protestant Europe?"

"I do not exactly understand your question, Miss Alice," said Mr. Neely, intensely on the alert.

"I mean, only for argument sake, you know," said Alice, "does Protestant Europe stand on this question with the North or with the South?"

"Really, I am not sure," began Mr. Neely. But he saw that Alice knew, and knew that he knew, the facts of the case. "With the North, I believe," he added, under the stress of her clear and steady eye.

"And are they all infidel?" began Alice.

"I tell you what I frankly think; I mean I will frankly say what I really and truly believe, and that is, that almost the whole Christian Church is becoming infidel, Jacobinical. By Jacobinical notions I mean the old French notions of freedom and equality."

"I think I know what Jacobin means," said Alice, her eyes still bent with inquiry upon him.

"In this strife, Miss Alice, between Jacobinism, then, and Conservatism, between infidelity and the Gospel, in fact, I do believe that there is only one spot on the globe in which the pure and genuine Gospel lingers, and that is in the South. I wish to flatter no one," added Mr. Neely, "but of all the South I do believe that piety, the purest and most strictly in accordance with the Bible—Old Testament as well as New —is to be found in South Carolina. I myself was born at the North," continued Mr. Neely, with engaging frankness; "but, if one may say such a thing, I would give millions to have been born, of all the world, in South Carolina."

Yes, Mr. Neely actually said just that!

Mrs. Bowles cordially approved the sentiment, and assured Mr. Neely how highly she felt flattered. Alice never raised her eyes from her plate.

"Therefore," said Mr. Neely, after some further conversation, "if I, a Northern man, rejoice so in the success of Southern arms, I am sure you must, Mr. Arthur."

"It is impossible for me not to rejoice in whatever may be for the interest and real welfare and prosperity of the South, Mr. Neely," replied the other. "I have every inducement, and it would be unnatural and simply impossible that I should feel otherwise."

And yet, somehow, his reply did not satisfy Mrs. Bowles.

"I am perfectly ignorant of military matters," said Alice at last, "but I do not understand what is meant when the dispatch says that Beauregard fell back from Shiloh some twenty miles to Corinth. I am confident of the gallantry of our soldiers; but why fall back?"

Thereupon Mr. Neely hastened to explain matters, showing that it was a kind of military strategy almost invariably adopted by victorious armies. Alice listened, but replied not.

"Oh, you mustn't mind Alice, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, at length. "She is a willful girl, and she has an independent habit of her own. She is always endeavoring to form her own conclusions on every subject. When she once gets a notion in her head it is impossible to reason with her. She reminds me more and more of her father, Major Bowles. But, Alice, do let us have some music. We are not tired of Dixie yet—what a low name for the South!—or the Bonnie Blue Flag—any thing."

"What do you say to Yankee Doodle, or Hail Columbia, or the Star-spangled Banner, Mr. Neely?" said Alice, looking back upon that gentleman, with her hands upon the keys of the instrument.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ON THE FASHIONABLE COLORED HAIR.—"Deary me," said old Mrs. Guy, "why nowadays all the young gals is light headed."

A NEW NAME FOR A SEAMSTRESS.—Miss *Sew and Sew.*

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unsophisticated old lady; "it only takes *two seconds* to fight a duel!"

Conceited people are always happy, they do so enjoy *themselves.*

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near thirty." "Do not fret at it, Madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

Why are the English people like the act of reasoning?—Because they are a racy-hosey-nation.

When is it useless to try to borrow a book?—When it is *Lent.*

The following story is told of a father of the church. At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

"Good blood will show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck with the redness of her nose.

"Mother, what's in the pot?" "A pig's head and turnips, dear." Little Mary being of an inquisitive turn she got peeping in the pot, when she saw one of the turnips in the pig's mouth. "Mother, mother!" she cried. "What's the matter?" "Oh, mother, if you don't come quick the pig will eat all the turnips!"

Artemus Ward tells a good story concerning the production of the Lady of Lyons at the Salt Lake City theatre: "An aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a cussed fuss over one woman."

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a little Bigger.

MILK AND WATER.—A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago in a neighboring city, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

John Randolph met an enemy on the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat; "pass on, Sir."

To what tribe do Scotch Jews belong?—Mac-Assur.

A letter was mailed in one of our post-offices the other day that had no postage-stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Postmaster, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

Why did Adam when alone find the day very long?—Because it was always *morning* without Eve.

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me any thing," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why so?" was the response. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

"Hallos, Bridget! what o'clock is it, and where's the chicken-pie?" "It's *eight*, Sir."

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion as follows: "The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

"The next time I catch you alone, Tom Wilkins, I'll give you a good thrashing!" said a ruffianly bully of the play-ground to a mild-looking boy. "Well," quietly and significantly replied Tom, "I ain't often caught alone, as I generally have my feet and fists with me."

WOMAN'S MISSION—Sub-mission.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

THE CHILI QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

It has been discovered that Othello held a legal as well as a military office in Venice. He was a-tawny-general.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self-conceit.

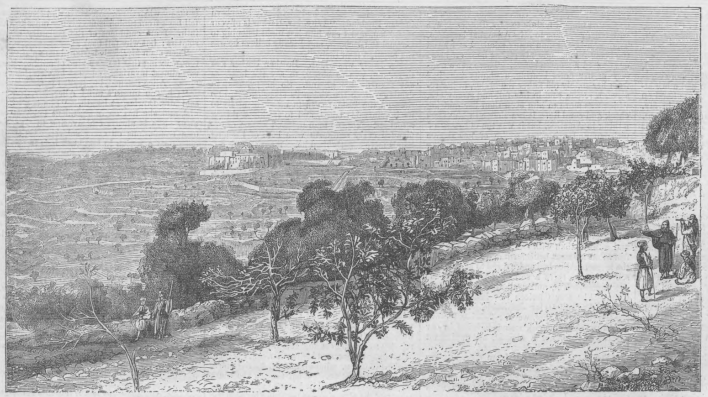
A warning needed at all fashionable assemblages—Look out for the paint!

NEW AXIOM.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

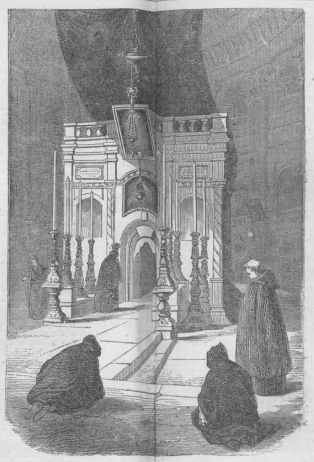
"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

"Can you see any thing in my eye—it feels very sore?" asked a lazy, good-for-nothing student of Oliver Wendell Holmes. "I can see a very bad pupil," was the reply of the Professor, who never likes to be funny unless he has his professional garments on.

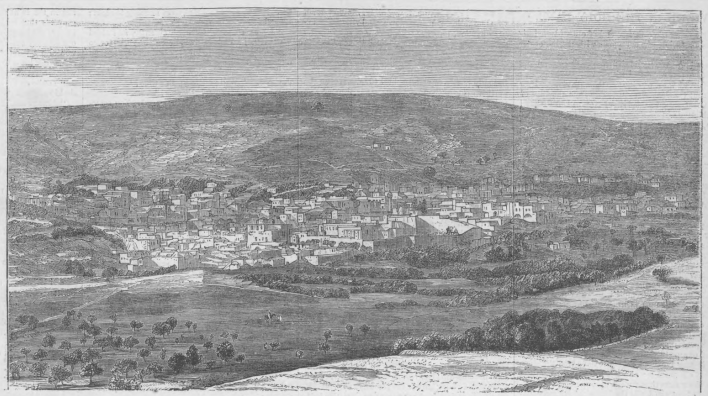
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BETHLEHEM, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AND CONVENTS, FROM THE NORTH.



HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.



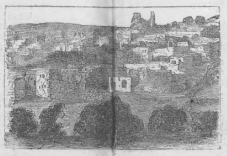
NAZARETH, FROM THE EAST.



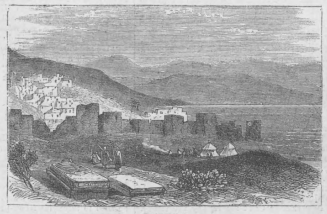
NORTH BAY, DEAD SEA.



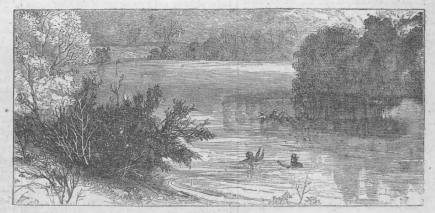
TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.



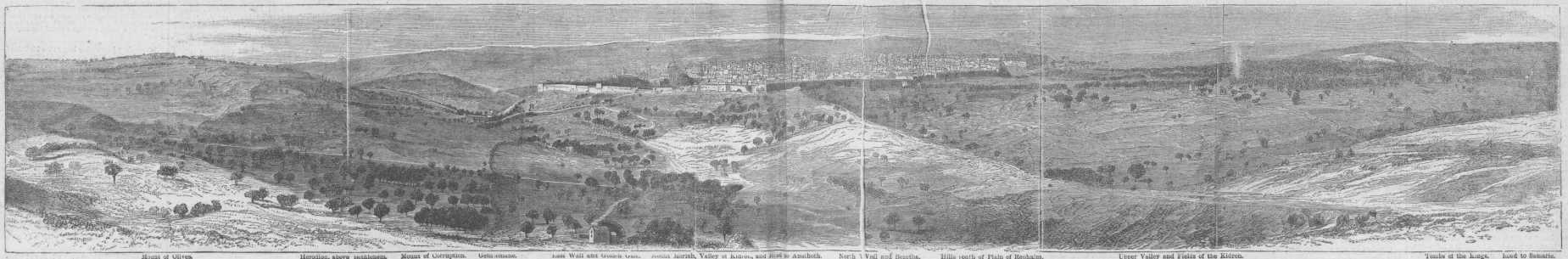
BETHANY.



TIBEREAS.

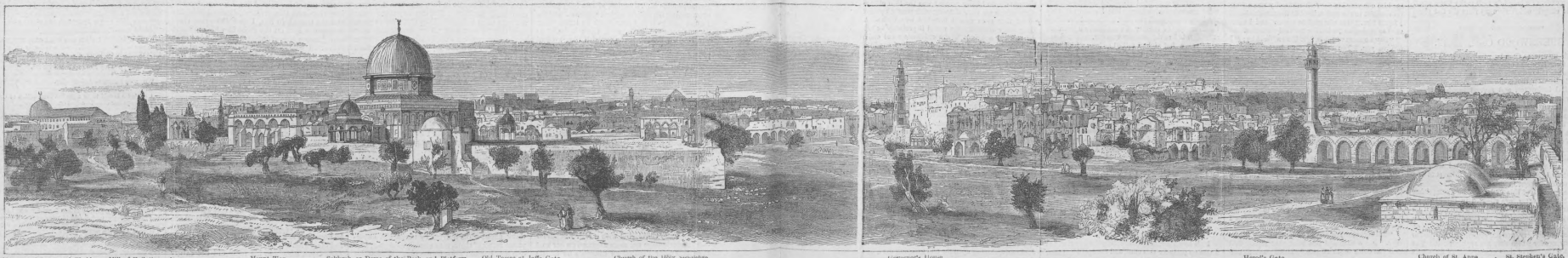


THE JORDAN.



Mount of Olives. Herodion, above Bethlehem. Mount of Corruption. Gethsemane. East Wall and Golden Gate. Jewish Moriah, Valley of Kidron, and Road to Anathoth. North Wall and Bezetha. Hills south of Plain of Rephaim. Upper Valley and Fields of the Kidron. Tombs of the Kings. Road to Samaria.

JERUSALEM—"BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH, IS MOUNT ZION, ON THE SIDES OF THE NORTH, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."



Mosques of Omar and El Aksa. Hill of Evil Counsel. Mount Zion. Sakhrah, or Dome of the Rock, and Platform. Old Tower at Jaffa Gate. Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Governor's House. Herod's Gate. Church of St. Anne. St. Stephen's Gate.

JERUSALEM FROM THE GOLDEN GATE, SHOWING THE TEMPLE AREA IN THE FORE-GROUND, WITH THE MOSQUES AND MINARETS IN THE HOLY PLACE.—[See Page 170.]

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VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND.

THE views of Jerusalem and of other places intimately associated in our minds with the life of our Saviour presented on pages 168 and 169 are new and interesting. We shall briefly notice the several topics of interest connected with our illustrations.

Of JERUSALEM we give two separate views. How different the Jerusalem of to-day from the City of the Great King in the days of HEROD and PILATE! Within the walls—if we except perhaps the Temple area, that one grand spot of surpassing interest in Jerusalem—there is not a street which either the Saviour or his apostles ever trod. The present roadways, if even they follow the old lines, are above the rubbish which "many a fathom deep" covers the ancient causeway. There is not one house standing on which we can feel certain that our Lord ever gazed, unless it be the old tower at the Jaffa Gate. Only the heavens above and the hills around remain the same. The site of the old Temple was never open to any but Moslems until after the Crimean War. No remains of the old Temple exist above ground. Every atom of its dust, as far as we can discover, has been swept away. Literally not one stone has been left upon another. Its site, however, can be determined with almost perfect accuracy. The huge old cisterns which supplied the Temple with water still remain. Upon this spot JESUS CHRIST taught and wrought miracles. This is the Thermopylæ of the universe. The dust of which man is made alone remains and covers all. Not an object meets the eye on which kings and prophets with JESUS and his apostles gazed except the Mount of Olives and the blue sky. Yet it may be those holy feet have trod the steps of that old passage; and His lips may have drunk from the waters that "made glad the city of God."

Outside of the walls the Valley of Kidron separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. This is also known as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Another valley curving in from the west is the Valley of Hinnom, or Tophet. Perhaps there is no place on earth where so many thoughts of human crime and misery suggest themselves as among the rocky sepulchres of this valley. The horrible Moloch fires which consumed many an agonized child once blazed among these stones. It was on the opposite side, on the Hill of Corruption, that SOLOMON set up his idols in the very sight of the Temple. In this valley is the Aceldama, or "Field of Blood," where, into a caverned pit, now built over, bodies were cast, and laid there under a sprinkling of dirt to suffer corruption. It has been closed for a century, but will ever be associated with the traitor, No wonder the valley of Hinnom was made the type of hell!

The village of BETHANY, once the home of MARY and MARTHA, and the place where CHRIST raised LAZARUS from the dead, consists now of brown mud hovels. It is the squalid abode of confusion, dogs, and poverty.

Of all the places associated with Scripture history BETHLEHEM is, on the whole, the most picturesque. The three convents attached to the Church of the Nativity, which crown the summit and the ridge on which the village is built, wear the massive and dignified look of an old medieval fortress. The terraces, which, like gigantic stairs, descend to the lower valleys and the small alluvial plains and corn-fields, have a fine bold sweep, and are rich in olives and fruit trees, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of the white limestone rocks and soil.

Although JESUS was born in Bethlehem, the Holy Family, immediately after the presentation in the temple, or forty days after the birth of the child, removed to Nazareth. It was here, probably, that the visit of the Magi was made, and not, as is generally supposed, in Bethlehem.

Nazareth of Galilee was the home of CHRIST in his boyhood. Here he labored at his humble trade for many years. Here in this town—among these hills—Jesus was brought up as a child, and was subject to His meek and loving mother, "full of grace;" here as a boy "He grew in wisdom and in stature;" here for many years he labored as a man for His daily bread; here he lived as an acquaintance, neighbor, and friend. For years he gazed on this landscape, and walked along these mountain paths, and worshiped God among these solitudes.

The Church of the HOLY SEPULCHRE, in which CHRIST is *said* to have been buried is a large one, including under one roof many chapels, in which different "communions" worship. The Holy Sepulchre is not what many people suppose it to be. It is not a cave, or a hole in a rude rock; but a small marble chapel, which rises up from the flat stone floor.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

IT is now more than twenty years since Greenwood Cemetery was opened for the purposes of interment. It is now the largest and most beautiful burial-place on the continent. A multitude of beautiful inclosures, and several hundred tombs and monuments, involving a vast aggregate expense, may now be seen there—pleasing memorials, in the main, of taste and wealth—certainly of grief and pious love. The tombs, for which the slopes of Greenwood afford frequent opportunity, are of every style of architecture. The monuments are various in design, from the modest tablet to the magnificent pillar or massive sarcophagus. The great number of attractions connected with this Cemetery have made it an object of interest to visitors second to none in Brooklyn.

The grounds of this Cemetery, now comprising four hundred acres, are situated in Brooklyn, on Gowanus Heights, about two and a half miles from the Atlantic Ferry. They are beautifully undulating and diversified, presenting continual changes of surface and scenery, and are remarkably adapted to the purpose for which they are appropriated. The elevated portions of the Cemetery afford numerous and interesting views, embracing the Bay and Harbor of New York, with its islands and forts, the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the shores of the North and East Rivers, New Jersey, Staten Island, the Quarantine, numerous towns and villages in every direction, together with a view of the Atlantic Ocean, reaching from Sandy Hook to the Pavilion at Rockaway. The various avenues in the grounds (exclusive of paths) extend sixteen miles.

The ENTRANCE, which we illustrate on page 172, has only been completed a short time. It is on the northern side of the Cemetery. It is situated at a point lying nearest to the vast population of New York and Brooklyn. The gateway is an imposing and elaborate Gothic edifice, solidly constructed of the best New Jersey sandstone. Two passage-ways through the massive structure are appropriated—one to funerals, the other to visitors. A room for the latter to rest in; and fire-proof offices for the Cemetery business, occupy the lower part of the building. Upward it terminates in three lofty pinnacles. There is a bell for the passing procession, and a clock to strike the hours. The deep, triangular recesses of the pediments above the two gateways are filled in, on both sides, with groups of sculpture formed of the Nova Scotia sandstone. These four groups represent the Saviour's Entombment; His Resurrection; the Resurrection of the Widow's Son, and the Raising of Lazarus. Still higher up, on the four shields which surmounts the quatrefoils, are figures in relief of Faith, of Hope, of Memory, and of Love.

UPS AND DOWNS.

I.

WHEN I was still a boy of eighteen, going to school punctually every day, as all boys do who intend to some time be great authors like Mr. Tupper, there was a young lady of the same age with myself moving in society, and her name was Christine Bell. Of course there is a vast difference between a schoolboy of eighteen and a young lady of the same age in society. Christine was a beauty, and she had several beaux. One of these was a prosperous young grocer by the name of Hiram Jackson, whose first name was familiarly abbreviated to Hi, and whose last name to Jack, by the simple-hearted villagers who sat about his grocery in the evenings; so that the boys, when angry and disrespectful, were in the habit of sarcastically calling him High-Low-Jack. Whether it was this title which discouraged Christine, or whether she felt too proud to marry a grocer (her father was a dealer in dry goods), or whether she had other and better reasons for her behavior, suffice it that the young lady's name is now Christine Bell Brown. As my name is Brown, and Brown is a very uncommon name indeed, you may naturally conclude that Christine is now my wife. Correct; she is my wife.

It may be unnecessary to explicitly state after this that Hiram Jackson's courting of Christine was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, to avoid any possible misconception, I will so state. It *was* unsuccessful, and he did *not* marry Christine. He eventually married another lady, and a very good wife she makes him. He left our village (Milktown, New York State. I am disposed to be thus particular with my reader in all this matter of proper names, because I wish him to understand and believe that I am relating *facts*, and that I stand ready to shake hands with Mr. Gradgrind himself right here on the threshold of my story), and he went out into the world to seek his fortune.

He was an ambitious young man, with a soul above molasses and tea, and he aspired to reach a high place in the world. So he turned his attention to ballooning, and soon had his wish. He became noted throughout the country as a successful aeronaut. He made a great deal of money and a great deal of noise, and all but made a voyage to the Sandwich Islands in a balloon. He came to New York at the end of several years, and built a monstrous hole in the ground, up by Central Park, and put a high board fence around it to keep people from falling into the hole without paying the admission fee. I was at this time residing in New York, and advancing rapidly toward the top of that hill upon whose summit stands the temple in which Mr. Tupper wanders, the envy of his contemporaries. I was a writer for the press, and had recently returned from the sea-side, where I had been representing the literary world as correspondent of the *Times* newspaper.

Impelled by my affection for Hiram Jackson—now Professor Jackson—and also by some little curiosity respecting the inside of that great hole that he had built and surrounded with a fence, I went to see him one very hot day, when the city was a fearful contrast to the cool delight of the sea-side—and I found him. He was glad to see me, and I hastened to apologize for having married Christine.

"Say no more about it, Mr. Brown," said he; "I forgive you. You meant me no harm. Besides that, she jilted me before you knew her. How's your babies? mine are well, thank you."

"How many?"

"Four. What's that sticking out of your pocket?"

"My note-book," said I. "I have been scribbling for the *Times* a little of late, and of course I had to have a note-book."

"You don't say!" cried Jackson, with much cordiality. "A reporter for the *Times*? Why, how you *are* getting on, ain't you? The last I heard of you you had got out a volume of poems in a yellow cover. I congratulate you on your improved prospects. I have a great respect for the *Times*, and I *was* going to ask Mr. Raymond if he wouldn't like to take a ride in my balloon. But I have neglected it, and— By-the-way, that reminds me: wouldn't *you* like to go up?"

"Why yes," said I; "I should like to go up if I were sure of coming down in as good condition as I find myself at present."

"All right! You shall go up at the end of the rope. It's a thousand feet long, that rope. It'll pull you down again all safe." There was a sort of windlass run by horse-power that let the balloon up and down. "Pretty sight, ain't it?" the Professor added, with a yawn. He was used to it, you see. "That's the way it is, from morning to night; up and down—up and down!"

"Up and down!" I echoed, absently, as I stood watching the balloon dwindle out of sight, or so nearly out of sight that it appeared no bigger than a pumpkin.

"They're coming down now," said Professor Jackson. "Will you go up this time?"

"I suppose it's perfectly safe?"

"Why, you're not afraid, are you? You sometimes ride in railroad cars, don't you?"

"When I am compelled to I do," said I.

"Well! what proportion of danger do you really suppose there exists, now, between a balloon ride and a railroad ride?"

I thought a minute before I replied:

"I'm not accurate at estimates, but as near as I can put it, in round numbers, I should say the chances were about fourteen million to one in favor of the balloon."

"That's not the precise figure," said Professor Jackson; "but it's very near it—it's very near it."

"Am I to go up alone?"

"No. As you are a little timid, and as I want you to take some notes—not to put in the *Times*, I wouldn't have you think—I'll send a policeman up with you to protect you."

"How can I thank you enough?" I murmured. "But I comprehend. It is for Christine's sake."

"Oh, bother Christine!" ejaculated Jackson, moving toward the balloon, which was now fastened to the platform at the bottom of the great hole. "Come!"

The policeman got into the car. It is called a car, but in point of fact it is a basket. Then a young lady got in. This was more than I had bargained for, but it awakened my manly breast to a sense of its duty. What a young lady dare do should I hesitate about?

I at once got into the car. The grapnels were thrown off. We began to go up, and I began to take notes. Here are the notes; when you have read the story through you will not wonder that I failed to put them in the *Times*.

We are off. She tips [meaning the balloon]. "Oh! oh!" [by the young lady]. The band down below strikes up, "Who will Care for Mother Now?" Ah! who indeed? Thoughtful band! Magnificent panorama dawns upon the sight. She tips [the balloon]. Skittish feeling. Mem.—*Kitzelisch* good word. Wind blows us over the Park. That beauty-land, etc. Lakes, etc. Map of the earth. Difficult to realize. Pigmies down there. Look like ants. Wave their handkerchiefs to us.—Wave a lead-pencil to them. It drops. Watch it dwindle to a speck. The two rivers creeping out of a cloud-bank to north. Water looks like ice—glary. Bay dotted with ships. Narrows in plain view. Young lady says glad she come. So am I. Want to stay here all summer. Delightfully cool. Proposition to policeman—cut the rope and take a nice long ride. "Can't see it" [by policeman]. Took his number. 444. Says his name is Fish. Out of his element. Young lady excited and talkative. "Where would we go if you cut the rope?" Propose to cut it and see. Policeman threatens to arrest me. Twitch! Balloon going down. Rather go up. Ah, what a vulgar world we are! Band plays "Hail to the Chief." Can't mean the policeman.

"How are you, Professor?" I cried, as I got out of the car and felt my foot on my native earth once more. I really felt as if I had been an incalculable distance since I saw him last.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Oh, amazingly!"

"But that's nothing compared to a detached ascension, you know," said the Professor, with professional pride. "Nothing at all."

"How I should like to make a detached ascension!" I cried, with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. Jackson said nothing.

"Do you make detached ascensions much?" I asked.

"Oh, frequently," said he.

"And when do you make the next?"

"To-morrow, probably."

"How I *should* like to go!"

The Professor made no reply.

"So you go to-morrow?" I remarked, as we walked up the stairway leading out of the hole.

"If it's pleasant," said he.

"I wish I could go with you!"

"Come and see me again, Mr. Brown," said Jackson, shaking hands. "And remember me to your lady."

I naturally concluded after that that he did not want me to go with him. But I could not help thinking about it all the way home, and resolving that, one way or another, I would have a detached ascension before the summer was out.

After tea that night I talked so long with Christine about my ride in the air that when I thought about preparing my note for the *Times* it was too late. So I ate a large piece of mince-pie and went to bed.—The reader may think my recording that I ate a piece of mince-pie is a piece of domestic egotism, and has nothing to do with the story. But I think it has a good deal to do with the story.

I was just dozing off when I was awakened by a loud rapping at my chamber-door.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"It's me, Sir—wid a letther," responded the voice of our Bridget. "A man jist brung it to the basement-door, Sir," Bridget continued, as I opened the chamber-door a crack and took the letter in. "He said fer me to bring it up at wanst, Sir, bein' it was important."

I shut the door and opened the note. It said:

"DEAR BROWN,—One of the gentlemen who was going with me to-morrow on the detached voyage is sick, and I am glad to be able to offer you his seat in the car. We start early. Be on hand at 6 A.M. Yours truly,

"HIRAM JACKSON."

II.

I AM by no means fond of seeing the sun rise, but I was up early for this once, and the appointed hour found me on hand. Professor Jackson was down at the bottom of the hole, superintending the preparations for departure. The great balloon was swaying in the light morning breeze, impatient of the grapnels that held it to the earth. Half a dozen bags of sand were being put into the car, and various creature comforts in bottles and baskets. There was also a hand-telescope, and on the floor of the roomy car lay a mysterious something—I knew not what—covered with a long canvas case.

"You're on time, Mr. Brown," said the Professor, shaking hands.

"Always am," said I.

"Well, we'll start right off."

"Where's the other man?" I asked.

"You are the other man," said Jackson.

"But the *other*?" I persisted.

"Oh, hang it, there *is* no other! Come, are you ready?"

Was it only my imagination? I could not tell; but it seemed to me as if he asked me this question in a tone such as I should suppose a hangman—or rather, say some brutal executioner of the time of Robespierre—would use in addressing his victim. But I made no remark, and got into the car. The grapnels were let loose, and the balloon shot up like a rocket.

"Good God!" cried one of the attendants, looking up after us, "who ever see a balloon tear up like that afore!"

The world was sinking away under us with appalling rapidity. Professor Jackson was already untying the string from the neck of the first sand-bag, to empty its contents and increase our rate of speed. Out tumbled the sand, and almost instantly sank into invisibility. Jackson threw the bag after its contents.

"Why do you waste your bags that way, Jackson?" said I.

"It don't signify," he muttered. "I sha'n't want 'em any more."

I began to watch his movements with a deep and fascinating interest. He was immediately clawing at the neck of another bag, which followed its predecessor. My head swam with dizziness, occasioned by the motion of the balloon.

"How high do we go, Professor Jackson, before we begin to move in a decided current?"

"We sail in no currents this day, my friend," he answered, in a gruff tone, still untying the sand-bag with feverish eagerness. "We are going *up*."

"Up?" I whispered, a dark fear stealing over me.

"Ay, up!"

"How high up?"

"To the moon—to the blue blazes—to any where!" he shouted, as he stood erect in the car, and hurled the last bag out without emptying it of its contents, impatient of his nervous fingers.

"Are you mad?" I cried.

"Mad? No, I'm not a bit mad."

"I have gone high enough. Let us go down."

"Look here, Brown. You've no doubt read a cock-and-bull story about a mad aeronant, and how he tried to throw his fellow-passenger out of the car. Now, don't turn pale like a great ninny! I tell you I'm as sane as you are, or as any body is. I'm not going to throw you out to lighten the car."

"For God's sake let us go down!"

"I'm not even going to throw any of these bottles or baskets out. I tell you I'm perfectly sane; and I'm going to keep these things here to provision us on our long voyage—for though we're now going up at the rate of a mile a minute, it'll *be* a long voyage—"

"In what direction?" I again interjected.

"Up! up! And I'm going to keep you in the car for companionship sake. I had a reason for preferring you to the *Tribune* man, who was going with me first: you married Christine Bell. I wanted her myself, and I swore, years ago, that whoever got her I would take him away from her somehow. That's all there is about it, old Browny—so make yourself comfortable, since you can't get out. You have seen the last of old mother earth; those clouds below us there have shut it from sight forever. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, with intense glee, leaning over the side of the car and rubbing his lean, yellow hands briskly, "this is glorious, isn't it? Let's have a bottle open. Where's that beastly cork-screw? Much good *that*'ll do you, my friend!"

The last remark was elicited by a spring I made for the valve-rope, as he leaned over in search of the cork-screw. I caught the rope and pulled it. It broke and fell down in my hands.

"I cut the strands last night, my boy. I knew what you would be up to," said he.

I began to appreciate the dangers of my position in terrible earnest. Let me be calm and collect my thoughts. So highly rarefied was the thin atmosphere which we were cleaving with steady upward bound that even now I breathed with difficulty. How many minutes more would it probably be ere we reached a height where existence must end? Had I not heard, or read, or dreamed, of one in a like danger with this, who had clambered up the net-work of the balloon and opened the valve with his hands? It was a fearfully dangerous feat, but *some* effort I must make. I threw off my coat, though I was chilled through with sudden cold.

"What now?" cried Jackson. "You sha'n't do it! I'm as strong as two of you."

He seized me, as I was hastening to clamber up the ropes, and pulled me back.

"Let go!" I yelled. "I won't be murdered."

He only laughed sneeringly, but held me fast. I made a fierce struggle, and succeeded in getting high enough to touch the swollen monster overhead. Whipping out my pocket-knife, I opened it with the aid of my teeth, and plunged it into the canvas. To my horror, the seam thus opened ran high up the balloon. The gas escaped with a sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. The great globe collapsed like a pricked bubble; the canvas fell downward with a flapping noise; and the next moment we were falling through space with furious rapidity.

"Dog! Fool! What have you done?" cried Jackson, springing upon me and grasping me about the throat. "I was only trying to frighten you. You have ruined me!"

He glared at me for a few seconds with blood-

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shot eyes, and then threw me from him. I fell upon the floor of the car.

"I will *not* go down!" he screamed. "I will *not* go! Oh, fool that I was! Why did I not go up without you, you beastly coward? I am ruined—ruined!"

He looked down upon the white cloud-lake to which we were now steadily drawing nearer and nearer.

"Up! up! I must go up! I *will* go up!" And with a sudden spring he bounded upward from the car; then fell down, yelling and cursing.

The clouds were passed and the earth dawned upon my view. A current swept me aside, and I saw the madman no more. It was with great difficulty I clung to the careering car, but the ropes helped me. I whirled onward toward my death. I shall be mutilated beyond all recollection by the fall, I thought. Oh, what a ghastly fate!

Suddenly my eye fell upon the long, mysterious, canvas-covered package that I had observed when we left the earth. What it contained was still unknown to me. I hastily tore off the covering, and perceived the article within to be a something made of iron wires and oiled silk. Closer inspection showed me that it was a parachute. What a thrill of joy ran through me as I made this discovery!

It was the work of a minute to open it. There was a handle which shut in among the wires through a socket, and at the end of the handle was a strong oaken ring, capable of being grasped by the two hands. I grasped it so, and leaped from the car, repelling it with my foot as a swimmer repels the boat from which he springs into the flood; at the same instant I spread the broad parachute to the air.

For a moment it was doubtful whether the structure would sustain the pressure of the air underneath, so great was the momentum with which I was descending; and I looked up at its wide canopy over my head with terrible interest as I hung suspended below.

"Thank Heaven!" I cried; "it stands the test! I shall be saved!"

I was now, I judged, only something like a thousand feet above the earth, and descending with comparative slowness. I began to speculate upon the prospect before me. I scarcely hoped to escape uninjured; but a broken leg was a mere *bagatelle* to contemplate after the perils with which I had been menaced.

My hands began to feel terribly the strain upon them. God give me strength to hold out to the last! A grating sound overhead startled me and I looked up. To my horror I saw the handle by which I clung slip out of the socket! The parachute paused in the air and I fell down, down, faster and faster each moment. Unable to endure the agony of sight I closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable death before me.

* * * * * *

A frightful jar that seemed to wrench every bone in my body.

I opened my eyes to find that I had evidently fallen down my own chimney, for here I was in my own bedchamber, and my darling Christine yawningly wanting to know, my dear, what was the matter; and had I fallen out of bed, dear; and why didn't I open the door for Bridget, who had been knocking this half hour.

It is due to the reader to state that this last remark was a feminine exaggeration, for Bridget had not been knocking for more than half a minute.

From that day to this I have never felt the faintest desire to make a detached ascension again. I have had quite enough of it. Nor have I since seen Professor Jackson, though I have heard that he was getting on comfortably in his business. He is quite welcome to his business with its precarious ups and downs.

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

THE only time I ever tried match-making in my life was when I was seventeen, and I then so burned my fingers over the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my step-mother on her farm near Ballymena. My father was dead, and my step-mother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But this I did know—that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me off her hands.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little thing, without a bit of courage to deal with strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends whom I had to love, and my own little corner of the world, where the trees and the roads knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I should ever be brave enough to say good-by to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell M'Donnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain, but I never could think she was either. She and I loved one another dearly, though I can not think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she queened it finely among them; but the only one to whom I would have given her with all my heart was Donnell M'Donnell. And, oh dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bonny a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some three miles across country from my step-mo her's place. If Gracie would but marry him she should live like a lady, and drive into Ballymena on her own jaunting-car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-End" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My step-mother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me wild; and as I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength that she would marry Donnell M'Donnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My step-mother was provoked at my sad face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go into Ballymena to see my friend Gracie. So toward sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town; sobbing loudly to ease my heart, all along the lonely road, where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky red sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, were all blent in a dismal maze, when who should leap over a stile and stand beside me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he turned and walked alongside of me for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and making him the sport of the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the last white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him sorry.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in yon big farm-house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time—"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into jelly, and left me.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie only was sitting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the county ladies. She having the nicest taste, had always the honor of giving the finishing touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her dark head bending over a mass of white and rose-color tulle.

"A bud here," said she, "and a spray there, and then I have done. You'll come home with me and sleep. That cross step-mother of yours won't see you again to-night."

"Don't talk that way, Gracie," said I; "but I came intending to stay." And the work being finished we went home to her lodgings.

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw it.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire while I set out the tea-things. She looking so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her the bad news now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie," said I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says—that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, and—"

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I did not say that," said I; "but oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"Pon my word," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and beginning to cry, "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fail to keep his word about giving me a feast before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and half the country-side to dance. Gracie and I met at the cross-roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a troop of beaux with her from the town. The farm is a dear old place, with orchard trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that frosty night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful, in a pretty new dress and bright ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and stuck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She kept me with her after Gracie had gone down stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlor, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But just in the middle of our dancing the latch of the back-door was lifted, and Squire Hannan walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, M'Donnell," he said, "but I will not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honor of joining us, Sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was soon making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my step-mother's house. He was abusing Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a basket of lovely winter pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills next Sunday to the consecration of the new church; and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this he would never, he swore, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh no, Donnell," said I; "promise me you won't do that." For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least if other people will have me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I. But he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my step-mother, after he had gone, "that you lad's more like a lover of yours than hers. Why don't you catch him, and then you needn't go to America."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. Many a girl 'd be glad of him."

I thought a great deal about how he had sworn that he would marry some one else if he did not hear from Gracie before Sunday. "I'm sure she likes him," I thought; "she can not help it. She must have seen how mean even Squire Hannan looked beside him the other night. And it would be a most dreadful thing if he was married to some one he did not care about, and if she went off to London, with a broken heart, to be a 'West-end' milliner." I thought about it and thought about it. There was no use going to Gracie, for she would only laugh and mock at me. All at once a bright idea came in my head.

I was afraid to think of what I was going to do; but that night, when my step-mother had gone to bed, leaving me to finish spinning some wool, I got out a sheet of paper and a little note of Gracie's which I had in my work-box, and began to imitate Gracie's handwriting. I had not much trouble, for we wrote nearly alike; and afterward I composed a little letter:

"DEAR MR. M'DONNELL"—it said—"I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday.

"Yours sincerely, GRACE BYRNE."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought I, trembling all the while. I folded it up and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. Donnell M'Donnell, The Buckey Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got any letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting Donnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off toward home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbor found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening a neighbor woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news: This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And Donnell M'Donnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, 'deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smilin' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself; and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glens, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been over this mornin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my step-mother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes whiles to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went again him lately, for he's not like himself those few days back. He said somethin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not afther his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. M'Donnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Every body was coming to see me now on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My step-mother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you forever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own—"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that *he's* the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!" I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday after all. And the best fun of it is, that they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and pretending it was all my foot. After that Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my *own* Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about mid-day, a countryman from the Glens came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed M'Donnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbor, I hobbled off secretly up the road toward the Glens. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old gray bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Oh, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" He gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he snapped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you!—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and, dropping my stick, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M'Donnell."

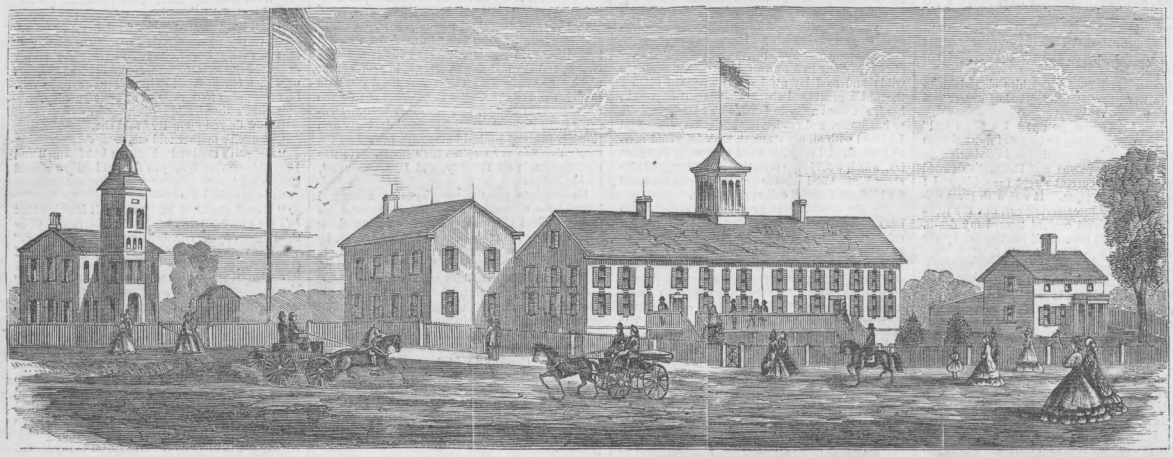
"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note I felt as if I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me, little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Buckey Farm house door, when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy on the sly all the time! So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. M'Donnell, of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.

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FITCH'S HOME FOR SOLDIERS AND ORPHANS AT DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

SOLDIERS' AND ORPHANS' HOME AT DARIEN.

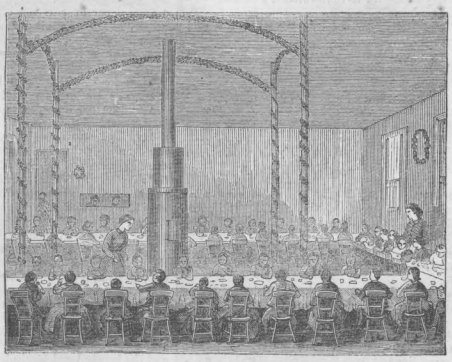
WE illustrate on this page the Home for Disabled Soldiers and the Orphan Children of such as have died in military service in defense of the country, which, by the munificence of Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, has been erected at Darien, Connecticut. From the beginning of the war MR. FITCH has been interested in the cause for which our two millions of patriot soldiers have so bravely fought. At the first outbreak of rebellion, too old and infirm himself to shoulder the musket, and appreciating the tender anxiety of those who by going to the field must leave behind them wives and children, whom they might be leaving forever, Mr.



FITCH'S HOME—SCHOOL-ROOM.



"THE RETURNED SOLDIER."

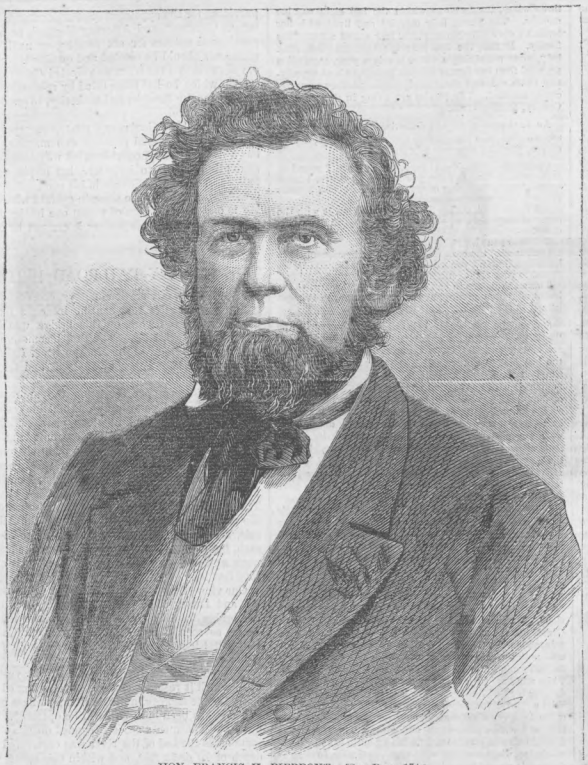


FITCH'S HOME—DINING-ROOM.



ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, L. I.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

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HON. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

FITCH promised a large number of men to take under his care all who should be left by them thus without a husband and father's protection. The continuance of the war, and the increasing casualties attending it, soon led Mr. FITCH to see that nothing less than a well-organized Asylum would answer the wants thus created. He therefore, during the spring of 1864, totally unaided by others, purchased and erected suitable buildings, and formally instituted the Asylum since known as "Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers who have lost their Lives in Defense of the Nation."

Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, the founder of this Institution, after giving the building and grounds now occupied, worth originally $8000 or $10,000, placed in the hands of the trustees $5000 to be invested as a permanent fund, and $5000 to be expended in making repairs on the building, and in erecting a wing containing a kitchen, dining-room, and a beautiful hall for the use of the institution. He then went to Europe for a season, and on his return presented to the trustees a library consisting of from 5000 to 6000 volumes of choice books which he had collected, and placed at their disposal the sum of $10,000, the estimated cost of the new building.

While in England and on the Continent, with the interest of the soldiers' orphans ever in mind, Mr. FITCH obtained from those with whom he came in contact, and who had the welfare of the country at heart, both American and foreigners, such aid in books, statuary, and paintings as would adorn the home, beautify the life, or instruct the mind of his increasing family of orphans and disabled soldiers at home.

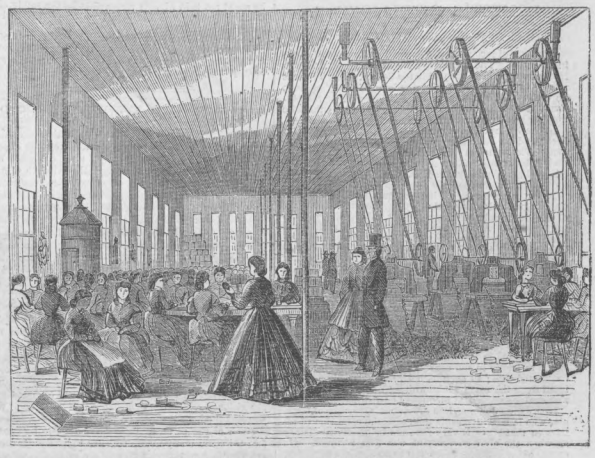
On Mr. FITCH's visit to Italy he called upon Mr. POWERS, the celebrated American sculptor, who generously presented the Institution with a bust of FRANKLIN, executed in Carara marble, of great beauty and worth. He also received donations of pictures from the celebrated artists CONTI and COSTA, of Florence, with others of value; and a picture of the Birth of Christ, given by Mrs. ANSTICE, a widow of an English officer who fell in India. All these works of art were shipped to this country, and unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of a bonded warehouse in this city in September last, soon after their arrival, proving a great loss to the Institution, no insurance having been effected.

In addition to the foregoing Mr. POWERS introduced Mr. FITCH to Mr. LARKIN G. MEADE, Jun., a young American artist of great worth, and engaged with him to furnish a group of statuary, in marble, called the "Returned Soldier," of the heroic, or larger than life-size, of which we give an illustration. A letter from Florence thus describes this work of art:

"The group of statuary represents the Returned Soldier, with an Orphan Child of a fellow-soldier on his knee, to whom he is describing the death of her father on the battle-field, who with his parting breath commissioned him to call upon his family and give them his last dying message. The young orphan, in the interest of the description and with her feelings intensely agitated, presses her face close to that of the narrator, and, with her thoughts completely absorbed, seems to see her dying father expiring on the foughten field. The emotions of each are expressed with good effect by Mr. MEADE, whose experience in the early part of the war, has not been lost upon him."

It is our duty to Mr. MEADE here to say that, on being informed by Mr. FITCH for what purpose the group was intended, he would only accept 1000 francs, which he says will hardly cover the cost of its production, thereby foregoing any profit to himself.

In concluding this notice of Mr. FITCH's benevolent donation, it will not be out of place to suggest that in every town throughout the country there should be a similar effort made in behalf of disabled soldiers and the children of those who have been killed in battle.



THE COLLAR MANUFACTORY OF THE METROPOLITAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

THE METROPOLITAN COLLAR COMPANY.

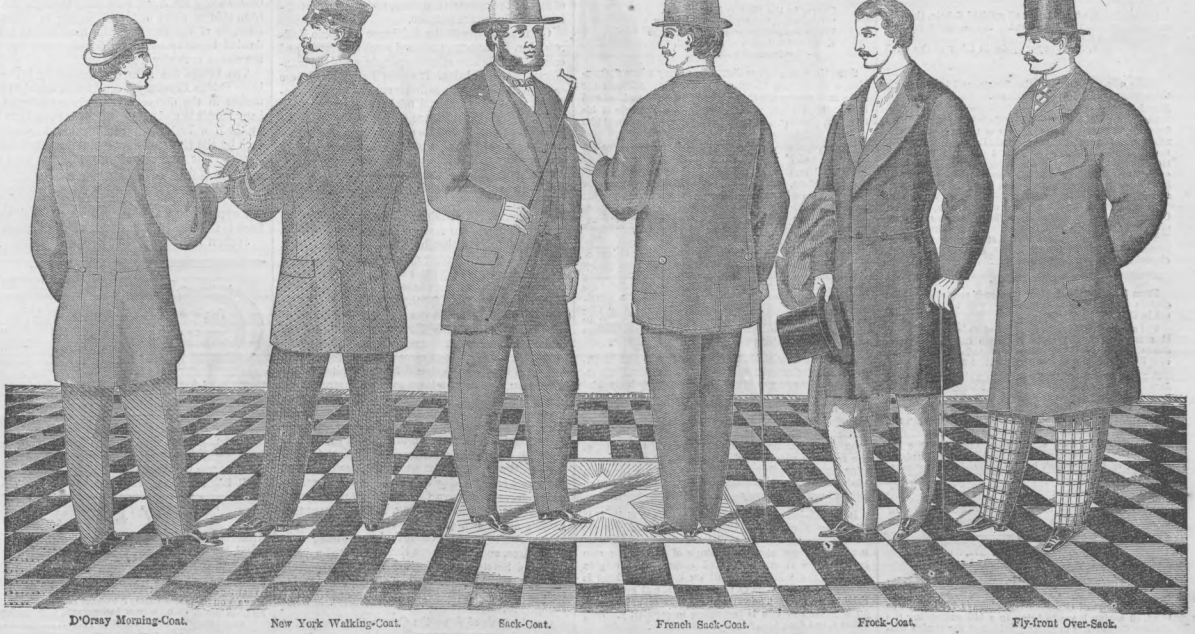
WE give on this page an illustration of the Paper Collar Manufactory of the Metropolitan Company of this city. The machine used in this manufactory, and of which Mr. D. M. SMYTH is patentee, is one of the most wonderful and curious inventions of the day. Three peculiarities distinguish this machine above all others in use.

1. *Its simplicity.*—What by all other processes requires half a dozen distinct and separate operations is here accomplished by one. A single stroke of the die produces a perfect collar, button-holed, stamped, and moulded. All that is done afterward is merely incidental. The collar is turned by a simple machine, and by another is, with nine of its companions, folded for the box. This latter process is in every other manufactory performed by hand. The small number of hands through which the collar passes also prevents it from becoming soiled.

2. *Its wonderful capacity.*—From our own observation we know that this machine produced two collars per second. The eleven machines which the Company have in operation produce 22 collars per second, 1320 per minute, 79,200 per hour, and 1,900,800 every twenty-four hours. Three hundred machines would supply almost every man, woman, and child in the United States with one collar per day.

3. *Its economy of labor and material.*—The eleven machines in operation save the work of 396 hands. More than 19 per cent. is saved of the paper which in every other process is wasted.

The Metropolitan Collar Company, whose place of business is 165 Washington Street, has a capital of $500,000. It manufactures collars of seventeen distinct varieties, many of them superior to any in the market, and none of them surpassed, and at a very much reduced cost of production, which enables the Company to defy competition.



SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1866.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. CARTER, KIRTLAND, & CO. MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, 340 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE work of reconstruction does not make rapid advance in Congress. The concurrent resolution adopted in the House has also been adopted in the Senate. This amounts merely to an expression of the opinion of Congress as to its own rights in regard to the admission of representatives. It can not even be called legislation. Otherwise nothing has been accomplished in Congress.

In the States there is some progress. The meeting in Richmond on February 28 strongly supported the President. The principal speech on that occasion was made by Judge M. F. Conway, formerly a representative from Kansas, and also formerly a radical. This speech advocated immediate restoration.

In Texas great progress has been made. The Constitutional Convention met February 8. On the 9th seventy of the ninety delegates were present. J. W. Throckmorton presided. Among the delegates was Mr. Roberts, President of the Secession Convention, who seems to have forgotten that there has been a war. He with about a dozen others objected strongly to taking the oath to support the Constitution, but were finally compelled to yield to the large Union majority. On the 10th Governor Hamilton's Message was received. The Governor did not put any gloss upon the rebellion. The rebels, he said, had defied the Government, and had been crushed. He advised the Convention to give to negroes civil rights and privileges. This advice was followed. The Constitution of Texas, so far as could be done by the Convention, has been amended so as to allow the freedmen to sue and be sued; to testify in the courts; to make contracts and be contracted with; to acquire, hold, and transmit property in all cases the same as the whites; and to be subject to no penal laws based on inequality or distinction.

Hon. James Johnson, late Provisional Governor of Georgia, who is now in Washington, says the condition of affairs in that State is very far from being as satisfactory as when the civil government was first restored. He speaks of the Freedmen's Bureau as an absolute necessity, both for the Union men and the blacks, and that it is very important that more troops be sent into the State at once.

CONGRESS.

February 27:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution which was adopted, that whereas the President had not responded to the resolution of inquiry in regard to Provisional Governors, adopted January 5, he be requested to furnish the required information if not incompatible with the public interest.—The concurrent resolution for the exclusion of Southern representatives was then taken up. Mr. Dixon spoke against the resolution. He sustained the President's position. Mr. Dixon claimed that each House had exclusive jurisdiction over its own members. The President's policy, he said, had been misrepresented. He was supposed by many to urge the admission of disloyal men from the rebel States to the two Houses of Congress; he had been charged with a purpose to bring into their former places in this body bloody-handed rebels; he was said to wish to throw wide open the doors of Congress and fill those seats with traitors, fresh from the battle-fields of the rebellion. These suppositions and statements were in direct contradiction to the President's published statements.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to secure the rights of citizens in the States was taken up. Mr. Higby supported the measure, as strengthening the Government. Mr. Randall opposed it, because the Southern States were not represented. Mr. Kelley said the right given in the amendment was involved in the original Constitution, but had been denied practically by our courts for eighty years. He was in favor of reasserting the right. Mr. Hale said he should vote against the amendment. He submitted that the proposed amendment was in effect a provision under which all State legislation in civil and criminal codes of procedure affecting the individual citizen was to be overridden, repealed, and abolished, and a law of Congress established in its place.

February 28:

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson presented the credentials of William F. Perry, Senator-elect from South Carolina.—Senator Nye spoke in favor of the concurrent resolution.

In the House, Mr. Davis spoke against the Constitutional Amendment. Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, supported it; as also did Mr. Bingham. The latter alluded to Secretary Seward's New York speech in terms of disparagement. On motion of Mr. Conklin further consideration of the amendment was postponed until the second Tuesday in April.

March 1:

In the Senate, the concurrent resolution was debated. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, argued that the States were sovereign powers. His speech was elaborate, going extensively into the relation between the General Government and the States.

In the House, the Senate bill protecting civil rights, as amended by the Judiciary Committee, was presented, and after some debate went over.

March 2:

In the Senate, after a long and spirited debate, the concurrent resolution was adopted. Mr. Doolittle made a speech against the resolution.

In the House, Mr. Thayer spoke in favor of the Civil Rights bill.

March 3:

There was no session of the Senate, and in the House there was no transaction of business.

March 5:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution for the representation in Congress of the States lately in rebellion. It provides that they shall be entitled to representation upon their adoption of laws repealing all distinctions in civil rights on account of color, and upon their conferring the right of suffrage upon all colored men who have served in the army, who can read the Constitution, and who pay taxes on real or personal property.

In the House, Mr. Bingham, from the Reconstruction Committee, reported joint resolutions for the admission of Tennessee, which were read twice and recommitted.—Mr. Stevens offered a resolution of inquiry relative to persons pardoned by the Executive, and the amount and disposition made of confiscated land.

NEWS ITEMS.

From the West Indies intelligence is received that the cholera was abating at Guadeloupe, and had not broken out in the islands adjacent.

The evidence elicited in the trial of Major Gee, late rebel commandant of Salisbury (North Carolina) Prison, shows that of 10,000 prisoners confined in that prison, over 5000 died from ill treatment in five months.

A great Fenian meeting was held on the 4th instant in Jones's Wood. A hundred thousand Irishmen are said to have been present, and as many dollars to have been subscribed to aid the cause. The meeting was held in direct opposition to the well-known wishes of Archbishop M'Closkey.

It is computed, from official data, that since the last Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on the 30th of October last, he has reduced the aggregate amount of the public debt $29,000,000, and has paid $29,000,000 of currency interest on Seven-Thirty bonds, and $30,000,000 coin interest on gold-bearing bonds, making an aggregate of currency and coin interest of $59,000,000 paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FENIANISM.

IN the House of Commons on February 17, Sir George Grey, in asking leave to bring in a bill suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland, said that the Fenian conspiracy had only recently assumed its present proportions. It was necessary to strike an effective blow at the Fenian schemes, which were wholly discountenanced by the American Government. The loyalty of the British Army was beyond a doubt. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland earnestly requested the suspension of the act, saying that he could not hold himself responsible for the safety of the country if power was withheld from him. The bill was passed in both Houses.

On the 17th in Dublin over one hundred arrests of Fenians were made. The Government troops in Ireland were being more and more distributed among the small towns, thus creating a feeling of security.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE second month of that annual epidemic—*house-hunting*—has come. For eight weeks more we must expect it to rage with increasing intensity, until the great crisis comes, the first of May—or rather the thirtieth of April. Even at this stage of the disease anxious-looking individuals are often seen scanning the houses on each side of the street in search of the significant "bill." There are plenty of "bills"—but whichever side of the street the "house-hunter" happens to be walking the "bills" seem to happen on the opposite side. He strains his eyes to read without crossing: "A HOUSE"—in immense capitals—is all he can make out. Of course it is a "house"—he knew that before—but is it "For Sale" or "To Let?" and what is the price, and how can he get it? To find out any thing more than that it is a "House" he must cross the street, probably mount the steps, and very likely then ascertain that he must go down town for further information as to price. We suggest that it would be an incalculable saving of shoe-leather and temper to have different-colored bills on the houses that are for sale and those that are to let. It is very vexatious, when you are as tired as you can be, to be continually enticed half a block out of your way by the vision of a bill only to find that it is "For Sale" when you had the hope it might be "To Let."

Much of the panic about houses seems to be uncalled for; there are many more domiciles to let than is usually supposed. And though the rents are too high—unreasonably high—we have heard it stated many times within the last fortnight, and by those who have means of judging correctly, that rents will be lower before May. It is certain that there is a great deal of real estate in the market for sale which will undoubtedly be to let before long. The tide is moving slowly but surely "up town," where new buildings are beginning to show their fresh fronts more frequently than they have during the years of the war.

A propos of "house-hunting" and "up town," we give for the reader's amusement the following parody on Longfellow's "Excelsior;" hoping, however, all will take warning from the fate of the "youth" therein mentioned:

"FURTHERUPTOWN."

Tired to death, but walking fast,
Along Broadway, one night, there passed
A youth, who bore a pretty nice
Umbrella, with this strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

His anxious eyes and weary feet
Hunted the houses in each street;
And like a New-Year's fish-horn rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Furtheruptown!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Beyond, the spectral street-lamps shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Try not that street," the old man said,
"A tenement house is just ahead—
A public school is by its side!"
Then loud that clarion voice replied,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Oh stay," the broker said, "and rest,
This brown-stone house will suit you best!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
Sadly he said, "The rent's too high;"
"Furtheruptown!"

"Beware the livery stable's smell,
Beware the engine-house as well!"
This was the agent's last good-night—
A voice replied, far out of sight,
"Furtheruptown!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The Central Park policemen stared,
Watching the gathering sunbeams there,
A voice rang through the startled air,
"Furtheruptown!"

By following up the unusual sound,
A dying traveler they found,
Still grasping his no longer nice
Umbrella, with the strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

There, in the Reservoir, they say,
"*Drowended*," but beautiful, he lay,
While somewhere over Bloomingdale
A voice fell like a rocket's tail,
"Furtheruptown!"

Some time ago, before liberty was every where fashionable, a well-known friend of the slave made known the truth in Secession quarters, and was reported mobbed and killed. Soon after, while walking in the streets of his own city, glowing with health and vigor, a friend met him with the warm greeting:

"Why, Mr. B——, how do you do? So you were not killed after all?"

"Well," returned Mr. B——, placing his hands upon his broad chest, and throwing back his head, a little more erect than usual, "does *this* look like a resurrection body?"

An English review of "A Noble Life," Miss Mulock's last work, says:

"There is such a high moral tone about the writings of this authoress, the stories are related with such purity and delicacy of feeling, that they are positively refreshing to meet with in these days, when bigamy and murder are considered essential incidents to the success of a novel. It is a book which even strait-laced mothers who protest against novel reading may see with satisfaction in their daughter's hands, for therein are many noble lessons taught in an attractive manner."

At the marriage of Mr. P. T. Barnum's youngest daughter, which was recently celebrated in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the ceremony was in one particular original. Instead of pronouncing the bridal pair "man and wife," after the usual fashion, the officiating clergyman pronounced them "*husband* and wife," which, of course, is correct, and a decided improvement upon the form ordinarily adopted upon such occasions. It is also worthy of note that, at the reception which followed the marriage ceremony, no stimulants were offered to the guests, and yet the whole affair was a complete success. That fashion might well be followed more extensively.

It is said—we will not vouch for the truth of it—that the ladies have adopted the "Whirlpool" as the name for the substitute to the "Waterfall." The "Rivulet" is worn by those who have enough of their own grown hair to allow it to trail behind naturally, or hang in tresses. The "Frizzle" or all the hair on the head is denominated by sailors as the "Hurricane at sea, or the Fright on land." The variegated colors of hair so frequently worn of late is increasing in popularity. Red, auburn, and dark brown mingle extensively.

A nice little scrap of romance in Pennsylvania has just been made public. About fifty years ago a young gentleman and lady, supposed by friends to be on the verge of matrimony, separated for reasons best known to themselves. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives, the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family. During the last year her husband died. The lady, after remaining a widow nearly a year, accepted a proposal from her former suitor—he being about seventy-five years old, and she seventy-one—and they were recently married. The parties are living in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

An exchange gives the following prescription, which any affected with the disease specified may take, if they choose, provided they can mix it:

CURE FOR LOVE.—Take 12 ounces of dislike, 1 pound of resolution, 2 ounces of the powder of experience, 1 large sprig of time, 14 drams of the guilt of dishonor, 1 quart of the cooling water of consideration.

Set them on a gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy.

Put it to your heart.

Cork it with the cork of a sound conscience, and there let it remain, and you will instantly find ease, and be restored to your right senses again.

These things are to be found of the apothecary, at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent Street, in the parish of Contentment.

Some of the English journals criticize with severity the "outrageous magnificence of dress" exhibited at the Palace of the Tuileries. The Empress herself appeared at the last ball in a dress which is praised for its *extreme* simplicity! It was of white tulle *pointillée d'or*, and ornamented with marine and aquatic plants. Her diadem of diamonds was surmounted by an enormous diamond star, while necklace, ear-rings, waistband, and shoulder-knots were all of diamonds. Various other adornments were conspicuously displayed. This *extremely simple* style of dress might not easily be followed by all! And the lady who at the Hôtel de Ville ball on the following night exhibited a diamond peacock on her head, with a tail descending to her neck, may be fairly said to have beaten the Empress with her own weapons.

The Italian ladies do not appear to be at all behind their Parisian sisters in the prevailing mania for outrageous finery. At the fancy ball given at Florence recently a lady is described as having achieved "the most absolute triumph of plastic beauty" by appearing in a simple skirt of white satin over a tight-fitting flesh-colored silk, such as is worn by ballet-dancers. A Hungarian lady, the youthful Countess Karoly, represented the Mer de Glace. Beneath a double veil of white and of blue tulle, by way of clouds, appeared the terrific undulations of the Mer de Glace, painted and woven on a white satin skirt. Sharp-pointed blocks of ice, bears, chamois, birds of prey, hunters—nothing characteristic was omitted. A very loose tunic, forming a train, depicted on the left side a mass of white and blue clouds, and on the right a resplendent sun darting rays of light. At the bottom of the white satin skirt a light silvered stuff simulated hoar-frost. The body of the dress was of white satin, cut in small pointed basques, trimmed with swan's-down and glass. The Countess's frosted hair was prevented from falling quite loose by crystal chains, while her head was framed, as it were, in swan's-down. It was fortunately a particularly mild evening, or such a costume would have sent all the other guests home with colds and rheumatism from simple association of ideas.

Somebody says: "There should be no question between man and wife as to property—and yet ladies make a dreadful use of the 'my.' 'My house, my servants, my garden,' and so forth. Every body knows this kind of lady, and also the kind of unhappy man who is blessed with her." This is very true, and the "meum and tuum" is often carried to an extent which is very offensive to good taste. A lady—unless she happens to live in Utah—has the right to say "my husband;" but she should think twice before she prefixes that pronoun to any other word.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT.

FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT, Governor of Virginia, was born in the county of Monongalia, Virginia, and is now about fifty years of age. He graduated at Alleghany College in the fall of 1839, and immediately occupied his time in teaching school and reading law. After a while he left his native county and went to Mississippi, where he resumed school-teaching, and the study of law; but he soon returned to his own State, commenced the practice of law in the county of Marion, and rose to a prominent and lucrative practice.

On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. PIERPONT purchased some coal lands, and entered largely into mining operations and the manufacturing of fire-brick. It was in the pursuit of these callings that his mind was first turned toward the wonderful manufacturing and mineral resources of the State of Virginia, which are only now—through the downfall of slavery and its surrounding influences—for the first time actively engaging the attention of the world, and rapidly placing her in the very foremost rank among all the States of the Union.

The long and turbulent period comprised between the JOHN BROWN affair and the actual passing of the Ordinance of Secession in Virginia are too fresh in the memory of our readers, and can only be briefly alluded to in a sketch of this character. Suffice it to say that, during all that time, when to be considered a Union man was to confront all that can most deeply test the manhood of an individual—the risk of property and life, the overthrow of all that was loved and valued in the past, the scorn and hatred of life-long friends—Governor PIERPONT bore like a beacon of light.

At last the fatal hour came; the Southern heart had been fired, the Cotton States precipitated into revolution, and after a large amount of struggling, Virginia gave way, and the Ordinance of Secession was passed in Richmond by a large majority, the few prominent leaders against the movement being so unpopular that they had to fly from the city in disguise. A public meeting was called at Clarksburg on the 22d April, at which a series of resolutions were introduced by the Hon. JOHN S. CARLILE, and approved, calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of May, at Wheeling. This Convention having assembled, passed a resolution calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of June at the same place, and in the mean time appointed a Committee of Safety, consisting of five, whose duty it was to see that the State did not suffer in the interim. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT was one of that Committee.

On the 11th of June the Convention assembled at Wheeling, pursuant to call, and immediately organized by electing Hon. ARTHUR J. BOREMAN President, and G. L. CRANMER Secretary. A declaration of the rights of the loyal people of Virginia was immediately passed, and an ordinance adopted, providing for the appointment of a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Attorney-General, to act as provisional officers for six months, or until their successors should be elected and qualified. FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT was elected Governor—a station which he has since filled by re-election, until he came, by Presidential authority, to preside at the State capitol.

A great deal of Governor PIERPONT's popularity is due to his personal *physique* and manner. He has a frank, genial, honest-hearted way about him, amounting almost to joviality, that inspires sympathy and utmost confidence in his good-nature and integrity among all who come in contact with him. He is one of those men of whom one instinctively feels that if he has an enemy it can not be of *his* choosing.

THE ALBANY RAILROAD BRIDGE.

AFTER years of vexatious delays, caused by litigation with parties representing interests farther up the river, the work on this bridge was commenced in April, 1864. The first locomotive, the "Augustus Schell," of the Hudson River Railroad, crossed the bridge February 15, 1866, and the first passenger train on February 22.

The bridge proper (omitting the approaches, which in themselves are quite formidable) consists of two abutments and nineteen piers, making a total length of 2020 feet. The extreme length of the bridge is nearly a mile. The main channel of the river is crossed by four spans of 178 feet between the centres of the piers, on the plan known as "Howe's," and two draw spaces of 131½ feet each. The remaining 14 spans over the shallow water on the east side, as also over the basin on the Albany side, are short spans ranging from 72 to 78 feet each, built on the same general plan. The trestle-work approach to the bridge in the city is about 1500 feet long.

Our view (from a photograph taken by CHURCHILL and DENNISON, for W. J. GIBSON) represents the bridge from the Albany Basin to the Eastern Shore, as seen from the large New York Central Railroad Elevator, which stands a few rods south of the bridge.

The drawbridge, including the iron turn-table upon which it rests, is entirely novel, planned specially for the locality, and the circumstances under which it has been built and will be operated. The piers and abutments are all founded on piles. In some cases the bed of the river was excavated to a depth of 10 or 12 feet, and within this space piles were driven to the hard bottom, sometimes as low as 33 feet. A heavy timber crib was then built around these piles of the dimensions of the proposed pier, resting on the bottom of the excavation, and reaching to within three feet below water-mark. This crib was then filled with concrete and floored with heavy timber, upon which the first stones of the masonry were laid. In other cases, after excavating as before, and driving the piles, the latter were sawed off, and a floating caisson, with a heavy timber floor, of the dimensions of the proposed pier, was anchored over the piles, and the masonry commenced in this caisson, which soon settled to its bearing on the heads of the piles, when the sides were removed by unscrewing some bolts, and floated away to serve elsewhere.

The piers are of cut limestone masonry, with rough faces, and are 30 feet in height above low-water, and have a width at the bottom of 9 feet, and at the top under the coping (which projects 9 inches on all sides) of 6½ feet. They are all built of heavy cut stone laid in cement.

The face stones are all cramped together by iron cramps, and, in addition, the two faces of the pier are tied together by iron bars at intervals on each course along the front, extending through the pier from side to side; and, still further to insure the strength of the masonry, the head stones are all dowled together with iron dowels—each stone to the stones both above and below.

The bridge has been constructed by "The Albany Bridge Company," constituted mainly of Directors in the different railroads centring at Albany, and it is understood that it is owned one half by the New York Central Railroad, and one quarter each by the Hudson River and Albany and Boston Roads. The total cost of the bridge has been over a million of dollars.

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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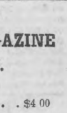
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Diseases of the STOMACH and KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GOUT, GRAVEL, and disorders arising from excesses, use
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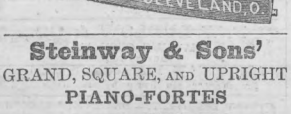
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The "Excelsior" Yeast Powder, the great favorite, perfectly pure.
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STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their
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The only Six per Cent. Bond of the United States in Existence,
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They are issued only in limited amounts, as the work on the Pacific Railroad progresses. There is but a SMALL AMOUNT NOW IN THE MARKET, and the DEMAND IS DAILY INCREASING.

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PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD.
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About sixty miles of the road are already completed, on which the EARNINGS ARE VERY LARGE, having been in the month of October, 1865, on fifty-three miles of road then running, upward of $65,000 IN GOLD, the road having as yet penetrated to no very important points.
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These Bonds are a FIRST-CLASS SECURITY in every respect, and a limited amount will be offered upon terms which render them a VERY ATTRACTIVE AND DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.
Inquiries for further particulars will receive prompt attention.

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Orders for the purchase and sale of Miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds carefully executed at the
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TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
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Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.
First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:
1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ancle.
6th.—The Calf.







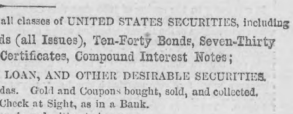
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Bronze and Mantel Clocks, Fine Vases, Parian, Bisque, and Bronze Statuettes,
Groups, &c., &c.
We are now offering a fine assortment of the above goods at a reduction of 25 per cent., to make room for new goods now being bought by Mr. Ovington, who is in Europe.
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Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
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ITCH. Salt Rheum. (WHEATON'S OINTMENT) ITCH. Salt Rheum.
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 50 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 482.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE LATE COLONEL BOWERS.

COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, who, after passing safely through the perils of General GRANT'S campaigns, was killed by accident on the 7th inst., was a native of Illinois. He was a printer by trade, and at the breaking out of the war edited a Democratic paper in Southern Illinois. He entered the military service as a private in the Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry, declining a commission, and served with this regiment until the return of Gen. GRANT'S reconnoissance in January, 1862, when he was detailed as clerk at the General's head-quarters.

Colonel BOWERS was with GRANT at Forts Henry and Donelson, and until the 9th of March following, when he accepted the First-Lieutenancy of his Company, declining the Captaincy, which was tendered him. He held this position at the battle of Shiloh, during which he was again called to GRANT'S head-quarters and appointed Aid-de-camp. In November, 1862, he was made Captain and Aid-de-camp, and soon after Major and Judge-Advocate in the Army of the Tennessee. In September, 1863, he was assigned Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—succeeding to Colonel RAWLINS, promoted. From that time till the surrender of LEE'S army he was General GRANT'S chief Assistant Adjutant-General in the field, and at the close of the war retained the same position. In September, 1864, he was, in consideration of his eminent services, appointed Major and Assistant Adjutant-General in the regular army.

Colonel BOWERS was killed instantly by falling between the cars while attempting to get on the train as it was leaving Garrison's Station of the Hudson River Railroad. General GRANT with his son, accompanied by the Colonel, arrived at Garrison's Station, opposite West Point, at a late hour on the evening of the 7th, and was compelled to remain overnight. The next day the party went across, and the General, leaving his son at West Point, returned to the east side with Colonel BOWERS. When the train arrived by which they were to return to New York some difficulty occurred in relation to a carpet-bag belonging to the party being missed, when Colonel BOWERS followed the station agent to the office to see about it, General GRANT, in the mean time, being seated in the car next to the rear. When the agent arrived in the ticket-office he picked up a carpet-bag and presented it to the view of Colonel BOWERS, who said, "That is not the one." These were the last words spoken by the deceased. The train at that time was in motion, when Colonel BOWERS rushed out to get on board. In attempting to do so he seized hold of the railing on the platform of the car in which General GRANT was seated, and jumped upon the step, his body striking with such force against the car as to break his hold on the railing, precipitating him from the step. In the fall he swung around between the cars, his head and that part of his body above the hips falling inside of the track, the car running over him, producing death instantly. His body was dragged about one hundred yards on to a switch and over it, the head being horribly mutilated, as was also the upper part of the body. As soon as possible the train was stopped, and the body of the unfortunate man was taken from the track.

General GRANT was notified of the accident by Mr. GARRISON, the proprietor of the ferry, who said, "General, I think your Adjutant is killed." General GRANT replied, "Something told me he was killed;" and upon seeing the body he said, "That is he; a very estimable man he was. He has been with me through all my battles." Turning to Major HILL, of West Point, he ordered the body to be taken to that place and buried, there to remain until further orders.



THE LATE COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, GENERAL GRANT'S ADJUTANT-GENERAL
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PAYING PENSIONERS.

WE give an illustration on this page of the manner in which United States pensioners are treated at the Pension Office in the basement of the Custom-house of this city. During the week, ending March 9, several hundred of the two or three thousand wounded and disabled veterans received their dues for the six months preceding. The accommo-



PAYING UNITED STATES PENSIONERS AT THE PENSION OFFICE IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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dations provided for this purpose are very inadequate. The office is in a basement to which the only access is by a precipitous flight of steps.

There are so few clerks, and so wretched are the accommodations provided for them, that people attending the office, some of them maimed soldiers and many of them aged women, are compelled to stand in a long line for many hours in the wind and cold waiting their turn. The policeman at the entrance does his duty with commendable patience, but finds it hard work to sometimes resist the pressure. Spite of the many proposed remedies to the evil affairs have remained as they were, and the line which extended from the door of the office in Exchange Place around the corner of the Custom-house and thence into Wall Street as far as William in days by-gone still occupies the same position. As only two hundred and fifty persons are paid each day, the sums handed to each varying from twelve to three hundred dollars, the proceedings will require some days for completion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

IT is agreed by all loyal men that the mere fact of laying down arms did not entitle the late insurgent States to resume immediately their full relations in the Union. The principle of the President's policy hitherto is that those States must conform to certain conditions prescribed by the Government. That is also the principle asserted by Congress. These conditions must, of course, be reasonable and generous; but they can be wisely determined only by ample knowledge and deliberation. Some risks must be taken, some perils ventured. But after so terrible a war we can surely afford to be careful in establishing peace. We must build upon things rather than upon words, and the action of the Government must be determined not by theories but by the actual state of affairs.

The important point to ascertain is whether those whose honest hostility to the Government led them to attempt its overthrow are still inimical to it; and if so, whether they should at once be intrusted with an equal share in its administration. That the rebellion was the fruit of an original and traditional difference of interpretation of the Constitution is undeniable. That the section in which the war was waged had a very hearty hatred of the other section is known by every man who knows any thing of the subject; and that the citizens lately insurgent are conquered and not converted is not only a recognized fact, but the supposition of any other feeling upon their part is scorned and derided as showing profound ignorance of history and human nature.

This being admitted, is it not fair to assume, and is not the assumption so far honorable and not dishonorable to the citizens in question, that being men of strong convictions, of earnest purpose, and of skill and patience, they will endeavor to use their new opportunities for the same result to which they turned their arms? That if they are admitted to Congress they will unite with those who defended and excused their rebellion, will not be denied. That the combination would attempt to repudiate the national debt, and to allow compensation for emancipated slaves and for property destroyed by war; that it would abolish the national defense of the freedmen and approve the black codes of the late slave States; that it would attack the validity of the Emancipation Amendment as having been adopted by some States under coercion, and by every means would seek to plunge this country into foreign war in order to effect that secession which the civil war failed to achieve, must be believed by those who hold that it is foolish to suppose that the defeated party are converted because they are overpowered.

Certainly no man can wish to take such a view. No man can wish to feel that the dominant feeling of the population in the lately disturbed section is hostile to the Government; but he can not deny that the irresistible weight of evidence shows it. The action of the conventions and of the legislatures; the elections of State officers and of Representatives and Senators; the black codes; the vagrant laws; the tone of the press and of private conversation; the testimony before the Committee of Congress; the special correspondence in the newspapers; the tales of commercial and other travelers—all prove that the sentiment of the lately insurgent States is unfriendly to the Government and Union. There is testimony also upon the other side. There are private letters from agents and immigrants of various kinds; but individual evidence is rebutted by other individual evidence, and the prevailing state of feeling must be inferred from the sources we have indicated. Now is there any reason to suppose that in proportion as these States again acquire power of any kind it will not be used inimically to the country?

We shall, of course, be asked whether we would therefore govern them as colonies; whether we shall probably increase their love by constant humiliation; whether they will become more friendly by being held at arm's-length; whether we expect them to love the name of Yankee, or to confess that they were wrong as well as worsted; and whether we should respect them as much if they were not manly enough to stand by their cause? Such questions are natural, and we have no difficulty in answering them. Nobody from the President down, except the Copperhead party, asks for indiscriminate admission or for indefinite exclusion. But there is a middle point between frost and fire. Some risks must be taken and will be, but also some securities may be demanded which are more than words.

It is plain that the calm spirit in which the question should have been considered has been lost by the misunderstanding between the President and Congress. But one preliminary measure is clearly essential, and it is one upon which President and Congress can agree.

If the President was not opposed to making assent to the emancipation amendment a condition precedent to the resumption of the relations of the disturbed States with the Union, he can not fairly object to adding to it an amendment providing for equal representation which emancipation has made necessary. If it were proper to propose and pass one amendment while certain States were not represented, it can not be improper to pass the other. Surely we are bound to take care that the insurgent States have not gained a formidable advantage within the Union by rebelling against it. Let us at least insist upon equality of representation by apportioning it to voters, and do so much toward intrusting the government of this country to all those who honestly love it and have faithfully served it.

THE NEW AMENDMENT.

THE constitutional amendment apportioning representation to population and excluding from the basis those to whom the franchise is denied has been defeated in the Senate. There were objections to the proposition which we stated at the time; but we should, under all the circumstances, have regretted its defeat as a serious blow to the prospects of speedy organization if we were not very sure that the amendment was to obviate a difficulty in the situation which is sure to be remedied. The emancipation amendment, upon the assumption of four million freedmen and a basis of a hundred thousand persons for a representative, adds sixteen members to the representation of the late Slave States. Yet the population which increased the representation, and which upon this basis would give forty members, is excluded from the polls, and is, moreover, the only thoroughly loyal class in the States concerned.

This is an absurdity which must be adjusted; and as the Committee's amendment has failed, Senator DOOLITTLE has introduced a substitute, as follows:

"After the census to be taken in the year 1870 and each succeeding census representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to the number in each State of male electors over twenty-one years of age, qualified by the laws thereof to choose members of the most numerous branch of its Legislature; and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the real and personal taxable property situated in each State, not belonging to the State or the United States."

This is virtually the amendment which the President has always favored, and which he suggested in the conversation with Senator DIXON. Its spirit is the same as that of the defeated proposition. It aims to enlarge the suffrage, and it offers a strong inducement for its enlargement. It appeals to the love of political power, and expects to effect that enfranchisement of the colored population which is the key of the situation.

Senator WILSON, whose political sagacity and fidelity to freedom are proverbial, is of opinion that the rejected amendment would have produced equal suffrage in the late slave States within five years. Doubtless he and all his friends are, as Senator FESSENDEN said, in favor of abolishing all caste distinctions immediately. But they are very sure that the result can be better accomplished indirectly and by degrees. The feeling of the Senate is shown by the fate of Senator HENDERSON'S proposed amendment, which forbade any State to discriminate against any person on account of color or race. A radical Senate gave ten yeas for the proposition and thirty-seven nays. Senators YATES, SUMNER, and CLARK made the same effort with a still worse result. The Senate has plainly pronounced for leaving the regulation of the suffrage to the States.

It becomes therefore the duty of every man who knows that there can be, and ought to be, no cessation of agitation until the colored citizen has exactly the same defenses of his rights that every other citizen has, to urge the adoption of the new amendment. There are doubtless difficulties and objections. But now that the effort to secure a direct adjustment of the suffrage in the States by the Senate has failed, Mr. SUMNER and his friends, who defeated the Committee's amendment, assume a very grave responsibility if they also defeat Mr. DOOLITTLE'S.

STATE POWER OVER THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE idea is entertained by many citizens that acts of the Legislature subjecting the city of New York to the control of State officers in whole or in part is an infringement of the corporate rights of the city; but this opinion must immediately be dispelled when it is understood that the city has no public powers except those derived, directly or indirectly, from the Constitution of the State, and that, like all other cities, it is part of its political machinery for carrying into effect the public power of government. It is true that the charter of the city was derived originally from other sources, but on the accomplishment of the Revolution the State of New York succeeded to the rights over the charter which the Parliament of Great Britain might previously have exercised. Those rights were partially modified by the Constitution of the United States, which declared that no State should impair the obligation of contracts. So far, therefore, as the franchises of the city possessed such pecuniary value as to take the shape of property they may be free of State control. The Constitution of the State also declares that nothing contained in it should be deemed to *annul* any charters to bodies politic or corporate; but neither this saving clause nor the one referred to which prevents any contract from being impaired affects in any manner those public powers which relate to the matter of government. Indeed, the old charters, whether Dutch or English, are seldom looked at, except to ascertain the rights residing in the city to the property and the rights in the nature of property which appertain to the corporation. It would be a strange anomaly if one of the instruments of the State for carrying into effect its powers of government should possess any independent authority in this respect, and hence it has been the custom of the Legislature ever since it had existence to amend and alter the charter in public matters according to its pleasure.

A volume of laws entitled "Acts of the Legislature relating to the City of New York," has been printed, to which appeal is constantly made by those who are interested to find what powers and rights the city may exercise. These acts cover the whole ground of municipal power. Occasionally amendments to the charter have been submitted to the vote of the commonalty of the city, but it is perfectly well known that such vote is wholly unnecessary to determine the legality of the alterations. The power of the Legislature over the subject, so far, we repeat, as the measure is public, is limited only by its discretion. All anxiety in relation to the legality of the Health bill may be dismissed, and with respect to its expediency, there are strong grounds for believing that the Act will meet with approval, except on the part of those functionaries who were displaced by it, whose alarms are expressed because their vocation as tax-eaters has been suddenly terminated.

The hopes of good government with respect to all matters of health so generally inspired by the passage of the bill in question, and the judicious appointments under it made by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, lead us to look in the same direction for relief against the abuses and corruptions from which the community suffers. We weigh well our words when we declare that those who hold power in the city under what exists of the old system are, with few exceptions, the portion of the community most obnoxious to its punishments. Instead of being the protectors of the community they are engaged in the distribution of its property among the great body of tax-consumers. Instead of being interested in maintaining the just authority of government, they strive to break it down and reduce all to their degraded level.

The question arises, to what lengths the Legislature should go in remedying such defects in an important portion of its public machinery. The answer is very clear, that inasmuch as misgovernment widely prevails, to the great damage of the city and State, and to an extent likely to bring the system into contempt, and as the State is responsible for the good working of every part of its machinery, the process of change should go forward until the object of government shall be accomplished—that is to say, the safety, security, and happiness of its citizens. The police system, established by State authority and maintained by a decision of the court of last resort, gives unqualified satisfaction. The fire law, created also by the Legislature, is growing rapidly in public estimation, although experience of it is yet so recent. We trust that other changes may be made with equal prudence and wisdom, in which case all those who do not profit by misgovernment will be gratified.

What is most wanted in our city government is a Board created in the interest of tax-payers, which shall be empowered to approve or disapprove of every measure which involves the expenditure of money so that a concurrence of tax-eaters and of tax-payers shall be expressed as a condition to its passage. If some measure of this character be not adopted, and the city remains in the hands of tax-consumers with their present powers, it is not difficult to predict what will become of the property which can so easily be squandered.

A SIGN.

AN instructive illustration of the present feeling at the South is found in the following clauses from the Tax-bill lately passed by the Alabama Legislature:

"12. To sell or expose for sale, for one year, at any one place, any pictorial or illustrated weekly, or any monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, published outside the limits of this State, and not in a foreign country, and to vend the same on the streets, or on boats or railroad cars, fifty dollars.

"13. To keep a news depôt for one year, in any city, town, or village, for the sale of any newspaper, periodical, or magazine, not including pictorials, provided for in the preceding paragraph, ten dollars."

It is not many months since Provisional Governor PARSONS of Alabama came among us to solicit pecuniary aid, and, according to Mr. BEECHER, he met no unwilling response. Indeed Northern capital and energy and skill are all ready and waiting to reinforce those of the Southern States the moment there is any indication of a fair security of person and property in the lately disturbed section.

But such laws as those we quote are merely steps backward toward barbarism. Do not the intelligent men of Alabama see that in education alone lies the sole hope of a return of peace and prosperity to the State? No civilized people was ever benefited by ignorance, and there is nothing more perilous to a community than ignorance enforced by law.

The clauses of the bill which we quote are directed, it will be observed, against the illustrated weekly and monthly papers and magazines published in this country. English or French or German literature of the kind, so much of which is inspired, as we have seen during the war, by hatred and contempt of American institutions, may be freely introduced. The clauses we quote are intended to prohibit the sale of the periodical literature published at the North. It is an effort to silence the expression of sentiments which the majority of the Legislature do not like. It is a direct and despotic assault upon free discussion; and like all despotism of the kind is a confession of utter weakness. It is a heavy and crushing tax upon knowledge. It is an attempt to perpetuate that tyranny based upon ignorance which enabled a few men to hoodwink and bamboozle the people of the South until they maddened them into revolution.

Now the sentiments of this paper and of many other papers are no more agreeable to the current opinions of the South than those opinions are to us. But we ask any sensible man in Alabama, however he may differ from our views, whether he is unwilling to trust the fundamental principle of a free government? If he fought during the war for a simple despotism, of course the nearer he approaches it under the Union the more satisfied he will be. But if he fought for what he believed to be a free popular government, he knows that such a government is impossible under such laws as we are considering. Does not such a man see what every other man in the country sees, that those who exclude any means of education and extinguish free discussion "neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in?" Let any Southern man read Mr. BARRINGER'S Letters to Mr. KELLEY of Pennsylvania, published in the *Washington Chronicle* at the end of January, and say whether Mr. BARRINGER, who is a North Carolinian, is not a more truly sagacious and conservative leader than the men who pass these foolish laws in the Alabama Legislature. "Northern radicalism even," writes a gentleman who knows what he says, "understands our wants and necessities better than do our leading men here at home in the South."

Every man in Alabama who sincerely loves the State must deplore such insane legislating, as we should deplore a similar misfortune here in New York. It infinitely delays and perplexes the work in which all good citizens of the country are now engaged, for it reveals the present predominance of the old jealousy and hostility which sprang from ignorance and resulted in war.

FENIANISM.

THE tone of the English papers in discussing Ireland shows serious alarm. The London *Post* recommends that any soldier who is found tainted with Fenianism should be tried for high treason and punished accordingly, and the London *Times* thinks it high time that the British Government asked that of the United States to consider its neutral obligations. The London *Times* is good enough to say that it has as great faith in the American Government as Mr. GLADSTONE. The *Times* is so kind as to add that it acknowledges its "friendliness, its promptitude, and its sincerity." And it doubts whether its own Government is quite so vigilant and active as the circumstances demand.

There is also some excitement in Canada, where disturbances are apprehended upon St.

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Patrick's day. The Catholic Bishop of Toronto has issued a letter advising all good Catholics to pray that England may do justice to Ireland, and that divine mercy may change the hearts of those who pretend to remedy the evils of Ireland by invading Canada. Certain newspapers in this country magnify every thing said and done upon the subject; but the genius of blarney plays so large a part in the performance that it is not easy to know a single fact of the matter.

It is observable, however, that the Church of Ireland opposes the agitation, and that no conspicuous Irish leader either at home or in this country is identified with it. The speeches, so far as they have been reported, are earnest appeals for contributions on the one hand, and the maddest rhetoric on the other. Meanwhile in Ireland, where the *habeas corpus* is suspended and the Government is fully aroused and active, no hostile demonstration has been made, and no plan of action is any where apparent. During the week following the news of the suspension the orators in this country adjured their hearers to pour out money to aid those at home who were "in the gap," and who were doubtless even then fighting, but the subsequent steamers brought tidings of nothing but continued excitement and arrests.

The only serious apprehension seems to lie in the fact that leaders who excite the passions of such a people as those who attend the Fenian meetings in this country and give their money will demand their money's worth. If the leaders pass round the hat to pay for a scrimmage, a scrimmage of some kind there must be or their own heads are in danger. The peril has probably passed in Ireland. The Government is in the field first, and every day strengthens it and deprives any insurrection of the advantage of panic, which is incalculable. It is, therefore, quite time for sensible Irishmen in this country to consider what is likely to become of the money which they may have subscribed toward the Republic of Ireland. That Republic can not be established in Canada nor in Jones's Wood. What are the present chances of its establishment upon the green isle? Rash men may cause infinite suffering to innocent persons in that country and elsewhere. But there is no other possible result of Fenianism.

THE TUMBLE IN GOLD.

GOLD has fallen again—below 130. The event has sent a thrill through commercial, agricultural, and industrial society. A fall in gold implies a fall in produce, which reduces the profits of farmers, forwarders, and shipping merchants; in dry goods and general merchandise, which sends merchants home with a heartache, thinking of stocks on hand; in domestic goods, which sets manufacturers a-thinking whether it were not better at once to shut up mills and discharge hands instead of dying by inches. The world wags, Spain makes war on Chili, the President makes war on the Radicals, the Fenians talk war against England, history is being made daily on every side; but nothing in all this comes so straight home to every man as the fall in gold.

The readers of this journal have been fully forewarned of the decline. Ever since January a fall in gold has been imminent. The unexpectedly large supply of cotton, and the steadily increasing foreign demand for United States bonds, long since insured low rates of exchange, and consequently a reduced inquiry for gold. No man now buys gold for investment; foreign exchange, which is the same as gold, can be bought at 1 per cent. less. Few buy gold for speculation; for the Treasury Department holds a specie reserve which it is prepared to pour on the market at any time in irresistible amounts. The only supporters of the gold market are operators who have sold for the fall, and who are obliged to buy from time to time to fulfill their contracts. It would not indeed be strange, in view of the dullness of exchange, of the reduced demand for imported goods, of the increased foreign inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, of the prospect of currency contraction, and of the steadily increasing supply of gold from California and from private hoards, if the price fell to 125 or even lower before midsummer.

To producers, manufacturers, and holders of goods this is an unwelcome prospect. It means a steady shrinkage of prices, and a constant drain upon the capital of holders or makers of goods and merchandise. But it is but natural. For nearly three years producers and holders of goods, produce and merchandise, made money so easily that they seemed to possess the royal key to wealth. A merchant only needed to fill his store with goods, and in thirty or sixty days jobbers eagerly depleted it on a substantial advance. A farmer only required to plant double the usual breadth, and his profits were in the square of previous years. Manufacturers only needed to keep every loom at work, and dividends of 50 per cent. per annum came without endeavor. The currency was constantly expanding in volume and declining in value, prices were constantly rising, and the producer and the holder were just as steadily realizing profits. That was flood-tide: we are now on the ebb. The currency has ceased to increase. Without any legislative action the interest-bearing legal tender—of which security $180,000,000 are afloat—have practically passed out of circulation, being clogged by the interest due upon them. Of the remainder of the currency, viz., the plain legal tenders and the National bank notes, the South is beginning to consume a large quantity—more, we judge, than the Controller of the Currency is issuing to new banks. Thus the actual volume of paper-money is diminishing daily without Congressional action. In the course of a few weeks, if not days, some bill or other will pass Congress which will look to a still more direct curtailment of the paper circulating medium. Under these circumstances, it is plain that prices must move in exactly the direction opposite to that which they pursued when the currency was ever on the increase.

To illustrate the point by a familiar example. A horse-owner bought his oats of a dealer in his neighborhood, taking them in small lots of 50 bushels at a time to suit the size of his bin. In 1863, 1864, and 1865, the dealer supplied the oats at the price of the day. He bought probably once a month. A fortnight after his purchase his customer required a supply. They were put in at the price of the day, which usually proved to be from 5 to 10 cents a bushel higher than the dealer had paid for them. When the turn in prices came in 1865, the dealer attempted to charge for his oats the price he had paid for them. "No, no," said his customer, "when prices were rising you charged me the price of the day, whatever it was, without regard to the price you had previously paid for the oats; and now you shall stick to your rule. I will pay the price of the day—no more." So the dealer throughout this winter has been supplying his customer at a loss. He must buy to supply his customers; but every fortnight his stock declines in value. It is the same with coal, dry goods, hardware, and every article which is bought and sold for gold.

It seems to be an open question whether we shall have a panic. Sound reasons can be given *pro* and *con*. On the one hand, holders, as a general rule, are showing good sense by marking down prices, so as to anticipate the future; while capitalists are so shy of business paper of the second and third grades that in the event of a heavy decline in prices the wrecks would be fewer than otherwise. On the other hand, it is notorious that large quantities of produce, cotton, coal, dry goods, hardware, and other merchandise are held at the sea-board, at the West, and even abroad on margins. All this would necessarily be sacrificed in the event of a continued decline in gold, and in the absence of a demand for consumption the result of forced sales would be uncertain. Perhaps the police rule may apply. The guardians of the public peace say that a riot which is predicted never breaks out. So, possibly, a panic upon which people speculate in advance is not likely to occur.

It is not a little amusing to note the attitude of Wall Street in view of these ominous prospects. Speculation in that meridian is lively, not to say rampant. A clique, led by the leading director of the Erie Railway, is buying up the stock of that insolvent corporation, and it is 10 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 137. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Rock Island Railroad, is buying up the stock of that concern, and it is 12 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 139. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Michigan Southern, is buying up the stock of that unproductive enterprise, and it is 11 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 138. What the calculation of these various cliques may be, it were vain to conjecture. Published reports inform us that the earnings of these roads have been falling off steadily for three months; and common sense adds that, with a steady decline in produce, and in the Western consumption of merchandise, the decline must continue throughout the year. Still, money being easy, there is nothing to prevent a progressive advance in the price of any stock which a clique undertakes to buy up; the interesting question is, how shall these cliques sell, and to whom, when they propose to reap the harvest they have sown and manured and bargained for?

HUMAN LIABILITY TO DISEASE.

WE once heard a lecturer on Health say: "If the laws of health were strictly obeyed all might live to a good old age. I have no sympathy with the religious consolation which is often offered to the bereaved, as, for example, to a mother when her child dies. I do not believe that it is right to say to her that the Lord has taken away her child. She has thrown it away by disregarding in its care the laws of health." This, it is plain, is a strong statement; but does it go so very far beyond the truth as it at first thought seems to do? Let us see.

There is a marked contrast between man and other animals as to the frequency and variety of disease. Let the comparison be made in regard to those which come under the control of man, and are therefore exposed to somewhat similar influences—horses, cattle, etc. They are by no means as subject to disease as men are. The difference is greatest when we look at the period of infancy. The young of these animals seldom sicken and die, while a very large proportion of the human race die in infancy.

Why this contrast? Is it owing to a difference in original constitution—in the organization and its functions? There is no evidence of this, for the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, nutrition, or growth, etc., are performed in these animals very much in the same way as in the human system, and therefore we naturally suppose that they would be quite as liable to derangement if they were performed under the same circumstances.

The question then arises, is there any difference in the circumstances adequate to account for the difference of results? If there be such a difference it must come obviously from the mind of man, for it is here that the essential difference between him and other animals lies. And yet, so superior is he in this respect to them that one would think him less liable to disease, from the intelligent control that he can exercise over external circumstances. This would be a legitimate inference if he were a pure being, and had the wisdom which would necessarily come from purity. But sin rules in this superior mind of man, and moves to sinful indulgence, which in all its various forms mars the physical organization and renders it liable to disease. A signal example of the effects of such indulgence we have in the use of alcohol. No brute animal drinks this poison, but its use as a beverage is a prolific source of disease in man.

Then, besides the wrong use of external circumstances, we have the effects of sinful passion in all its varied forms. That this exerts a wide influence in the production of disease there is no doubt, though its working is to a great extent secret.

There is still another cause—the unwise use of the mental powers. The use may be either excessive or wrong in character. This may be seen in all the activities of life that tax particularly the intellect, but especially during education, while mind and brain are growing to maturity. The brute animal has no tendency to disease coming from these mental sources, which so commonly in man give rise to congestions and other changes of the brain, to a great variety of nervous maladies, and to diseases of organs in various quarters from their sympathy with the brain. It may be properly remarked here, that it may be that the bare fact that man has a mind so different in some of its qualities from that of the brute increases the liability to physical derangement, aside from the influence of sinful propensities or of the unwise use of the mental powers, for the addition of such high mental endowments creates a wider complication than exists in the system of brute animals, and complication always adds to the risk of disorder.

In estimating the influences of which we have spoken we must remember that they do not end with the individual, but descend to the child, and may accumulate through successive generations. Sometimes diseases themselves are transmitted, but more often it is tendencies to disease or morbid characteristics which become hereditary. It is the accumulation of these tendencies in the course of generations that must account to a large extent for the greater readiness with which sickness is generated in man than in other animals, when both are exposed to similar external influences. What occurs in the individual is not alone adequate to account for it.

Perhaps it will be said that there are maladies peculiar to mankind which may account for the difference in the aggregate of disease. But may there not be a fair offset to this in the maladies which are peculiar to animals? It is true these appear to be less than those which are peculiar to man; but this may not be so, for some of the latter may really come from transgression of hygienic laws instead of fixed extraneous causes.

We will barely suggest here the inquiry whether there is not more of disease in domesticated than in wild animals, and because they are brought under the influence and control of man, instead of being left entirely to their natural inclinations.

If the views which we have presented be erroneous—if the difference between man and brute animals in regard to the prevalence of disease be not attributable to the causes mentioned—we are driven to the conclusion that there is implanted by the Creator in the very constitution of man a tendency to disease—in other words, that he made the organization a morbid, and not a healthy one—a proposition of which there is not the slightest proof, and which the mind instinctively rejects. The alternative is one from which we can not escape.

As the view which we have presented must then be correct, it follows that a true hygiene may accomplish a vastly greater work than is generally supposed. It has the power of preventing a very large proportion of the disease that now afflicts the human family—all or nearly all that there is more than that which exists in the animal creation around us. Of course it could not do this till it had first removed all the morbid tendencies that have accumulated from the past, a work of renovation which it would require some time to perform.

Whatever may be our estimate of the range of hygiene it is very evident that many of the causes of disease are preventable, and the distinction between these and those of an opposite character we will consider at another time.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE funeral of the late Rev. Dr. EDWARD B. HALL, of Providence, Rhode Island, was a singular and beautiful tribute to the Christian charity of that city and to the saintly character of Dr. HALL. He had been for thirty-three years settled over the First Congregational Unitarian Society, and during all that time his zeal in all good and generous works; his fidelity to the suffering and the poor; his constancy and care in the pastoral office; his ability in the pulpit; and the modesty of his spotless life, had made him perhaps the best beloved citizen in Providence. A great concourse of every sect, and from many places, came sorrowing to his funeral. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the State; the Baptist President of Brown University; a fellow-clergyman of the Presbyterian church, a Quaker preacher, and a Universalist were among the pall-bearers. No sectarian feeling divided them in life, and they bore their testimony by holding his pall to the purity and piety of the good minister and faithful citizen.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

WE stated in our last issue that in case of the failure of the Pacific Railroad Company to pay the coupons attached to its Bonds, these would be paid by the State of California. The fact is, that the interest on these Bonds *is* paid by that State, by a special Act of its Legislature.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 6:

In the Senate, the bill to reimburse Missouri for her expense in calling out militia was passed.—A very lengthy message from the President, in response to Mr. Sumner's resolution of inquiry, in regard to the organization of governments in the lately rebellious States, was received and ordered to be printed; also the report of operations in the Freedmen's Bureau; both of which were referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

In the House, the Military Academy bill was reconsidered, and, on motion of Mr. Schenck, an amendment was passed—89 to 39—that no part of the money appropriated by this or any other act shall be applied to the pay or subsistence of any cadet from any State declared to be in rebellion against the Government of the United States, appointed after the 1st day in January, 1866, until such State shall have been returned to its original relations to the Union, under and by virtue of an act or joint resolution of Congress for that case made and provided.—The Reciprocity Treaty bill came up for consideration. Mr. Morrill addressed the House in support of the bill. It had become necessary, he said, in consequence of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty on the 17th of the present month. That treaty had been an ill-omened one from the start. It had been first extorted from us by the armed raid made upon our fishermen, in 1852, by the combined armaments of the Provinces, led on by the Imperial Government, and then won from us by the delusion that favors would beget fraternity. We were too old to be again deluded, and being quite able to withstand a bite, unlikely to yield to a growl. Henceforth we should treat the Provinces as friends, unless they entitle themselves to be treated as favorites or as enemies. By the present bill certain privileges were granted, provided ample equivalents were obtained; but in the mean time the object was increased revenue. To show that the Reciprocity Treaty was not advantageous to us, it was testified to by the fishermen of Maine, the lumbermen of New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Maine, the wool-growers of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont, the grain-growers of all the Western States, and the manufacturers whose business with the Canadas had materially decreased; but when the Provincial officers had tacitly confessed to the prosperous gale they had enjoyed, by the tender of terms less onerous to us, if not less lucrative to them than those of the treaty, they felt that they could afford to treat us better in regard to the fishing interests involved. He remarked that it was true that if England desired a conflict with us a pretext might easily be obtained through a collision among eager and exasperated fishermen touching her absurd headland interpolation; but there was no lack of heroic pretexts elsewhere, and whenever the conflict came, whatever the alleged provocation might be, or by whomsoever precipitated, England knew that the Provinces would be gone forever, hook and line, bob and sinker. But the terms offered in this bill in relation to the fisheries did not invite a repulse. On the contrary, it was believed, especially from the frank and friendly exchange of views between the Committee of Ways and Means and the Ministers representing the Provinces, that the terms would be readily accepted by most, if not all the Provinces, certainly by those most interested in the trade. The rates of duty proposed in the bill would afford revenue, and would not in any case prove prohibitory; in other words, he expected to take as much timber, coal, and barley of them as heretofore; but before the sale could be allowed alongside of American products the privilege must be bought with a price equal at least to our taxes, and often much greater. Even with those terms, a commission sent to China or Peru would disclose no other market so valuable. That part of the bill which gave up the fishing bounties might be looked upon with more distrust than any thing else. The pittance proposed was small, not much more than the duty paid by them on the salt used in curing their fish, and yet the determination in some quarters to regard that as a New England question, and not a national one, had constrained even New England men to repudiate the measure—obnoxious because it had been misrepresented. Hereafter our seamen, unlocked after, must be entirely self-educated and self-reliant.

March 7:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner spoke for over two hours against the Constitutional Amendment affecting representation.

In the House, there was a protracted debate on the Reciprocity Treaty.

March 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill spoke in support of the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, the consideration of the Senate bill to protect all persons in their civil rights was resumed. Mr. Broomall spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Bingham moved to recommit, with instructions to amend, by removing every thing penal in the bill, and substituting right of action in the United States Court, with double costs in cases of recovery. Mr. Raymond next addressed the House in favor of the objects of the bill, and gave the reasons which had induced him to offer a substitute. Mr. Delano next spoke in approval of the bill, but questioned the constitutional right of Congress to pass it. Mr. Kerr opposed the measure on legal, constitutional, and practical grounds.

March 9:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment received only 25 votes against 23. 35 votes being the necessary two-thirds majority, the amendment was a failure. A motion to reconsider prevailed, and an amendment was offered by Mr. Doolittle.

In the House, the Civil Rights bill was next taken up, and Mr. Bingham addressed the House in opposition to it, as being in some of its features unconstitutional. Mr. Shellabarger, after a short speech on the same side, was followed by Mr. Wilson in a closing speech in support of the measure. The bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.—The Reciprocity Treaty bill was taken up and debated by several members. Amendments concerning the rate of duty on fish, bituminous coal, and lumber were adopted.

March 10:

The Senate not in session.

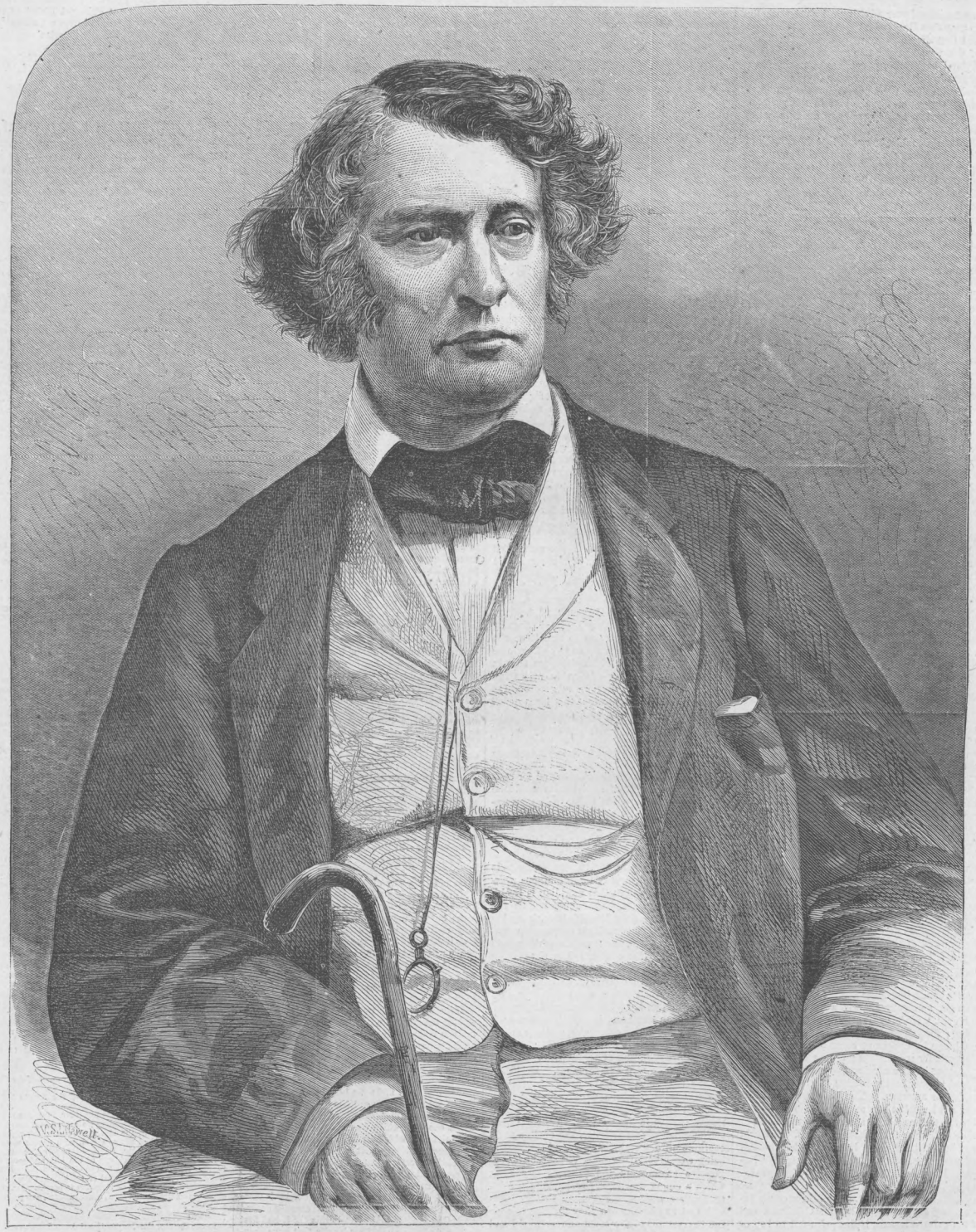
In the House, the day was given up to speech-making. Mr. Stevens created considerable amusement by pretending to consider the President's 22d of February speech as a grand hoax, imposed upon the country by malicious Copperheads.

March 12:

In the Senate, the bill for the division of Colorado was taken up, and Mr. Sumner spoke against it and in favor of an amendment to prohibit exclusion from the elective franchise on account of color.

In the House, after an exhaustive debate, the new Reciprocity Treaty bill was defeated by striking out the enacting clause by a vote of 83 to 87.

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CHARLES SUMNER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON, MASS.]

CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER is a name that will always remain among the most conspicuous of the present epoch of our history. No American statesman ever stood more steadfastly for the plain American principle of equal rights, and none has ever excited more exasperation or been more bitterly denounced. The reason of this is to be found in his temperament and a certain ideal cast of mind, which compels him unconsciously to disregard the conditions of practicability, and to treat public measures purely from the view of abstract justice. A man who does this must expect to encounter the impatience of friends as well as the hostility of foes. Consequently, from Mr. SUMNER's first notable public appearance, when he delivered his famous Fourth of July oration in Boston upon "The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845, to his last elaborate speech in the Senate upon "The Equal Rights of All: the Great Guarantee and the Present Necessity," his course has compelled moral approval rather than kindled popular enthusiasm.

Mr. SUMNER was thirty-four years old at the time of the delivery of the oration. Born in Boston in 1811, he graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and after a year of private study he entered the Law School at Cambridge, where he became the fast friend of his great teacher, Judge STORY. In 1834 he began to practice in Boston, and was at once eminent in his profession, publishing, as reporter, three volumes of Judge STORY's Circuit Decisions, editing the *American Jurist*, and lecturing at the Law School in Cambridge. In 1836 he declined a chair, both in the Law School and the College, and the next year went to Europe, where he remained for three years.

The best introductions opened to him the finest social opportunities in Europe, which a mind richly stored, a trained and tenacious memory, and the various sympathies of an accomplished scholar enabled him to improve to the utmost advantage. Few Americans have better seen what was best worth seeing in Europe. His habits of ceaseless industry, his remarkable faculties of acquirement, were in constant play, and he made the personal acquaintance, which in many cases ripened into friendly intimacy, of the most distinguished Europeans. In 1840 he returned and resumed the practice of his profession, publishing, in 1844–6, an elaborate edition of "Vesey's Reports." In politics he was a Whig, although he had taken no prominent political part until the oration of which we have spoken, which was a learned and powerful plea for peaceful arbitration in all international differences. In November, 1845, he spoke in Faneuil Hall against the annexation of Texas as a measure intended to subdue the National Government to the control of the slavery interest. The next year, at the Whig State Convention, he defined in a forcible speech the anti-slavery duties of the Whig party, and, with an intrepidity which in a Boston Whig of that time was remarkable, he published a letter to Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, then the Boston Representative in Congress, sharply rebuking him for his vote in favor of the Mexican war. This led to a rupture with Mr. WINTHROP which has never been healed, and that gentleman records his view of the matter in his volume of speeches and addresses.

The dissolution of the Whig party had already begun. The "Conscience Whigs," as they were called in Massachusetts, of whom CHARLES SUMNER, HORACE MANN, JOHN G. PALFREY, SAMUEL G. HOWE, and RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., were conspicuous leaders, withdrew from the political companionship of WEBSTER, EVERETT, CHOATE, and

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WINTHROP, and supported, in 1848, the Buffalo Free-soil candidates, MARTIN VAN BUREN and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. The schism was final, and from that moment the Boston Whig leadership declined. The seceders seemed to take with them the moral force of their party, and when, in 1850, Mr. WEBSTER became Secretary of State under Mr. FILLMORE and resigned his seat in the Senate, to which Mr. WINTHROP by the party traditions had been considered the natural successor, a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats, after a long and fierce struggle, succeeded in electing CHARLES SUMNER to Mr. WEBSTER'S seat, and he accepted the office, as he had the nomination, without a single pledge to any party or person.

Mr. SUMNER came to the Senate of the United States a young man, perfectly familiar with international law and with the history and literature of all countries; with a thorough knowledge of the details of the anti-slavery movement, and a profound conviction that the insolent and dangerous determination of the Slave Power was the great peril of the nation. His fame had preceded him, and he was not welcome in a body which the spirit of CALHOUN controlled. Senators like JEFFERSON DAVIS, who prevailed by audacity, or like DOUGLAS, who despised the moral sentiment, affected to sneer at what were called the dainty fopperies and sophomoric rhetoric of the young Senator. But his speech against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the opening thunders of his direct assault upon the Slave Power in the debates upon the Missouri Compromise, apprised these men and the country that there was one Senator at least who, standing upon the broad ground of moral right, was equally at home upon every inch of the Constitution and of law with the most learned and the oldest of his associates. Personally of the kindest heart and most polished manners, he disdained social conciliation of his political adversaries; and his opposition was so inflexible and unsparing toward those whom he believed to be conspiring against the country that he was regarded as the personification of the unbending spirit of Liberty, which the Slave leaders knew to be their most dangerous foe. On the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, Mr. SUMNER delivered a speech upon "The Crime against Kansas," which was unanswerable. In the course of it he spoke satirically of Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, and on the afternoon of the 22d, while Mr. SUMNER was writing at his desk, he was assaulted by PRESTON S. BROOKS, a Representative from South Carolina, and beaten upon the head with a heavy gutta percha cane until he fell senseless.

It was four years before Mr. SUMNER returned to the Senate. During that time he was subject to constant, often to the severest, medical treatment at home and in Europe. While still disabled the Massachusetts Legislature re-elected him to his seat by a unanimous vote in the Senate and by a vote of several hundreds to seven in the House. Massachusetts felt that while her Senator was yet struggling for life his empty chair was a more eloquent Representative than any other man could be. In the session of 1859-60 Mr. SUMNER resumed his seat, and his first important speech struck the key-note of his Congressional life and exposed "The Barbarism of Slavery." In the canvass for President, in 1860, he was an active worker; and at the beginning of the war he declared its "main-spring" to be slavery, and that there could be no peace until that was broken by emancipation. This policy he steadily urged until it was adopted by the Government. During the war his speeches upon the "Trent" question and our foreign relations were comprehensive and exhaustive, and had great official weight from his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee upon Foreign Affairs.

Mr. SUMNER'S political career has been identified with the debate and the war springing from Slavery. Believing slavery to be the source of all our woes he has steadily advocated Emancipation as the radical means of national regeneration; and as the war has abolished slavery, his efforts are now turned to secure the overthrow of the spirit of caste in the organization of peace. His will is as strong as his convictions; and it is perhaps his misfortune and that of his cause that, in the constructive period which we have now reached, and in which political considerations are so essential and powerful, political differences are apt to appear to him as moral delinquencies. Immutably fixed in his own clear perception of the necessary development and ultimate achievements of the great American principle of Equal Rights, he seems anxious to secure at once, by acts of Congress, results which can be better attained by other and higher laws. But in his uncompromising desire that the faith of the United States shall be kept with the Freedmen, and that those who are still panting with the effort to destroy the Government shall not be allowed to share in its administration without satisfactory conditions, he has the hearty sympathy of all who love the Union and the national honor.

Among all American statesmen there have been few so variously and profoundly accomplished as Mr. SUMNER. His literary style is stately and scholastic. Each of his speeches is an exhaustive treatise upon its subject. His oratory is declamatory rather than colloquial or rhetorical. A certain dogmatism of style both in writing and speaking may be easily traced to his intense personal consciousness, and to the sober times and events amidst which he has moved. But his chief fame will be that of a man who, during the maturing of a terrible conspiracy against human rights, stood as firm and clear for justice as a light-house in the fury of a storm. Without one faltering tone of compromise or fear or witless conciliation his lips proclaimed the everlasting truth that justice is right, and is therefore the best policy. The concluding words of his late speech are the true motto of his life. "And now, declaring my belief in Liberty and Equality as the God-given birth-right of all men, let me say in the same spirit, if this be an error, it is an error which I love; if this be a fault, it is a fault which I shall be slow to renounce; if this be an illusion, it is an illusion which I pray may wrap the world in its angelic forms."

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



VICTORY AND TIME.

CHAPTER XI.

As the days and weeks creep by, it is very slowly but very certainly ascertained in Somerville that the great and glorious victory near Corinth was not, at last, quite so complete and final a rout of the Yankees as was at first believed. Somehow they have not fled utterly away—the miserable remnant left of them—but are still lingering, in a singular manner, near or upon the very battle-field. And it is so strange of Beauregard, that he has not long ago descended upon them again from Corinth like a thunder-bolt. Why does he not make a finish of it? What is he staying there at Corinth for? people are beginning impatiently to ask.

Like many another military idol of the time, before him and after him, Beauregard is slowly waning in public estimation. Good Mr. Ellis thanks God for it. "The career of any one General, like Napoleon, in our cause," he avows, "would be fatal to our liberties. We wish victory to be won for us in such a way that to no one man, but to the whole people, and to God above all, the glory may redound." Certain it is, though there were ever so many just on the point of becoming the Marions, the Washingtons, the Napoleons of the war, in some way or other each just missed it as by a hair's-breadth, but missed it altogether.

But the Yankees are even approaching Corinth. Lamum fills the Somerville *Star* with ample reasons why. Beauregard is hatching some great event within his intrenchments at Corinth, and people say they hope so, and that he will be quick about it; but there are sinking hearts in every bosom in Somerville. However, there is Island No. 10. It has been made a perfect Gibraltar. It is fully demonstrated that the passage of that Island in the Mississippi River by the Federal fleet is an absolute impossibility. Every Number of the Somerville *Star* exults in "Island Ten," and in the laughable notion of the Yankees that it can be passed. And so for weeks; slow as the first approach of an epidemic the rumor gets afloat that Island Ten has been evacuated.

It was not Lamum's fault! To do him strict justice, never from the first had any item, or any particle of an item, appeared in his columns save of good news for the Confederacy. Many a prophecy did he make of great and glorious events; many a statement did he continually repeat, on the best authority, of something or other highly favorable to the Confederacy. Steadily as the days rolled by were his prophecies unfulfilled and his statements disproved, yet you would never gather a syllable to that effect from his paper. And no reader thereof filed away each Number of the *Star* for future reference as carefully, or with such deep satisfaction, as did Mr. Ferguson.

Lamum had remarked: "If our gallant heroes *should* evacuate Columbus, it will be only to make a more impregnable stand at Island Ten." Long after Island Ten was evacuated Lamum casually remarks in his columns: "If our able and experienced Generals *should* evacuate Island Ten it is only to make a stand at Fort Pillow, but a short distance below;" and thereupon follows several columns of such minute description of Fort Pillow—its natural advantages and its armament—that even a child could understand that of its capture no one need entertain the least fear. "Deluded by their frenzied leaders they dream even"—Lamum was frequently observing in his paper—"of capturing New Orleans!" If Colonel Juggins read Lamum's full and enthusiastic description of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and the other Gibraltars by which New Orleans was secured from the possibility of being taken, once, he read it a dozen times. The boom costing millions of dollars stretching across the river below the forts seems to him a waste of money. And then, the gigantic steamships building at New Orleans to dash to atoms the Federal vessels, to the Colonel they had assumed a grandeur of size and armament under the hand of energetic Lamum from which even a Brunel would have shrunk aghast.

"From what I learn of that splendid ship of war," good Mr. Ellis had said to his pastor, "even if the Federals should pass the forts below, of which I have no fear, that vessel alone, moored as it is in front of the city, could drive them back."

"But the papers speak of it as not yet completed," ventured Mr. Arthur.

"One side is, one side is," urged Mr. Ellis, warmly, "the side toward the river; the guns on that side are enough, amply enough."

And to this his friend had no reply.

Stealthily and awfully as the deadly blast of which the Spaniards say, "It kills a man but does not put out a taper," comes the news that New Orleans, too, is captured! A painful thing it is to state, but imperceptibly to themselves men begin to distrust Lamum and all his herd! Undefined, unacknowledged even to themselves, men begin to reason that, if the editors had so often deluded them upon such points as Bowling Green, Columbus, Fort Donelson, Island Ten, Fort Pillow, Roanoke, Pulaski, New Orleans, Corinth, might they not have been unsafe guides on all other points also relating to Secession and its consequences? Slowly, slowly.

"I think I am beginning clearly to see the hand of Providence in lengthening out this matter," Guy Brooks remarked one night to his pastor as they sat together in the study of the latter. "You know my brother, Paul Brooks; he has been down lately from his solitude among the Pines. He was always fond of solitude and reflection—old bachelor that he is. He has been giving me the benefit of his months of thought up there. We are, he thinks, passing through a revolution indeed, not only a political, but a social, moral, religious revolution. Were it only a political revolution, the establishment of the Confederacy, or the putting down of Secession say, it might have been a thing begun and over in a few months. But it is to be, he thinks, a total revolution in our deepest and dearest convictions on many subjects of vastly greater importance than the mere question of Secession and Union. Such revolutions of thought, belief, opinion, feeling can not be effected all at once. To be sincere and permanent, people must have time to think; yes, time, plenty of it, to *think*."

"For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart," said the minister. "I have been much struck with that passage of Scripture myself of late. Yes, the political leaders have full space, for instance, in which to show themselves—"

"From the tips of their horns to the points of their cloven feet," interrupted the lawyer. "And the people are slowly but steadily finding them out: it is a lesson being very slowly learned, but once learned it will never be forgotten on this continent forever."

"Unless I greatly mistake the South is learning other lessons also," said the minister, after a thoughtful pause. "God is causing us to read over again, beneath the blazing torch of his providence, other matters in which I for one was as thoroughly settled and satisfied as any man could be. We will not speak upon that matter just now—let us wait and see."

"We will see one day," the lawyer remarked, "the wonderful dealing of the Almighty with us in permitting this war to linger so long. Suppose Manassas had resulted the other way, the Confederacy been crushed in the bud, it would have been a mere victory of force—nothing else. There would have been nothing of a radical cure of the evil, nothing safe and permanent afterward. I tell you, Sir," continued he, rising to his feet, and leaning his burly form against the mantle as if the idea was too large and free to be expressed save upon his feet, "especially we here, at the South, are slowly, steadily coming toward convictions, conclusions which shall be those of our *own* minds and hearts. The bayonets are holding the question open only till we have had time to think the whole matter to an end. As firmly as I believe in my own existence, I do believe that this whole continent is steadily coming to such a oneness of sentiment as will make us such a Union—such a nation as—"

"The old Union was but an emblem of a scaffolding toward," the minister added for him. "I tell you, Mr. Brooks, Southerners as we both are, we can not disguise from ourselves the fact that, on some points, we of the South lag in the march, are a century or so behind the sentiment, the conviction, the Christianity of the times. I have had an uneasy conviction of the kind for years, but quieted myself with the knowledge of its being the providence of God, his peculiar dispensation in our case. And it is only God's providence in present events which I am now waiting to understand. For one I have no notion of fighting against God. Nor have I any intention of being upon the obsolete side, the waning side of a great question. If you glance your eye over the history of the world you will notice that there are certain periods of time when you can run, as it were, a pencil line between where one era ends and a new and better era begins. And there always is a party for the old era fighting blindly and desperately for it! God helping me, I belong not to the old, worn-out era which the world is sloughing off, but to that era which is better, which is sure to succeed, which is that much nearer the Christ that is to come. My happening to be born in the Sandwich Islands would have been poor excuse for



MR. FERGUSON AND HIS RECORD.

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me, therefore, to have fought against civilization and Christianity when they had actually landed from God on its shores!"

And it was well for Edward Arthur, and for the many like him scattered throughout the South, that he and they had a belief in those days clear enough, strong enough, inspiring enough, to bear them up through poverty, and the alienation of their dearest friends, and the hatred and insult of innumerable enemies, and death always threatened, in some cases actually inflicted; a belief, thank God, which grew clearer, stronger, more inspiring, as the darkness and the peril became more dense. Easy enough it was for you, Sir, living outside the South during those days, to possess convictions clear and right upon the great question. You heard nothing else all day among your friends. You read nothing else in your papers, pamphlets, books. You had the one conviction poured upon you from the platform with all force of argument and eloquence. You had it urged upon you in every engraving that met your eye, flashed upon you in every transparency, waved before you in every flag, thundered upon you in cannon exulting over victory, and in the infinite hurrahs of the people! Little merit in your going with the right—how easy it was to you!—when you were in the centre of a great torrent pouring irresistibly onward.

But look at this man, Edward Arthur, one case in multitudes at the South during those long and dark months. From the first hour of that suicidal Secession he received no line of correspondence from any one outside the South, nor any during the first two years of the war, at least, from a correspondent within the South, save in enthusiastic support of Secession. Such of his correspondents as shared his convictions were prudently silent, well aware that the seal of a letter was no bond whatever against the reading of the letter by dozens before it could reach the owner's eye; at the utmost an innuendo, a carefully-veiled sarcasm, a word here and a phrase there, capable of being understood only by the one to whom the letter was addressed. From that hour, during the same length of time, no Northern or European paper, pamphlet, or book met his eye—every printed line which did meet his gaze being in furious advocacy of Secession. Except as their arms proved it, scarce a hint glimmered through the darkness of opinion and sentiment outside the blockade. By himself, even his friends entertaining similar views, confining those views mainly to their own bosoms, often speaking and acting in direct opposition to their own real opinions; thinking, alone and unaided, by himself and for himself, he arrived at those opinions to which he held as to his life itself, as to more than his life, the grasp upon the opinion being for him to relax his hold even upon life.

And it was better as it was. Only, never wonder at the clearness and energy with which Southern men hold to views which they have thus attained. No man values his gains so much as the man who has earned them with sweat and toil: the belle of the ball-room holds not to her pearls with the convulsive grasp of the diver who has brought them up from the depths and darkness of roaring waters.

"Lamum says, in his last *Star*, that I am a traitor to my native soil," the lawyer said, after a long pause. "I really wonder if I am," he continued gravely, weighing the proposition in his mind with his finger behind his ear. "What is my pay for being a traitor? It isn't office. Months ago Colonel Ret Roberts told me that any thing I would have he would see that I *did* have if I said so. It is a singular fact, but not one, not a single one of the leaders in Secession in or around Somerville but are this hour in receipt of salary in some form. Roberts is a Confederate States Senator; Lamum has the printing of the Confederate laws; Tim Lamum, Lamum's nephew, is a Commissary; Colonel Juggins has a contract for corn; Dr. Peel is making thousands by his contract for beef; even Captain Simmons is clerk, when sober, of the Confederate Court; and Bob Withers is a Tax Collector; Joe Staples is Receiver of Confiscated Property—not a man of them but has a fat office, or, if in the army, but is a Colonel or a Quartermaster. Bribe? On account of my opinions my business is ruined and nothing else to look to; my best friends will hardly speak to me. I hold to my original opinions upon Secession against every thing on earth. As to abandoning them—the fact is," added the lawyer, "as Paul, that brother of mine, says, either I am entirely and hopelessly deranged or the Secessionists are."

It is weeks ago now since it had occurred to Mrs. Sorel, knitting, spinning, weaving, making starch, soap, candles, hats, caps, shoes, and every thing else at her place near Somerville, that it would be a great favor to her if Mr. Arthur could occupy the vacant front-room on the left-hand side of the hall in her house. She has nobody, now Frank is gone, but herself and Robby. It was a delicate matter to bring about under all the circumstances. But women are the best *diplomats* in the world. Talleyrands are they by sex; and Mrs. Sorel had her purpose accomplished and Mr. Arthur safely at home in her front-room almost before he knew it was a thing in view. The truth is, he himself and Mrs. Bowles felt the propriety of the step as well as Mrs. Sorel, and only Mrs. Sorel could have managed it so quietly and pleasantly. Robby Sorel is a sober little fellow, fond of his home and his book and his quiet sports, the very image of his mother; it will be a pleasure to Mr. Arthur to direct his studies, another reason for the arrangement.

The propriety of the step! Only you who read these lines after painful experiences of your own, can understand all the bitterness of meaning compacted in that word. Not a day but Edward Arthur was made to feel and see it. The strong Secessionists outside of his church had long since removed all doubt from his mind in regard to their opinion of his position. Colonel Ret Roberts had never entered his church in his life. That, however, of course. Gentlemen of his stamp never go to church. People not members of the church never had, as a general rule, much desire to attend church—now they have none at all. If some preacher who is also Colonel of a regiment is to preach, or if Brother Barker is to give clear Scripture proof of God's cordial approval of Secession, if there is to be some Sabbatical variation of the one strain of glory to the South in the highest, on earth war to the knife, and eternal ill-will to the Yankees, men go to church to be that much more encouraged in a cause in which they are beginning to feel more and more the need of encouragement. But not to hear the old Gospel? To be told over again the old, old story of their being sinners and of Christ being a Saviour? No, Sir! heaven pales its ineffectual glories and hell its fires in contrast with the lurid flames of the war.

Where professing Christians have become so apathetic in regard to religion Mr. Arthur expects nothing of the rest of Somerville. Yet it touched him keenly that Sabbath morning when Mrs. Roberts made such a point of meeting him, when he visited her class in turn, and shook him with such special cordiality by the hand. He well knew what her eyes worn with weeping meant, and now filling again with tears as she turned from him and stooped as if to tie again the scarf around the throat of her little boy, looking up with bold brow and splendid eyes so like his father's. When immediately after Sabbath-school she left with her children, not waiting until service, her pastor knew as well as if she had told him of the letters from her husband at Richmond requiring her never again to hear her pastor preach; knew as by intuition all the oaths and abuse against him with which Colonel Ret Roberts sustained his own spotless reputation of patriotism. He had forbidden her entering even the church. At first she resisted so far as the Sabbath-school was concerned; but it was too painful, better stay at home altogether. How painful to her pastor was that vacant seat henceforth only you who occupied a like situation, and there are many of you, in those days can tell!

And with Mrs. Roberts there fell away many even of his warmest friends in days of old. "Mr. Arthur was a good man; they had known him too many years to doubt that; but now that he was a Union man!" Of what use to call upon them in their homes? Only political discussion, warm, perhaps heated. And so, what was left him but to pursue the even tenor of his way?

"Resign? No, Sir. The great body of the church are content that you should continue preaching to them the Gospel as of old," said Guy Brooks, whenever he consulted him upon the subject. "You can in conscience do only what you are doing. Let us be as quiet as possible; let us wait and hope." And most punctually and faithfully did Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Ferguson, and the many like them, attend at service, listening as if with double attention, greeting him on every meeting with triple cordiality.

"You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me," said Mr. Arthur to his friend the lawyer, one gloomy evening as they sat together in the study of the former. "Men whose esteem I hoped I had secured forever pass me without speaking. Even many who do deign to greet me do it coldly and harshly. Even those who I know do fully agree with me in my opinions, and who would not enter the church if I pursued any other course, seem afraid to be seen speaking with me on the street."

"And have not a syllable to say in your defense when you are cursed, as you most continually and fervently are, over Somerville," added the lawyer, who, in his own despondency, would have been a friend in keeping with those around Job as he sat on his dunghill.

And it was well it was so. Too dependent on others for his happiness, Edward Arthur was fast learning to stand firm in the consciousness of his own integrity—to dispense with all friendship besides in appreciating and enjoying, as he never before conceived of doing, the presence of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. Pale and thin and worn, he was only at a lesson which was to last him his life—the lesson itself was not to last forever, but its *results*.

"I declare," said the minister, after a pause, "the opinion that I am a traitor to my soil seems to be so universal an opinion, and is so unceasingly expressed, that I have at times almost a sense of shame as for actual guilt. However, that only keeps me at a perpetual reconsideration of my original views. And, alas for me!" he added, with a sigh, "those views are only deepening and strengthening every hour."

"If you were only fixed as a minister my brother Paul lately heard of it would suit exactly. Paul was telling me of it when he was down from the Pines. It is a minister as conscientiously opposed to Secession," continued Guy Brooks, "as I am or as you are—oh, decided, strong, cast iron on that point. But he is an Episcopal minister, you see. His bishop has written out the prayers for him, and strong they are for Secession as language can make them, for the blessing of God upon the Confederate arms, for the speedy and total defeat of the Federals, and all that. Twice every Sunday that Union minister stands solemnly up and offers those prayers. Worse than that, the bishop has lately appointed a special prayer-meeting, with prayers to match, to be held two or three times during the week, for the success of the Confederate armies."

"And, true to his canonical obligations, he prays them?" asked Mr. Arthur. "Singular position for a worshiper of God to fill—deliberately, continually, kneeling before the Almighty, one set of petitions on his lips, exactly the reverse set of supplication in his— Never mind!" said the minister, interrupting himself, "it is none of my business."

"But it keeps all so straight and pleasant," reasoned the lawyer. "Every now and then the bishop fills his pulpit in his regular visitation; and he always preaches a sermon full and most decided for the Confederacy—Brother Barker over again, only in lawn and with manuscript. But no wonder; the Bishop's negroes have been running away dreadfully of late. His expenses for dogs alone in trailing—"

"My dear Mr. Brooks," interrupted the minister, "do let us speak of something else. A milder, more pious, more sincere man than this bishop before these troubles neither you nor I ever knew. The times have changed him, as they have changed so many of us. There was a time when there lived not a minister at the South who dreamed of alluding in the pulpit to political matters. And now! Would Paul, would Peter, would Heber, Simeon of Oxford, Wesley, Whitfield, Nettleton, Daniel Baker do it were they now alive? Would the Saviour do it did he to-day—if such a thing can be imagined—walk the soil of North or South? To me the *side* the minister happens to be on is a mere nothing in comparison; it is his abandoning the Gospel that is his deadly sin, whether he preach Secession or preach the Federal Union. I feel to-day as if I had somehow become suddenly obsolete—as if the whole world had passed by and left me in the rear—as if I was far behind the times."

"And you are," said the Kentuckian, "behind the times? Yes, Sir, eighteen hundred years! But Paul says it is the richest thing in the world—that Union minister standing up in the pulpit, as he has to do once every two or three months, reading long pastoral letters from the bishop to his diocese, political vindications of the South, you know, the poor fellow reading it with the necessary emphasis and inflection—queer position for a free man to occupy!"

Mrs. Warner did not think so, however, when Mr. Arthur called there next. Of all his pastoral duties none more unpleasant than a visit to Mrs. Warner—until, at least, the minister took a lesson from Dr. Warner, and sat and merely listened. Of late any one could tell, just by seeing Dr. Warner on the streets, that the gusts at home these days were more violent than ever. The Doctor's neckerchief was always to one side now, the long ends hanging out, and dreadfully frayed. There was a crushed appearance about his linen; a strip or so of the lining of his coat hanging loose to the breeze from wrists and skirts; more buttons off than of yore from waistcoat and pantaloons; a wild and disordered state of his hair, too, a good deal of it gone altogether, which caused him strongly to resemble a mariner just out of a terrible tempest. And, storm-tossed and weather-beaten as the Doctor was, he was only the fatter for it all. In fact, beaten upon as the Doctor was by the eternal gusts, he had got into the habit of retiring completely within himself these days, and his body had expanded itself to make room for him.

"What I regret, what Dr. Warner regrets, if he would only say so—only he is one of those men who never will speak out as he ought—is, that you do not pray for the Confederacy as you should, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Warner to that gentleman, sitting in her parlor this last time. "If you do not feel prepared to preach sermons for the Confederacy and in denouncement of the Yankees, like Brother Barker and ever so many ministers more, well, you needn't do it—that is, if you can feel it in your conscience not to do so; though I am sure our revolutionary forefathers took their swords and muskets even into the pulpits with them. But why don't you pray for the Confederacy—pray for it warm and strong? There's Brother Barker—and he a Northern man too!—he prays every Sunday, I'm told by Mrs. Staples, that the Almighty will defeat, destroy, annihilate the Federals; that He will entrap them in snares, deceive them in policy, decimate them with measles, small-pox, and yellow-fever; not leave enough of them alive next battle for the survivors to bury the rest! Pray? yes, and for their eternal damnation too. They are fiends, they are devils, they are worse than the worst savages; they richly deserve the agonies of the pit! Why, look at it, Dr. War—I mean Mr. Arthur! They are invading our soil, they are burning our cities and homes, they are slaughtering our men, women, and children; they want to set our negroes free; they are hiring them all the time to rise and cut our throats, and wash their black feet in our blood! Suppose those Yankees succeed; they make us their slaves, to hew wood for them—yes, drawers of wood and hewers of water to them long-legged, tallow-faced, peddling, cheating Yankees! I'd die first—die a thousand and a thousand times over! I've learned how to shoot with a revolver, and I'd kill them as soon's I would a snake. A snake?—yes, a genuine, Southern-born rattlesnake is more respectable than a Yankee! I've had our carving steel sharpened to a point for a dagger: if they come here I'll stab the first Yankee that enters that door! Come here? I tell you, Doctor—Mr. Arthur—I'll burn down my house with my own hands before they should have it. I'd make Doctor Warner shoot down every Hand he's got—and they all came to him through *me*—before he should let the Yankees get them. That's what Brother Barker says, Dr. Peel too, Lamum, and all. Did you read Colonel Ret Roberts's last speech? Only his wife is such a poor, downcast, silent sort of a woman! But you *must* pray for the Confederacy stronger, Mr. Arthur. Every body in Somerville is saying yet are an Abolitionist. And just suppose they was to hang you some day; you may not know it, but people have threatened long ago to hang you. Ain't you afraid? You know they have hung ever so many." And oh, how much, much more!

And Mr. Arthur sat, holding, instinctively, hard to the arms of the large parlor rocking-chair in which he sat—sat while the upraised gates of the canal locks poured their tide upon him—sat waiting till the gush would flow itself out.

And so Mrs. Warner went on, taking snuff with her stick energetically all the time.

But the snuff which she so copiously dipped is not Mrs. Warner's only cause. Last night another of those wretched letters, written to some one in Somerville—nobody knows whom—from somebody near Corinth, has announced that Beauregard has actually evacuated Corinth, and is retreating South in confusion! But a day or so before there had been a well-authenticated report in Somerville that Beauregard had ordered his army to prepare for an immediate move upon the enemy. Lamum had filled the last *Star* with it; the thrilling address of Beauregard to his soldiers before the great victory that was to be; the enthusiasm of his army; the utter demoralization of the Federals; the whole regiments that had already been shot in the Union intrenchments for mutiny; the almost unanimous unwillingness of the troops, Yankees though they were, to fire another shot upon the Confederates.

"Hopeful as we have always been in regard to matters at Corinth," said Lamum, "we are now positively confident of a great and glorious victory, full particulars of which we will give in our next. Slowly but steadily has Beauregard been maturing his brilliant plans. All information from Corinth agrees that the thunder-bolt so long in forging has doubtless been launched long ere this. We congratulate all true Southern men in advance upon the great victory. As to the wretched traitors among us, let them know their day of doom is at hand!"—and vastly more to the same effect.

But one of those miserable letters has arrived, saying that all Beauregard's preparations were not for the rout of the Yankees, and for an immediate march either on St. Louis or Chicago, as Lamum and all others had so confidently predicted, but for a hasty retreat—a retreat under the fire of the Yankees—and leaving behind innumerable deserters. And, somehow, in ten hours after the arrival in Somerville of the letter, every body knows its contents—believes them too, no matter what they may say; past experiences have taught Somerville pretty thoroughly by this time that, amidst the perpetual rumors afloat, the rumors favorable to the Confederacy are almost invariably false, and the rumors of an unfavorable nature as invariably true—or, at least, too near true to be comfortable. Those wretched letters! Nothing could have been done that was not done. A full list had been furnished the postmaster in Somerville of those persons whose letters must be looked into before it could be decided whether their owners are to have them or not. Faithfully did Mr. Smithers, the postmaster, obey these instructions, but with a painful sense all the time of deserving the Penitentiary therefor. Yet almost every week somebody or other in Somerville was receiving and spreading abroad the astounding contents of some letter which should never have been written; or, if written, should never have been read except by an official; or, if read, should never have been whispered to a living soul—never. These foolish letters! Written from the various seats of the war by people who had reference in writing only to the facts, and not at all to the influence of those facts; unknown, unofficial people—in short, unsalaried people, who, in tenderly sustaining the Confederacy against every shock, had no most unusual income to nurse and protract thereby. The contrast, the steadily running contrast, between the printed information from the seats of the war and the undercurrent of private information from the same sources was amazing. Between the cross-streams of public and of private intelligence the air was always filled with all sorts of rumors as with the flying froth of conflicting waters.

Here is a bright summer morning upon which Dr. Warner casually drops in upon Guy Brooks in his office. "I would not have my name mentioned in it, you understand," Dr. Warner says, in a low, mysterious tone to the lawyer, "but there is a rumor afloat this morning that Richmond has been taken. Of course I do not vouch for the truth of it. Sam Peters was telling me this morning—let it go for what it is worth—that he overheard Lamum and Captain Simmons speaking earnestly together about Central America, tracing the route to it on a map open on Lamum's table. Of course we attach no importance to what Sam Peters says, but it really looks as if the leading Secessionists were contemplating a speedy flight, taken in connection with the other report from another source, you observe!" and the mild Doctor wipes his perspiring forehead, from which the hair is being blown away so in his high winds at home; quite bold the Doctor is becoming.

"I pay no attention to such things," says Guy Brooks, with brightening eyes, "but it may seem somewhat of a coincidence; the Secessionists—the leaders I mean—have had a remarkably depressed look about them of late. Pshaw! it's all nonsense; but I suppose you have heard about some lady or other suddenly coming in upon Mrs. Colonel Ret Roberts and finding her bathed in tears with her children around her. She had just heard, the interpretation is, from Roberts at Richmond that the game was over, you see." But the lawyer is ashamed of himself as he says it.

"We are kept so completely in the dark—

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taking all these things together. Ah, well, we shall know sooner or later," says Dr. Warner, shaking his head as he considers it all over.

"And so Dr. Ginnis is running off with some of your patients?" inquires the lawyer at last.

"Such a loud Secessionist, you know. I can not help it. It is impossible for a man to think and feel except as he *does* think and feel; and I make such a poor hypocrite do the best at it I can," says poor Dr. Warner.

That very day the Scotchman was telling his pastor of this same rumor. "It is all over Somerville; people really believe it," said Mr. Ferguson. And he was right. Only wish to believe any thing, it is the easiest thing to do so. "It *may* be true, you know," said the Scotchman, before he had done referring to it; always scoffing at all news he did *not* wish to believe, too.

"Do you see this port-folio?" asked the Scotchman of a ponderous scrap-book lying open upon his table, with covers of blue pasteboard a yard square; half a foot thick the volume is. And he turned lovingly over the irregular leaves—pamphlets, speeches, sermons, placards, hand-bills, written notices of all shapes and sizes, newspapers, too, from a yard across down, toward the later dates, to sheets of eight inches, and of all the colors of the rainbow, according as wrapping paper was being resorted to under stress of the blockade. "Now, here is a complete set of the news and the rumors since the beginning of this awful delusion," continued Mr. Ferguson, turning over his collection with the pride of a virtuoso. "You see, I own lands in the State. My business used to be selling those lands. I have none to sell now, not a rood, for paper-money, you understand. So I have a good deal of leisure to spend on this collection. When a rumor is afloat unprinted, I write it out myself and paste it in;" and he turned in succession to several pages of his own writing carefully interleaved with the rest of the ponderous volume, his best hand it was in, and with date in full to each rumor, and plenty of capitals and marks of exclamation.

"And each one of those items was in its turn as a dose of ipecac to those who did not want to believe it, and as—"

"A glass of usquebaugh to those who did," said Mr. Ferguson, completing the sentence for his pastor. "Now I have even classified these items for a regular index, here in this blank book, to the volume," continued the Scotchman, laying his hand upon it. "I have almost nothing else to do; and I have become interested in it as a systematic study of this war, and of human nature during it. Would you like to hear my classification?"

The Scotchman had a grizzled beard covering all his mouth, and a dry, didactic way of speaking, with his chin fixed steadily between his shirt collar, and in crisp sentences. He walked with a stiff, short step, never turning his head right or left, favoring his most intimate friends with the slightest possible motion of his head, strictly up and down on its vertebræ, never a shade to one side or the other, when he met them. It had often occurred to Mr. Arthur that Mr. Ferguson, if himself classified, would have been labeled of the *Linnæus* species—a botanist caring for flowers only for analysis, without the slightest reference to their hue or fragrance.

"From the beginning of this delusion," continued he, with the dry precision of a lecturer, "all of the innumerable rumors I have classified as follows:

"*First*—The Confederacy is on the verge of recognition by Europe. I have put this first, as being the most frequently repeated and the most steadily believed.

"*Second*—The North is bankrupt, and can not carry on the war beyond the fifteenth of next month at the farthest. This was a more frequent rumor at first than it has been of late.

"*Third*—A great revolution favorable to the South is impending at the North.

"*Fourth*—France, England, and Spain have determined upon an instant armed intervention unless their terms are agreed upon by the end of this month; and the papers all contain these terms, drawn fully out, article by article, in diplomatic style.

"*Fifth*—An impending 'mutiny of the entire Federal army against the accursed scheme into which they have been hounded.'

"*Sixth*—Great and glorious victories, with the slaughter of half of the Federal army and the capture of the other half, stores, arms, gun-boats beyond calculation. To the same head belongs the repeated capture of Washington city.

"*Last*—The arrival, 'at last,' of the Confederate fleet, iron-plated, fully armed, from Europe, and the impending destruction of the Federal navy. Such are the classes of rumors, one or more of which are continually afloat. It matters not how often a rumor has been abroad and disproved before; like the balls of the juggler, one or more of them is continually in the air none the less.

"I mention no such small matter as the death—now by pneumonia, now by wounds, now by the hand of some brave Southerner penetrating into his camp for the purpose—of, in turn, every leading officer of the Federal army. Perpetually are they being killed and buried. If they are perpetually rising again from the dead it makes no difference. If they are proved to be alive to-day they are certain to die of disease or to be killed again in the papers to-morrow. There is not a single one of their deaths that I have not down here," said the Scotchman with pride.

"It is amazing how readily the report of yesterday is dropped," said Mr. Arthur. "It was eagerly heard and believed yesterday, yet its disproval to-day hardly excites a remark. It puzzles me."

"Not at all," said the countryman of Reid and Brown, in his sententious manner. "There is a reason for every operation of the human mind. Yesterday's news is forgotten because to-day's news is so much more glorious; then, yesterday's rumor was false, it seems, but that of to-day is certainly true. Besides, the hearty *wish* it may be true is so unfailing. One thing that interests me in this continual stream of news is my studying therein the working of the leaders of this most disastrous delusion. Like the paid pyrotechnist of a Fourth of July night, they see to it, out of sight themselves, that some rocket is always in the air to keep the gaping populace amused. They have such a supply to select from," said Mr. Ferguson, laying his broad and hairy palm on his foolscap classification. "It is but to dash off the lie best suited to the hour in a few rapid lines, send it to the next paper, and in a few days it is read and believed over the whole South. If you had studied this collection as I have, Sir, you would find that just when all the appearances are at their darkest for Secession, then, and exactly then, the largest and most splendid lie is whizzing overhead. It comes down a stick, to be sure; but it answers the purpose of the moment, and, on the next occasion, up goes another."

Mr. Arthur did not care to say so to his friend—he was too weary of strife for that; but he knew it was all only a whimsey of notionate Mr. Ferguson. Like multitudes of other men, the Scotchman ascribed to the politicians far more than was at all due them; for far more than they ever even dreamed of doing they had all the curse or all the credit, as the case was, thought the minister. They lashed the placid ocean into tempest, he said to himself, as he rode slowly home to Mrs. Sorel's. What long-continued and superhuman exertion it required! But now that they have fairly wrought it into commotion, the waters howl and heave and sparkle with all phosphorescent fires by the force of their own fury.

Arrived at home and gone to bed, Mars, not Morpheus, presided over his slumbers. Slumber? During the first hour or so after lying down he tossed as on the wild waves, wrecked, and the bottom of ocean miles beneath his struggling feet. The waters around him are thick with men and women clutching at and hurled off from each other, the drowning and the drowned. How red they are, too, the waters slimy and clinging, so that he can hardly even struggle in them. How many upturned faces rise and sink there! Can that bold brow with the large-set eyes be Colonel Ret Roberts? The thin face of the postage stamps jostled cheek by jowl with Bob Withers's ruby countenance and the pale cheek of Lamum? Horror! There floats by him a fair form, every lock of whose streaming hair is dearer to him than life, thrust aside by the sudden countenance of Colonel Juggins, giving place to that of Mrs. Juggins; and amidst all the gurgling, gasping terror the dreamer hears as from her lips, "What I say is, why can't they stay where they come from? We warn't interruptin' them that I know of," and the sleeper is awakened by his own laughter.

"Look here, my friend," he reasons with himself, "along this way madness lies." He is right there. Only give up to the thoughts pressing like the Eumenides after you just now, and you are in the highway to whitened hair and brow prematurely wrinkled, and insanity and suicide. Millions at the South are on that path now, suffering along all its degrees. Sleeplessness? For the first year of the war men could not sleep o' nights for the horror of the thing. However, as nature creates, they say, a sort of integument, a callous membrane about a bullet lodged in the body, so there grew a kind of covering, a callous accustomedness about the horror of the hour in the hearts of men, enabling them to endure it.

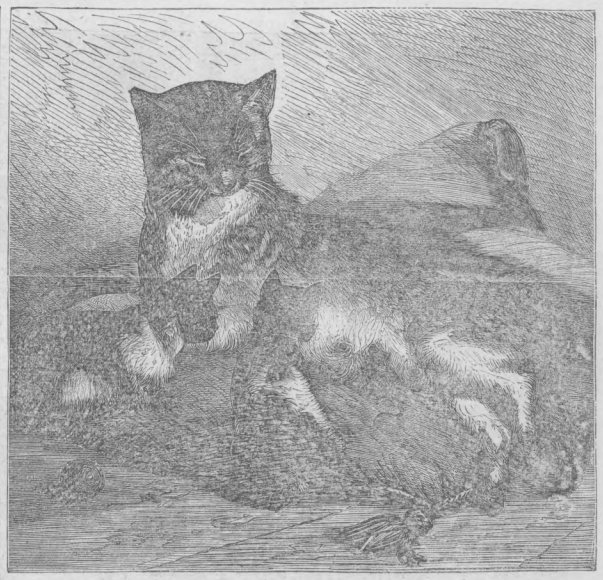
With solemn resolve to go to sleep, Mr. Arthur, after pacing the floor an hour or so in forming it, lay down again. He is just getting into a comfortable doze when the thought smites him up and out of bed again: "Suppose at the North Christian men and Christian ministers are as frantic, rabid, raving, unchristian, bloodthirsty for the Right as Brother Barker and his kind are here for the Wrong?" And he travels miles up and down his room upon that track of thought. About his three-hundredth turn at the wardrobe at the end opposite his bed the idea smites him full abreast, and halts him there for long minutes: and isn't this just the process, you poor creature, by which the whole land, North and South, is being prepared, through the deep humiliation of the church, for the greatest religious reaction the land and the world has ever known?—to follow, can't you see it, on the heels of the war?

And the Rev. Edward Arthur goes again to bed upon this opiate, and sleeps sweetly until morning.

RATS AND MICE.

PERHAPS few persons are aware how many kinds of mice are to be found in the world, or the extent of the ravages they will commit. It is a curious and interesting fact that in many cases where mice have increased to a great extent in corn or grass lands, and in extensive plantations, birds and beasts of prey increase in proportion to feed on them. Kites, hawks, owls, magpies, jays, and crows, as well as stoats, weasels, foxes, etc., may then be found in great abundance, assembled to feed on these destructive little quadrupeds, perhaps in localities where few of them had seldom been met with previously, so accurately does nature provide against what might otherwise be a serious evil. Mice will produce from six to eight young ones at a time, and breed several times in the course of the year, so that their increase must be very great were it not for their numerous enemies.

The mouse is exceedingly attached to her young ones. A lady of our acquaintance on removing a box in a room very seldom used, found a mouse's nest behind it. The female mouse on being discovered sat upright on the nest, and began to scream in a very loud and alarmed manner, evidently apprehensive for the safety of her young ones. My informant was so surprised at this occurrence that she went to call her father to witness it. On her return with him, after a very short absence, it was found that the parent mouse had removed all her young ones away, and they were afterward discovered under a chest of drawers in the same room, but on the opposite side to that in which the nest was first discovered, so rapid had been her proceedings, and so great her alarm for the safety of her young.



It is very difficult to account either for the dispositions or the proceedings of some animals. One would think that a cat would on all occasions in her power kill a mouse, especially when she had her kittens to feed; but this has not always been the case. An eminent surgeon, and an excellent man, whose veracity may be strictly relied on, on visiting a prison in one of the Midland Counties of England, came into a room accompanied by an attendant, in which he saw a cat suckling two or three kittens. "If you will stand quiet for a short time," said the man, "you will see a strange sight." He did so accordingly, when, to his great astonishment, he saw a mouse creep out of a hole, go to the cat, and begin sucking her. The attendant assured him that this was a circumstance of constant occurrence, and our informant was so struck with it that he not only witnessed it himself on subsequent occasions, but brought some of his friends to do so.

An old gentleman of my acquaintance was in the habit of sitting before a fire in his library, and dozing there for some time, remaining perfectly still. A mouse was in the constant habit of crawling up his leg and sitting on his knee, and rubbing its whiskers. Unfortunately the housemaids had not been told to refrain from hurting the mouse, which they at length discovered in the room and killed, to the great grief of my old friend.

Those who have been in the habit of taking their walks in the country can not fail to have observed dead shrew mice in their paths. It has been a common opinion for many years that these mice were killed by cats or mice, and not eaten on account of their poisonous nature, or from the strong scent which they emitted. On mentioning the circumstance to an eminent surgeon, well known for his researches into minute anatomy, he asked me to send him some specimens of these dead mice. On examining them he found that they were all males, and their death was occasioned by their fighting for the females in the spring: the jugular vein was separated in every instance, thus accounting for their being found in the manner above mentioned.

Among other varieties of mice, we have the long-tailed field mouse. It is brown on its back and its belly is white, with long ears and a tail nearly as long as itself. It lays up stores of acorns, nuts, corn, etc.; and Pennant tells us that the chief damage done to the fields results from swine grubbing up the ground to get at these stores. We have also the short-tailed mouse.

The last mouse I shall mention is the dormouse. In some of its habits it resembles the squirrel, by collecting nuts, etc., for its winter food, and, like that quadruped, eats its food in a sitting posture, and sleeps like the squirrel during a great part of the winter. The dormouse is not often seen, as it hides itself in woods and thick hedges, and, according to Pennant, makes its nest in the hollow of a tree. It is, however, more common than is generally supposed.

There are two varieties of land rats in England, and one water rat. Of the former, the brown or Norwegian rat has now nearly exterminated the original black rat, the latter being now regarded almost as a curiosity, although it is affirmed that it is still to be met with in some of the great brewing establishments in London. The increase of the brown rat is enormous. They have three broods in a year, generally from fourteen to eighteen in a litter. Their increase, therefore, would be enormous, did they not, as is well known, devour each other. Sometimes the size of an old male rat is very great. In the Abattoir near Paris, such was the increase of rats, that their burrows extended to a considerable space round the building, and in one night they devoured the carcass of a horse.

It is astonishing how cunningly and quickly rats will run along the hawser of a ship attached to another ship in order to search for more abundant food than they could procure in the ship they have just left. This is generally done in the night, but the migration has been witnessed in the daytime. When rats have devoured all the food in a barn, They will migrate in considerable numbers to another. A clergyman once witnessed one of these migrations, and saw an old blind rat holding a short bit of stick in his mouth, and another rat holding the other end; in this way the blind rat was conducted safely along. The contrivances of rats to procure food are sometimes very extraordinary. They have been known to insert their tails into an oil flask, and then lick off the adhering oil till the flask was emptied, or, at least, till their tails would reach the oil no longer. It has also been ascertained that they have made deposits of eggs in some concealed place, as a future stock of food. They were conveyed without breaking them, although it is difficult to guess in what way.

THE WINDOWS.

I STAND in the cold and cheerless street,
'Mid the thickly falling snow,
And gaze, with a sad and aching heart,
At the windows all aglow—
At the windows bright with the warmth and light
Which gladden the walls within:
While the snow comes down on the roofs of the town
And the streets so filled with sin.

I think of the hearths where the fire-light shines,
And the forms that are gathered there,
Of the pleasant faces lit up by the glow,
And the happy smiles they wear.
I think of them all, while the snow-flakes fall,
As I gaze through a mist of tears,
And out of the vast and hidden Past
Comes the ghost of other years.

Once I had wealth and a host of friends,
I had once a home and a wife,
And a fair-haired child, with a radiant face,
To gladden the hours of life—
But my wealth it has fled; my child is long dead;
And my wife she left me to grieve;
And my host of friends (there the sad tale ends!)
They one and all took leave.

And here to-night in the cheerless street,
'Mid the thickly falling snow,
I stand and gaze, with an aching heart,
At the windows all aglow;
A vagrant, I—who in days gone by
Had servants to wait at my call—
With no friend to greet and no home but the street
Where the blinding snow-flakes fall.

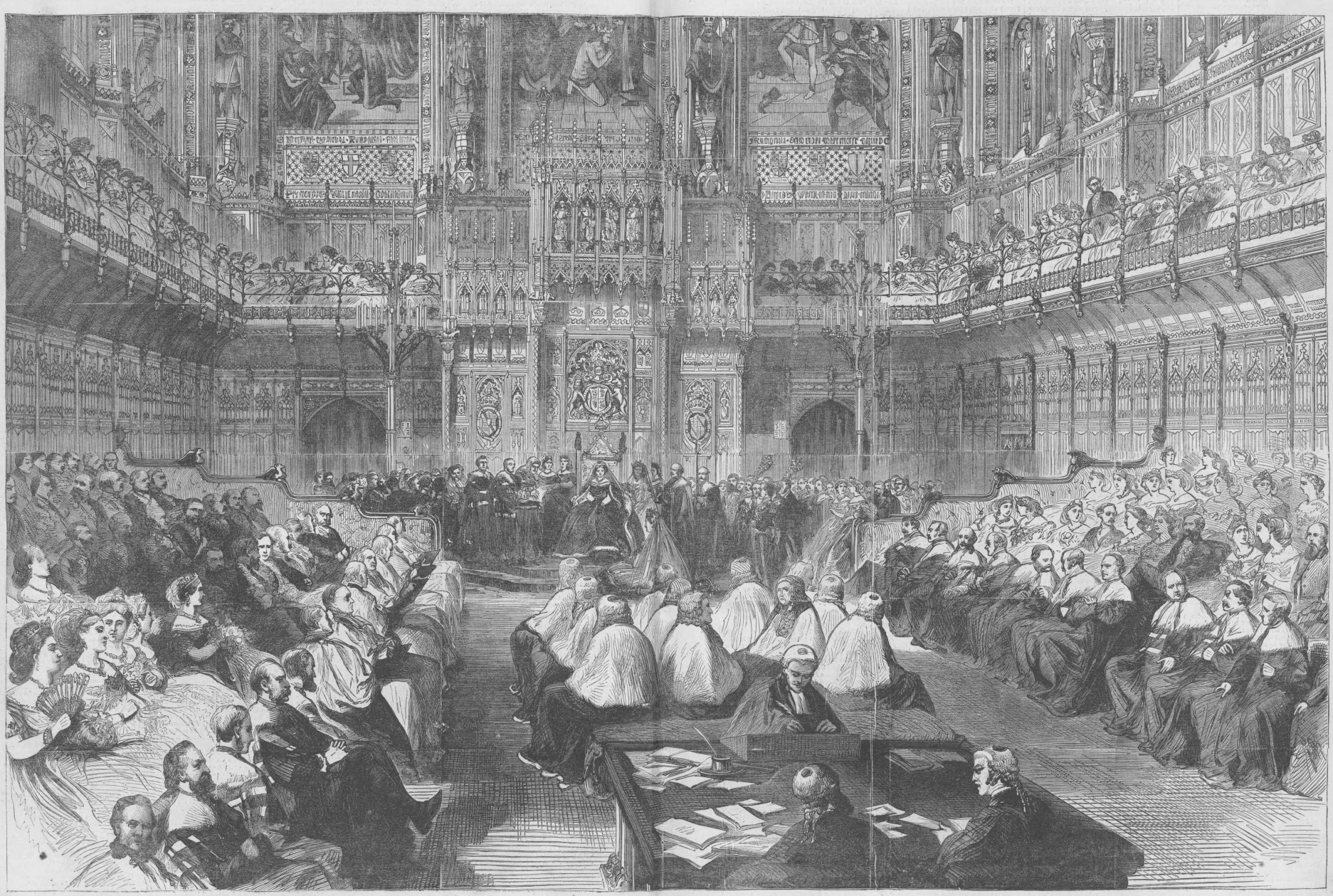
I watch the shadows that move within,
As they quickly come and go;
And sometimes a face draws near to the pane,
To look on the street below—
To look on the street where the passing feet
Are scarcely heard to tread;
Where the snow from the skies like a pale shroud lies,
Like a shroud that covers the dead.

It is sometimes the face of a child I see,
And sometimes a maiden's fair,
With jewels of price in each delicate ear,
And a flower entwined with her hair:
It is sometimes a wife in the noon of life,
Or a matron in her prime;
And sometimes a face where the eye may trace
The furrows which deepen with time.

The children laugh in their innocent glee
As they watch the falling snow;
The maiden listens to catch a step,
A step she has learned to know;
The young wife smiles as some thought beguiles
The loving heart in her breast;
And the old man's eyes glance up at the skies,
Where the good have hope of rest.

Rest! what a word is that to one
With no home but the cheerless street—
Where even the dogs shrink back with a growl
At the houseless wretch they meet.
Oh, when will the light, so warm and bright,
In the windows cease to shine?
For the glow on the walls to my mind recalls
The comforts that once were mine!

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QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING HER SEVENTH PARLIAMENT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1866.

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REST.

TOLL out, ye bells! sound midnight through the air;
Tick out men's lives, now groaning under care;
Wear out great Time with clashes every where—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Stride on, stop not, ye finger-marks of woe;
Haste ye, ye shades! Oh! let the sunlight go;
Wing past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Bud forth, ye flowers, let Spring and Summer die;
Bend down, ye sheaves, let Autumn too go by;
Cold blow, ye winds, another Winter's nigh—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not, rest is not for the young;
Rest liveth not, it lies the graves among;
Rest comes to age, so yonder death-bells sung—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not with worldly joy and mirth;
Rest cometh not until the soul's new-birth;
Rest cometh not until we die to earth—
Then cometh rest indeed.

Death clasps our lives, stealeth them carefully;
Rest guards our souls now lying peacefully,
Closeth our lips, which murmur thankfully—
"*Now* have we rest indeed."

SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

I ALWAYS was a black-browed, broad-shouldered, brute of a fellow, always from a boy. At school (not that I had much of that sort of thing), but at school if old Miss Peggy found out any mischief she laid it to my score because of my looks, when often and often, while I was holding out my hand to be ruled, the prettiest boy in the school was grinning over his good luck in getting off so safely. She had her preconceived notions of a villain, I presume, and I answered the description.

For the matter of that, of all the books and stories I've read since, especially those written by ladies, I've noticed there isn't one where the burglar, or forger, or pirate, or what not, who does all the wickedness of the book, as though he's taken it on contract, wouldn't do for *me* on a passport, while their pets, who do the grand and noble things, are generally slender, and fair, and pretty. Now the worst wretch I ever saw—one who was afterward hung, and who deserved hanging richly, even on his own showing—had blue eyes, and white lashes, and a pink mouth like a girl's. It's so over and over again; but it's my opinion that if women were put on the police, before the year was over every hulking, awkward, bilious fellow whose eyebrows met would be locked up in the State Prison on suspicion.

I never was a favorite with any woman but my mother, and she died when I was eight years old. So instead of growing up with the idea that most men have, that every girl they meet is ready to fall in love with them, I never had the slightest hope that any one would ever like me well enough to let me fall in love with her even. And I liked girls so. It was odd for a fellow like me, but *how* I did like girls!

I never could bear to see one cry, or to hear of their being imposed upon or hurt. I couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or bundle without at least *wanting* to offer to carry it for her. I could never bring myself to sit in stages or cars when one was standing. I don't think I could if I had been weak or lame instead of the giant I was. Yet I've seen *gentlemen* lounge with their hands in their pockets while poor old ladies, who might have been their grandmothers, stood up before them! And *their* manners were good and mine those of a bear, and I, myself only a working-man, who learned all he ever knew at old Miss Peggy's school.

Something as a man might have felt just in sight of the angels, who were too much above him to be spoken to or touched, I felt about all girls. That is, good, pure girls. When a woman was intoxicated or in any way debased she never seemed a woman to me, but a dreadful sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father had been before me. I don't know that I liked the business particularly, but there I was, and there I staid. I made good wages, and saved them; for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, and I never drank. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as some of them were so surely as Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good-looking wives too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes what they spent in drink. I never expected to have a wife and children, but I knew how they ought to be used better than they did.

I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight or so, and no girl had ever looked at me, except as she might at a tamish polar bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said, in his own quick way:

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad dépôt at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said. "She'll be there at half past twelve, so you'll have barely time to snatch a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Saturday. Her name is Annie May."

Before you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they called it the "Ne plus ultra Pyrotechnic Establishment," bless you!) employed some five-and-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while they staid with an old woman close by, all in one place, to keep them out of harm's way.

Mr. Williams insisted on that, and had a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep and the way they were to behave; good rules, and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courting and more than one wedding in a season. As for we men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with people who would take a few boarders, and those who lived in the place with their families. There were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an uppish kind of place, full of country seats and villas, and the factory stood all by itself, quite a distance away, and the tavern and the few common houses were grouped close about it, as if the others were too genteel to mix with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was always full. When a new girl came down somebody always had to be sent over to Baldwin to bring her to the factory. I had never been before, and why I was chosen this time it was hard to tell. However, I was willing enough, and so, when I had taken a bite, I put on my best coat and drove over.

It was a day to tempt a man out—a beautiful spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be ten whole ones.

The train had got in, and there were people waiting in the little house at the dépôt—a couple of stout old ladies, a gentleman who looked like a minister, and a young woman. I looked at her and made up my mind *she* couldn't be the new hand, not because she was more dressed than they usually were, but because she wasn't dressed half so much. Generally they had on their brightest gowns, and big beads around their necks, and roses enough in their bonnets to fill a garden. This girl was all in gray, and wore a veil to match. The things were cheap and not new, but they made her look like a lady. I walked up and down and waited. The fat women went away in a wagon; the clergyman had a gig sent for him; and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem anxious. At all events it could do no harm to speak; so I took off my hat and stepped up, with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I, "but has there been any body here asking about being taken to Mr. Williams's place?"

"I want to go there myself," she answered; "that is, if you mean the fire-work factory. I'm Annie May."

"I do mean the fire-work factory," I said. "Mr. Williams sent me down to fetch you. I'm Seth Hathron, one of the hands. The wagon is outside; will you get in?—Wait a bit; I'll put the trunk in first."

"Sha'n't I help you?" she said, and she put her little hand to the handle nearest her. It looked so small I burst out laughing.

"I don't need any help," said I—but I thought I could carry both the trunk and its owner together, if I chose, and she'd let me. She was the smallest creature, to be a full-grown woman, that I ever saw. A piece of the blue sky for her eyes, and a bit of the golden sunshine for her hair, and some of those wild roses that would climb with the barberries over the stone fences seen for her cheeks, and you know how to paint her.

After I had helped her in and had taken the reins in my hands, I kept stealing looks at her and thinking how beautiful she was; and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and pointed out the places on the road, and felt that, bright as the day had been before, it was somehow a great deal brighter now with her beside me.

We stopped at Mrs. Munson's and said good-by. I carried her trunk into the hall and called the old lady, and drove the horse back to the stable. Then, having a holiday, I got a newspaper and went out into the woods—Baldwin's Woods they called them—and I think I knew every tree by heart.

I sat down by chance under a great oak, where Jack Varne, one of the hands, had carved J. V. for his name, and O. G. for Olive Grey's, and had put a ring around them both; and as I looked at the work fell to wondering why Jack Varne should have a sweet-heart and I none, and whether it was only his pretty face or something in our ways that made all girls like him and none me. And somehow I felt lonesome and unhappy, and couldn't read my paper, and sat down with my head on my hands, sulkier than ever, I suppose, to look at. Maybe it was an hour, maybe two, that I sat there before I heard a step coming over the grass, and looking up, saw the girl I had driven over from Baldwin—Annie May—coming toward me. She did not see me at first; but when she did she started and stopped, and smiled at me just as I'd seen other girls smile often at other men, but never once at me before that moment. I never thought what I was doing, but held out my great brown paw and shook hands with her as if we had been friends for years.

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday," she said, "and I came out to see what these woods were like. It's a pretty place."

"Prettier in summer," I said, "and prettiest of all in autumn, when the leaves are burned gold and scarlet."

"I like spring best," she said; "every thing is new and fresh, and just begun. In autumn every thing is nearly over—and that is sad."

"I don't mind it," I said; "I haven't a gay disposition, I suppose," I said. "But look here—if you like fresh young things I'll show you something;" and I took her to where, behind a fallen log, the first spring violets always grew. There were a dozen there now, and she went down on her knees to smell them. She would only pick one, though; it seemed wrong, she said.

That one, after we had walked for an hour or so, somehow dropped out of her hair. She did not know it, but I did; and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying on the path and put it in my bosom. It was so sweet and fresh and beautiful that I could but think it was like her. I liked to think so. Oh, what a day that was for me! What a night when I dreamed it over!

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did what I'd never done before. After I was dressed, angry with myself for not looking handsomer all the while I stood before the glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and asked for Miss May.

She came down in a muslin dress and a pretty bonnet with pale blue ribbons; and I remember stammering out something about thinking she might like to go to church and would not know the way. That was all nonsense, of course, for there was the steeple in full sight, but it gave me what I wanted, leave to be with her again.

I'm afraid I couldn't have remembered the text to save my life, and that the sermon was thrown away on me. But I was very happy—happier than I had ever been before; for this sweet young thing seemed to like me, was frank and pleasant with me, and found, I was so glad to think, a sort of protection that she liked in my great arm where her hand rested, going home over the fields, like a fallen snow-flake. It almost seemed to me that I must be crazy to believe that she had taken a notion to me; but it was true. So true that when four of those Sabbaths had passed I made her walk with me again in Baldwin's Woods, and sat down beside her on the hollow log, behind which a great patch of violets were in bloom by that time, and told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

Only a month since she came there—only one month since I drove her over in the little wagon; but if the answer had been any thing else than what it was I should have prayed to die. It may not be such a mighty matter to other men to have one woman's love, but I had no one else on earth to care for. So when she said, "Yes," and let me kiss her, it was only shame that kept me from crying outright for joy.

She was mine now, and how proud I was of her! How glad to know that she was so near me when I was at work! How happy to see her so trim and neat among the other girls, who were most of them slovenly when they were not fine! and how full of dreams of the future!

She had promised to marry me in the autumn, and after that she should work no more in the factory. I was saving to buy a little three-roomed cottage in the village, and to furnish it—humbly, of course, but so that it should be a home for her; and when she was its mistress I should not envy any king his palace. Meanwhile we saw as much of each other as we could, both working so industriously.

One week we had been more than usually busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fire-works for the Fourth of July, and the first I had seen of Annie that day I saw in the great salesroom where we always gathered to receive our wages. The men on one side, the girls on the other, stepping up to the great desk one by one as old Griffin, the clerk, called our names. I looked across the line of girls' faces, and saw her smiling at me, but I could not get near her. Besides, at that moment, my name was called—"Hathron"—and I stepped up to the desk. Then, for the first time, I noticed that old Griffin was not there. A nephew of Mr. Williams, whose name I knew to be Richard Janes, was paying the hands instead. He was a handsome young fellow, and very gentlemanly—one of the fair kind. I remember thinking as he laid my wages before me that his hair was just the color of Annie's.

He had a sort of amateur way with him very different from the business-like manner of old Griffin, and when it came to the girls he had something pleasant to say to each one, instead of the old man's snapping—"Sixpence deducted from yours, Jane!" or, "You were late three days last week, Martha!" What he said to Annie I don't know, but she blushed like a wild rose from brow to chin.

Walking home together, she asked me who he was.

"Mr. Janes," I answered; "did you never see him before?"

"No," said Annie. "How very handsome he is!—don't you think so?"

I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't bear to hear her praise him. She might, for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. That was the first pain I had had since she had promised herself to me: but there was more to come of it.

Besides her daily work Annie had got into the way of doing some fine sewing and embroidery of evenings for a Miss Redford, a beautiful young lady, who lived in the prettiest house in the village, and once a week she carried it home. Generally I went with her; but there was overwork for the men to do one night, and I could not get off. I fretted and fumed about it, and when the time came couldn't for the life of me help slipping away to a stairhead window to try and catch a glimpse of her. Sure enough, I did see her a good way on the road, with her little basket on her arm, but there was some one with her. It was too far to see faces, but I knew the light-gray coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was bending over her as though talking very earnestly; and when some one inside called "Hathron!" and I could stay no longer, they were still going on close together—her face turned up and his bent down, both earnest and eager in whatever they were talking of.

I went back to my work, but I kept that picture before my eyes all the while. I thought of it until it seemed to be burned into my heart in fiery outlines. After all, it was only what might easily have happened if Mr. Janes had walked the same way by chance; but I could not look at it that way—or perhaps I would not.

It was like my sulky, brooding nature, too, never to say one word about it to Annie, but to keep on thinking and watching in silence. I found out more than I wanted to in that way; for one day when I had made an excuse to enter the women's work-room after Mr. Janes had gone there, I plainly saw him slip a little note slyly into Annie's pocket. The time had come around for her to go over to Miss Redford's with her work; but that evening, instead of going with her, I watched her—hiding like a thief behind trees and buildings on the road. She went alone and came alone, and I saw nothing for my pains. I did at church next Sabbath, though. When the hymn was given out Mr. Janes, sitting in the handsome family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as to the number—for the old clergyman didn't always speak distinctly—reached over and took her book to find the place (she sat but a pew behind him). When he gave it back I saw that there was something between the leaves, and come what might would have snatched it, but at that moment Miss Redford, who sat in the side aisle, whispered to Annie to show her the number, and I lost the chance, for in passing the books it was hidden. That it was a note I knew by the white glimmer of the edge as well as if I had seen the whole of it, and surely as I live I saw Annie give Mr. Janes a meaning smile as he passed us on the church path going home.

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she knew something of it too, as she stepped after her father and mother into the carriage. They were carriage people—the Redfords—and the old folks looked down on every body else. There was a feud between them and the proprietors of the factory, and they never spoke to either the Williamses or Mr. Janes; so there was no social chatting on the porch, and the Williams people smiled sarcastically, and the old Redfords scowled and looked haughty, until they were all fairly shut in and driven away. Not Mr. Janes—he was too gentlemanly; nor Miss Redford—she was too sweet. The feud was among the old folks. The farmers' families made up for their ill-temper though, and half the genteel people from the villas were smirking and bowing to each other.

The factory hands who were at church—a dozen in all, I suppose—hurried home pell-mell by short cuts, not to lose their dinners, and of them all only Annie and I were left. She was waiting for me to join her—a thing I didn't mean to do.

I leaned against the iron railing of the churchyard, wishing I was sound asleep under one of the green mounds, but only looking darker and sulkier, no doubt, than usual, until I saw her turn toward me. Then I leaped the railing and went away, never looking back. I did not go home, but spent the day in Baldwin's Woods alone.

On Monday I was at work as usual. It was the third of July, and the Fourth, of course, was to be a holiday. There were to be grand celebrations at Baldwin, and the show-pieces for the evening were being finished at our place, under the superintendence of Mr. Richard Janes. It was hard to keep the younger hands at their work. They were half crazy about the Fourth, and I suppose every one of them had a pistol. I never cared for banging at nothing, and should not have had one even if I had felt differently. One young fellow tried hard all day to sell me his: like a goose he had bought two, and was sorry for it.

About dusk I went to get my supper, and was coming back when, among the shadows, I saw two figures standing whispering together. I felt in a moment who they must be, and got close enough to hear their voices. It was as I thought. One was Annie May, the other Richard Janes. They were parting, but I heard enough in the few last words:

"Eleven will be the best time; the moon will be up by then. I'll have the carriage waiting under the two elms in Baldwin's Woods. Be certain about the hour, for the down-train starts a quarter to twelve. Good-by—God bless you!"

Not another word—but I knew the whole. She was going off with Richard Janes. She whom I loved so. The one of all the world who had seemed to love me. I heard his firm tread die away. I heard her light footstep rustle over the grass, and went back myself to the work-room, for we were to work until a late hour that night. I walked straight up to the young fellow who had been trying all day to sell me his superfluous pistol.

"Smith," said I, "I think I'll trade with you after all."

"Good for you," said he. "The Fourth ain't no Fourth without a pistol, and this is goin' cheap. A good load in it too, so be careful."

I counted down the money and took the weapon away with me. Do you want to know what I meant to do with it? Shoot myself through the heart. The idea of murder had not crept into my mind then. I'd swear that with my dying breath.

I only wanted to get rid of my tiresome life. There was nothing left to live for—so it seemed to me.

At half past ten I got the chance I wanted, and slipped out. I was going to kill myself in Baldwin's Woods, on the dead log behind which the first spring violets grew, and where we had sat so often since together. The moon was just rising round and yellow behind the black trees, and the factory windows were all ablaze. As I slunk by the office I saw Mr. Richard Janes there alone. He was standing exactly under a swinging lamp. A trying light for any but a very handsome face, but his was not hurt by it. Great Heavens! how handsome he looked and how happy. My blood boiled with rage, and jealousy, and grief. I was as mad for the moment as any lunatic could be. My hand went into my bosom and caught at the pistol hidden there. The next instant I had fired, taking aim at the handsome head.

But it was not good aim. The ball passed over its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw it fall, and a great blaze spring up on the instant, and knew that the fire-work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, and with a hundred and fifty men and boys, and pretty, innocent girls shut up within its walls. I do not know whether Satan ever feels remorse, but if he does it must be such as I felt—hopeless, maddening, scorching.

The next instant there was a horrible report, and I was thrown into the air.

Not hurt, though. I picked myself up from the grass and stood looking at my work. The windows were belching forth flame up in the air, amidst the smoke. Hundreds of rockets, and blue-lights, and Catharine wheels were tossing and flaming—scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue. Hundreds of cannons seemed to be roaring; and over it all you could hear screams—women's screams—and I went down on my knees and prayed—

"Oh, save her, save her—to be his wife, to hate me—only save her!"

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People were flocking in from the village. Workmen, singed and scorched, forcing their way through the flames; and in the midst of the wildest tumults some one caught my arm. I turned—it was Annie, and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth—thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope—he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands, and prayed me to save *her Richard!*

"I should have been his wife in an hour," she said. "Oh, save my husband—save my husband—my love, my life, my darling!"

The truth rushed into my mind then. I saw all my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords and the Williams family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet and correspond with her lover; that it was to her the message I had heard that evening had been sent, and that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted. "I'll bring him to you or die with him!" and, with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, dashed away. They were playing on the burning building with the one engine they had at hand by this time, and I could see that most of the workmen were alive.

I clutched one by the arm as I went past.

"Are the women in there yet?" I yelled.

"No, thank Heaven," he answered. "Didn't you know the women were dismissed five minutes before the explosion took place. There wasn't one there. All the men are out too, I guess, but them that were setting the last show-piece in the room next the office—about a dozen. The rest jumped out o' window. There's a broken limb or two, I guess. But that's better than the poor fellows inside roasting alive or blown to pieces. Young Mr. Janes is there, too. His uncle is offering any thing to have him got out. Life's worth more than money, though nobody can do it."

He was right. For hours we worked at the fire before it was out; and then a great heap of lumber was piled over the bodies of the thirteen men who must be inside—dead we supposed—and I heard some one say that Miss Redford was going from one swoon into another at the Williamses, and that it had come out that she was to have eloped with Mr. Janes the night before.

It was the Fourth of July; but no guns were fired and no bells rung at Baldwin. All the people of the town were about the factory helping as best they could. We lifted great charred logs and heaps of boards and molten cans, and at last one stopped. "Hush!" he cried; "for God's sake no noise. I hear a voice!" And then amidst a breathless silence we heard a moan under our feet.

We worked with a will now, and at last heard more.

One of the men put his head close down and cried, "Are any of you alive?" And some one groaned, "Yes."

Black with smoke, scorched by the cinders we handled, we went at it again, and at last came to a spot where the beams had made a kind of penthouse. There, jammed together and half suffocated, but alive, were four men. And such a yell went up as mortal ears never heard before. Four saved! four saved! And we drew them out and gave them over to the doctors. Then there was another shout not so loud, for we had come to one insensible, jammed between two logs. He breathed though as soon as we brought him to the air.

It was a time no one ever forgot. Judge what it was to me!

At last all were out but Mr. Janes, and somebody cried that they could see him under some beams. It was a dangerous place to get at; but I would not stop for that. I forced myself into the narrow aperture, and set to work. I called, but there was no answer. At last I came to him, lying with a great beam across his chest. His beautiful golden hair and beard were singed and scorched, and one of his hands was blistered. I touched him, and screamed in his ears, but they were deaf to me. I got the log off somehow, and dragged him to the light, and then I had help enough. They took him between them and laid him on the grass, and the doctor unfastened his vest.

"Is he dead?" I asked; and I meant as truly as I live, if the answer were "yes," to tell the crowd before me what I had done, knowing well that if I did no law could save me.

There was no answer for a moment, and I spoke again, "Is he dead?" And God bless the dear, white-headed old man who answered so kindly:

"No, my man, he isn't dead. I think he's coming to."

Oh, the mercy of the good Lord—think of it! Of the whole not one was killed. There were burns, and broken limbs, and black eyes, but there was no death; and soon I saw Richard Janes—pale and faint but out of danger—standing before me. I couldn't believe God had been so good to me.

Then that old white-haired doctor mounted on a pile of burned logs and lifted his hat, and there were three such cheers as were never heard before, and a dozen boys sped in to Baldwin to ring the joy-bells; and women came crying to thank me for helping to save their dear ones—so that for shame I went and hid myself in Baldwin's Woods and cried, with my head hidden in my arms, on the old log where the violets were.

Then somebody came softly up the path and sat beside me, and bent over me, and took me, singed and smoke-stained as I was, in two white arms—and only one of all the world could do that—and without looking I knew it was Annie.

"My noble, brave darling," she said; "my own dear that I am so proud of!" and sobbed and kissed me.

"They are so happy, too," she said; "and Mr. Janes is only scorched and burned a very little, and old Mr. Redford is reconciled to old Mr. Williams, and they will be married after all. They are so fond of each other, Seth—as fond as you and I."

And then I stood up and put her gently from me, and made atonement for my sin by an awful sacrifice. I told her the truth—what I was, and what I had done, and why, and waited to hear her renounce me.

She did not do it. She was shocked and grieved, but she pitied me, and I dared to take her in my arms and call her mine again. I believe that all my life there had been an evil spirit in my breast, and that he left me forever at that moment.

It was some time before the factory was rebuilt, and some had been injured, and many were out of work. I knew my duty. To those in need came little gifts of money every week, with no clew to its donor, until my savings were all gone.

So we did not buy the three-roomed cottage, and perhaps never shall; but, penniless as I was, she married me, and we are happy.

Mr. Janes and Miss Redford are married too; and when we sit in church she smiles across the pews to that little wife of mine, and I think, with a pang of terror even yet, from what God's mercy saved me.

JAVA COFFEE.

Her elderly ladies delight if they can
In black, green, or camomile tea;
I am firmly persuaded no drink for a man
Can be equal to Java Cof-*fee*.

A cup of good coffee will wind a man up,
As a watch is wound up by the key.
Then give me for breakfast, for dinner, and sup-
Per, a drink of good Java Cof-*fee*.

Our patriot ancestors did a good thing
In destroying those ship-loads of tea;
But they'd gladly have suffered the vessels to bring
Whole cargoes of Java Cof-*fee*.

We hear of *Young Hy-son;* but when we inquire
Whose *son* the young fellow may be,
The Chinese mythology tells us his sire
Was Old Government Java Cof-*fee*.

For wines and for spirits I've greater contempt
Than for Hyson, Souchong, and Bohea;
With them all put together you'd never attempt
To rival good Java Cof-*fee*.

When tonics are needed throw *bark* to the *dogs*,
And let bitters and iron-pills be;
A tonic far better than any such drugs
Is decoction of Java Cof-*fee*.

All lawyers want pay for enforcing the laws,
And retainers are welcome to me;
But the *fee* I like best when *I* argue a cause,
I assure you, is Java Cof-*fee*.

But coffee is commonly coupled with toast,
And our toast for this evening shall be:
To the memory of him who first taught us to roast
The rich berry of Java Cof-*fee!*

STUCK FAST.

I GOES home one night, and Mrs. Burge—that's our nex'-room neighbor—shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creasy, and very snuffly, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to signify.

"Ain't it a little beauty?" she says.

Well, I couldn't see as it was; but I didn't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I didn't like to disappoint her, for I knew she lay listenin' in the nex' room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it *was* taking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I warn't looking; and I knew it was all on account of the little un. She never said she felt dull now; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a-handling the little thing that was allus being pushed into my face to kiss; when I'm blest if ever I see such a voracious un in my life: it would hang on to you—nose, lip, any wheres—in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me to run for the doctor; for it happened that I was on the club that week, and at home with a bad hand. I run for him and he soon come; and then there was a warm bath and medicine; but afterward, when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's lap so still and quiet, and with a dull film forming over its eyes, I felt that something was coming, though I dared not tell her; and about twelve o'clock the little thing suddenly started, stared wildly an instant, and then it was all over.

My hand warn't bad any more that week; for it took all my time to try and cheer up my poor heart-broken lass. She did take on dreadful, night and day, night and day, till we buried it; and then she seemed to take quite a change, and begged of me to forgive what she called her selfishness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as she said, and talked about all being for the best. But she didn't know that I lay awake of a night, feeling her cry silently till the pillow was soaked with tears.

We buried the little one on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning I was clapped on to a job that I didn't much relish, for it was the rebricking of a sewer that ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

After two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains down in the country, but not in such a concern as this: why a Lifeguard might have walked down it easy; so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go, down ladder after ladder, past gas-pipes and water-pipes, and down and down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards, and scaffolds, and ladders, that it's no use to you who are working by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is the dark black arch; and there behind you is another; while under your feet the foul rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turns your silver watch, and every sixpence and shilling you have in your pocket, black as the water that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rumbling along the dark arch till you think it has gone, when all at once you hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit o' hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, nothing made me jump more than when a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above and came rattling down. I've seen more than one chap change color; and I know it's been from the thought that, suppose the earth caved in, where should we be? No doubt the first crush in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foreman; but there seemed something werry awful in the idea o' being buried alive.

Big as the opening was, when I went to work it made me shudder: there was the earth thrown out; there was the rope at the side; there was the boarding round: there it was for all the world like a big grave, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and feeling a bit low-spirited, it almost seemed as though I was going down into my own, never to come up any more.

Werry stupid and foolish ideas, says you—far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, but that's what I thought; and there are times when men has werry strange ideas; and I'll tell you for a fact that something struck me when I went down that hole as I shouldn't come up it again; and I didn't, neither. Why, the werry feel o' the cold damp place made you think o' being buried, and when a few bits of earth came and rattled down upon the stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over it seemed to me so like the rattling o' the earth but a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my bright trowel, which, if it had been left, would ha' been a spot o' rust.

Nothing like work to put a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes o' my trowel went ringing away down the sewer as I cut the bricks in half; and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle, but I didn't, for I kept on thinking of that solitary face at home—the face that always brightened up when I went back, and had made such a man ov me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be o' looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I—well, I ain't ashamed of it, if I am a great hulking fellow—I took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at a little bit of a shoe as I had in my pocket.

I didn't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack, and then went to it again directly along with two more, for we was on the piece. We had some beer sent down to us, and at it we went till it was time to leave off; and I must say as I was glad of it, and didn't much envy the fresh gang coming on to work all night, though it might just as well have been night with us. I was last down, and had jest put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit and jarred the boards up'ards; and then directly after what seemed to be a brick caught me on the head, and, before I knew where I was, I was off the little platform, splash down in the cold rushing water that took me off and away yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused and half-stunned that I let it go under again, and had been carried ever so far before, half-drowned, I gained my legs and leaned, panting and blinded, up against the slimy wall.

There I stood for at least ten minutes, I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, the slimy, muddy bricks against my hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up directly.

All at once, though, I gave a jump, and, instead o' being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and shuddery; for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, and heard close by me a light splash in the water—a splash which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beast that I fancied must be in swarms around me, half wrung from me as a cry of fear and agony, I yelled out,

"*Rats!*"

Rats they were; for above the hollow "wash-wash, hurry-hurry, wash-wash, hurry-hurry" of the water, I could hear little splashes and a scuffling by me along the sides o' the brick-work.

You may laugh at people's hair standing on end, but I know then that there was a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots o' mine, as though sand was trickling among it; a cloud seemed to come over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad—mad with fear; and it was only by setting my teeth hard and clenching my fists that I kept from shrieking. However, I was soon better, and ready to laugh at myself as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. All at once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

"*Which way did the water run?*"

My head turned hot and my temples throbbed with the thought. If I went the wrong way I should be lost—lost in this horrible darkness—to sink at last into the foul, black stream, to be drowned and devoured by the rats, or else to be choked by the foul gases that must be lurking down here in these dark recesses.

Again the horror of thick darkness come upon me: I shrieked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I had only cried aloud to scare the rats. What would I not have given for a stout stick as a defense against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, when a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water. But I could not reflect, for my brain seemed in a state of fever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought come upon me that I was going wrong, and again I tried to lean up against the wall, which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt no cold, for the perspiration dropped from me as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, guiding myself by running a hand against the wall, where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffle and rush, and more than once I touched the cold, slippery body of a rat—a touch that made me start back as though shot.

On I went, and on, and still no scaffold, and no gleam of gaslight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my situation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or entered a branch of the main place; and, at last, completely bewildered, I rushed headlong on, stumbling and falling twice over, so that I was half choked in the black water. But it had its good effect; for it put a stop to my wild struggles, which must soon have ended in my falling insensible into what was certain death. The water cooled my head, and now, feeling completely lost—knowing that I must have been nearly two hours in the sewer—I made up my mind to follow the stream to its mouth in the Thames, where, if the tide was down, I could get from the mud on to the wharf or bank.

So once more I struggled on, following the stream slowly for what seemed to be hours, till at last, raising my hand, I found I could not touch the roof, and by that knew that I was in a larger sewer, and therefore not very far from the mouth. But here there was a new terror creeping up me, so to speak, for from my waist the water now touched my chest, and soon after my arm-pits; when I stopped, not daring to trust myself to swim, perhaps a mile, when I felt that weak I could not have gone a hundred yards.

I know in my disappointment I gave a howl like a wild beast, and turned again to have a hard fight to breast the rushing water, which nearly took me off my legs. But the fear of death lent me help, and I got on and on again till I felt myself in a turning which I soon knew was a smaller sewer, and from thence I reached another, where I had to stoop; but the water was shallower, not above my knees, and at last much less deep than that.

Here I knelt down to rest, and the position brought something else from my heart; and, after a while, still stooping, I went on, till, having passed dozens upon dozens of drains, I determined to creep up one, and I did.

P'raps you won't think it strange as I dream and groan in bed sometimes, when I tell you what followed.

I crawled on, and on, and on, in the hopes that the place I was in would lead under one of the street gratings, and I kept staring ahead in the hopes of catching a gleam of light, till at last the place seemed so tight that I dared go no further for fear of being fixed in. So I began to back very slowly, and then, feeling it rather hard work, stopped for a rest.

It was quite dry here, but, scuffling on in front, I kept hearing the rats I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dozen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little fight which followed even now gives me the horrors. I'd hardly room to move; but I killed one by squeezing him, when the others backed off, but not till my face was bitten and running with blood.

At last, half dead, I tried to back out, for the place seemed to stifle me; and I pushed myself back a little way, and then I was stopped, for the skirts of my jacket filled up what little space had been left, and I felt that I was wedged in, stuck fast.

Now came the horrors again worse than ever. The hot blood seemed to gush into my eyes; I felt half-suffocated; and to add to my sufferings a rat, that felt itself as it were penned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, however, for half mad as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was so knocked up; and then I fainted.

It must have been some time before I come to myself; but when I did, the first sound I heard was a regular tramp, tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help; when, to my great joy, the step halted, and I shricked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. It was a voice shouting,

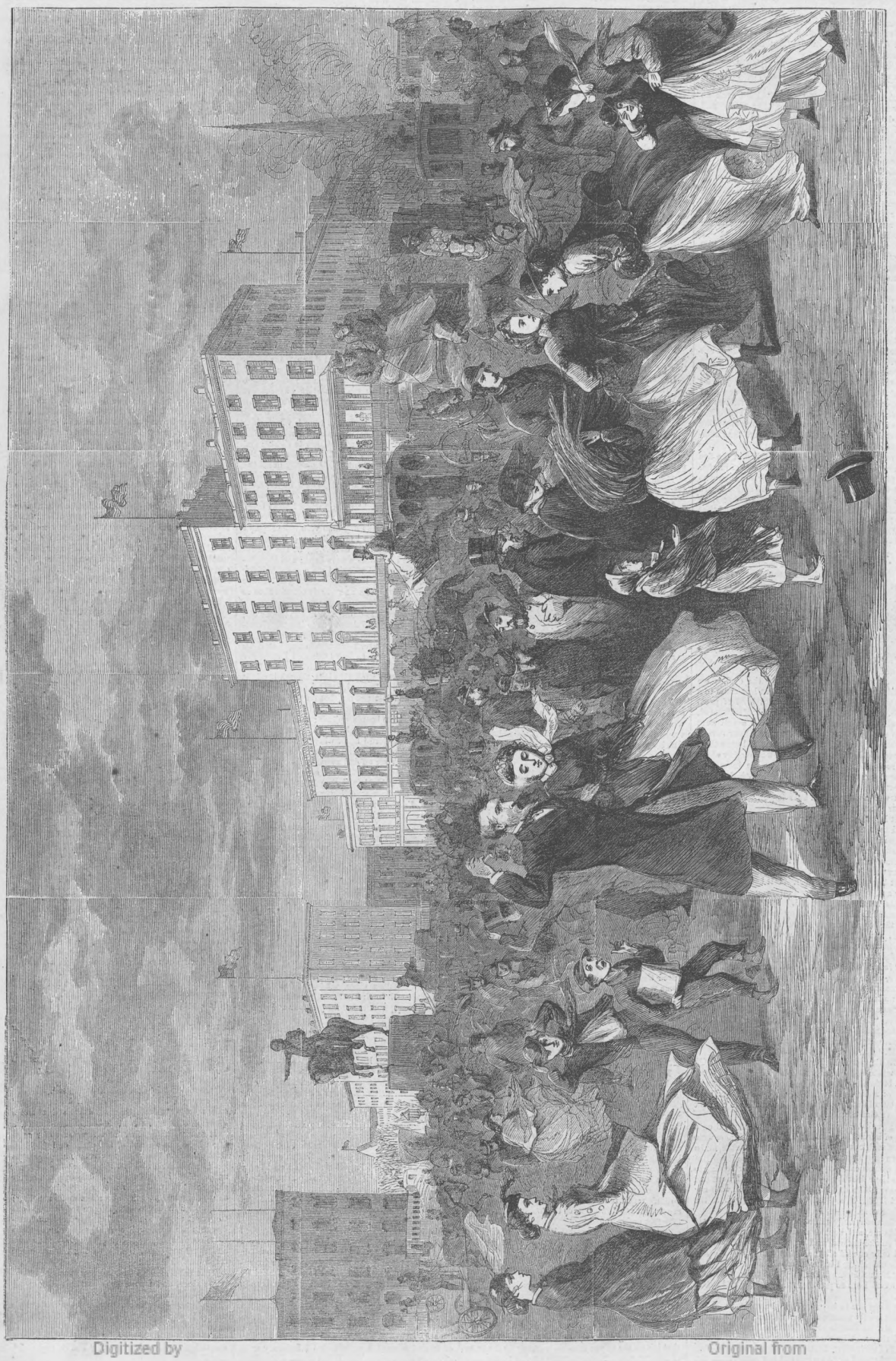
"Hallo!"

"Stuck fast in the drain!" I shouted, with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterward, out of a brain-fever sleep, in a hospital.

It seems I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end o' the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman heard my shriek, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out o' me. It was then about half past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open they were about to give it up, saying the policeman had been humbugged; when a couple o' sweeps came up, and the little un offered to go down back'ards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had many a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have a many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear—but always take care shall be when Polly's away—he says he knows I should have liked to see how they tore that drain up in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart that it comes quite natural to say, "You're right, my boy!"

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UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A WINDY DAY IN MARCH.

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MR. T. HUGHES, M.P.

OUR readers will remember that, in our paper for January 27, we published an article by THOMAS HUGHES, the new Member of Parliament for Lambeth, entitled "Peace on Earth." No vindication of the cause for which our armies have fought has been bolder than this generous effort of Mr. HUGHES, and nowhere have the enemies of the United States met a refutation more complete and unanswerable. We give our readers on this page a photograph of this eminent statesman.

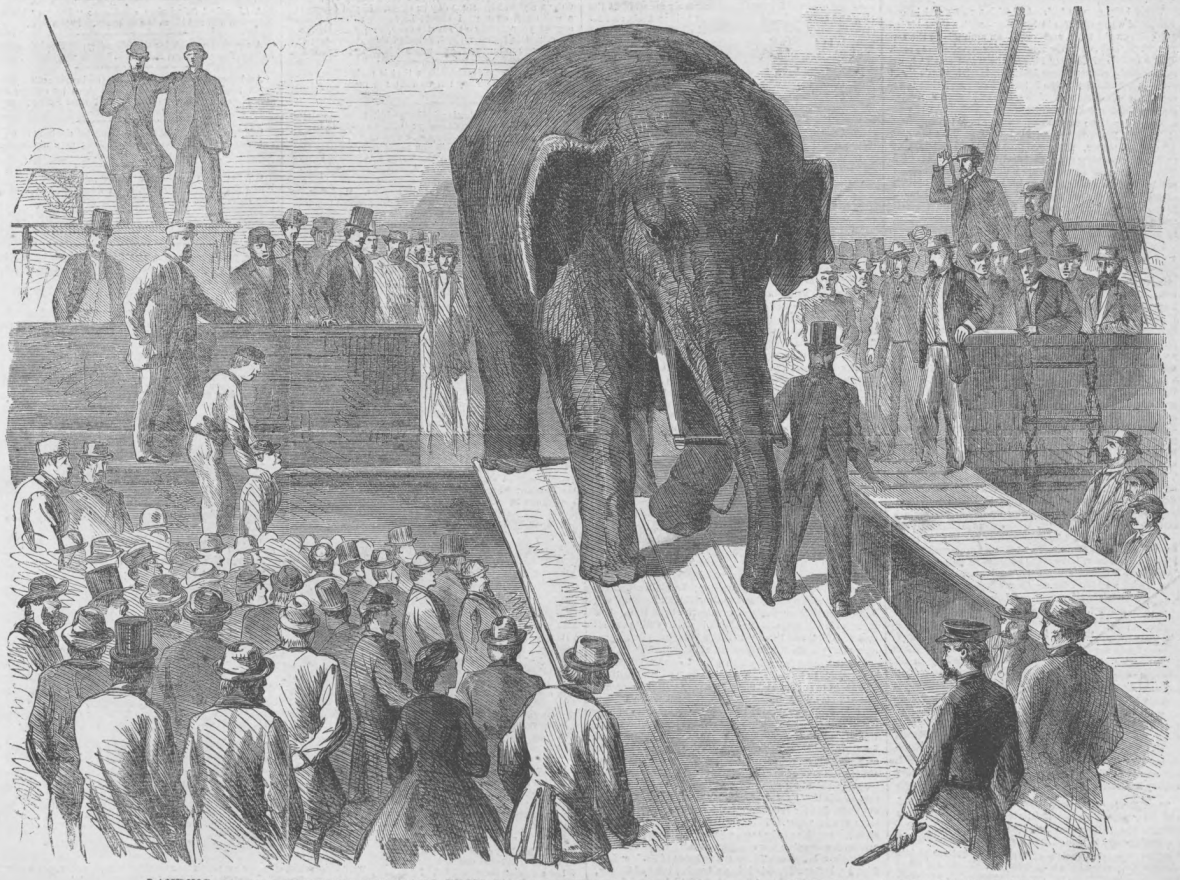
The new member for Lambeth is claimed by a large part of the English people as one of their familiar friends. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES—the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and of one or two more books which have found their way, perhaps, to a less number of readers, but are scarcely less characteristic of the man from whom they came—has made himself pretty well known to a good many of his countrymen, high and low, not only as a novelist and magazine writer, but in various departments of practical work; and, though he is neither a peripatetic platform speaker nor a bustling patron of temporary exhibitions, he has long been reckoned a man of mark in the world of public life.

We need not here pass any criticism on those pleasant, wholesome, and instructive stories, or rather sketches, of English domestic and scholastic manners which commend themselves to the young as well as to the old by their frank cheerfulness of spirit, their hearty appreciation of all harmless pleasures, combined with a shrewd worldly wisdom, and what seems not incompatible with these moral elements—a noble enthusiasm for duty and virtue, with a manly sentiment of true religion. It is possible that these books may have caused him to be regarded as the literary champion of two great principles which have grown more fashionable than ever in the last twelve or fourteen years—the one being called "Muscular Christianity," and the other definable as an absolute conviction of the superiority of the English race in the fighting and working qualities—in toughness, pluck, and bottom—to every other race of mankind. But the boastful insolence which is bred of mere animal ferocity has never been countenanced by him, nor has he ever sanctioned those tirades of ignorant bigotry against all that is foreign to England in which Englishmen are too apt to indulge. He has shown that the stanchest English patriotism is consistent with an enlightened interest in the prospects of freedom on the Continent of Europe, and with a cordial affection for the citizens of the great American Republic, whose mighty struggle he watched in a sympathizing spirit, and one of whose best representatives—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—has been introduced by him to a high literary rank among his countrymen.

The claims, however, of Mr. HUGHES more especially to the confidence and good-will of the working-classes are quite independent of any popularity which he may have gained as an agreeable writer. While he has always disliked and eschewed the ways of the demagogue, and held aloof from the vain turmoil of common political agitation, it has been his steady endeavor to make the most of those agencies of social reform which bid fair to open a road for the poorest and humblest of his fellow-countrymen to the safe and salutary possession of a share of power in the state. Mr. HUGHES does not endeavor to set class against class, or appeal to the narrow prejudices and interests of one portion of the community to disparage and contemn the others. His chief aim, on the contrary, is to foster those sentiments of mutual respect and kindness among them all, without which the freest political institutions are but means of mischief. It was, we believe, through the unwearied zeal and industry of Mr. HUGHES, and of those with whom he worked, that the necessary alterations in the law of partnership were obtained from Parliament in order to legalize the formation of the working-men's stores for the supply of retail wares at wholesale price, and of the limited-liability companies for manufacturing and trading enterprises, which have been formed on the co-operative principle. Mr. HUGHES has continued to bestow his assistance on all these self-supporting industrial associations of the working men, both in the metropolis and in the north of England; he has been accustomed to act as their legal adviser, and to prepare the title-deeds or conveyances of their property, their agreements of partnership, their statutes or rules, and other instruments required. Work of this description is not the less valuable though done in



THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.



LANDING OF AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT FROM THE "CORNELIUS GRINNELL," AT NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

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the privacy of his Lincoln's Inn chambers; and the men for whom it is done have shown that they are grateful by exalting Mr. HUGHES to the position of a triumphant candidate on the hustings, at the Lambeth election, last July.

Mr. HUGHES was born at Uffington, Berkshire, in 1823, being the second son of JOHN HUGHES, Esq., of Downington Priory, Newbury, in that county. He was educated at Rugby School, and at Oriel College, Oxford. He was called to the bar, at the Inner Temple, in 1848, and is a practicing barrister in the equity courts. He has married a daughter of the Rev. JAMES FORD, Prebendary of Exeter, and has several children.

LANDING AN ELEPHANT.

FROM on board the ship *Cornelius Grinnell*, Captain SPENCER, one of the London packets, was landed, on the 8th of March, a large elephant, said to weigh nearly four tons. "His Immensity" had passed the voyage in the seclusion of the deck-house—amidships—which was considerably heightened for his accommodation. To enable him to reach the wharf a stout platform was arranged of oak plank, sloping from the side of the vessel; but it required a great deal of coaxing to induce him to risk his weight upon it, as he seemed to have a preference for the gang-plank, which not only was provided with cleets, but sloped much less. The gangway cracked ominously upon the pressure of one foot, and therefore the elephant took courage and "walked the plank" in perfect safety, followed through the streets by an admiring crowd of men and boys, who sympathized in his evident relief at getting upon *terra firma* once more.

The name of this elephant is Abracum. He was brought from London. He stands 9 feet 6 inches high, consumes daily a hundred-weight of hay, and drinks ten gallons of water.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

READER, did you ever sit up to watch for burglars? No? Then you have an experience yet in store for you.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed our good housekeeper the other night as, distrusting the servant's care, she went herself to fasten the front-door for the night: "The door-key is gone! They have taken it! Those burglars have stolen it!" And the worthy lady examined the key-hole and searched the floor in a state of intense excitement. Now the simple loss of the key—though a suspicious circumstance—would not have produced such a commotion in Mrs. W——'s mind had she not been previously disturbed by sundry stories of dark deeds in her immediate vicinity. And this strange loss was proof positive—to her mind—that the attempt to enter her house was to be made—perhaps that very night.

Sympathetic consolation was offered to Mrs. W——, the police were notified—the keyless door was secured in a manner that would put locks and keys to shame—and, finally, in a fit of enthusiastic benevolence, we volunteered to sit up and watch. "What a grand time to read and write!" we thought, privately; though Mrs. W—— endeavored to impress us with a sense of weighty responsibility.

Every body goes to bed. And with a new novel in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—with a three-bladed penknife on the table, and—well—an umbrella in the corner, we settle down in the comfortable easy-chair—to read. 'Tis the middle of Chapter IV., as the "wee small" hours come on, the silence grows intense. Hark! what's that? and every auricular nerve is tort. Nonsense! that is nothing but the distant crackling of the kitchen fire. We read half a dozen lines—then jump up and strain the ear at the parlor-door; nay, more, we lean over the basement stairs and listen intently. Ha! that peculiar scraping noise grows louder. Pit-a-pat goes our heart and down we rush into the dining-room, zealous to demolish the invader. The gas streams in as we open the door and behold—a masked man with a cudgel in his hand? Pooh! nothing of the kind! We see Mrs. W——'s pet Tabby, standing in the middle of the room with erect head, immense tail, and great eyes, staring wildly at the results of her untimely scratchings.

Rather crest-fallen we return to the parlor resolving that the cat shall be put out at night, or given away. The pen is better than a book, but only a half page is written, when a stealthy—we fancy—step on the sidewalk arouses us. We peer through the blind. What business have those two perambulators to be prowling around this time of night? We watch them suspiciously as they cross and recross the house. What o'clock? Only two, and we fall to writing again. Hark! A noise in the key-hole, and the sense of hearing grows keener. Pshaw! that is only the rats. Guess the cat is worth keeping on the whole. We resume the novel, pretending to be intensely interested. Half past two! hold the watch to the ear, to make sure that it has not stopped. A peculiar, regular sound; we listen and investigate. Nothing but the water dripping from a loose faucet. A heavy regular tread announces the police. They stop to see if all is safe. Yes, but it is three o'clock, and the house might have been sacked long ago, and they never have been the wiser. The silence deepens. We wonder if there is such unearthly stillness and such peculiar noises every night when we are in dreamland? And we fall into a reverie (interrupted by the occasional pricking up of our ears) which lasts until morning and Mrs. W—— come simultaneously.

We might well have a larger police force in some quarters of the city, where the "beats" are unreasonably long. Burglars, however, have other enemies as well as the police. New Yorkers are sharper and more curious than Londoners, we judge, for we do not believe such a story as the following would ever even have been *told* of them. This is a London story, though, of course, we can't prove the truth of it:

A gentleman, residing in London, shut up his house, and went into the country for the summer vacation. After a few weeks' absence he returned, with his key in his pocket, to open his house. Judge his astonishment when he found nothing but the *lot* of *land* upon which his house had stood! On inquiry it was ascertained that a few days after he left the city the neighbors and others noticed that the building was open, and that men were carrying away the furniture in broad daylight. They, however, supposing the owner had given such orders, asked no questions. Pretty soon the men began to take down the house, and openly carried off all the building materials, because nobody had curiosity enough to investigate!

The following paragraph from a recent article in one of our daily papers, on city nuisances, gives indication that our new Health Board mean to open the way for receiving suggestions and information:

"The Complaint Book is not yet ready, but complaints are steadily coming in to head-quarters. Books are being prepared for the purpose of having the complaints entered, one of which will be left at each of the police stations in the district, and one at police head-quarters."

The Senate has passed the joint resolution to pay Miss Clara Barton $15,000 for expenses in searching for and publishing lists of missing soldiers, and for the further prosecution of that work. The vote was unanimous. Miss Barton's own means are exhausted—we believe she has spent about $8000—and Congress does the merest justice to repay her and to supply funds for continuing her noble work.

March came in "like a lion," and has been roaring like an infuriated wild beast a good part of the time ever since. Walking is any thing but a pleasurable occupation. The winter's accumulation of filth in the streets, dried by the wind, takes to itself wings and flies into eyes, nose, and mouth, half strangling the unfortunate promenader. Ladies endeavor to protect themselves with veils; but nothing short of the thickest double veils—which in reality are blinding—can keep one's face decently clean. We trust in the old saying that March will go out "like a lamb."

An exchange tells of a war-worn veteran who is now wearing his third nose. He lost the original article in battle, was then presented with an India rubber one, which was also shot away, and is now wearing a wooden one which he made out of an ammunition box! It is to be presumed that the scent of gunpowder is still grateful to his nostrils; at all events he *nose* what it is.

A writer in the London *Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:

"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by inflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate."

Queen Victoria is reported as shocked at discovering that the Prince and Princess of Wales smoked cigarettes together in a little blue satin sanctum called their smoking-room. This pernicious and reprehensible practice was taught her Royal Highness by her scape-grace husband; and, horrible to say, she likes it.

Not so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist church, whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "*That man!* Well, if *that* man is to be admitted to the church he ought to *soak overnight!*"

A pair of African twins, on exhibition in Raleigh (North Carolina), constitute a greater natural curiosity than the celebrated Siamese twins. The connection between these girls is closer than in the Siamese twins, beginning below the neck and terminating at the extremity of the spine. To touch one at any point of the body below the connection sends a sensation to the brain of each; while a touch of either above the connection is felt by that one only. They can talk to different persons at the same time on entirely different subjects; and one can engage in a game of whist while the other reads or sings.

A singular story is told of a blacksmith, living in Ilminster, England, who has performed a feat which rivals that ascribed to William Tell. A child, aged seven years, while playing with his brother, aged twelve months, placed over its head an iron band similar to that used for the nuts of cart wheels. The child's neck began to swell, and when the parents discovered it they were horrified to find that it was impossible to remove the band, and speedy suffocation was imminent. Coles, the blacksmith, was called in, and suggested the desperate idea of hammering off the iron with a sledge, and he successfully completed his dangerous task. While one person held the legs and another the head of the little one, Coles fearlessly smashed at the ring and severed it. A false blow of half an inch, and instantaneous death must have resulted. It would be impossible to describe the joy of the parents at the success of the bold blacksmith.

Fancy Balls have been very brilliant and amusing in Paris this season—although, of course, Lent has brought them to a close. Some of the costumes exhibited have been so very unique that we can not forbear giving one or two for the amusement of our lady readers. It is said that at a recent fancy ball the Marchioness de Gallifet excited more than her usual share of admiration and delight as an Archangel. Her costume was a short petticoat of white cashmere richly embroidered in gold; the bodice appeared to represent glistening scale-armor. She bore wings at each side made of white feathers; these arched high in the air, and then descended below the knee; her luxuriant golden hair floated over her shoulders and down her back in long careless ringlets. A diamond star glistened on her forehead, and even when dancing she brandished a small steel sword in her beautifully-formed ungloved hand.

Another great attraction was the *cortége* of a very beautiful woman, attired as a Japanese, who was carried in a palanquin, and escorted by a numerous train of Japanese youths, represented by the *attachés* from the Embassy. A very beautiful young Parisian, Mdlle. C——, was attired as the Queen of the Amazons, in a scarlet satin petticoat covered with symbolical animals; the bodice was a tiger skin, and the head-dress a small gold helmet. The beautiful Mrs. Miles was Amphitrite, in a sea-green gauze dress, apparently powdered all over with silver. A silver tunic decorated with shells, coral, and feathery seaweeds. A bandelet of sea-shells round her head, and her hair studded with precious stones and crystal drops. Mme. de Tocqueville represented a shower of gold, in a dress of gold brocade, covered with a skirt of white tulle *bouillonné* to the waist, and over that a white tulle tunic studded with gold and fringed with small gold balls; the bodice was covered with similar gold balls, and the hair was profusely powdered with gold.

But to turn to those fashions which may be of rather more practical interest to the majority of American ladies. It is stated that "crinoline is at last entirely disappearing in evening toilets, although it is still seen under promenade and morning dresses. But for evening wear starched petticoats are now adopted instead of steel cages. These petticoats are made quite plain round the hips, and have several flounces from the knee downward. About four of these petticoats are worn at one time. The material is muslin, and the starch is stiff. Only very eccentric ladies, and those who desire to be conspicuous, are seen totally without crinoline out of doors."

Yet the same journal which gives this as the Parisian style, sends to its readers a paper pattern which "will enable them to cut out and make up a very well sitting crinoline at home." And, moreover, states that the real fact is that "crinolines are not as yet 'going out;' they are only diminishing in size. They are still clung to with a pertinacity which has never, we believe, before been evinced for any article of ladies' costume. They have been written at, jeered at, talked at, unceasingly for ten years or more; *Punch* has leveled endless critical shafts against these apparently offending garments; but all to no avail. The case stands thus: for outdoor wear small round crinolines are worn, and for evening toilets large train-shaped crinolines are in vogue. This is the rule, although there are certain exceptions to be seen, where crinoline is patronized neither for morning nor evening dress."

American ladies can follow the fashions of Paris or London; or, better still, this being a boasted land of liberty, they may adopt such a style as is healthful, tasteful, convenient, and comfortable.

SIMILES.

To what shall I liken my love for thee?
To the measureless sky, the boundless sea?
Verily no,
It is not so!
The sky is not ever so clear and bright,
But oftentimes clouded and dark and black,
As if the bright sunshine would never come back.
Such is not my love for thee!

My love never changes, 'tis always free
From the cloud of fear or uncertainty.
No storms arise
To dim its skies,
Which are ever bathed in hope's deep blue;
And happiest fancies like sunbeams play
On its shadowless bosom night and day.
And such is my love for thee!

I would not compare my love to the *sea*,
That emblem of fitful inconstancy.
Now raging here,
Now rippling there;
It can not be trusted for long, I trow.
Besides you can fathom it, know its breadth,
And take the hid treasures out of its depth.
Such is not my love for thee!

But the *ocean* of love within my breast,
Is a raging storm which is never at rest,
Boundless, endless,
And fathomless.
Nothing can calm it or take it away,
The waves dash high, but the tide of Time
Can never affect this sea of mine.
And *such* is my love for thee!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SEASONABLE TRANSLATION.

LENTUS IN UMBRA—Under a lent umbrella.

AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES ON A WET AFTERNOON.—Knitting their Eyebrows.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—A gentleman troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's only been in once. How is he to remedy this defect? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

QUESTION TO A WORKING GARDENER.

"Of all your trees which yields most fruit?" Says he, "Sir, the best fruits come from my *Indus-tree*."

A COUSSING CONUNDRUM.—When is a greyhound not a greyhound?—When it turns a hare.

SCRAGGY.—Miss Martineau is supposed to have consoled the Ballet to prudence in her excellent work, *Mind among the Spindles*.

A gentleman had conferred a favor on a friend, an undertaker. Says the latter: "Brown, I am under great obligations to you, and allow me to say that your kindness is keenly appreciated, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn some day or other. If you ever want a coffin call on me. I should be happy to bury you or any of your family at short notice, at greatly reduced rates." His friend retired, satisfied that the undertaker had an eye to business, and was not lacking in gratitude.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

EPITAPH.—The following is the world-renowned epitaph of the Lady Elizabeth O'Leoney: "First cousin to Burke, commonly called the Sublime, she was bland, passionate, and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-colors, and sent many pictures to the Great Exhibition, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Slight changes make great differences. "Dinner for nothing" is very good fun, but you can't say as much of "nothing for dinner."

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden?—Some time during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the *rest* of the congregation.

The editor who "did not mind his stops" introduced some verses thus: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement."

BREWERS' LANGUAGE—He-brew.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following epitaph may now be seen in Denmore church-yard: "Here lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and I have good raisins in saying so."

"Pray, Sir," said a judge angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

The pawnbroker's favorite time of year—the season of Lent.

HOUSEHOLD NOTE.—(By a Cockney.) What to do with Cold Mutton.—*Heat* it.

A man in Cincinnati adopted an original way of reducing household expenses. One morning, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant girl. The household expenses were instantly reduced twelve dollars per month.

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it!"

"No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large and it didn't scare me a bit."

"Guilty or not guilty?" sharply said the City Judge the other day to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as your Honor pleases. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your Honor's worship," was the reply.

Spain is at red-hot heat with Chili for having captured one of her vessels. What a fizzing there will be! Perhaps Spain will find herself in hot water even by dabbling in *Chilly* affairs.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Shortly will appear by the author of *Prometheus Bound*, *Prometheus Half-bound*; to be followed by *Prometheus in Cloth with gilt edges*.

A certain landlady, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate-sized piece.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

Snooks says the prettiest sewing-machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low dress, and gaiter boots on.

TRUTH *vs.* FALSEHOOD.

There is a saying, strange to tell,
Though men in books have often stuck it—
It is, that Truth *lies* in a well.
If so, then Truth has kicked the bucket.

Why are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense.

A noted itinerant preacher, once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world inclosed in a single field he would not be content without a patch of ground outside for potatoes.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging?—It has a pupil under the lash.

An Emeralder, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

The only pain that we can make light of—A window pane.

The lady whose peace of mind was broken intends to have it repaired.

Why is swearing like a ragged coat?—It is a bad habit.

A man may care,
And still be bare,
If his wife be naught;
A man may spend,
And still may mend,
If his wife be aught.

A clerical gentleman, who appeared before the gipsy sovereign, Queen Esther, with his third wife, was apostrophized thus by her: "Ah, Mr. Blank, ye're an awful waster o' women!"

They are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they can not be quite happy.

"Who's there?" screamed old Squire B——, roused from his first nap one bitter cold midnight. "Who's there?"

"Halloa, Squire!" was the reply. "We want to get married."

"You're ONE. And now be off with you," said the Squire, with emphasis.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S MOTTO—Give a dog a good name and hang him.

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no living without them.

A punster says: "My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I can not marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset."

A Chemical Joker thus alkalizes: "Some people say saleratus will not harm the stomach. It is a *ley*."

A newspaper contains the following: "Truth is crowded out of our columns this week."

An honest Irishman, observing the bearers of his wife's coffin beginning to trot, reproved them by calling out, "Asy, asy, ye thieves of the world; what for be ye making a toil of pleasure?"

"My 'pinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon washin' day does it out of pure spite."

"What are you about with my microscope, George?" "I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the lather as yet."

Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a *creak* in his boots?

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH ON HIS COOK.—"Peace to her hashes!"

UNDERSTANDING THE TEXT.—A clergyman, when the contribution-box returned with little silver in it, said he never before understood the text, "Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a man who squints like a needle that can not be threaded?
Because his eye is defective.

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?
Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?
Because it had no Eve.

Why are women the greatest thieves?
Because they crib their children, bone their stays, and steel their petticoats and buttons.

Why do little birds feel depressed early in a summer morning?
Because their bills are overdue (dew).

Why is the letter E amphibious?
Because it is found both in earth and water.

Who do children hate the most?
The mothers that bore them.



WE CALLED THIS ONE THE SYLPHIDE IN '33.

AND SERAPHINA! SHE WAS A FLIGHTY YOUNG THING IN '28.

WHAT REMAINS OF LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

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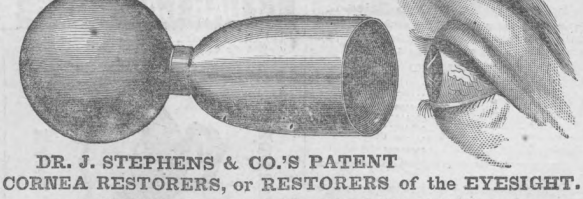
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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MICHAEL PHELAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIMBERLY BROTHERS, NORFOLK, VA.]



PIERRE CARME.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KIMBERLY BROTHERS, NORFOLK, VA.]

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

By the official record it is found that in Paris, during the year 1865, taxes were paid on 27,473 billiard-tables in public use. The renown of the pastime is not confined to the country of its supposed inception, although almost every nation has its peculiar way of manipulating the game. For example, in France the game is played on a table without pockets, the surface of the bed measuring 5 by 10 feet. Three balls are used, one for each of the players, and a red object ball. A count is only effected by the carom, and each carom scores one only, and as all foul or *push* shots are prohibited, undoubtedly this game calls forth the highest skill of the player. In England the tables have six pockets, one in each corner, and at the centre of the side rails; the bed surface is 6 by 12 feet. Three balls are also used there, and the counts are made by the winning and losing hazards as well as by caroms; thus, while a carom scores two, should the player or his opponent's ball go into the pocket the score is four, and if both are pocketed the score is six; should all three balls go in, besides the carom, the score is nine. In this country different sizes of tables are used, varying all the way from the French to the English standards. Some are made without pockets, while others have four or six each. The *full* game includes caroms and the winning hazard, and a stroke can possibly be made to score thirteen.

The game generally played by experts in this country is the four-ball carom game, on a four-pocket table, 6 by 12 feet surface. This, with the *shove* or *push* shot omitted, is beyond comparison the most brilliant and interesting of all the games; for while it calls for all the scientific ability of the French game, it presents a tenfold increase of the beauties and intricacies of triangulation, power of force, and startling effects.

During the last twenty years billiards, which had fallen into disrepute, has made rapid advances in this country, and an apartment for its accommodation is now considered a necessity to first-class residences. Next to its generally attractive features and superior sanitary advantages, this increased popularity is mainly due to the unceasing exertions of MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq., of this city, who has devoted an active lifetime to the elevation of the pastime and the perfection of its machinery. Mr. PHELAN, who is now in the fiftieth year of his age, is the senior partner of the well-known manufacturing firm of PHELAN & COLLENDER. He has long been celebrated as one of the best players living. Still he never had much inclination for match games, though his great encounter with SEEREITER, of Detroit, for $7500 a side, which came off in that city in April, 1859, and which was won by PHELAN, has ever been rated as the greatest billiard contest on record. Soon after this occurrence Mr. PHELAN determined to permanently retire from the billiard arena, unless he should at some time have the opportunity of measuring cues with Mr. BERGER, of Paris, or Mr. ROBERTS, of London, who at that period were the reigning stars of their particular spheres. The last time PHELAN played for a stake was with KAVANAGH, at Irving Hall, in April, 1864. The game was 1000 points up-caroms, push prohibited. The consideration was, the loser to give $100 for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, while the receipts for admission were donated to the Working Women's Society. PHELAN won.

In June, 1863, through the personal exertions of Mr. PHELAN, and by valuable prizes presented by his firm, almost all the prominent players in the United States assembled in this city, and after forming a Billiard Congress, which still exists, a code of rules was adopted, and a tournament participated in, which established a championship. DUDLEY KAVANAGH, of this city, one of the most successful and effective players in any country, succeeded in securing possession of the Golden Cue, the emblem of the Championship, which he afterward maintained his right to in five succeeding encounters with the most skillful antagonists that could be brought against him. Finally, in May, 1865, under the plea of illness, KAVANAGH forfeited the Champion Cue to LOUIS FOX, of Rochester; who in turn lost in a contest with JOHN DEERY, of Washington, who now has possession—and is by right Champion of America. The next contestant with DEERY was JOHN M'DEVITT, of this city, and the game was played in the Hall of the Cooper Institute, on the evening of Tuesday, March 13. DEERY retained the cue.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, who is now exactly twenty-eight years of age, has played more match games than any other man in America, and, of some twenty on record, he was winner in about two-thirds of them. His last encounters were with M. CARME, each player winning a game, and the latter forfeiting a third game, which he refused to practice for, as it allowed the odious "push," which CARME styles "baby billiards." Some of KAVANAGH'S over-zealous friends still claim the title of Champion for him, but of course this point can not be maintained. KAVANAGH not only forfeited the cue, but he refuses to respond to the challenges of M'DEVITT, of JOSEPH DION, of Montreal, and PIERRE CARME, of New York.

About one year since a real excitement was created in billiard circles by the arrival of a most skillful French Professor of Billiards, M. PIERRE CARME, of Versailles. Placing himself under the direction of Mr. PHELAN, M. CARME gave a series of public exhibitions, and his wonderful prowess in the *masse*, force, follow, fly, and other difficult and seemingly impossible shots, have produced profound astonishment, and been received with the most rapturous applause. M. CARME has only engaged in two match games (those above-mentioned) during his sojourn in this country, which we understand he has determined to make his permanent residence, and that he will probably shortly open in this city a fine establishment for practice and instruction. He is a native of Bordeaux, now in the thirty-first year of his age, and, like KAVANAGH, is a bachelor. M. CARME probably has no superior in his specialties, and is willing to engage any person, for a heavy consideration, at the three-ball French, or the four-ball American games; *push* barred.—The latest billiard sensation was the arrival, a few weeks since, of Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, the distinguished English billiardist. This gentleman has long maintained his supremacy in the winning and losing hazard game; and as he has beaten DUFTON, HUGHES, CHRISTMOSS, BENNETT, and other experts—most of them at an odds of 300 in 1000—he, without doubt, has no equal at the game. He spent the most of the two years just passed in Australia, and on his return to England made an engagement with DUDLEY KAVANAGH to visit this country, under whose management he is now traveling in the West, they lately having taken part in a tournament at Memphis, Tennessee. The friends of Mr. ROBERTS say that on his return to New York



DUDLEY KAVANAGH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]



JOHN ROBERTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

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he intends to give our best players the opportunity to measure cues with him, and that the contests will probably be at the English, French, and American games. From this it may be inferred that Mr. ROBERTS intends to accept the challenges of Mr. JOSEPH DION, of Montreal, who some time since defied any man living to play him a game in each of the above specialties, each to be for $2000 in gold a side. Mr. ROBERTS is now in the forty-first year of his age, and is *not* a bachelor.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1866.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

MR. JOHN T. MONROE, of New Orleans, was Mayor of that city when it was occupied by the Union forces, and his conduct was such that he was imprisoned by military authority. At the late election for Mayor he was the successful candidate, and with him three gentlemen who were of the same sympathy were elected for three of the four Recorderships of the city. Governor WELLS, of Louisiana, whose Unionism has been latterly of a strictly "Southern" character, is yet unwilling to authorize Mr. MONROE to assume office. Mr. KENNEDY, the retiring Mayor, is so skeptical of the loyalty of Mr. MONROE that he also is reluctant to leave the city in his hands, and has telegraphed to the President for instructions. The President is reported to have replied that the facts were unknown to him, and he has declined to interfere. Application was then made to General CANBY, and, as we write, his decision is unknown.

Meanwhile a gentleman perfectly familiar with New Orleans since its capture by the Union army tells us that the life of no Union man would be safe in that city should the United States forces be withdrawn. Another observer reports the same condition of affairs in Savannah; and an old resident of Georgia, faithful through the war, informs us that he should feel it necessary for him to leave the State should the military hold of the Government be relaxed. And these are not exceptional witnesses. Now the men whose conduct is such as to occasion these apprehensions are those who have elected Mr. MONROE Mayor. They are those whose sympathizers elsewhere elected Mr. HUMPHREYS, an unpardoned rebel general, Governor of Mississippi, and Mr. STEPHENS, the second chief of the rebellion, Senator from Georgia. They are those who, in Texas, sitting upon Grand Juries, refuse to act upon five hundred indictments against murderers of Union men during the war, and who, as members of the Convention, are hesitating, at this time of day, as Governor HAMILTON informs the President, to declare the Act of Secession null and void.

Of course so long as this feeling continues dominant in the late insurgent States, so long as fervent fidelity to the rebellion is the sole passport to popular favor, and the universal tone of opinion is bitter hostility to the Government and Union, it is the plainest duty of the Government to maintain a strict military hold of such States. Intelligent men at the South will see that such feeling and conduct are not "acquiescence." Nobody indeed expects defeated men to confess that they were wrong, or to feel a profound affection for a power against which they have ineffectually struggled. But when they declare that they have submitted and acquiesce in the decision of the war, they will not be surprised, and they have no right to be indignant, that the country looks to their acts and not to their words. What kind of acquiescence is it which endangers the personal security of Union men? What kind of submission is it which elects as civil officers and representatives and senators men who are notoriously and honestly incapable of co-operating with the Government? A man who carries up his suit to the highest court, and loses it, does not think he was wrong in bringing the suit, but he pays the damages and yields to the law.

That is all that is asked of the late insurgents. But if they continue to act as if judgment had been pronounced for them, instead of against them, they put themselves still further in the wrong, and indefinitely postpone the day of peace and reunion. If it be natural for them to feel exasperated and bitter, it is no less natural for the country to be wary of admitting them to an unchecked exercise of power. If they say, as some of them do, "But what further proof can we give? Have we not accepted every thing which has been imposed upon us?" the reply is, that so long as the stanchest Union men among them feel insecure, so long as capital and enterprise and labor hesitate to flow toward them, so long as their legislative acts and popular elections reveal a sullen hostility to the measures and men which, whether they individually like them or not, are yet inseparably identified with the Government in whose supremacy they declare their acquiescence, so long the country has a right to say that they have *not* acquiesced; that they must be distrusted and closely watched; and so long we have the right to believe that they will use whatever power they may acquire to neutralize and destroy the very acts to which they point us as proofs of acquiescence.

The people of the Southern States ought to understand that the war was just as earnest to us as it was to them; that there is not the least vindictiveness of feeling upon the part of the loyal people of the country, but, on the contrary, a very hearty desire of sincere union and enduring peace; that there are no foolish expectations of an affected love of the National Government among those who were lately in arms against it; that there is no intention to be unjust or ungenerous toward our Southern fellow-citizens, whatever the papers and politicians who deluded them through the war may say; but that there is a very inflexible determination that the war shall not have been fought in vain; that emancipation shall be made, not called, a fact; and that the permanence and authority of the Government shall not be imperiled by any rash policy springing from ignorance or impatience. There will be no effort to reap more than we have sowed, but the harvest will surely be garnered.

The quality and dominant will of the American people were shown during the war, and they are equally shown to those who can see, in establishing peace. The imbecility of the Copperhead and semi-rebel sentiment should be fully known by this time even to the late insurgents of the South. It could not divide loyalty during the war, and it will not divide the same loyalty now that the war is over. No new party will be formed until the Union party has done its work, and that work is honorable and humane and reasonable reorganization. If any Southerner doubts, if he listens to the sirens who have steadily deceived him for five years past, he will be deceived again and more bitterly. The elections of last autumn, the opening elections of the spring, show that the Union line is not broken; and if the leaders of opinion in the late insurgent States are truly wise, if they wish the country to believe in their acquiescence, they will abandon their dog-in-the-manger policy, and prove that they were honest in the war by honestly accepting the judgment to which they appealed.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE freedom of a large number of the inhabitants of the United States, formerly held as slaves, was recognized and confirmed by the Emancipation Amendment. But mere emancipation left the whole class in an anomalous condition, the consequences of which it was plainly the duty of the United States to remove. It became necessary to define at once the relation of the freed people to the rest of the population; and Congress has therefore declared that all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States; and such citizens, of every race and color, and without regard to any previous condition of slavery, shall have entire equality of civil rights. Any person who shall deprive any inhabitant of any State or Territory of any right thus secured is declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and is punishable by a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than one year. The various law officers of the United States, with the officers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and other officers who may be authorized by the President, are charged with the duty of proceeding against all violators of the law.

This Bill of Rights is necessary, simple, and precise. It declares who are citizens, it defines their privileges, and provides for their defense. It pledges the whole power of the country to protect the civil rights of every citizen every where. It does not leave them to the whims of local communities nor to the prejudices of caste. It recognizes the right of the supreme sovereignty to declare who are its citizens, and acknowledges the duty of that sovereignty to defend them; nor can any faithful citizen object that his fundamental rights are precisely defined and maintained by the supreme instead of a subordinate authority. The constitutionality of the law can not be questioned except upon the ground of a controlling sovereignty in the States over the nation, and that is a claim which is no longer valid.

This bill—which is truly a Magna Charta—overthrows all hostile legislation of the States against equality of civil rights. The Black Codes, which seek to retain as many of the disabilities of slavery as possible, disappear before this just and beneficent decree. It announces distinctly to those who would still cling to feudalism in America that feudalism is henceforth impossible. It tends to speedy pacification by showing to those who still doubted the national purpose that all the consequences of emancipation have been well weighed and fully accepted by the country. It destroys false hopes. It clears away misunderstandings. It proclaims that when the United States abolished slavery they meant what they said, and knew what they did.

The bill passed both Houses of Congress by enormous majorities. In the House of Representatives the vote was 109 to 38, in the Senate 33 to 12; and we see no reason to suppose that the President will dissent. We hope indeed that by the time this paper is issued the bill may have been approved by him and have become a law. We shall hear of that result with sincere satisfaction; for when once the President and Congress agree upon a vital and fundamental measure like this, a better understanding and further agreement will be much more probable and practicable.

Sensible men in the late disaffected States will also be glad that a vexatious question is thus put in the way of settlement. Mr. STEPHENS, of Georgia, in his late speech before the Legislature of that State, spoke very smoothly of the duty of giving the freedmen fair play. We have the right to expect his earnest support of this bill. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, and Governor WALKER, of Florida, have shown great good sense in their action respecting the education of the freedmen; and they, too, will undoubtedly feel and acknowledge the wisdom of a measure which secures rights that they do not deny. And all citizens of the United States who understand that the country must and ought to be constantly agitated until the equal rights of every American citizen before the law are secured by the highest power in the land, will hail the bill as a measure of the wisest statesmanship, and an earnest of the national resolution that nothing which was really gained by the war shall be lost.

A REPORT UPON THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

WE have received many letters discussing the eight-hours' labor movement, some of them very foolishly charging us with hostility to the laborer because we have pointed out the impracticability of remedying the evil of overwork by legislation. But the truth is, that the subject is controlled by other laws than that of a Legislature, and must be studied in the light of such laws. A regulation of the State making it penal to work for more than eight hours would be absurd; and a declaration that eight hours should be considered a working-day would be useless. If such a declaration could not be enforced it would leave the matter exactly where it is now.

We observe that Mr. JULIAN, of Indiana, has suggested in Congress that eight hours shall be a working-day in the Government shops and yards; and the New York Legislature has been considering a general proposition in favor of the eight-hours' system. In Massachusetts a Commission was appointed last year to investigate the whole subject, and, after careful inquiry and consideration, the Commission have presented a Report which we heartily commend to every working-man and legislator as a most careful, comprehensive, and sagacious treatment of the subject. The Commission was composed of gentlemen peculiarly fitted for the task by sympathy, intelligence, and experience. They have examined the question with the utmost sincerity of purpose to remedy existing evils, and have finally reported against the wisdom, justice, and practicability of an eight-hours' law.

The Commission sent into every town of the State to make the necessary inquiries and to solicit co-operation and advice. It also held public hearings in Boston. But neither the response to the inquiries nor the attendance upon the hearings indicated so vital and general an interest as had been supposed. It appears that in the chief branches of industry the "ten-hour system" generally prevails, except in cotton factories, where eleven hours is the general rule. The shortest time established by custom is seven hours and forty minutes for shipwrights upon "old work" or repairs: the longest time is seventeen and a half hours in a few bakeries. The Commission found that the employés were generally in favor of a reduction of time, and the employers opposed to it. Yet those who favor a reduction are not agreed upon the nature of the necessary law. Some wished it to be prohibitory; but a law forbidding a man to use his power of labor at his discretion is a law destroying the capital of the working-man. So, finally, the mass agreed that the law should merely declare eight hours a legal working-day. But such a law is simply worthless.

The Commission are of opinion that the radical objection to making eight hours, or any other number of hours, a legal day's work is, that, by giving one measure of time for all branches of labor, such a law must be unequal in its action. It would not be an impartial law, and that is a fatal difficulty. Moreover, it would be absolutely impossible to apply it to some of the most common and necessary branches of labor. Thus the fundamental industrial interest of farming could not conform to such a law; and the extent of this industry may be inferred from the fact that the present cash value of farms in the United States is about *ten billions* of dollars. The Commission sum up their objections to the law as follows:

"Because they deem it unsound in principle to apply one measure of time to all kinds of labor.

"Because, if adopted as a general law in the way proposed, it would be rendered void by special contracts, and so add another to the dead laws that cumber the statutes.

"Because a very large proportion of the industrial interests of the country *could not* observe it.

"Because, if restricted, as some propose, to the employés of the State, it would be manifestly *partial*, and therefore unjust."

The Commission then proceed to a concise, able, and temperate consideration of various points involved in the question: the relation of capital to labor; the province of law; the law of usury; and the employment of capital. They show that capital and labor are not natural enemies, but real friends; and while for the reasons stated they are opposed to an eight-hours' law they think that in many departments of labor there is serious injury from over-work, and that in such there is need of reform. This reform, in their judgment, is to be accomplished by intelligent discussion and mutual understanding between employers and employed. They cite instances of such agreement. Thus the workmen representing, at the hearings of the Commission, the factory operatives of Lawrence advocated the ten-hour rule for factories, on the ground that the change from eleven hours to eight would be injurious both for the employed and the employer. The introduction of the eight-hours' system in Australia was not the result of legislation, but of the tranquil deliberation of all interests. The great co-operative movement in England, illustrated by that at Rochdale—the constituency of the late RICHARD COBDEN—is voluntary and not legislative. In Germany and France, according to the Commission, the same movement is proceeding without convulsions and with the best results.

We know of no better service which could be done to Congress and to the Legislature of New York, and of every State which is now considering this subject, than to present every member with a copy of this thoughtful, humane, and truly valuable report.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

THE debates on the Loan Bill in Congress on 16th and 19th inst. foreshadow the struggle that must be encountered before specie payments can be resumed in this country. All the manufacturers, all the coal-miners, all the producers of grain, all the holders of wheat, corn, pork, and cotton—every one, in a word, who owns property which is liable to decline with gold, is opposed to any and all measures that are calculated to diminish the volume or increase the purchasing power of the currency. It is the old story; the contest of property holders against the public. It is for the interest of all men—including those who now chance to own property and merchandise—that we should as soon as possible get back to a stable standard of values. But it is very hard to drive this truth into the mind of a man who bought pork or cotton or breadstuffs or dry goods at prices 25 per cent. above those now ruling. Such a one is slow to be persuaded that present loss will be future gain.

Partisans of continued inflation may for a few weeks or months sway Congress in a wrong direction. They may even prevent the passage of any measure of contraction during the present session. But they will gain little by the contrivance. The duty and policy of the nation in this matter are so clear that no delay will convince the public that they are going to be ultimately neglected. The Loan Bill introduced by Mr. MORRILL is objectionable on many grounds. Its defeat on 16th instant was not an unmixed misfortune. But those who infer from that defeat that Congress is going to defer to the property holders who—under the lead of JOHN SHERMAN and THADDEUS STEVENS—desire to perpetuate indefinitely a system of irredeemable and depreciated paper-money, will presently discover that they have mistaken the temper of the nation. Honest men may fairly differ as to methods. One man may favor this sort of contraction, another another sort. One man may look for resumption much earlier than his neighbor. But they who conclude from the opposition already developed in Congress to the MORRILL bill that gold is not going to decline, and that prices are not going to fall with it, will soon find out their error to their cost.

We showed last week that contraction was already in active progress. Over $175,000,000 of compound-interest notes, which six and twelve months ago were in general circulation, have now practically ceased to be currency by reason of the interest which has accumulated upon them. At least $100,000,000 of National Bank currency—say an amount equal to the issues of the National Currency Bureau—have within the past ten months gone South for the transaction of business in that section of the country. And, finally, the Secretary has managed within the past six months to retire about $30,000,000 of the legal-tender notes outstanding. Thus, without any new legislation, contraction is going on at a fair rate.

Even if Congress should, on reconsideration, refuse to accede to the demands of Mr. M'CULLOCH, his present powers will enable him to continue to contract the currency at quite an active rate. It is now clear that by mid-summer Five-Twenty bonds will be selling at 75, if not at 80, in London. At these prices the outstanding currency can be exchanged for bonds, and Seven-Thirty notes can be converted into bonds quite as fast as the interests of the coun-

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try require and the safety of commerce will justify.

It is not at all desirable that the Secretary should be misled by the present plethoric condition of the Treasury into premature attempts to resume specie payments. Over twelve hundred millions of short-date securities are to be funded or paid off within two years. A policy which should precipitate a commercial crisis would deprive the Government of the means of paying off these securities and of the credit essential for funding them. But no one connected with the Government has thus far developed precipitate views on this subject, and the partisans of continued inflation exhibit a disregard of the facts when they charge the Secretary with desiring to rush forward to specie payments in disregard of the permanent interests of the country. Mr. M'CULLOCH'S views have thus far been eminently conservative—as the continuance of the temporary loan at 5 and 6 per cent. sufficiently proves.

The great lesson which the public of producers, consumers, manufacturers, middlemen, merchants, farmers, etc., ought to engrave upon their memory at this time is that we are on the high road to contraction, to lower prices, to specie payments. They should beware of being misled by the defeat of this or that bill, by the temporary success of this or that advocate of continued financial disgrace. Let them lay it to their hearts that the American people are bent on rehabilitating their national currency and making it as good as the currency of other nations; and that whatever delays may occur, and however temporarily the paper-money men may seem to triumph, the restoration of a hard-money currency within a given number of years, if not months, is mathematically certain. Let them rely upon it that from this time to the day on which the banks resume specie payments prices will be steadily on the decline, with such reactions as are usual in speculative markets. From quarter-day to quarter-day every thing produced or consumed in this country will show a diminution in market value. Men who hold goods, merchandise, and other property will grow steadily poorer, just as the like class grew steadily richer in the days when the currency was being expanded. Labor will fall steadily in value, until wages decline to a point never before reached in our history. We expect to see common laborers working for half a dollar a day by the time that gold falls to or near par. This will be thrice the average paid in Great Britain.

Let the public beware, too, of believing that "the bottom" has been reached before specie payments have been restored. In the downward course there will be many reactions. It will often appear that prices are bent upward, and that a general recovery is about to take place. Such symptoms will prove deceptive. There can be no real recovery in prices until the national currency is made worth 100 per cent in gold. When that point is reached, it will be safe to buy any thing, for prices will naturally react sharply from the antecedent depression. But till then, seeming reactions will prove pitfalls of destruction.

Already the signs of the times point to the end. A month ago an active speculation in real estate was in full blast. It seems to have been short-lived. Recent sales at auction show a general decline in prices, and handsome country seats are for sale at rates very much lower than were current in 1856–7. Long-headed men have already read the future. In 1855–6, and again in 1856–7, this class of men refused to buy any thing, and were set down as simpletons by a younger class of operators who claimed to understand the times, and bought right and left whatever was offered at "the going prices." In the course of a few months the young operators were ruined, and their more prudent seniors stepped in and secured their property at almost nominal rates. It will be so again, The men who keep their money, and buy nothing in 1866 and 1867, will probably purchase in 1868 or 1869 all descriptions of property at prices as far below as the rates of 1863–4 were above their real value.

MORE LIGHT!

THE most important philanthropic association in the United States is the American Freedmen's and Union Aid Commission, which proposes the education of all the unenlightened population in the late slave States. It is not an impertinent philanthropy, for the welfare of this country depends upon the intelligence of the people, and ignorance any where is danger every where. The ignorance of Maine or of Florida imperils Pennsylvania and Iowa, and he is the true patriot and peacemaker who by every fair and honorable means aims at the education of all the people. The danger to the country is quite as much in the ignorance which puts the mass of the people at the South in the power of certain leaders as it is in the ambition of the leaders. The schoolmaster might have saved us the war. Education will certainly keep the peace.

The policy of Slavery has always been to keep the poor ignorant. Emancipation abolishes the chief reason of so barbarous a policy, but its traditions will long remain. The Charleston *Mercury* once said that the working-people had no more right to education than the slave; and General HOWARD now says that he believes "the majority of the white people to be utterly opposed to educating the negro. The opposition is so great that the teachers, though they may be the purest of Christian people, are nevertheless visited publicly and privately with undisguised marks of odium." Yet, on the other hand, there are gratifying facts which show the awakening of some of the more intelligent minds in the late insurgent States to the necessities of the case, and which indicate something of that "acquiescence" of which we hear so much and see so little. Thus the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah has written to the Freedmen's Aid Union, saying that he learns (what is true) that it has no sectarian character, and asking help in founding schools for the colored part of his flock. The Legislature of Florida has passed laws establishing a common school system for colored children in that State, and the Governor seconds the request of the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau to the Aid Union, that it will assist in erecting a normal school for the education of colored teachers. Governor ORR, also, of South Carolina, and Mr. TRENHOLM, the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, having visited the colored schools of Charleston, were so impressed by them that, after consultation with one of the leading colored teachers, they propose a common school system for the colored population of the whole State. These are significant facts, and show that some men at the South understand how the cruel ravages of war are to be effectively repaired.

The Census of 1850, which was prepared under the auspices of DE BOW, who stated every thing as softly as possible for the slave States, and which, allowing for the losses of war, may be nearer the truth of to-day than the later Census, gives 568,182 free adults in the slave States who could neither read nor write. The number of free colored adults would very slightly reduce these figures. Assuming that there are 1,000,000 of freedmen, and even 500,000 poor whites to be educated, at least 30,000 teachers would be wanted. The annual expense would be scarcely less than $15,000,000. The daily expense of the war was about $3,000,000. Thus to educate for two years the ignorance of the South from which the war sprang would cost no more than ten days of war. If the States would undertake the whites, the expense would be reduced one-third. Would it be an extravagant expense? Would it be a waste of money? No; for as men are educated their demands increase, and their increasing demands start all the vast machinery of trade. Education in Alabama or Georgia quickens the spindles of Lowell, the looms of Lyons, the fields of the West, the presses of the East. Education is the best police, abolishing armies, destroying penitentiaries, and recognizing the resistless force of the State in a single constable. Every dollar spent for this regenerating influence would be sowing a seed which would be harvested a thousandfold.

The work should be voluntary as that of the Sanitary Commission was; and such the Aid Commission proposes that it should be. Moreover, it should be as heartily welcomed in the destitute States whose population it proposes to reach as it should be sustained by those which are able. Truth is not sectional. Ideas are not local. There is no proprietor's brand upon knowledge. Jealousy of so humane and lofty a work is impossible except among the foolish or the malevolent. It is worthy of the time and of the country. It would be the seal of reconciliation and peace.

COLORADO.

THE bill for the admission of Colorado has failed, and we are not sorry. The smallness of the population and the character of the Constitution were the chief objections urged against the bill, and the Enabling act was the main argument for it. But the terms of the original Enabling act were not complied with; and although that of itself is not a fatal objection, yet the facts as reported justify a doubt whether there was a fair expression of the population upon the Constitution. In any case the majority was suspiciously small; and the Constitution disables an intelligent and industrious part of the population because of their color. The general principle was advanced which seems to us very reasonable, that it is not desirable to erect any Territory into a State until it has at least the population necessary to send one representative to Congress. If Colorado wishes to be the equal of New York in the United States Senate, it surely is not unfair to delay her gratification until she is entitled to one member of the House.

A POOR JOKE.

ONE of the amusing spring jokes is the painful effort of the "Democratic" papers and orators to call the men who sustained the war against the Congress of Richmond and the Chicago Convention *disunionists*. The gentlemen who with more or less frankness applauded JEFFERSON DAVIS and thwarted the United States Government in the agony of its struggle are very anxious to be considered the especial friends of the Union. As their political allies, the late enemy, could not overthrow the Government they are very clamorous that they should now control it. Next to the dissolution of the Union these worthy citizens would like to see a dissolution of the Union party; and as they have learned that loyal men are able to maintain the Union against combined Copperheads and rebels, they would dearly like to steal that name and brand their conquerors as disunionists. When they can persuade the American people that BENEDICT ARNOLD was a patriot and PATRICK HENRY a Tory, they may convince the same jury that VALLANDIGHAM and the "friends" of HORATIO SEYMOUR are true Union men, and the glorious multitude which saved the Union in war and intend to secure it in peace disunionists.

AVOIDABLE AND UNAVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE.

PHYSICIANS, in making out certificates of death, sometimes in the case of old persons, when they find no evidences of the presence of some one positive disease, set down old age as the cause of the result. Let us see whether this is strictly correct. What, let us inquire, is necessary to the absolute preservation of health, so that death may come entirely from old age without the agency of any disease? Food must be taken every day of the right quantity and quality, at the right intervals, and adapted to the different periods of life; the influence of all external agencies—as air, heat, light, etc.—must be perfectly regulated, and mind and body must be exercised in the right amount and manner in all the stages of their progress—all this requiring, as you see, vastly more alike of knowledge and judgment and power than are within the compass of man. But this is not all. There is requisite also entire freedom from unholy passion and desire, which are fruitful sources of disease in their irritating and depressing influences upon the nervous system, aside from the results of the wrong practices to which they lead. But even more than this is required. There must be the power to neutralize all those occult causes which operate so widely, producing specific forms of disease, such as scarlatina, malarious diseases, cholera, typhus, etc.

You see, then, that death absolutely from old age alone is an impossibility. Even if the occult causes alluded to are escaped, there must necessarily be, even in those that live most rationally, accretions of disease every now and then along the course of life—each one, it may be, slight, but adding to the aggregate which is to produce death at length in those who to all appearance die of old age. Even though there may have been no obvious attacks leaving residua, there always are in such cases slight morbid conditions engendered here and there—weak spots, as we may say—which have much to do with the final result, sometimes obviously and sometimes secretly. It is only when some one of these becomes especially prominent at the last that some malady is set down as the cause of death; and when a concurrence of several or many of them is the cause, though death comes really from a compound disease, it is attributed to old age.

Have you ever read HOLMES'S story of the Deacon's "One-hoss Shay?"—how it all gave out at once at every point, making a pile of dust, instead of breaking down—or, in other words, how it perished of sheer old age? An amusing description this of an impossibility akin to that of a strictly general wearing out and death of the human body. As

"A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out,"

so we may say of man even when he dies at a good old age, in such a way that the physician can not see that he died of any particular disease. Even in such cases there is undoubtedly often "somewhere a weakest spot," though not discovered; and although there may not be, it is clear that many small weaknesses may produce the result as surely as a single great one.

In what we have said the reader can not fail to observe that the causes of disease may be divided into two classes—the avoidable and the unavoidable; the former, all those common causes which come from such agencies as food, heat, air, light, etc., and the exercise of the powers of our bodies and minds; and the latter, the occult and specific causes of which we have spoken. The classification is not, however, absolutely correct; for the causes of the first class are not avoidable to the full. To make them so would, as we have before said, require more than human knowledge and power. Then again, though we know nothing of the nature of the occult causes, we do know enough of the circumstances that produce some of them to enable us often to escape their operation. For example, though no chemical or other tests have ever discovered the nature of the cause of intermittent fever, the circumstances which favor its production are well ascertained, and we in many cases have some measure of control over them.

Again, the two classes of causes very commonly are mingled in their operation. Take, for instance, cholera. The specific cause of this is unavoidable; that is, no one can escape from its influence who is where it is in operation. But many of the avoidable causes of disease—that is, the common transgressions of the laws of health—are absolutely necessary in a very large proportion of cases, perhaps even the majority, to make the specific cause effectual in the production of the malady. And yet little heed do most people give to these avoidable causes, while they run after vaunted prophylactics, and clamor for impracticable and ineffectual quarantine regulations. So in the case of typhus there is a specific cause, which sometimes develops the disease in those who observe the laws of health uncommonly well, but it is peculiarly apt to do so in those who live in decided and continuous transgression of them, as is seen in the crowded and filthy habitations in some quarters of cities in contrast with the model lodging-houses.

The avoidable causes of disease operate with some unavoidable causes much more readily than with others. They, for example, have a great influence, as you have seen, in the diffusion of typhus fever and the cholera, but they seem to have little or none in the diffusion of small-pox, scarlatina, measles, etc. These latter diseases do not, like the former, have their special habitats among the crowded and filthy and vicious.

Take now, in contrast with such diseases as typhus and cholera, consumption, that great and constant scourge (and because constant and not occasional attracting but little attention) that causes in many quarters even one-sixth of all the deaths. The causes of this malady are all avoidable, of course with the limitations before noticed. There is no specific cause—no poison acting in connection with other causes; but the disease is the result of tendencies in the system generated by transgressions of the laws of health, and there is no case in which a true hygiene can win more signal victories. Even those tendencies which are inherited may be very generally removed by proper modes of living.

CONSUL GENERAL MURPHY.

MR. W. W. MURPHY, Consul General of the United States at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, has just arrived from Europe, upon a short leave of absence. Mr. MURPHY will be most warmly welcomed by those who know how inestimable his services were in maintaining the honor and credit of his country during the war. That the bonds of the United States were in good repute among German capitalists is greatly owing to the intelligence, ability, and courtesy of Consul General MURPHY.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 13:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman introduced a joint resolution that the aggregate outstanding United States notes, not bearing interest, and including fractional currency, shall not be diminished below four hundred and twenty millions; that all surplus in the Treasury exceeding forty millions in coin and forty millions in currency shall be promptly applied to the payment of accruing indebtedness, and to the purchase or payment of the interest-bearing debt of the United States; but the amount of interest-bearing legal-tender notes shall not be diminished by payment or conversion at a rate exceeding five millions per month. This resolution was referred to the Committee on Finance.—The bill to admit Colorado was defeated, 14 to 21.

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back from the Military Committee a bill to incorporate a Military and Naval Asylum, for the relief of totally disabled officers and men of the volunteer forces of the United States. The bill was passed.—Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, reported back, with amendments, the Civil Rights bill. The amendments were agreed to, and the bill was passed by a vote of 109 to 38.

March 14:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson called for the bill to increase and fix the military peace establishment, which, after a full debate and the adoption of several amendments, was passed—yeas 27, nays 5.

In the House, the joint resolution relative to the Paris Exposition was taken up, and Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, addressed the Committee in opposition. Mr. Chandler, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Rice, of Massachusetts, followed in favor of the resolution. At the evening session the consideration of the subject was resumed, and receiving several amendments, the resolution was passed—yeas 69, nays 50.

March 15:

In the Senate, the Civil Rights bill was taken up, and the House amendment agreed to. The bill having passed both Houses, goes to the President for his signature.

In the House, the principal topic of discussion was the Loan bill.

March 16:

In the Senate, Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, introduced a joint resolution on reconstruction, in favor of universal suffrage, a general amnesty, and admission of the seceded States.

In the House, Mr. Hubbard, of Iowa, offered a resolution which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Indian Affairs to inquire into the expediency of concentrating the different tribes of the Dacotah or Sioux Indians on one reservation.—The Loan bill was defeated by a close vote.

March 19:

In the Senate, the House amendments to the bill establishing a national home for disabled soldiers were concurred in, and the measure now only needs the President's signature to render it a law. The bill to provide for an annual inspection of Indian affairs was called up, and, after some discussion, passed.

In the House, the vote on the Loan bill was reconsidered, and the bill was recommitted without instructions.

GEORGIA AND TEXAS.

The Texas Convention has recognized the abolition of slavery, and will probably make full provision for the rights of the negro, there being only a very small minority of the delegates opposed to such a course.

The Georgia Legislature has just passed a law that all persons of color shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, and to be sued, to be parties and give evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to have full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and estate, and shall not be subjected to any other or different punishment, pain, or penalty for the commission of any act or offense than such as are prescribed for white persons committing like acts or offenses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is considerable opposition in the Corps Legislatif of France to the policy of trying to keep a foothold in Mexico. The fact that a general election will be held in 1869 will have great influence on the Emperor, leading him as far as possible to conciliate the people both on this Mexican question and also on questions of reform. It is significant that M. Jules Favre, a member of the Corps Legislatif, has had the boldness to speak of France as absolutely dependent upon the will of one man, the Emperor.

The London *Times* speaks of President Johnson's veto message in terms of commendation.

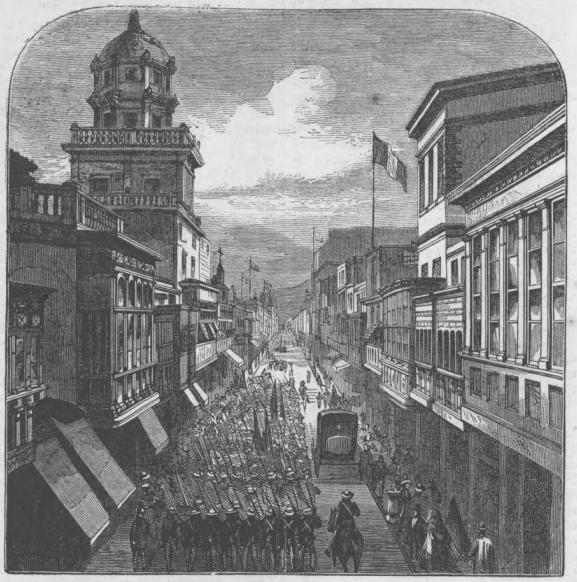
Prussia seems determined to annex Holstein and Schleswig in spite of Austria. Count Bismark has driven the latter country to the alternative of surrendering its own claims or risking war with Prussia. It seems likely that Austria will make the surrender for the sake of peace.

In China the Nyenfei rebellion, which has arisen from the embers of the suppressed Taeping revolt, was gaining ground rapidly, and Shanghai was once more threatened with an attack. The foreign residents were preparing to meet their assailants. Horrible accounts of cruelties inflicted on captured rebels by Chinese officials, under the tacit sanction of the British authorities, are published in the Hong-Kong papers. In India disturbances had again broken out on the Northwest frontier.

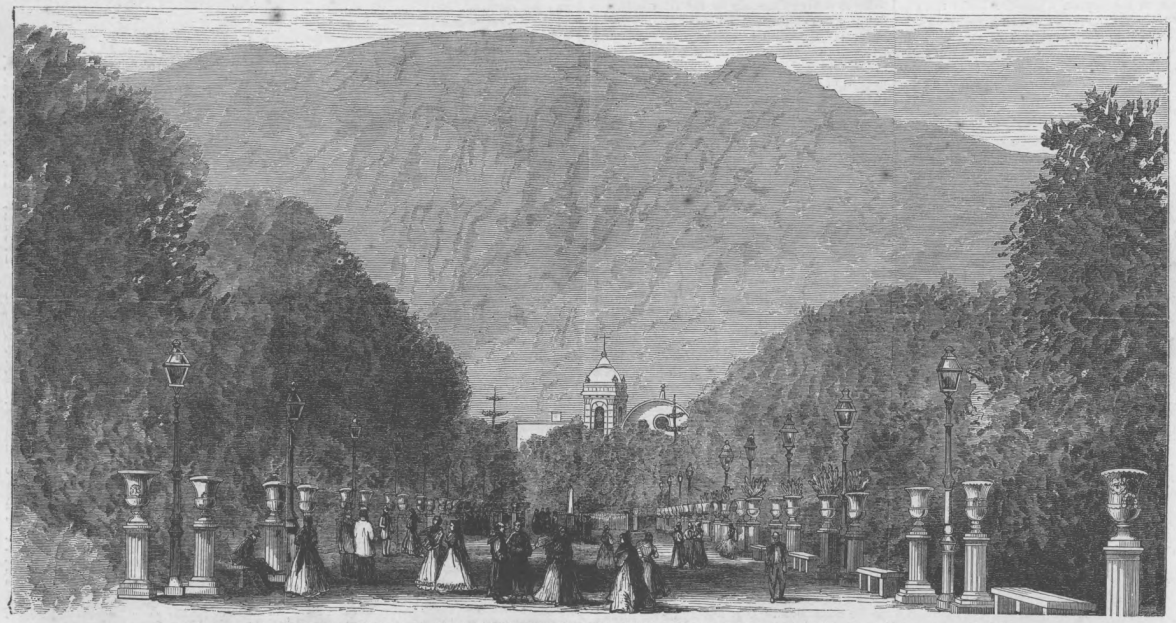
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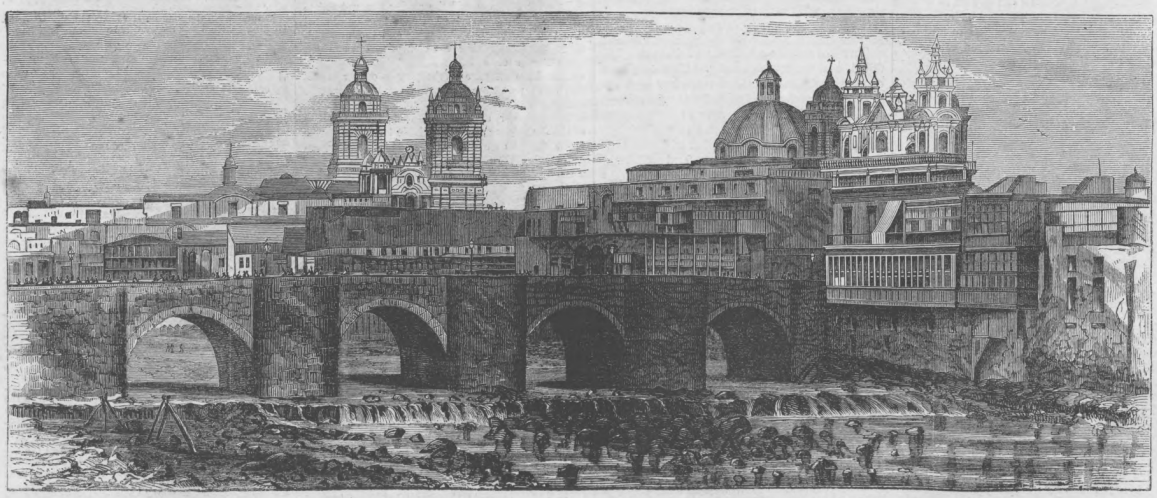
GENERAL PRADO, THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.—[SEE PAGE 199.]



MANTILLA STREET, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



INTERIOR GARDEN OF THE ORDER OF BAREFOOTED MONKS, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF PIZARRO, LIMA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



IN LOVE.

CHAPTER XII.

We really can not and will not permit our attention to be drawn off one moment longer from Dr. Peel; he looms altogether too conspicuously upon the Somerville horizon for that. It is impossible longer to ignore the deep and wide-spread impression he has made upon that intelligent community.

"Describe him to you?" says fair Anne Wright to an old schoolmate, with whom she is conversing, on a visit from an adjoining county. "I can not, Laura; you must see him for yourself, child."

"Oh, well, you can at least give me some hint, can tell me something about him," urges her curious friend—naturally curious from the perpetual reference she hears made to him beneath that roof. "Is he a big man?"

"At least not a little man," laughs Anne. "Yes, I do really believe he is the largest—I mean the grandest man I ever saw in all my life. Such a noble chest! His forehead, too, high and prominent. And then his eyes—the finest you ever saw—eyebrows, and hair all as black? That isn't the name for it. But his eyes—the most splendid you ever saw—look as if they were actually alive!"

"Why, so they are if the man isn't dead," says her more prosaic friend.

"Oh, nonsense, Laura! I told you I could not begin to describe him," says Anne, who is a fragile and lovely blonde. "There is a sort of soft fire in them, except when he gets roused; then how they glow and flash and scorch! And then he has such a voice, child; I do know it is the sweetest and deepest. And pa tells me he makes speeches in Somerville the most powerful—makes the people laugh one moment, and cry like children the next. And when he denounces the Yankees or the Union people! Why pa says his voice, when he lifts it, can be heard for miles. Pa says he is equal to Colonel Ret Roberts, if not superior. And then he dresses so splendidly! The finest broadcloth, the whitest and finest linen, the richest vests. I do think his neck-ties—figured silk scarfs, you know—are the gayest and the brightest. One notices such things so much more these days when we are all wearing our old things on account of the blockade—this old calico, for instance. And his jewelry, too! Pa objects to that in Dr. Peel. And I didn't like it in gentlemen either till I saw Dr. Peel. He wears several rings on his fingers, large ones, one or two diamonds among them. Then his heavy gold watch—I have noticed it when he takes it out to see if he ought not to be going—it is so massive and rich, with such a heavy gold chain to it all across his bosom. But you ought only to see his breast-pins, Laura! A different one every time, at least, he has called out here—the richest! What is most uncommon about him is the quantity of perfumes he uses. Pa almost swears about it. I don't object to it. Why, Laura, in his appearance, bearing, and all, his olive complexion, too, he looks like a Spaniard—a Spanish prince, so large and sumptuous and magnificent in comparison with us plain people."

"Why, the man must be rich," says Laura.

"Every body says so. He always has plenty of money, and he pays it out as freely as a king. The ladies there in Somerville have only to go to him to get any amount they want, provided only it is for the war in any way. Not our miserable, ragged, dirty paper-money; great round twenty-dollar gold pieces; and, you know, they are worth ever so much more than paper. And as to his politics, pa says he never saw—"

"Give for the war? He must be a good Southern man," says Laura, threading her needle afresh.

"I was just going to say, pa says he is most determined, active, liberal, confident; 'the most splendid specimen of a Southern gentleman I ever saw,' pa said, after Dr. Peel left here last Saturday. And that's just what we like him most for," continues Anne Wright, with enthusiasm. "You know what a hot Southern man pa is; but Dr. Peel is ahead of him, of any body I know. I've always been a good Secessionist, which is more than you can say, Laura. Now don't be offended, dear, but it's actually awful to hear Dr. Peel talk about the Yankees—the most despicable people, he says, in every sense of the word; yes, and proves it in a thousand ways. And then to hear him speak about the South, its extent, resources, glorious victories, future prospects, how essential its success is to the whole world—I can't remember it all, but it is like reading an oration."

"Yes; but why isn't he off for the war?" asks Laura, whose people, by-the-by, have been dreadfully suspected of entertaining Union sentiments. Plague take them! as Mrs. Warner is steadily remarking, you find them here and there and every where.

"You silly child, he is in the war. Not a private soldier to dig in the trenches, or to be shot down like common people. If you were to see him once you would see how absurd that would be. No, Dr. Peel fills some high position or other. He is often away from Somerville attending to military business; in correspondence continually with President Davis, General Beauregard, and the rest. He brought a superb sword all the way out here to show me, one that Davis had presented him with, gold scabbard, silver hilt, with a great red gem of some sort in the end, silver chains to it, and all. Pa pressed him to tell us more particularly about his position—it was only last Saturday. You ought to have seen his manner as he said it—'It would give me much pleasure, Major Wright, to inform you. I flatter myself it would interest and astonish you if I was only at liberty to tell. A gentleman of your intelligence, however, will understand that there are elevated and difficult duties—duties which require oaths of secrecy.' And then he drew himself up with such dignity I couldn't help thinking what a splendid Confederate senator he would make. Don't whisper it, Laura; but he has already told us that he has some promise, when the war is over, of the mission—you know we will have embassadors like other nations—to Austria or Russia or Spain, he was not assured yet which. But, my dear," ran on Anne, generally the quietest of girls, enraptured with her theme, "you ought only to hear him tell about being taken for a Federal spy there in Somerville, oh, months ago. He told us about a self-appointed Committee visiting his rooms at Staples's Hotel to examine. The idea was so funny, and then the way he took off Bob Withers and that fussy old Dr. Ginnis, pa like to have died laughing. And such splendid teeth, speaking of laughing, you know, he has! He had met with ever so many singular adventures in his life, he told us, but that being taken for a Federal spy he did think was the richest of all. He sat down on the spot, he told us, and wrote to the President a full account of it, just to give Davis, he said, one good laugh if he never has another. How they tumbled over his things, peeped into his boots, and all—pompous Captain Simmons and the rest. But he was glad to see it, he said; it showed the people were active and wide awake for the Confederacy."

"Why, he must have been out here quite often?" said the friend, with a smiling malice in her eye.

"No, not very often; that is, not very, very often," replies Anne, very red and then quite pale. "But we won't talk about him any more; I'm tired of it. How *do* you fix these gathers, Laura? you are such a wise body, and I am such a poor little good-for-nothing."

"Oh, you artful little goose," broke in her friend, "if you ain't in love with the man my name isn't Laura Rice!"

"What nonsense, Laura!" says poor translucent Anne, blushing very red, and then turning so pale it was unpleasant to see. "I never thought of such a thing. Me? I would as soon think of the Emperor of Russia. If you only knew him, what a great, magnificent—"

"Nonsense yourself, Anne, don't I know," says her visitor, who, being quite plain, was that much the more strong-minded and sensible. "If you don't know you ought to know that just such fair-haired, blue-eyed, nice little bodies as Anne Wright are the very ones your big Spanish princes are most apt to fall in love with."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Laura," said her friend, flushing with pleasure one moment, almost ready to cry the next. "You ever whisper such a thing, and see if I don't tell every body you are Union. Dr. Peel may have shown me a good deal of attention at balls in Somerville, concerts, tableaux. He may have been out to talk with pa about the war. I never once thought, I never dared to think of such a thing. If I was only a strong, beautiful girl, high-spirited, like Alice Bowles say—but poor little me? Why, he could put me in his vest pocket almost. *Me*, child! You think yourself mighty wise, but you never were more mistaken in all your life." And Anne vows she will never mention Dr. Peel's name to any body again as long as she lives, rattles off upon other topics for a while, and then becomes so silent as to be but poor company for her friend.

And Dr. Peel is a magnificent-looking man, no denying that fact. As Anne Wright said to her friend, he did look "the very hero of a novel, dear; Byron's Corsair, and all that. And sings? You only ought to hear him sing!"

He looks all this the more strikingly these last few days from contrast with Lieutenant Ravenel. The Lieutenant is a late arrival in Somerville. He and Dr. Peel, to whom he has brought letters of introduction from South Carolina, are inseparable. Any one can see what particular pleasure the Doctor takes in introducing him to all his friends—that is to say, all the gentlemen, not Union men, to be met on the streets. "A genuine bit of Charleston aristocracy, Huguenot blood, distinguished for his gallantry in the war; on important business from the War Department, though what that business is I can not get out of him," says Dr. Peel aside to his friends in billiard saloon and street corner.

If you observe them in Mrs. Bowles's parlor on a visit they make that lady, Dr. Peel looms up peculiarly large in comparison with the small, almost girlish, size and form of the Lieutenant. The Doctor is quite swarthy, while the Lieutenant is exceedingly fair and rosy, no perceptible beard yet—too young for that. A handsome fellow, too, in his way, in his neatly-fitting gray suit, the sleeves richly embroidered; the military cap sitting jauntily on the side of his head is off now, of course, and you can not fail to admire his light and curly locks. "My dear mother fitted me out before I left Charleston with her own hands," he told Mrs. Bowles in return for some compliment upon his attire. Such frank, open, cordial manners! Fun, too, always lurking in the corners of his dark eye and chiseled mouth, breaking out continually in ready laughter, artless and unrestrained as a child, over dimpled chin and cheek. Every body likes the Lieutenant on the spot warmly; you can not help it.

"By George! and those slight-built, pretty-faced fellows, girlish as they look, are the very ones to fight, you'll bet; perfect devils incarnate when a battery has got to be stormed. That's what the English people found out about their London dandies there in that war with the Russians," says Bob Withers in reply to Dr. Ginnis's sneers at Lieutenant Ravenel.

For a wonder Dr. Peel sits comparatively silent in Mrs. Bowles's parlor this evening, and lets the Lieutenant do all the talking. And Mrs. Bowles is in a flutter of delight over a visit from one direct from Charleston, and has a thousand questions to ask about Charleston and South Carolina. Lieutenant Ravenel knows almost every body and every thing there. She has vague recollections of having often seen the Lieutenant himself when a little boy playing on the Battery there at Charleston. His family she knows, of course, ever since she knew any thing. And the Lieutenant has a world to say about Rutledge Bowles, with whom he has been intimately associated, and whom he likes almost as much as his mother.

"Only, you know, Madam, there is no merit in that. Every one admires and likes Rutledge Bowles. How much he is growing to resemble his father in the portrait—of the Major, I presume it is, Madam?" says the Lieutenant, with a wave of the hand toward the old hero in his frame overhead.

"I am pleased to know it," says little Mrs. Bowles, all the mother kindling through her refined and thoroughly lady-like manner. "Did Rutledge Bowles send his photograph by you?" she adds, eagerly.

"He would have done so, Madam, for I heard him speak of desiring to send it only the week I left. The fact is, I was not intending then to leave Charleston, much less come so far south as this. Intending? Upon my word, Madam, I had no such intention. Just ten minutes before the Augusta train ran out of Charleston my Colonel caught me on the street with dispatches in his hand and a sealed note of instruction for myself. 'You will hardly have time to throw your linen in a valise and run,' he said. I did run, hard as I could tear, Madam; barely in time to catch the train as it ran out of the dépôt. You remember it is a good distance from the Post-office, where I was when the Colonel caught me. At the rate they hurry us a pair of fresh feet ought to be served out every few hours as a regular ration, Madam—a relay of wings, or something of the sort." The Lieutenant is so perfectly a gentleman, at the same time so overflowing with life and fun that he keeps Dr. Peel and Mrs. Bowles and Alice laughing, the first named especially, all the evening.

"I could wish Rutledge Bowles was a little more lenient toward the faults of his subor—I mean his superior officers, as they are called in military language," says Mrs. Bowles, not without pride. "He seems to be always in some difficulty with them. Yet Rutledge Bowles has, though young, a good deal of his father's, the Major's, accuracy and energy of character too. He lately sent me full drawings of all the defenses of Charleston, with an exact statement of the number and disposition at the time of our troops there."

"Was that not rather—excuse me—against rules?" began the Lieutenant, politely.

"So he said in his letter. 'But since you have written for them, mother,' he wrote, 'I will risk it.' It was a foolish curiosity I had, not to see the drawings and that, but to see how well he could do it. Friends here also would like to see what Rutledge Bowles could do. Still I did not wish him to come unnecessarily in conflict with his—superiors."

"Oh, we all know Rutledge Bowles," says Lieutenant Ravenel, gayly. "For my part I do assure you, Madam, I have talked with him upon that very point often. You see, Madam, we were students together at—tut, pshaw, was it at the Citadel or—"

"Columbia," suggests Mrs. Bowles.

"What am I thinking about? Columbia. I prepared for Columbia at the Citadel. Columbia, of course. I could take the liberty with him, you observe; it is not every one who can. If Rutledge Bowles has a fault it is pride. But I could do nothing with him. Ah, before it



"HAIL COLUMBIA!"

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escapes my mind, those drawings you spoke of, would you be so kind? And all the papers, in fact, if it is not too much trouble?"

It is no trouble at all. Mrs. Bowles knows exactly where the package is. Lieutenant Ravenel glances rapidly over them, but is so pleased with them that he begs permission to take them with him, will return them in the morning—they are well worth an hour's study. Mrs. Bowles consents, of course. The dear lady glows up to the smooth parting of her silvered hair with pleasure. A visitor, and a Ravenel too, from Charleston!—it is as an angel stooping from Eden to banished and pining Eve. What with South Carolina, the war, and Rutledge Bowles, the evening passes rapidly by. The gentlemen consent to remain till tea, Alice entertaining them while her mother absents herself, making some special arrangements connected therewith.

Neither of the ladies have any admiration for Dr. Peel, his sumptuous attire, jewelry, and essences. But on account of the Lieutenant, who remembers Alice, often met her with her nurse in King Street—her mother also, only it is so long ago, at Hibernian Hall he thinks it was—they can not refuse to pay the Doctor all due attention. Yet the Lieutenant is the soul of the evening, at tea-table, and after tea till near midnight. The war is, of course, second as a topic only to Rutledge Bowles, and Lieutenant Ravenel regards the attempt of the North to prevent our independence as the choicest of jokes. He describes their cowardice, how they scamper and squall for quarter in every battle till Alice can not help laughing heartily, while Mrs. Bowles's cheeks are wet with tears of mirth. "Not that I do not from my inmost heart pity them," says good Mrs. Bowles. "The madness, the frantic folly of their miserable leaders it is excites my anger. Poor creatures, the Federal privates—mechanics, I presume, most of them, ignorant persons. Yet they, too, have wives and children to sigh and weep for them."

The gay Lieutenant is grave in an instant. In low, soft tones he recounts sad, sad incidents which, he is not ashamed of it, have moved him to tears even in battle. "Poor, poor creatures! I agree in your Christian sentiment, Madam; yes, we can well afford to pity." But the Lieutenant is familiar with the plans of the Confederate generals, narrates skirmishes of which Mrs. Bowles and Alice have not as yet had opportunity to read. Nor, owing to their retired situation, have they had such full particulars of the noble fleet being built in Confederate ports and in Europe for the Confederacy. The Lieutenant tells them, too, of certain negotiations then in progress with foreign powers; imparts the fullest information in reference to the great revolution, already arranged and soon to break out at the North for the overthrow "of Lincoln and—pardon me, ladies—his hellish crew." A vast deal more to the same effect, all in a manner so sparkling yet deferential as to bring back to Mrs. Bowles those happy, happy days in dear old Charleston.

"Really you should see the editor of our paper—a Northern man, I regret to say," begins Mrs. Bowles.

"Lieutenant Ravenel has already seen Lamum, Madam," interposes Dr. Peel. "We spent yesterday evening with him. The *Star* will contain in its next issue more really interesting information than any number since the war began."

And it did contain just that. Somerville read it with keen pleasure or the reverse, according to the political tendencies of the reader. Mr. Ferguson regarded that number of the *Star* as one of the most valuable in his whole collection. The visit of Lieutenant Ravenel was an event in Somerville. Somerville, in fact, remembers it distinctly to this hour.

But it waxes late. The gentlemen really can not consent to trespass upon the ladies any longer. "Only one piece of music more before we leave," says the lively Lieutenant, who has been beside Alice at the piano turning over the leaves for her, even joining in with a well-trained voice, as she played and sang this and that for the last hour.

"Well, if I can," says Alice, with a smile, her fingers on the keys.

"Hail Columbia. Only for the fun of the thing, you know," says her visitor, laughing.

"You must excuse me." Alice has a taste for fun, but finds no amusement in doing just that, she does not ask herself why.

"Well, then, the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Ravenel," quite decidedly, too.

"Pardon me, only Yankee Doodle, just for the amusement of it," pleads the Confederate officer, with hands clasped in comic supplication. "You play so well."

"I can be guilty of no such—such mockery," says Alice, surprised at her own depth of feeling and energy of refusal. With heightened roses, too.

"I really am amazed at you, Alice," says her mother, as Alice rises from the instrument. "A willful daughter, much like Rutledge Bowles in character, Lieutenant Ravenel. But since you have given us so pleasant an evening, Sir. Of course I respect your aversion to the North, Alice, but then— If you will excuse my poor practice, Lieutenant Ravenel—"

And Mrs. Bowles, who is a fine player, sits down to the piano. She does not exactly see the joke, but it is the request of a guest, a favored guest. Yankee Doodle first. She had almost forgotten it. The servants in the kitchen positively refuse to believe their ears. The Star-Spangled Banner next. Charles and Sally, in the hall by this time, listening, paralyzed with vague ideas that the Yankees have arrived at last. The Lieutenant beside her strikes in with the words after the first line. Mrs. Bowles glances up nervously, to meet the laughing eyes of her guest. What a willful, handsome, foolish fellow!

"Now Hail Columbia, if you will pardon my folly," pleads the volatile officer. It is a severe strain upon her good-breeding, but she has no time to refuse. This time Dr. Peel is on her other side, his deep voice swelling that martial melody. It is better sung than played, but splendidly done as it is. Alice is turning over a book on the other side of the room, the tears, to her own astonishment, trickling fast and free down her cheeks. Her emotions? The variation of magnetism not more beyond her analysis or control.

"It will be such a joke to tell Rutledge when I see him," says the laughing soldier. Mrs. Bowles is three-fourths ruffled with him, but there is a fascination about the young Carolinian which she can not resist. With the last note of the magnificent anthem the gentlemen take their hats to leave, apologizing for their long stay. And Mrs. Bowles has to apologize also for Alice, who has left the room.

"I fear I have offended Miss Alice by my whimsey in regard to that old music," says the handsome Lieutenant, seriously, and with penitent face. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I fear levity is my besetting sin. Apologize for me, Madam; she must forgive me on the ground of our being both Carolinians. And may I beg," adds the Lieutenant, coming back into the parlor after taking his leave, "that you will not allude to my visit in writing to Rutledge? There are reasons—in fact, I am here on secret service." His peculiar position prevents the officer from saying more. No one has finer tact than Mrs. Bowles. She anticipates him, understands the whole, and hastens to express again her gratification at having met him. And so they part.

"I do solemnly declare, Fairfax, you are a trump! But look here, man, you carried it too far to-night, entirely too far." It is Dr. Peel who makes this remark over and over when they are safely in the streets, and once again with new emphasis when they are seated in the Doctor's room at Staples's Hotel.

His companion pays no attention to him until he has completed an accurate copy of the papers from Rutledge Bowles loaned him by Mrs. Bowles.

"Beautifully done," says Dr. Peel, after examining the work. "What a draughtsman you are, Fairfax! And the list, too; useful documents."

"Worth coming all the way to this little Somerville to get. You see we can buy any number of papers of the sort on the spot. But those are made to sell, perhaps to deceive; this we know to be correct. My conscience hurts me awfully, however," adds the Lieutenant. "What a perfect lady she is; and so unsuspecting! But that music was grand, wasn't it? That is the food I was raised on; very little else I have heard off and on these last two years; but I never enjoyed it in my life as I did to-night. By Jove! here in the heart of the rebellion, and the sincerest of rebels playing the accompaniment! Did you ever know such a joke?" And the young man stretched out his legs under the table, threw himself back in the chair, and laughed as only the young and happy can laugh.

However, for her life Mrs. Bowles could not see the point of the fun next morning. She felt condemned, guilty. And then passers-by having stopped, horror-stricken, to hear the music, poor Mrs. Bowles had to explain and explain the matter for weeks after. Most annoying. But when Mrs. Warner, on a special visit, with upraised eyebrows, "really could not believe it, Madam. Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Red, White, and Blue, Star-Spangled Banner—all those miserable old songs, and over and over again, I'm told. Why, Mrs. Bowles, you must have heard how Alonzo Wright, only a month ago, when down the country for cotton, shot a man dead, dead on the spot, for only whistling Yankee Doodle thoughtless-like, for the man was a good Secessionist!"

"Mrs. Warner," interrupts Mrs. Bowles, very quietly, but with all South Carolina in her manner, "my daughter Alice and myself and our guests play and sing, and do now, and at all times, exactly as we see fit. You will pardon me, Madam; but how did you say your little Maria is? Well, I trust."

So that nothing is left Mrs. Warner but "Good-morning, Madam!" and to leave.

"But, Fairfax, I'm in earnest about it, in the interest of Government as much as in your own, do you not risk too much?" urges Dr. Peel there in his room upon his young friend.

It is amazing how changed is the Doctor's manner with the Lieutenant from what it is with Somerville; not an oath hardly, gentle as a lamb, not the least bit of a bully or a blackguard. Sumptuous Dr. Peel is a totally different Dr. Peel in every sense from what Somerville has known him. And he wears a business air, too, with the Lieutenant, his natural self evidently.

"Never mind about me, Peel, old fellow!" says his friend, gayly. "The only way to cross rotten ice is to skate your swiftest. You have your way out on this business; I must follow my way. I wonder if I have not had some experience by this time? My way of doing matters has carried me over many and many an ugly place—will carry me over many an uglier yet. The fact is, Peel, I wonder—by-the-by, what your name really is. Never mind about that. The fact is, I'm a man walking the edge of a precipice: over a scantling laid across an abyss: if I stop to look down I'm lost. But I'll be shot if it isn't fun alive, the whole thing. I always had a genius for fun—about the only truth I told Mrs. Bowles to-night. There, at the University of Virginia, we fellows used to think we knew what fun was. I rather flatter myself I was a kind of ringleader. Smoking the Fresh; deviling the Sophs; putting pigs up the belfry, tied to the rope, so as to ring at it all night, you observe; putting tubs of cold water over the tutors' doors, so as to benefit their debilitated systems with a bath as they came out; dyeing the professors' dogs and horses a lovely crimson—things of that sort. But this is a joke ahead of them, I rather think. As to the danger, that is the spice of the whole thing."

"And you never were in Charleston?"

"Not before the war; often since—on business, you observe, confidential and excessively private. Carolina, with a plague on the heroic little humbug, except that, I was never in it in my life. Thank you for your hints about Rutledge Bowles, only his mother gave me enough during the first five minutes. I *was* intimate with him, wasn't I? Splendid fellow, I have no doubt."

"His proud beauty of a sister was too much for you," began Dr. Peel.

"Glorious girl, isn't she?" broke in the Lieutenant, with enthusiasm. "And I'll tell you something, Sir, will astonish even you. That girl is Union, Sir—Union true blue—Stars and Stripes to the centre! You needn't whistle. I ought to know the signs by this time. While you were telling the mother that preposterous story about your acquaintance with Calhoun, I gave the fair damsel a full trial, just to be certain of it. I couldn't get her faintest assent to a syllable I said in glorification of the Confederacy, not even the assent of her eyes, steady *arrière pensée* there the whole time. It was to tease her as much as any thing I asked her to play those pieces. A Secessionist might do that, refuse as she did, probably would, but the manner of refusing! And with her brother and mother so dyed in the wool. Glorious girl! I could have hugged her on the spot for her principles. But, as to that, how any woman can stand Jeff Davis, Secession, war for slavery, and all, is more than I can understand—blind feeling."

"Exactly as a woman clings to a red-faced, foul-breathed, roaring, drunken husband, who curses and beats her and the children. It is my husband, you see. My country! The delusion lies just there," says Dr. Peel, with a sneer.

"Oh, as to that, it is amazing how many people I find all over the South who continue to know what their country *is*, cling to it, too, with all their souls. By Jove, Sir, I honor them," says the young officer—"honor them more than words can utter. They are the very best people, too, of the places where they live. I fall in love with them on sight, especially when they are females. I often meet with wrinkled, toothless old ladies. You see they know people can not well hang them, so they can speak out to their heart's content. And they do. I have heard them abuse Secession even to my satisfaction. I could have taken the dear old things in my arms. Whenever I chance with Union people off by themselves you can not tell what a severe temptation it is to tell them a little something. I can play upon them as a girl can on a piano; tell them tremendous tales of the success of the Confederacy just to see how melancholy they get, their faces growing as long as your arm in spite of themselves. And to see how they brighten up when I slip in a little good news the other way! They do not believe a word of it, of course; or shake their heads in such a melancholy way, their eyes sparkling. How they will rejoice when the old flag flies over them again, and all the air blows Hail Columbia! True as steel they are; but if one could only tell them how certain the thing is! However, all this isn't business, and I'm off in the morning. People might get *too* fond of me, you know. Lieutenant Ravenel, Confederate States service—good!"

"Well, I am ready," said Dr. Peel, producing a package of papers from his bosom. "Not much more in addition to what we have attended to already. But, first, there's a receipt for that last thousand you brought; much obliged to Uncle Sam and secret service. Now then. Here's—let me see—ah, yes, a statement of the rebel forces and so forth in my district, present and prospective sustenance, and so on. Tell them they may rely on it; I got the statement from head-quarters myself. You do things your way, Lieutenant Ravenel of South Carolina, but if you fancy there is a genuine Southerner of higher standing than Dr. Peel in all this district you are mistaken. By-the-by, here's a private letter. Do me the favor to leave it at its address in New York. It is exchange on London for five thousand pounds to my credit, you know; they'll understand it. A good joke, since you like jokes so well, in connection. That represents a cargo of cotton safe over the water in payment by the Confederacy for I have forgotten how many pounds of powder—"

"Permit me, Dr. Peel," interrupts his guest, with a total change of manner. "Do I understand—"

"I am astonished at you, Fairfax. Don't you *see* that the article was manufactured for this express purpose? We found it would throw up the ball in the metre about, say, three degrees. The standard in our service is rather over that, I think. You ought to have seen the proud satisfaction with which it was received. I volunteered to see to the stowing of it away. Necessary to take special precautions lest it should explode. Explode! And there it is at the Arsenal this instant, all ready in case of need."

"But," began the delighted Lieutenant, "how in the mischief— ?"

"Oh, I had specimens plenty for trial, Dupont's best. The Governor shook me by the hand warmly. 'Splendid article,' he said. 'You see I'm an old soldier, and ought to know,' says he. 'We are under obligations to you, Doctor.' I rather think wooden nutmegs will cease to be quoted hereafter. The articles in the way of caps, arms, powder, clothing, every thing that Yankees in Havana, France, England, Belgium, have passed off for genuine cotton upon these poor devils is shameful. Not Yankees only. It does seem that the entire world has conspired with the leaders here South against the South. I am glad of it to my soul," adds Dr. Peel, with a savage oath. "That is what I like most in the thing—the cool, deliberate, thorough suicide in it from the start. Burned towns, railways destroyed, wharves leveled, whole regions stripped bare, to say nothing of the killed and the orphans and widows. Curse on them!" continued Dr. Peel, with a torrent of curses, all his soul in his bad eyes—"no man can hate them worse than I do, and even I am almost satisfied. And then all that is yet to come! I am more than satisfied, almost beginning to pity—*perhaps*," he adds, with the expression of a devil.

"Hallo, I say, look here, man," says his companion, looking keenly at the speaker. "War is war, I know, and these people would force their heads in the cannon's mouth. But I don't believe in the way you look at it. Take care what you say. If we are whipping them a tough enough job they are giving us of it, all our numbers and navy to boot. Besides, I am a Southern man myself, every drop of my blood." And the gay young officer had changed into a sharp observer upon Dr. Peel. "Besides, you talk too loud. How do you know but there may be some one listening? If there are, up we go, you well know," added he, with a peculiar gesture of his right hand, and resuming his gay manner.

"Never fear, I know what I am about. I'm too anxious to live if it is only to see the delicious ending. I have taken every precaution. Besides, I don't believe any possible event could make the people here even doubt me. The credulity, the super-astounding gullibility of these people is one long treat to me. I do love to work them up, and have them yell and brag and soar to heaven in glorification of the South. Such double-distilled fools!" says Dr. Peel, melting into contempt, and so becoming cool again. "However, business. There, that paper explains itself—the exact date, as near as I can get it, of that raid to be made into Tennessee. I think I have been tolerably accurate heretofore. There is another paper—sealed, you see; private even from you, Fairfax. Ah, that is a little petition of some friends about that Sergeant Boldin. He deserted from Grant—you must have heard of it—after getting himself scarified on the back some way—something like it in one of the old sieges of Babylon, is there not? It was his information gave us that delicious blunder of the rebels below Corinth. The Sergeant died like a man. You'll find the address of his family there. Seward ought really to do something handsome. Ah, here is that list of the Union men in my district who may be relied upon at Washington. If you are caught destroy that whatever you do; if it gets into rebel hands they'll smell out the cipher, and in that case good-by to the men. That would be a pity. There are two Judges, a Secretary of State, three Superintendents of conscripts, several officers in actual service. It amazes me, Fairfax, and every day—pshaw! no, it does not amaze me. But the *rottenness* of this whole thing! Talk of Southern chivalry! If you only knew as well as I do the frantic eagerness of these military men—not civilians mind you, but the officers, the very chivalry itself, to make money! All that is a thing, of course, with Yankees, but I did think there would be at least that difference. Why, Sir," adds Dr. Peel, with an oath, "there is not a dodge to which most of them do not resort to make a fortune out of this war."

"Laying up for exile and confiscation, man," says his companion. "And as their paper pay depreciates they will be more desperate in the work than before."

"And to do the South justice," continues Dr. Peel, with something like a sneer, "even you have little idea how very many Union men there are South, and not a man of them even attempting to make a cent out of the war, dumb, dead weights upon the rebellion those of them that escape hanging." The Doctor says this while selecting another paper from his package. "There," he adds, laying it upon the table, "read that, Sir; something actually done for the cause; the amount of stores destroyed is rather under than over the mark."

"Flouring mills, card factory burned; ten powder wagons blown up, two more upset in crossing the river—hum—hum; train of mules run off from—hum—hum. Why, Doctor, you are the very—steamer *Eliza* burned; thousand stand of—six pieces small cannon, fifty thousand pounds powder—hum, hum; machinery of percussion cap—"

"That was really a shame," puts in the Doctor, with a display of his remarkably fine teeth. "If you only knew the months of modeling, casting, contriving before they could get the thing to work. Just as they got all ready—I was really sorry for them, such a bitter disappointment. Reminds me of a little thing I didn't think worth putting down. I was on a visit over at the Penitentiary—a distinguished visitor, you observe. The Colonel insisted on showing me over the whole establishment. In one room they had an iron trough filled with the detonating mixture for caps. Very much interested I was, so much so as to visit the room again next day; had a handkerchief full of lime under my cloak, and—if those caps explode I'm mistaken."

"Destruction of the Arsenal at Jackson!" says the young officer, glancing over another paper placed in his hands. "You don't mean—"

"Certainly," says Dr. Peel, with an effort at seriousness. "The women and children I regret as much as any man. But war is war, and they *would* have it. You observe, there is no neighborhood in all the South in which one can

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not find plenty of hands. The blacks are too dull often, but the mulattoes are smart enough. Bless your soul, you don't suppose I do my work with my own hands? No, Sir, not if I can help it; besides, what is the use when I have so many ready for any hint from me. You could not do my work; it requires a peculiar gift. In one month I could lay almost every town in my district in ashes if I only gave the word. They are sometimes caught, often hung, yet they never divulge any thing—at least, never any thing to hurt. Miserable animals they are, of course," adds the speaker in peculiar tones. "Mere monkeys, apes, gorillas, but as mischievous as monkeys. They can not plan, have no idea of combination, yet they can do what is planned for them. They are called 'hands,' you know. And then they have such an innocent, ignorant, stupid look with it all."

"I am sick of the whole thing—sick, sick," says his companion, with ill-concealed loathing for his friend, and resting his face, covered with his hands, upon the edge of the table.

"How you reason!" said Dr. Peel, towering above the Lieutenant, bold and bad as Lucifer. "Forty odd blown up at Jackson. Why, Fairfax, those people had already—women and children, mind—had already made cartridges enough to have killed many thousand times that number of our men, and were hard at it still."

"How do we know, at last, but you are humbugging us?" says the Lieutenant, glad of some mode of showing his aversion, raising his head, and looking his companion defiantly in the face. "Who knows but you take the credit of mere accidents?"

"That is for your superiors to decide, Sir," replies Dr. Peel, even haughtily. "They have had no occasion to doubt me so far."

"Oh, well, it *is* none of my business," said his companion, hastily, drawing his cap down over his forehead. "Let us get through."

"Well," he adds, when Dr. Peel has handed in, without further conversation, his last report, "it is a disagreeable business. I'd rather take it out in open field. Yet few men in the field are as useful as I am—and as you are," he adds, with some hesitation, "Certainly none in such danger."

There is a long silence, during which Dr. Peel, business over, is refreshing himself with a cigar as he sits at ease in his superb dressing-gown, rocking himself in the best rocking-chair Joe Staples's Hotel affords. The Lieutenant, meanwhile, is securing the papers about his person.

"Being a Yankee," he begins, as if suddenly impelled into conversation by some new motive.

"I beg your pardon. Figuratively a Yankee, you mean. You are a Virginian, you know," interrupts Dr. Peel, holding his cigar in his jewelled hand, and emitting a long puff of smoke from his lips.

"There is nothing very wonderful in your knowing that," replies the other. "Others besides yourself know me inside our lines. No, what I was about saying is this: being a curious sort of man, I will be glad if you will tell me exactly what prompts you to your well known—I will add wonderful—zeal and energy. I don't think I am an idle man in the cause, but you leave me far in the rear."

"I have no objection to tell you," is the reply, "provided you will tell me why you are so active. I won't stop to be complimentary."

"Soon told," answers the young officer, who has entirely resumed his light and dashing manner. "I am a Southern Union man, ten times intenser Union than any of those Yankees North can be if they tried, because it is my native South which I'm helping to rid of the double curse of Secession and—I wouldn't have said it three years ago, I do say it now—slavery. I got my devotion to the Union from father and mother; had it deepened by the stand I took for it at the University; since the war began it has become my very life. The assassination of some of my dearest friends by the rebels, the death of my old father, and the destruction of the old place at the same hands, have helped matters; and I have an old mother—as splendid a specimen of a Virginia lady as ever lived—living at Fredericksburg, who lays her hand on my head and blesses me in my work whenever I see her. Martha Washington, Sir, over again," adds the officer, with enthusiasm. "Precious little I care for old Lincoln. In fact, I've had more cold water thrown on me at Washington than any where else. It is the rescue of the South from that wretched old Repudiator and his gang, and their abominable delusions and knaveries, that I fight for. You know all about the Crusaders and the war for the Holy Land."

"But why engage in this particular sort of service?"

"It just happened so: At the opening of the war a particular piece of information had to be obtained from within the rebel lines for a very special reason. No one would go and get it; so I had to do it. It became a habit, you see; the excitement of the thing, the success, a little praise from head-quarters, and all. And I always had a taste for masquerading—for the joke's sake. Why, Sir, I've passed any number of times for Davis's nephew; once or twice as his son—dangerous work that, as I do not know whether the old scoundrel has any son; but every man has nephews, you know. There is hardly a prominent officer in the rebel service whose near relative I have not been somewhere in my travels. I am a native of every State of the South, hailing, at some time or other, from almost every leading town in every State South. I have filled almost every minor office under the Confederate Government; been in every battle, without exception. Masquerading! Why, Sir, I've passed half a dozen times as a lovely girl driven from my home in Maryland, Kentucky, Nashville. I have been the belle of balls in Richmond and Charleston! You would have died of laughing to see me managing my crinoline and tossing my curls! By Jove, I can handle a fan and a parasol so well, at times I almost get to believe I am a woman, and not so ugly a one either! I have had love made to me by any number of military men; have been so enthusiastic for the cause; have had so many charming little ways—'Now, do tell me, General!'—'Please, Colonel, how many men have we got here?' and so on—that I've got more information than I dared hope for. But I've no time to talk. Isn't that the morning breaking?"

And the young officer rose from his chair, washed his face at Dr. Peel's wash-stand, combed his hair before the glass, and sauntered about the room as fresh as if he had just risen from a full night's sleep.

"Four o'clock," he added, at last, consulting his watch, "and the stage leaves at half past. Have up that breakfast, Doctor, you promised. I have already settled my bill—nothing to do but to eat and leave."

That Dr. Peel was a Power at the hotel was evidenced in the rapid manner in which a hot breakfast was served up in answer to his call to that effect down the stairs. The very countenance of the mulatto who waited on them with it would have indicated to a close observer that Dr. Peel wielded some unusual influence over him at least.

"You said you were in London, I think," said the Lieutenant, who, declining to sit down, stood beside the table eating. "I don't expect any sympathy from you, but did you notice the tomb of André in Westminster Abbey?"

"There were really so many objects of interest—"

"Well, I did. My father took me over when I was a boy; told me the whole story as we stood looking at it. I was fascinated. I suppose there may be some similarity in our dispositions—not our fates, however, I hope. There was a sort of harum-scarumness; a dashing mixture of Achilles and—by-the-by, what a fellow Achilles was for a masquerade! I never thought of it before! Months, you remember, in disguise at the court of King Something-or-other! Isn't that the stage coming up the street? And I had almost forgot. What is your motive?" said the Lieutenant, making a rapid finish of his meal, snapping together the lids of his valise, putting on his cap. "I'm all ready to be off—what is it?"

"None of the motives you speak of," said Dr. Peel, grim and sullen, behind the coffee-pot. "I don't object to the pay; it is to me an easy life; some other reasons, perhaps. But the chief reason," he added, suddenly, "is hate."

"Hate?" Lieutenant Ravenel of South Carolina weighs the words as he draws on his beautifully-embroidered gloves, looking keenly in his companion's face. "Hate?"

Few men sharper than Dr. Peel. "I would not have printed all that wild young scamp told you," he had said to Lamum after the issue of the *Star* containing the Lieutenant's information. "Lamum was wrong to do it," he remarked to Somerville generally. "Chaps like Ravenel are fond of exaggerating, making a great blow. Take my word for it, you'll find half he has been telling us is all a lie." With a tremendous oath, "I don't know but what his very letters of introduction to me were all a forgery!" Yes, very smart, indeed, was impetuous and magniloquent Dr. Peel.

Not sharper than young Fairfax. As that gentleman stands drawing on his gloves and looking steadily at his friend seated before him, the stage horn blows a second time, and with it the negro hostler comes into the room for the Lieutenant's valise, and "Mass Bill Perkins say, come or be left."

"You told me to take care I didn't carry it too far. You had better take particular care yourself, Dr. Peel," such singular meaning in the speaker's tones. "Upon my soul, I can hardly blame you; the times whirl so fast I hardly know how to think or feel; but, fact is, I have found you out, Doctor."

One can make nothing of the Lieutenant's countenance the expression is so strange.

"Why, what do you mean?" asks Dr. Peel, at last, but by no means the Dr. Peel he was up to that instant.

"Oh, pshaw! I know it. You are ——;" and he places his lips to the Doctor's ear to say it. Not over half a dozen letters to the word, yet grand Dr. Peel falls back from the whisper as if struck by a bludgeon, and his lively young friend is gone.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"THE only time," said the surgeon, "that I ever saw prisoners roughly handled was at Winchester."

The ladies united in asking him to relate the incident.

"We made regular trips," he continued, "once or twice a week from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. We did not mean to garrison it but to prevent the rebels from holding it. At the time I was speaking of we had orders to enter Winchester, and push as far as we could safely go beyond it, to find out whether the enemy had any forces in the neighborhood.

"We reached the rebel town in the evening.

"The General ordered us to rest for the night—until he could get the reports of spies, and of one or two scouting parties that he had sent into the country.

"We dismounted. The officers told us to make ourselves at home. The boys searched all the stables and barns in the town for forage, and others went out in squads to the neighboring farms.

"As soon as they got their horses fed they entered any house they pleased and took up free quarters in it.

"As a squad of three of our men were about to enter a barn in the outskirts of the town, three rebel soldiers suddenly jumped up from among the hay and let blaze at them. One of our men was badly wounded, but not fatally. His two comrades ran back for help. They soon returned, I tell you, with as mad a set of fellows as you could have mustered in Virginia. They hunted the barn high and low, every nook and corner, up loft and down cellar, but not a trace of the rebels could they find.

"We knew that they hadn't got out of our lines; for our pickets were too strong for that.

"There were some houses near by and we searched them. But we had the same luck—not a trace of the rebels!

"'Well, boys, we must give it up,' said Tom Rynder; 'but I'll be hanged if I see how the —— Johnnies got off. They must be here—somewhere nigh by, too—but they've given us the slip as slick as grease.'

"'Not much they haven't,' shouted Bill Green, a Maryland soldier; 'you don't find this child leave this till he collars them doggoned rebs. I tell you they're inside ten rods of here, some'eres, and I tell *you* I'm agwine to get 'em dead or alive. I know their tricks, by jolly, and I tell you they're in that house thar some'eres or other. Hillo! Look at that hole! How are *you*, Johnnie? I'm after you!'

"And with that characteristic speech off he ran to the nearest house, which we had searched already from top to bottom. The houses there have no cellars. They are generally raised about three or four feet from the ground, and sometimes rest on a stone foundation which is built all round; and sometimes again they rest on a little piece of masonry at the corners only, while the spaces between them are banked up with earth. In the banking of this house there was an opening that none of us had noticed. The Marylander made for it and squatted on his knees and peeped in.

"'Are they there?' we shouted.

"He looked up and said nothing. He was evidently disappointed.

"'No,' he said at last, after musing a while, 'but they're here some'ere, and I'm agwine to find them. Hillo! bub, come here! Come along with me!'

"A little fellow had just come out from the house. He hung back, but Bill coaxed him into the barn. I went with him. Bill told the other men to keep the women of the house inside, talking to them, so that they might not see him with the boy.

"'Now, bub,' said Bill to the boy, 'do you know that I'm agwine to burn down your house?'

"The boy looked scared.

"'Oh, please not, Sir,' he cried; 'them fellars ain't thar; true's death, Sir, they's not thar.'

"'And I'm agwine to hang your dad, bub,' added Bill, without taking any notice of what the boy had said; 'and, likewise, I'll be obleeged to give you the goldarnest whaling you ever heerd tell on in all your born days!'

"'Oh, please don't, Sir!' cried the little fellow again—he was thoroughly frightened now—'the solgers ain't thar.'

"'How do you know?' asked Bill.

"'I knows they ain't,' replied the boy.

"Bill seized him by the collar and spoke fiercely.

"'Now, boy, I'll hang you and your dad, and burn down your house in ten minutes, if you don't tell me whar them fellers is hid!'

"'Oh, please, Sir, I'm afraid,' said the boy.

"'Don't be afeerd,' Bill told him—'they sha'n't harm you; nobody sha'n't harm you *but me*; and, by hockey, I'll pull your gizzard out and hang you double quick if you don't out and tell right off whar they're hid!'

"The boy was now completely cowed.

"'Well, Sir,' he said, 'they's hid under our house. They's dug a hole in the ground right below the middle of the parlor. You can't see it when you look in that hole in the bankin', bekase they totted all the dirt away, and you see it's too dark to notice the other hole thataway.'

"'All right, bub,' said Bill, 'you'll be a man before your mother if you keep your eye peeled! We won't hurt you.'

"'Oh, please, Sir,' cried the boy, 'don't burn down our house; we's Union folks!'

"'In what direction?' asked Bill, with a grin.

"'I don't know nothin' about ary direction,' said the boy, with a puzzled look.

"'Oh you don't?' continued Bill, 'well, ye oughter. You oughter say you're Union—

'*Over the left, you know, over the left,*'

he sang.

"Bill rushed out, and told one of the soldiers to stand with his revolver cocked at the hole in the banking, and to shoot down the first man that tried to escape through it.

"Then he went into the house and asked for an axe.

"'What in the world do you want with an axe?' the old woman inquired, with an anxious glance at his face.

"'*Axe* me no questions and I'll tell ye no lies,' said Bill; 'but, unless ye want this house burned over yer head, bring me one in less than two-forty.'

"The woman saw that Bill was in no mood to be trifled with, and went and got the axe without any more ado.

"Bill then turned to the three soldiers who had followed him into the house and told them to draw their revolvers and be ready to shoot. They did so.

"Without a word Bill seized the carpet at the edges and tore it up.

"The women screamed.

"'Lord a messy!' shouted the old woman, 'what on airth are ye spiling my carpet for? The ole man and all on us is Union, and hez allers bin!'

"'Pon my word and honor,' added one of the daughters, 'there ain't nary reb hid in our house.'

"'We don't know nary thing about ary reb,' said another young woman.

"They all made a fuss and hollered, but Bill took no more notice of them than if they had been a parcel of hogs. He tore every bit of the carpet from the floor.

"As soon as he had done it he took the axe, and with one blow broke through the thin floor.

"'Be ready, boys!' he said.

"The women were crying and screaming and talking Union all the time.

"One or two blows made quite a large opening, and with a single jerk Bill tore up the flooring.

"What do you suppose we saw?

"There lay the three rebs, dressed in dirty homespun, huddled together at the bottom of a wide hole that they had dug beneath the house.

"Bill was a powerful fellow. He seized one of the rebels by the nape of the neck, and not only pulled him out, but pitched him to the further corner of the room. One of our boys instantly covered him with his pistol.

"Without waiting to rest, Bill served the two others in the same way.

"You ought to have seen him as he turned to the women:

"'Well, old Sixpence, you're Union, you ar? an' the ole man? and allers hez bin? And *you* never seed no reb, you never did, Miss Brass? Nor you nuther, on your word and honor, Miss Secesh?'

"They hung down their heads, blushed up to the eyes, and left the room without saying a word.

"We disarmed the rebels and led them to the General. But it was hard work. I never saw our men so exasperated. They wanted to lynch these assassins. If our wounded man had died I don't believe the General could have held them back.

"Next day we had orders to return to Harper's Ferry. The three rebs were lariated to the bows of saddles, and forced to keep up with us all day long on foot. Their shoes were taken from them, and they had 'a hard road to travel, I believe,' that day. That was all the punishment ever inflicted on them for the attempted assassination of our men.

"This," added the Surgeon, "was in the days when we made war on peace principles, and it would not have done then to have hanged these wretches. It might have exasperated the South, you know. So, as I said, all we did to them was to force them for one day to keep step to the music of the Union cavalry's hoofs."

THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.

THE revolution which has recently been consummated in the republic of Peru, originating, as it seems, in a feeling of dissatisfaction among the soldiers and population of the southern provinces at the behavior of President PEZET's Government in submitting to the insolent demands of Spain last year, has resulted in the establishment of a dictatorship in the hands of the new President, General PRADO, who was proclaimed at a meeting in the Plaza of Lima on the 26th of November. The Peruvians seem to feel the necessity of immediate and vigorous measures, as the only means of maintaining the national honor and saving the country from further financial difficulties. The new President promises well. There has been a thorough investigation into the public finances, and a system of taxation is shortly to be established, in order to make up the deficiency and to prevent an entire dependence upon the transient revenue of the guano trade. A general abolition of all privileges and pecuniary grants unlawfully accorded by former governments has been decreed and carried into execution. Several bureaus and all unnecessary offices have been suppressed. A central court of justice has been appointed for the speedy trial and punishment of all persons belonging to the public service who may be guilty of treason, dishonesty in the discharge of their duties, or other crimes. Further, public schools have been decreed for the diffusion of education among the poorer classes. These movements are all in the right direction, and indicate that the Government is in earnest for the welfare of the country.

VIEWS IN LIMA, PERU.

WE give our readers on page 196 a portrait of the new Dictator of Peru; and three interesting Views of Lima, the capital of that country.

Lima—in accordance with the old custom which required that great cities should be built at some distance from the sea-port, in order to place them out of the reach of piratical invasion—is situated about two leagues from the Bay of Callao, on the banks of the Rimac. The site of the city was chosen by PIZARRO, in 1535. In half a century the city is said to have been peopled by 100,000 souls. But what a decline since then! In 1836 the population was only 54,000. The view of Lima, as one approaches it from the distance, is very magnificent; but the entrance to the city does not justify the anticipations aroused by a more remote observation. Owing to the prevalence of earthquakes the houses are rarely very high, though, as will appear from our illustrations, there are marked exceptions to this custom of building houses only one or two stories in height. On an average there are about forty-five earthquakes per year in Lima. About once in half a century these shocks are extremely violent and ruinous. In this way the whole city has several times been reduced to a heap of rubbish. The most destructive of these occurred in 1746. A little more than an hour before midnight the earth began its tremblings, and in three minutes the city lay in ruins. Of more than 3000 houses only 21 escaped entire. The towers of the cathedral were overthrown. The bridge across the Rimac, of which we give a sketch, was the only public work which escaped. The sea, which had suddenly receded from the shore under the impulse of the shock, with its refluent wave buried Callao and its 5000 inhabitants in an utter and everlasting silence, leaving no vestige of the wreck which it had made!

Our VIEWS IN LIMA are photographic leaves from the "Rays of Sunlight," photographed by A. GARDNER, and published by PHILP & SOLOMONS, Washington.

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IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS.—Drawn by Arthur Lumley.—[See Page 205.]

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HELEN GREY.

BECAUSE one loves you, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason you should pout,
And like a March wind veer about,
And frown, and say your shrewish say?
Don't strain the cord until it snaps,
Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,
Don't cut your fingers with the edge
Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason to be proud?
Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,
Your steps go mincing on their way;
But so you miss that modest charm
Which is the surest charm of all:
Take heed, you yet may trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,
Come down, and take a lowlier place,
Come down, to fill it now with grace;
Come down you must perforce some day:
For years can not be kept at bay,
And fading years will make you old;
Then in their turn will men seem cold,
When you yourself are nipped and gray.

LA SONNAMBULA.

THE country between St. Nazaire and Vannes is neither beautiful nor interesting. Sombre forests of fir, stretching over mile after mile of undulating plain, and seldom varied by the appearance of a peasant's cottage or the mansion of a Breton noble, oppress the eye and fatigue the mind to such a degree that the wearied traveler is fain to turn his attention to the inside of the carriage, should he be unlucky enough to journey by the jog-trot railway that runs through this desert. There is not even excitement at the stations—in fact, excitement of any sort is discouraged by the paternal Government of France. It is unhealthy—it disturbs the mental equilibrium of the people; wherefore the utmost regularity of thought and action is produced by a discreet system of national education, which is just as visible at railway stations as elsewhere. You are not allowed, for instance, to walk up and down the platform—the impatience and suspense might produce agitation: you are therefore cooped up in an apartment according to the class whereby you travel; the train is placed so that its first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages are directly opposite these respective apartments, and at a given moment the doors are opened and you are propelled into your proper place in the train, under the superintendence of several *sergents-de-ville*. So that in traveling through the country there is not even variety met with at these halting-places. You glide into the empty station, suddenly the doors are thrown open, in scramble a few Breton peasants, and away you go again through the interminable forests of fir.

For fellow-travelers I had a lady and gentleman of uncertain age—the latter might be about thirty-five; the former was good-looking, which ought to obviate all speculations as to years. They were not married, for he seemed particularly courteous and attentive to her; they were not brother and sister, for they were utterly unlike each other. I concluded them to be simply friends, or perhaps prospective husband and wife. The gentleman was somewhat reserved; answered her inquiries kindly but curtly; and seemed more amused than interested by her remarks. But how shall I describe the admirable manner — the ever-varying beauty, the brilliant, witty, bashful, and simple conversation of his younger friend? The artless grace of her every movement was pretty and perplexing as the motions of a squirrel; she was constantly changing in her look, in her mood, even in the attitudes she formed; while in her casual observations there were such subtle drolleries, such unconscious shrewdness and humor, that the longer you listened the more you were charmed.

She dropped her glove.

I picked it up; and this little circumstance made us friends. From a few words of thanks she proceeded to remark upon the weather, then upon the country, upon the Breton populace, upon the French, upon the English, and their barbarous customs. She was indescribably engaging; she laughed and chatted, grew serious, and abruptly darted again into comedy; teased her companion for his austerity and reticent smiles; and gave herself such pretty airs and graces that one could have fancied her a child of thirteen. She asked me if I had seen "Le Drac" when in Paris; if I had read the last new novel burlesquing the English; then hummed an air from the last page of the *Journal du Dimanche*—a very un-Sunday-like magazine which she held in her hand.

"What I reverence in you English is your power, your grandeur, your great wealth. You are all rich—all very rich, are you not?"

Despite the charming simplicity with which the question was asked, I was obliged, in reply, to suggest that in England I knew of one or two people who might be richer, with no great detriment to themselves.

"Why, you carry fortunes on your fingers, in your watch-pockets, in your purses. Will Monsieur think me rude if I ask to see his ring?"

At once the trinket was in her possession, and with quite an infantine curiosity did she examine it. She then passed it to her companion, whose attention had already been fixed upon it while it was yet on my finger.

"You will think us monsters of rudeness, Monsieur," said he; "but English workmanship is quite a novelty to us. The quaint figuring around the stone, for example, is purely northern. I presume Monsieur has also an English watch?"

"Of the eighteenth century," said I, "an heirloom in our family."

"What a treasure!" he replied, with more vivacity than he had hitherto revealed. "Would Monsieur have the goodness—?"

They were no less delighted with the watch, and insisted on my opening it to show its internal construction and the jewels which it contained. The back of the watch was also admired, with its quaint carving, and likewise its precious stones, which were more readily visible than those inside. The gentleman leaned back in his seat, as though somewhat ashamed of having exhibited this curiosity, while the young lady remained as lively as ever, and continued her conversation during the rest of the journey.

Toward evening we entered the town of Vannes, the capital of the department of Morbihan. I pitched my traveling-case into the first omnibus that presented itself, which happened to be that belonging to the "Hôtel du Dauphin;" and I observed that my lady friend was also about to enter the same vehicle, when her companion made a slight gesture of dissent.

"Which hotel?" he inquired of the conductor.

"'Hôtel du Dauphin,' Monsieur."

He remained a moment in doubt.

"There is the 'Hôtel de la Croix Verte,'" he remarked to his companion, "and the 'Hôtel de France.'"

"*Le voici—par ici, Monsieur?*" cried another conductor, with an expressive motion of the hand and courteous inclination of the body.

The lady terminated the little debate by a slight shrug of her shoulders at her companion's hesitation; then, giving the conductor her small quantity of luggage, stepped into the omnibus, and we all three drove off to the Hôtel du Dauphin. Having taken apartments, and ascertained that the *table-d'hôte* was fixed for half past five, we took advantage of the intervening hour to ramble through the quaint old streets of the town, and admire its extraordinary domestic architecture.

All this time I had been unable to discover the names of my companions; she only called him Louis; he addressed her sometimes as Denise—oftener as Mademoiselle. As our acquaintance had begun without the usual English preliminaries of formal introduction or card-presenting they were no wiser as regarded myself; nevertheless, we were soon on the most amicable terms, and our walk through the town was rendered doubly agreeable by the casual observations with which we greeted every fresh object of interest.

And of these there were plenty. The uneven, narrow, straggling streets were full of an old-fashioned, picturesque beauty. The projecting second-stories of the houses, adorned with grotesque wooden carving and full-length figures of saints, the open casements of green glass crossed into diamond panes, the ancient walls of the town, the grass-covered fosse of the Tour du Connétable, the venerable and stately proportions of the cathedral, altogether presented an admirable picture of a feudal town of the Middle Ages, and only required the introduction of a few long-haired, sallow-featured, and strangely-dressed peasants to add to it a thorough Breton character. Mademoiselle Denise was enraptured with these quaint characteristics of a former age. She seemed to have little acquaintance with the manners or appearance of the Bretons; every fresh object was matter for fresh wonder, and our walk was indescribably delightful.

She was no less agreeable when we returned to dine. She was the only lady present at the *table-d'hôte*; but she conversed freely, even when the subject of our talk became general. In fact, at one point, she led the conversation to that which had begun our acquaintance.—the subject of watches, and, in her laughing way, said that if the gentlemen who were present would produce their watches there would no two of them be found precisely to agree.

"And a gentleman always prides himself upon the correctness of his watch," she added, with a playful irony.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said one gentleman, "you compel me to contradict you. My friend's watch is precisely the same as my own."

Her companion laughed; but she insisted that she was right, and refused to believe it, until the gentleman politely handed her both watches.

"There is one second of difference, Monsieur; I swear it!" she cried, with the greatest glee; "and I am right after all."

"You are rude, Denise," said her friend; "let me return these gentlemen their watches."

"He spoils me, Monsieur," she said to me, "and then reproaches me. Is he not cruel, then—a savage? Behold, therefore, how he glares!"

The glaring savage was at that moment engaged in drying his mustache after having taken a draught of *vin rouge*, and neither in action nor in manner did he seem very terrible.

After dinner, having some letters to write to England, I bade my new friends good-night and went up to my own room—not, however, until Mademoiselle Denise had been most particular in arranging for the following day an excursion to the Castle of Succinio and to Sarzean, the birth-place of the author of "Gil Blas." Considerably before midnight I was fast asleep beneath the soft, thick coverlet and large cushion which form the upper clothing of a Breton bed.

It could have been but a short time thereafter that I was awakened by a slight noise—so very slight, in fact, that it still remains a mystery to me how I should have heard it. When I opened my eyes I found the room pervaded by bright moonlight, which was streaming in through the casement, and drawing shadows of the bars on the carpet. I was about to close my eyes again, and address myself to sleep, when my attention was arrested by the evident movement of the door, which stood on the right of the bed. It was certainly no miracle that it should open—for I never bolt bedroom doors or shutters even when traveling—but that it should be opened at that time of night was certainly surprising.

Gradually I perceived the distance between the door and the wall increase; and judge of my astonishment when I distinctly observed a white figure appear—the figure of a woman that slowly entered, without seeming even to look at me. I need not pretend to say I was not frightened; the lonely hour, the stillness of the house, the moonlight falling through the window, combined to make this vision a horror which chilled the blood in my veins and made my heart beat audibly. But now, thoroughly awakened by the apparition, I shook aside the vague impressions produced on the mind when in a state of unconscious slumber; and as I sought with a severe scrutiny to fix my eyes upon the face of this woman I recognized, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the features of Mademoiselle Denise.

Judge of my astonishment when I made the discovery! And there could be no mistake about it. As she turned her face to the moonlight the clear definition of her outline was sufficient proof, had proof been required. There were the same finely-cut lips, the straight nose, the high but narrow forehead, even the dark gray eyes, which had grown familiar to me during our acquaintanceship of the previous dozen hours. She was dressed in white, as I said; but this loose outer garment seemed only to cover clothes of a darker hue—in fact, I should have thought her dressed as usual, with the addition of this loose white robe. Her feet, as was evident when she walked, were bare, and her long fair hair hung down behind until it almost reached her waist. Perhaps it was the striking resemblance she bore to the heroine of "La Somambula" that first suggested to me a solution of this seemingly inexplicable mystery; and as I further watched her movements, I was convinced of the correctness of my supposition. She was either an habitual somnambulist, or had been attacked by a sudden fit of sleep-walking. The more I became assured of this fact the greater became my desire to avert the awkwardness and unpleasantness of her being discovered in such a painful situation; but casting over the chances of the matter in my mind I came to the resolution of allowing her to do as she pleased, judging that she would in a few minutes return to her own room, and the whole affair remain unknown to every one but myself.

So far as I could observe her eyes were open; and on her first entrance into the room she had fixed them upon me with a cold, glassy stare, utterly devoid of recognition or intelligence. In the pale, dim moonlight this mechanical fixture of the eyes was exceedingly unpleasant; but I strove to look upon it simply as the result of a physical ailment. Slowly, noiselessly, she then stepped past the edge of my bed and approached the small dressing-table which stood at the window. Her back was thus turned toward me; and it was only at intervals that I could observe her motions. She seemed to be examining the various articles which were scattered about the table or hanging from the toilet mirror, and presently I heard her repeat, in a low, clear voice, some lines from the Prayer-book, which the good landlord had left in the room. She replaced the book on the table and continued her investigations among the other articles lying about. She took a long blue scarf, which I had hung over the mirror, and bending it round her head in the form of a turban, stood to contemplate in the glass the picture she represented. Any thing more singular than this spectacle could not be conceived. The moonlight lent a pallor to her face, which otherwise her healthy complexion would scarcely have presented; and this ghastly whiteness, coupled with the long white garment she wore, looked almost hideous as contrasted with the bold blue crown which she had assumed. Preparatory, however, to placing the turban on her head, I observed her withdraw from its folds a cameo pin, which I had negligently left therein, and, as I supposed, place it on the table.

Still retaining the novel head-dress she had so ingeniously constructed, she seemed to take an inventory of my jewelry, which was likewise placed in front of the mirror. My watch, which hung from one of the mahogany knobs at the side of the glass, she detached and held to her ear, with the manner of a child.

"Chick! chick!" I heard her murmur; "*mon Dieu, quelle vitesse!*"

I recognized in this exclamation the same artlessness which had characterized her conversation during the day, and was reminded of the school-boy who boasted to his playmate that "he had got such a splendid watch! such a magnificent watch! he would wager it would go faster than any watch, clock, or time-piece in the town!"

Mademoiselle Denise seemed in no hurry to depart, and my suspense was momentarily becoming greater. What the consequences might be of her suddenly awaking from this physical stupor I dared not imagine. I had heard of cases in which the somnambulist had been recalled to consciousness only to fall dead on the spot. And there were many reasons why this strange affair should not be known; to the lady herself the mortification consequent upon her being told of it, would, I knew, be inexpressible.

In a few minutes, however, I was greatly relieved by observing her unwind from her head my scarf, which she hung over the mirror in the same position she had found it. She seemed to bestow a little attention in arranging the objects on the table—probably prompted by that dim consciousness which haunts us sometimes even in dreams. She appeared to be desirous of leaving every thing in the order—or in the disorder—in which it had been on her entrance; and after having done this satisfactorily, she turned and walked to the door. As she passed I saw that her dull, glassy eyes were again fixed upon my face; yet still with the same vacant, expressionless stare. She opened the door, disappeared with noiseless steps, and I was left to my own reflections.

I can scarcely tell what prompted me to get up; but no sooner had she gone than I stepped out of bed, and went to the table which had so interested Mademoiselle Denise. Here I made a discovery which first startled me, and then amused me. My watch had disappeared, likewise my chain, cameo pin, sleeve-links, and a ring set with pearls and diamonds, the gift of my mother. I was somewhat alarmed, but a moment's reflection showed me how unjust my first thought had been. Moved by some incomprehensible whim, the unconscious somnambulist had carried with her these trinkets, as a child lifts whatever gay baublé presents itself to its fingers; and I felt assured that when Mademoiselle Denise awoke in the morning and found herself possessed of such strange treasures, her surprise would only be equaled by her desire to restore them to the rightful owner. Probably, I thought, she is an habitual sleep-walker; and knowing her infirmity, will perceive at once how the jewelry came into her possession, upon which she will, of course, make instant inquiry to insure its restoration. Even in this strange circumstance there was revealed one of the principles which are supposed to govern these fits of aberration. Somnambulists generally are interested in dreamy excursions by those things which interest them in daytime; and reflecting on the peculiar interest which Mademoiselle Denise had taken in my watch when it was first shown to her, I could not wonder that she should make it the subject of her regard when a peculiar fatality had drawn her toward my room. I returned to bed and slept soundly through the night.

Next morning I rose at eight, dressed, went down stairs and had the customary bowl of *café au lait* served in the breakfast-room; but though I waited and read the newspaper for a considerable time, neither Mademoiselle nor her companion came into the room.

I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter at what hour they breakfasted.

"The *table-d'hôte*, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"At eleven o'clock, Monsieur."

"I shall return then."

"Thanks, Monsieur."

Feeling sure of meeting my two friends at breakfast, I resolved to spend the intervening time in exploring those portions of the town which I had not visited. The morning was very beautiful for the time of year (October), and though the cropped and regular rows of lime-trees in the central square had scarcely a leaf upon them, their more fortunate neighbors on the banks of the canal-like inlet which leads down to the Gulf of Morbihan were green and pleasant in the early sunshine. This was a portion of the place I had not previously seen; and the old gateway of the massive wall, the clustering barges, the groups of women selling vegetables, and sailors lounging about the quays, were eminently picturesque. Over the gateway, in a recess, is placed a large wooden saint, brightly painted, whose glaring white eyeballs and strongly-marked eyelashes produced a strange feeling of mingled amusement and horror. The artist who produced this work was, perhaps, influenced by the thought that those people who were not drawn to the saint by love would be moved by terror; although the rest of the holy man's countenance was exceedingly insipid and commonplace.

At the appointed hour I returned to the hotel, and walked into the long apartment where I expected to find the residents in the house sitting down to breakfast. But, in place of the calm propriety and graceful decorum of such a ceremony, I found the wildest commotion and confusion. There were a dozen people in the room, all talking at once; while loudest of all rose the voice of the landlord, who seemed beside himself with despair. No sooner did he observe my entrance than he sprang rather than came, and in an eager voice, which seemed paralyzed by reason of its very eagerness, he exclaimed,

"Ah, Monsieur!"

"Well, what is the matter?" said I.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he again cried, overcome by his emotion.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I am ruined, Monsieur; I am lost! I am thrown down, I am trampled upon, I am debased!"

I suggested to M. Dutoit that his explanation, so far from being explicit, was the reverse; and that I should have to apply to some of the other gentlemen for an explanation.

"Mais non, Monsieur—c'est moi, moi—voici le malheureux sujet qui parle!"

But during these few seconds I had caught a few of the sentences which were being rapidly interchanged by the others.

"She seemed so innocent, so *ingénue!*" said one.

"And I—I should never have spoken of it," said another, "but for M. Dutoit discovering the loss of his plate."

"How incomparably cunning!"

"How miraculously skillful!"

"And by this time they may be any where—they must have gone by the first train in the morning."

"Of whom do they speak?" said I to the landlord, with a sudden alarm.

"Of the gentleman, Monsieur, who came yesterday evening, and of Mademoiselle his friend. Ah, Monsieur, I am ruined—the honor of the hotel is gone. That any one should be robbed in my house!"

"Robbed—what do you mean?"

"Last night, Monsieur, Mademoiselle went into a gentleman's room—the hair loose, the eyes fixed, the face pale. She appears to sleep, Monsieur he remains still and will not kill her with affright; she takes his watch, Monsieur—the watch she demanded to see last night at table. He observes not this—he falls asleep—this morning he misses his watch, but speaks not. Ah well, Monsieur, he expects to meet her, but she comes not; we go to awake them; they are gone; their apartments are empty; they have fled, Monsieur!"

"Who is the gentleman who has thus been robbed?"

"I, Monsieur," replied one of their number, stepping forward with a slight smile which was very apparently forced.

"And I also," said, endeavoring to look quite as unconcerned, "have the honor to be your fellow-sufferer."

"You, Monsieur!" cried they all, having never imagined that besides the unlucky traveler and the landlord there was still another victim.

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"Mademoiselle also carries off my watch, chain, ring, and some other little matters! But what would you have? Mademoiselle is pleased, and we are too gallant to refuse her any enjoyment."

"Mon Dieu, what courage! This Englishman is, without doubt, French, thus to smile in misfortune.'

"The wisest thing possible," said another, with a shrug, "for Mademoiselle and her friend seem to have laid excellent plans, and by this time will be beyond all pursuit."

"With my plate," groaned the poor landlord, "and with the honor of my hotel! Monsieur, am I not a poor miserable?"

Certainly M. Dutoit looked sufficiently unhappy; nevertheless he at once prepared to rush to the Préfet, and this occupation relieved his mind. For myself, I resigned myself to fate and a French breakfast; judging that I should hear but little further from Mademoiselle Denise or her friend Louis. My judgment was correct; in spite of the utmost official vigilance, nothing more was heard of the charming creature who thus suffered from a painful habit which was even more awkward to others than to herself.

THE GHOST ON THE RIVER.

I HAVE just risen from a bed of sickness, and I take up my pen, as soon as I am able to hold it, to commit to writing the events of one afternoon, while they are still vividly impressed on my mind. Not that I think they will ever fade from my memory; but it is a relief to me to tell my story. I will tell it simply as it occurred to me, without comment; that I leave to those who may chance to read what I have written. And even if I tried, what comment could I make? What occurred is still to my mind unexplained—incapable of explanation. I have thought over it; I have caught eagerly at what I fondly hoped was a clew, but before I could follow it, it has broken and left me as lost as ever. I have tried to doubt the reality of my impressions, to persuade myself that I was the victim of some delusion. But as far as I can trust to my senses, what I saw, felt, and heard was real—real to me, though concealed by a mysterious influence from some of those around me, and to others only partially revealed.

"Chelsea, and all the piers up!" bawled the old man at the Temple Pier, as a steamer came up to the landing stage.

"At last!" exclaimed indignantly a voice near me, "I've been waiting for twenty minutes!"

"You can't expect always to be served first," said the old man, sarcastically; adding, as a vent for his feelings, "Temple Bar, Chelsea, and all the piers! Stand back, ladies, stand back; let the passengers land first, if you please!" he went on, as a lady in black passed him, and tried to get on board.

I was keeping close to this lady; she had walked down Essex Street before me, and had passed the little hut where the man who gives the tickets sits, without stopping.

"Take your ticket here, ma'am. Hi! hi!" called the man, thrusting himself half through the window of his box, and trying to attract the attention of the lady who had passed. But she walked quietly on, and seemed not to hear him.

"Pimlico," I said, putting twopence on the sill.

"Would you tell that lady in black to come back and take her ticket?"

I promised I would do so, and followed the lady to the landing-stage. I found her seated on the bench at the foot of the steps, her eyes fixed on the river, and her hands clasped. Her dress, a black merino, fitted her slight and singularly graceful figure to perfection. Her veil was up, and her face, which was rather pale, wore an expression of melancholy, which, in my eyes at least, did not detract from its exquisite beauty. I went up to her.

"I was asked to remind you," I said, "that you have neglected to take a ticket."

"You are mistaken," she said, somewhat coldly, "I have one."

"Then I must apologize for troubling you," I replied, bowing; "but it is not my mistake, and you, I hope, will absolve me from all intention of rudeness?"

She bowed stiffly and said, "Certainly, we will say no more about it."

Her eyes fell again on the river, as it swirled and foamed past the piles of the new embankment. I followed them. They were fixed on a piece of paper, which danced and tumbled on the muddy water. She stared after it till it was whirled out of sight. I remained still standing by her side; there was a strange fascination in her look and manner.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked, turning to me. I was surprised at her addressing me of her own accord, after the cold manner in which she had repelled my previous attempts at explanation. I told her it was five-and-twenty minutes past three.

"Then I have five minutes to wait. The Chelsea boat will reach this pier at half past three."

"You seem to be accurately informed," I said.

"Nine years ago," she said, in a weary voice, "the Chelsea boat passed this pier at that time."

"That's a long time to remember," I said, laughing.

She turned and laid her soft white hand upon my arm, as if to impress her words on me. "This very day, nine years ago, I left this pier by the boat which started at half past three."

"Nine years ago," I said, "you must have been a child."

She shook her head. "I was a woman, with a woman's thoughts, and more than a woman's troubles." Her cheeks were flushed, and her hands clenched tightly together. There was something very strange about her.

"Yes," she went on, excitedly, "we were together, I and he. He who was more than a husband to me—and less," she added in a low voice, glancing at her ungloved hand. There was no ring. She spoke more wildly now, and her voice was louder. "He had spoken words to me, such as I had never heard before, such as I could not bear. And I stood here under the bright heaven, with the merry earth all about me, and the golden river glistening in the afternoon sun, and one heart beating near me, which loved me more than all the world besides." She caught hold of my arm and clutched it. I had shrunk from her—the woman was mad. "I stood here," she continued, in a calmer tone, "and vowed a wicked vow: that I would shut myself out from the bright heaven and the merry earth, and would break the one heart which loved me more than all the world. I went and leaned on the bulwarks, and looked over into the river; he came and spoke to me, but my heart was hard, and I would not hear him. I shuddered as we passed under Westminster Bridge, for it felt cold and dark there like the grave. And, as we shot out again into the bright sunlight, I jumped on to the bulwarks, and plunged into the river. I heard his cry of agony as I fell, and he jumped in after me. I soon felt his strong arms round me, but I clung about his neck and dragged him down. Twice he struggled to escape, but I pressed him close and closer. I could not die alone. We sank the last time. The tide washed us up and down, but my arms were still about his neck, and my face was close to his. They found us days afterward by the Erith marshes, locked in each other's arms."

I shrank from her. Her fingers relaxed their hold, and she released my arm.

"Days," I murmured, "it could not be, you would have been drowned."

"We were drowned," she said, quietly. The woman was mad or I was dreaming. I looked round at the river, at the boats; I heard the thud of the hammers as they drove in the piles of the embankment; I bit my lips; I touched her dress to assure myself that I was awake. I looked at her, she was still sitting there; she had relapsed into her old position. The color had faded from her cheeks, her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her hands were clasped.

"Chelsea, and all the piers!" shouted the old man, and I turned to the boat. The lady in black was before me, and as I reached the deck of the steamer, and the clock on the Westminster tower boomed out the half-hour, she turned and looked at me. The boat was punctual to-day as it had been nine years before.

I followed her closely on board, impelled by a strange fascination I could not explain; which I struggled against, but was unable to overcome. The sun was shining brightly, and the river danced and sparkled in the afternoon light. There was the busy hum of life all around me. The splash of the paddles, the cries of the lightermen, the whistle of the engine as the train crossed over the new bridge at Hungerford—all the varied sights and noises of the river on a summer's day were present, to impress on me the reality of what was going on around me. But as I stood there on the deck of the steamer I felt as one who has turned back the pages of his life, and sees and hears once more sights and sounds he dimly remembers to have seen and heard long ago. I felt as when, a child, I caught sight suddenly of my own reflection in the glass; and at that sight the memory of what had been in times long past seemed just about to return to me, till the very effort of thinking shattered the image which was being formed, and left me grasping the fragments of a memory.

I looked toward the shore. The old man was standing with his eyes fixed on his companion, and an expression almost of terror on his face.

"She's on board," he whispered, hoarsely, to one of the crew, who was standing by the paddle-box, as he stooped and unhitched the rope from a hook on the landing-stage.

The man did not answer, but looked rapidly round the boat. At last his eye fell on my companion, and remained fixed on her with an earnest gaze, which showed she was the object of his search.

Once more I think over what I then saw, to try if a shade of doubt lurks in my mind as to the reality of what took place. No, I heard the words the old man uttered as distinctly as I now hear the scratching of my pen upon the paper. Nor did I merely passively receive their sense, I acted on them. I stepped toward the paddle-box to question him, but before I had time to reach it the boat forged ahead and we were off. For a few moments, as the fresh breeze first cooled my temples, I seemed to shake off the spell which bound me to her who had confided to me that strange story. I walked forward—I struggled to get as far from her as I could. But then the thought of her delusion, of what she might attempt were there no one there to prevent her, came upon me with redoubled force. It was my duty to protect her, to see that she did not attempt to act in earnest the story she had told me.

I found her seated on one of the centre benches in her old position, looking dreamily at the river, never moving, never speaking. I stood near her. There were few passengers on board, and of them none seemed to notice the beautiful girl who was quietly sitting apart, apparently absorbed in thought. She walked to the side. I followed; I could not, I must not leave her. She leaned on the bulwarks, and watched the water foaming from the paddle-wheel.

She looked up into my face and spoke quickly, "Would you try to save me if I fell into the river?"

"I can not swim," I said, evading the question. I felt more convinced than ever that her mind was wandering; I must keep close to her. I could, at all events, prevent her jumping overboard; though if she once succeeded in that I could be of no use. As I leaned there by her side looking down upon the water it suddenly occurred to me that some of the crew of the steamer must know her. The words spoken by the old man at the Temple Pier evidently referred to my companion, and the man to whom he had spoken had asked no explanation of them. I had now a chance of leaving her without her incurring much danger, for she was seated again in the old place and the old position absorbed in thought. I walked to the stern and spoke to the man who was steering.

"Do you know that lady in black?" I asked, pointing to the place where she was sitting. He looked at me rather strangely, I thought, but said nothing. I repeated my question.

"That lady in black with the red shawl?" he said; "no, I don't."

"No, no; the lady in black next to her, all in black."

He looked again, and then answered sharply, "There ain't no lady in black there at all. Mustn't speak to me, Sir, it's against the rules."

I had followed his eyes. He had looked straight to the place where she was sitting, but he had not seen her. Once again the veil seemed lifted from the past, and I saw what had happened long ago. The vision flashed across my brain and was gone; but so quickly that I could not retain it, and even the memory of what it was perished with it.

I was turning to find another of the crew, when I saw that the lady had left the seat where she had been sitting, and was again leaning over the bulwarks. It would not be safe, I felt, to leave her there alone, so I gave up my project for the present and joined her.

We were steaming close by the scaffolding of the new embankment, a strong tide was running out, and the yellow river foamed and splashed round the piles. My companion smiled as she watched it, a happy, childish smile. The boat stopped at Westminster; she never moved, and I dared not leave her; she clung to the bulwarks, and gazed more earnestly than ever at the water. "You had better sit down," I said, wishing to get her away from the side.

"No, the time will soon come now."

"Do you get out at Lambeth?"

"Before."

"There is no pier between this and Lambeth."

She smiled, a strange sweet smile. Her mind was running on that delusion of hers, that fantastic story of her suicide nine years ago. We were nearing the place where she said it had taken place; I must watch her closely. When we got to Lambeth I would appeal to the crew, to the passengers, would have her removed from the boat, and restored to the keeping from which she must have escaped.

The boat started; slowly it forged ahead under Westminster Bridge, and as the sunlight was shut out, and the dark, cold arch stretched over us, I thought of her simile. It was like the grave, and I shuddered. I saw her shudder too.

I tried to speak to her, but I could not; I went close to her, I almost held her. The boat shot out again into the sunlight; this was the time she had spoken of. I tried to grasp her dress, but my hand refused to move; I could not speak; I could not stir. With one bound she was on the bulwarks, and had plunged headlong into the river. I did not pause for one moment; without a thought I yielded to the irresistible impulse which seemed to force me to follow her. I dashed into the water after her—I sank—the water hissed and bubbled in my ears. I stretched out my hands vaguely, for I could not swim; they touched something; it was her dress. I drew her toward me. I felt her arms twine round me, and press me tight and tighter as we sank. Then for the first time the thought occurred to me of risk to myself. I should be drowned. I struggled to escape, but she held me firmly; I tried to push her from me, but she pressed me close and closer. I was being suffocated, her arms strangled me, and her weight dragged me down. We were still sinking; my strength was failing me, and I struggled more feebly. A rush of roaring, hissing water, a sense of utter darkness, and I remember no more.

* * * * * *

I was in bed when I awoke again to consciousness; I felt weak and faint; I lay still with hardly the power of thought. Gradually the whole of what had taken place on that afternoon came back to me, clearly and distinctly as I remember it now.

"Is she saved?" I murmured, more as an echo to my own thoughts than as a question; for I did not know that there was any one in the room.

"Hush!" said a kind voice by my bedside, and a grave middle-aged man took my hand. He felt my pulse: "Hush!" he said, "the fever has left you, you must not speak."

"Is she saved?" I asked again, "I must know."

He shook his head, but did not answer; he turned to a woman who was sitting in the window: "The fever is gone," he whispered, "but he is wandering still; you must take great care of him."

"I am not wandering," I said, impatiently; "I only ask if the woman I jumped in after was saved?"

"She was not," said the doctor: "now keep quiet, every thing depends on that." But as he looked to the nurse I saw him shrug his shoulders. I was not satisfied. As I got gradually stronger I tried to question the nurse as to the fate of the unfortunate woman, but I could get no information from her. She seemed almost frightened when I mentioned the subject; so I gave up asking her any questions, being determined that when I could get about I would make inquiries for myself.

Many times, while I lay on my sofa still weak from the effects of my illness, did I recall the incidents of that afternoon. Many times did the face of that poor girl return, haunting me with its exquisite beauty. I have tried to think how it was, that, knowing my own helplessness in the water, without one moment's hesitation I plunged in after her. The impulse on which I acted was sudden and irresistible; an impulse the effect of a cause unknown to me, and which in all probability I shall never know.

I was now nearly well, and was sitting up turning lazily over some old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. I was tired of the pictures, and was glancing through some short paragraphs of gossip, when the following lines caught my eye:

"DEATH ON THE RIVER.—A few days ago two bodies, one of a lady and the other of a gentleman, were picked up by some lightermen off the Erith marshes. It appears that the deceased got on board a Chelsea steamboat on the 1st of this month. Soon after the boat had passed under Westminster Bridge the lady jumped overboard, and the gentleman immediately followed her. Neither of them ever rose again. Advertisements have been inserted in several papers, as the deceased were evidently in a respectable position of life, but the bodies have not yet been claimed. The lady was dressed altogether in black, and was of singular beauty."

I read it over again. I looked at the date of the paper. It was the very month nine years ago. It was the very day, the 1st of the month. What strange fate was it that had thus thrown in my way a confirmation of that story which I had persuaded myself originated only in the brain of a madwoman? Again I questioned the reality of what had happened; again I tried to think I had been the victim of some delusion. No; to me at least the events of that afternoon were real; my memory reproduced them all with minute particularity. How I had been saved, my kind doctor had told me; of the risk I had incurred there could be no doubt.

The first time I was able to leave my room I hastened to make inquiries. I may say at once I met with no success. I questioned the crew of the steamer, and what passengers I could find, but to no purpose. They shook their heads; no lady had been seen to jump overboard. The old man at the Temple Pier was hardly more communicative; he had observed no lady particularly on that day; he did remember a lady jumping overboard, and a gentleman jumping in after her; he was then one of the crew of the steamer: it was a Chelsea boat. The gentleman and lady were both drowned, and their bodies were washed ashore, he believed, on the Erith marshes; but more than this he could not, or would not say. And with this I am obliged to rest satisfied.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE shortest address to the month that we ever heard was that of a commanding officer, a man of few words, but he only used one, and that was "March!"

At this time a peck of dust is said to be worth a king's ransom. The monarch referred to was probably *Dust* Mohammed.

The friends of Mr. Jeremy Diddler would do well to remember that this, above all others, is the month for raising the wind.

What flower is most like a shepherd's dog?—The *collie*flower.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

All have their several tasks in life,
Let each his own pursue;
Don't touch the tiller of *my* boat;
Paddle your own canoe.

That bird that flies from nest to nest
Its addled eggs must rue;
My life-boat leave for me to guide;
Paddle your own canoe.

That huntsman both his hares will lose
Who seeks to follow two;
No captain in two ships can ride;
Paddle your own canoe.

For your *own* pottage save your breath;
Who'd scald his lips for you?
Your spoke but stops my chariot-wheel;
Paddle your own canoe.

Foot-sore that traveler must go
Who wears a neighbor's shoe;
Your oar can never pair with mine
Paddle your own canoe.

Mr. Quibble, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, that a clergyman of the Church of England can legally marry himself," observed that that might be very well as a measure of economy, but that even in the hardest times he should prefer to marry a woman.

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. "A man is going to be buried." "Oh," he replied, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

EPITAPH ON A WATER-DRINKER.

Here lies Ned Rand, who on a sudden
Left off roast beef for hasty pudding;
Forsook old stingo, mild and stale,
And every drink for Adam's ale;
Till flesh and blood, reduced to batter,
Consisting of mere flour and water,
Which, wanting salt to keep out must,
And heat to bake it to a crust,
Moulder'd and crumbled into dust.

A Western soldier, who had been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home, that "he never realized the horrors of war till he got home to Indiana and found his gal married to a stay-at-home dry-goods clerk."

When was beef-steak the highest?—When the cow jumped over the moon.

"Your purse, Tom," said an indulgent father to his spendthrift son, "reminds me of a thunder-cloud." "How so, father?" "Because it is always light'ning."

Connecticut has long been notorious for the facility with which it permits the marriage tie to be dissolved, and it gave occasion some years ago to a *jeu d'esprit* by an Episcopal clergyman of Hartford, which was privately circulated among his friends. He had opened the House of Representatives with a prayer, and found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following

IMPROMPTU.

For CUT-ting all CONNECT-ions famed,
CONNECT-I-CUT is fairly named!
I twain CONNECT in one, but you
CUT those whom I CONNECT in two;
Each legislature seems to say,
What you CONNECT-I-CUT away.

Little Bob begged hard the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come in and sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor annoyed people by asking for fruit. He very readily assented to this condition, which he honestly fulfilled to the letter. At last I heard the poor little fellow crying and sobbing most pitifully. "What is the matter, Bob?" I said. "What are you crying about?" "Why, pa," he replied, "here I am, asking for nothing, and getting it!"

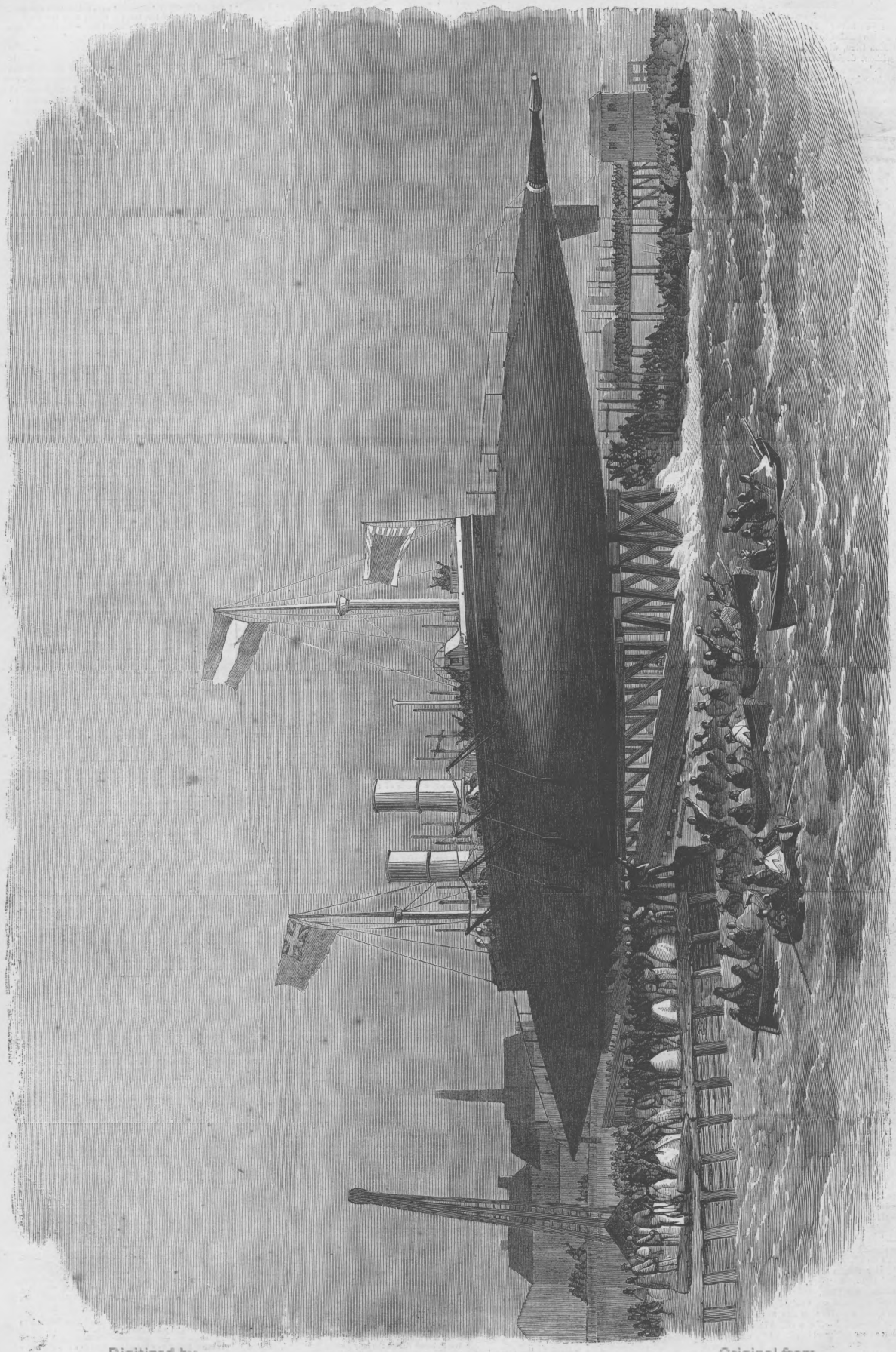
THE THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON IN MINING—Mine, miner, *minus*.

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies when they wish to avoid any thing like *waist*.

One of the readiest ways of contracting loose habits is to put a belt around your dressing-gown.

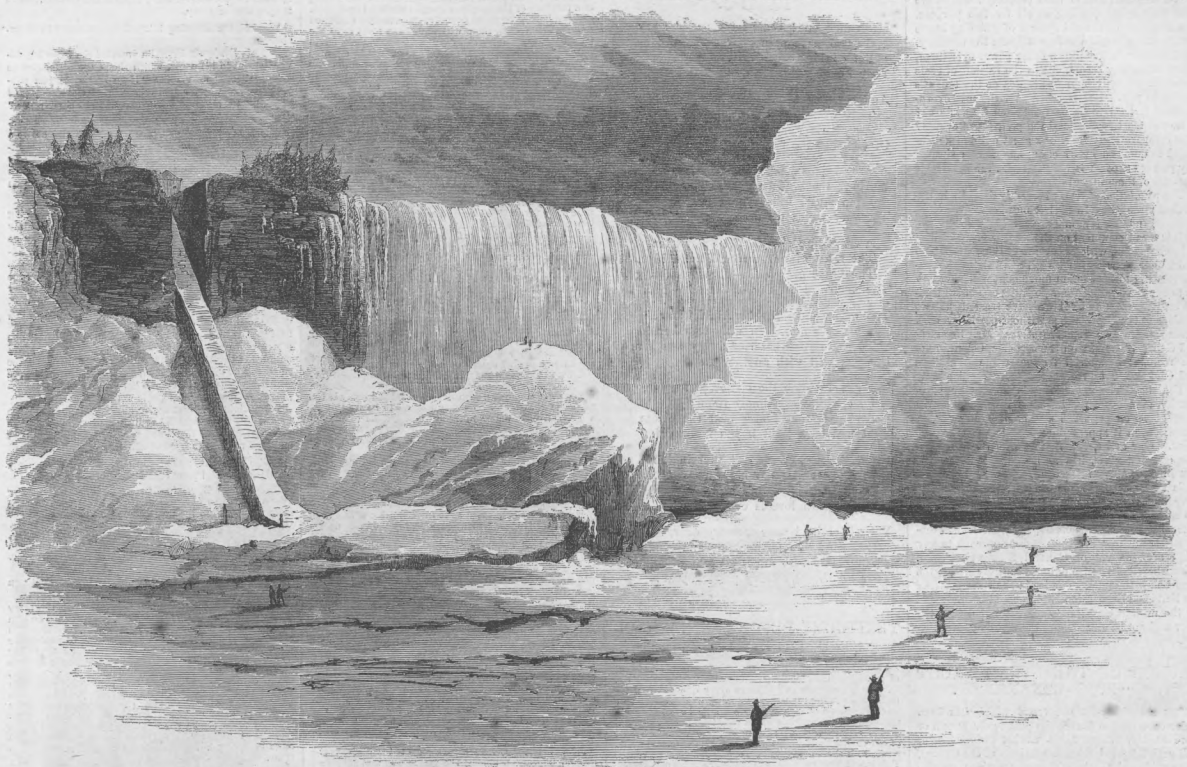
As the quickest way to make a fortune a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and selling her clothes.

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LAUNCH OF THE STEAM-YACHT "ROSS WINANS" AT MILLWALL, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

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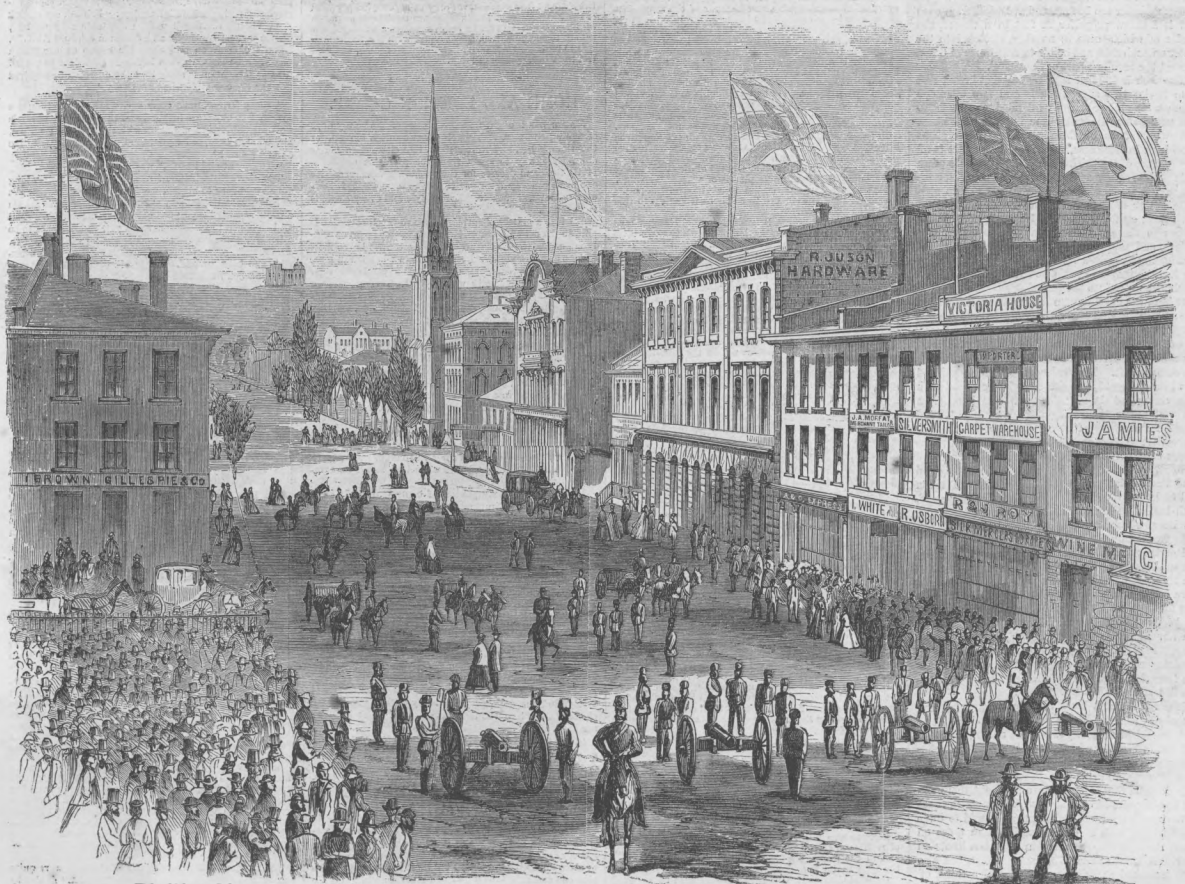


THE ICE BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA—SWEENY'S SKIRMISHERS (DUCK-HUNTERS) ON THE ICE.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS.

IRELAND has gained little by previous revolutions which have been undertaken under far better auspices and certainly have been occasioned by far greater provocation than that which is now threatened. No conspiracy can be concocted offering relatively greater prospects of success than those preceding the insurrections of 1641 and 1798; yet both fastened the yoke of the conqueror upon the conquered more completely than ever. At this time not only is the Church opposed to the revolution, but there are in Ireland alone friends enough of the English interest to more than hold in check the advocates of Irish independence. The best class of Irishmen are not Fenians.

Ireland is sadly misgoverned, but her condition is certainly better than it has been at any previous period. It is true that Irish landlords spend little



THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT—APPEARANCE OF JAMES STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. MILNE, HAMILTON, C. W.]

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on the improvement of their property; but before 1847 they spent nothing at all for this purpose. The abolition of the old system of granting leases has doubtless worked unfavorably for the tenantry, as the landlords get thus a fuller power over them, being in no way scrupulous in the raising of rents according to their own necessities or the tenant's ability to pay. But is redress for the misgovernment of Ireland to be best obtained by violence? Why not trust to time and the progress of events? It is comparatively easy for a great nation like England to quell an insurrection, but neither she nor any power on earth is able to resist the inevitable progress of thought and liberty.

The population of Ireland steadily declines in numerical strength. In 1841 it numbered over eight millions, and now it numbers scarcely more than six. This is a sad comment on the wrongs of Ireland!

In connection with the events of the day the several illustrations which we give in this week's paper relating to the Fenian movement will be of value to our readers. In our portraits of Fenian leaders on pages 200 and 201 we have treated the two sections of the Brotherhood without partiality, each having there two representatives, Mr. ROBERTS and General SWEENY on the one side, belonging to the recreant Senatorial faction, while STEPHENS and O'MAHONY represent the more regular body of Fenians. The excitement in Canada in apprehension of a Fenian invasion is very great. We have given on page 205 a view of James Street, Hamilton, as it appeared during the recent excitement. Our artist, Mr. DAVIS, who sends us this photographic view, has also sketched for us the ICE BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA. The view presented is that seen from the American side near the ferry staircase. The large masses covered with ice near the staircase are huge rocks. These are much used by duck-shooters, who, our artist facetiously remarks, "are the nearest approach to any thing seen as yet of General SWEENY'S Fenian skirmishers." The ice extends entirely across the river below the falls. The ice in the river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge could be measured by the million cords, and it is estimated that the river will not be clear before the middle of May.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAM YACHT "ROSS WINANS."

THE singularly-formed vessel which has been under construction during the past twelvemonth or more at Mr. HEPWORTH'S works, Cubitt Town, Millwall, England, from the designs of the owners, Messrs. T. and W. L. WINANS, American gentlemen residing in London, who have obtained a patent for this principle of ship-building, was successfully launched on February 19.

This strange-looking vessel, which has been popularly called "the cigar-ship," is made somewhat in the shape of a cigar, or, to speak more accurately, of a tapering cylinder, each side being an arc of a circle, the chord of which, forming the screw-shaft, is 256 feet in length. The breadth and height of this cylinder are 16 feet, and at 18 feet from each end is a screw propeller 22 feet in diameter, the blades of which, nine in number, stretch into the water on each side, and below to a distance of 6 feet beyond the broadest part of the vessel.

The deck is 130 feet long by 10½ feet broad, and from it rise two short funnels and two telescope masts, which latter are only intended to carry flags. The part below the water-line is built of the best Lowmoor and Staffordshire iron plates, five eighths of an inch in thickness, while the upper part is of steel plates, of the thickness of five sixteenths of an inch. The engines are upright-cylinder high-pressure condensing engines, calculated to be of an ultimate power of 2000 horse, and it is intended to work them up to from 1500 to 1800. There are four boilers to these, which are similar to locomotive boilers, and supply superheated steam, having an arrangement of pipes round which the flame from the furnace may be sent when desired, instead of passing directly into the funnel.

Behind the engine-room is the saloon, somewhat resembling in shape a railway tunnel, 25 feet in length, the entrances being at the after end, at each side of a table which extends the whole length of the cabin, and rests upon the casing that surrounds the screw shaft. This saloon is tastefully painted in white and gold, and the seats are covered with blue variegated damask. Two lustres hang from the roof under the skylight, and a pair of fixed lamps are also placed at each side at the further extremity. At each side of the saloon, and also astern of it, are small state-rooms, handsomely and tastefully fitted up with berths and closets, and decorated in the same style. Astern of the saloon and bedrooms is the sleeping-place for the crew, with berths on each side, and in the centre is the windlass, which may be described as a long crank, to be worked by the hands of the men.

Previous to launching the ship lay on the ways, not as ships generally lie, sloping downward toward the river, but the framing was so constructed as to have her water-line level. At four o'clock the tide was found to serve—the last blow was struck—Mrs. W. L. WINANS performed the act of christening her the *Ross Winans*—and the launch went off beautifully, the vessel carrying the flags of England, America, and Russia; hoisting also the ensign of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, to which she is destined to belong.

Messrs. WINANS have already constructed and launched three vessels built on this principle. The first, launched several years since at Baltimore, is 230 feet in length and 16 feet in breadth. She has but one propeller, of the same size as those of the *Ross Winans*, and this is in the centre of the ship. It is obvious that with this arrangement there can not be the same strength and stability as with those of the new vessel. This first ship is said to have been driven, with a smaller engine than those on board the new ship, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. A smaller boat, 70 feet by 8 feet, has also been launched at St. Petersburg; and a third, of similar dimensions, at Havre, a few weeks since.

PARTED.

MINE own one! years have pass'd away
Since I have seen your thoughtful face,
Yet could I every feature trace,
Your image haunts me night and day.

And common things doth meaning wear
They never had before we met,
And I am wearied with the fret
Of guessing the sad hints they bear.

A song brings back what time we walk'd
Above the brown cliff's sloping lawn,
From music I have even drawn
The very words we used in talk.

The crumbling church, the upland lea,
The river wimpling round the bridge,
The brave gray wold—the far off ridge,
The mournful dirging of the sea—

Too well remembered! Ah, I know
We never more can walk together,
To share life's calm or angry weather;
But you will with another go.

Nor can I blame the choice you made,
I sit within my lonely room
And pray that I may bear the gloom
That had been light if you had staid.

Farewell, sweet Margaret! thus in life
Those part who should go hand in hand;
Our fairest hopes are built on sand,
And fate with love is ever rife!

Yet will I hold your memory dear,
God send you fortune fair and kind,
And bless with sweet content of mind
Your lot through every passing year!

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

WHENEVER a subject comes under the especial charge of politicians it suddenly goes under a veil of obscurity. Of course there are two sides to every question debated under the sun, and it is not any thing wonderful that we find two classes of men equally patriotic but directly antagonistic in the attitude which they take toward the subject of reconstruction. It is to be presumed as a matter of course that there is somewhat of prejudice on both sides, as where is there not in the case of any political difference? This is sufficiently apparent in the deliverances of the press. Among our daily publications the *Times*, *Herald*, *Evening Post*, *World*, and *Daily News* take one side, and the *Tribune* the other. As to the motives of either journal in its advocacy of or in its opposition to the President's policy we have nothing to say; neither can we in any case pronounce upon the sincerity of the political adherents to either system of reconstruction. The fact, however, stares us in the face that there is an endeavor on either side to make every report of the condition of affairs at the South tally with the settled conviction which is on that side entertained. Thus we have two sets of correspondence from the Southern States laid before the people. One strains every effort to make out a case in favor of the immediate representation of these States in Congress, smoothing over every difficulty, explaining away the violence of Southern extremists, and giving the most hopeful phase that can possibly be taken of the condition of the freedmen; while the other is equally strenuous in the opposite direction, making the most of every individual instance of violence, and representing the condition of the freedmen as bad as it could possibly be. On the one side there is an evident contempt of dangers which are really worthy of cautious consideration, and on the other an assumption of extreme alarm which the facts, as they exist, will scarcely support.

In this state of affairs the evidence which is being given before the special Committee of Congress on Reconstruction —although it partakes in some measure of the special pleading in favor of one or the other method of disposing of the great question before the people—is of very great value. We present before our readers an abstract of the points developed in this evidence in so far as it has up to this time been published.

In regard to Tennessee, Brigadier-General Hatcher says that except in the eastern portion of the State there is no good feeling toward the Government. From East Tennessee alone could the troops be withdrawn with safety. General Thomas, commanding Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, testifies that he has studied the condition of Tennessee carefully, and it is his opinion that if protected and encouraged by a small Union force the loyal sentiment would gain complete ascendency in a year or two. He does not think it would be safe at this time to remove the troops or withdraw martial law or restore the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. The Union men in West Tennessee are in the minority, but the Union sentiment is gradually approaching a good loyal standard, and he thinks this feeling will go on improving. He says that if the Tennessee delegation shall be admitted into Congress it will be a precedent for all the Southern States. They can see at once the reasons why the Tennessee members are admitted, and that if they expect their members to be admitted they must do as she has done. There is no doubt but what there is a universal disposition among the rebels in the South to embarrass the Government in its administration if they can, so as to gain as many advantages for themselves as possible. General Fisk testifies that he has half a million of freedmen under his charge. The great mass of them are in good condition and improve, but they need the protection of the Government as much on account of the opposition manifested against them as in justice to the negro. Those who evince their hostility to these persons say that they should be entirely driven from the State, and oppose the education of the negro and his justice before the law. All the freedmen in Tennessee are desirable to procure employment. The military should not be withdrawn, nor martial law removed, nor writ of *habeas corpus* be at present restored. As to loyalty, the majority of the people in Tennessee are opposed to the Government. If every man should vote as he pleased this fact would be manifested. Colonel William Spence testifies that the poorer classes in Tennessee were loyal if proper efforts were made to protect them; he thinks the disloyal sentiment is much greater in West than in Middle Tennessee, and that the admission of Senators and Representatives from Tennessee would have a good effect, as this would set the whole machinery in motion, and the people would become better satisfied. Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard testifies he does not think many of the citizens of Tennessee are favorable to the Government; but he thinks that the admission of Representatives from that State would have a beneficial effect.

General B. H. Grierson testifies in reference to Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. Persons with whom he had conversed did not appear to think they had done any thing wrong. Their only regret seemed to be that they had not the means to carry out their designs. The feeling of the majority was one of hostility to the Government. In comparison with Alabama and Mississippi the difference was much in favor of Tennessee. The spirit of resistance to the Government was as strong as ever, and in the event of a foreign war the people would seize the opportunity to turn against the Government.

General Charles H. Howard testified that, in his official capacity, he visited all the cities and principal towns and every county in South Carolina. He thinks the feeling of a majority of the people of South Carolina is not kind, and can hardly be called friendly. The feeling exhibited toward Union men, those who have been loyal from the beginning, was unmistakably bitter. If the military forces were withdrawn from South Carolina it would be a source of great injury to the freedmen throughout the State. No Northern resident could then remain there, unless he courted the favor of the influential. The condition of Georgia and Florida was much the same as that of South Carolina, and there was hostility against Union men and late immigrants from the North. There are some Union men in Georgia and Florida who have been always so, but the prevailing sentiment, which is bound to control, is similar to that in South Carolina.

Charles H. Lewis, Esq., Secretary of the Commonwealth, under Governor Pierpont, said his decided impression in regard to affairs in Virginia is that the masses of the people, and by that term he did not mean only the laboring-classes, but all those persons who are not politicians, were very favorably disposed toward the Government at the time of Lee's surrender. He believed that very decided efforts have been made by the politicians to change that feeling since that time, and he was afraid they had a great deal of success. He believed a majority of the people of Virginia would still be loyal if it were not for publishers of the papers and the politicians, who, to a certain extent, control public opinion.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dexter H. Clapp, on duty for the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, testifies that he has knowledge of twenty counties. The Secessionists had no inclination to oppose the Government by open war any further, but he thinks they have no more love for the Government now than they had at any time during the rebellion, and only submit to it as a necessity.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter Brooke, Acting Provost Marshal-General in the Department of Alabama, on being asked a question with reference to the loyalty of the people of that State, says they seemed to be fretting as a general thing under military rule; but he thinks entirely without cause. The result of this was, one heard a great deal of disloyalty. He did not know of a loyal newspaper in that State.

Major S. R. Harrington testified that he was three years in Arkansas during the war, and had been there since: the people seemed willing to accept the results of the contest; the large majority of them are glad that peace has returned, and do not regret the fall of the Confederacy.

Ezra Hierstadt testified as to the condition of affairs in Louisiana. He heard many persons say they had no regrets for what they did, and are only sorry that they did not succeed. He could not say such is the general feeling among those lately in hostility against the Government, but he was certain it was the feeling of many who held prominent positions. He was also certain there was a deep feeling among certain classes of persons against the payment of the national debt as well as against the revenue laws of the Government.

Major-General Daniel T. Stanly testifies that he served in Texas before and after the breaking up of the rebel army. He found matters unsettled. The negroes had learned the disposition which was to be made of them by the Government; that is, they were free. In the immediate vicinity of the troops there was no effort on the part of masters to restrain them, but at points somewhat remote—and that is a country of long distances—at points 40 or 50 miles away from the troops, the former owners tried to constrain the negroes to remain on the plantations. They threatened them, and sometimes used violence—killing them in some instances.

John W. Ricks, Collector of Customs in Florida, says the general impression among the people was that they had been overcome but not conquered. There has been no material change for the better in any portion of the State lately in rebellion.

Hon. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, who visited the South in June and July, testified that with regard to the temper and spirit of the people the politicians who remained at home, and particularly the female portion of the community, indulged a very bitter feeling toward the United States Government, much more hostile than soldiers of the surrendered rebel armies. If the rebel element was allowed to vote in the South at that time, every member returned to Congress would be hostile to the policy of the Federal Government, not only as regards the payment of the National debt but in reference to the emancipation of the negroes; and while they expressed a willingness to submit to emancipation, they coupled with it a determination to regulate their own affairs with freedmen, and control their own system of labor.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MARCH has brought us a forerunner of the balmy days of coming summer, making cloaks and furs a burden, for the time being, and sending our fair citizens *en masse* down Broadway to select from the profusion exhibited pretty hats and dresses for their summer wardrobe. No one need go away from our large shops unsatisfied, however fastidious her taste. Every style and every shade is to be found.

Yet it is a matter of surprise when so much attention is paid to the art of dress, and so much money spent on costly materials, that ladies so often chose what is the very fashionable in style or color rather than what is the most becoming. For example, the fact of a particular color being almost universally worn by persons of every complexion, simply because it is fashionable, seems most inexplicable when we consider what an influence colors exercise upon one another, and how they mutually enhance, neutralize, or destroy each other's effects.

The reason of this mistake seems to be that so few people give themselves the trouble to understand and apply the rules of color. From the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, every other color is formed; and each has its perfect harmony in its contrasting or complementary color. The complementary of each simple color is formed from the union of the other two; and when they are placed together the effect is intensified. Green causes red to appear redder, blue adds a brighter tint to orange, and yellow enhances the color of violet. In other words, every color looks its purest and best when it is beside its complementary.

By means of this simple law of contrast, therefore, we have the power of imparting any tint we choose to the complexion, and of rendering our costume agreeable to the eye by the harmony produced by properly contrasted colors; and we may learn to avoid increasing the undesirable tint of a sallow complexion by the juxtaposition of blue or violet, or rendering a florid complexion still more high-colored by contrasting it with green. On the other hand, ladies with golden hair and clear complexions will see that they should wear blue in preference to any other color, harmonizing agreeably as it does with the former, without exercising any ill effect on the latter; while those upon whom nature has bestowed dark hair and a rosy complexion should consider green as their especial color.

When two shades of the same color, one being very light and the other very dark, are placed beside each other, the light shade appears lighter than when it is viewed separately, and the dark, proportionately darker. A similar change takes place when distant shades of different colors are used.

It will be seen from this that a very dark shade of red subdues a high-colored complexion by lowering its tone, or causing it to appear lighter than it really is; and a very dark green has the same effect, with the additional advantage of purifying and adding brilliancy to the natural tints by the contrast of color.

On the same principle neutral tints are unbecoming to persons of fair complexion—a light brown or gray presenting no contrast to the hair or eyes.

Very dark people may wear extremely light brown, gray, or slate color with impunity; but those who have fair complexions and light brown hair will find pure white and the light tones of the three primaries more becoming; bearing in mind that, wherever there is agreeable contrast, there is agreeable harmony.

We find the following interesting statement in an exchange:

In 1725, Benjamin Franklin inserted the following advertisement in his paper, which shows the estimation in which "hoops" were held: "Hoop Petticoats, just published and sold by the printer, arraigned and condemned by the light of nature and law of God. Price three-pence."

It is to be supposed that the above advertisement refers to a literary production of some kind, and not to a new supply of that much-abused article of feminine attire, offered for sale—though the phraseology is certainly ambiguous! However, the price decides the matter. Even at *very* "old prices" a crinoline could never have been purchased for "three-pence!"

Gentlemen do not receive half the abuse for adopting absurd fashions that ladies do. Yet they are certainly deserving—*as a class*, not as *individuals*, oh no, by no means!—of some ridicule for *past* if not for *present* follies.

When the enormous white cravat was in full vogue "Beau Brummell," sitting one day between two other gentlemen at table, said to his servant: "John!" "Yes, Sir." "Who is this at my right?" "If you please, Sir, it is the Marquis of Headfort." "And who is at my left?" "It is my Lord Yarmouth." Brummell then proceeded to address his noble neighbors, but he would not turn to them for a moment lest he should disturb the smallest fold of his high cravat. How those same huge stiff neckcloths, that held the head as in a vice, were admired by the whole fashionable world of that time!

When tight pantaloons were all the fashion the Prince Regent—"our fat friend," as Brummell called him—was actually lifted into them, and it took him half an hour at least to force his limbs into their cloth prison-houses.

Ladies, in some sections of the country, are certainly giving substantial proof of the "progress of the age."

Miss Olympia Brown is the regularly ordained minister over a church in Weymouth, Massachusetts. The Judiciary committee of the Legislature have decided that she can lawfully unite couples in marriage.

Miss Maria Baldwin, a graduate of Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio, has filled the chair of the Greek and Latin languages in Baker University, Kansas, for the past year. She is only twenty-one years old.

Perhaps the "progress" is just as real in more Southern sections, though it bears a somewhat different aspect.

General Fisk, of the Freedmen's Bureau, tells this story of an elegantly-dressed Tennessee lady who called on him for assistance in recovering her estates. He found she could neither read nor write, and desiring to punish her for her unlimited abuse of the Government, referred her to his negro clerk who could read and write for her the documents it was necessary she should sign. "Can that nigger write?" she exclaimed, and went to his desk with reluctance. The negro treated her politely, and when he handed her the papers for her signature, she could only "make her mark." The lady could not but notice her inferiority to the clerk; she wept, apologized for her harsh remarks about the "nigger," and went away with ideas more becoming a reconstructed woman than when she came.

Although it is undoubtedly true that burglaries and other midnight crimes are more frequent now than in olden times, there is also a somewhat proportionate increase in the faithfulness of the night officials of the present time. In some ancient records of Boston, under date of August, 1780, it is remarked, "It is high time the watchmen were overhauled. They have been asleep since New Year's. The captains are generally men in their prime, aged from 90 to 100 years, and the crew only average about four-score, and so we have the advantage of their age and experience—*at least the robbers do*." The report of the Inspector of Police in 1819 is amusing: "Feb. 3d, one o'clock A.M., visited the South watch: constable asleep. 1.30, Centre watch; constable asleep and doorman asleep. At 2.30, found the doorman and constable asleep at the North watch, and a drunken man kicking at the door to get in. A recommendation is made that the doorman be required to wake the constable when necessary."

A sharp farmer, some years ago, was trying to induce a customer to buy some turkeys, and thinking he had made a proper impression, closed up with the question: "Now, Sir, what is cheaper for your family than turkeys at nine cents a pound?"

"Turkey at eight cents," was the prompt reply.

The above little incident recalls to mind the days long gone by—never to return, we fear—when turkeys might be bought—in the country at least—for eight or nine cents a pound. Alas! those good old times are past. We shall all be obliged to turn Grahamites yet. Pork is not to be tolerated, now that such awful stories are told about it. And somebody from across the waters has written a terrible article about beef. We had thought beef a 'standby,'" and don't think we shall give it up unless something more is proved in regard to it than that it is *capable* of communicating disease. We should be almost willing to fall back upon *Turkey*—always supposing we had money enough to buy it—but then something may happen to the turkeys; and what is to be done in that case?

The new Health Board seem to be making faithful investigations in regard to the meat that is offered for sale in our markets. Success to them in this and every other good undertaking!

A recent daily paper in discoursing upon dress and fashion, remarks:

"Any dress reform must come from the rich, and from the tasteful, and from the young. For poor women, and dowdy women, and fading women will not broaden the line which they bitterly feel to be dividing them from their more fortunate neighbors."

This is undoubtedly true, in a measure. Yet we believe that *educated* and *intelligent* ladies, who are also *tasteful*, may, and should exert an equally powerful influence as those who are simply *rich*. The daily referred to goes on to say:

"In this country, where we have no assumed upper classes, a costly wardrobe is the only superficial and external token of position, and a priceless silk or a superb shawl is to many women what an old name or a coat of arms on the carriage-panel is to an English dame."

We do not agree to the statement that a "costly wardrobe" is the only "external token of position." Nor does the writer of the above appear to believe it altogether, judging from the remainder of the paragraph, which we will quote:

"Loitering yesterday at a fashionable jeweler's, a gorgeous lady entered to give orders for a silver breakfast service. In a speech of one minute in length, she made six deadly assaults on the President's English, and closed the conversation by a request that the '*tete-a-tete*' set might be sent to her carriage, which splendid equipage waited at the door. Her robe was shining silk; the flounce of her cloak was real lace and priceless, and the clustered diamonds of her brooch tremulously flashed hints of untold revenue in the purse that bought them. It is probable that that glittering lady had kept the decalogue from her youth up, and loved her neighbor as herself. But one could not help a dreadful suspicion that she ate with her knife and audibly sipped her soup, and a conscientious world might hint that a little less grandeur and a little more grammar would be a fitter entrance fee at the portals of really good society.

To our view, that "gorgeous lady's" *words* were quite as "external" as her dress, and her "position" as clearly defined by the one as by the other.

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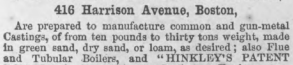
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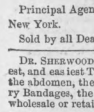
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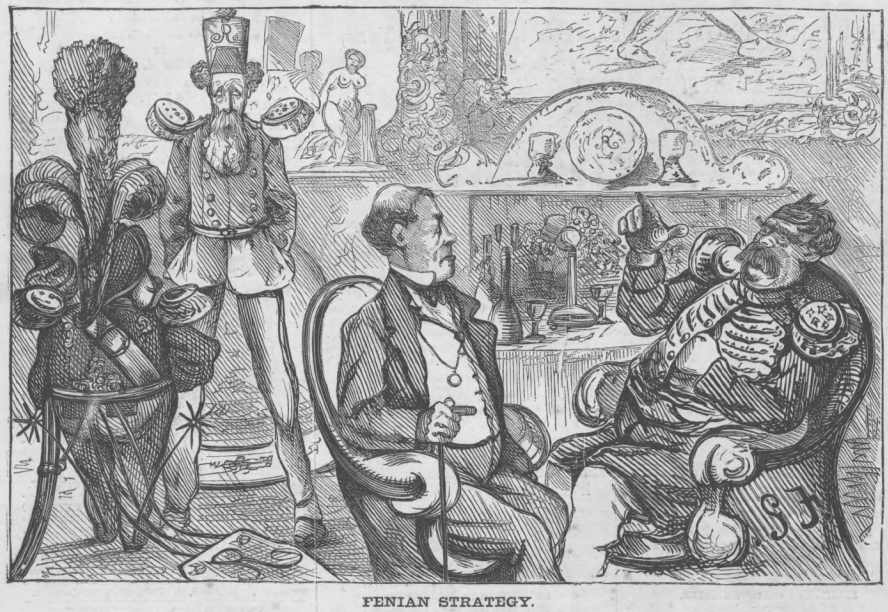
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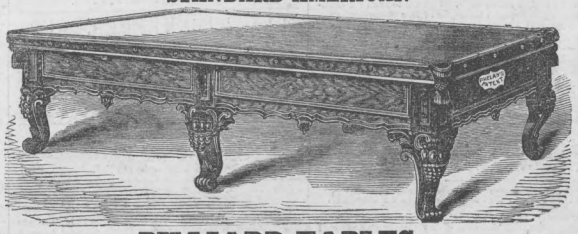
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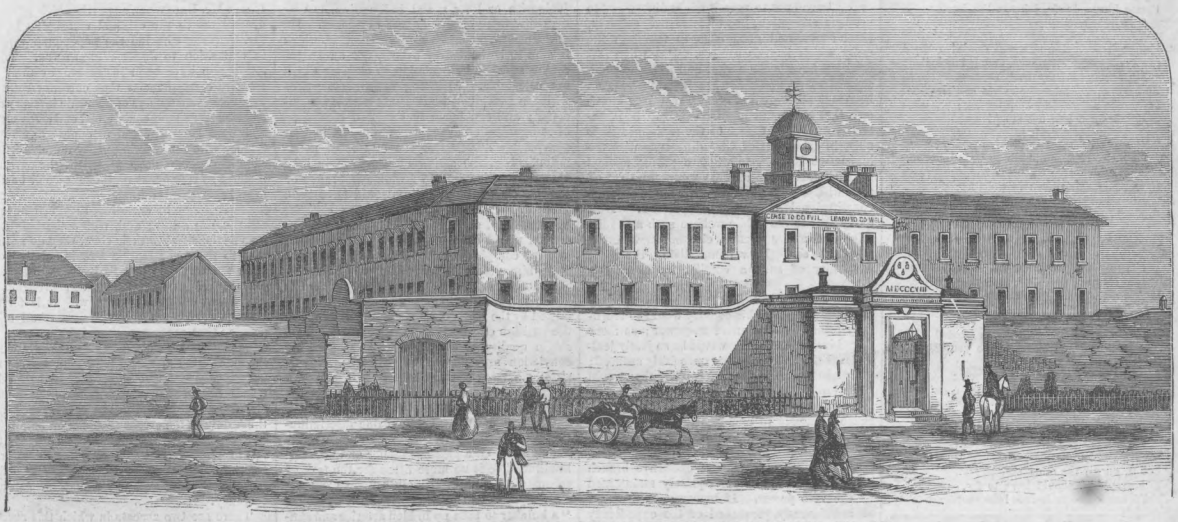
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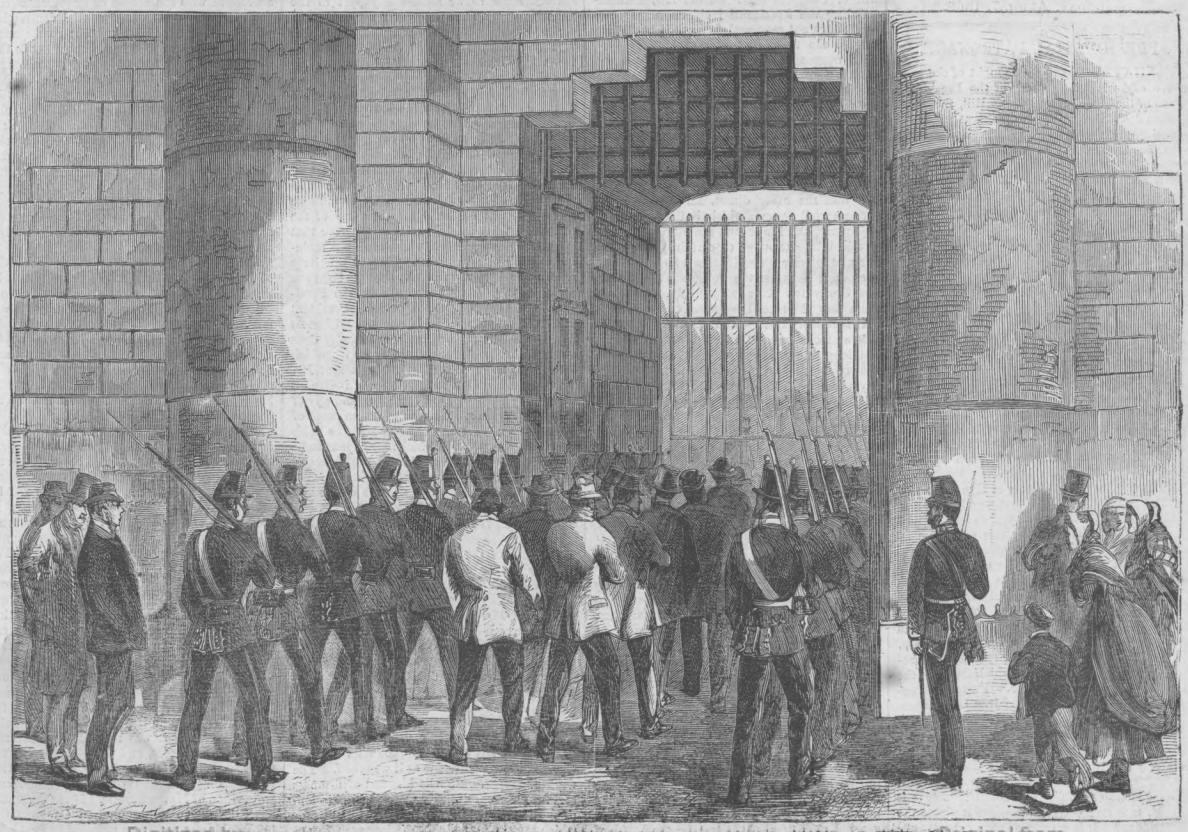
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THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY IN IRELAND—MARCHING PRISONERS INTO THE COUNTY PRISON AT CORK.—[See Page 212.]

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DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

[EASTER SUNDAY.]

HAS any body heard the bell?
You have?—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
The silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe!
Please, Lucie, try and hide it—
Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
I can not wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet
(Though, to be sure, they needn't peep,
The way we hold our dresses);
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day.
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
Don't laugh at my distresses!

Now, Lucie, pray feel my waterfall—
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother these things give!
My rats and mice, do they sit straight?
Please hurry, Lucie, I know I'm late—
"There's Willie," as I live!

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
(Please hand my "self-adjusting bustle,"
My corset, and my hoop.)
There now, I'll take five skirts or six—
Do hurry, Lucie, and help me fix;
You know I can not stoop!

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?
Here damp this ribbon in Cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now then, my hat—how he abhors
This thing—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar-scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
It cost enough to be, I know—
(Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
Just in that drawer. Luce, are you blind?
(Does my dress trail?)
It's all the fashion now, you know;
(Pray, does the paint and powder show
Through my loose veil?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven,
For if, on all the other six,
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

PRESIDENTIAL PATRONAGE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the general wisdom or policy of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, there can be no doubt that one point of it was very suggestive, and that was his opposition to the further increase of Presidential patronage. Already that patronage is immense and alarming. If it had been enlarged by the addition of the control of the offices created by the bill in question, the President, with the old "Federal" offices, and the Internal Revenue appointments, and those of the new bureau, could have exercised a direct influence upon the elections which would have been not only dangerous for himself but demoralizing to the country. It was giving too much power to the Executive, as he justly objected. For although the country might willingly and gladly confide an almost absolute authority to an incorruptible, simple, sagacious, and purely patriotic man like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, it might tremble to know that any successor of his would inherit it. If PIERCE or BUCHANAN could have exercised, in addition to the prerogative they enjoyed, such power as Mr. JOHNSON declined in his veto of the Freedmen's Bill, the disastrous consequences would have been incalculable.

The perils of the increase of Executive patronage produced by the vast number of new offices created within a few years are now painfully evident. There is at this very time an adulation of the President which is unprecedented and humiliating, and an eager and obsequious anxiety for his favor which the high Tory party of any monarchical country would disdain to feel or to display. Candidates for State offices hurry to Washington to ascertain whether they are welcome at the White House. Office-holders think it necessary to offer to resign if they pursue a course which they fear the President may not approve. Party Conventions nervously speak him fair. Great questions of national policy are discussed not upon their merits but upon the probabilities of the Presidential smile. The newspapers wrangle fiercely whether the result of elections condemns or favors his supposed views. The central question of politics is not is it just, is it right, is it true policy, but—does it please the President? It is a state of affairs utterly unworthy an honorable people. It is a most alarming sign under a free Constitutional Government.

The excuse offered merely reveals more clearly the danger of the enormous patronage of which we speak. It is urged that, to differ with the President, is to run the risk of encountering the organized opposition of the army of office-holders, who, in other countries, are called the "creatures" of the Government. But when that is the controlling motive of public action the national demoralization is complete. Honesty, intelligence, capacity have then ceased to be the requirements of the public servants; every consideration is subordinated to the Presidential pleasure: the basest sycophancy is then the cardinal condition of political success, and the republic has already rotted into a lower empire.

Every party in a free government when it accedes to power naturally wishes to maintain harmony in all its parts. Believing its general policy to be essential to the national welfare, and understanding the necessity of amity between the legislative and executive powers to the success of that policy, each branch is honorably bound not to permit slight differences to produce alienation, but by prudence, sobriety, good sense, and good faith to maintain the unity which insures success. But when differences have become vital and irreconcilable, separation or surrender are inevitable. And here is another peril of great Executive patronage, that one man chosen primarily to be merely the executive officer of the national will is able, in the event of fatal difference with the legislative branch, to wield a power against the immediate and express representatives of that will, which no hereditary monarch in a constitutional country can exercise. How dangerous to the public welfare such a conflict might be under certain circumstances every man can see. How demoralizing the mere possibility of such a conflict is, every day shows.

Yet, as there is nothing which, when plainly seen, the people of this country would so scornfully repudiate as a one-man-power; as there is nothing of which they would be so justly jealous if their suspicions were once fairly aroused; and as, in the event of such a conflict, they would stand unitedly and irresistibly with their immediate representatives, every good citizen will strive earnestly to avoid the possibility of its occurrence by removing the temptation of beginning and the means of waging such a conflict. The authority of the executive branch of this Government is adequately maintained by the veto power. If, however, Congress is so unanimously persuaded of the expediency of a law that the President's reasons do not change its conviction, the Constitution contemplates, by the two-thirds provision, that the will of Congress shall become law, notwithstanding the Presidential objection. It certainly does not contemplate that the President, despite the two-thirds vote of both Houses, shall oppose the national will as expressed overwhelmingly by its representatives. Yet the enormous patronage of the Executive makes this possible: and such patronage, and the veto and the military and naval command combined, invest the President with a power so hugely disproportioned to any other in the Government that it can not be safely tolerated.

There are two obvious remedies; one indirect and the other direct. The first is the "one term" system, which is liable to many objections, and the second the limitation of the Presidential patronage to certain great offices—and the widest distribution of the mass of patronage between the various Departments and Congress. To some remedy of this kind for a very plain peril the mind of the country will inevitably turn. The reform will be radical, and can only be effected by a strenuous and long effort. It will be resisted by the party that opposes all progress, which worshiped slavery while it was trying to strike the nation to the heart, and which now resists equal rights. But like every other necessary and wholesome change, the good sense of the people will approve and adopt it. That good sense will recognize that the most appalling centralization is the concentration of controlling power in one man, and that office-holders are to be the servants and not the masters of the country.

CONGRESSIONAL LEADERSHIP.

AMONG the living statesmen of this country there is none who commands profounder popular confidence than WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, Senator from Maine. Absolute integrity, a certain antique severity of character making him sometimes impatient and almost petulant in opposition to rhetoric and sentimentality, great sagacity, catholic comprehension, strict fidelity to the fundamental principles of the Government, and a singularly clear and concise oratory, are qualities which are apparent to every man who watches his career. No man surpasses him in that just estimate of practicability which is the test of statesmanship. The duty of a legislator is to know what is possible and to do it. It is to make six or eight, if you can not score ten. It is to take the half loaf rather than to lose the whole.

In the Senate debates Mr. FESSENDEN is always conspicuous for an incisive good sense, which is the rarest as it is the most excellent quality of a Senator. In opposition he is always reasonable, speaking to the merits of the special case, and not planting himself upon abstractions. Quick to defend and explain the prerogative of the body in which he sits, he neither traduces nor defies his opponents. His advocacy of measures is more effective because it is not rancorous in rhetoric nor discursive in argument, but firm, prudent, and pointed. There is no man in Congress whose judgment is truer, whose discretion is more absolute, or whose conviction is sincerer. If there were any conspicuous and distinctive leader in the Senate he would be the man; and that, with his peculiar powers he is not confessedly the leader, is due rather to temperament than to any other cause.

Unquestionably Mr. FESSENDEN represents the patient common sense of the Union party in this country. He knows that the difficulties of the situation are to be surmounted not by vituperation and crimination, not by petty jealousies or lofty moral indignation, but by tranquil firmness and honest argument. He does not propose an ideal reconstruction, which is sure to be baffled by events, nor an unreasoning and blind submission to chances which are calculable. Differing upon some points with the President, he does not accuse his sincerity; and convinced that certain conditions of reorganization are indispensable, he neither exasperates nor flatters the late rebel population. Had the action of Congress in both Houses been inspired by such a spirit much of the gravity of the situation would have been avoided. Sounder health, a more cheerful temperament, and greater ambition and self-esteem would have made Senator FESSENDEN a more conspicuous chief, but they could not make him a more useful legislator.

A total contrast to Senator FESSENDEN is Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, who has been permitted by the House of Representatives to take the position of a leader. Mr. STEVENS has no single quality of a statesman, except strong conviction and fidelity to principle. He is strictly a revolutionary leader; reckless, unsparing, vehement, vindictive, loud for the rights of conquerors, intolerant of opposition, and as absolutely incapable of fine discrimination and generous judgment as a locomotive of singing. Of a pleasant humor and personal kindliness, he is no more fitted for the task of reconstruction which devolves upon Congress than a jovial blacksmith to repair a watch, or "a butcher to take up hidden arteries and sundered veins in the very region of the heart." Yet a Congress which is undoubtedly one of the ablest that was ever assembled has quietly allowed itself to be almost a puppet in the hands of such a man and at such a time. The consequence is that Mr. STEVENS's crude and rash talk is supposed to be the voice of Congress. A legislator who undertakes to regulate the price of gold by law is the tacitly acknowledged chief of a body of practical business men. A representative who sneers at the press is a permitted leader in a party created and triumphant by free discussion.

The evident mischief of allowing Mr. STEVENS to be the exponent of the House is, that his words and ways are naturally supposed by the people of the late rebel States to indicate the disposition of the dominant party of the country. Those people at once conceive that vindictive or unreasonable hostility is the mainspring of the Union policy. They instinctively resist. Seeing the President and Mr. STEVENS at issue, they strenuously support the President. That support again puts the President in a false position, of which he and all honest men are fully conscious, and he naturally does not feel pleasantly toward the agencies which have placed him there. We insist that Mr. JOHNSON has reason to be hurt and indignant when he is represented as the friend and ally of red-handed rebels. Has he given no proof of fidelity to the Government? Because he holds views of reorganization which may appear to be very hazardous to the welfare of the Union, is he therefore to be accused of treachery? Because the President expresses his opinion, is he to be charged with usurpation? Yet Mr. STEVENS makes the charge, and the House is silent.

It is one of the marvels of the time that no man known as a radical has vindicated the party and the country against Mr. STEVENS. The opposition of gentlemen like Mr. RAYMOND and Mr. DAVIS of this State does not avail. In public estimation they stand where "the King's friends" stood in the earlier days of GEORGE THIRD. Yet nothing is more certain than that the calm good sense of the great Union party has strongly condemned the views and policy of Mr. STEVENS. His own instinct assured him of it in advance, and he said so in the first speech he made during the session, when he declared that he spoke for himself alone. It is as true now as it was then. The work of reorganization is blended of firmness and forbearance, of prudence and conciliation, of faith and patience; and those are words which are not found in the dictionary of THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PAPER-MONEY MEN.

THE paper-money men have won a substantial victory. On 23d March the MORRILL bill passed the House of Representatives, with amendments prohibiting the Secretary of the Treasury from curtailing more than $10,000,000 of United States notes in the six months following the passage of the bill, and $4,000,000 in each subsequent month—in other words, restricting contraction to the pitiful amount of about $18,000,000 during the recess, say 2½ per cent. of the total volume afloat. Contraction at this rate may fairly be considered no contraction at all. If we progress no faster than this, there are few men living who will see the restoration of specie payments.

The amendment was carried by the combined votes of the friends of the original bill—who accepted the measure with this limitation rather than be altogether defeated—and the Congressional representatives of the manufacturing interests of New England and Pennsylvania; the latter were opponents of currency contraction. It was Mr. BOUTWELL's speech which gave the death-blow to the original measure. It was Mr. STEVENS who led the paper-money party in opposition to JOHN WENTWORTH. These gentlemen have been instructed by their respective constituencies that currency-contraction means a stoppage of domestic industry and a period of general commercial embarrassment, and have been directed to oppose any interference with the existing paper-money régime. Manufacturers understand that if the currency remains as redundant as it is they will be able to sell their goods on hand at a profit, whereas, if the currency be curtailed, they will have to sell them at a loss; and, with a short-sightedness not unusual to their class, they do not see that to resist contraction now is only to postpone the evil day, and to incur the risk of a crisis hereafter, when they will probably be less able to meet it than now. It is for the interest of the manufacturers, as of all other people, that measures should be at once inaugurated which will lead as soon as possible to the restoration of specie payments, and to the re-establishment of a stable standard of value for the government of commercial transactions. But these people look to the present only, and think only of the stocks of goods on hand. If they can sell these at a profit they will let the future take care of itself. And their power in Congress has been thus far sufficient to defeat the Government and the friends of a sound currency.

There are two aspects in which this success of the manufacturers may be viewed. One is the financial aspect. If they should succeed with the Senate and the President as they have succeeded with the House of Representatives, the commencement of substantial contraction will be deferred for a year. The consequence will be an extensive production of goods this summer and next fall, and heavy sales, necessarily on credit, to the South and West. Another year of inflated currency would not be unlikely to lead to a fresh outburst of speculation in goods. It would follow that, when the question next arose, in December of this year, and the representatives of the people were again called upon by the urgent necessity of the case to interpose some check to the upward tendency of prices, the manufacturing establishments would be in a much worse condition than they are now to resist contraction, and much less able than they now are to extend liberality to their debtors. In a word, the longer the day of reckoning is deferred, the worse will it be met. If we begin now the uphill work of contraction, some weak members of society will fall out and perish by the way. But the bulk of us have thews and sinews equal to the task. Let the labor be postponed another year, and many men who could now meet the crisis and survive it will be unable to encounter its perils. Manufacturers who could now afford to lose 25 per cent. on their stocks will then be called upon to lose 75 per cent. and will not be able to sustain such a loss. Merchants who could now bear a sacrifice on their goods will be in no condition to do so after another year of ups and downs. The very men who are now led by THADDEUS STEVENS and JOHN SHERMAN in opposing the restoration of specie payments will discover that they would have saved money had they let matters take their course. For the whole question is covered by two propositions: *First*, We must, sooner or later, restore specie payments; and, *Secondly*, In the nature of things the longer the operation of getting back to specie payments is deferred, the more difficult will it prove, and the greater the risk of a crisis in the transition.

The other aspect in which the recent victory of the manufacturers may be viewed is political. Though many leading Republicans voted for the Morrill Bill, and it was in part an administration measure, it was nevertheless defeated by Republican votes, and the responsibility for its defeat rests upon such representative Republicans as STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and BOUTWELL of Massachusetts. Had the Southern States been represented in Congress the bill would have passed as reported by the Committee. The South had every reason to favor

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the restoration of specie payments, and no interest whatever in prolonging the present era of paper-money and fluctuating values. We must not disregard the use that will be made of this fact at the fall elections. By that time politicians will have taken hold of the currency question as a political issue. It will be easy to demonstrate that the great cost of living is mainly due to the depreciated condition of the currency, and opponents of the dominant party will plausibly argue that but for the opposition of such Republicans as STEVENS, BOUTWELL, and others—in the interest of vast manufacturing corporations in Pennsylvania and New England—the currency would by that time have been curtailed, gold would have been lower, and the cost of living substantially reduced. It will be further argued by the Opposition presses and speakers, that but for the unwillingness of the majority in Congress to admit Southern men to seats, the currency would already have been in process of contraction, and the cost of living on the decline.

As for the Secretary, he will probably do his duty as best he can with such powers as Congress may confer upon him. We regard it as a great mercy to him that the original bill did not pass. Had that measure become a law nothing could have saved him from wholesale charges of corruption and speculation in the stock market. If his power to contract the currency be definitely limited to $18,000,000 between this and December he can, of course, effect little or nothing toward the restoration of specie payments. Gold will fall simply because every one will understand that contraction is only deferred, not abandoned, and because the cotton crop is likely to more than pay our foreign debt. He will doubtless exert himself to convert as large a proportion as possible of his short-date obligations into long bonds, and, by getting rid of his debt on call and of his debt certificates, will emancipate himself from the control of the banks. Another year of high prices and high taxes will satisfy Congressmen that they can not with impunity advocate the interest of manufacturing companies in opposition to the public interest, and the Secretary will then have his revenge.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION.

A GREAT deal of unreasonable wrath has been lavished upon the Reconstruction Committee. The President denounced it as a Central Directory, which was an unfortunate expression, because it has no resemblance to a Central Directory; and the papers that steadily palliated the rebellion declaim against the Committee as an irresponsible body to which Congress has helplessly committed its functions. This is a natural opposition, because these papers also decry the test oath as unconstitutional, and urge the admission of the late rebel States to all their old rights without conditions. They are, therefore, very impatient with a Committee charged to inquire whether such a policy is wise and safe.

The truth is, that when Congress met it was clear that it must at once adopt the policy of reorganization urged by the opponents of the war, or it must not. To adopt it was to make the war a tragical farce, and to invite rebellion. Of course a loyal and honest and able Congress did not entertain the proposition for a moment. Then it was necessary to determine the exact situation of the country, and to consider the conditions upon which it seemed best that the unorganized States should resume their old relations. This was not a point to be settled by any theory whatever. It involved a knowledge of facts; and the first duty was to collect information, compare opinions, and elaborate methods. Obviously Congress itself could not undertake this work directly; and, unless it were prepared to abdicate its authority, and to allow the President to settle by his sole individual will the gravest question which could ever arise in our history, it was indispensable to appoint a Committee to investigate and compare, to consider, and finally to report, that the whole subject might be treated intelligently by those who were elected by the loyal people of the United States to decide the question.

Nothing could be plainer or more reasonable. Surely if any subject ever demanded the most prudent and thoughtful deliberation it is the reorganization of the Union. It is not a matter to be "hurried up," nor to be determined by an abstract theory. It is the most practical of questions. As Mr. SEWARD said in his letter to Mr. ADAMS describing the interview of President LINCOLN with the peace-embassy from Richmond in February, 1865: "His power [the President's] is limited by the Constitution. And when peace should be made, Congress must necessarily act in regard to appropriation of money, and to the admission of representatives from the insurrectionary States."

The Reconstruction Committee is thus simply a Commission of Inquiry with no power whatever; and as Congress appointed the Committee because information was necessary to wise action, it very properly resolved not to act until it had the information. At any moment it may alter its instructions to the Committee, or it may discharge it. But it might just as wisely be denounced for referring questions of contested elections to a committee upon that subject, and declining to decide until the committee reported, as for intrusting this most vital inquiry to a carefully selected committee. So, also, to complain that it has not presented a complete scheme of legislation upon the subject, is to complain of the nature of the case. The essential information is, of course, slowly obtained and must be well weighed. Meanwhile, as fast as the Committee sees that a special measure is desirable, it reports it to Congress and asks action upon it. This course is also reviled; but if the Committee had been silent to this time would its conduct have been more satisfactory to its opponents?

It is surely a very thoughtless and impatient complaint that the loyal people of the United States, by their representatives in Congress, are considering with the gravest deliberation the most momentous question of reorganization of the Union. The point is not whether loyal representatives are to be admitted, because nobody but a Copperhead claims that any other shall be. The question is, whether South Carolina and Mississippi shall, by the admission of members to Congress, be declared to have resumed all the rights in the Union which New York and Iowa enjoy. It may be that it is most desirable; but is Congress to be blamed for carefully considering the question?

THE LAW OF TESTIMONY.

IN the State of New York, since the spring of 1857, the parties to civil suits are equal witnesses with all others. The reform has been an improvement, and the vast majority of lawyers in the State would doubtless smile at the proposition to return to the old system. But the question is asked, and with extraordinary emphasis—If parties to civil suits may witness for themselves, why should not the defendant in a criminal suit testify for himself?

There really is no sufficient answer. If both parties were disqualified there would be at least an air of impartiality. But it is not so. The just theory of the law is that every person is to be presumed innocent until proved guilty; but the practice is to hold him guilty until he can establish his innocence, and he is not suffered to help establish it. If you enter any court where a man is upon trial for an infamous crime of which he may be as innocent as you are, it is impossible not to see that he is already regarded as guilty. We do not deny that this springs from the steps necessary to security which must be taken; but certainly we do not give the accused a fair chance if we silence him. The practice of the law in this respect is amusingly illustrated by a story of a certain New York Judge who was about to sentence a negro for some trivial offense. "Stand up, Zingo!" said his Honor. "What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?" Poor Zingo, frightened out of his small wits, began to stammer, "Why—Massa—Massa—Knickerbocker—" "Not a word, Zingo," interrupted his Honor, "not a word;" and sentence was pronounced.

A writer in the American *Law Register* for January, to whom we are indebted for this good story, and who treats the subject with great spirit and force, says that the only theory upon which the testimony of a party to a civil suit was rejected was that if he said any thing favorable to himself it must needs be perjury, and that the same reason is urged for a similar exclusion in criminal proceedings. But there is no delay in receiving a plea of guilty. It is only when the story of an accused man helps him that it is discarded. But having rejected the theory in one case, we must reject it in the other. Besides, before the examining and committing magistrate the arrested person may make a statement, and this statement may be used against him, and so may come before the jury without the sanction of an oath. Now if the accused may be heard unsworn before a magistrate, why should he not be heard, sworn, before twelve magistrates or a jury. "If," as the writer of whom we speak says—"if his statements are receivable to influence the magistrate in holding or releasing him, why should they not be received in the form of legal testimony to influence the jury in convicting or acquitting him?"

Again, if the theory be that the accusation renders the accused unworthy of credit, why do we allow one of two accused persons to give States evidence and suffer him to escape by implicating his accomplice? By this offer we bribe both honest men wrongfully accused and rogues anxious to escape to swear falsely. Yet, so determined is the impartial law to convict, that if the State's evidence should tend to exonerate both the accused, it will not be produced.

In the State of Maine, by an act passed in 1863, the respondent to any criminal charge is allowed to testify; and Chief Justice APPLETON of that State says of these changes: "So far as I can judge, they are favorable to the ascertainment of truth—the great end for which judicial proceedings are instituted.....I anticipate from the change proposed a greater certainty of correct decisions in criminal proceedings. The guilty will be less likely to escape. The danger of the unjust conviction of the innocent will be diminished." It appears that in no civilized country save the English-speaking lands is a person accused of crime forbidden to testify for himself. It is a relic of a false and foolish view of human nature. It is a view corrected by our experience and ridiculed by the inconsistency of our practice. If "the profession" will raise the banner of reform upon this subject it will be the banner of triumph.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE question of the removal of these establishments to the suburbs of the city has lately engaged the attention of the new Board of Health; but in the discussion between the butchers and the Board there was one point of considerable importance entirely overlooked. This was the condition of the cattle as to health, produced by their transfer to the city in cattle-trains, and the superiority of abattoirs in the country. It must be very evident that by taking cattle off their feed and transporting them in cars from the prairies of the West, or from Canada—and the majority of our cattle come from these quarters—they must be bruised and feverish on their arrival at the pens, and in no condition for immediate slaughter. It would be evidently better to kill the animals fresh from pasture and transport the carcass quartered to the city.

The butchers object to this plan on the ground that the meat would, as they say, "be mussed" in a jarring train. But this slight disadvantage has to be weighed against the greater disadvantage of unhealthy meat produced by bruises and fever. It would not be difficult, however, to construct cars on the plan of a cooling-house, so that meat might be transported in them without being bruised, heated, or in any way damaged. So far as expense is concerned, if the business were conducted on a large scale, there would doubtless be an advantage in having cattle slaughtered along the great lines, by which they are now conducted into the city—the Harlem and Hudson River roads.

The question, What food we shall eat, and what scrutiny shall be employed in its selection, is one of more importance than is generally supposed. Many diseases are produced by meat injured by an improper mode of feeding animals. This is much more extensive in old countries than in ours, where we yet have vast prairies and abundant crops of corn; but in the Atlantic States, owing to the exhausting plan of cultivation pursued, animals are fed much less luxuriously than throughout the West. Cattle and hogs are there fatted generally in large inclosures, and with abundance of nutritious food, and improper feeding is the exception. But elsewhere such feeding is the general rule. A hog fatted in a close pen can scarcely be fit for food. The air of such a confined place is bad. The refuse of all food is considered good enough for the pig, and it is fed to him from a reservoir in which it is allowed to accumulate until it ferments. The prejudice of the Jew against pork is doubtless due to this mode of feeding, known to produce scrofula not only in the animal, but in those who partake of the flesh. We need not speak of the abuses in fattening cows which have been kept in what are called swill-stables, as the food which comes from these sources is well known to be dangerous to health.

Food that is wholly desirable and proper can best be obtained from animals which are allowed to take exercise during the process of fattening; and if a few butchers would unite in the purchase of extensive grounds in Westchester or Putnam counties and carry out this plan, we feel sure that the enterprise would be rewarded with good customers and large profits. The new Board, instead of directing their attention merely to the question of cleanliness, by influencing removals from the inhabited portions of the city of all slaughter-houses, would promote both the health of the animals and of the consumers.

PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

IN his admirable lectures Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH tells us that epidemics all belong to the class of Fevers. The Black Death, the Oriental Plague, the Sweating Sickness, Cholera, Typhus, Small-Pox, and many other diseases of less severity are epidemic and periodical in their character, and are usually preceded by Influenza. The first outbreak of cholera in Great Britain was heralded by it, and the influenza of 1847 announced the cholera of 1848. During the prevalence of cholera all other diseases are apt to partake of its type, owing doubtless in a great measure to the terror which pervades a community at such times, and we find that the reaction of the mental impressions on the body are so powerful as frequently to result in the death of the unfortunate unless his attention can be diverted from himself.

Cholera, like all other epidemics, is fearfully rapid in its action, and if death does not occur in a few hours the patient will usually recover. The great object to be attained in the treatment of the disease when it has announced its presence is to gain time. The sufferer should *go to bed at once* and *send for his physician*, for every moment is of value, and proper assistance in the first onslaught of the attack will often decide between life and death in the ultimate result.

Whatever opinions physicians may hold regarding the contagious character of various epidemics, all agree that certain conditions are alike favorable to their development and rapid progress as well as to their fatality. Filthy streets, dirty sewers, exhalations from putrid animal and vegetable substances, are all powerful predisposing causes of the production not only of cholera, but also of typhus and all other diseases of the fever class.

The influence of the foul air voided from the human body is also exceedingly pernicious to the system, especially in overcrowded, ill-ventilated rooms and buildings; but so great is the infatuation of the majority of men regarding the subject of ventilation that, in spite of the evidence of the nostrils, it is often asserted that there is no difference to be found between pure and foul air; whereas the experiments of Dr. ANGUS SMITH show that if we condense the air of an overcrowded room and allow it to remain for a week or so it forms a glutinous deposit that possesses a strong animal odor, and if examined from time to time by a microscope the deposit shows the appearance of vegetable growths in which hosts of animalcules are rapidly produced, thus demonstrating in the most satisfactory manner the presence of a large amount of organic matter in the air expired from the lungs.

The poisonous character of the organic matter contained in such expired air, and in that exhaled from the skin, is demonstrated by the same authority in the statement that a few drops of the liquid matter obtained by the condensation of the foul air of an overcrowded room introduced into the veins of a dog produces death, with the usual phenomena of typhus fever.

In the face of such facts it is folly longer to disregard the important subject of ventilation if we desire to escape the epidemic that now threatens us, an attack of which is now regarded as being even disreputable to the patient, since it involves a gross ignorance of the ordinary laws of hygiene, and a disregard of cleanliness in the personal or household arrangements.

It is of course impossible in an article to indicate the means which families and individuals should employ to protect themselves as far as possible from the invasion of this disease, and since the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure applies with marvelous force to the cholera, it is the duty of all to observe with care the laws of hygiene as laid down in the works on this subject. An excellent summary of them will be found in a book on *Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene*, recently published by Professor DRAPER, in which the questions of diet, ventilation, bathing, etc., are fully discussed and brought within the reach of all intelligent minds.

"INSIDE."

THE story of this name, which appears serially in the *Weekly*, certainly fulfills its promise. It is the most graphic and clearly authentic sketch of the social condition of the late rebel States during the war, and will have a unique value to the historian of the stormy time, and, like all true pictures of a great range of society, is full of value to the statesman and political thinker. The writer of such a tale is not a solitary product of the region in which it is laid; and it is to such clear and intelligent comprehension upon the part of the thoughtful people of the South that we must look for wise action in the future. They are the real friends of the Union and of peace.

SOLDIERS LEFT-HAND WRITING.

IT was in this paper that many of the soldiers who competed for the prizes of left-handed penmanship first saw the invitation to that generous rivalry, and they will now learn with pleasure the result. It is plain from the number of specimens that no Yankee loses his heart with his arm, for there were some two hundred and seventy manuscripts collected from nearly every State in the Union. The loss of two arms, indeed, did not daunt one competitor, who sent a specimen of writing with the mouth, which was remarkable and honorably mentioned. The Exhibition Room was prettily arranged, and, except for an unexpected limitation of time, it would doubtless have been a point of popular interest. Yet it was long enough open for General GRANT to visit it. He was delighted with the display, and wrote a letter playfully confessing that he should be unable to decide upon the merits of the competitors.

This, however, was a responsibility which the Committee could not escape, and after careful inspection and consideration they awarded the prizes, although they would doubtless have confessed that it was often very difficult to discriminate. The original sum offered was five hundred dollars by WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, who was the projector of the enterprise. To this two hundred and fifty dollars were added by the Sanitary Commission, and as much more by the Committee, making one thousand dollars in all. The first prize of the first class was awarded to FRANKLIN H. DURRAH, private in the Thirty-first Pennsylvania Infantry. There were twenty-eight prizes altogether, and we wish we had room for the names of the recipients, who were from every part of the country, from Maine to Dacotah. General HOWARD, the Head of the Freedmen's Bureau, who is one of the left-armed soldiers of the Union, did not compete for the prizes, but he wrote a pleasant letter to Dr. BELLOWS, one of the Committee.

It was an enterprise most honorable to Mr. BOURNE and to the brave Yankee soldiers, all of whom showed in the sentiments they wrote that if nobly left-handed they were no less nobly right-hearted.

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THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE figure which in the present Congress looms up above every other is that of THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania. Certainly if we were to select the portrait of that Congressman which would be most interesting to our readers it would be the portrait of STEVENS.

The subject of our sketch was born in Caledonia County, Vermont, April 4, 1793. Immediately upon his graduation at Dartmouth College, in 1814, he removed to Pennsylvania. Teaching in an academy in that State, he at the same time prepared for the practice of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, in Adams County. In 1833 he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and also in the years following until 1838, and again in 1841. In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, and in 1842 he removed to Lancaster.

In 1848 Mr. STEVENS was elected a Representative from Pennsylvania to the Thirty-first Congress. He was a member of the Thirty-second, and also of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congress. In the latter he held the most important position in the House—that which is usually conceded to the leading member—namely, that of Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1862 he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and subsequently to the Congress which is now in session.

Not a man of great statesmanship though of sincere patriotism, he is inconsiderate in the policy which he urges upon the country, and in his utterances upon important matters of State. He is bold, and even rash in speech. Chief-Justice TANEY had slept in his grave little more than a twelvemonth when, in an important speech in the House, Mr. STEVENS had the boldness to declare that the opinions of the Chief-Justice on negro citizenship had damned him to everlasting infamy, and, he feared, to everlasting flame. In the same speech Mr. STEVENS expressed his impatience at the magnanimity of the Government in its attitude toward the conquered Southern States, and advocated a revival of the policy which had been visited upon the vanquished in the less civilized epochs of Roman history. Mr. STEVENS is more of an alarmist, we think, than becomes an honest statesman. He exaggerates trivialities. Because President JOHNSON simply expressed an opinion in regard to the proposed amendments to the Constitution, Mr. STEVENS saw in this a dreadful usurpation, not unworthy to be compared with that which cost CHARLES THE FIRST his head. We mention these things as characteristics of Mr. STEVENS's boldness and extravagance. His attempt, afterward, to treat the President's 22d of February speech as a hoax, foisted upon the country by the Copperheads, was equally extravagant as a bit of buffoonery.

That which gives Mr. STEVENS the great power which he wields in the House—a power which is almost irresistible—is his emphatic and earnest denunciation of treason. The country has suffered so much in the past from vacillation, that it greatly admires any thing which looks thorough and straightforward. Mr. STEVENS's words have a gladiatorial strength which would have done honor to the boldest of Rome's orators. They sway men by their sledge-hammer strokes—they are words of iron. Whatever be the verdict of posterity in regard to the wisdom of Mr. STEVEN's acts and speeches, future generations can not fail to render him the tribute which is always yielded to extraordinary force of character.



HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, M. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE FENIANS.

WE continue this week to give illustrations of matters connected with the Fenian movement in Ireland and Canada. Apparently very little is being done by the Fenians themselves. We hear a great deal of volunteer drilling and parades in Canada directed against Fenians, but we are not aware of the fact that there has been found a Fenian in arms. Ireland has been put under martial law and the *habeas corpus* act suspended—and yet there has not been the first shot fired, nor the first act of overt rebellion committed. We smile when we remember the protracted howl of indignation which all England raised when, in the midst of the most serious rebellion which history records, we suspended the act of *habeas corpus*. It also excites a



CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS AFTER DRILL.

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smile to read the indignant comments of the principal Canadian journals on the neutral attitude assumed by our Government toward the whole affair. The British are pronouncing most emphatically to-day the profound and instructive maxim which they have always pronounced to all the other peoples of the world: "Do as we *say*, but not as we *do*!"

It is reported that STEPHENS, the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, has escaped from Ireland. It is now several weeks since he escaped from Richmond Bridewell prison, of which we give an illustration on our first page. This prison is a Government establishment, and is also a house of correction for male and female convicts. Weaving is the principal employment of the males; those sentenced to hard labor are put to the tread-mill. The prisoners, on being discharged, are paid one-third of the earnings of their labor. This prison, as well as others in Dublin, is full of Fenians.

Arrests continue to be made all over the country. Eleven men charged at Skibbereen, on 28th February, with being concerned in the Fenian conspiracy, were brought to Cork next day, and lodged in the county jail. We give on the same page with Richmond Bridewell prison an illustration of these prisoners entering the jail. Our illustration on page 212, representing the Canadian Volunteers resting after their drill, speaks for itself.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. DR. WARNER had remarked to her husband only yesterday: "Dr. Warner, *will* you tell me what we are coming to? Flour forty dollars a barrel, sugar four pounds for a dollar, salt twelve cents, coffee one dollar, molasses two dollars and a half, lard forty cents, chickens fifty cents, eggs one dollar, butter a dollar and a quarter—those fiendish Yankees! And not a calico in town under a dollar a yard, domestics a dollar and a quarter, shoes ten dollars, a paper of pins five dollars! If I only had all the Yankees right in front of a cannon—Lincoln and all—loaded to the muzzle, and could shoot that cannon off, I could die happy. And there's snuff, not a grain of it to be had!"

Mrs. Warner stopped; words failed to express her indignation. In fact the English language had long since been used up by Mrs. Warner. Its very strongest words had been hurled by her so long and so continually upon the heads of the invaders that they had become insipid and meaningless to her. It is weeks now since she has first remarked that, if she but could do so, she would with her own hands send the North into atoms so small that Omniscience itself should never find them, nor Omnipotence itself put them together if found.

From Colonel Ret Roberts's last speech that was; but even that had become language too feeble to express her loathing and abhorrence. Having said fifty times a day that the Yankees were worse than devils, and that even hell was a punishment too light for them—said this in all possible inflections of the idea, what else could *be* said? Even Mrs. Warner was conscious of a sense of exhaustion.

As to the Doctor, what had he to do but to be as little at home as possible, put in some word of flattery whenever his conscience and a lull in the storm permitted, and so endure? The Doctor agreed in all the fulminations of his wife upon those who had brought about the ruin of the country, with this slight difference only—that the Xantippe of his bosom located these authors in Washington, and he located them in a somewhat lower latitude. When the infinite diversity of sentiment between the Secessionists and the Union people at the South during the war is considered, the wonder is, not at the alienation that existed there on that account, but rather that no greater explosion followed. But then there was on the part of the Union people an amazing amount of—what is the softest possible word for dissembling?—and a still more astonishing degree of silence. And there was an ominous meaning in that very silence, taken in connection with the class character of the Union people, hitherto and in all other matters, for forecast and prudence, which disquieted their Secessionist acquaintances exceedingly.

There is Mrs. Sorel. The times bring many troubles to her besides the absence of her son at the war. She goes out very little these days. None of the Union people do so any more than they can help. But she meets, as all Union people do, with coldness, sometimes actual denunciation, in company when she does enter it. Often is she under the necessity of entering the small room adjoining her chamber, where is little furniture beyond a chair and a table with a Bible upon it; oftener than of old, and she remains there longer in these days. Yet she always comes out from it calmer and in happier mood, if possible, than even in her palmiest days of yore. Nothing can be more placid than the conversations she and Edward Arthur, her guest, hold across the neat little table at breakfast, dinner, and supper; for Mr. Arthur is rarely away from home in these days any more than Mrs. Sorel Mrs. Sorel has even to remonstrate with



MRS. SOREL'S COMFORT.

her guest upon his confining himself too closely to his studies.

The truth is, in the absence of the papers, reviews, and new publications of all sorts in which he once delighted, Mr. Arthur has taken to the old English divines in his library, volumes yellow with years and near a yard long, for which he has hitherto found little time. Into these volumes, as into pools pure and deep, he plunges over head and ears, and so forgets the times and himself. Nor are these the only pools into which he plunges. Every morning, to keep as fresh and as strong as possible, he is up and away on his horse to a creek miles off in the dense forest, into which he goes headlong, to return by the time the sun is up, glowing with his bath and the exercise, hopeful of happy days beyond Secession, hungry for his breakfast and for his studies afterward. A little Virgil occasionally; periodic Greek Testament likewise; and Hebrew also, straying away in its elephant tracks far away from Secession, across Canaan, through the rocky gaps of Sinai and Horeb, and on toward Abraham and the Creation.

What with these, the Old Divines, and his exercise, he is preparing sermons having more of the pith and essence of the Gospel in them, leagues away while so engaged from Secession and civil war. It may be only his imagination, but he has an impression that he is just now in special training for a work after Secession is over—some great work in which he is to accomplish more than he has ever dreamed of so far. At any rate he will prepare himself as thoroughly as possible.

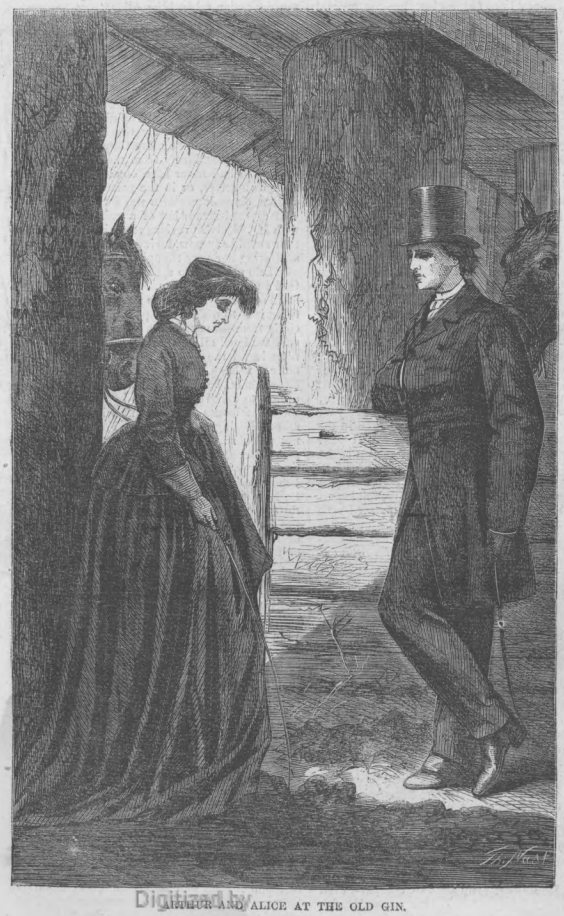
Here is a morning, some weeks after his last conversation with Mr. Ferguson, when the gallop and the bath before breakfast do not quite suffice. It is in vain after breakfast that, after getting through his lessons with Robby, he essays the folio of theology. It may be a deep pool at other times, but this morning it seems a frozen one. He can not penetrate beneath, but slips and falls continually on the page as on a surface of ice.

On account of the bells last night! Even from Mrs. Sorel's, three miles away, he could hear the great rejoicing in Somerville—all the bells, all the cannon, all the smaller arms. He woke at midnight with the first stroke of the Methodist bell, by far the largest in Somerville. "If Providence is willing, I am," he said to himself in the act of awaking; but there was no more sleep for him that night.

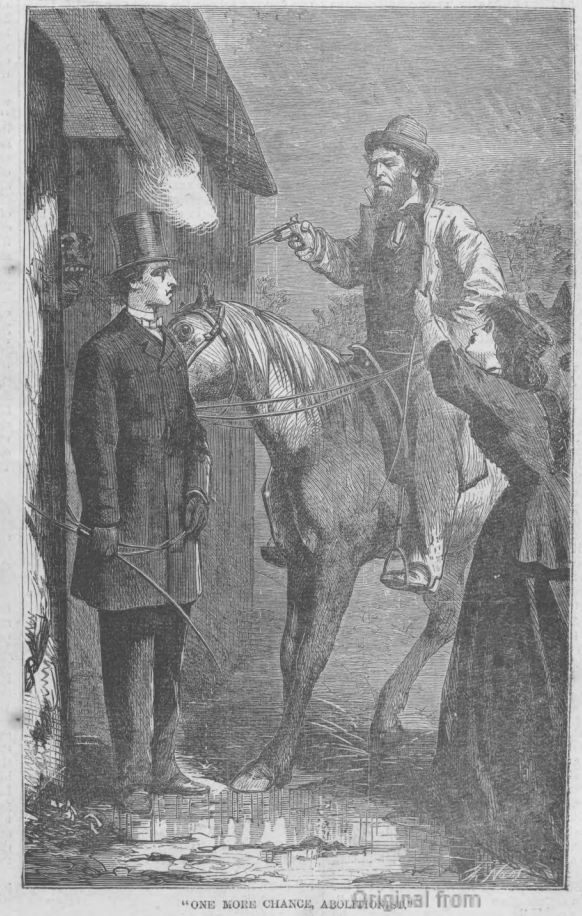
Somerville has been quite despondent of late, and the reaction of joy over victory is immense. Colonel Juggins has a negro boy over at Mrs. Sorel's with the paper long before breakfast. Mr. Arthur has read it to Mrs. Sorel at that meal. Cause for rejoicing, indeed! There have been a series of battles near Richmond lasting several days. M'Clellan has been captured, with his entire army! The gun-boats have managed to escape down James River, but that is all: 60 generals, 140 captains, 30,000 Federals killed, 80,000 captured; stores, batteries, colors without computation! The war is virtually over! Colonel Juggins comes along after breakfast.

"Of that vast army, ma'am," he says to Mrs. Sorel, "Bill Perkins was saying last night only 75 privates made their escape, and at last accounts our army was in full pursuit of them!" And Colonel Juggins, brimmed with enthusiasm, insists on reading over aloud the whole paper from end to end to quiet Mrs. Sorel washing up the breakfast things.

No, Edward Arthur can not get into the merits of the folio this morning. He evades Colonel Juggins, goes to the stable, saddles and mounts his horse, and rides slowly away he does not care whither. It runs like a ditty in his mind over and over again—"'If Providence is willing, I am!" Odd passages of Scripture come to the surface, in his memory, of themselves—"'His ways are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts. He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. None can stay His hand, or say what doest thou.....' And yet if Secession *could* but have been put down! One country again; one flag again; universal amnesty; peace and prosperity again, firmer,



ARTHUR AND ALICE AT THE OLD GIN.



"ONE MORE CHANCE, ABOLITIONIST."

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greater than before!" His mind runs over it all as it is: "The success of the great Wrong! The triumph of wicked men! Anarchy victorious North and South! And is it possible, after all, that such men as Lamum, Roberts, Barker, and the long tail of Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Tim Lamum, and the like are right? Right? Pleasing to God? And all who think unlike them are wrong? their opinions displeasing to Heaven, and now justly rebuked?" It was partly broken rest the night past, but Edward Arthur felt as he rode along as if the very foundations of reason and religion were out of course.

The seven days of Chickahominy were days of disaster to you loyal hearts at the North, were they? Believe it, your deepest feelings in regard thereto were but, in the phrase of old Cervantes, "as cheese-cakes and cream-tarts" to the agony of hope deferred, nigh destroyed, in the bosoms of hundreds of thousands of us at the South, loving our common country as much as you. As much as you? Far more. Though trembling lest you should lose it, you still possessed it. We at the South, actually stripped of all we loved, of flag and country, were yearning for their return. In the great wreck common to both, you were as those of the wrecked still holding on to the floating fragments, though they seemed slipping from your grasp; we were as those drowning without even that, praying and clutching—ah, how desperately!—amidst the roaring foam.

It is raining heavily, and the rider looks around to find that his horse has stopped of its own accord under the roof of an old gin. He has been there before in his excursions. The gin is an abandoned one in the centre of a tract of land, which the furrows, nearly leveled by the rains to a plain, and a fragment of an old rail here and there, show to have been once cultivated. There is the screw, too, hard by, its long levers, with their little cap of a roof, idle evidently this many a day. The pit beneath is caved in. There are scraps of rope, shreds of bagging, great piles of cotton seed blue and steaming in the rain around. Yes, many a bale of cotton has been planted and gathered and ginned and pressed and wagoned away from this deserted spot. Edward Arthur is in full sympathy with the scene this morning; how much better to be there just now than in the hotel in Somerville, or even at Mrs. Sorel's. As he alights from and ties his horse to one of the huge posts which support the upper room of the gin-house, the under story being open all around, he is glad he has not to converse with even Guy Brooks this morning. Mr. Ferguson, too—he knows that the Scotchman is that instant in his room there in Somerville contemplating the blazing dispatch which he has just filed in its place in his ponderous scrap-book. There is a gleam of satisfaction in the young minister's mind as he sees, in imagination, the peculiar expression which is that very instant tinging, so to speak, the very tips of the Scotchman's grizzly beard.

But he is to have company at last. There is a galloping of a horse across the old field. It is a lady; she rides her pony in under the protecting roof, and is off and shaking the drops from her riding-skirt before he can get to her assistance. She raises her head as he approaches. Of all persons on earth it is the person whom he would most desire to meet just there and then. Of all persons on earth it is just the person whom he would there and then most ardently desire not to meet.

It may be owing to the fact that we have double lobes to the brain and a double set of organs to the heart; but certain it is a man may have in brain and heart, and at the same moment too, a double set of thoughts and emotions—double and strong, and in exact conflict with each other. And it is with a man in such a case as it is with a steamer, say, when the engine on its one side is propelling, with the engine on its other side backing. Round and round, morally speaking, goes the individual, but not an inch does he advance either down stream or up current. At least Mr. Arthur certainly had, at this moment, just such speed.

But who can venture to assert what her opinion of the chance meeting in that lonely spot was? If you gather any thing from her blush on first perceiving her companion, what are you to gather from the pallor which, the moment after, left her face in such striking contrast with the black velvet cap upon her head, and the black plume which drooped, heavy with rain, down to her cheek? Prompt enough to speak, however:

"All my fault, Mr. Arthur!" she said, gayly. "I have been spending a few days with Anne Wright, an old school-fellow. I determined to ride home this morning, come what might. Anne told me it would rain, but I thought pony would get me home first. Mr. Wright is in Somerville; the hands were off in the fields with the horses, so I had to come alone. I deserve it for starting. But I *will* have my way, mamma says. How came you here?"

Mr. Arthur has but a disjointed reply to make. Disjointed, because he has no reason for having ridden there at all. And because she is so beautiful—ah! how beautiful! He has not seen her, to converse with her, for many weeks now; and she has changed so! It is all in the sex. Boys do not change so. The youth of eighteen is very much the individual he was at sixteen, only taller—no coming out of any chrysalis with *him*.

But here is Alice Bowles. When Edward Arthur removed to Mrs. Sorel's Alice was but a girl — a lovely girl, but only a girl, although Mr. Neely *was* in the habit of visiting her so often. But to-day Alice Bowles alights from her pony in the old gin a woman. Her face is full, and her ruddy lip, and clear eye, and gentle yet firm expression, is that of a woman—no longer a girl. She always bore herself in that erect and imperial manner—a something about the white brow as if made for a crown—a bend about the neck as of Marie Antoinette among the *sans culottes*. Before, it was a manner that went and came with her varying moods; but to-day it is herself. It may be the plumed riding-cap she wears; it may be her long riding-dress, which brought up vague memories of grand ladies in their trains at court; it may be it was in the excitement of her rapid ride causing her face to glow so; it may be the contrast between the young beauty and the littered earth on which she stood and the dilapidation around her; or maybe it was her sudden advent through the dreary morning, and upon him in a mood as dreary; but, whatever was the reason, she came upon him there very little else to him than an angel from heaven. Had he not loved her at first sight, years ago, when she was only the bud of what had now opened into the perfect rose?

There was one advantage he had over her. He had not come upon her in her retreat there, in the out-of-the-way old gin, but she had come upon him; and, somehow, from the first he had yielded to her the burden of the conversation. His first look as he met her had said so much that he felt, and she felt, he had little more to add. Ah! how she talked, in order to keep from hearing or saying any thing!—cutting with her riding-whip at the shreds of cotton on the ground, shaking the drops of rain from her riding skirt, smoothing her already smooth hair on each side of her brow.

"And oh, Mr. Arthur, I nearly forgot. What *is* the news?" she suddenly asked, after all other topics were exhausted. "Anne and I could hear the noise all the way to Mr. Wright's. What great and glorious Something has happened this time?" And she entered on the topic with a sense of indefinable pain, and yet of indefinable pleasure too.

Mr. Arthur related the contents of the dispatches. Quite accurately, too, which was a wonder in those days. As a general rule it was a thing impossible, quite impossible, to do then. A man might try to tell his eager neighbor the contents of the last dispatch the moment he laid it down, but he never *could* repeat it accurately. If he was a Union man his version was far more unfavorable to the Confederacy than at least the printed lines warranted. If he was a Secessionist the news he repeated from the paper was much more encouraging for the Confederacy than even the largest capitals of the sheet just in his hands would justify.

"I need not ask your opinion of the news," said his companion, more thoughtfully. "I presume you will say of it, as you did of the news from Shiloh—it is partly true and partly false. And you were right. But it is a pity one can not believe the whole of a matter from the first, and with all the heart. One could enjoy one's self so!"

"You have no apprehension about your brother—?"

"Oh no!" interrupted his companion. "Did not mamma show you—ah! I forgot at the moment that you do not live with us now. No; mamma received a letter from him only ten days ago. He is in Charleston—under arrest, I am sorry to say. There was some Mississippian or Georgian put over him in rank. Very foolishly he neglected to obey some order, something of the kind, I do not exactly understand it. At any rate, Rutledge—Rutledge Bowles, as mamma always persists in calling him—is under arrest in Charleston. Since Rutledge can not bring himself to comply with the wishes of his superiors, it is a great pity they can not make it a rule to comply with his. At least mamma almost says so," added Alice, with a good deal of demure fun at the corners of her rosy mouth.

Her eyes being intent on the particular shred of cotton she was switching at with her riding-whip upon the ground, Mr. Arthur had an opportunity of looking at her. Poor young fellow! she was so beautiful; so full of life and grace! And Secession has put them as far apart—not as the East is from the West; that similitude is obsolete in these days—but as far apart from each other as the North is from the South.

"You know I have never seen your brother," said her companion, seeing at the moment with great satisfaction that the rain was beginning to fall heavier than ever. "But is there not—?" and in his half hesitation Alice hastened to finish the question for him.

"A strong resemblance between Rutledge and myself? In character, yes, I dare say there is. We are both of us altogether too impatient of control—too much in the habit of having our own way. It *is* a dreadful defect of character, Mr. Arthur," she said, looking up only for an instant at him, and then resuming her chastisement, though it was at least "an inch" of "a king," of the unfortunate piece of cotton; "but I do not see how either Rutledge or myself are to blame for it. We inherited it from our father, who was celebrated for his fixedness—if there is such a word—of opinion; and we have been trained to it from our cradles. If pa had only lived it would have been far better for us both; but you know how indulgent mamma is."

"I for one would not have you otherwise than as you are for the world," Mr. Arthur said, emphatically—only it was to himself, not a syllable of it reaching his lips. And yet she knew as well, in the silence which followed her remark, that he was saying just that as if he had said it aloud.

"Only to think," she hastily added, therefore, "of the thousands of brave men that must have been killed; that is, if there really was any fighting at all in Virginia."

"And of the many thousands that are yet to die in hospital and upon battle-field before this war is over," added her companion. "We read of Roncesvalles and Fontenoy, and the gallant knights dying at Chevy Chase, and all. Yet the simple truth is, old Froissart, whom you remember we read together last summer, tells of no brave gentlemen nobler or braver in every sense of the word than our Southern soldiers. Chivalry boasts of nothing which the South is not equaling every day, and every hour of the day."

"But we of the South deserve and wear the name of Chivalry, Mr. Arthur, only *too* well," said Alice, after a pause. "I wish I could not think of it as I do; but, somehow or other, we seem to be as antiquated as Chivalry is, too. As to the nobleness, generosity, courtesy, and valor of our armies, I suppose all the world is agreed; but, with all that, I can not help having a vague but painful sense that we are classed by Europe with Spain, behind the age. If one half of the feeling of the world in regard to us is admiration, the other half of that feeling is pity. I am afraid it is owing to some book or other which I should never have read; or it may be some natural perversity of my character, but it does seem to me as if our armies, gallant as they are, are warring against—what shall I call it?—against Destiny."

It may have been some improper reading, or it may have been the independence of her nature rebelling against whatever happened to be dominant; but it had pained her mother that Alice was not as thoroughly under the rule of the enthusiasm of the day as she desired her to be. Perhaps Mr. Neely had visited her too much—had overdone in his conversation the topic of the hour. Devotedly, too, as she loved her mother, she had known Mrs. Sorel too long not to acknowledge to herself the calm superiority of her sense and judgment to the mere impulse of her mother, beautiful as that impulse was—not that Mrs. Sorel had conversed with her on the great question of the day. At least not for months now had she heard a word from her lips upon the merits of the quarrel. In truth, very rarely indeed in these days were the families thrown together. Mrs. Sorel had always spoken frankly on the subject when she spoke at all, and Mrs. Bowles was as decided in her feelings on the subject as Mrs. Sorel was in her convictions. Feeling *vs.* Conviction—that was the case at issue.

"If you will permit me, Miss Alice," said her companion, "I may be able to explain you to yourself. If you had read and thought as little upon the whole question now convulsing the country as the mass of those around you—I mean upon both sides of it—I dare say you would think and feel exactly as they do. Or if, notwithstanding all your thought and reading, your character admitted of your forgetting every thing of the kind, and giving yourself up blindly to the popular emotion, whatever it was, then, too, you would feel and think, as, for instance, your friend Miss Anne Wright does. I do not mean to flatter you, Miss Alice, but I can not say what I wish to say without seeming to do so," he added, knotting the lash of his riding-whip industriously as he spoke.

"I only wish I was as happy as Anne in her whole-heartedness upon the subject," said Alice. "How she does abuse the Yankees! I do believe she thinks if the Yankees succeed they will actually make her go to the wash-tub for them, enslave her, make a house-maid or a field hand of her. I'd like to see them come cavorting around *me*, her father says. Anne says she'll die first. I would certainly hate to eat any dish of her preparing, if I was Mrs. Lincoln, or whoever her future mistress is to be; it would be far from wholesome, I was telling her so last night," said Alice, with a laugh. "But, then, there is my dear, dear mother," she added, with sudden gravity.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Alice?" said her companion. "My admiration and affection for your mother are second only to your own, and I venture to say only this," he continued, gravely, although he saw the color rising in her cheek: "if you had been born at the date of your mother's birth you would have felt and thought just as she does to-day. It may be your misfortune, but you were born some thirty years after your mother. There has been a vast change in the very fashions worn since then. Look at your mother's miniature, taken when she was a bride. There is—whether we like it or not—a still greater change in the opinions of men. A person of active intellect—one who reads, thinks, arrives at independent conclusions—*can not* be the same in opinion with one born a third of a century before, unless you lived like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, or unless you lived exclusively in your own section, like the Chinese, or unless you went—"

"Fast asleep, like Rip Van Winkle," interrupted his companion. "Dear me, how it rains! How mamma will scold me for venturing out from Mr. Wright's! You must excuse me, Mr. Arthur; but the plain truth is, I hate to think in these days. I wish I could stop thinking, I'm sure. I would give all I possess for a good drink from the flagon that put Rip Van Winkle asleep!"

"To come out of your cave at last, as he did, and find all the world changed by other hands than your own. Well, perhaps so. And yet if there is indeed a great change for the better to be brought about by human brains and human hands, I confess I would prefer not to live altogether apart from it. I would like—at least in my happiest moments I feel so—to have a heart and a hand in the work. But it *is* a wearisome thing to think upon so steadily. I never felt it more so than to-day."

Although Alice did not look at her companion she none the less saw the care and pain, even anguish, upon his face. With a woman's quick insight, however, she saw that the anxiety and uncertainty almost which used to—or which she months ago fancied used to—mark the countenance of the young minister, was giving place to a twofold expression of confidence and peace; an expression growing from day to day through great suffering into an aspect of certainty and joy. Yet Mr. Neely was much the handsomest man of the two, so fat and rosy and full of cordial sympathy with the invaded South.

"If a person does not agree in sentiment with the people of the South what does he stay here for? Evidently he ought to be with that people in whose opinions he agrees. If I was with the North I would go there, and I would stay there." That was Mr. Neely's decided opinion in his last conversation with Alice—or rather in his last conversation with Mrs. Bowles when Alice was present. Mr. Neely did not mention Mr. Arthur's name in that connection: so that he could, of course, have no reference to him; certainly not.

"But suppose, Mr. Neely," Alice had innocently asked, looking up from her sewing—a soldier's shirt it was, one of a dozen made from the cover of her piano, cut up for that purpose as the only material to be had—"suppose you possessed property at the South, valuable property, all the property you owned in the world. I believe it is the certain loss of property in the South for a person to leave as you advise; if you held the sentiments you mention, you would leave, as you say, at the sacrifice of all you possessed?"

"I certainly would, Miss Alice," he replied, enduring her clear look. Perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would. But perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would not, also.

"Then if you were now at the North, entertaining the sentiments you do, you would instantly leave the North for the South, giving up all you owned there to do so?" asked Alice. Her beautiful eyes were full upon him. What could he do?

"I would, Miss Alice, I certainly would!" Oh, Mr. Neely! Not to know that you knew, and that she knew, whether you spake true or not. But, then, the temptation was so great, to Mr. Neely the greatest temptation possible in the whole world.

"Suppose, Mr. Neely, though you disapproved of the step taken by the South, and agreed in the course pursued, in consequence of that step, by the North, yet you shrank from engaging in actual war upon your own people, or even from being surrounded by such as were, how then?" Alice had asked.

"These are no days for such nice distinctions, Miss Alice," the school teacher had promptly replied. "As one feels and thinks so should he act. A man must adopt one side or the other, and without a particle of reluctance or shame in doing so. And men will do so whose views are clear. He that is not against us is with us; he that is not with us is against us—plain as the multiplication table, Miss Alice."

Alice really did not know what to reply. But it seemed strange to hear this gentleman from New England speaking so freely of *We* and *Us* in connection with Southern affairs. The possessive pronouns in all their inflections were used with painful frequency by the Yankee Secessionists. "*Our* brave boys!" "The way *We* are whipping them, too!" "The diabolical designs meditated against *Us* by the Federals!" and kindred phrases, were more frequent on the lips of men like Mr. Neely from the North than of those who had never been outside the South in their own selves, or in the persons of their ancestors, since Jamestown was settled.

It seemed somewhat of a coincidence, then, with Mr. Neely's previous remarks, that Mr. Arthur should say now, loving Alice as he did, and answering her very thoughts:

"I do not wish to speak of myself. Here in God's providence I am. Not a day, or a moment of the day, that I do not feel how painful a thing it is to differ from public sentiment, especially from the sentiments of those among whom we have lived all our lives, than whom there are none in all the world whom we esteem or love more. I have done my very best to become a Secessionist, but I can not. I have done my utmost to believe, at least to hope that, after all, the Confederate Government will be a success and a blessing to the South. For my life I can not think so. I can not get away to Europe, and if I could I would feel very much like Jonah on his way to Tarshish, storm or no storm. No, I am in charge here as a minister of the Gospel. So long as I am permitted to do so, I will continue the duties of my office, obeying faithfully the Scripture directions as to the Government over me. I was, I may almost say, in agonies of mind at first. I am getting used to it. I have within me such a settled sense that I could not have acted otherwise than I have done that I am coming to feel as quiet in mind as a man can be—a kind of solid quiet greater than I ever possessed before. And my experience, though I am not so situated as to have correspondence, or the least intercourse in any way, with one of them, is that of perhaps thousands of my brethren in the ministry at the South, and, in some respects, of hundreds of thousands of the very best men, all Southern men, and destined to do a great work in and for the South yet. But if I knew this hour, Miss Alice, that I was the only Southern man in the whole South entertaining the sentiments I do, I could entertain them not a jot the less for that. It may be my misfortune, it may be my crime, it certainly is my case. As to the future of myself and of my country I am learning to leave the whole in the Hands that *are* managing it, perfectly satisfied in advance as to the result. You must really excuse me, Miss Alice," he added, with a smile. "It is the first time I have spoken to you thus of myself. I assure you it shall be the last time. It has only happened so, you see. You must endure it as one of the accidents of this rainy day."

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But Alice did not hear these last words. It was only a few days ago that she had been reading Milton, and why she knew not, but the lines were passing through her mind as he spoke:

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he:
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single."

Her head drooped until the plume of her riding-cap almost concealed her face. But, at last, Edward Arthur said nothing to her of himself which she did not know already, and know fully as well as he did himself. She stood still, occupied with the shred of cotton on the ground at her feet. But no longer cutting at it as before, moving it rather hither and thither with the lash of her riding-whip, lovingly, caressingly even, as if it were some living thing which she would not hurt for the world.

"No, but Miss Alice, what I want to know"—Mrs. Warner had said to her in the court-house where the ladies met to work for the soldiers only the week before, and it was after a long stretch of remark by Mrs. Warner on the one topic—"what I want to know is just this: do you not believe that the Yankees, invading our country, burning our homes, killing our women and children, are worse than the very devils in hell?"

"How should I know, Mrs. Warner?" Alice had replied. "I have never been to the abode of the evil spirits you speak of. I never saw a devil in my life. If I was to come upon a person possessed with one I would keep as far off from—dear me, you must excuse me, I must go and get Mrs. Sorel yonder to give me some more thread."

"I tell you, Dr. Warner," Mrs. Warner remarked to her husband at supper that night, "there is something wrong about that Alice Bowles. Her mother, Mrs. Bowles, such a genuine Southern woman, too. You are their family physician, and sure enough I am your influence on her has not been favorable for the South. You are the plague and misery of my life with your milk-and-water way of thinking and talking, or rather not talking at all upon the subject. How a man of your years, one who reads the papers every day, can be as mild as you are! And, then, knowing *my* feelings on the subject, hearing every day and hour of your life all *I* say—I do believe it is just to cross me. Because I am so strong for the South you are exactly the opposite!" Which statement, by-the-by, was not far from the truth. But Dr. Warner only ate his supper with the shower-bath droop about the head, and nathless so endured.

"Alice's father was a stanch Secessionist years ago," mused Mrs. Warner, aloud, striking her tea-spoon against her empty cup. "That is his portrait hanging up in their parlor, grand enough to look at; only it's a pity he couldn't have left a few more negroes to his wife and children. There's Rutledge Bowles, Mrs. Bowles is so everlastingly talking about. A worthless, drinking, gambling fellow, there in Charleston, if half I've heard about him is true. He'd better be here at home making money for his mother. But he's a good Secessionist, was active in the taking of Fort Sumter there at Charleston. Did Alice ever visit the North?" asked Mrs. Warner, suddenly.

"I believe not," replied her husband.

"Because it always has the worst effect on Southern people. Spending the summer at the North! I reckon that old cry is over. I never was out of the South! And a far better Southern man *you* would be, Dr. Warner, if you had never spent that time in Philadelphia, attending medical lectures. If I only had my way," said Mrs. Warner, for the three thousandth time, "no Southern citizen should ever visit the North on any pretext. Nor Europe either, for that matter; they are just as rank Abolitionists there as at the North. Won't recognize us on account of Slavery, Yancey said there in his speech in New Orleans! Yes, if I had my way I'd build a wall a hundred feet high all round the South, in real earnest; nobody should go out and nobody should come in. To think how they used to flood the country with their books and papers and peddlers and things! Hang them!"

"I am sure Alice has taken an active part," began the Doctor.

"Presenting that flag? Sewing, and singing at concerts for the soldiers, and all that?" interrupted his wife. "There's something wrong for all that. I began to think so that day she opposed having a lottery for the assistance of that regiment. It was against the rules of religion, she said, and there is a law of the State—wonder how she came to know that?—expressly prohibiting it. As if any body would dare enforce such a law these days. And as if Brother Barker himself did not go in for it, and have the meeting to arrange for it in the very church. But, opposed or not, we had it any how. No, I know exactly how it is," said Mrs. Warner, in a lower and more intense tone, peering at her husband under mysterious eyebrows, and shaking the tea-spoon at him like the thyrsus of a magician. "It is *Mr. Arthur!* Haven't I got eyes? Never tell me! And he living there for years, now; helping her in her studies, and all that stuff. He's gone to live at Mrs. Sorel's, I know. He doesn't visit at Mrs. Bowles hardly at all. I met their boy Charles on the street and asked him only the other day. I know they ain't engaged, for I asked Mr. Arthur himself when he was here last. But there's something wrong in Alice's mind about Secession, and it came there just in that way, you mark my words. And how people—you among them—*will* continue to go and hear him preach these days is more than I can understand. For my part I'd just as soon—"

But we have no disposition to share in Dr. Warner's martyrdom.

A very smart woman was Mrs. Warner. Long and unwearying investigations into the affairs of others had given her a remarkable power of insight. Who will deny all of her reasonings in this matter? The being a Union man involved, at that period of the war, in general estimation, the being either a fool or a knave. Now Alice could not believe that Mr. Arthur was either, so that her faith in the desperate depravity of Unionism may have thereby been shaken. And there was Mrs. Sorel too, such an old friend, one whom she had so long loved and esteemed, a South Carolinian too; her sentiments were all against Secession. It only happened so, you see. But was ever fly entangled in a web so terrible? It was Spenser's ever old and forever new Song of the Fair Una traveling through the wildernesses. Ah, how dark and brambly the way! Consider this Southern girl—for hers is but one case of how many thousands of her sex: born on the bosom of the old era, tended by it from birth with its ten thousand tenderest touches; all the deep aversion of early and life-long prejudice repelling her from the bringers-on of the new era; all the warmest sympathies natural to the bosom with soil invaded, kindred slain, valor struggling against overwhelming odds: add to this the ever-present force of an almost universal enthusiasm. And the new era dawning over her, with skies so dim and with hints so vague of its coming clearness. Happy are those whose lot is in the centre, say, of one era—Luther's parents, let us instance. Happier still those who live in the centre of the era which follows—those possessed of a perfected Protestantism, we will say. But the transition period between the two eras—how stormy and full of all perplexity! In every transition period the perplexity lies not without only—it is within one's own bosom that the shadow is darkest, its strife bitterest. Easy enough to do the right when a sincere soul but *knows* the right—the agony is to know with sufficient clearness what *is* the right.

If one dare plagiarize from Brother Barker his mode of finding the times in prophecy, we might be tempted as we read to let finger and eye linger upon this prophecy as bearing upon the days of Secession: "It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." Only look in Brother Barker's little black Bible. You will find the margin of the two verses immediately before this passage is all worn away. Brother Barker, standing in the pulpit a hundred times during Secession, has kept the fore-finger of his left hand pressed just there, holding on like an anchor to the passage, while all the rest of his body swung about wildly in a tempest of declamation, proving that therein Secession and its glories were set forth with a distinctness which left only the inference of judicial blindness upon those who could not see it. Let us do the brother justice; only recognize the fact that the passage in question does refer to Secession, and it is striking, very striking indeed. However, Brother Barker never put *our* interpretation upon—if you have curiosity to look them up—those sixth and seventh verses of the fourteenth Zechariah—the reverse, in fact.

The rain is falling less and less heavily upon the leaky roof of the old gin-house, if the parties within only knew it. Twenty times has the young minister said to himself, "No, Sir, no; this is neither the time nor the place." But there is something about the drooped head and the hue upon the cheek, even in the motion of the gloved hand holding the riding-whip, as it toys with the shred of cotton on the dust, that emboldens him. He has been speaking out his soul, his heart; and how soft and affecting are the tones of the voice when one does so!

"And, next to the approval of my own conscience, do I desire *your* approval," he is beginning to say, when Alice raises herself and looks across the old field plashy with water. She has heard nothing, but a woman's instinct of approaching danger is strong upon her. And at last she sees only a man on horseback hundreds of yards away riding slowly toward them. It is strange how swift the sex is in its reasonings and conclusions.

In the instant of seeing the approaching horseman she says, and she says it hurriedly:

"May I ask it as a special favor, Mr. Arthur, that you will mount your horse and leave me? You see the rain is over. Excuse me, but please do." How earnest she is!

Mr. Arthur hears, with sense of pleasure at the tones, but with surprise at the request.

"I know you will excuse me and comply with my request if you only knew why I ask it," she said, still more hurriedly, her eyes upon the horseman, her gloved hand resting upon his arm.

"Really, Miss Alice," her companion began.

"Oblige me this once, Mr. Arthur," she continued, in tones of entreaty and apprehension. "Yonder is Mr. Wright. You know his character and sentiments. I have a fear that he may be intoxicated—"

"You must excuse me, Miss Alice," interrupted Edward Arthur, gravely and coldly. "I understand your apprehension, but I can not do as you wish." And a flush almost of anger mounted to his temples.

It was too late. Alice busied herself with her pony, leading him in front of her companion, who assisted her to mount.

"Why, good-morning to you, Mr. Wright," said Alice to the horseman, who had now reached them, in tones of gayety singularly in contrast with those she had just used. "I will be glad of your escort back to your house. I *would* start this morning for home in spite of all Anne could do. But I have got wet; do let us make haste; the rain is over." And she lifted her reins, gathered in her hand as if to start, keeping herself, however, still between Mr. Arthur and the person she addressed.

With an "Excuse me, Miss Alice!" Edward Arthur struck her pony a slight blow with his riding-whip, and Mr. Wright, who had reined in his horse with drunken dignity, sat staring at him face to face.

Alonzo Wright. As refined and agreeable a gentleman as you could meet with any where when sober. When drunk, a devil incarnate. Long ago had he killed his first man. It was when he was intoxicated, and because he fancied at the time the individual in question, a merry youth of sixteen—Jim Hartley—was looking impertinently at him. Very rarely had he got drunk since then. But when he did become intoxicated the passion for killing some one again came upon him as a mania, as part and parcel of his drunkenness. It all took place before Mr. Wright removed to his present home; in fact he had come hither on that account; but, unless rumor lied more even than it usually does, if Jim Hartley was the first he was by no means the last man Mr. Wright had killed. Every body knew Alonzo Wright; and when drunk Nero on his throne had not courtiers more abject. That is, such of them as did not fly the spot. Shunned as his house was by almost every one except an unselect few, it was on that very account that Alice had felt specially drawn to poor Anne Wright, her school-fellow, and hence her visit to her.

As Alice anticipated, Mr. Wright was drunk, very drunk. How could it have been otherwise in Somerville last night after the arrival of such news? There had been a military prohibition on the sale of liquor in the place for several weeks now; but the authorities themselves "raised," as they styled it, "the blockade on whisky" to celebrate the glorious victory over M'Clellan. Men who never drank before got drunk in Somerville last night. Men whose whisky had been cut off for the months past drank last night in Somerville with the frenzy of long abstinence. Even Lamum was shocked at the state of Somerville last night, Tim Lamum, his nephew, wallowing and vomiting on his office floor in the experiences of his first "regular spree." And Mr. Wright, having an entire grocery abandoned to him during all last night, had so far killed no one. He was riding home with an unsatisfied craving in his heart, his loaded revolver ready for any emergency that might arise. Vague wrath slumbered in his bosom against whatever negro might come out to hold his horse as he should dismount at his gate. Not a negro on the place, however, but will find pressing business on the remotest part of the plantation when it is known that "Mass Lonny is comin'."

Such is Alonzo Wright, a slight-built, sandy-haired, pale-faced man, who now sits on his horse gazing upon the young minister, of whose presence he was not aware until Alice and her pony had moved from between them.

It all takes place as in a second of time.

"And who are you?" Mr. Wright says, with a sudden half-closing of his eyes and an oath.

Edward Arthur knows perfectly well who and what Alonzo Wright is. More than once has he been received with the most gentlemanly courtesy by Mr. Wright in visiting there. But that was months ago. Besides, it was under Mr. Wright's own roof; and, drunk as he is, were it under that roof he was now meeting Mr. Arthur, he would have treated him as a gentleman and a guest. But they are not in Mr. Wright's house; Mr. Wright is drunk, and this Mr. Arthur is strongly suspected of being a Union man. Nothing more abhorred by Mr. Wright even when sober than that.

"My name is Edward Arthur," replies that gentleman; but his manner is stern from his knowledge of the questioner and of what may follow.

"A preacher and an Abolitionist," says Mr. Wright, with a volley of oaths.

Mr. Arthur has nothing to reply, but has turned to the post at which his horse is tied, and is slowly unfastening him to return home.

"And now you are going to run, are you? what you Yankees always do. Hold on!" exclaims Mr. Wright, in a tone such as only men like those of his class can use. "Get out of the way!" he adds, with a cut of his whip across the head of Alice's pony, which she is endeavoring to ride between them. He hears not a word Alice says—is not aware of her existence. His eyes, almost shut, are fastened upon his prey.

"Look here," he adds, slowly, drawing his revolver from his girdle as he speaks, "I've got one boy away in the army fighting the Yankees. Ten to one he was killed in that last fight at Richmond. If there is any thing in this world I would like to do this morning it is to kill an Abolitionist. Now, you say 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' or you are a dead man."

Knowing his man, hearing that indescribable tone of his voice, Edward Arthur had no doubt that he meant what he said.

"Do, Mr. Arthur, for my sake, *my* sake, *my* sake," Alice keeps on repeating, still endeavoring to force her pony between them. But pony fears Mr. Wright's whip and shies off.

Unarmed, no chance of springing upon him before he can shoot, there is no alternative.

"Fire when you please, I will die first!" he replies, as pale, as cold, as rigid as a statue.

There is the sharp crack of a revolver, with Alice's shriek on the air. It may have been that Mr. Wright has been drunk too long, or that there was an extra quantity of strychnine in the whisky of last night; for the genuine liquor is running very low in these days of the blockade—but the bullet sings by Mr. Arthur's left ear, and he stands erect and unhurt. And next, what? He thinks of springing upon the desperado, but he knows there are five more charges in his weapon! Mr. Wright curses his nerves and again presents his weapon.

"One more chance, Abolitionist," he says, "'Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy'—out with it!"

The young minister has no reply at all to make this time. Pale, cold, rigid he fastens his eye, glittering like ice, upon that of Mr. Wright. No attention at all does that individual pay to Alice, who has leaped from her pony and stands at his side pulling with both hands at his coat, weeping and entreating. He keeps his weapon leveled at the forehead of his intended victim, his finger on the trigger full a minute.

There is neither flinching of muscle nor quailing of eye there. The desperado slowly lowers his weapon. "Well!" he exclaims, with an oath, "you are as brave as a man can be. I'll do you that justice if you are an Abolitionist. I could not kill even old Lincoln himself if he was looking me as straight in the eyes. We'll cry quits if you say so;" and he rose in his stirrup to replace his weapon comfortably in its sheath at his waist.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, sternly, "I am not a specially brave man that I am aware of. But it happens to me just now that I am not particularly in love with this world, and I am, I trust, prepared for the other. Besides, I am not in your hands or in those of any other man; now, as always, I am in the hands only of God."

"It looked very much as if God had turned you over to me just now; one touch of my finger on that trigger and you would have been in the other world sure enough. However, we won't quarrel about it. Ah, this is you, Miss Alice," he continued, "is it? You must really pardon me any rudeness. But we do not capture a M'Clellan and his entire army every day"—the ruffian instantly lost now in the polished gentleman. "Shall we ride? Anne will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Wright," said Alice, who was by this time seated again on her pony, "I believe I will ride on home; Mr. Arthur will be kind enough to escort me. Good-morning;" and the two rode slowly off, leaving Mr. Wright carefully buttoning up his waistcoat to protect his cherished weapon from the damp, hesitating but what he ought to use it yet. And long sits Mr. Wright upon his horse, looking after them as they ride away, doubtful in reference to the course he has pursued in failing to kill some one, especially the chance, in his very hands, too, of having neglected to kill a Union man! Dissatisfied Alonzo Wright is with the event and with himself. Stop! Ten to one some of the hands have been up to something on the place since he left yesterday. Want to be free, do they? Only one good chance at any one of them—and with appetite quickened by new hope of food, Mr. Wright spurs from under the old gin, and rides rapidly home through the drizzle.

Alice rode along the miry way in silence, weeping and mirth struggling with and neutralizing each other in her bosom. It is remarkable how little these two can find to say to each other under the circumstances all the way to Mrs. Bowles's front gate in Somerville. Mr. Arthur is almost haughty in his bearing, certainly very cold and quiet. And so, assisting her from her pony, they part, Mr. Arthur declining to enter the house on the plea of neglected studies.

Yet all the way to Mrs. Bowles, and when he parted with Alice at the gate, our clerical friend fancies that his companion sits on her pony with a form more erect, and the morning as of a new purpose breaking on her face. "Only fancy, I dare say," he said to himself as he rode homeward, "only fancy!"

"Proud? For any one to speak of my being *proud!*" Alice says to herself, as she stands in her room, her hand wandering mechanically about the fastenings of her hat. Unconscious of herself utterly, because so conscious of another, and that other not Mr. Bezaleel Neely either, immaculate Secessionist though Mr. Neely is! Four years since the writer has seen a copy of Tennyson—not a copy at present in hundreds of miles, from memory let the lines be ventured:

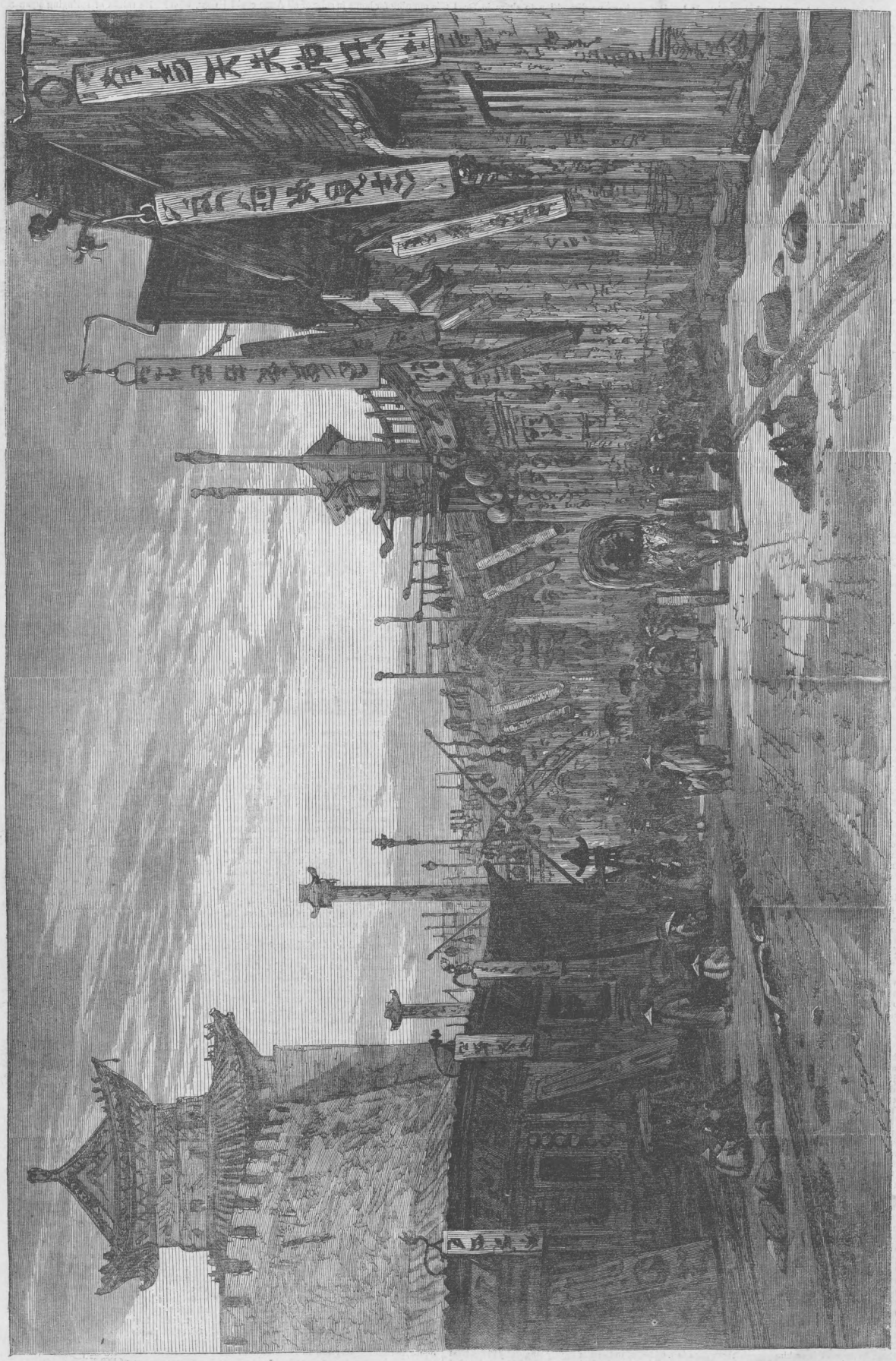
"Love took up the harp of life, struck on all chords with might,
Struck the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN.

OUR engraving on page 216 will give the reader some idea of the extraordinary bizarre aspect of the capital of the Celestial Empire. Can any thing be more strange and fantastic to American eyes than this Circular Street of Pekin? We can hardly realize the multifariously quaint and grotesque peculiarities of the scene before us. The comparison of Pekin to an immense fair especially holds good in streets such as this, composed of shops where the custom every where is to attract attention from your neighbor by hanging out signs of all forms and descriptions, and in every direction, representing the kind of articles, goods, and merchandise sold within, and bearing names and announcements written in the picturesque Chinese characters, yellow and gold, on silk, or stuff, or calico, till the street is more gay than a fleet dressed with flags for a Royal reception; signs, slung gibbet-wise or like strained pennants into the street; or suspended obliquely, like a barber's pole; or dangling from a flag-staff like a streamer or the French oriflamme; or perched on the top of a mast; together with a thousand other devices of inexhaustible grotesqueness. Add to all this the ceaseless irregularity of the façades or the tent-like houses with horned eaves like a pagoda; then people your caravanserai with the strangest race on earth, and you may form an idea of the Quadrant of Pekin.

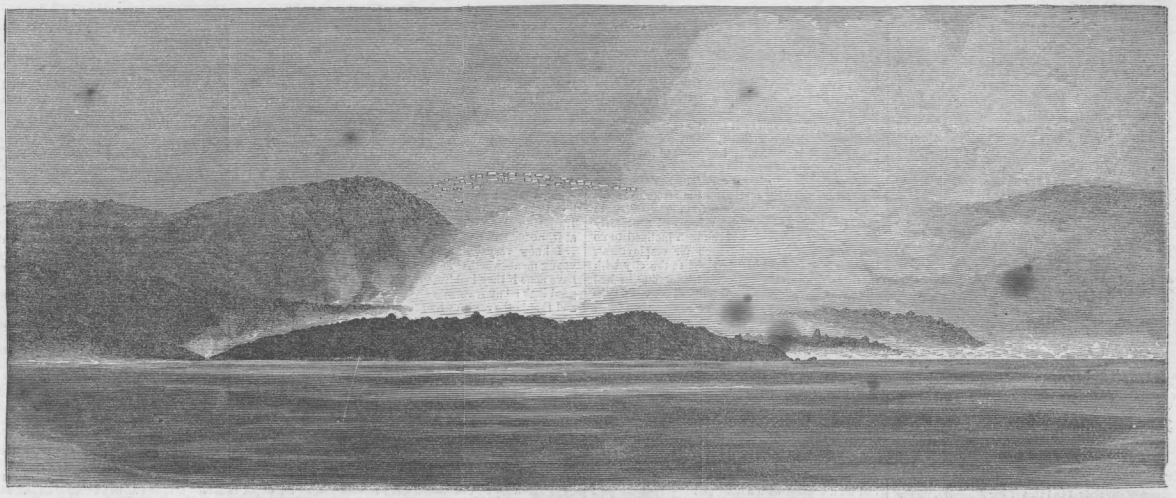
Pekin consists of two cities—a northern and a southern.

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CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN, CHINA.—[See Page 215.]

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VIEW OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN, WITH THE TOWN OF THERA IN THE BACK-GROUND.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.

OUR American Consul at Athens, Mr. CANFIELD, sends us two photographic views of the extraordinary convulsion which recently took place at Santorin, in the Grecian Archipelago. We give a few extracts from Mr. CANFIELD'S letter, followed by a detailed description of the marvelous event, translated from a Greek paper:

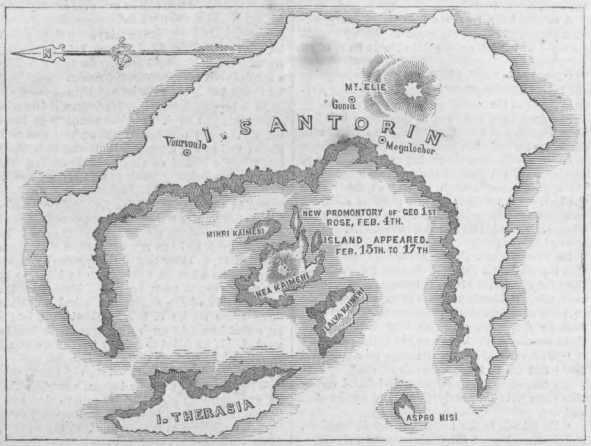
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

ATHENS, *February* 23, 1866.

I send you herewith two photographs of New Kaimeni, taken by the best photographer here, who accompanied the Commission sent by the Government to see the eruption of the submarine volcano, of which the inside coasts of Therasia and Santorin form the internal walls of the crater. I also send you a very perfect map made by an officer of the Topographical Engineers, on which are indicated the part of the island sunk and the new elevation.

The view showing the act of eruption was taken from Old Kaimeni, and where you see a smooth sea, along the edges of which thin vapor is rising, there has now grown up a little island. The new promontory is a tongue of land running out between two little inlets or bays, in the larger of which the little island, and on the smaller the promontory, George I., has sprung up. Beyond the smoke may be seen the town of Thera, about 2½ miles from the eruption, on the island of Santorin.

The other photograph represents the part of the island which is sinking, and the white house in the water up to the windows shows their peculiar style of building, which the Santorins, with their Bœotian faculties, have succeeded in inventing. The black mass, forming the principal object in the picture, is the new promontory now at rest. The pools in the sinking portion of Kaimeni are the lakes of fresh water mentioned in the following description by DECIGALA.



MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE ERUPTION, BETWEEN 102° AND 103° LONGITUDE, AND 36° AND 37° LATITUDE.

This description is a translation of the first observer, J. DECIGALA, published in Greek in the newspapers of Syra. It is interesting as being the production of the only man on the island of Santorin who can read and write.

An ex-minister of the marine, who came from Syra, told me, as the latest news, that heavy shocks of earthquake had taken place at Santorin, and the whole gulf seemed one mass of smoke. The Government has sent a Commission to investigate the subject. I saw to-day letters from two members who agree in surmising every thing up to this date as merely preluscry, and give it as their opinion that a new Island will rise, bursting forth with magnificent eruptions of lava streams.

The rock I have seen from these eruptions seems halfway between basalt and lava, is black, and on the fracture presents minute crystals of feldspar.

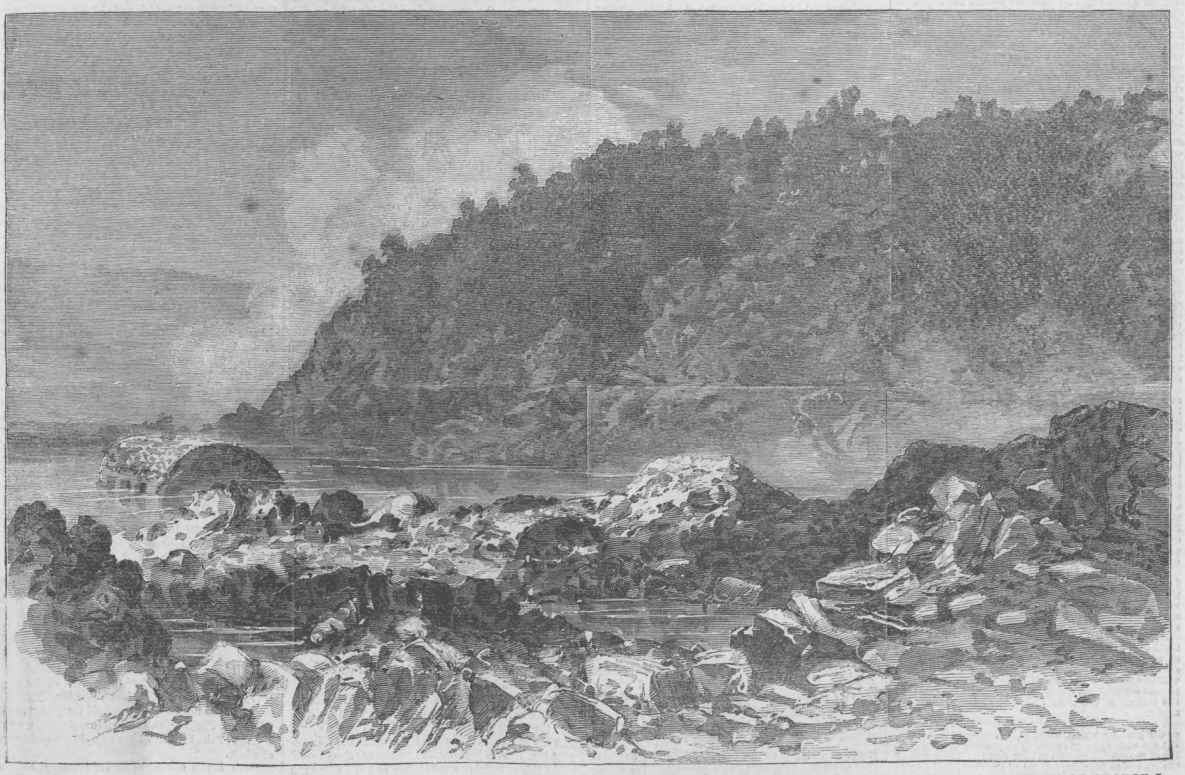
In the description which follows the reader should bear in mind that a metre nearly corresponds to the English yard, being 39½ inches.

DECIGALA'S ACCOUNT.

To the Monarch of the Cyclades:

SANTORIN, *January* 23, 1866.

A remarkable phenomenon has for several days occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Santorin. On the 18th instant a low rumbling sound was heard from time to time in New Kaimeni, and especially at the place called Vulcano, where are the mineral waters. At the same time stones detached from different parts of the island were constantly falling about. The morning of the 19th cracks could be seen on the walls of buildings, as also in the ground and the newly erected quay. Toward noon the rumblings



ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.—VIEW SHOWING THE SUNKEN PORTION OF NEW KAIMENI IN THE FORE-GROUND, AND BEYOND THE NEW PROMONTORY OF GEORGE I.

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began to be more frequent, till they sounded like successive discharges of artillery. In the little harbor of Vulcano the sea was violently agitated, and an innumerable multitude of bubbles rose incessantly from the depths. At the same time we could see on its surface and on its borders white vapors giving an odor of sulphur. The afternoon of the same day the boiling of the sea increased, and the ground on the beach commenced gradually to sink down. The morning of the 20th, about five o'clock, flames, forming a conical fire of 10 to 15 square metres at the base and from 4 to 5 in height, were seen on the sea. After an hour they entirely disappeared. We then went upon the spot with the sub-prefect and some others to make a nearer examination of the phenomenon. We then saw that the whole southwestern part of New Kaimeni was shattered to pieces. A chasm, commencing at the western shore near the port of St. George and directing itself toward the east, divided in two equal portions the conically formed hill and almost the entire island. Other numberless rents, some running from east to west, others from north to south, separated into a number of parts the ground of the whole southwestern portion of the island. This land, which is formed not of layers of earth but of an accumulation of volcanic stones and sand, or rather of the powder of basaltic rocks, was always very dry and in no way susceptible of vegetation. We saw here four little lakes of pure water, whose size was slowly increasing; for having measured the largest of all, which had hardly an area of 12 square metres, we saw its waters rise five centimetres within four hours. We advanced toward the focus of the volcanic action and perceived a sulphurous odor like that of rotten eggs. White and suffocating vapors arose from the agitated sea, and from time to time we saw spots appear of greenish color, proving that the vapors which arose were of hydro-sulphurous and hydro-phosphoric nature. The ground was constantly shaken, though it subsided very slowly, directing itself toward the interior of the port in question. This depression of the ground was much more perceptible toward the western portion than the eastern: this last showed a depression of hardly three metres, while the western portion had sunk more than six metres. This subsidence, as I have said, took place insensibly and gradually; for having measured the surface of the waters at the moment of our arrival and that of our departure, we saw that in the space of four hours the soil of the western portion had sunk sixty centimetres (about three-fifths of a yard).

The sea was agitated and red, like water containing a great quantity of argillaceous mud. Its temperature was that of the rest of the sea, but it tasted bitter, and when taken up in a transparent vessel appeared turbid. The effervescence was very great, and doubtless came from the abundant springs containing sulphate of iron, which spirted up with force from its depths, accompanied with much noise from the gases escaping with violence. About 5 P.M. of the same day we felt at Santorin a slight shock.

The night of the 20th and 21st the sea around New Kaimeni was milky white on its surface, and on the interior of the little harbor we could see at intervals flames of red color which continued some minutes, while in the harbor of St. George a rapid current was formed which prevented the vessels from going out, especially against the south wind, which blew directly into the entrance of the port. The four lakes formed in the morning were a little larger, and five others containing very clear and sweet water had appeared, while the subsidence of the ground gradually continued, though less rapidly on the shore east of the chasm, where it was estimated at 10 centimetres per hour. All the remaining buildings of the island are now full of cracks; the old ruptures have increased and new ones made their appearance, but always on the southwest side of the island, and nowhere beyond the port of St. George. The low rumbling continues, and slight quakings of the soil near Vulcano continue to take place at intervals. The boiling sea afterward became lukewarm, and its violence was such that it rendered the approach of boats impossible. The odor of sulphur was carried by the south wind as far as Santorin. The gulls and other sea birds, which on the first day had assembled in numerous flocks to feast upon the dead and dying fish which floated on the surface of the gulf, did not appear at all on the 21st.

In the night of the 21st and 22d we saw from time to time flames in the chasm, and principally on the west coast, whence in the morning there was seen to proceed without interruption a cloud of white but thick smoke. The subsidence of the ground continued with the same slowness to-day. The rents, and particularly those south of the conical hill, enlarged sensibly. The water in all the lakes, with the exception of one alone, became salt and bitter, and the sea-water of Vulcano scalding hot, as also the rocks of the neighboring shores, while the boiling and the heat transmit themselves beyond the chasm to the west of its western arm, under which appears to be the focus of the volcanic action. The heating of the sea has extended to almost the entire Gulf of Santorin. Last night the odor and smoke became more intense, and at times red flames are seen at the centre of volcanic action, and the smoke became thicker and of deeper color. These flames, which occasionally diminished, continued an hour and a half, after which they disappeared, and we see in the same place a shoal appear, which gradually increases. I am going on the spot to examine there these curious phenomena.

P.S.—N. C., *Jan.* 23, 11.30 A.M.—The reef has been changed to an island, to which I was unable to approach very closely on account of the temperature and the boiling of the water. I approached, however, on the land side within a distance of ten paces, and could observe all with perfect attention. The sight is a magnificent one, and the more agreeable since, without the least danger, we can see the island gradually increasing. The smoke, although thick, and rising in abundance from all parts of the rising island, has neither a disagreeably strong odor nor a very high temperature, and in no way impedes the respiration. There are no flames to be seen, and even the boards of huts destroyed by the subsidence, or belonging to the little vessels long since sunk in this port, and to-day raised with the bottom of the sea, appear attached to the rocks on the surface of the island, preserving themselves in the midst of the smoke without being at all burned. There are no quakings of the ground to be noticed. There is no noise. The stones are not thrown up into the air; but the island develops itself quietly in the form of a bubble, from inside to outside, with such rapidity that I can readily mark with the eye the gradual increase, although unable to distinguish in what manner the stones arise which are successively added.

Now, as I am writing, I estimate the height of the islet at from 15 to 20 metres, and its size 20 to 25 metres in length by 8 to 10 in breadth. The subsidence of the neighboring soil appears to-day to have been arrested. The water of the entire Gulf of Santorin is, as yesterday, colored and thick. On the shores of New Kaimeni it is lukewarm, while on the spot where the eruption takes place, and on the west of Vulcano, along its exterior shores, it is in a state of constant effervescence. It is singular that these volcanic phenomena have as yet exercised no influence on the island of Santorin, except a slight shock, which made itself felt at five o'clock the morning of the 20th instant. The meteorologic condition has never exercised any influence upon these phenomena; for whether calm, or when violent winds were blowing from different points of the compass, or even amidst the rain, they have continued to operate alike.

3 P.M.—The island has increased to nearly double its former size. It directs itself apparently away from the place where it made its appearance. I do not believe any volcanic eruption has ever shown itself as mild and benevolent toward its beholders. God grant it may remain so until its close!

Jan. 24.—This night the island has continued to form itself with the same tranquillity. Its stones are luminous, so as to resemble a great heap of burning coals. The smoke which rises is equally luminous, so that it might well be compared to a comet's tail. Some of the lakelets present a phosphoric gleam, and from the great chasm at the summit of the conical hill rise at intervals reddish flames.

6 A.M.—The smoke augments in proportion to the size of the growing island, which is continually progressing, but not with the same rapidity as yesterday. The sinking of the ground appears to have ceased. The waters of the sea are as yesterday—those of the whole gulf colored and troubled. Fortunately the day is fine, and I am going on the spot to admire again from the nearest spot this beautiful and magnificent sight.

J. DECIGALA.

AN APRIL FOOL.

IRA HART had been foolish enough, in the first place, to leave his father's pleasant farm on the edge of the village of Brownville, and come to New York City in search of employment. Setting aside the motives which do mostly influence young men to leave farm-life and seek the life of cities—which motives settle the question of folly for a good many young men—it *was* foolish in our friend Ira to come to a city where labor-seeking young men are "as thick as flies in a molasses cask," and expect to get a recognition of his merits on the strength of his own honesty of purpose. Boys from the country are constantly doing this foolish thing, and constantly repenting it, as Ira was very much inclined to do after three weeks' vain search for employment. The little money he had brought to the city with him was nearly all gone—notwithstanding he had lived very quietly in an attic room of Mrs. M'Packer's boarding-house, instead of running up hotel bills.

It was the first of April, and Ira came out of his boarding-house and walked up the street, debating with himself as to what direction his efforts for the day should take; for he was unrelaxing in his endeavors to obtain employment, day after day.

He had not gone three rods before he was aware of being an object of interest to a cluster of juveniles who danced and grinned delightedly in his vicinity. Remembering that it was the first of April, Ira put his hand behind him and quietly removed a slip of white paper from his coat-tail, to which it had been hooked with a bent pin.

"April fool!" sang out the boys; and the inscription on the paper corroborated their view of the case.

A minute later, he saw a poorly-clad young woman pause and stoop over, about to pick up a small package which lay on the sidewalk in front of an unfinished building.

"April fool!" yelled half-a-dozen boys, popping out from behind a pile of bricks, and pointing jeering fingers at the stooping girl.

She drew back her hand as quickly as if it had been burned, and moved away with a flush of confusion on her sad, thin face.

Ira went idly up to the package and picked it up, unmindful of the jeers of the urchins, hilarious at the appearance of a fresh victim so quickly after the last. Supposing it to be a paper of sand, Ira was about to empty it into the mud of the gutter, when something in its feeling deterred him. It did not feel like sand.

He opened one end of the package, and found that it contained a little red shoe—a baby's shoe—together with some bits of baby embroidery, and a red rattle. Evidently the boys knew nothing of the contents of the package, which some one had accidentally dropped, and which they were none of them brave enough to open on the first of April.

"Whoever tied up these things so neat," said Ira, "tied 'em up because he valued 'em."

He turned the package over, and found on one side some writing, nearly obliterated by the mud and wet.

"I'll take it to the house and dry it," said he, and then, perhaps, I can read the writing."

So he walked back to Mrs. M'Packer's, and descended straightway to the kitchen, knowing there was no fire in the house that mild day except that which burned in the kitchen-range. The cook was gracious, and did not resent the intrusion; indeed she wiped a chair with her apron, and placed it by the range for our friend. Bridget liked a civil word as well as her betters, and Ira was always courteous to servants—a result of his country breeding, perhaps. I am not sure but Ira was more at home in the kitchen than he was in the parlor up stairs, where the boarders sometimes quizzed his rural airs, especially Mr. Strutt, the dandy bachelor of 35, who furnished the waggery for Mrs. M'Packer's establishment by common consent.

The mud being dried, Ira was able to read the inscription on the paper: "J. G. Bandrol, No. — Broad Street, New York City." The package had evidently come through the mail. There was a post-mark dimly visible, and a space where there had been postage-stamps, now soaked off.

Ira resolved to take the package at once to its address. That was a part of the city he wanted to "beat up" to-day. He found the owner of the package in the counting-room of a large grocery wholesale house, at the designated number.

Mr. Bandrol took the package with eager hands.

"Where did you find it?"

Ira told him.

"You saw the notice in the *Herald* this morning, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; I saw no notice."

"What? You didn't see the reward offered? Then how'd you happen to think it worth your while to bring a little mess of stuff like that all this distance? You couldn't expect a reward?"

"I didn't come for any reward, Sir," said Ira, moving away. "But—" he stopped and turned about, "since I am here, I'll just ask you if you've any work for a young man. That's an honest question that I'm asking at every chance I get."

"No; there's no vacancy with us."

"Then I bid you good-day, Sir."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Bandrol. "You'll be looking up the notice and coming back after the reward. You may as well take it now. Here!"

He handed Ira a ten-dollar bill.

"Reward!" said Ira, turning the clean greenback over and over in his hand. "No, Sir," handing back the bill, "I prefer to *earn* my money."

Mr. Bandrol looked at him with some surprise. A clerk sitting at a tall desk exchanged a wink with a fellow clerk, which said, as plainly as words, "Here's a green one!"

"There!" said Mr. Bandrol, without taking the money, "you better run along. If you don't want it you can give it to the poor. If it's any consolation to you—you seem to be a supersensitive young man—I'll just say to you that I wouldn't take a hundred dollars of any man's money for that little mess of rubbish. My wife has nearly cried her eyes out over its loss. Go along; give the money to the beggar-woman on the corner if you like."

"Very well, Sir," and Ira left the office.

"John," said Mr. Bandrol to a porter, "call that young man back."

John obeyed.

"Give me your address," said the merchant to Ira; "if I hear of any place for you I'll send you word. What do you want to do?"

"I can keep a set of books, Sir," said Ira, "or I can roll a hogshead or shoulder a barrel. I'm not afraid of work."

Mr. Bandrol handed him a pen, and motioned him to write his address on a slip of paper, which Ira did in a clear round hand. The merchant looked at it, nodded, and put the slip away.

I know very well what nine out of every ten young men—whether city or country born—would have done if they had had Ira Hart's little piece of good luck; but Ira was a trifle peculiar, you see—and that is the reason why I happen to have a story to tell. If there were not once in a while a green and peculiar young man to relieve the dead level of commonplace young men, I don't know what would become of the story-tellers, I'm sure.

The absurd and extraordinary idea which found a lodgment in this young man's brain, as he stood at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, thinking over his April Fool adventure, was something like this:

"That pale-faced girl who was about to pick up the little package *would* have picked it up if those boys had not yelled 'April fool' at her, and frightened her away. She would have returned it, and got this money that's now in my pocket. By good rights then the money is hers; and I'll find her and give it to her. I don't know as I ever saw my duty plainer before me in my life."

A regular-built greenhorn this young chap, wasn't he, Charley Fastboy? And now he'll go poking round the neighborhood looking for that girl, like a needle in one of his father's haystacks. Big thing for the first of April, ain't it?

As it happened, however, Ira knew the house in which this girl lived. He had seen her go in or out of the tall tenement building three or four times; and as her manner was uncommonly modest, and she looked so very sad, his interest had been just sufficiently awakened to enable him to recall the place now he had occasion.

But in that building, with its single entrance-door in front, there were perhaps a score of different households—perhaps more than a score; and if he had entered it he knew not which of all those doors to knock at, in order to find this particular young woman. So when he reached the building, as he did along toward noon, he posted himself on the opposite side of the street, and looked up at the dizzy seven stories of brick and window, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the face he wanted. If he failed to see her Ira had a dim notion that he would go through the house and rap at every door in it till he found the right one.

While he stood there he became conscious that he was again an object of interest to that same bevy of urchins who had frightened the girl away from the package in the morning. They were, it was plain from their gestures, relating the sportive incident of the morning to a new-comer, an older boy, clearly a boot-black by profession, and a bully among these youngsters. Presently the boot-black sang out, with the peculiar drawl of his tribe:

"Hwhat! *Who* did? Who hollered April fool at *her*? I'll whack 'im in de snoot fer it! Who hollered at *her*?"

Ira caught this up quickly. He went over to the boys.

"You know that girl who was going to pick up that package this morning just before I picked it up?"

"Yas," said the boot-black; "you bet I knows 'er. Didn't she give me some bully soup when I had the fever? I'll whack any feller what hollered at *her*."

"That's your sort!" said Ira, diplomatically, patting the boy on the shoulder; "but just show me to her door, will you? I've got something for her."

"Well, I donno," said the boy, looking Ira over with a precociously knowing squint, and seeming to hesitate. "Yer a stranger to me, mister. But," he suddenly added, "I guess yer ain't on it, nayther—*I* don't mind! The young lady ain't to home, though."

"She isn't?"

"No. She goes out er sewin' day-times, an' stays home nights. Come roun' t'-night 'bout seven an' I'll be here waitin' fer yer."

This conversation took place in the doorway of the tenement building in question; and Mr. Strutt, our hero's fellow-boarder—he of the terrible wit—beheld the participants therein as he passed the corner of the street on his way to dinner.

"I saw you in the doorway of a mansion in an adjoining street to-day, Mr. Hart," said Strutt, at the dinner-table, winking to his friends as much as to say he had a capital thing on the young man from the country now; "had you been calling on some friends or relatives there?"

"What do you mean?" said Ira, blushing violently, as he was fatally prone to do when directly addressed in the presence of all those elegantly conducted ladies and gentlemen at Mrs. M'Packer's.

"I mean the tenement house in —— Street, where I saw you a few minutes ago," said Strutt, smiling blandly. "Relatives there?"

"No," said Ira, eating his dinner industriously.

"Ah, only friends?" persisted the tormentor.

"No, there's nobody there I know in particular," said Ira, still blushing deeply.

"Then, Mrs. M'Packer," said Strutt, laying down his knife and fork with much solemnity, and addressing the majestic lady at the head of the table, "I fear we are about to lose a fellow-boarder. I suspect Mr. Hart is looking for apartments elsewhere."

At this surprising scintillation of wit a titter ran round the table at our hero's expense.

"It's none of your business what I was doing there, Mr. Strutt," said Ira, with a sudden energy that drove the blood all out of the dandy bachelor's face with a rush, "but since you've made me blush before all these people when I've really nothing to blush at, I'll tell the whole story."

Whereupon Ira related his April Fool adventure, and how he was going to see the girl to-night, and give her the money that belonged to her.

Mr. Strutt was in ecstasies over this story; it was the most refreshing thing he ever heard, of its kind, really; cucumbers and lettuce and things wouldn't be a circumstance to it; he cracked several brilliant jokes in rapid succession on the subject.

Somehow Mr. Strutt's jokes did not meet with their usual success on this occasion. The majority of the boarders were positively touched with respect for this young man's remarkable verdancy; there was an odor of fresh, natural simplicity about it by no means disagreeable.

After tea that evening Ira went around into —— Street, and found the little boot-black practicing a darkey breakdown in front of the tall tenement house.

"I told Miss Harvey yer was comin'," said the boy; "an' she sayed p'raps yer was her brother. 'S that so?"

"No," said Ira, "I'm not her brother," and he thought again of Mr. Strutt's witticism about "relatives."

Ira Hart had never seen poverty like that which met his gaze on being ushered into the room where Miss Harvey lived; together with her invalid mother, as afterward appeared. There is a much lower depth in New York, but *he* had never seen it. This was bad enough, in all conscience. No carpet on the floor; no curtains to the windows; no picture or ornament, even the cheapest, to relieve the barren aspect of the walls; and all the furniture in the room was a bed, a chair, a table, and a little stove. There was a cupboard which let into the wall, and as the door stood ajar, Ira saw a meagre collection of dishes—half a dozen, perhaps—and cooking utensils. But cleanliness was every where.

The girl had met our hero with a face full of inquiry, and placed the only chair for him, saying in a whisper:

"Please to sit down, Sir, and please don't wake up mother by speaking very loud."

This referred to a thin, white-faced woman who lay asleep on the bed, evidently far gone with consumption.

Ira looked about him with his deepest blush. He felt as if he had no right to look upon this poor girl's dire poverty. It seemed to him almost like looking on her bare feet—a necessary exposure which he had no business to cast his eyes on.

"I—I—didn't know you were so poor," stammered Ira, standing up and tugging at his pocket-book; "here's some money that belongs to you," and he handed her the ten-dollar bill.

"No," said the girl, looking with strange eagerness at the money; "it is some mistake. It does not belong to me."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Ira. And then he explained what the reader already knows.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" said the girl, taking Ira's hand and pressing it to her lips. "God must have sent you to us. We are in sore need. I keep your gift for mother's sake."

Tears of gratitude filled the girl's blue eyes, and at sight of them Ira's face grew hotter than ever, so that he had to get out his red silk handkerchief and wipe it repeatedly.

"Can I—can I do any thing else for you?" said he. "I should be glad if I could serve you any way."

The girl looked him in the eyes, and gave him a smile so sweet that it thrilled him through and through.

"I thought you would ask me that question," said she. "I don't know why; but I thought you would. Yes; it is possible you can do that for us which will be more to us than even this money, which is so welcome—so welcome! I will tell you our story in a few words."

So Ira sat down and listened.

"We lived in a little village in the western part of the State"—and she named the village—"and had a tolerably comfortable home. My father was a carpenter and joiner—my mother's second husband. He died suddenly about six months ago, leaving us very poor; and, besides, mother's health had declined so fast that she feared for the future. She has a son somewhere in this city—my half-brother. I have never seen him. He left home when I was still a baby. Mother resolved to come down here and find her son. We are perfectly unused to city ways; mother is so innocent of the world that she never realized what a great city this was, and what a place to search in; and of course *I* knew nothing about it. After we got here the appalling truth became apparent. Mother grew worse and worse. We had rented this room and furnished it quite decently; but lately I have had to pawn one thing after another, till this is all we have left. I have earned what I could with my needle, but that is very little. Mother is rapidly sinking, and the future looks very dark unless my half-brother can be found. But I know no more than a child where to look. You are a man, perhaps you could find him."

"I'll try, at any rate," said Ira. "Please to write his name in this little book."

She took the pencil he offered her and wrote as desired. Ira read it, and jumped up out of his chair.

"Gracious!" he cried, but in a suppressed voice; "who'd ha' thought it?"

"What is it?" asked the girl, with flushing face.

"I'll bring him to you this very night," said Ira, putting on his hat and plunging out of the room.

"Wait till I come back; 'twon't be long."

He ran as fast as his legs would carry him around to Mrs. M'Packer's, and rushed into the parlor where a party of the boarders were enjoying a quiet game of whist.

"Ah, here's our April fool!" muttered the irrepressible Mr. Strutt, winking to his friends. "Well, Mr. Hart, have you surrendered the intruding greenback, and what did the girl say? I'll bet the ci-

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gars, Jenkins, she cracked him on the back and sung out, 'Bully for you, country!' Didn't she, Hart?"

"Well, not exactly," said Ira, forgetting to blush on this occasion. "But she thanked me very heartily on behalf of her sick mother; and she sent word to you, Mr. Strutt, that she'd like to see you."

"Me?" said Strutt, looking up from his cards in astonishment; "you're getting your green worn off fast, Hart. But you can't April-fool me, you know."

"Your mother," said Ira, very solemnly and deliberately, and looking Strutt full in the face, "lies helpless on a bed in that tenement house. Your half-sister, Miss Harvey, is watching over her. Both are suffering in the direst poverty. Will you walk over and see them? If you won't, I invite these ladies and gentlemen to go with me and see Mr. Strutt's relations in his stead."

"Here's some hanged mystery or other!" exclaimed Strutt, pushing back his chair and flinging down his cards; "I'll go and see what it is."

Ira accompanied Mr. Strutt to the door of the room, told Miss Harvey who he was, and then considerately left the three alone.

The result was that the dandy bachelor, who was not at all a bad-hearted fellow, had his mother and sister placed in a situation of comparative comfort the next day.

How this April-fool adventure of Ira's got to Mr. Bandrol's ears in all its details I could easily explain at length if it were worth while. It did get to his ears, at any rate, and a few days after the young man got a note from the Broad Street grocer. This note was placed in Ira's hands by an old gentleman named Gray, also a boarder at Mrs. M'Packer's; and it offered our hero a good situation in the counting-room of Bandrol, Van Wyck, and Bandrol, wholesale dealers in groceries, where he is still at work, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

One of the aforesaid concerned, I promise you, is Miss Agnes Harvey; for Ira has continued the acquaintance with this young woman. What will come of it it is impossible to tell. Agnes is certainly a very nice girl.

MY TEMPTATION.

I WAS brought up a weaver, as my father was before me. I was a good hand at my trade, and I worked steadily at it. When about twenty-four years of age I married a girl who was also a weaver. She was quiet, amiable, and industrious, and made me an excellent wife. We soon had a family, but as we were in constant and good work we not only contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but lived in comfort and respectability as well. We worked for many years for the same firm, one of the largest in England, doing our work well, and never during the whole time wronging our employers to the value of an ounce of silk.

When I was about thirty-five years of age the head partner sent for me, saying he wanted to speak to me on a matter of great importance. I, of course, presented myself at the office, and shortly afterward was ushered into his room.

"C——," he said, "we have always been much satisfied with your behavior, and now we are going to advance you. The under-foreman in our receiving-room is going to leave us, and you may have his appointment, if you like. Your wages will be thirty-five shillings a week, and your wife can work for us as before."

You may easily believe I was overjoyed at the offer, which I immediately accepted; and two days afterward I entered on my duties. They were very light, and consisted principally in receiving the work brought home by the weavers, examining it to see that it was properly done, and giving out the bobbins for fresh work. Times were now very flourishing with us, and we earned sufficient to give our children a good education. My employers were perfectly satisfied with me, and I worked on soberly and honestly.

After I had been seven years under-foreman, the foreman one day died suddenly; and I was most anxious to know who was to succeed him, as he had been a very good friend to me, and we had worked on very amicably together. My doubts at last terminated in a very satisfactory manner. The head partner sent for me one morning, and told me the firm were so pleased with my steady behavior that they had determined to offer me the situation of foreman, with a salary of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly. I was, naturally, delighted at the intelligence, as I considered my fortune was as good as made. I thanked the head of the firm most gratefully for his kindness, and assured him that every effort should be made on my part to give him satisfaction.

"Of that I am assured, Mr. C——," he said (it was the first time he had called me "Mister," and I was not a little flattered by it); "you can now enter on your duties as soon as you please."

When, in the evening, I told my wife of our good fortune, she was completely overwhelmed by it, and for some time could hardly realize it; but when I told her that the head partner had called me "Mr. C——," she was even more pleased at that than I had been myself.

"And why should you not be called Mr. C——?" she said. "I am sure you would make as good a gentleman as the best of them."

"Fair and softly, my dear," said I. "Let us first feel our feet, and then we will talk of that afterward."

My duties now were not more severe than formerly, but far more responsible; for I was intrusted with considerable sums of money to pay the workmen. I had also an under-foreman to assist me, who was a sharp, clever fellow; and we got on very well together. Once a week my books were audited by the firm, and I was frequently complimented not only on my exactitude, but also, as I was a good penman, on the neat manner in which they were kept.

Although my income was now two hundred a year, it had not increased much in reality, for it had been suggested to me that, now I was in a situation of trust and responsibility, it was hardly just that I should allow my wife to drudge like a common weaver. I, without hesitation, admitted the justice of the remark, but I hardly thought my wife would agree to it: however, I was determined to try her, so I told her when I went home in the evening that I hardly thought it right she should continue at the loom, considering the position in life we were now in. To my great surprise my wife not only made no objection, but positively told me she had already thought so; and she had wished to speak to me on the subject, but did not like, as she was afraid I should think her lazy.

Although my wife had now given up the loom, she was by no means idle. Unlike most weavers' wives, she was an expert needle-woman, and she occupied herself in making the children's dresses. True, she had always done so before, and had had time for the loom as well; but now we were in a more genteel position, the children had to be better dressed, and, of course, a good deal more needlework had to be done; but, as my daughters were now old enough to help their mother, it was no great increase of expense after all.

After I had been a few months in my new position my wife one night said to me, "Our landlord called to-day, and I paid him for the quarter. He talks about increasing our rent. He says you have had the house too cheap for some time past, considering the rate of rents in the neighborhood."

"I shall not pay any more than I do now," I replied, "and it is a shameful thing for him to want it, considering how long I have been his tenant. I would rather look for another house than pay a shilling more than I do at present."

"Well, dear," said my wife, "and I think you are right. Besides, there's another thing strikes me. We are living here with common weavers, and mixing with them, which is not quite right considering the difference in our position. And then the girls are growing up, and they ought to do something better than marry weavers."

I was struck with the justice of my wife's remark, and requested her to look out for another lodging or house, which she promised to do.

The next day when I returned home I found my wife had busied herself in finding a new dwelling for us. She had set her mind on one in the Hoxton Road. It was certainly considerably larger than our own, and much more expensive. We were paying twenty-five pounds a year, and this was forty without taxes. It was, however, far more respectable, my wife said, than the one we were then living in in Fleur de Lis Street, and she had hit upon a plan to make it less expensive than it appeared at first sight. It was to let off the first-floor to some single gentleman who was employed in the city in the daytime, so that in point of fact we should have all the credit for the appearance of the house and not be at any higher rent than we then were.

I complimented my wife on her excellent arrangements; the house was taken, and in a few weeks we were in possession.

But although the rent of the house would not be more than our old one when we had let off the first-floor, and the appearance we should create would be far greater, there was the expense of furnishing to be taken into consideration. This somewhat crippled us for the moment, but my wife said in a short time she would make up the amount by the rent of the rooms.

We found without difficulty a tenant for our first-floor, a young man, clerk in an insurance office. He was a quiet, orderly young fellow enough, paying regularly his rent every week. I now proposed that we should begin economizing the money we had paid for the extra furniture, but my wife objected to do so till later, as she had other expenses to meet at the moment. I inquired what they might be.

"Why, my dear," said my wife, "it is utterly impossible that the girls and I can dress now in the manner we did in Fleur de Lis Street, when we were living among weavers. The people about here are very genteel, and I don't like to dress different from our neighbors. We are now in a good position, and we ought to make a better appearance."

I foolishly admitted her arguments, and we not only put off saving the money for the furniture, but we got somewhat into debt for the purchase of new clothes as well. When my wife had obtained the new dresses for herself and children they certainly looked very well in them, and I was, I admit, very proud of my family; but unfortunately, after the purchase had been made, we did not save the money we had expended on the furniture. We continued to live on quietly enough; but we spent, I am sorry to say, somewhat more than our income, though not to such an extent as to cause us any uneasiness. I, however, was obliged to apply to a loan office for assistance, which I had no difficulty in obtaining; and as I contrived to pay up the interest, the affair gave me very little trouble.

I have told you the commencement of our misfortunes, I will now tell you how our gentility ended. My wife's love of dress increased, and with it our expenditure, but our income remained the same. At last my wife confided to me that the clerk on the first-floor had begun to show great attention to Charlotte, our eldest daughter, and she had every reason to believe it would end in an offer. His family, she said, were very respectable, and it would be an excellent match; and she considered the best thing we could do would be to get acquainted with them. I told her we must be careful what we did. I had no objection to make the acquaintance of the young fellow's family; but at the same time we must be careful not to increase our expenditure, as I had already great difficulty in keeping up the payment of the interest of the money I had borrowed from the loan office.

"My dear," said my wife, "what nonsense you talk! How is it possible we can mix with people in a better position of life than ourselves and spend no more than we do now?"

"How much money should you want?" I inquired.

"I do not exactly know. I must get the girl some new dresses, and we must cut a dash a little. You know, after all," she said, "that if he marries Charlotte, you will not be at the expense of maintaining her; so, in the long-run, it will be no loss to us."

I gave in to her plan, and I applied at the loan office for more money, but to my great annoyance I experienced this time considerable difficulty. However, I got the money at last, and my wife bought Charlotte some new things; and we got intimate with the clerk's family, who appeared very genteel people, and took to us immensely. We visited at each other's houses occasionally, and at last the young fellow proposed for Charlotte.

Every thing, with the exception of my increasing debts, went on flourishingly. On one occasion we went to a dinner-party at the house of the clerk's grandfather, an old solicitor, for the purpose of introducing Charlotte to him. My wife, as we were preparing to leave home, appeared very nervous, and after fidgeting about for some time, said,

"The old gentleman is a very sharp fellow, my dear. Take care you do not let any thing fall that will show that we were at one time only weavers, because he imagines we are far higher folk than you suppose."

"I do not wish to speak about family matters at all," I said; "at any rate, you need not be afraid of me. But what makes you think they believe we are better off than we are?"

"Well, my dear," said my wife, coloring slightly, "I don't know how it occurred, but they all believe you are likely to be taken into the house as a partner."

I was exceedingly angry when I heard this, and I inquired of my wife from what source such an infamous falsehood proceeded?

She replied that she did not know; but implored me so strenuously, and at the same time with so guilty a look on her countenance, that in case it were mentioned I would not contradict it, that I fully perceived it was a piece of boasting of her own. I scolded her severely on the matter, and told her that if it were spoken of, I should certainly contradict it. Fortunately nothing on the subject was mentioned during the evening, and although it was a source of quarrel between me and my wife for some days afterward, the affair at last died away.

We had now to invite the old solicitor and the family to dine with us; but before the day arrived I found my wife had got considerably into debt in the neighborhood, and I was again obliged to apply to the loan office for assistance. The secretary told me they would consider my application, and let me know the result; and in a few days their decision came. It was not only that they refused to advance me any more money, but that when my outstanding bills were due they should certainly press for the full amount.

This news came like a clap of thunder on me. What to do I knew not, or where to find the money. To add to my sorrow, six months' rent was owing on the house, and the landlord was pressing for it. However, I shut my eyes to the circumstance for the moment, resolving that, as soon as the dinner-party should be over, I would turn over a new leaf and insist on far greater economy being practiced in the house.

The day arrived for the dinner-party, for which my wife had made great preparations. Before leaving the house I took the opportunity of requesting her to be as moderate in all this as she could, and was on the point of leaving her, when a knock was heard at the door, and a broker's man entered with a distress warrant for the six months' rent. I was perfectly aghast when he told me his errand; but I was powerless, I had not twenty shillings in the house, and it wanted a month before my next quarter's salary would be due. I had no alternative but to leave him in possession; and with a heavy heart I proceeded to business.

I got on as I best could till the time arrived when I was accustomed to take my dinner. Being to dine at home that day, I went to a neighboring public house to get my lunch. As I was seated at the table, the gloomy aspect of my affairs came before me, and my eyes filled with tears. Ashamed of my low spirits, and seeing the necessity of my rousing myself, I called for a glass of spirits-and-water, although ordinarily a most sober man. As I drank it my courage revived, and I began to think in what way I could retrieve myself. But one way presented itself to my mind, and that was a most rigid retrenchment. This I firmly resolved on practicing, even against any opposition on the part of my wife; but still the disagreeable fact presented itself to my mind, that a broker's man was in possession, and that the same day we were going to give an extravagant dinner-party. Something must be done, but what? To brighten up my thoughts, I called for another glass of spirits-and-water. As I drank it the idea came to my mind that a considerable sum of money was at that moment in my possession, but it was my employers'. Why could I not *borrow* some without their knowing it? If I could pay out the broker's man I should redeem to a certain extent my credit. To-morrow, I argued, I will sell off every thing and replace the amount. The sale of my furniture would be enough for that, and the payment of the money I owed to the loan office as well. The idea then occurred to me that my wife might oppose me, but I silently and solemnly swore that no persuasions of hers should induce me to alter my determination.

I now returned to the house of business. There was a considerable sum in the till, of which I kept the key—more than one hundred and fifty pounds. I took from it, trembling the while like a leaf, the money I required and not a shilling more, and shortly afterward, pleading a violent headache, I returned home and paid out the broker, to the great joy of my wife.

The dinner passed off in a most satisfactory manner, although perhaps it appeared more so to me than it really was from the quantity of wine I was obliged to drink to drown the thought of the action I had committed. The next morning I rose with a severe headache; and my wife was so overcome with her exertions the day before that I left her in bed when I went to business. However, I argued, it mattered but little; the next day would be Sunday, and then I should have ample time and opportunity to express my determination to my wife, for I was fully resolved I would sell every stick of furniture I possessed, and enter some cheap ready-furnished lodgings nearer to the house of business. On the Sunday I told my wife the resolution I had come to, and a terrible scene we had of it. She accused me of gross cruelty and meanness. She told me I might at least have waited till the wedding was over, and then she would have offered no objection. Many times I was on the point of telling her of the desperate action I had committed, for I would not acknowledge to myself it was a dishonest one, although I should have considered it infamous in another. Charlotte at last came to my wife's aid, and her tears quite subdued my courage. As the license for her marriage had already been obtained, I at last gave way; and it was understood between us, that as soon as the marriage came off, which was to take place in a fortnight, my plan would be adopted.

One morning in the next week I received a message from the firm to attend at the City house of business about some alteration in my duties. I immediately suspected there was some change to be made in the manner of paying the weavers, which had already been hinted at once or twice, and that my accounts would be audited on the next Saturday, the last in the month. When I arrived, there was no one in the counting-house, and on the desk was a new blank check-book. The devil prompted me, and I neatly abstracted from it a blank check and put it in my pocket. When I saw the head partner he received me very coolly, and told me that on the next Saturday my books were to be examined, and a new system was to be adopted. I promised every thing should be in readiness, and left him.

I was now desperate, and I resolved on forging my employers' name to a check for one hundred pounds; but when I took the pen in my hand I lost all courage. Still, I argued, it must be done; and I went to the public house, and after drinking two glasses of gin-and-water I had sufficient nerve to commit the forgery.

But now, how was I to get the check cashed? At last I remembered that my daughter's suitor was to call in the evening, and I resolved to make him my tool. When I arrived at home I again applied to the bottle for courage, and as he was leaving the house I told him I should be obliged to him if he would get a check cashed for me at the London and County Bank the next day, and bring me the money in the evening. He readily promised to do so, and kept his word; but unfortunately he was personally acquainted with the cashier, and they had some little conversation together on indifferent subjects. To shorten a sad story, the fraud was detected, and I was tried and found guilty. My employers recommended me to mercy on account of my previous good character, and I was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment. My daughter's marriage was of course broken off, and my wife has since died of a broken heart. Some weavers kindly assisted my children, but the youngest were sent to the work-house and my family broken up. I have paid dearly enough for a couple of years' gentility. When I leave here, God only knows what I shall do; my character is gone, and nobody will employ me.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ROBBER'S DEN—A New York railroad car.

What part of a building would a proud man be likely to avoid?—A basement.

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family in Ireland. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

Do the ladies like short or tall men the best?—Why, Hymen of course.

A little boy in an ower good family was rebuked for looking into his spelling-book on a Sunday. Says he: "I don't see why I can't look into the spelling lesson Sundays as well as read the Testament week days.

"Sow and you shall reap." That's so. We sewed our old coat the other day and reaped a lot of tares.

"Take off your hat, man," cried a judge to an Amazon in a riding-dress. "I'm a lady," was the reply. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

THE HEAD AND FRONT OF HIS OFFENDING.—The last Dublin *on dit* is that Stephens is disguised as a lady's maid, and is in the service of a lady at Kingstown. This is rather a descent—from a Head-centre to a hairdresser.

What room in the house reminds you of a troublesome complaint?—The room ache.

"Pride goeth before a fall." It frequently goeth before a waterfall.

A REAL SCOTCH JOKE.—What's the next wine to Golden Sherry?—Silkey. (*Silker*—eh?)

THE HEART'S MISGIVING.—Eating a meat-pie, and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

A POSER.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Whaur diz a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

Civility, that nothing costs,
Oft paves the way to money;
Flies are attracted less by far
With vinegar than honey.

"Opportunity makes the thief." Not in our case. We found a big anchor and chain cable on the sidewalk the other night, and we didn't touch it; there was nobody about neither.

Why is a boarding-house keeper who fortifies his table with strong butter like a naval officer who has laid his ship alongside another in action?—Because he is prepared to repel boarders.

An Irish musical author, being asked if he had composed any thing lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

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Fig. 1.—Coiffure Clotilde. Fig. 2.—Crochet Petticoat for a Child. Fig. 3.—Night-cap. Fig. 4.—Baptismal Cap. Fig. 5.—Bib *en Pique*. Fig. 6.—Sock for Infant.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 221.]

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MARY ANERLEY.

LITTLE Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,
Why do you blush so red, and why so strangely smile?
Somebody has been with you—somebody, I know,
Left that sunset on your cheek, left you smiling so!

Gentle Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,
Waiting in the chestnut walk, where the snowy blossoms fall,
Somebody is coming there—somebody, I'm sure,
Knows your eyes are full of love, knows your heart is pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking, oh, so fair,
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's myrtle in your hair!
Somebody is with you now—somebody, I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly!

Quiet Mary Forester, sitting by the shore,
Rosy faces at your knee, roses round the door—
Somebody is coming home! Somebody, I know,
Made you sorry when he sail'd: are you sorry *now*?

PARIS FASHIONS.

COIFFURE CLOTILDE.

THIS head-dress consists of two velvet ribbons, embroidered with clear, white glass beads, and a border of black lace, representing a Grecian pattern, about a quarter of a yard long. The ribbons are supported by a half-circle foundation of wire covered with black silk.

The black lace is slightly gathered, falling over the head, and is ornamented with steel pendants in the star form.

The two pieces of lace are united on each side, and are fastened upon a foundation of about half an inch wide, forming two *barbes*, each half a yard in length. Upon one side is a bow of black velvet ribbon about an inch wide, and a bunch of mixed flowers. The ends of the black velvet ribbon are fastened under the *chignon* by an elastic cord.

CROCHET PETTICOAT.

[For a child from two to four years old.]

This petticoat is wrought in *tunisien* crochet; the centre of scarlet worsted, and the border of black in design *à la grecque*. The petticoat is commenced on the border by making a chain of 173 stitches of black worsted. The first three rows are made in the *undulating* crochet stitch, which is a variety of the *tunisien*, differing only in the manner of taking up the stitch.

From the fourth to the eleventh row the *tunisien* crochet stitch is used with black worsted. The next three rows are done in the *undulating* crochet. Then the scarlet worsted is taken for the centre of the petticoat, and eleven rows are made in the ordinary *tunisien* crochet. The narrowing is commenced in the second stitch of the twelfth row by uniting two stitches, and in the following row counting these two as one. The narrowing is repeated seven times in each row at intervals of seventeen stitches, and is continued in the same manner every third row—that is, in the fifteenth, eighteenth, twenty-first, twenty-fourth, and twenty-sixth. After the twenty-seventh row, which is the termination of the petticoat, a row of plain stitches is made, and the two opposite sides are sewed together, leaving a space of about four inches.

As a finish to the border a row of scallops is made in scarlet worsted, each scallop being composed of two plain stitches separated by two fancy ones.



GEORGE PEABODY.

NIGHT-CAP.

Fig. 3 serves as a pattern for this cap, which is composed of a crown and a fore part. The crown is cut to a point indicated in the model, and is gathered and sewed to the fore part, which is only a straight band about an inch wide and two-thirds of a yard long, sewed together in the middle to form a point. On each side, about four inches from the middle behind, is a large eyelet hole for a string to pass through.

The gathering of the crown comes altogether behind. The cap strings, which are about an inch wide at first, but increase in width, are trimmed at the ends with a bit of lace. A trimming of fine muslin covers the front, composed of two bands lightly gathered in festoons, and stitched on with a band.

BIB "EN PIQUE."

Cut out the bib whole, according to Fig. 5. Trim with loops or edging on the parts indicated in the pattern. Put on a button, and work a button-hole, as in the pattern, and fasten on each point on the shoulder a bow of ribbon about four inches long.

SOCK FOR INFANT OF SIX MONTHS.

This sock is made of white flannel, bound and ornamented with cherry ribbon. It is cut from a seamless piece of flannel, with a lining of muslin. Bind together with ribbon. Sew the two sides together in the middle behind. Proceed in the same manner with the middle of the upper part from the toe upward. Make a bow of ribbon about an inch wide for the top of the shoe.

PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

THE magnificent bounty of an American merchant has bestowed a quarter of a million sterling, equal to one and a quarter millions of dollars, on the poor of London; and the trustees of this fund, since the first installment of £150,000 was placed in their hands, have thought it best employed in the construction of improved dwellings, as described in their lately-published report. The sites for the erection of these buildings are variously situated. Our engraving on page 221 relates to the plot at Islington. This plot measures 47,863 square feet, and cost over $40,000. There are four blocks of buildings, to comprise in all 155 tenements, with ample accommodation for upward of 650 persons. The whole cost of these buildings, exclusive of the sum paid for the land, will amount, when the accounts shall have been closed, to $158,450.

The entire community at Islington now consists of 674 individuals, of whom 19 are widows, the rest married persons and children.

The buildings consist of four blocks of houses, five stories in height, which are let out in tenements of one, two, and three rooms. Each block will afford accommodation for sixty families, or 240 in the aggregate. The rooms are each of them about 9 feet wide and 12 feet long, and of a suitable height. The attic of each block is paved with tiles from the Isle of Wight, and is surmounted by a handsome ornamental turret. There is also accommodation for washing and drying, and at each end of the buildings is a cistern 12 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet deep, capable of containing 1760 gallons of water. Every thing has been done to render the sanitary arrangements complete in every respect.

The principle and organization in each of these extensive structures is the same. Drainage and ventilation have been insured with the utmost possible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is effected by means of shafts which descend from every corridor to cellars in the basement, whence it is carted away; the passages are all kept clean and lighted with gas without any cost to the tenants; water from cisterns in the roof is distributed by pipes into every tenement, and there are baths free to all. Laundries, with wringing-machines and drying lofts, are at the service of every inmate.

The weekly rent charged for one room is 2*s*. 6*d*., or about 62½ cents; for two rooms 4*s*.; and for three rooms, 5*s*. As Mr. PEABODY directed by his letter, the sole qualification required for a tenant is "an ascertained condition of life such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society."

GEORGE PEABODY, whose gift to the London poor is the most munificent ever made by a private person to a public charity, is the leading American banker in London. He is a native of Danvers, Massachusetts, and about 74 years of age. He became a partner in a leading house in Baltimore, and went to England in 1836.



HOMES FOR THE LONDON POOR—PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

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HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PROPHECIES are being fulfilled. Visions are about to be realized. In proof whereof are the facts: Gold is falling; prices of all goods are falling; rents are falling; and last, but not least, the dirty streets and nuisances of New York are falling—into the hands of the Metropolitan Health Board.

The first-mentioned fact is evident from a glance at the daily monetary quotations. The second is more apparent from an inspection of the general market reports, and from the unmistakable public feeling, than from, as yet, a marked increase in the amount of change which any body receives after purchasing a sirloin of beef or a dozen yards of muslin. But the *change* will soon come. It is very easy for dealers to *add* a few pennies to the pound on beef, or to tell their customers that cloth has *risen*. But ah! it goes terribly against the grain to allow purchasers *their* turn, and give *them* the advantage of *falling* prices. However, merchants may as well bend gracefully to the coming breeze, which, if rightly met, will not harm. Their past successes should sustain them. Certain it is that even ladies not over prone to sacrifice their longing for new things to any uncertain notions of economy are resolved to postpone replenishing their wardrobes a while longer because "goods are falling." Perhaps there is no incipient economy in this delay. But many, even if they are not restricted in money, have a fancy for getting things "cheap," and are chagrined if they happen to pay more than the market value for an article. And certainly an approximate return to good "old prices" is reasonably a thing to be desired by all.

The large number of houses in the market, both "for sale" and "to let," the actual decrease of rents, and the often unwilling admission of real estate owners, indicate, as a clear-headed speculator said the other day, that "there will be more houses to let the middle of April than now, and at a lower rent."

The prospect of luxuriating in clean streets and pure air looks brighter than ever before. True, only a beginning is as yet made; but that is a thorough beginning. And the cholera may yet be kept out of New York, or meet with a rebuff on its approach which will cripple its power, if only every citizen will do his duty. The way is opened for any responsible person to give information to the Board of Health, regarding any nuisance which comes under his observation, by addressing the Sanitary Superintendent of the Board—office 301 Mott Street—or by entering the complaint at one of the Police Stations, where books for the purpose are to be kept. Of course such information should be given in a clear, definite, and brief statement, accompanied with name and address, so that further inquiries may be made by the Commissioners if needful. If every body would first keep his own premises above reproach, and then report those nuisances that seem to belong to *nobody*—so far as regards the care taken—the result would be most satisfactory.

It is said that "there is neither Cattle Market nor Slaughter Pen in Paris. The great markets are at Poissy, thirteen miles distant, and at Sceaux, five miles away. Within the city limits, though in the suburbs, are five public abattoirs, where all the slaughtering for the town is performed. They are under the control of a Guild of Butchers, who are accountable to the Minister of the Interior, and are consulted when new arrangements are to be made by Government. The most vigilant supervision of police attends them, and no butcher may follow his trade without a license. The slightest detail in the slaughtering or sale of meat falls under the closest police regulation."

In these markets the greatest attention is paid to decency, cleanliness, and to the comfort of the animals. They are carefully fed and watered, and no undue driving, lashing, or terrifying is permitted. "Each day every part of the several slaughter-houses is carefully cleansed. So rigid is the police inspection that no sick animal can be killed, no diseased meat can be sold, and no atom which threatens health is allowed a moment's lodgment in the great area."

What a contrast is this Paris system to the unhealthful and inhuman practices which among us have been so shamelessly public! We could almost wish that a resolute Napoleon had, long ago, enacted certain laws for New York city.

A superb sleeping-car has recently been constructed, designed to run weekly between this city and Chicago, on the New Jersey Central Railroad. This car, which is valued at about $25,000, is fitted up in the most splendid manner, the soft rustling of silken curtains, the subdued light from the ground-glass windows, the couches covered with superb velvet, and the carpeted aisles rendering it totally unlike any vehicle that is usually found attached to a locomotive. It contains forty-eight berths, besides a bridal-chamber, laboratories, closets, etc. The seats are covered with fine velvet, and the floor with Brussels carpet. The wood-work is of black walnut, and the decorations of silver plate. Each berth is separated by heavy gold and crimson curtains, and is provided with mattresses, linen sheets, pillows, etc., just as in the most fashionable hotel.

It may be mentioned that those who take passage in this car will have to *pay* for the privilege!

An exchange enumerates a long list of "Curiosities of Humanity," some of which would be quite worthy a place in Barnum's Museum. Among these are:

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and "stock down," "My dear, you look tired—let *me* walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits *so* much better than his ever did!

Of course, there are feminine as well as masculine "Curiosities" in the list; but we think it more appropriate, considering the "sphere of woman," that they should be only on *private exhibition!*

Some irreverent investigator inquires if the use of the handkerchief is a part of theological training. As an excuse for making this inquiry, he says:

"I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it over their heads; some clench it in their hands as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half of his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchief, and the most of the other half was gold watch and bits of poetry."

Ministers seem to be privileged to be eccentric. There is a story told of a certain preacher who wound up his sermon one Sunday with the following sentence: "On account of the warmth of the weather and the ripeness of the berries, and because I've to go to Ardivant to dine, I will say no more at this time." And at another time, when he had read his sermon through, he shut the Bible with a clap, remarking, "And now, brethren, I have done."

We have a distinct remembrance of a venerable and worthy minister of New England, who, in his travels, frequently came unexpectedly to the house of a friend. After being seated at the tea-table, he would often say, in the most *nonchalant* manner possible, "I would like some *cold hasty-pudding* and milk for my supper;" or ask for some other article, equally unlikely to be prepared.

At a recent Parisian soirée several American ladies appeared without crinoline. It was remarked of them that, "whereas they formerly resembled in their shape open umbrellas, they now have a good deal the appearance of closed ones. What they sacrificed in breadth, however, they make up in length, and the trains which they wear are so long that the inconvenience of getting about is quite as great as it was in the days of crinoline." A vast quantity of underclothing is said to be necessary as a substitute for the discarded hoops, which, indeed, were invented to remedy this very inconvenience. Whatever be the mode which is destined to prevail, let us hope that it may be confined within moderate bounds. It is more the exaggeration of a fashion than the fashion itself which has hitherto been the subject of complaint and ridicule.

It may be mentioned in this connection that, at a grand reception recently given at the French Academy, a petition was made that the lady guests would dispense with crinoline altogether for that particular evening, the members having in view the accommodation of a larger number of guests within the room; but, and to relate, very few complied with the request.

It is currently reported that young ladies are now wearing *small bells* attached to their gloves for evening! reminding one, as they tinkle through the merry dance, of the nursery ditty of the old woman—

"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

What next will fickle fashion bring?

Somebody, who seems to understand the subject, thus discourses upon *too late:*

"It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press ten years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the novelist, wrote sixty-nine volumes before he could shake off his 'solitary horseman.' It is sometimes too late to 'pop the question;' a man once did so to a 'charming widder' just as she reached her house after burying her first husband. 'You are too late,' was the reply, '*the clergyman spoke to me at the grave!*'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill reported a joint resolution from the Committee on the District of Columbia, appropriating $25,000 for the relief of destitute negroes in the District, to be expended under the supervision of the Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, which was passed.—The Naval Appropriation bill was passed.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial business of the Government was passed.—A bill to protect military officials and Union citizens against legal action for acts committed during the war was passed—112 to 31.

March 21:

In the Senate, a bill was passed indemnifying the States of Maine and Massachusetts for certain lands ceded under the treaty of 1842 with Great Britain.

In the House, the Railroad bill to facilitate communication between the States was passed—79 to 40.

March 22:

In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single Judicial District was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

In the House, the deficiency bill being taken up, the Senate amendment striking out the proviso that no portrait of any living person shall be placed upon any of the issues of the Treasury Department was debated at some length, and the House refused to concur with the Senate.

March 23:

In the Senate, the New Jersey contested seat was considered, and upon a division Mr. Stockton held his seat, his own vote alone deciding the question.

In the House, the Loan bill was passed—83 to 53—with a proviso that of United States notes not more than ten millions of dollars may be retired and canceled within six months from the passage of this act, and thereafter not more than four millions of dollars in any one month. The bill was passed without the clause sanctioning a foreign loan.

March 26:

In the House, the Committee on Elections reported in favor of W. E. Dodge, and against Brooks, for the contested New York seat.

NEWS ITEMS.

A man named King, arrested a few days ago for a theft recently committed in Ohio, and awaiting in jail a requisition from the Governor of Ohio, confessed to Harris, a recently confined Government detective, that he (King), and not Payne, was the man who attempted to assassinate Secretary Seward. King afterward attempted to commit suicide.

General Burnside was nominated, March 20, by the Union Convention of Rhode Island, for Governor, and has accepted. William Greene received the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, John R. Bartlett for Secretary of State, Horatio Rogers for Attorney-General, Colonel W. Tew for Treasurer.

Dr. Charles Beck, formerly a professor in Harvard College, died at his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on March 19; he was aged 70 years.

Major-General Franklin has been appointed to the responsible and lucrative position of superintendent of Colt's pistol factory.

A German committed suicide in Philadelphia on March 18. In his room was found the following farewell:

"I was a soldier in the Fifteenth New York Heavy Artillery, U. S. A., and I got a disease (palsy) in the service, from the effects of which I was obliged to stop work; in consequence, I applied for a pension from the United States Government. Not receiving any support from the Government, this is to inform my friends and acquaintances I have been obliged to kill myself.

"JOHN RABUS, from Gotha."

The chess contest between Mr. Reichhelm, of Philadelphia, and Captain M'Kenzie, of this city, was brought to a close March 20 by the resignation of the former gentleman. Six games were played, of which Captain M'Kenzie won five, and one was drawn.

There was a very destructive fire in Cincinnati March 23. Pike's Opera-house, worth a million of dollars, was laid in ruins. R. W. Carroll & Co., publishers, were among the sufferers. The fire broke out in the Opera-house half an hour after the audience had dispersed. The cause is supposed to have been gas-explosion.

Brevet Major-General Seth Williams died March 23. He was Assistant-Adjutant-General in nearly all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. On General Grant's Staff he was acting Inspector-General.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is stated that the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs has been authorized to make a fresh treaty with the Mexican Government for the completion of the Austrian volunteer corps for Maximilian.

The difficulty between Prussia and Austria continued unsettled and threatening.

In France nothing of importance was going on except that the Prince Imperial was getting over his measles.

The latest news from the South Pacific brings the report of a naval action between Spain and the South American Allies. The portion of the Spanish squadron which had been for some time past at sea looking for the Allied fleet—viz., the *Villa de Madrid* and *Blanca*—had been successful in finding—and to their cost too—the object of their search in the harbor near Ancud, Island of Chiloe. The Spanish ships stood in close to shore in order to feel the depth of water, when they were opened upon by a very heavy battery on shore, armed principally with guns recovered from the lost frigate *Amazonas*, and one of them was hulled seventeen times, while the other, the *Blanca*, received one heavy shot below the water-line, which had to be plugged. The two frigates steamed as close in as they dare and opened fire, although at long range, upon the Peruvian and Chilean ships; but after two hours' work and expending about seven hundred shot and shell, they hauled off, finding that the shore batteries must be first silenced or crippled before they would be able to get inside at the ships there anchored. The next day the two Spanish ships returned to Valparaiso.

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Are prepared to manufacture common and gun-metal Castings, of from ten pounds to thirty tons weight, made in green sand, dry sand, or loam, as desired; also Flue and Tubular Boilers, and "HINKLEY'S PATENT BOILER," for Locomotive or Stationary Engines, warranted to save a large percentage of fuel over any boiler now in use.

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250,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

10 Grand Piano-Fortes	$800 to	$1200
100 Rosewood seven-octave Pianos	400 to	600
250 Gold hunting-cased Watches	75 to	125
250 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to	75
1,000 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to	50
200 First-class Sewing Machines	45 to	75
1,000 Cake-Baskets and Ice Pitchers	18 to	30
1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to	20
3,000 Sets Knives and Forks	10 to	25
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to	15
3,000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 to	10
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 to	10
10,000 Gold Pens, silver cs. Case & Pencil	5 to	6
10,000 Gold Pens and gold-m'ted Holders	5 to	8
5,000 California Diamond Rings	5 to	10
3,000 Fancy Enameled and Seal Rings	5 to	8
6,000 Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5 to	15
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to	12
5,000 Drinking Cups and Goblets	5 to	10
10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums	5 to	10
175,000 Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.	5 to	12

Sealed certificates of the articles are well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, to each purchaser of a Photograph of any prominent personage—costing 25 cents. The Photographs are very fine, and worth the money. After opening the certificate, it is at your option to send for the article or not. You can not get less than One Dollar's worth; for the lowest article on our list is a beautiful fifty-picture morocco-bound ivory-ornamented photograph album, worth $5, which may be ordered on any certificate, while you have the possibility of drawing a watch or piano worth from $100 to $1000.

Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine napkin-ring; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album worth $5; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth $12; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver full-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth $25.

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Plan of Sale.

Certificates are prepared, describing each book and naming the gift that will accompany it, with its value. These certificates are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, one to each purchaser of a beautiful Card Photograph of any prominent personage, in itself worth all we charge—25 cents each; or five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred, with premium silver hunting watch, for $15.

On opening the envelope you see what your certificate calls for, and it is at your option to send $1, and take the book and gift (or any other book and gift of the same value), or not. You can not get less than one dollar's worth, for there are *no blanks;* and you may get a Bible or Album, worth $25 to $50, with a gift worth much more.

Agents wanted every where, to whom great inducements are offered. Don't fail to send for circulars. Address

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100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

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SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

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100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000 Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000 Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

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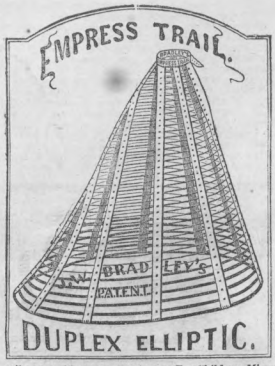
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Mr. Carlyle has at last completed his graven image, and sets it up for the admiration of the world, and, with that amazing fancy for hero-worship in which he excels, would force us to believe his paragon all that he paints him; and there is certainly power in the picture. The old records have been most thoroughly sifted by Carlyle, who seems to have eliminated every grain of wheat from bushels of chaff.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 485.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"THE CURT REPLY."

THERE are, we suppose, few of our readers who do not remember from very early days the anecdote of the ambitious RALEIGH scratching on a window-pane, where it would meet the eye of his Royal mistress, the line—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;"

and QUEEN ELIZABETH'S dubious, or, as Mr. FOLINGSBY'S title suggests, "curt," rejoinder, forming a couplet—

"If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

Yet we must confess that, unless the gentle reader has studied history to better purpose than ourselves, he will find some difficulty in fixing the time, place, and circumstance of the story. It is, of course, beneath the dignity of FROUDE; it has no documentary evidence to recommend it to Miss STRICKLAND; it is not to be found in Miss AIKEN'S more gossiping "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth." We turn with confidence to TYTLER'S tolerably elaborate "Life of Raleigh," and, lo! it is not even there. The first reference to it we light on is in one of the early memoirs of Sir WALTER—that by OLDYS. But this only proves a faint scent to guide our chase: the anecdote is given, but with no details whatsoever, and FULLER'S "Worthies" is quoted as the authority. But, alack-a-day! our fox only proves a buck hare after all. The anecdote is given in the baldest possible manner; only the phraseology is a little more antiquated, reading thus:

Fain would I climb, yet fear
I to fall.
If thy heart fails thee, climb
not at all.

The popularity of the anecdote is doubtless due in great measure to SCOTT'S introduction of it into "Kenilworth," where it appears with all the circumstantial embellishments of the novelist's imagination. The handsome young gallant has just been, according to the tradition, taken into the Queen's service in acknowledgment of the chivalrous sacrifice of his richly-embroidered cloak that Gloriana might walk dry-shod. Intoxicated with certain marks of the Queen's favor, received when accompanying her Majesty in her diversion on the river, and after the return to the palace at Greenwich, when, at evening, she was walking in the gardens, "Squire Lackcloak" contrived that a maid of honor should see him enter a summer-house and write on a window-pane with a diamond ring which the Queen had given him as a recompense for the loss of his cloak. The sequel is, of course, perfectly evident.

The attempt to paint an anecdote is generally a misemployment of the resources of art. However, we can hardly find fault with the artist for selecting a subject which enabled him to represent "good Queen Bess" in all her brave attire, and (whether the incident be true or false) so characteristically engaged. We must, however, take exception to the portraiture of her Majesty, as being as outrageously flattering, in its way, as RALEIGH'S own extravagant adulations of "the goddess," "the Diana," "the Venus"—his excessively vain yet most sagacious Queen. At this time ELIZABETH was approaching sixty, her features were very strongly marked, and she never had the embonpoint of the picture. The peeping RALEIGH is, on the contrary, not so good-looking as his authentic portraits. Mr. FOLINGSBY is an Irish artist, studying at Munich. In No. 460 we gave an excellent picture by him of "John Bunyan in Bedford Jail."



"THE CURT REPLY."—[BY G. F. FOLINGSBY.]

THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI.

WE give on page 228 illustrations of the recent conflagration in Cincinnati, sketched on the spot by our artist, Mr. WAUD. The fire broke out in PIKE'S Opera-house. This building—the most splendid structure of the kind in the West—was completely destroyed. Very fortunately the immense audience, congregated to hear "Midsummer Night's Dream," had dispersed before the accident occurred, otherwise we should have occasion to detail the horrible features of another human holocaust devoted to the Moloch of Flame.

The first appearance of the fire—due, it is thought, to a gas explosion—was in the scenery back of the stage at 11.30 P.M. The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus describes the scene which followed:

"In five minutes the flames had wrapped the whole magnificent interior of stage and auditorium, and burst through the rear portion of the roof. On the wings of the draught thus provided, the flames shot up to a great height and lapped over upon adjoining buildings. Soon huge masses of black smoke burst from the cornice of the Fourth Street front windows. At a quarter of twelve the scene was exciting in the extreme. The half square bounded by Fourth, Vine, Baker, and Walnut streets had a dome of luridly gleaming flames, through which columns of smoke shot up, and from which showers of sparks and bunches of flames floated upward, and then descended upon the burning mass below. The dome and ceiling, with their gorgeous and artistic ornamentation, fell with the roof with a terrific crash, and there burst upward a dazzling light, blinding in its intensity. Slowly but surely the fire crept down through the various stories of the edifice—through offices and studios—steadily down to the magnificent stores, running the entire length of the building on the first floor of Fourth Street, into the wealth of literature, the tens of thousands worth of books of CARROLL'S store, the valuable stock of SUMNER'S sewing-machines, the fine music-store of W. C. PETERS, and Philip Philip's pianos, the immense goods stored in the Adams Express rooms, the college-rooms of BRYANT, STRATTON, & DE HAN'S Commercial Institute, the editorial room of the National Union. HARPEL'S job printing establishment, with its valuable machinery, and all the dozen offices besides. From the rear and west side of the Opera-house the flames marched with overwhelming strength to the extensive stables of the Adams Express Company and the buildings of the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*. The fall of a large mass of wall upon the rear of the *Enquirer* building insured its partial destruction, and soon the flames were communicated to the rear of the first and second floors, and rushing onward crept through the front windows, and told the story of their power to the firemen, who crept up to grapple with them. But with the same power already so terribly used the devouring flames wrapped the structure in their embrace, and the work of destruction was soon far advanced through the job-rooms, where were stored nearly $100,000 worth of cuts; through job-presses, and composing-rooms, and editorial rooms; through the engraving-rooms of JONES & HART—all totally destroyed."

The total loss is estimated at $1,751,000, over one-half of which was involved in the ruin of PIKE'S Opera-house.

Our artist has sketched the scene presented by the ruins the day after the fire. An interesting feature of the sketch is the view given of the Chain-gang at work among the ruins.

THE LATE KING OF SIAM.

IT is perhaps not generally known that there are usually two Kings of Siam. But the Siamese Royal brethren, an elder and a younger—not Siamese twins—hold unequal shares in the divided monarchy—two-thirds of the power being vested in the First and one-third in the Second King. The junior of their fraternal Majesties has lately been removed by death; we therefore give his portrait on page 236. The senior, whose fame as a learned Buddhist sage, with his other philosophical and literary accom-

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plishments, has been attested by high authority, pursues a wise and liberal policy, which has resulted in a great increase of the prosperity of his kingdom, since the treaty of 1855 opened the navigation of the Meinam and other Siamese rivers to European shipping and commerce. In the year 1864 the foreign export and import trade of Siam amounted to more than $12,500,000, and employed 55,000 tons of British shipping, besides a great quantity carried on in native vessels, which are built of the teak wood of the country, on the best European models, in the dock-yards of the Meinam. The export of rice, especially to China, is a most important article of Siamese enterprise, amounting to 125,000 tons in the year; and this kingdom is in a fair way of becoming one of the wealthiest and most civilized of Eastern states. The Second King, recently deceased, "would have been," says Sir John Bowring, "a very distinguished man, if he were not eclipsed by the more active nature and more prominent position of his elder brother. He spoke pure English, wrote a hand which might be a pattern for a European schoolmaster; he had work-shops for the manufacture of scientific and mechanical instruments; he had, moreover, a taste for literature, and I found the shelves of his library filled with European, and especially English, books." The palace at Bangkok, in which both Kings resided together, is a huge pile, inhabited by about 2000 persons: the First King's wives being more than 300. There was little distinction, as regards the pomp and ceremonies of their Court, between the royal pair.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

IT was unfortunate that the President should have lately said to a delegation from New Jersey that he is too old to change, for the greatest changes of his life have occurred within the last five years, and no reasonable man is ever too old to be convinced. Especially at a time like this, when the wisdom of public policy and the national welfare depend not upon theories but upon the actual condition of affairs, it is surely the part of wisdom to cultivate patience and toleration and an open mind. During the dark days of the war a Union Senator came one day from an interview with President LINCOLN and exclaimed, impatiently: "There's no bracing atmosphere at the White House! The President's mind is never made up. No Union man is stronger for seeing him." Then it was a very dull Union man. Mr. LINCOLN was strong because he was patient. His patience enabled him to know and to weigh exactly the force of opinions. If he had constantly said upon the vital points of the war, "My mind is made up. I am not to be moved," he would have lacked precisely the distinctive quality of his greatness as a man and of his fitness as President.

President JOHNSON's temperament differs from President LINCOLN's as General JACKSON's did from General WASHINGTON's. Mr. JOHNSON likes a fight. All his life he has been a sturdy political champion. He has been trained in the most orthodox discipline of the most despotic of parties, and he gives blows as well as takes them. At the close of a fierce war he stepped into the Presidency over the body of his predecessor murdered by those who would gladly have killed him; and his grim resolution to maintain the Constitution and Union, as he understood them, promised to be inflexible against all whose views differed from his own. But forgetting, as it seems to us, that the most patriotic men may honestly differ in a crisis like the present, he rather imprudently recognizes as the only friends of the Union those who support his policy in every point, without weighing the probable and obvious motives of such support in many quarters. Thus while he declares himself with peculiar emphasis the defender of the Union and Constitution it is remarkable that those who have not shown during the war that they were its enemies doubt the wisdom of some of his measures, while those who have been the open and bloody or secret and treacherous foes of the Union, now vehemently applaud every word he utters and every act he does. Is it that those who with ANDREW JOHNSON have hitherto defended the Union against every assault did not comprehend what they were doing; or is it that those who after long deliberation struggled fiercely to destroy it, are at heart its most intelligent advocates, its truest friends, and the safest counselors in its reorganization?

But this rapturous approval of the President by his political enemies is not a new phenomenon. The party which advised surrender to the rebellion, and exhausted the language in contemptuous vituperation of Mr. JOHNSON while he stood like a rock against their treasonable fury, has no course left but to excite and exasperate division between him and his friends. They applaud him not because he demands that treason shall be made odious, not because he maintained military rule and suspended the *habeas corpus* in the disturbed States, not because he imposed assent to emancipation upon those States and excepted large classes from amnesty, not because he demanded that "a public enemy * * * should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship," but because his measures do not command the unqualified support of all Union men, and because they hope to widen a difference into a fatal breach. When Mr. S. S. COX, who said at Chicago in 1864 that LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together now says at New Haven that Mr. JOHNSON, the faithful friend of Mr. LINCOLN and elected with him, is the best of Presidents, it is hard to believe that a politician so experienced as Mr. JOHNSON does not estimate such support at its true value. He must know that the breach between him and the Copperheads is irreparable. He must know that they would willingly use him as a wedge to split the Union party, as a stalking-horse to their own purposes, as a spring-board to leap into power; that they would use him to the last and then contemptuously discard him. He ought surely to know that the party which must rely for success upon its old alliance with the old spirit of Slavery in the South, and not upon the new spirit of Union and Liberty there, would as soon vote for CHARLES SUMNER as for ANDREW JOHNSON. The Copperhead policy of to-day is a vast reaction against the spirit and results of the war and in favor of the old Southern policy. In such a reaction does the military Governor of Tennessee, the Senator who alone from his section defied to the death the leaders of that old Southern policy, think that he has any place? Had the Presbyterian chiefs honor and confidence in the Court of the Restoration?

The President can not hope to create a new party however doubtful States may waver. The Union party comprising that overwhelming majority of loyal men who sustained the war can not disband merely because the war is over. It will of necessity cohere until the fair results of the war are secured. With whom, then, will the President trust himself, with his friends or his foes? However he may differ with those friends, can the difference be really so radical as it is with his opponents? We have no wish to conceal that difference. The various views and measures which compose what is called "the President's policy" are undoubtedly held and proposed by him in perfect good faith. They are inspired by the conviction that the great object now to be attained is security with conciliation, and the preservation of our constitutional system. In this conviction all patriotic men will agree. But upon the question what is security, and what is or is not Constitutional, there are wide differences. When the President assumes that by a formal acceptance of the terms he has imposed the Union is really restored, when he refuses to hear of further delays or conditions; when he opposes any constitutional amendment, or any serious national legislation whatever until the late rebel States are represented in Congress: when he thinks that the present remedies of law are sufficient for whatever friction or wrong there may be in States so long distempered, or, if they are inadequate, that they should not be strengthened until those States have a voice in Congress, he differs from the vast body of the Union party, and apparently begs the very question at issue, which is, upon what conditions those States shall have a voice?

It is not enough that he declares himself the defender of the Constitution against those whom he calls its new assailants. It is not enough that he declares his abhorrence of centralization. It is not enough that he declares that he stands by the Union, and that those who do not agree in every point of his policy are enemies of the Union. That question still remains. The President is unquestionably pure of purpose, and very determined. He may be clear in comprehending and skillful in interpreting the Constitution. He has certainly proved his fidelity to the Union. But the equal integrity, and ability, and devotion, and firmness of Congress can not be questioned. President JOHNSON must see that the Union party can not accept the indiscriminate support of all his views and measures as the test of constitutional fidelity; and he makes a profound mistake if he regards the situation as a struggle between himself and Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS. When he sees those who have as little respect for Mr. STEVENS's wisdom as he has himself gravely questioning his courage, it is a fatal delusion if he sees only Mr. STEVENS.

The question is simple. Is it possible for the President to believe that the party whose last general and official manifesto was the Chicago Platform of 1864 is sincerely the Union party of this country? Would he trust to that Convention to settle the questions of to-day more than of two years ago? If the alternative is presented to him of surrendering to that party, or of attempting to form a party composed of the Copperheads, the late rebels, and a few recruits from the Union line, or of continuing to act with those who have fought with him the good fight, but who now, in some important points, differ with his judgment, we shall believe, until belief is impossible, that he still holds to his words of the 8th of February, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and he should feel wholly at liberty so to differ, and to state the grounds of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being found outside. He intended to exercise his own judgment, but was ready to yield it when he found it was not sustained by the judgment of the people."

CONNECTICUT.

THE result of the election in Connecticut is peculiarly significant. It shows the great Union line unbroken. It is a plain proclamation that the loyal people of that State, whose sons and brothers went to the war, from which so many never returned, are not yet ready to deliver the State and the country into the hands of those who denounced the war and excused the rebels. ISAAC TOUCEY and THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, one of whom, as Secretary of the Navy, did what he could by sending away the national ships to paralyze the Government, and the other of whom, as candidate for Governor, openly expressed his sympathy with treason, are not the accepted political leaders of Connecticut.

The contest indeed was, as usual, severe, but the result was a remarkable triumph for the Union party. In 1864, at the Presidential election, when the honorable existence of the Union itself was at stake, the Union majority for Mr. LINCOLN was only 2406. Now the war is over. There is naturally a certain reaction. The Copperheads masked themselves behind a candidate who voted for the war supplies in Congress, and even for the Constitutional Amendment. The Union party is disturbed by the attitude of the President. His sympathies, under the circumstances, were unquestionably against the successful candidate who had frankly declared his difference with the President upon certain points. The canvass was conducted upon the radical ground in a State which last autumn refused impartial suffrage by 7000 majority; and yet, notwithstanding all these influences which undoubtedly impaired the majority of General HAWLEY, reducing it to half of that of Mr. LINCOLN, the whole Union ticket is elected: there are 14 Union Senators to 7 of the Opposition, and a Union majority of 50 in the House.

The result secures a Union Senator in Congress in place of LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, and, we hope, indicates that the question of impartial suffrage may be successfully revived at no distant day. It holds Connecticut firmly among the States the people of which, with charity for all and malice toward none, propose to reorganize the vast disturbance of the Union upon the simple constitutional basis of justice.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE Civil Rights Bill was drawn with simplicity and care for a very necessary purpose. It declares who are citizens of the United States, defines their rights, prescribes penalties for violating them, and provides the means of redress. The power to do this springs from the very nature and function of a supreme government. But the power being conceded, it is fair to demand that any measure of legislation shall be shown to be necessary, politic, and constitutional.

It is certainly essential to an intelligent use of language in the laws and common speech that the true meaning of citizenship should be defined. Nearly a fifth of the population of the country are colored. They are subject to the Government; they support the obligations and do the duty of citizens. Are they citizens or aliens? Can any thing be more unreasonable than to fear or hesitate to define their status? If they are not citizens, are they aliens, are they unnaturalized natives? Domiciled aliens and foreigners have the protection of law, indeed, but these are neither. They are native to the soil. They owe and perform the obligations of other citizens. Why not call them citizens?

That color was not originally a disability for citizenship is undeniable; for the citizens of the several States became, upon the adoption of the Constitution, citizens of the United States, and in some of the States at that time colored persons were not only citizens but voters. Naturalization and other laws in 1802 and 1803, by implication and directly, admit that color is not a disability. In 1843 Mr. HUGH S. LEGARE, Attorney-General of the United States, gave his opinion that a free colored man can be a citizen. But as the Government became thoroughly tainted with the spirit of slavery, the reluctance to acknowledge the fact increased and obscured the whole question. Mr. MARCY, as Secretary of State, held both opinions, that colored men were and were not citizens. Passports have been both issued and refused to them as citizens; and finally the spirit of slavery culminating in the DRED SCOTT decision, declared that a free negro was not a citizen. In 1862, under the Government purged of the influence of slavery, the question again arose, and Attorney-General BATES in a masterly opinion held that color was not a disqualification. But the baffled party of disunion still asserts the contrary. President JOHNSON in his veto of the Civil Rights Bill admits a difference of opinion; and the Constitution, while it speaks of citizens, nowhere defines the term. It is therefore both timely and wise, at the close of a civil war which has abolished slavery, that the highest authority should declare distinctly who are citizens of the United States, and what are the rights to which citizens are entitled.

The policy of such a measure is plain from the fact that the civil rights of millions of the native population of the United States are destroyed in certain parts of the country on the ground of color; that this invasion springs from the spirit and habit of slavery, and that, if not corrected by the supreme authority, the inevitable result will be a confirmation of that spirit, and a consequent perpetual menace of the public peace by deepening the conviction of the outraged class of the population that the chance of legal redress is hopeless. The good policy is evident from the further fact that the country earnestly desires repose, but that repose is and ought to be impossible while millions of loyal and tried friends of the Government are exposed, as in the absence of such a bill they are exposed, to the vengeance of those who are still, and naturally, alienated from the Government. Nothing can tend so surely to confirm the peace of the Union as the kindly but firmly expressed intention of the Government to protect and enforce the equal civil rights of every citizen; understanding by civil rights, according to Chancellor KENT, "the right of personal security, the right of personal liberty, and the right to acquire and enjoy property." This is substantially the explanation given by President JOHNSON of the right conferred by the Emancipation Amendment. "Liberty," he said to the colored soldiers and to Judge WAIRDLAW, "means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." The Civil Rights Bill merely secures that freedom; for no man enjoys the fruit of his labor if he can not own property, and sue and testify and convey.

But if the United States had the constitutional right to confer this freedom, can it be unconstitutional to defend it? If it were constitutional for the Government to insist that the late rebel States should recognize this liberty, can it not insist that they shall assent to its definition and protection? What else was the significance of the second clause of the amendment authorizing the Government to enforce it? Having freed a man from chattel slavery, is the Government bound to look on passively and see him reduced again to virtual slavery, by a State vagrant law, for a trivial offense? The President, indeed, asks in his veto whether the present laws are not sufficient to protect the rights of the freedmen. What rights? If they are neither citizens, nor domiciled aliens, nor foreigners, what rights have they? Clearly their status must be determined before their rights can be defined; and then, if existing remedies are adequate, they are not impaired by the bill. If they are not adequate, the bill is plainly necessary.

The President's objection to the bill as special legislation is a manifest misapprehension. The bill is universal in its application. If the rights of any citizen of whatever birth or color are invaded any where in the country the bill provides the remedy, without any exclusion or exception whatever. But the veto lays great weight upon the fact that "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" must reside here five years before they can become citizens, and expresses the opinion that the bill discriminates against them in favor of those to whom the avenues of freedom and intelligence are just opened. But the President hardly puts the case fairly. Let us ask it in another way. If "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" are to be made both citizens and voters at the end of a residence of five years, is it unreasonable that worthy, intelligent, and patriotic natives, all whose interests and affections are and always have been bound up with the country, should be made citizens, merely, at the end of twenty-one years? If it be objected that the mass of the natives in question are not intelligent, will it be asserted that the mass of the foreigners are so? If it be right to take a foreigner totally ignorant of our language and government and the whole spirit of our system and give him a vote at the end of five years, can it be wrong to take a man like ROBERT SMALL, who instinctively knows and loves and struggles for the Government, and at the end of three years of emancipation give him, not so much as a vote, but the name and rights of a citizen? That is a question which we do not find answered in the Message.

The objection that the bill interferes with rightful State legislation is not sustained by a careful consideration of the bill. If the United States may lawfully define the civil rights of their citizens no State can lawfully impair those rights. The bill leaves the legislative discretion of the States unlimited by any thing but the fundamental civil rights of all citizens which the nation itself protects; and it gives the United States courts exclusive jurisdiction under an express clause of the Constitution.

But the most extraordinary objection urged by the President is that the Civil Rights Bill undertakes to settle questions of political economy. It is not easy to see precisely what is meant by this statement. The bill provides that all citizens shall have the same right to

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make contracts, to sue and be sued, to give evidence, to inherit and convey property. Is this settling questions of political economy? We should as soon have suspected that it was an attempt to solve astronomical problems.

But the serious objection to the veto lies in the fact, which is evident throughout, that the President thinks enough has been done to redeem the sacred honor of the United States, not of the separate States, pledged to the emancipated class. He says indeed that he will co-operate with Congress to protect them; but Congress has maturely considered and presented two methods of protection, and he rejects both. What is the President's plan? Is it to leave them to the Black Codes? Is it to call them free, thereby exasperating the late masters, and then suffer those masters unchecked to forbid them to own property, to bear arms, to testify, and to enjoy any of the rights of freedom? Is it to trust to time, and to hope that when the present generation, to whom we gave our word, is exterminated, some kind of justice may be done their posterity by those who come after us? The present danger to the Union is not in the direction feared by the President. It is not from the United States doing a simple Constitutional act of justice; it is from the States perpetuating the old injustice from which our troubles sprang. State rights interpreted by slavery brought us bitter alienation and bloody war. State rights interpreted by liberty can alone give us Constitutional unity and enduring peace.

WHAT IT COSTS TO CORNER WALL STREET.

ABOUT three months ago the leading director of the Erie Railway Company fancied he observed that the stock of that concern had been oversold by the reckless Bears of Wall Street, and undertook to "corner the shorts;" that is to say, to buy up the stock, so that the speculators who had sold it for future delivery should not be able to buy when they wanted it. The stock was then in the neighborhood of 80. The director bought and bought, and as he bought the stock rose. Pretty soon it was 85, then 90. Still the director bought on, and by-and-by it was 95, and presently 97. If he had gone on buying it might have been 100, or 110, or even 120, by this time. There are limits, however, to the capacity of even the boldest speculators. By the time the Erie director had bought rather more than all the stock afloat in this country he thought it was time to stop.

He had achieved one half of his enterprise. He had pretty thoroughly cornered the shorts. Foolish operators who had sold Erie short at 80, found themselves compelled to buy it in at 95, and the difference—$1500 on every hundred shares—went into the pocket of the speculative director. There were many who, having sold short at 80, refused to buy in at 95, and remained "short," borrowing the stock from day to day. These the speculative director punished by refusing to lend the stock except for a bonus—say $50 a day for each hundred shares. Day after day passed, and a few resolute patient "Bears" paid their ½ per cent. a day, and refused to cover. All the weak and faint-hearted "shorts" had already bought in.

The question now was, what to do with the stock on hand? A few thousand dollars had been taken from "Bear" speculators. But, this apart, the speculating director found himself the owner of all the Erie afloat in this market at an average cost of over 90. There was no demand for the stock. Nobody in Wall Street or out of it wanted 100 shares. At 80 there had been a small consumptive demand. At 95 there was none at all.

The speculative director formed many combinations, by some of which he succeeded in interesting others in his operation. In the course of a day or two these combinations led to disputes among the confederates, and some of the parties in interest began to sell. Others followed, and the cry of *sauve qui peut* being raised, such quantities of stock were thrown upon the market that in a few days the price fell from 97 to 75.

The speculative director had not succeeded in selling all his stock. As his account then stood the speculation had cost him something less than half a million. It was a painful reflection for a man who was accustomed to make, not to lose, money in stocks, and especially in Erie.

A week or so elapsed, and the director resolved to look for his money where he had lost it. He began to buy Erie again. Other operators were as quick as he, and Erie began once more to rise rapidly. From 75 it jumped up to 80, from 80 to 85. At 85 to 85¼ the speculative director made his grand demonstration. He bought all the stock that could be had at the price—say 30,000 shares in a single day. On the following day all the Erie loaned out was called in. From ½ to ¼ per cent. a day was again demanded for the use of the stock. Once more the Bears were squeezed within an inch of their lives, and none but the resolute held out. On the next day the grand pinch was ordered. The stock opened at 87, and every one said it was going to 90 before noon. To the amazement of every one, at 87 there was an ample supply; fully 10,000 shares were sold in the morning, quite sufficient to supply the more pressing wants of the Bears. It subsequently appeared that some weeks previously, when Erie was 75, the speculating director had sold a call for 10,000 shares @ 85, and the holder of this call had defeated the corner by supplying the Bears at the expense of the seller of the call. Thus once more the attempt to corner the shorts had failed.

It took the speculative director but a few days to realize that he had once more missed his mark. Most of the shorts had covered their contracts, and as there was no consumptive demand for the stock at 86, it was clearly futile to put up the price. The director began to sell with vigor and dispatch. How much he sold and at what prices is only known to himself and his brokers. Within a fortnight the price fell 10 per cent., and real stock was still being delivered from the speculative director's hoard. It is not unreasonable to suppose that at least a quarter of a million must have been lost by him and his friends in their second attempt to corner Erie.

It is now supposed that they have altered their position, and gone short of the stock. In this new adventure they may or may not retrieve the losses they have met with in their previous attempts to corner the street. But Erie will have to fall very low indeed to yield them the $750,000 thrown away in the two abortive enterprises of January and March 1866.

The lesson should not be lost upon Wall Street speculators. If the leading director of the Erie, with unlimited capital, unrivaled skill, and vast power, could not succeed in making money by cornering that stock, it is safe to conclude that no stock can hereafter be profitably "cornered," unless the party which corners it be content to take the stock and keep it for an indefinite period of time thereafter. Such operations, in a word, inflict severe loss upon the Bears, but yield no profit to the Bulls. The feeling of Wall Street is such at the present time that the mere mention of the words "clique" or "corner," in connection with a stock, is sufficient to prevent operators dealing in it. No one will buy or sell a cornered stock. And though people who sell that which they have not got are naturally victimized by such cliques as undertake to buy up stocks reported to be oversold, it does not follow by any means that the cliques themselves will find a market to dispose of the stock they buy. The public argue that a cornered stock must be let alone, and when the Bulls, after ruining the Bears, try to convert their property into cash, they can not, as a rule, do it any cheaper than has been done by the Erie director. Prairie du Chien stock, some account of which was recently given in these columns, could not be sold today in any quantity at 50, though the last reported sale was 96, and the clique—which owns all the stock in existence—bids 92 as a matter of form at each board.

In an article published early in January we alluded to the probable downward course of prices in Wall Street during the present year, and to the prospect of moneyed speculators combining to corner this and that active stock. Both expectations have been realized. Prices have fallen and are falling; and three of the most active stocks—Erie, Michigan Southern, and Rock Island—are or have been cornered. The result is that business is falling off in Wall Street, and that the circle of operators is being steadily diminished. The Bears are being cornered and bled profusely; the Bulls are being loaded up with stocks which they can not sell, and which they will only be able to hold so long as money remains easy. The indications are that business will continue to decline until speculation runs mainly into Governments, which can not be cornered, and in which no thimble-rig can easily be practiced.

THE "METEOR."

THE case of the *Meteor* is peculiarly interesting as showing the extreme care of the United States Government to maintain the honorable American traditions of neutrality. Nothing can be more desirable, nothing can be more dignified and impressive than to show to the world that, when we denounced British neutrality as a mere name, we knew what we said, and were not crying out merely because we were hurt. Yet it is quite possible that, for the very purpose of pointing that shining moral, our Government may be a little hasty to seize an occasion. And that is the exact question of the *Meteor*. Has she been justly detained? Is a violation of the Neutrality Laws intended?

The *Meteor* is a noble screw war steamer. She was built in the best manner, is thoroughly equipped, could be readily armed, and was doubtless intended for service during the late war. The war being over she was about sailing from New York for St. Thomas in the West Indies, when the Spanish representatives here complained that she was to be sold to the Chilean Government now at war with Spain, and asked for her detention. The Government immediately issued the necessary order, and the ship was seized. The claimants of the ship moved that the Court appoint appraisers, that the ship might be justly valued and bonds taken, and the vessel released. Upon this motion Judge BETTS decided, on the 23d of March, that the release was not obligatory, but discretionary with the Court. He held that the importance of a strict observance of the Neutrality Laws was so great that the United States should have reasonable time to prove their case; and that when, as in this instance, a forfeiture was claimed under the third section of the Neutrality Laws of 1818 it was clearly the intention of the Government to detain the vessel in order, if necessary, to execute the forfeiture. The application for release was therefore overruled.

It now remains for the Government to justify its action, and to prove that the claimants have fitted out a ship to commit hostilities against any country with which the United States are at peace. But should the charge fail it is a very hard case for the claimants. The libel was filed on the 23d of January. It is now the second week in April. If the charge be baseless, if it were wanton, the owners, so long deprived of the use of their property, and subjected to the expenses and delays of an important suit, have apparently no remedy but lobbying Congress to give them compensation. Judge BETTS himself offers them no other redress. There is no reason or excuse for so shiftless and unjust a state of things. If a citizen brings an ungrounded suit he is made to pay the piper. If the Government does the same thing it should be subject to the same penalty. Great property interests should not be left unremedied to the peremptory action of a Department, to the discretion of a judge, or to the delays of the law. If the owners of the *Meteor* mean to break the law let them pay the penalty. But if they are innocent let the accuser pay for the losses he has inflicted. And this is a redress which should be established by law.

THIERS AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IN his late speech upon the grant for the Great Paris Exposition, Mr. BANKS, the Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, said that he had no doubt of the wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON to go to war with this country. It was not surprising, therefore, that the honorable gentleman proposed that we should accept the Emperor's polite invitation to his Fair, and that we should go thither in Monitors and military baggage-wagons, carrying our "20-inch guns and 1000-pound projectiles," with Admiral FARRAGUT at the head. If, however, the French Emperor is still desirous of war with us, after the result of our domestic struggle, we hardly think that the mere spectacle of our projectiles can accomplish what the prolonged and vigorous use of these projectiles failed to achieve. We should have been glad to hear the reasons of Mr. Banks's faith, for we doubt if this country or France is of his opinion.

The Emperor of France is a much duller man than he has been hitherto supposed if he is not convinced that his Mexican expedition is a failure. He knows very well that the United States are waiting for him to leave Mexico. He knows that Mr. SEWARD'S dispatches, however polite, are perfectly plain in their statement of the feeling of this country; and that if we wait we do not cease to watch, and that any serious movement of increased persistence upon his part would lead to still further remonstrance. He is aware that we have as yet made no false move. His Mexican enterprise is unpopular at home. The pressure against it grows constantly stronger, and he is doubtless persuaded that this Government is much too sagacious to overthrow that opposition by a policy which would unite France to vindicate its honor.

Meanwhile the late speech of M. THIERS reveals a new danger to the French Emperor. Hitherto the opposition in France has been revolutionary and not legitimate. It has opposed his dynasty, and has thereby justified him in summary repression. But the astute old political fox, M. THIERS, has adroitly changed his base. He declares that there is now no question of the dynasty. That is established. But he asks for the liberty which the founder of the dynasty has promised, and which he has hitherto withheld upon the plausible pretext that it could not strengthen the hands of its enemies. The opposition itself now removes that pretext, and respectfully requires a fulfillment of imperial pledges. This is an immense fortification of its position, for now if there be any danger of revolutionary measures it is not upon its side. It can now reasonably demand, as THIERS does demand, freedom of the press, personal security, and retirement from Mexico and other unpromising expeditions.

There was never a time in which watchful quiescence was so clearly our true foreign policy as at this moment. Neither LOUIS NAPOLEON nor the United States deceive themselves as to the traditional amity of the two countries. France aided the Colonies not because the Bourbons really favored rebellion, but because helping the Colonies was a heavy blow to Great Britain. The debt that we incurred to LOUIS XVI. has been fully canceled by LOUIS NAPOLEON. He has put himself completely in the wrong. He must right himself or account to France. Our position is one of steady observation.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

DIFFERENT animals have different limits of life, the varieties being of all degrees, from the insects of an hour up to the animals that live even beyond a hundred years. There is in each case a period of growth in which supply continually exceeds waste, followed by a period in which there is an even state, supply and waste being balanced, and then comes a period of decline. These periods seem to have quite a definite relation to each other, for the longer is the period of growth the longer is the middle period of maturity, and therefore the longer is the whole life. For example, the horse that gets its growth so much sooner than man, does not live half so long; and the elephant, on the other hand, which arrives at maturity about the thirtieth year, lives to a much greater age. Of fishes the salmon, which attains its full size quickly, has a short life; while the perch, the carp, and the pike, which have a slow growth, are long-lived. The same truth holds of the vegetable world.

Length of life depends somewhat upon the degree of intensity of the vital action, and is longest where this is lowest. Tortoises, crocodiles, and fishes furnish us many more instances of great longevity than the warm-blooded animals, which live comparatively a much more active life. And of the warm-blooded tribes the less active are generally the longest lived. Thus the stately, proud, and slow-moving peacock lives about twenty years, while the restless and quarrelsome cock has a much shorter life. Still shorter is the life of the sparrow and of the smaller birds generally, and their activity is, we know, intense. The rule does not always, however, hold good; for the bear, though he sleeps much, and is far from lively when he awakes, is rather short-lived, while the active camel sometimes reaches even the age of a hundred years.

We may thus infer that the natural limits of life in different animals are conformed generally to the activities natural to each. There is a range of action for every animal which is consistent with its best development, and either going above or below this is detrimental to it. Man is not fitted for such activity as is maintained, for example, by the restless canary-bird, nor for such a low grade of life as that of the tortoise; and if he choose either his organization will suffer, and life will be shortened. Too slow living and too fast living are alike injurious.

It can not be said, then, that there is a certain amount of vital power given to every individual, and that the less this is put forth the longer it will last. On the contrary, the putting it forth to the extent of the design of his nature is essential to its maintenance. In other words, some good degree of action is necessary for the development of the vigor of health. Yet it is not probable that the due observance of the laws of health would extend the limits of life very far beyond what they are at present, though it would very largely lessen the mortality at all periods short of old age, and render life more comfortable and useful.

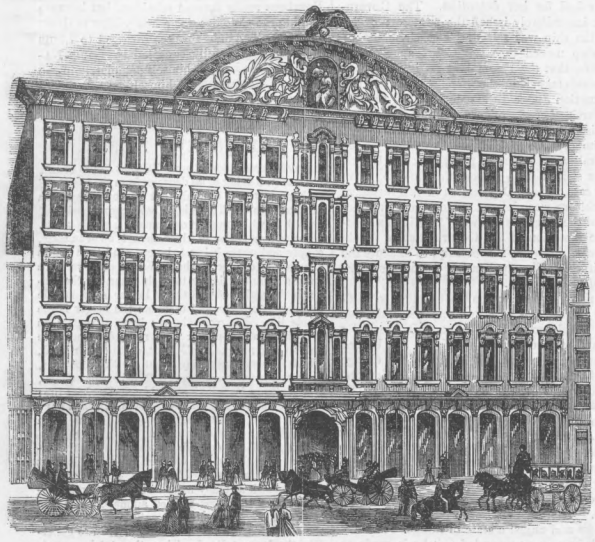
There is one consideration in relation to length of life of too great interest to be omitted. As morbid tendencies are transferred from parents to children we should naturally suppose that there would be an accumulation of them from generation to generation, which would continually shorten the period of human life. But this is shown not to be the case by the fact that the statement of the Psalmist applies to the present time. The reason of this obviously is that the tendency in the system is always to health, and so morbid influences are always resisted, and their results are often removed—a truth which is exceedingly encouraging to all hygienic efforts, as well as in the struggle against actual disease. A full victory is often obtained by this *vis medicatrix naturæ* over hereditary morbid tendencies of the most decided character.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES LABOR AND AID SOCIETY.

IT was the reproach of the country after the Revolution that the soldiers were neglected. But the spirit that sustained the enormous labor of the Sanitary Commissions during the late war does not flag. The thoughtful, womanly care which was felt in every hospital and almost upon the very battlefield is still mindful of its charge, and is noiselessly devoted to its humane task. Thus as the Grove Street Home in this city for disabled soldiers is to be closed on the 21st of April, the "Labor and Aid Society of New York for soldiers and soldiers' families" is organized to continue the work and to prevent sending disabled soldiers to the Alms-house. The Institution will have the service as Matron of MRS. RUSSELL, who was the efficient Matron of the New England Rooms. Already there is a Laundry in operation to which the soldiers' wives or widows come to work daily, and are paid one dollar a day. There will be a hospital in the house for disabled soldiers, and a school in which mothers can leave their children, while they are themselves at work elsewhere in the building. Basket-making and other simple branches of industry will be introduced, and the character and experience of the ladies who direct the society are sufficient proof of the sagacity, thrift, and tenderness with which the Home will be managed.

The Institution needs money now, but it is intended to be self-supporting. The Sanitary Commission promise a thousand dollars some time hence; but our good friends might wisely remember that he gives twice who gives quickly. MRS. JAMES GIBBONS and MRS. R. B. MINTURN will gladly give any information or receive any contribution.

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PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY E. MENDENHALL, CINCINNATI.]



GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI—CHAIN-GANG AT WORK ON THE RUINS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI, MARCH 22, 1866—BURNING OF PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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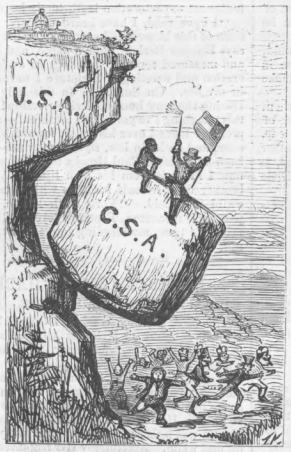
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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER XIV.

"BUT I do sincerely hope, my friends, that we are ready by this time to turn away from these second and seventh chapters of Daniel. There are a host of other passages in Scripture I am anxious to show you. Astonishing, is it not, that men should have supposed so long that America was not referred to in the Bible? Why there is not a day passes but I, for one, find some fresh allusion in it, especially to our glorious Confederacy. Yes, let us leave this behind us as settled. By 'the Ancient of days' here in Daniel is clearly meant the old United States. By the 'one like unto the Son of man' is as undoubtedly meant the Confederate States. The 'mountain' refers, as we have seen, to the United States also. The stone 'cut out of the mountain without hands,' which is to dash all other nations to pieces, and become the great central Christian nation of the millennium, is, as we have clearly shown you, the Confederate States. Any flaw in our reasoning is simply impossible. The man that can not perceive this is hopelessly rotten. Heaven forbid, dear brethren, there should be a Union man among *you!*"

And here Brother Barker pauses, wipes his streaming face and then his moist hands with his very damp handkerchief, lays it beside his Bible to dry, takes another sip of water, and begins afresh. He is in the pulpit on his regular monthly appointment in the Pines, a country neighborhood some fifty miles from Somerville. A log church it is, densely crowded to-day. On his last regular Sabbath there Brother Barker had preached a thanksgiving discourse upon the defeat and capture of M'Clellan at Richmond, so powerful as to bring him into a state of hoarseness from which he is not recovered even yet. "I'd rather wear out than rust out," he has remarked; and to-day he is delivering one in his series of sermons upon the Confederate States in Scripture.

The fact is, it is long now since Brother Barker has preached any thing else except the war. Nothing in the world more insipid, behind the times, obsolete for the present, than the Gospel. But has he not taken up prophecy instead? And is not prophecy as much a part of Scripture as the old gospel? And Brother Barker frankly disclaims all credit as the discoverer of his new interpretations of prophecy; they are discoveries too splendid for that.

"I only use the investigations of other divines at the South," he said. "The documents themselves can not be circulated as widely as they ought owing to the dearth of paper. But so conclusive are these discourses, so exceedingly encouraging to every Christian patriot, that so far as my poor bleeding lungs will allow I am making them known by word of mouth to all under sound of my voice. I learn there are up here in the Pines some who hold to the old Union still; few, very few I do hope. If the brutality of the North, if the justice of the Confederate cause have not convinced such of their error, Scripture surely must. Scripture, brethren, *Scripture!* And right here let us turn, if you please, to another passage.—But wait a moment. Look at me," says Brother Barker, folding his long arms upon his narrow chest, and standing back a little from the pulpit. "As you all may know, your unworthy speaker was born at the North. I have some half dozen brothers alive there this very Sunday, I suppose. Do you want to know the Scripture that cured *me* of my last love for the North? Turn then to Genesis forty-first, fifty-first. Wait a moment. What was the first great battle of our revolution? Manassas! Very good. Now read the passage: 'And Joseph called the name of the first-born Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.' See?" And with the finger of his left hand on the passage, Brother Barker spent a vehement five minutes in showing how entirely the South had in and by that battle been made to forget its long slavery to the North, all affection even for that the home of its ancestors.

"Scripture prophesied enough for me here," he said, with both palms on his Bible. "My old father? Manassas! My brothers there? Manassas! The North, and all in it, now, henceforth, and for evermore? At the very least utter forgetfulness and eternal alienation. In other words, Manassas, Manassas! And yet there are people who doubt whether our war is referred to in this Holy Book!" added the preacher, with an air of patient resignation.

Another application of the handkerchief to face and neck and hands; another sip at the glass of water.

"Let us turn now to Isaiah sixty-sixth, seven and eight." And Brother Barker reads—"'Before she travailed, she brought forth; before her pain came, she was delivered of a man child. Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.' Now remember," continues Brother Barker, leaning one elbow on the desk, his long forefinger demonstrating the point—"remember what has been proved that, as the ecclesiastical Zion was a type of the New Testament church, so the political Zion was equally an emblem of the central nation in New Testament times—that is, America." And clearly does the preacher apply the prophecy to the instantaneous secession of the South.

"Turn again to Daniel twelfth, seventh." And Brother Barker finds the place and reads—"'When he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished.' Now, who are the holy people?" asks he. "America, of course, the Christian Israel. What was their being scattered? Secession evidently. And what was to be accomplished then and thereby? Look at the seventh chapter going before: the establishment of Christ's last and most glorious nation—these Confederate States! Can any thing be more conclusive?" And Brother Barker goes over the passage and his comment thereupon several times to impress it upon the minds of his hearers. Very fixed is the attention of those hearers.

"Once more, if you please. Isaiah twenty-seven, twelve." And the preacher reads—"'Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel.' The exact manner of Secession! No co-operation, no movement out of the Union in a body; 'one by one' do the States secede!" And on this point also Brother Barker dwells at length.

"Let us turn now to the eleventh of Zechariah." And the preacher reads the chapter. "By the breaking of the staves therein—'Beauty and Bands'—was prophesied the dissolution of the Union. The three shepherds alluded to in the passage, and all that is said of them there, how manifestly it refers to Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and their temporary exclusion from the Confederacy!" And the interest is thrilling as Brother Barker shows from the passage how the North, in its awful destitution and self-division, are to "eat the flesh of one another!"

But the enthusiasm of the preacher overflows all bounds as he turns to the fourth chapter of the Prophet Micah, and paints therefrom the millennial splendor of the Confederacy. Over and over again does Brother Barker read it. "'In that day, saith the Lord, will I assemble her that halteth, and I will gather her that is driven out—*driven out!*'" cries the preacher, "'and her that I have afflicted; and I will make her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast far off a strong nation.' Observe, brethren, '*cast far off*,' '*a strong nation!*' 'And the Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion from henceforth, even forever.'" And so to the end of the chapter, at which the speaker arrives entirely exhausted.

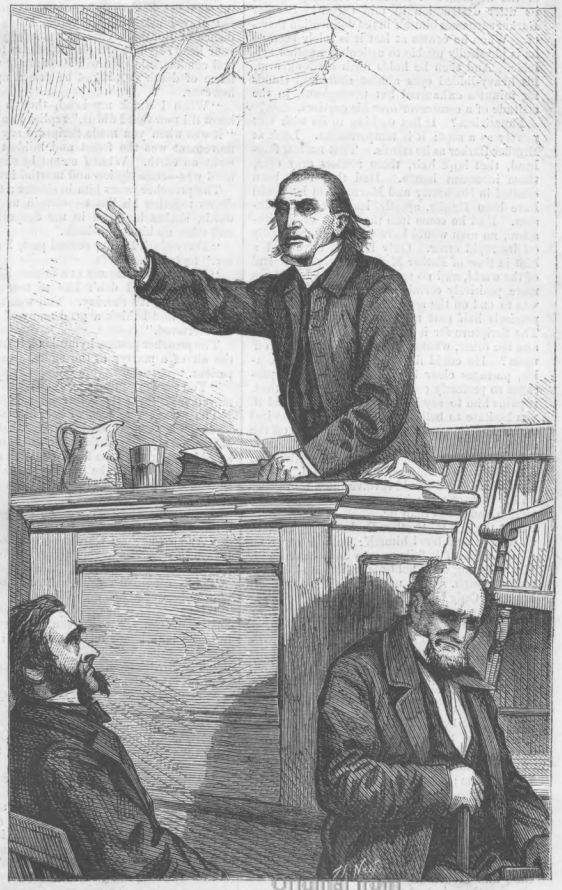
"Matthew twenty-first, forty-third," resumes he, his handkerchief almost dripping in his hand from its service upon face and neck. "'Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' In the verse before is allusion to a rejected stone," reasons the preacher. "You will remember we saw this stone all through Scripture; cut out of the mountain of the old Union; destined to destroy and supersede all other nations is the Confederate States; 'become the head of the corner' it there says. Why? Because the Union, the old Christian Israel had failed—verse forty-three—to bring forth fruit—fruit which the Confederacy *will* bring forth!" And closing the Bible, Brother Barker describes at length the awful apostasy of the North, its universal infidelity and abominable wickedness. "Ought I not to know?" he asks, in conclusion. "Am not I a Northern man? born there, raised there? It is sometimes asked by people," continues the preacher, with both hands clenched upon the ledge of his pulpit, and leaning as far forward as possible between them—"sometimes asked why we Northern born men make the strongest of all Secessionists. I will tell you, brethren. It is because we who have lived at the North *know* the North so much better than men at the South. From long, personal, close observation we *know* the North!" And what intense loathing did the preacher infuse into the word! Strange that his audience should have such a sense of distaste at hearing this from the lips of one born there! True, of course, but they did not like *him* to assert it. The Brother is conscious of this, and falls back a little disconcerted upon the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses.

"You need not take my word, friends; see what Scripture says of the conduct of the North." And he reads—"'Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet? And as for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet; and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet.'" And the minister illustrates this prophecy of the tyranny of the North over the South by its course in regard to the Tariff and the Territories, consoling himself with the speedy righting of the South, prophesied so clearly in the verses which follow.

"Some of you have been rather trying to joke me about my last sermon here," the preacher says, by way of digression. "True, I *did* believe then that M'Clellan *was* defeated and captured. Suppose it was not so complete a defeat as we then supposed; and where is that one of us that had any doubt on the subject *then?* Look again at my text of that sermon: 'I will remove far off from you the Northern Army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savor shall come up because he hath done great things.' Is there a man that does not *see* that Scripture refers here to Lincoln's army, by its very name, too? I need not enter into this passage again. If it has not been fulfilled entirely yet, it certainly will be, and that soon. But let us turn to Daniel again, seven, eighteen, this time. 'The saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever.' Now what does 'saint' mean when applied, as Scripture means it should be here, to a government? Why, it means a mild, a gentle government. Friends, contrast the Confederacy with the old Federal Government. That bound the States together strong and hard; ruled them with a rod of iron; the most despotic Government, as this war shows, that ever disgraced the earth. But our glorious Confederacy! How perfectly mild and easy it is! The States are free to go and come under it as each one pleases, no restraint, no coercion. The North is invading us—does our Confederacy invade them? No, brethren. It only asked to be allowed to go out of the Union in peace. It did not want a war. It never dreamed of a war. This day it is the gentlest, most peaceable, most lenient; the lightest, easiest government the world ever saw. No wonder Scripture speaks of it under the name of 'saint.' Ah, if the North could but come up to the true idea of all government in this nineteenth century; the millennial, the Christian idea of government—States free as air to vote themselves whichever way they like! Instead of that, what do we see? Why, the old heathen ideas of permanent rule, coercion, war! I tell you, friends, Secession contains in itself the very essence of Christian freedom; it is a Gospel doctrine; it is the very germ and substance of all human organization in millennial times!" And largely did Brother Barker expatiate on *this* theme.

"Bear with me, brethren," he continues, as he searches the pages of his Bible. "I want to show you anoth—ah, here it is! Zechariah thirteen, from the seventh verse." And here the pen recoils from recording in such connection the first, at least, of the verses quoted by the preacher. By "the man that is my fellow" Scripture meant, according to him, the "one like unto the Son of man" referred to in Daniel; in other words, the Confederate Government. "'And it shall come to pass, that in all the land,'" continued the preacher from his Bible, "'saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein.' When we seceded there were thirty-three States, you know," continued the preacher, holding his finger upon the passage for after use. "Three classes there were among these thirty-three States. First, the Border States; second, the Coercion or Northern States; third, the Confederate States, eleven, you observe; just a third of thirty-three. The two parts cut off from God's new and glorious nation, our Confederacy, shall die, you see, be defeated, destroyed, perish—the Border and the Northern States. The third—our Confederacy—shall be left in the land in permanence and prosperity. And look how our trouble from the blockade and the war is farther prophesied—verse nine—'And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God.'"

But it is impossible to follow Brother Barker. Only the intense excitement attaching to every syllable said by any one on the one topic enabled the audience to sit so patiently under his eloquence. Less than twenty minutes of a discourse from his lips on any other topic would have wearied them out. There was a force, too, in the glowing enthusiasm of the speaker. Whoever else did not he at least did believe in his interpretations of prophecy. Need we say how he described the impending convulsions at the North from the sixteenth chapter of Revelation, the nineteenth verse? Or the rout at Manassas and in all the other battles of the war, as foretold in the forty-eighth Psalm, fourth, fifth, and sixth verses? Or the future influence of the Confederacy over the world in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, the fifteenth verse, the "rod of iron" referring to its commercial, and "the sword out of his mouth" referring to its moral influence? That Secession was the act of God himself, He setting up the Confederacy with his own hand, Brother Barker proved from



BROTHER BARKER.

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the second chapter of Daniel, the forty-fourth verse. The peculiar estimation set by Heaven upon the same Government, from Isaiah the twenty-eighth chapter and fifth verse. And that the Almighty himself was fighting for them the prophet Zechariah has left beyond question in the fourteenth chapter and third verse of his prophecy. Let those who wish to study the theological aspect of the insanity of the times refer to the chapters and verses specified at their leisure. Let them remember in doing so that there were men who sincerely believed in Brother Barker's application of them, and a new insight will be had into the depth and desperation of that insanity.

But the preacher has reserved some of his most telling texts to the last.

"In my previous discourse I showed you," said he, "that in Scripture the number seven refers to the seven States that first seceded. Permit your humble speaker to give you a few more illustrations of this most striking fact." And so he drains the last drop of water from the pitcher, full when he began, pulls down his waistcoat by the lower edge, moves pitcher and glass out of his way by placing them on the bench behind him, and resumes:

"Micah, brethren, fifth, fifth. 'Then shall we raise against him seven shepherds and eight principal men.'" And clearly is it proved that while the seven principal men means the seven States which first seceded, it is Virginia, seceding when the Federal Government had become "Assyrian" in its attitude toward God's chosen, which makes the eighth.

"Once more, brethren. Isaiah fourth, first." And transfixing the passage with the forefinger of his left hand, with the other hand he entreats special attention. "'And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.'" Dull indeed must his brethren be if they do not see the singular and striking meaning of this at a glance. The seven women are the seven States in a desolate condition when they first seceded. Instantly they all lay hold of one man. "You see it, brethren! They take the Confederate Government to be a husband over them. Each is to remain, you observe, an independent State; insists on feeding and clothing itself; they only want the Confederate Government as a sort of protector. The reference of Scripture to our new nation is as minute as it is abundant. Who can doubt, then, the peculiar regard had for us by the Almighty?

"Once more, but once, though you can not but observe how exhausted I am. Jeremiah fifteen, nine. 'She that hath borne seven languisheth: she hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day.'" The old Union is this unhappy mother; and its fate, after the departure of the seven seceding States, its utter destruction in mid career! Brother Barker surpasses himself in the delineation thereof. When he ceases at last it is solely because he is physically unable to articulate another syllable. And then he holds forth his long arm, his heavy-lidded eyes almost shut, and stands for minutes exhausted but triumphant, in the attitude of a conqueror over his captives.

Fanaticism? It has nothing to do with sect merely as a sect; it is temperament. Look at Brother Barker as he stands. That narrow forehead, that lank hair, those restless gray eyes, those incessant hands. Had that man been cradled in Rochester and Mormonism he would have been Danite, apostle, leader of the delusion. Had he come into the vortex of Spiritualism, no man would have whirled more madly on its rapid error. Only let him have had a hint in time of Father Miller's theory of the end of the world, and no man alive would have been more positively certain than he that the world was to end on the second day of June, 1843, at precisely half past two o'clock in the morning. The Scripture for it? The Bible for this, that, and the other, whatever the fancy be he flies off upon? He could find you passages innumerable, passages clear beyond all skepticism, passages so perfectly convincing of his theory that, it pains him to say it, but you are an infidel if you hesitate to believe. Or place a red conical cap upon that small, narrow head; strip off the suit of rusty black, and wrap Brother Barker's loins about with a cow's skin instead; give him a twirl by the shoulders, and no Dervish along the Golden Horn would revolve more frantically on his heel, or yell with greater strength of conviction and lungs than he.

But the evil is, Brother Barker is not content to revolve and howl himself: he is for war on all the world if it fails to spin and scream with him. Riding one's hobby is an innocent amusement enough. Did not Uncle Toby ride *his* hobby? Only Uncle Toby never rode his hobby over any one else; and that is nine-tenths of the pleasure of the ride with Brother Barker.

Dr. Warner had once remarked to his wife that Brother Barker was afflicted with a species of moral "cutaneousness," by which he meant, as he explained to his wife on demand, that the Brother was forever breaking out all over in a sudden rash of spirit and tongue whatever heat happened to be in the atmosphere. It mattered not a straw the nature of the heat; from the first the hottest of the heated was Brother Barker.

At the time Mrs. Warner entirely agreed with her husband; and the defect of character being her own also, so repeated and deplored the fact as to lose the Doctor nigh a score of patients, the members of the Brother's church. To do her justice, however, when the preacher went in for Secession with Mrs. Warner, that lady retracted in every circle this injurious opinion of him, and mournfully ascribed such an impression on the mind of the Doctor to "his abominable Union notions."

Nadab and Abihu? Alas, the censer of *this* Kentuckian, and so expectorates and subsides into his former indolent position on the rude seat he occupies.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure!" says the preacher, briskly, and with some emphasis, hymn-book in hand.

"Hold on a moment, Brother Barker!" It is an old man seated, with a staff between his knees, near the pulpit. "I don't like this way of doing things on a Sunday, and in meetin'. But now we *are* at it friends present would like to hear you read them passages; every thing bearing on the pint is interesting."

The preacher acknowledges the movement of assent among the crowded audience. But he can not comply.

"No, Brother Robinson, if I would I could. As a minister of the Gospel, standing here in this sacred place, I can not, I dare not make mockery of God's blessed book."

"The shortest way is, let *me* read them then. Friends present want to hear. No danger of Scripture hurting any of us whatever part it is. Name the texts, Mr. Brooks." And Brother Robinson, the patriarch of the neighborhood, is standing before the pulpit, the minister's Bible in hand.

"I had no intention of disturbing the meeting," began the Kentuckian.

"Passages, Mr. Brooks; you name them passages," interrupted the patriarch.

The Kentuckian names the eighty-third Psalm, the first five verses. The patriarch is a long time finding the place. Brother Barker leans, with a patient smile, on his elbow, rested upon the pulpit.

"'Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God. For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance. For they have consulted together with one consent: they are confederate against thee.' Humph, *confederate* against thee!" The patriarch has read the passage very slowly.

Brother Barker groans.

"Hold on," he says; "Brother Barker has just told us how one-third of the States—eleven, that is—are the Confederacy Scripture speaks of. I see the ones confederated together in this place are mentioned lower down. Let's count." And the patriarch transfers the Bible to his left hand, while he counts aloud with the fingers of his right upon the stand: "Edom, Ishmaelites, Moab, Hagarenes, Gebal, Ammon, Amalek, Philistines, inhabitants of Tyre, Assur, children of Lot—by jingo, *eleven* exactly!" Deep sensation among the audience.

"Any more places, Brother Brooks?" he asks, after a long pause, during which he is counting over again to be certain. "Out with it, Brother—yes, *eleven* exactly!"

"Isaiah seventh, second, third, fourth, and seventh verses," from Paul Brooks. Breathless attention.

"'And it was told the house of David, saying, Syria is confederate with Ephraim.' *Confederate?* Yes, well. 'And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind. Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Ahaz, and say unto him, Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands. Thus saith the Lord God, It shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass.' Humph, queer!"

There is a movement of interest in the congregation as the reader ceases.

"My friends," begins Brother Barker, holding up his right hand.

"In one moment, Brother Barker," the patriarch interrupts him. "Any more passages, Mr. Brooks?"

"I was told Mr. Barker found a good deal about the Confederacy in the Bible. I happened one day in Somerville to come across a Concordance, and hunted out the places where the word occurs. Our preacher says the Jews were emblems of this country, so I thought the word in their history might teach something. However, only two passages more. Let me study a moment. Ah, yes—Obadiah, seventh verse," says Paul Brooks.

"Chapter?" asks Brother Robinson, turning over the leaves.

"Ain't any chapter, seventh verse."

"'All the men of thy confederacy have brought thee even to the border: the men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee, and prevailed against thee: they that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee: there is none understanding in him,'" reads the patriarch. The very slow manner in which the passage is read is itself almost equal to a running comment upon it. The interest in the congregation deepens.

"Only one more: Isaiah, eighth chapter, ninth verse," says Paul Brooks.

"'Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand—' But there ain't any thing about the Confederacy in this," says the patriarch, looking up.

"Go on," says the Kentuckian, with a copious expectoration first.

"'For the Lord spake thus to me,'" the reader continued, "'with a strong hand, and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid.'"

"That's all," said Paul Brooks.

The reader closed the volume, laid it on the pulpit, and took his seat, resting his chin again on the staff between his knees. Dead silence.

"And do you, Sir," said the preacher, severely—"do you, Sir, say to this intelligent Christian, intelligent *Southern* congregation, that those passages have reference to our glorious young nation?"

"I say nothing about it. You all bear me witness *you* attacked me first. I only say, if all *your* places in the Bible mean as you say, what do these other places mean?" And in the silence that follows the splash of the Kentuckian's indignant expectoration is distinctly heard.

"I have read, I have heard of awful perversions of this blessed and sacred book, brethren," says Brother Barker, after a pause, and in deep and measured tones; "but such an awful desecration and wresting of Scripture I never heard in my life. On Sunday! In this holy place! During the very hour of divine worship! Only this one thing I've got to say, brethren"—and the preacher leaned over his pulpit toward his audience, and spoke in low, significant tones—"I've been told before Paul Brooks is a Union man; now I know it from his own lips!" And the brother drew himself back, as with a calmness awful to behold. "Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure. Brother Stevens will please raise the tune, my bleeding lungs will not permit."

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.

AN ORIENTAL ADVENTURE.

THE bold, cunning, cruel, yet beautiful Nuzly Hanein, daughter of Mehemet Ali, has been the heroine of many a romantic story. The following incident, though "strange," is said to be "true."

Count Luigi, a young Italian nobleman of effeminate appearance, became possessed with an intense desire to visit the interior of the Princess's Harem at Cairo. He bribed a lady, with whom Nuzly Hanein was intimate, to assist him in carrying out his mad whim. Accordingly Her Highness was informed that a lady of rank from Europe was anxious to see her Harem, and to pay her respects to a Princess who was so renowned. An audience having been granted, Count Luigi, thoroughly disguised in female attire, proceeded alone to make his romantic visit—his friend utterly refusing to accompany him in so perilous an enterprise.

On reaching the palace he was received in true Oriental style, by haughty eunuchs, and beautiful slaves; and at length, after numerous ceremonies, was ushered into the presence of the Grand Princess Nuzly.

The Count thus describes his visit and subsequent adventures:

"The Princess Nuzly was of small stature, though beautifully made. She wore, over a pair of wide bright amaranthus-colored silk trowsers, a large white Cashmere dress, the loose sleeves of which displayed her well-formed arms, and which, being open in front, made her train a yard and a half in length. A waistband of splendid large pearls, fastened with two large diamond clasps, encircled her waist. Her tiny feet were encased in a pair of satin slippers, embroidered with costly pearls. Her head-dress consisted of a large fillet of golden-colored crape Cashmere, which was twisted very prettily around her head. Her long black hair, neatly plaited, was rolled up behind and fastened with large diamond pins. Her bracelets consisted of strings of enormous pearls; her necklace was composed of some of the finest pearls imaginable, which fell negligently on her clear alabaster skin. I fell desperately in love with her at first sight. How incomparably beautiful she appeared! How haughty and tapered was her nose; what a sweet, pretty mouth; what pearly white teeth; the whole of her lineaments were perfection itself! But her eyes! ah, what eyes! They were the most piercing I had ever beheld; at one glance they seemed to scan me from head to foot, to read my thoughts, and cause my heart to palpitate most violently. In short, they shot through the very innermost recesses of my mind. Every time that her penetrating glance was fixed upon me I felt my countenance change, and I could have sunk into the earth. Is it possible, thought I, that those scrutinizing orbs can read the audacious lie that I had framed?

"Pipes and coffee, according to custom, were served; and then I commenced conversation with my vice-regal hostess. As soon as the usual compliments had been exchanged, I conveyed to Her Highness my friend's deep regret that her sudden indisposition had prevented her from accompanying me. I told her that she was extremely ill, almost in the last agonies of death, and I am really astonished that I did not even go so far as to state that she was dead.

"When once we begin to tell lies we hardly ever know where to stop. The excuses that I made for that lady's absence were graciously accepted by the Grand Princess, and our conversation passed on to other subjects.

"'Have you any family?'

"That is always the first question which an Oriental lady asks her visitor. I answered, as a matter of course, in the negative.

"'Therefore I suppose you are journeying to Jerusalem to pray to your prophet to give you some?' added the Princess.

"'Your Highness, with singular aptitude, has guessed the object of my journey.'

"'May Allah grant you your desire! for then your husband will love you more affectionately. Does he go with you?'

"'No, your Highness, business detains him in Europe.'

"'I am sorry for that: for it must be very dull to have to travel all that long way alone. For when a woman has to endure loneliness it is almost as wretched as death!'

"The subject which she had mooted was a very delicate one for me; so I endeavored to turn the conversation upon some other topic.

"It very seldom happens that women in the East meddle with politics, especially Princesses; never-

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theless Nuzly Hanein had become quite *au fait* with them; and what she said showed clearly how well and deeply she had studied the art of government. Dearly beloved by her extraordinary father, possessing his unlimited confidence, she had, literally speaking, been the companion of his misfortunes and active life, and therefore had become quite a politician. Still it was evident that I ought not to appear to take much interest in politics, seeing that I myself was then but a woman. So I turned the conversation as skillfully as I could, and began praising the jewelry which adorned her person, and intimated that it would afford me unbounded delight to see her casket of jewels.

"A signal being given, an immense iron chest, covered over with red satin, richly spangled with gold, was brought in. It was opened, and the jewels were taken out of the cases.

"It is impossible to describe their magnificence and splendor! My sight was actually dazzled by looking at them. Aladdin's wonderful lamp, I am quite sure, could never have given its fortunate possessor a sight of any thing like those precious gems. Among them were pearls as large as pigeons' eggs, topazes as big as fowls' eggs, emeralds as large as pears, rubies, diamonds, and—I really can not enumerate the names of half the other uncut precious stones; but there were quite enough of them to fill a bushel measure. The Princess Nuzly hardly deigned to bestow a glance upon all these priceless treasures.

"'Your Highness,' inquired I, after having greatly extolled the beauty and workmanship of those wonders of art and nature, 'does not often wear them?'

"'Never,' replied she, very curtly. 'No, never; they are too heavy; and of what use would it be for me to adorn my person with them?'

"Then there was a long pause: the silence at length became so painful that my embarrassment was extreme, more especially as the Princess never removed her eyes from off my face.

"Not daring to presume to break the silence, I endeavored to conceal my perplexity by smoking a little, and drinking coffee.

"'I have been told,' said Her Highness, at length, 'that you have a great desire to visit my Harem; your request shall be gratified.'

"Accordingly the Mother of the Harem and half a dozen pretty slaves took me with them on a tour of inspection. The Princess did not accompany me; and having satisfied my curiosity by an examination of the splendid suits of apartments, I was conducted back to Her Highness. Coffee and pipes were again served; and three Circassian slaves, taking some Oriental musical instruments, produced some discordant sounds, which, however, were not wholly unpleasing. Meanwhile Her Highness reclined indolently on her divan, placing her red lips from time to time to the beautiful amber mouth-piece of her *chibouk*, from which she puffed forth light clouds of perfumed smoke. Occasionally she seemed as if lost in deep thought; but those piercing dark orbs of hers never took their glance off me; and even when they were withdrawn, I still felt their fascinating influence upon me, for the very marrow in my bones appeared to become frozen within me.

"At length the hour of departure arrived. Accordingly I submitted with the best grace possible to the final ceremony, which terminates all visits to distinguished personages in the East. Two slaves advanced toward me; one held in her hands an incense-burner, with which she wafted the smoke into my nostrils, and perfumed me as if I had been a holy person; the other held a small silver urn, pierced with small holes, filled with rose-water, which she sprinkled over my whole person.

"I received this double attention in the most impassible manner possible, and thus anointed with strong perfumes I slightly touched with the tips of my fingers the Princess's hand, and then put them respectfully to my lips; which is the mode in which persons of rank take leave of distinguished Orientals. The Princess bowed gracefully to me; then rising up all at once, just as I had reached the door, she advanced toward me:

"'Stop,' said she to me, 'I must show you my garden. And I will accompany you myself.'

"Then we passed into the garden, accompanied by a whole troop of attendants. Her Highness took hold of my hand as we descended the staircase, and lucky was it for me that I had a very small hand, totally unlike that of a man, or else it would have betrayed me.

"The guard who followed us kept at such a respectful distance from us that it was utterly impossible for them to overhear our conversation; we, however, maintained an interminable silence, but it would have been all the same if we had been conversing with each other.

"The gardens into which we had entered were undoubtedly very beautiful; but I confess that I was so dreadfully agitated that I am quite unable to give any description of them. I did not bestow the slightest attention upon the flowers, flower-beds, or fountains. All that I remember is, that we walked for some time along, very slowly, under a very shady avenue of sycamore-trees, and where I must have been least noticed.

"The silence that both I and the Princess observed toward each other at length became unbearable. So at last I took upon myself to break it, and began to praise, in as pure Turkish as I was master of, the perfume of the flowers, which I had neither noticed nor smelled; the gentle murmuring of the waters, that I had not listened to, and was proceeding in the same strain when the Princess interrupted me rather sharply, without the least allusion to the effusions of my poetical rhapsody:

"'I hope that you do not for a moment imagine I am your dupe?' said she, in a curt manner, at the same time letting fall my hand, which she had held in hers up to that moment. 'If my husband, Defterdar, whose anger knows no bounds, had seen you, and had but the slightest inkling of your audacity in thus presenting yourself before me, he would have had you impaled upon the spot, and most assuredly you would have deserved it.'

"'I flatter myself,' said I, 'that I have shown you, and I will prove to you again shortly, that I possess no fear, and that I am no coward.'

"Nevertheless I can not but confess that those words gave me such an electric shock that the whole of my limbs shivered and trembled violently. The bare idea of impalement is far from being agreeable at any time. I was so thunder-struck that I remained speechless. Fortunately the Princess gave me no time to offer any reply.

"'But luckily for you,' replied she, in a more subdued voice, 'my terrible husband is not at home, and I am as much mistress of my own actions as a woman can possibly be in any Mussulman's country. Adventurous mortals are far from being displeasing to me; I admire courage, no matter what form it takes; even if it borders on temerity or rashness. If, then, you are as brave and bold as the enterprise which you have now undertaken makes me give you credit for, you will come to the *Mogreb* to-morrow, to the Elfy Gate; a tall negro, dressed in red, will pass you, touch you on the left shoulder, as he walks along. Follow that slave if you wish to know any thing more.'

"Saying which, she again took hold of my hand as if nothing had happened, and led me on without uttering another syllable to the foot of the staircase. There she took leave of me in the most cordial and graceful manner imaginable, saying in a loud tone, so that all present might overhear her, that she was exceedingly grateful at having had the pleasure of conversing with such a ladylike specimen of my country-women, all of whom she trusted resembled me both in manners and habits.

"Preceded by the eunuchs, and followed by the slaves, I was led to the outer gate of the palace, with the same ceremony as had been observed on my arrival. Entering my carriage, perhaps a little more hastily than ladies generally do, I was driven to a place of safety, where I exchanged my habiliments and put on my own attire.

"As I was then only twenty years of age, it will not be regarded as surprising that I never closed my eyes the whole of the following night. My brain kept thinking of all the good and bad reports which I had heard about the Princess Nuzly, and my mind became extremely uneasy. Was it really a meeting or a snare that she had proposed? Was I to be the hero of an adventure or the victim of treachery?

"The next morning I purchased an excellent Damascus cimeter, as fine as a hair, and which was so highly tempered that it would have cut an eider-down pillow in half. This I concealed beneath my cloak—for I now wore my male habiliments—this was my life-protector; and placing a six-barreled revolver in my pocket, I walked up and down the Mogreb in front of the Elfy Gate.

"It was not long before the negro clad in red made his appearance, and touched me on the shoulder as he passed. As that gate of Cairo is one of the most frequented, I did not attract the curiosity of any of the passers-by as I turned round and followed him. My guide soon proceeded along a path to the left, and after having taken several windings which always led nearer to the banks of the Nile, he stopped short, which I did also, at the foot of a high wall which seemed to block up our passage.

"As night had suddenly closed in I did not at first perceive the small low door, which had all the appearance of being the postern gate of some old castle, of which the negro possessed the key. While he was in the act of stooping down, for he was full six feet high, I scanned the height of the wall, thinking whether, in case of need, it were possible for me to scale it by dint of a gigantic feat. While measuring it as accurately as possible with my eye, the tall slave interrupted my calculations by touching me on the shoulder as a token that the door was open. I crossed the threshold with a firm step, at the same time feeling that my revolver was safe in my pocket and my Damascus blade by my side. The slave quickly shut the door after me, and I continued to follow him. He passed across a long garden, which I shall not stop to describe, for the best of all reasons that the darkness of the night prevented me from being able to discern how it was laid out. My guide maintained an imperturbable silence.

"I really believe that he was a mute, and I will not swear but that he was deaf also, for he did not reply to a single question which I put to him. The grating of our footsteps echoed on the hard sandy paths of the avenues as we passed along. After making several detours, we at length reached the door of a kiosk concealed beneath some large trees, which must have formed a most grateful retreat in the daytime. My mute of a guide did not enter therein, but pushed me rather than introduced me into it, and there I was within that mysterious retreat alone in the dark, and without being able to grope my way. My first care was to find out my position as best I could. All that I was enabled to discover was that I trod on a thick carpet, strewn with the softest cushions, and that the hangings were of silk. It was surrounded with a large divan. I had just finished taking this inventory of the *penates* when I felt something clasp my neck. It was not, however, the classic silken cord of the mutes of the Seraglio: it was only the two soft arms of a lovely woman.

"This mode of reception was adopted to banish all my fears. I returned the embrace as any young man would naturally have done, without waiting to identify the person of the individual who had thus honored me with a private interview, and my approaches were returned with corresponding alacrity. It was not long before I knew perfectly well who my unknown Venus was.

"The night passed away as rapidly as if it had been but a few seconds; the stars were still shining most brilliantly, when that awful word, 'Farewell,' was pronounced by the sweetest lips I had ever pressed, and by a woman who was much more mistress of her own actions than I was of mine. I felt half inclined to have translated for her edification that beautiful balcony scene in Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' into the purest Turkish that I could command; but she appeased my regrets by breathing into my ear the fond hope that I would come again to-morrow, at the same hour, and in the same manner; and then, embracing me, the lovely phantom vanished, in the twinkling of an eye, like an ethereal being.

"I did not remain long alone: a heavy hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I hastily retreated. My safety, however, was not yet secured. I was not long in discovering that, instead of returning by the way he had conducted me, my guide, still the same black, dressed in red, took me in quite a different direction. He walked straight toward the Nile, which lay before us, as the creaking of water-wheels confirmed.

"'Good,' said I, as my heart beat with its usual promptitude. 'This is like having passed a quarter of an hour as Rabelais did. Now comes the forfeit. I am doomed to pay for the happiness I have enjoyed.' And all the dreadful tales which I had heard of the baseness and treachery of the Princess Nuzly presented themselves to my imagination.

"Remembering that I was in Egypt, I began to consider how and by what means was I to escape from the snare into which the beautiful but perfidious Princess had entrapped me. My black guide was six feet high, his frame Herculean, and I should have stood but little chance had I wrestled with such an antagonist. That Goliah would have crushed me with his thumb, and I possessed not the prowess of David.

"It is true that I was armed with one of the keenest of Damascus blades ever made, and a six-barreled revolver; but then the report of fire-arms would have brought a legion of eunuchs to his rescue, and as to the cimeter, well-tempered as it was said to be, I placed no confidence in it, as I had never used such a warlike weapon before. If my blow had missed I was a dead man; and yet I was obliged to adopt some plan; time pressed, or else in a few short moments all would be over with me.

"The creaking of the water-wheels became more distinct; the Nile was evidently not far from us. The first dawn of the day, which gives such a very indistinct light in the East, hardly allowed me to distinguish any more than the lofty wall beyond the trees, which on that as well as on the other sides encircled the garden. Soon afterward I saw the gate which opened on to the river, and you may rest assured that I was taken aback when I saw that it was guarded by three tall phantoms, three devils of blacks, placed there most unquestionably to seize hold of me and to cast me into the Nile, like a kitten, as they had done many a European before.

"At the sight of those formidable opponents I resolved to put into execution the project I had been meditating. Slackening my pace, I took advantage of an angle of masonry-work, which concealed me from observation, to rush upon my guide with the agility of a man who struggles for his life, and to plunge my Damascus blade up to its very hilt into his body. My trial stroke proved a *chef-d'œuvre*. It must have pierced his heart, as the poor devil dropped down dead instantaneously without uttering a groan. I then rifled his pockets, expecting to find there the key of the gate by which I had entered the grounds. I was fortunate enough to put my hand upon it, and, leaving others to bury his body, I turned about quickly and ran along as fast as my legs could carry me.

"In a few minutes I reached the opposite wall; the same the height of which I had taken the precaution to measure. On arriving there I found to my dismay that I had overrated my gymnastic abilities, and was baffled. A squirrel could not have bounded over it. I was then obliged to seek for the gate, which I was unable to discover. Was it on the right hand or the left? I could not tell. By mere chance I proceeded to the right, that side appearing the most likely; and, Heaven be praised! I had hardly gone thirty steps before I found the gate which had been anxiously sought for.

"Scarcely, however, had I put the key into the lock when three tall black eunuchs came suddenly upon me from different directions. They were the same whom I had seen mounting guard at the door to which the defunct negro was proceeding. The first one who approached me brandished a tremendous large sabre, a blow from which would have cleft my body in twain, but the first ball from my revolver laid him prostrate on the ground. It had, however, only broken his arm, but that was quite enough for the moment, as it was his right arm, and his sabre fell from it. That slight chastisement for his insolence produced a most salutary effect upon his companions, who thought that they would receive a similar correction, as they were also armed with formidable cimeters. As they drew back I passed through the door, and in so doing fired at them two farewell shots, without stopping to see what mischief I did. But it is most probable that they were killed, as I proceeded quietly on my way, and reached my own house safe and sound before sunrise.

"However, I hastened to quit Cairo as soon as possible, as I knew not what might be the result of my adventure. But it was passed over in silence, for people in Egypt are not so particular when a murder is committed as in Europe. The East is the land of silence as it is also of mystery."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FRENCH INTELLIGENCE.—It is stated that green pease have made an abundant appearance in the restaurants at Paris. The French get their pease from Algeria now, which accounts for it. And really they ought to get some pease from there, for it has supplied them with war long enough.

FICTION AND FACT.

"Whenever I'm awake in bed
I lie and think," Tom Bouncer said.
To which remark the prompt reply
Was, "When you're up you think and lie."

GOING, GOING, VERY CHEAP!—A person called James Taylor, a "comic" singer, put himself up to auction before a doubtless select gathering of publicans and music-hall keepers at Glasgow, Scotland. Strange to say, he was eventually knocked down. We should have thought he had gone too low for that.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

How to get a good Servant—Do your work yourself.

How to preserve Fruit—Put it into glass bottles, and seal the corks. Put them in a strong box (an iron safe will do), and bury them about ten feet in the ground. After that never go near them again.

How to prevent your Cat from Stealing—Never keep one.

How to pay Taxes—Look out of the top window and tell the collector you are all out of town and never expected back. If he does not believe this, you must prevail on him to pay them himself.

How to prevent Beer from turning Sour—Always leave the key in the tap, and don't lock the cellar.

How to buy Coals cheap—Don't give too high a price for them.

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh yaw," was the reply, "I know de reason for dat; *mine modder was a woman.*"

"Out of sight, out of mind." We don't see it. We lost our wallet the other day and it hain't been out of our mind since.

An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detailing him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he thus summed up. "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me too long with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless sirups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you now to strike at the cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood on the side-board.

The first and greatest thing in rhetoric is to have something to say.

LANGUAGE.—A Spanish gentleman studying English, being at the tea-table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue—in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me that *language*."

A clergyman was addressing his hearers with some warmth regarding the great power which the devil exercises over the minds of men generally, and just as he had come to a climax on this point a bewildered dog, which had entered the church in search of his master, uttered a loud bark, when, with a flash in his eye, and giving the Bible board a tremendous thump, the reverend gentleman exclaimed, "Ah, yes, my friends! the foul fiend is so bent on recruiting his ranks that he has sent that dog in here to-day to interrupt my speaking and carry away your minds."

A conductor out West recently demanded two tickets of the Siamese twins, but the twins insisted they were one, and as the conductor couldn't eject one without the other he had to let them pass.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!"

Science does more for the brute than the man. Pigs, attacked by the most fatal disorders, are frequently cured after death.

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his indulgent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," said the old gentleman, looking hard at Tom. But Tom didn't seem to take the hint, although it was evident that he had taken the Bourbon.

Why is a generous man a good Christian?—Because he's for-giving.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said his wife, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "this is my last folly."

OUR SAWYER'S SAW-DUST.

An Ox, that all day long
A yoke had sore oppressed,
Lay down upon his bed of straw
His weary limbs to rest.

Perched on his horn, a Fly
Said, "Friend, I see my weight
Hath taxed thy strength; I'll go a while
And swing on yonder gate."

"Thank you," the Ox replied,
"I wist not you were there;
And whether now you go or stay,
Shall neither know nor care."

Some carry, as they think,
The nation's fate about 'em;
But on its axis, I suspect,
The world would turn without 'em.

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre!" "In what shape did it appear?" asked the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

THE MOST APPROPRIATE COMPOSER FOR CHURCH MUSIC—Bishop.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush." As for us, we had rather have two turkey buzzards in the bush than one in the hand.

SELF-CONCEIT.

Hail! charming pow'r of self-opinion!
For none are slaves in thy dominion:
Secure in thee, the mind's at ease:
The *vain* have only *one* to please.

Why is a constant attendant at auction an unpleasant fellow?—Because he's for-bidding.

THE POET FOR FISHERMEN.—Crabbe.

A wag says of woman: "To her virtue we give love; to her beauty, admiration; and to her hoops the whole pavement."

Why is the letter A like the meridian?—Because it is the middle of day. Why is the letter B like hot fire?—Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel?—Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time?—Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death?—Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom?—Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter H like the dying words of Adams?—"This is the last of earth." Why is the letter J like the end of spring?—Because it is the beginning of June. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?—Because it is the end of pork.

"So many men, so many minds." Not always the case. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe the other day. They were all of one mind and partook.

"Deal gently with the (h)erring," as the Cockney fish-dealer said to a customer.

TENANTS OF THE DEEP.—People who have wat'ry landlords.

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GRAND MASQUERADE BALL GIVEN BY MR. MARETZEK AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, APRIL 5, 1866.—BY THOMAS NAST.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

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THE BAL D'OPERA AND CARICATURE DECORATIONS.

OUR double page this week represents the grand Bal d'Opera which took place at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, April 5. It was undoubtedly the event of the season, and proved a great success, the committee having spared no expense to make the arrangements on as grand a scale as possible. We hope, from the *éclat* with which this one went off, that Mr. MARETZEK may be induced to repeat the experiment annually. The picture is surrounded by representations of a few of the caricatures with which the ball-room was decorated. This new and original style of adornment emanated from the fertile brain of our own artist, THOMAS NAST, and greatly redounds to his credit. There were nearly a hundred paintings, all of them excellent caricatures, easily recognized at the first glance, and they formed the principal topic of conversation. They each of them amazingly portrayed the characteristics by which the various distinguished individuals were known, but none of them could be considered ill-natured; all parties fared alike, from the President down. The caricatures are to be sold by auction at an early day, at the Somerville Art Gallery in Broadway, near Fourteenth Street, when we hope Mr. NAST may amply realize the just reward of his talents and industry.

THE WORKERS.

CLINK, clank, sound the hammers now;
The sturdy anvils ring;
The bellows roar, and the hot flames pour
Their ruddy light far over the floor:
And the brawny smiths, they sing.

Whirr, whirr, go the busy looms
In the factories dark and high,
Where the timed sunbeam softly falls,
Through the crusted pane, on the blackened walls,
From the pure and beautiful sky.

Stitch, stitch, go the needles bright
And the silver gleaming thread;
Women toiling early and late,
While the eyelids droop with a heavy weight,
To earn their daily bread.

Click, click, go the slender types,
As they fall from the printer's hand;
Scattering wide each burning thought,
As it shaped itself in the mind that wrought,
Far over the waiting land.

Burr, burr, go the busy planes
In the homely work-shops, where
The sinewy joiners all day ply
Their noisy craft; and the shavings fly,
And their fragrance fills the air.

Ring, ring, chime the virgin coin,
As the mighty lever falls
On the solid bars of silver and gold
By the swarthy coiners fashioned and rolled
In the great mint's vaulted halls.

Delve, delve—hear the miners at work
Far down in the hidden mines,
Toiling by day and toiling by night
'Mid the noxious glooms, where no ray of light
From the warm sun ever shines.

On, on speed the sharpened plows
As they turn the heavy soil
Where the sturdy farmer guides the share
Through the last year's furrows, gleaming bare,
With the horny hand of toil.

These are the workers, hour by hour,
With hearts that are brave and true,
From dawn till dark, through the whole day's length,
Each gives with an earnest will his strength
To the work he finds to do.

But a grander task for all remains
Which will only end with Time;
And this grand task is 'mid the ceaseless din
Of the constant struggle that hems us in
To make our lives sublime.

DIMPLE.

SHE had golden hair, black eyes, a brunette skin, and a dimple in her chin. I think I fell in love with the dimple.

I wasn't any body in particular then, only a farmer's lad with a pair of strong arms, and plowing all day in old man Barton's field I used to see her come down into Aunty Maple's meadow joining it, with just a rail fence between, to milk the cows. I didn't know her name, and I felt shy about asking it; for who, at eighteen, likes to be laughed at? And I called her, to myself, "Dimple."

I used to say when the sun began to dip behind the Camel's Hump, which, either purple or white, was always to be seen from the field on clear days, she'll be here in half an hour. And there she always was, with her stool and pail, calling to the cows by name. There were four of them; Suke, and Short-horn, and Dapple, and Crummie. One day Crummie brought us acquainted.

They had taken the beast's calf from her, and she was like a wild thing about it; and just at milking-hour that torment of a boy, Nat Maple, hid himself behind the bushes and made a lowing sound. Crummie thought it was a calf, and when that minute Dimple opened the gate she lowered her horns and made at her.

What with the surprise and the fright together the girl stood quite still, turning white as the lilies in the pond close by; the pails dropped out of her hand and the stool flew any where, and there she was, woman like, giving herself up to her fate without a struggle.

There was a man near though, and he was over the fence with a great oak stick in a minute, and the next Crummie was one side of the gate and Dimple on the other. Brutes with four legs, like brutes with two, are generally afraid of those they know are not afraid of them, and it never entered Crummie's mind to toss me, I fancy.

But there was Dimple in a swoon, and the farm-house a quarter of a mile away. So I could only fill my hat with water from the pond and sprinkle her face with it, and lift her head upon my arm and hold it there, trembling to think she might have been frightened to death, until the great black eyes opened again, and the lips parted and began to grow red again, and she would stand up all pale and trembling. I steadied her with my arm for a minute or so, and then I took the pails and went into the meadow and did the milking for her, and after that I carried the full pails home for her, for she was trembling still. By that I earned a smile and a nod when we met, and, maybe, a word over the fence at milking times, for in the shadow of Camel's Hump one didn't care much, just then, about formal introductions.

Her name was not really Dimple, of course. It was Hetty Shaw; but I never thought of her by any name but the first, and pretty soon I began to call her so. I think she liked it, for what girl ever had a pretty dimple in cheek or chin without knowing it? None that ever I heard of.

I'm sitting in a velvet chair just now, in a room that cost goodness knows how much to furnish. I've an account at the bank, and shares in the Smashemflat Railway Company; but I'd change in a minute if I could back to raw, awkward John Jasper, perched on a rail fence, with nothing in his pocket but a hole, talking to Dimple, milking her cows in Aunty Maple's meadows; and many a richer man than I would give you any thing you could ask to put him back into a poorer place than that, if you'd only give him youth and the girl he first loved into the bargain.

It was the sort of thing to remember in dreams, that homely courtship, under the blue sky of heaven, with earth's clover under our feet. Cut that bit out of my life and it isn't worth much, to my thinking.

"Yes, I was courting her. I hadn't said "Will you be my wife?" yet, in so many words, but words are not needed when hearts know each other. I had looked and said enough, no doubt, and I went every where with her, and had that air of proprietorship in her which every man, high or low, understands, and took the liberty of finding fault with her gowns, when I didn't like them, and of telling her she looked better in pink than in blue; and she put up with it. Just the surest sign in the world that she liked me.

Nobody found any fault with these things that I know of but Hal Maple, the widow-Maple's son. It seems he had liked Dimple as well as a man could like a woman, and, perhaps, might have told her so, if it hadn't been that he was a dreamy sort of chap, with a fondness for books (he was studying for a doctor), who let time slip through his fingers without marking it, and who never guessed Dimple had a lover until he met us, face to face, her hand in mine, in Green Lane one Sunday evening.

Dimple tried to get her fingers away, but I held them tight, and a blue lightning danced in Hal Maple's eyes, and his cheeks flushed, and I saw through his pale student's face clear down into his heart. He was as jealous as Othello.

Not that I knew much of Othello then, seeing I had never been to a play in my life; but a few months after when I went to Boston and saw it performed, the actor—he must have been a good one—looked over the lamps into the pit at me with just Hal Maple's face, blue lightning in the eyes and all, as I saw it in Green Lane.

After that meeting he tried his best to make up for lost time, but it was too late. I don't blame the fellow for hating me; and he kept the hatred pretty much to himself, and never did an ungentlemanly thing. He was a gentleman by nature was Hal Maple.

How proud I was, and how glad I was, and what pyramids of little hopes I built! Not one of which could have been built without Dimple. I even forgot the one trial of my life—the thing I had fretted and fumed over more than I can tell you—nothing more nor less than being a farmer's lad when I wanted to be something more, and stopping short with a common school education when it had been in my mind to be a scholar. Nobody had I envied more than Hal Maple, whose mother could send him to college and let him study for a profession; who would some day be called Dr. Maple, and have a gentleman's position in the world. Now the tables were turned. Hal Maple envied *me*. We're a cruel lot in this world. I rose a good deal in my own estimation by having made myself envied.

This was my plan just then. To live along in the shadow of the Camel's Hump, working and saving until I could get a piece of ground. To build a little house on that, when it was bought, and marry my little Dimple. Then if we had a cow and a churn, a pine table, and four chairs, and a big feather-bed, what more could mortals want to begin with? I never should have thought of any thing more if one bright day—I think Satan showed him the way—my mother's Uncle Darrow had not found me out. He had quarreled with my parents long before, and in his old age had grown remorseful. He told me plainly he was not rich enough to make me rich without injuring his own children, but he was ready to give me a start in life. "A respectable start," he said, looking at the dust upon my boots and the bits of hay on my clothes, "and one your mother would approve of."

Well, I had given up all hope of such a thing, but the wish was not dead yet. It flashed up into flame at his words. I thanked him and pleased him by looking genuinely grateful, and that day got ready to go back to Boston with him. I was so busy that every cow in the meadow had been milked by the time I jumped the fence to have a talk to Dimple.

"Dimple," I said, in a hurry, "I'm going to Boston by the eight o'clock train."

"To Boston!" she cried; "for long, John?"

"For good, Dimple," said I.

If her color had been paint, and she had dipped her cheeks in the pond, all the red could not have left them faster. I saw I had frightened her, and began to reassure her.

"I have excellent prospects there," I said. "I've always hated this life," and then I told her all. She ought to have been pleased, but she cried instead. "How lonesome it will be!" said she.

"I shall miss you, I'm sure," said I; "but I'll write twice a week and come down when I can. It won't seem much. Besides, it's not for long, you know."

At that her cheek changed to scarlet.

She talked a good while in womanish fashion about what I should do in the city, and she sat down by me on an old stump and let her head rest on my shoulder, and by-and-by grew more cheerful. But oh, how hard it was to leave her after all!

I kissed her and went away, and came back again to kiss her once more; and then I stopped to wave my hand to her, and stopped again, just at the foot of the hill, to see the little figure looking after me; and once more at the top, when a fleck of pink I knew to be her gown was all I could see against the green grass, and then I found my sunburnt cheeks wet and guessed how they came so. People never die at the minute they afterward think would have been best for them. I think my soul would have gone straight to heaven if my body had dropped, a bit of clay, under the sycamores on the hill-top just then. I had a good mind to go back to old man Barton that minute and ask him to take me back, and refuse to accept any offer that would separate me from Dimple for a day; but in an hour or so I began to think myself an idiot for harboring any such fancy. At eight o'clock I stepped into the train and was off for Boston.

I was three-and-twenty now, and it was hardly the thing to begin to study. My education was sufficient for a mercantile life, and into that I entered. At a low point, of course, but with a chance for rising. My salary was what would have been a small fortune to me a year before, and at first I intended to go back to —— and marry Dimple and bring her up to Boston to keep house for me in a week.

I didn't know what city life was then. In a week my cousins had taught me. The clerk's salary was not enough to dress and live alone on as I must. I must wait for Dimple. Meanwhile I wrote to her. She answered with such queer, crooked, ill-spelled notes, my name in the corner written "*Mister* John Jasper," and "with great care" beneath it. I used to kiss them and put them in my bosom at first. After a while I sent her word to have them left at the post-office until called for, because those at the office used to grin so when I got them. At my uncle's it was worse yet. There were three pretty girls there who teased me unmercifully about them, and who screamed with fun at the crooked folding and the unnecessary caution to the postman on the back. It was very cruel of me to be ashamed of darling Dimple's loving letters, but I was. They did her such injustice. That was the way I excused myself. They did her such injustice. She was a lady when you spoke to and looked at her.

So I thought; but three months with those fashionable cousins of mine, and I went down to ——. I met Dimple at the church door, and walked home with her. She was more beautiful than ever; but so rapid had been my education that I noticed, after the first happiness of the meeting was over, that she had on leather shoes, and that her bonnet was what the Mesdames Darrow would have called "a fright." Besides, it certainly *was not* stylish to hang on my arm with both hands as she did, and to carry her handkerchief folded flat on her hymn-book in the bend of her elbow. But for all that I loved her, and thought of the time when she should be my wife. I knew now it could not be until I could hire a house fit for a gentleman to live in, and buy Dimple dresses such as ladies wore, and have sofas and lounges and *têtes-à-tête* to sit on, instead of the four pine chairs which would have contented us once. I think I gave a sigh or two, even then, for the lost simplicity and the ease with which I could have settled down in the poor little cottage three months before; and I remember burying my face in my hands half the way back to Boston, with a sort of miserable desire to shut out thought along with the daylight.

It was *six* months before I went down again; and then I must have cut a very fine figure, for there was a regular stir in the church when I went in, and I heard a whisper of "Boston store clothes."

I had a cigar-case of prime Havanas in my pocket; a watch and seals at my fob; a diamond ring and a pin to match; but I was by no means rich enough to be married. My salary would be doubled next quarter; but then I had my aunt's estimate of "the least a young couple could live on."

Perhaps my manner was colder to Dimple than it had been. She looked sad when we parted; and it was a whole fortnight before she wrote. I *did* kiss her letter then, for I had been anxious about it.

Oh dear, dear! what little things our tragedies and comedies on the stage of actual life are made of! Write them down, and half the time no one would read them. Little things happened to me, and drove me step by step into a new road, and so it came to thinking that I never should be able to marry; that is, a poor girl, and that there was no reason in the world for writing so many letters, and that, all things considered, I would not. So those queer little notes went unanswered, until, in her fright, Dimple came down to Boston to see me. That ended it, for she was no fool. By the next post, after she went back, came this note to me:

"MR. JOHN JASPER,—I am not angry—only I have seen that things are not as they *was*. You and *me* have both *maid* a mistake, and it is better to speak *plane* about it than to let it go on longer. In this you will find your ring, and, by some safe hand, I will send your letters. Please send me mine, for it is not fit you should keep them now; and believe I shall always wish you well.

"HETTY SHAW."

When that note came I raved and stamped and tore my hair at first; then I cooled down. It *was* better—much better; and then it was her doing, not mine. (How I lied to myself!) So pretty soon I sent back her letters by a country woman who brought mine, and it was all over between us, and Dimple was not my Dimple any longer.

Sitting in the close city office, in the hot summer days, I used to think sometimes of the breezy green meadows and the waving grain-fields, and wonder whether she came there at sunset, as of yore, to milk the cows. That sort of thing made me wretched though; so I did as little of it as I could, and at last resolved to do what my aunt had been trying to wheedle me into all along; namely, marry Miss Graymarsh for her money. She was very rich, and wonderfully stylish, but not so young as she had been, and never in all her life pretty. I danced with her a few evenings; called on her a few mornings; sent her a bouquet and tickets for the Opera; acted as her escort there; proposed, and was accepted under cover of the music, and was married in two months.

After that I had the finest house I knew of—a wife who "shimmered i' the sun," with her fine silks and jewels, like the bride of the ballad—owned the fastest trotter on the road, and was as idle as I pleased. Was I happy? Do you suppose a bird is happy in a gilded cage? Over and over again, waking or sleeping, I heard the tinkle of the cow-bells, and saw Dimple looking over the bars at me—Dimple, with her golden hair and jet-black eyes. I hardly knew what the color of my wife's eyes really was.

I led a life fast and wild as life could be. I was only home once in a while. Then, after the first, it was sneer, taunt, and quarrel—quarrel, taunt, and sneer. "*My*" house, and "*my*" horses, and "*my*" money from her from morning until night. We never had a child; so there was nothing to bind us together. Still we went through the forms of society, and nobody guessed we were not fond of each other, I suppose. At last we went to Newport, as usual, one summer; and one glowing morning she would have me go down on the beach. I wanted quiet and my cigar. She turned on me fiercely:

"My money bought you," she said, "and I do not choose to appear, what I am, a neglected wife. Come, I have paid for your attention at least."

I did not go with her. I said words to her which, even with such provocation I never should have said, and she went alone. An hour after I left my room and sauntered down stairs. There was a crowd at the door, another crowd down on the beach, a dreadful something in every face, turned seaward, a whisper of "Keep him back!" "Stop him!" It was of me they spoke; but I forced my way forward and saw men bearing something white and dripping up the path. My wife. By what chance no one ever quite knew she had been drowned. My first thought was that she had drowned herself, and, conscience-smitten, I swooned upon the floor.

When all was over and I was free, with wealth to squander at will, I began to think how I might have made some little happiness for myself by being more tender to her. How even her love would have been better than her contempt. The splendid empty house was a haunted place to me, and I shut it up, and went wandering here and there over the world. I went to Europe. I came back, and found home no happier. I tried California. I lived a month in Canada. At last I thought of the Camel's Hump, and the village in its shadow.

I longed to see the old place once again. Perhaps I wanted to know what had become of Dimple. And there, in a few days, I found myself at the hotel, quite a fashionable place by that time, with Brussels carpets and mattresses in the bedrooms, and a piano in the parlor.

The place had altered. The people were dead or scattered. A young farmer had old man Barton's land, all but a piece cut off by the railway. The Smiths were all in the grave-yard, and the Brown girls had changed their names to a woman. Nobody remembered me, with my great man's mustache and beard, for the smooth-faced young fellow who had lived among them; and the only house unchanged was the widow Maple's. She lived there still, and her son with her. She had hair as white as snow now, and in the middle of his head was a great bald spot, such as students have, nine times in ten, before they are forty.

There was a gilded sign—"Dr. Maple"—on the side of the door, and he had a gig; that was all. I wondered whether I should find Dimple there. After a while I saw her. Down in the meadow, milking the cows, calling them by name, as she did in the long ago. I half expected to hear "Crummie" called, they looked so like the old ones. It was not a girl who milked them now, for I had been away fifteen years, but a woman—a very handsome woman of two-and-thirty. She did her task deftly, aided by a little girl who came with her and went away, not seeing me. But I had seen her glance over the fence where another youth was plowing as I used to plow, and I wondered if she thought— She had the same black eyes and the same golden hair; and I had been right about the face, it was the loveliest in the world.

I could not rest after that. I rode past the house daily; sometimes I saw her, sometimes not. At last a lucky, or unlucky chance befell me. I was thrown from my horse, broke an arm and a rib, and was carried into Dr. Maple's house.

I was in pain, and only half-conscious at first, but as I grew better I began to know that Dimple was my nurse. Her hand smoothed my pillow and gave me my medicine. Often she kept vigil at night, and her face was always gentle and her voice low. What an angel she seemed to me! and even then I could not but notice that her countrified, girlish ways were softened down, and that she was quite a lady.

She knew me, for she called me by name; but what did she think of me? That was a problem I could not solve. As I grew better I knew that I must solve it somehow. I had loved Dimple once, and I loved her yet, with a sort of new love too, born of the present as well as the past. And I wondered whether she had kept single for my sake.

At last I spoke to her,

"Dimple," I said, "will you come here?"

She was sewing in the fading light near the window, but she laid down her work and came to me.

"Do you want any thing, Mr. Jasper?"

"I do, a few words with you."

"And welcome," she said, smiling.

"I'm so much better now," I said, "that I shall

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go home soon. I want to thank you for your kindness. You have been so good to me."

"I've only done my duty, Sir."

"But to me, I am so undeserving."

"You broke your arm, and were ill. We women never think further than that."

"Ah, but you must; I proved myself such a worthless dog, long ago."

"So long ago I've quite forgotten it," said Dimple. "You'd better sleep now."

"I can't, Dimple. Nor can *I* forget. Those old times were the happiest of my life."

"These will be the unhappiest if you talk any more," she said. "I shall call the doctor. Your head is quite hot. We'll have you in a fever next." And in a minute in came Dr. Hal Maple, making me jealous in a moment by the bright smile he won from Dimple and by the look he gave her.

Sleep! I slept none that night, and there was fever at my heart if not in my brain.

I found no more chance of speaking to Dimple for some days, fume as I might. By that time I was well and ready to leave the roof which had so hospitably sheltered me. I thanked the doctor and his mother, and looked for Dimple. She was not there. It was the milking hour, and she was in the meadow.

To the meadow I went to venture all: to lose or win for life. I leaned against the bars with my hurt arm in a sling and watched her. She was teaching the little girl to milk, and laughing at her blunders. Soon she saw me and nodded.

"I have come to bid you good-by," I said.

"Good-by, Mr. Jasper," she answered, and crossed to me and held out her hand. "I'm glad you are well. Don't break any more bones. This has been a pretty serious time with you."

"I was near death, I believe?" I said.

"Yes, but for the doctor's skill you might have died."

"And *your* care."

She shook her head.

"*I* did nothing."

"You did all, Dimple, perhaps you did more than you know. You can't tell what thoughts were in my mind. How bitterly I rued my heartless conduct. If I thought I had grieved you, I—"

She shook her head.

"I was a young thing of seventeen," she said, "and had a romantic trust in human nature. I was shocked, and I did fret a little. I'm ashamed now that I could have grieved for such a little thing."

"A little thing, Dimple?"

"Yes, the love that could change is too small a thing to grieve or even think of."

I can not convey an idea of the placid way in which she spoke, not taunting me, only uttering a truth she knew to be one.

But I was flushed and excited.

"My love has never changed, Dimple," I said. "I was only mad for a while. I have never loved any one but you. I never shall. My heart has been empty since we parted."

"You will find some one to fill it yet," she said. "That little romance of yours and—and mine was over long ago. As well bewail a broken toy of our childhood. I must say good-by, Mr. Jasper."

"Not yet," I said, in a husky whisper—"not yet. Dimple, I love you to-day as I never did before. Nay, do not take your hand from me; let me keep it. Dimple, you must give me a little hope, or I die."

"You insult me, Sir," she said, wrenching her fingers from me. "You have no right to speak so. I have done nothing to warrant it."

"Insult!" I repeated. "Ah, Dimple, I mean no insult. I deserve punishment, but I have been punished. Think one moment, darling—be merciful; unless you are my wife life is valueless."

"Your wife!" she repeated.

"Dimple—dear Dimple—my wife!"

She burst into a laugh—a rippling, innocent laugh.

"I thought you knew," she said. "But then he calls me Hetty, and I call him Doctor; and we kept the children away for fear of harming you. I've been married twelve years, John Jasper, and Hal Maple is my husband. I know what real love is now—true love—that could not change. That is my girl yonder by the dappled cow—the eldest. The others are boys. I'm a very happy woman, and have been a long while, John."

Then she looked at me pityingly.

"I'm sorry you are not. I hope you will be some day," she said, simply, and gave me her hand. Then I watched her out of sight along the meadow. Hal Maple's wife—not mine.

I'm an old man now, and live in the grand frozen city house. I have friends, who eat and drink with me, and am rich, and, among business men, a little famous. But often, amidst the gayest carousal or "on 'Change," all things of the present pass away, and I see the field and the meadow and the lowing kine, and Dimple among them, and lean over the bars to kiss her before I am sure it is only an old man's dream.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE is something dreadfully uncomfortable in the feeling with which one reads the recent debate in the French Senate, on the report of the committee on a petition by Dr. Cornol, for an extension of the *Code Civile* in the matter of ante-burial ceremonies. The French law is exceedingly tiresome in all that relates to the conveyance of corpses from one place to another, and indeed in every thing connected with death, so that if an American is by any misfortune charged with conducting the last rites for a friend or relation who has chanced to die in France, he will find it about the most annoying piece of business he has ever had any thing to do with. It is nothing of this kind, however, against which Dr. Cornol has petitioned, for in all probability a Frenchman accustomed to paternal government may not feel its solicitudes in season and out of season to be so much a *gêne* as a less profusely governed man does. The law requires that twenty-four hours shall elapse between death and burial, and the minimum thus fixed Dr. Cornol declares to be not nearly sufficient, a declaration which he supports by numerous instances of suspended animation, showing that he has good ground for his opinion that a large number of persons are annually buried alive in France. No subject would provide a more ghastly theme for the pen than this, and there is a fascination about it against which men like Edgar Poe have not been proof.

The whole question is in itself sufficiently striking, but a dramatic effect was produced in the Senate when the matter was brought before that body, such as very few assemblies in the world have had an opportunity of witnessing—an effect which might have appeared in one of the elder Dumas's more dashing and improbable novels, but would certainly up to this time have been held to be scarcely legitimate in ordinary works of fiction. M. de la Gueronnière, in presenting the report, argued against the petition, and proposed to shelve it by the technical motion to proceed with the order of the day. Thereupon his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux rose and expressed his dissent from the Viscomte's conclusion. In the first place, he declared that the precautionary regulations of the law were very frequently evaded in practice, but the strength of his argument was that even if strictly carried out they were wholly insufficient. He had himself, while yet a *curé*, saved several lives about to be sacrificed to the indecent haste of survivors. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to perfect health. Another man, of advanced years, had been already put in the coffin, and yet lived for twelve hours after. Moreover, he had performed in his own person a miracle such as would have given him a good chance of becoming a canonized saint had he lived in the Middle Ages, when people believed in the continuance of miraculous power. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering the face as he entered, but allowing him to observe so much as convinced him that the maiden was not dead but slept. Thereupon, with a loud voice (how Scripturally it runs!), he cried out that he was come to save her. He adjured her to feel convinced that by an effort she could shake off the lethargy which oppressed her, and could return to life. His voice reached her numbed sensations, she made the effort, and has lived to be a wife and mother. This very remarkable account throws light upon the miracles of early times. Thus when Empedocles, the philosopher, got the credit of rescuing Alcestis, a deceased woman (see the story told by Diogenes, Laertius, and others), there can be little doubt that the person whom he saved was suffering under one of the various forms of *coma*, to which all nations have given so many different names, and to which we ourselves in common parlance, rightly or wrongly, do the same. It is as well to add, in passing, that although this remark might apply equally well to the case of the damsel whom the words "Talitha Kumi" brought back to life, that miracle was only one out of a very large number, to the majority of which no such explanation could apply.

But his Eminence had a more striking instance to adduce. A young priest fell down dead, as it was supposed, while preaching in a crowded church on a sultry day, about forty years ago. The funeral bell was tolled, the doctor came and examined him in the perfunctory official style, much in the same way as the two inspectors at Hull examined the fatal 600 head of diseased cattle in three hours and a half, and certified that he was dead, all in the dead man's full hearing. Then came the measuring for the coffin, the *De Profundis* recited by episcopal lips, accompanied by the intense agony of one who was conscious of the preparations that were being made for his own burial. At length some one present spoke, whose voice the dead man had known and loved from very early years. A chord was touched which galvanized the frame, the corpse rose up, and became once more a living soul. Such stories are to be found in many story-books, and probably few of the Archbishop's audience were not familiar with something of the kind as the result of their reading at an age when the marvelous and the horrible have a peculiar fascination for the mind. But there was something in the speaker's manner which led them to suppose that it was no ordinary tale that was being told in their presence, and they hung upon his further words: "That young priest, gentlemen, is the same who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

It is satisfactory, really, to run such a story to earth. We have never felt quite clear about the truth of the dreadful stories that are told of facts observed, and the horrible suggestions of unknown terrors to which these facts give rise. Every one has heard of the lady whose ring tempted a servant to violate her tomb, and even to endeavor to bite off the finger from which it refused to be drawn, the shock of which brought back the dead woman to life and consciousness. And there is that ghastly scene where corpses are laid out in full dress, with wires in their hands connected with bells, so that the smallest motion of the muscles would summon an attendant. And a tale is told of a corpse suddenly rising up from the bed on which it was laid out, terrifying the watcher so that she fled half-fainting, and the reanimated body was left without assistance and once more died, this time completely. The horrors of being buried alive are so manifest and manifold that it is almost unnecessary to point out how such a death has been reserved as a punishment for the direst offenses only. Vestal virgins with broken vows and nuns convicted of unchastity are among the most ordinary examples, their offense being held to be the most heinous conceivable under the peculiar circumstances of their position. At Enstury, in Dorset, there is a tradition that many years ago a man was put quick into the earth as a punishment, buried up to the neck, a guard preventing any from rescuing or feeding him till death relieved him. The Irish rebel, Shane O'Niel, used to get right after drinking himself drunk with usquebaugh by a like process, being placed upright in a pit and covered with earth to his shoulders, by which means, says Holinshed, his body, being "extremely inflamed and distempered, was recovered to some temperature."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME sarcastic critic—evidently a novice in the ways and *airs* of fashionable society—thus hits off the affected hesitation frequently evinced when a young lady is asked to sing at an evening party:

"On being led to the piano the young lady first throws a timid glance round the room, ostensibly to show a gentle confusion, in reality to see who is looking at her. She then observes to the lady of the house, 'That she is not in very good voice, having a slight cold,' which she confirms by a faint sound, something between a sigh, a smile, and a single-knock cough. 'Oh! but you always sing so delightfully,' declares the hostess, encouragingly. The young lady is 'certain she can not this evening'—to strengthen which opinion she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous by giving him her bouquet to hold; and drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, lays them, together with her filmy handkerchief, conspicuously upon the piano. An active gentleman volunteers to shut down the top of the piano, which has been opened for quadrilles, and pinches his fingers in the attempt; the musicians form a series of dissolving views; and the young lady takes her place at the piano. As she plays the chords of the key she is about to luxuriate in every body is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music-stool is too high, or too low, or something of the kind. At length all being still she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess, and saying she is 'certain she shall break down,' she brings out the opening notes of a recitative, which makes the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and silences even a couple who are whispering all sorts of nothings to a talkative lady in the back drawing-room."

It is no wonder that such ridiculous affectation—of which the above is no overdrawn picture—should be rather disgusting to sensible men and women. It is a rare but refreshing sight to see a lady without apology comply with a request to sing, with the same grace and ease that she would contribute to the enjoyment of her friends in other ways.

Another fault is lamentably common. Many a time have we listened to a song trilled forth in a most artistic manner, querying mentally the while, whether it was French, Italian, or what foreign tongue, and have been chagrined to find that it was only *English*; but the keenest ear could not have detected a word or syllable analogous to any hitherto known in our vocabulary. At a school exhibition not long ago, the first music performed was, "Teach me, O Lord," etc. It was sung thus: "*Tee-ee chme Ol ord ther wa yof thy sta-atue, aan di shall kee pit unto the en, dan di shall kee pit unto the en*," etc. An anthem was next performed, commencing, "Turn, O Lord, O turn away." It was rendered, "*Tschurn, no Lor do tschurn na-way.*"

Nothing is more delightful than good singing and good music—in the family, in the social gathering, in the church. But something more than vocal ability or artistic skill is necessary to produce good music—the "spirit and the understanding" must be thrown into the performance. Let the children in the family be trained to sing—not merely the *one* who may possess a "fine voice" and a "correct ear," but *all*. How many look back regretfully to their childish days, remembering how they were told, "you have no voice," "your ear is not correct," "you'll never make a singer," until it seemed a fixed fact. Some have *ten* talents—some only *one*. Let not parents help their children to bury *the one*. All may not become Jenny Linds—but there are very few who, by proper training, may not join in the music of the family circle—with, at least, pleasure to themselves.

Some of our city journals do not seem to have much confidence in the knowledge possessed by their readers of the first principles of Numeration. The following item recently appeared:

"Leavenworth, Kansas, exhibits great mercantile activity for so small a place. The daily average of deposits at one of the banking houses of that city during the month of February was $676,091, or over six hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars."

Yes, just ninety-one cents over! as any New York school-boy of ten years old would be able to tell from the numerals alone. However, such a double statement of numbers may be needful in some cases. For we call to mind a certain fashionable dressed lady, sitting stately in her pew at church, holding her gilt-edged and Turkey-bound hymn-book. The clergyman gave out the hymn, number 1076. The lady fumbled over her book a moment, then leaned over to her neighbor, and the hymn being pointed out to her, was heard to mutter, "*one*, 0, *seven, six*," with which memoranda she succeeded in finding the place.

Burglars in New York continue to perform midnight pranks. So thoroughly do citizens understand this, that we do not believe it possible for the most devout believer in spiritual manifestations in *this* city to be "taken in" as was a novice in another city:

He was in his first comfortable snooze when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirit on the table, indeed!

"Who's there?"

There was no answer, and the noise stopped.

"Any body there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. [*Aloud.*] If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify the same by saying 'Ay'—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room will it please to rap three times?"

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three taps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine taps.

"Do you want any thing?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking on the extraordinary visit he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down into the hall, and his great-coat off altogether.

It is said that a Massachusetts man has invented a *cotton-picking* machine, which will do the work of twenty men, gathering cotton as clean as the most expert hand could do it, taking it only from the bolls which are ripe and well open, leaving the undeveloped pods uninjured, and not harming the plant. If this really proves to be a success—as skilful experts in Massachusetts pronounce it—it will materially aid in reducing the price of cotton.

To see a person in church nodding—apparently (from a back view) in approbation of the minister's opinions—is not such a very rare sight in the city, though more common, perhaps, in the country. If seats in church were constructed after the pattern of those in St. Philip's Chapel, England, built long before the time of Henry VIII., sleeping in church would be attended with difficulty, not to say danger. These seats are so fixed upon hinges that those who sit on them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the old monks who used them dropped asleep during the service the seat came forward and pitched them headlong on the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the oaken back, and made noise enough to attract the attention of the whole congregation. In our day, however, comfortable seats may be retained, provided we have life-like preaching and thorough ventilation in the church. If the carbonic acid gas generated on one Sunday is carefully shut up for respiration on the succeeding Sunday, of course the congregation will experience the natural somniferous effects, and the minister himself will most likely be monotonously soporific.

We may laugh at the quaintness of speech in the little anecdote given below, but there is an underlying lesson in it which we all might well learn and practice:

A black minister was closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill-manners to laugh, so that the sable supplicant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly, "Bless s'l dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "Amen," the pious old negro said: "O Lord! we are not in de habit of addin' postscripts to our prayers; but if the 'spression, 'Bless all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human also besides. Amen!"

The prognosticators of evil declare that we shall have few peaches this season, as all the buds, they say, were winter-killed. Perhaps this is really true at last. But fruit-dealers have for so many seasons followed the example of the boy in the fable, who cried out, "*A wolf! a wolf!*" that we don't believe them, and expect to eat peaches in their season just as usual.

It is said that there is a plague of mice this spring in Ohio. They have attacked the fruit-trees in some sections, and destroyed over five thousand trees. They are so thick that in passing through the fields in some places they scatter before you in every direction.

A London correspondent of *The Queen* gives the following incident *apropos* of the cattle plague:

"I was much amused by a conversation I overheard the other day between two dancing acquaintances. 'Do you know the last new galop?' 'What, the United Service?' 'No.' 'The Eclipse?' 'No.' 'The Croquet?' 'No.' 'The Orpheus?' 'No.' 'The Harum-scarum?' 'No.' 'The Donato?' 'No.' 'Why, my good fellow, these are all the newest.' 'Oh no! there's one later than any of them; haven't you heard the Rinderpest Galop?' 'Why, you don't mean to say people have had the bad taste to—' 'Pon my word they have though; it's a capital one too.'"

The greatest crusade against *natural* hair was in the time of William the Third. It is recorded that a barber wrote the following lines, and placed them with a painting of Absalom outside his door:

"Oh Absalom, oh Absalom,
Oh Absalom, my son,
If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone!"

Another record is that two barbers, having quarreled, appeared in court. The complaint was, by the first barber, that he had a sign of a man, artistically painted hanging to a tree by his long hair, which had caught in the boughs. Under the picture were words of similar import to these:

"Passenger, here you may behold
The fate of Absalom the bold:
If he had wisely worn a wig,
He'd not have hung upon this twig."

The rival barber and poet thereupon had a sign painted of a man drowning, and another man seeking to rescue him, but in vain, as he had clutched hair which proved to be a wig, and away the drowning man floated. Underneath is this verse:

"Even if you are paid for it,
Do not put a wig on your pate
My friends, be quite assured of it,
To false hair this gent owes his fate."

The judge and the audience laughed heartily, and to the discomfiture of the possessor of the first sign, the judge declared he could not see any wrong done, and dismissed the case.

There seem to be matrimonial difficulties in other parts of the world as well as in America, and trials—we mean *court* trials, not domestic ones—arising therefrom. In a case which has recently been brought into the London courts a wife gives evidence that her husband put her into an omnibus on October 15, 1863, saying that he "should be home to dinner," and that he had not yet returned. This reminds us of a bit of dialogue in a novel now in course of publication in one of the French journals: "Where is your husband?" says a gentleman. "He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" asks the gentleman. "Eighteen years," replies the lady. "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically. "He wants to choose a good one."

Telegraphic mistakes are not altogether sectional, as may be seen by the following incident:

Some time ago a functionary in Algeria applied to the Minister of Public Works for permission to build some fountains in the town placed under his enlightened rule. The answer he received by telegraph ran as follows: "*Construisez q. q. fontaines.*" The initial letters stood, of course, for *quelques*, but the matter-of-fact shepherd of the people read them as numerical figures, and accordingly dotted the town all over with 99 fountains. Never was there a place so well supplied with water.

A singular instance is on record of a family of five persons who have resided upon a farm in Derry, New Hampshire, for a period of fifty-three years, during which time there was neither a birth, death, nor marriage in the family. Neither did they during the time put a letter into the post-office, take one out, or take a newspaper. This was apparently a case of total stagnation.

A Richmond paper says that young men are scarce in that city, and maidens and widows plenty. The editor thus relieves his mind:

"We do not think, in view of the great scarcity of men, that it is fair for widows to marry a second time until all the young maidens have secured husbands. The Legislature ought to attend to this matter, and protect the interests of young ladies, for without the aid of legal enactments the widows are sure to play the grab game."

Now in China the customs of society are such that it is considered a disgrace to marry a widow, no matter how intelligent, interesting, and handsome she may be, as well as a disgraceful or shameful step on the part of the widow to consent to marry again. No rich and fashionable family ever marries a son to a widow. Poor families sometimes arrange to marry one of their sons to a widow, when they feel themselves unable to procure a girl of good character on account of the necessary expense incurred in such a case. The expense attendant on marrying a widow is comparatively small.

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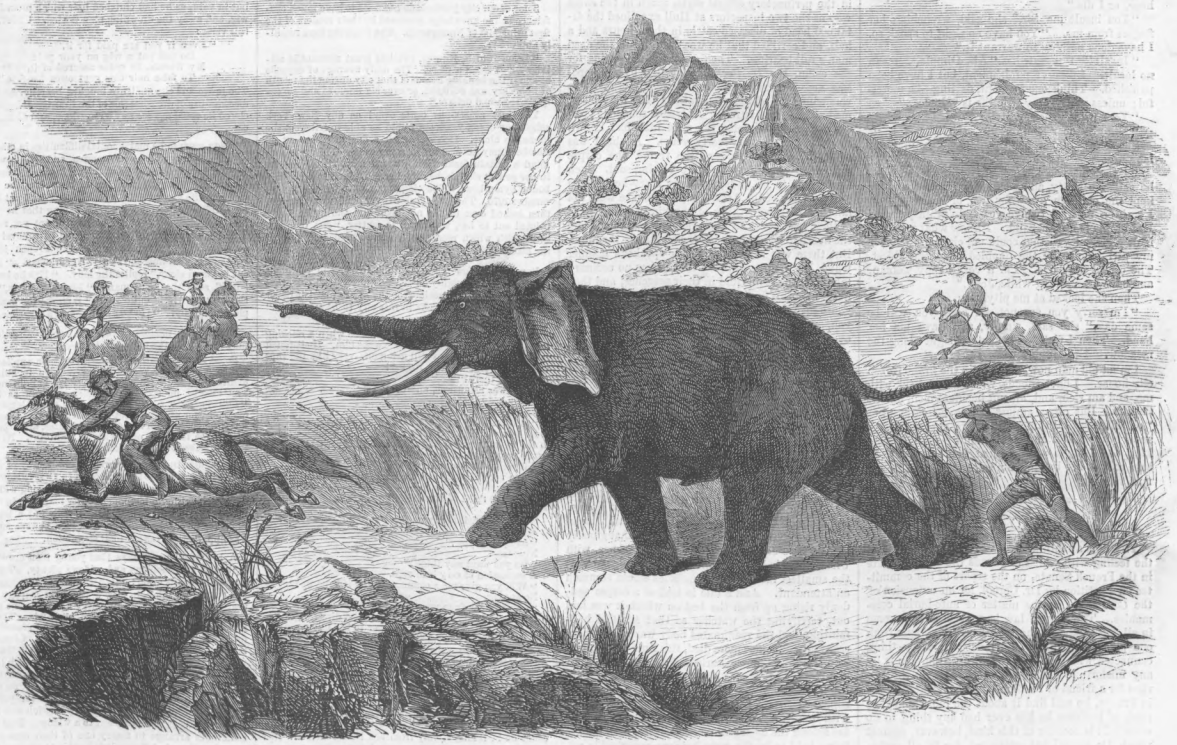
KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—[SEE PAGE 238.]



THE LATE KING OF SIAM.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

WE give on this page an illustration of a characteristic scene in Central African life as witnessed by the well-known traveler, Mr. S. W. BAKER, in his expedition to the source of the White Nile and the shores of Lake Albert, Nyassa. The subject of the sketch is elephant-hunting with the sabre, as practiced by the Hamran Arabs on the frontiers of Abyssinia, along the Settite River. Mr. BAKER hunted with these Arabs for some months in 1862. So dextrous are they as riders that they can pick up a stone from the ground at full gallop, and both dismount and remount at the same pace. They hunt all kinds of animals with no other weapon than the sabre, including the lion, the rhinoceros, and the elephant. The great art is to divert the attention of the elephant when hunted to bay; the enraged animal then follows one man with great fury, and at this opportunity a hunter gallops up behind him and, swiftly dismounting, severs the "tendon of Achilles" with one blow of the sabre, used with two hands. This at once disables the



ARABS OF ABYSSINIA HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

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huge beast, and, the blow being repeated on the other leg, he quickly bleeds to death, being thus actually *killed* with the sabre.

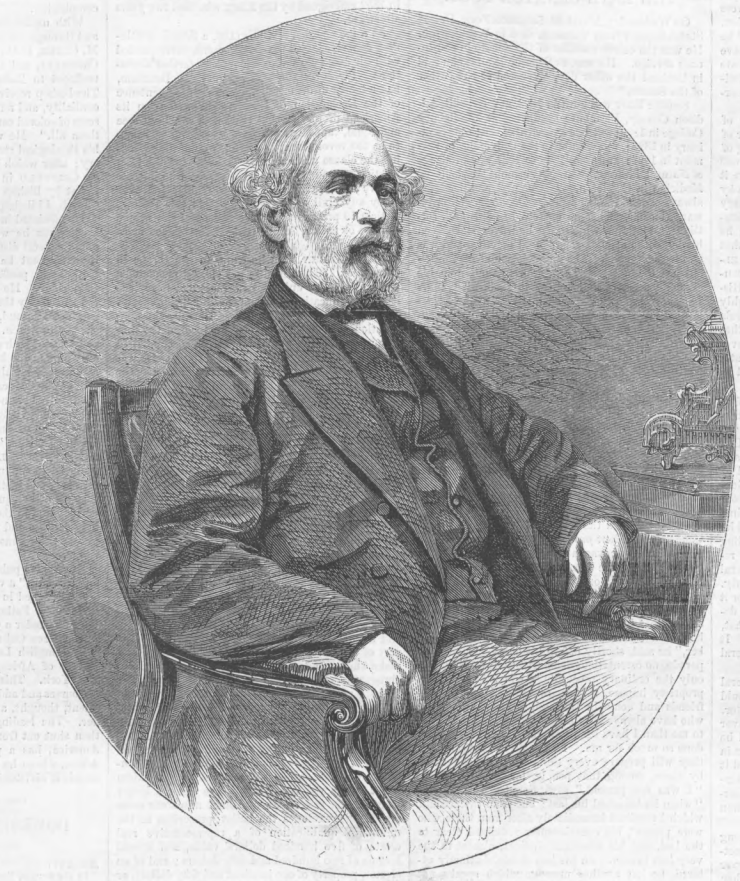
No other tribe but the Hamran Arabs hunt in this way. The danger is exceedingly great, and many hunters lose their lives. Having shared in these hunts, Mr. BAKER has been an eye-witness to what might otherwise have seemed, even to an old elephant-hunter like himself, quite incredible.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE was undoubtedly the most popular of the conspicuous Confederate leaders. The political chiefs had all excited special animosities, but a certain passivity of temperament and mildness of manner conciliated all who came personally in contact with LEE, and his military career had separated him from local intrigue and consequent calumny. It pleased the imagination of his section, also, that he was of a noted Virginian family sprung of English Cavaliers. His father was "Light Horse" or "Legion Harry" of the Revolution, who had been warmly praised by WASHINGTON and GREENE, and was known as one of the most dashing officers of that war. LEE himself was the owner of the White House estate and of Arlington House, and, as second in his class at West Point, as a brave soldier in Mexico, where he was brevetted as Colonel, as Superintendent of the Military Academy, and Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General SCOTT, he added individual distinction to that which he had inherited, and completed the spell which charmed the Southern fancy. It was not difficult for that fancy to see in such a man, when placed at the head of an army, a "great Captain," and to describe a leader whose life was correct as a "Christian soldier and gentleman."

General LEE was born in 1808, and graduated at West Point in 1829. He was First Lieutenant of Engineers in 1836, and Captain in 1838. He was Chief Engineer with General WOOL in Mexico, served gallantly in the chief actions there, was severely wounded, and finally brevetted Colonel. In 1852 he was Superintendent at West Point. In 1855 he was relieved and made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry. On the 16th March, 1861, he was made Colonel of the First Cavalry. From the time that he left Mexico until he drew his sword against the United States he had seen no active service, except that, during the night of the 18th October, 1858, following the failure of old JOHN BROWN's enterprise at Harper's Ferry, Lieutenant-Colonel LEE arrived with ninety United States marines and two pieces of artillery, and occupied the Armory guard, very near the engine-house.

Colonel LEE remained attached to the military family of General SCOTT, and in intimate personal and official relations with him, until the 20th of April, 1861, the day after the massacre in Baltimore, and six days after the fall of Fort Sumter. On that day he wrote to General SCOTT from Arlington House, resigning his commission. He had already received overtures from the rebel authorities in Virginia, and no one knew better than Colonel LEE that resignation in the face of the enemy, with the intention of joining him, is treated as desertion by the military custom of all nations. But



ROBERT E. LEE, IN CIVIL LIFE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

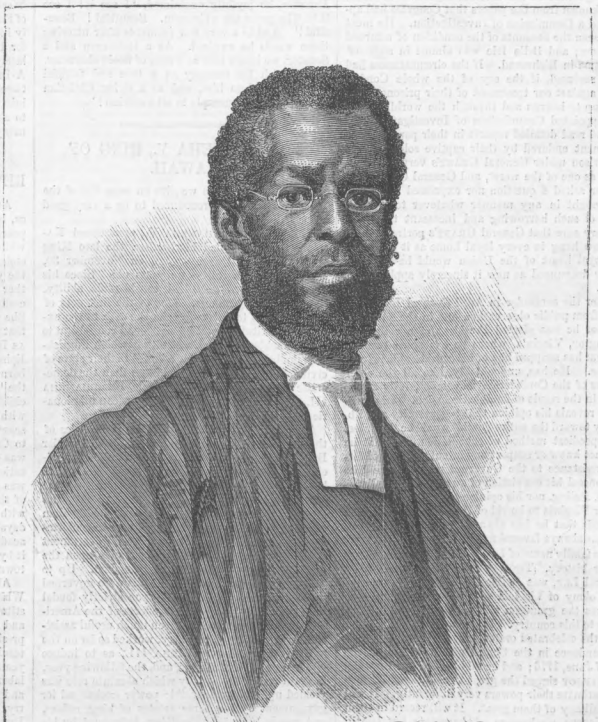
bred in the political school of his section, which made the flag under which he had always served an unmeaning rag, a sincere sophistry doubtless saved Colonel LEE from the sense of dishonor. In his letter of resignation he spoke with unquestionable sincerity of "the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed....Save in defense of my native State I never desire again to draw my sword." It was not the letter of a conscious conspirator, but of a man deluded and confused by a conflict which he could not comprehend. On the same day he wrote to his sister: "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." After speaking of his resignation and his hope that his State may never need his services, he concludes: "I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

These letters were written on the 20th of April. Three days before, on the 17th, the Virginia Convention had secretly voted to secede. On the 25th Governor LETCHER proclaimed that the State had joined the Confederacy, although the question had not yet been submitted to the people, and he placed the whole military force of Virginia under the supreme command of JEFFERSON DAVIS of Mississippi. Yet such was the confusion of Colonel LEE's mind as to the actual situation, that on the 6th of May he accepted the chief command of all the secession forces in Virginia, seventeen days before the State voted to secede, which she did, under the advice of JAMES M. MASON that every one who offered to vote against secession should be shot. In his late testimony General LEE says that he undoubtedly took the oath to the Confederacy if it were required, but he does not recall the fact. He was soon afterward appointed General, and finally Generalissimo of the Confederate forces, but remained in Virginia throughout the war, personally directing the operations in defense of Richmond.

It is remarkable that the fate of the Confederacy should have been intrusted to one who recognized "no necessity for this state of things," and who acted from what may be called a mechanical sense of duty. General LEE, according to his own testimony, had none of the ardent conviction of his associates, and his career is an interesting illustration of the moral confusion so often produced by a merely military training. For granting Virginia to be the supreme authority to which he owed allegiance, was all that Virginia did to be approved and personally supported by him merely because she did it? Is the moral duty of a man abrogated because his government commits a crime—for surely a revolution involving the misery of war, if it be of "no necessity," is a crime. Taking General LEE's own view, if Virginia fired upon a foreign government without necessity, was the foreign government to



THE LATE SOLOMON FOOT, SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 238.]



THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

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submit; or if it resisted did its resistance make the assault necessary? Such questions, of course, were not asked by General LEE. He was a Virginian. Virginia commanded, or he thought she did, and he obeyed, but with more alacrity than might have been expected of so reluctant an adherent of State sovereignty. Such conduct may show the discipline of the soldier, but it certainly proves the moral confusion of the man.

Mexico had proved the personal gallantry of General LEE, but his genius as the commander of an army was yet to be proved. In the opening of the late war his strategy in West Virginia was much celebrated among the Confederates, but it failed to win victories. He was defeated there by General REYNOLDS at Greenbrier, and his military capacity was first fully tested in the Peninsula Campaign. He was already called a great captain; he stood upon his own ground; his army equaled that of his antagonist, and that antagonist was M'CLELLAN. Here certainly was an opportunity. A candid writer in HARPER'S admirable "Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," who has thoroughly studied in the reports of both sides the Peninsula Campaign and the Seven Days' Battles, says that "never in history was better fighting and never worse generalship on both sides;" and he attributes LEE'S success in raising the siege to the fact that he committed fewer errors than M'CLELLAN.

LEE'S two aggressive movements were fatal failures. The first ended at Antietam, which the rebels claimed as a victory—a claim which is ostensibly confirmed by M'CLELLAN'S permission to LEE to withdraw across the river unmolested. The second ended at Gettysburg, which, with the fall of Vicksburg, was the turning-point of the war. General LEE continued, however, to show a brave front in Virginia, although he doubtless foresaw the final catastrophe of his cause. The country favored him entirely. It was peculiarly difficult for an invading force, and LEE, taught by sharp experience, remained upon the defensive to the end. General GRANT'S final campaign against him was masterly. His task was simple, but it was tremendous; for it was to hurl the enemy back upon his base, and destroy him on the way, if possible; and failing that, after he was securely intrenched in his citadel. It was done; and General LEE'S surrender to General GRANT was the virtual end of the war.

The confidence of the Confederates in General LEE was unabated to the last, and they would doubtless have gladly seen him made Dictator. No word of censure or of harsh criticism was ever spoken against him, and when he surrendered he was more trusted than ever. His portrait hangs in all the homes of the late insurgent section; and it is one of the curious incidents of the whole insurrection that a man doubtless of an amiable character, but of no more remarkable qualities than General LEE has displayed, should be its idol.

The strongest feeling against General LEE among loyal citizens arose, first, from his proceeding directly from the military confidence of General SCOTT to the direction of the enemy's operations; and then from his total inaction during the sufferings of Union men at Belle Isle, the Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury. In his late testimony he states distinctly that he knew of no cruelty, and has no reason to believe that it was practiced; that no report of suffering was made to him; that he knew, of course, in a general way, that prisoners on both sides suffered somewhat; but the care of prisoners was entirely in the hands of the War Department, and he had heard vaguely that it had done what it could for relief. But General LEE could not have been ignorant of the horrible reports. He must have known from the papers that Congress had appointed a Commission of Investigation. He must have seen the accounts of the condition of returned prisoners; and Belle Isle was almost in sight of his home in Richmond. If the circumstances had been reversed, if the cry of the whole Confederacy against our treatment of their prisoners had gone up to heaven and through the world, if they had appointed Commissions of Investigation, and we had read detailed reports in their papers of the treatment endured by their captive soldiers—and if a prison under General GRANT'S very eye were noted as one of the worst, and General GRANT had neither asked a question nor expressed a wonder, nor sought in any manner whatever to test the truth of such harrowing and incessant tales—we are very sure that General GRANT'S portrait would not now hang in every loyal home as it does, and the loyal heart of the Union would have as severely denounced as now it sincerely applauds his name.

After the surrender in April General LEE withdrew from public observation, and in the following October he was elected President of a college at Lexington, Virginia, where he has since resided. The war has stripped him of his considerable private fortune. He has, undoubtedly, like all the chief leaders of the Confederate movement, fully acquiesced in the result of forcible Secession. His testimony reveals his opinion that "generosity and liberality toward the entire South" would be the surest and speediest method of conciliation, and that he does not know or suspect any intention there of farther resistance to the Government. Yet he does not conceal his conviction of a present total alienation of feeling, nor his opinion that it would be better for Virginia to be rid of the colored population. He adds that he has always been of that opinion, and has always favored gradual emancipation.

The family name of LEE has a certain prominence in our history. THOMAS LEE, the grandfather of General LEE, was acting Provisional Governor of the Colony of Virginia more than a century ago. He was the grandson of the first emigrant of his name to this country. His son, RICHARD HENRY LEE, the celebrated orator, moved the resolution of independence in the Continental Congress, on the 7th of June, 1776; and he and his brother FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT signed the great Declaration. History will estimate their powers very differently. It will not call any of them great. It will record in them conspicuous weaknesses of character; but it will doubtless acquit them all of base intention.

THE LATE SENATOR FOOT.

ON Wednesday, March 28, SOLOMON FOOT, United States Senator from Vermont, died in Washington. He was the oldest member of the Senate in continuous service. He was, as Senator DOOLITTLE said in Rutland the other day, "revered as the Father of the Senate."

Senator FOOT was born in 1802, at Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont; graduated at Middlebury College in 1826; became Principal of Castleton Seminary in 1826; was a tutor in the University of Vermont in 1827; and from 1828 to 1831 was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine in Castleton. His mental predilections, always toward the legal profession, directed him toward the bar, which he entered in 1831, and, settling at Rutland, which city had ever since been his home, he at once commenced practice, and was at once successful. The appreciation of his fellow-citizens did not long allow him to remain in his chosen sphere of action; for in 1833, 1836, 1837, 1838, and again in 1847, he was sent to the Legislature as Representative from Rutland, and his popularity in that assemblage afterward, in 1837, raised him to the Speaker's chair, which he occupied during his last three terms of service. After this a wider sphere of duty demanded his presence, and he entered Congress in 1842, being re-elected in 1844. Returning to Rutland in 1846, after having declined re-election, he resumed his legal practice, but was suffered to retain it for only four years, being elected United States Senator in 1850. He held this position ever after. His present term of office would have expired in 1869. His Congressional life was active and highly serviceable. He was an able and conscientious member of several important committees, and during a part of the Thirty-sixth and the whole of the Thirty-seventh Congress President *pro tem.* of that body.

Senator FOOT was, at the same time, a man of great tact in all the details of business, and a speaker of considerable oratorical power. No one could look upon his face without being convinced of three things: that Mr. FOOT was a man of great common sense; that he was a perfect gentleman; and that he was a Christian. "When I leave this chamber," he said, shortly before his death, "I wish no parade, no ostentatious demonstrations to be made; only the ordinary proceedings which custom and propriety impose. I desire to be borne to my friends and home in Rutland, Vermont—a people who have always been faithful to me, more faithful to me than I have been to them, I fear; they have done so much for me. I have no house there, but they will prepare every thing needful; and there by them, among that people, let me be buried." "I was not present," says Senator DOOLITTLE, "when he breathed his last; but from the account which I received immediately after from those who were present, his consciousness remained clear to the last, and his utterance distinct, almost to the very last breath. In his last words, distinctly uttered, he left another message which speaks not only to you and to me, but to all men and for all time. In all history I can not remember to have read of a dying Christian whose last words were more touching and heavenly, and more triumphant over death and the grave. Seeing his time was at hand, the words of the twenty-third Psalm were then repeated to him by his wife. He called her to his side and folded his arms around her for a moment. Then, as his breathing became choked, he said: 'What! can this be death? so easy! Has it come already?' In a few moments after, with a face lighted up as with a soul just entering into Paradise, he joyfully exclaimed, 'I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open. Beautiful! Beautiful!' And in a very few moments after uttering these words he expired. As a statesman and a Senator, we honor him as a man of noble character. We cherish his memory as a true and faithful friend. We lose him, and as a dying Christian what a glorious example to all mankind!"

KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF HAWAII.

THE portrait which we give on page 236 of the King of Hawaii is pronounced to be a very good likeness.

This King KAMEHAMEHA V., pronounced KA-MAIA-MAIA, succeeded his brother, the late King and husband of Queen EMMA, on November 30, 1863, being then thirty-one years old. Since his accession he has exhibited considerable ability, judgment, and firmness. One of the first acts of his reign was to refuse to take the oath to the existing Constitution, and by a peaceful coup-d'état to give his subjects a new Constitution, which Englishmen doubtless think better adapted to their state of civilization and their national ideas than the democratic one established by his uncle, KAMEHAMEHA III., under the influence of the American missionaries, in 1852.

The history of the revolution in the politics of the Sandwich Islands thus brought about under British influence is very interesting. By the articles of the Constitution given to the people in 1852 by KAMEHAMEHA III., it was incumbent on the successor to the vacant throne to take an oath that he would maintain the Constitution of the kingdom whole and inviolate, and would govern in conformity therewith. This no lover of free government would hesitate to pronounce an advance upon the previous political status of the kingdom. Up to the year 1839 the Hawaiian Islands were governed by an absolute monarch, and upon strictly feudal principles. In that year the efforts of the American missionaries who had given much useful assistance in governing the country, worked so far on the patriotic king, KAMEHAMEHA III., as to induce him to sign a Bill of Rights, and, the following year, to grant a Constitution, by which absolute rule was yielded up, and irresponsible power exchanged for government by the three estates of king, nobles, and people. In 1850 the King, influenced by his British friends, recommended a new Constitution, less Democratic in its features. It was perfected in 1852 and signed by the King, who died two years afterward.

At a later period Mr. WYLLIE, a Scotch gentleman connected with the Government, corresponded with Sir JOHN BOWRING concerning farther alterations. Sir JOHN, the editor of Jeremy Bentham, had a horror of democracy. The opening sentence of the Declaration of Rights, borrowed from its American prototype, that "all men are born free and equal," appeared to this aristocratic gentleman to be too revolutionary; but in spite of his reasoning the clause was retained. Article 12 of the Declaration pronounced that "No person who imports a slave or slaves into the king's dominions shall ever enjoy any civil or political rights in this realm." Article 19 prescribed, "All elections of the people shall be by ballot;" and Article 78 established manhood-suffrage.

KAMEHAMEHA V., who came to the throne in November, 1863, wished to get rid, by means of a national vote, of universal suffrage, and to replace it by a qualification based on income and property. He refused to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and called a convention to alter the provisions of this latter instrument. The conflict in the convention was spirited and sharp. There was much wrangling, and not a little abuse. On the part of the representatives there was determined opposition to the King's design.

On the 13th of August the King's patience had broken down. "This is the fifth day of the discussion of this article," said his Majesty. "I am very sorry that we do not agree on this important point. It is clear to me that if universal suffrage is permitted this Government will soon lose its monarchical character. Thank you, delegates and nobles, for the readiness with which you have come to this convention, in accordance with my proclamation. As we do not agree, it is useless to prolong the session. And as at the time his Majesty KAMEHAMEHA III. gave the Constitution of the year 1852, he reserved to himself the power of taking it away, if it was not for the interest of his Government and people; and as it is clear to me that that King left the revision of the Constitution to my predecessor and myself; therefore, as I sit in his seat, on the part of the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands, I make known to-day that the Constitution of 1852 is abrogated. I will give you a Constitution." His Majesty requested ministers to remain at present in their respective positions, in order to avoid confusion and disturbance, and he then dissolved the convention.

On the 20th of August, a week after the breaking up of the Convention, the promised new Constitution appeared. It omits the obnoxious axiom about "free and equal," gives the King a larger place in the state, makes cabinet ministers more responsible, excludes the ballot, prescribes as the minimum qualification of a representative real estate of five hundred dollars' value, and annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars; and of an elector, property of one hundred and fifty dollars, or twenty-five dollars a year rent on leasehold property, and seventy-five dollars yearly income, together with certain intellectual acquirements. It includes a stringent article on royal marriages, and on the succession to the Crown; and, the King being unmarried, it provides for a new *stirps* for a royal family, should the present race become extinct.

The little kingdom of Hawaii is, we are glad to see, increasing in commercial prosperity. There is a rapidly-increasing export of sugar, coffee, and other produce, whence the Islands are called the West Indies of the Pacific. The foreign population of English, Americans, Germans, and French is yearly increasing. The native population is inadequate for the labor required, and the Government has lately sent out a Commission for importing coolies. A line of steamers is about to be established between San Francisco and China, calling at Honolulu, which will shorten the voyage from England to about six weeks. The country seems to offer many inducements to intending emigrants.

REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, A.B.

ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, though born in America, is probably of purely African descent. His appearance certainly shows not the slightest trait of white blood. His father, BOSTON CRUMMELL, was stolen from the neighborhood of Sierra Leone about the year 1780, when he was 13 years old. His mother was born in Jericho, Long Island, and her ancestors had been free for at least a hundred years. She was brought up in the HICKS family—a family that produced the celebrated Unitarian Quaker ELIAS HICKS. Both parents were brought up in the Episcopal Church. Their son, ALEXANDER, was born in New York in 1819, and attended until 1832 the "African school No. 2," established for colored children by the Manumission Society. In 1835, with his father's consent, he took all his little scanty earnings, and, thirsting for knowledge, went to Canaan Academy in Connecticut. This school was designed to furnish an advanced and solid education to colored youth; but the spirit of prejudice was so bitter in the neighborhood that, in August of that year, "a mob assembled in Canaan, and, with the aid of ninety-five yoke of oxen and two days' hard labor, finally succeeded in removing the academy from its site—and afterward they destroyed it by fire." The pupils were compelled to leave the town. Young CRUMMELL returned to New York.

About this time a school was established at Whitesborough, New York, known as "Oneida Institute," to which colored pupils were admitted; and to this new hall of learning, then under the presidency of Rev. BERIAH GREEN, a most able teacher and thinker, he repaired, and remained three years. While there he supported himself by the labor of his own hands in the field. Again at home, and with a yearning to enter the Christian ministry, at the earnest solicitation of his pastor, Rev. PETER WILLIAMS, he applied for entrance into the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. But he was refused on account of his complexion.

With undaunted resolution he went to Boston, and through the influence and kindness of Rev. T. M. CLARK, D.D., now Bishop of Rhode Island, Dr. CROSWELL, and Dr. STONE, of Boston, he was introduced to Bishop GRISWOLD, of Massachusetts. The Bishop received him as a candidate with great cordiality, and remarked that "he wished he had a score of colored candidates—he would gladly receive them all." He went to New Haven to complete his theological studies at Yale Theological Seminary; after which he was ordained Deacon by Bishop GRISWOLD in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and Priest by Bishop LEE, of Delaware, in St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia.

He officiated in Philadelphia and New York until 1848, when he went to England. While in England several distinguished persons, who knew of the treatment he had received by the church in New York, proffered him a university course at Cambridge. He accepted this, and continued at the University three years and a half—took his degree of A.B., and, leaving England, went as a missionary to Africa. He became a citizen of Liberia, and labored with great acceptance and success, not only among the heathen natives, but in Monrovia and at Cape Palmas, in raising the standard of thought and education among the emigrant population. He became Master of the High School at Cape Palmas, and three years ago was appointed "Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science in Liberia College."

Mr. CRUMMELL is in every sense a finished man. Polished in manners, dignified in deportment, interesting and instructive in conversation, logical in thought and eloquent in delivery, both extemporaneously and in the pulpit, he is an ornament to his holy calling, and vindicates in his own history and person the claims of his race to justice and equal rights.

Among his published writings are, "An Eulogy on Clarkson;" a volume of "Addresses, Sermons," etc., published in England; "The Responsibilities of the first Fathers of a Country;" "The Negro Race not under a Curse;" "The Relations and Duties of Free Colored Men in America to Africa;" "The English Language in Liberia;" and "The Future of Africa," published three years ago in New York. This last volume, made up mainly of discourses and addresses delivered in Africa, evinces talent, thought, and cultivation of no common order. The leading idea is, that the colored man, then shut out from a worthy career in Europe and America, has a promising future before him in Africa, where he has been called to meet the demands of civilization, commerce, and nationality.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 27:

In the Senate, the President's Veto Message, giving his objections to the Civil Rights bill, was received.—The vote on the New Jersey contested election case was reconsidered, and Mr. Stockton was declared not entitled to his seat—22 to 21.

In the House, Mr. Conkling, from the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, reported the testimony taken in reference to the States of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

March 28:

In the Senate, the death of Senator Foot, from Vermont, was announced, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on Mr. Morrill's motion, a bill was passed, enacting that "All proceedings touching the levy and collection of the annual tax provided in schedule A of Section 100 of the Act to provide Internal Revenue, etc., approved June 30, 1864, and the act amendatory thereof, approved March 3, 1865, and all proceedings in the levy, return, and collection of the income tax, approved by said act, be postponed for the space of two months. Provided: That all the provisions, remedies, and penalties in said act shall remain in full force and effect in all respects, except so far as the same are changed as to time by the postponement aforesaid."—The Bankrupt bill came up, and Mr. Rogers spoke strongly in its favor. He said some such bill was necessary. He had examined this bill thoroughly, and was free to say that he believed no bankrupt bill was ever drawn in the country so equal and just in its provisions to all sections of the country as this one, because it extended its benefits to the people of the Southern States as well as to the people of the Northern States. The bill was defeated—*yeas* 59, *nays* 73. A motion to reconsider prevailed, and the matter was postponed for one week.

March 29:

In the Senate, no business was transacted, and the Senate proceeded at 1 o'clock to engage in the funeral services in honor of Senator Foot.

In the House, resolutions of respect toward Senator Foot were adopted, and the House adjourned until Monday.

April 2:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson, from the Military Committee, reported the bill to equalize bounties in a new form, when it was recommitted to the Military Committee. It gives to every soldier in the late war eight and one-third dollars per month, minus the amounts already paid.

In the House, Mr. Ward offered a resolution, which was adopted, in favor of prompt action in authorizing an equalization of bounties.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

March 27:

In the Senate, the bills incorporating the New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and authorizing an appointment of an Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, were passed; also, the bill to change the name of the Free Academy.

In the Assembly, the bill relative to powers and duties of Central Park Commissioners, and also to extend their term of office for five years, was passed; also the bill to prohibit the Mayor and Commonalty of New York from disposing of real estate belonging to said Commonalty was lost by a vote of 65 to 33—requiring a two-thirds vote.

March 28:

In the Assembly, the bill to incorporate the Underground Railway Company was considered in Committee of the Whole, and discussed at length. No material amendments were made to the bill as printed. It was ordered to a third reading. Afterward the rules were suspended, and the bill put upon its third reading and passed, yeas 96, nays 13.

March 29:

In the Senate, bills were passed conferring upon the Metropolitan Board of Health the exclusive power to grant licenses for the sale of liquors within the said district, and prohibiting the Railroad Companies in this State from issuing free passes.

In the Assembly, the bill declaring eight hours' labor a day's work was lost—yeas 54, nays 64.

THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

The President has chosen the anniversary of the capture of Richmond as the fit occasion for an official proclamation of the close of the war, or, to use the words of the Proclamation, "that the insurrection which hereto-

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fore existed in the States of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida is at an end, and henceforth to be so regarded."

NEWS ITEMS.

The shipments of produce (including cotton) from this port, week ending March 27, reached the currency value of $6,127,258, making the total value of the exports of produce and merchandise from the port, since the 1st of January, nearly $57,000,000.

The hospital records, which have just been footed up, how the enormous aggregates of 253,000 Union soldiers to have died on battle-fields and in hospitals during the war to suppress the rebellion. This does not include those who died at their homes of lingering disease contracted in the service.

The resignation of Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding the Department of Kentucky, tendered some time ago, has been accepted by President Johnson. General Jefferson C. Davis has been appointed in his place.

J. Ross Browne, who accompanied General M'Dowell in his expedition to Arizona, was taken sick at Soda Lake, and had to be left at Fort Mohave.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM England the principal item of interest is the continued advance of American securities, Five-Twenties having reached 72‡. The London *Times* of the 17th announces that a British war vessel will be sent out, after due notice, to exclude American fishermen from the British Fisheries. St. Patrick's Day passed off quietly in Ireland. No disturbance whatever occurred, and the customary festivities passed off as usual.

In the House of Commons on the 12th, Mr. Gladstone, in a lengthy speech, explained the Reform Bill. The main features are a reduction of the qualification of county voters from fifty pounds to fourteen pounds occupancy, and for boroughs to seven pounds rental, and to lodgers paying ten pounds or upward for apartments. The measure adds about 400,000 to the number of voters. The bill deals only with the franchise, leaving the redistribution of representation for another session.

The cholera is said to have made its appearance in some of the districts of Germany. In that case the danger to ourselves is somewhat imminent, on account of the continuous stream of emigration to the United States from that country.

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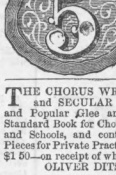
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Prepaid by Mail, of the choicest sorts. Also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, 150,000 Fruit Stocks, Grapevines, Strawberries, &c., of the best kinds. Priced Descriptive Catalogues, gratis, to any address. Wholesale Lists for the Trade. Agents wanted. B. M. WATSON, OLD COLONY NURSERIES AND SEED ESTABLISHMENT, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Pile Remedy.

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.

For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Coughs

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Debility and Emaciation

Result from a lack of ability in the stomach to convert the food into nutriment. Strengthen the digestive powers with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and vigor will return to the muscles, flesh reclothe the attenuated frame, and the cadaverous complexion lose its sickly tint.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth-patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low-priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly makes the stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

OCCUPATION

At your own Homes. Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household. Profits 100 per cent. Demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of 2 stamps for return postage. Address HOPKINS & BROWN, 641 Broadway, N. Y.

[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

C. M. DUNN & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1859),

Managers of the most extensive Gift Sale in the world? immensely successful in nearly 100 cities throughout the country, offer

Greater Inducements than ever before.

250,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

10 Grand Piano-Fortes	$800 to	$1200
100 Rosewood seven-octave Pianos	400 to	600
250 Gold hunting-cased Watches	75 to	125
250 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to	75
1,000 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to	50
200 First-class Sewing Machines	45 to	75
1,000 Cake-Baskets and Ice Pitchers	18 to	30
1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to	20
2,000 Sets Knives and Forks	15 to	25
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to	15
3,000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 to	10
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 to	10
10,000 Gold Pens, silver ex. Case & Pencil	5 to	6
10,000 Gold Pens and gold-tipped Holders	5 to	8
5,000 California Diamond Rings	5 to	10
3,000 Fancy Enameled and Seal Rings	5 to	8
6,000 Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5 to	15
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to	12
5,000 Drinking Cups and Goblets	5 to	10
10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums	5 to	10
175,000 Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.	5 to	12

Sealed certificates of the articles are well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, to each purchaser of a Photograph of any prominent personage—costing 25 cents. The Photographs are very fine, and worth the money. After opening the certificate, it is at your option to send for the article or not. You can not get less than One Dollar's worth; for the lowest article on our list is a beautiful fifty-picture morocco-bound ivory-ornamented photograph album, worth $5, which may be ordered on any certificate, while you have the possibility of drawing a watch or piano worth from $100 to $1000.

Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine napkin-ring; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album worth $5; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth $12; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver full-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth $25.

Agents wanted every where, and the most liberal inducements ever yet offered to those who will act as such. Send for circulars. Address

C. M. DUNN & CO.,
Headquarters 126 Nassau Street, New York.

HERE IT IS! LOOK! LOOK! New Patent "Snap-and-catch-em" Fish Hooks. Takes every fish that bites. For all kinds of fishing. Safe for boys. Price 30 cents for sample hook, or four hooks for $1. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address W. E. C. FITZHUGH, Bridgeport, Harrison County, West Virginia.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York.

TO FARMERS.

POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!!

The LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY (the oldest manufacturers of Fertilizers in the United States) offer their celebrated Poudrette for sale at lower prices than any other fertilizer in market.

It is made from the night soil and offal of New York City, and has been in use by thousands of farmers for over a quarter of a century: $4 will manure an Acre of Corn in the hill, and increase the yield one third.

A Pamphlet with the experience in its use on Lawns, Garden Vegetables, Corn, Potatoes, and Tobacco, of hundreds of Farmers, some of whom have used it for over 20 years, containing also price, directions for use, &c., will be sent *free* to any person applying.

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
66 Courtlandt Street, New York.

$1 TIME-KEEPER. $1

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER and marvel of ingenuity. *The European Pocket Timekeeper.* "The most wonderful invention of modern time." "*Chronicle*" warranted correct. Needs no key or winding up. Price $1 each, in Gold or Silver Gilt Cases. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. W. DELAMERE & CO., 206 Broadway, New York. Nos. 12, 14.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, every variety. L. P. TIBBAL, 510 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas.

LIBRARY DE LOVE. 3 Volumes
For 75 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.



Sold by Druggists. Dr. Briggs, Chiropodist, 208 Broadway.

SELF-CONTROL to acquire; to conquer habits; to attain health and mental vigor—a better life. Young men interested can address, with postage, L. C. W., care No. 5843, General Office, New York.

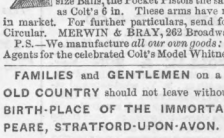
GREAT DISCOVERY.—DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL is warranted to cure rheumatism, deafness, frosted limbs, piles, and all sores and pains, in from 1 to 2 days. Sold by all druggists, and by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York. Depot, Philadelphia.

VIOLINS and BOWS

Sent to any part of the U. S. on rec't of following prices:
GERMAN, Red or Brown. $2 50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $8.
DOUBLE-LINED. $5, $7, $9, $11, $13, $15, $17, $19.
FRENCH, Blocked and Lined. $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.
ITALIAN. $6, $10, $12, $14, $16, $18, $25, $30, $35.
OLD MASTERS, Very fine Tone. $40, $50, $75, to $300.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description at lowest New York prices. Send stamp for price-list.
Especial attention given to this department.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

MERWIN & BRAY,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS,



Sole Agents for the Ballard Breech Loading Sporting Rifles, of different calibres, and Eagle Arms Co.'s Belt and Pocket Cartridge Revolvers. The Belt Size carries the Army size Balls, the Pocket Pistols the same size Balls as Colt's 6 in. These arms have no equal now in market. For further particulars, send for Illustrated Circular. MERWIN & BRAY, 262 Broadway, N. Y.

P.S.—We manufacture *all our own goods:* also are Sole Agents for the celebrated Colt's Model Whitney Revolvers.

FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN on a visit to the OLD COUNTRY should not leave without seeing the BIRTH-PLACE OF THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

The Hotel bearing his name having undergone recent improvements, will be found replete with every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

Post Horses and Carriages on hire.

BENJAMIN SCRIVEN, PROPRIETOR.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR APRIL, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



PRESENCE OF MIND.

DRIVER. "Run round, JACK, Sit on her Head, and Cut the Traces."

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

MAGIC LANTERN
AND
STEREOSCOPE.

We are now receiving the most comprehensive and finest importation of glass views ever made to America, representing scenes and objects in nearly all European cities and countries. These views are of the special selection of our Mr. Edward Anthony, now abroad, and are adapted for the uses of either the Stereopticon or the Stereoscope.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 Broadway,
3 doors south of the St. Nicholas Hotel.



POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $80 each.

RAVEN & BACON'S
PIANO-FORTES.
(Established 1829.)

A full assortment of these instruments, which have been well known in the New York market for more than thirty years, constantly on hand. Pictorial circulars sent by mail.
Wareroom, No. 135 Grand Street, near Broadway, New York.

50 PER CENT SAVED BY MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

USING B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

REMOVAL.
WM. GALE, JR.,
LATE
WM. GALE & SON,
SILVERSMITHS,
487 BROADWAY, cor. Broome Street, New York,
Will remove about the 1st of May, *temporarily*, to
590 BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
while the premises
572 and **574** BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
(which will be ready in July,)
Are being prepared for permanent occupancy.

DEAFNESS,
DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR, AND NOISES IN THE HEAD, RADICALLY CURED
By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract
OTITINE.
Price $2 00 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists.
GEO. C. GOODWIN, 36 Hanover Street, Boston, Wholesale Agent.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

Ladies & Gentlemen
OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, Ag't,
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:
1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ancle.
6th.—The Calf.

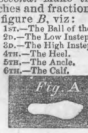

Fig. A.


Fig. B.

THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1843.

100 Photographs of Female Beauties sent post-paid for 25c. Address B. L. Fox, 34 Varick St., New York.

5.20, 7.30, 10.40, AND GREENBACK
NATIONAL BANK PENS,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
EMPIRE PEN CO.,
32 and 34 John St., New York.
For Sale by all Stationers.
Every variety of superior Steel Pens manufactured to order, and for sale by the Empire Pen Company.

TO LET.
The Four-Story Building, No. 51 Broad Street, 28 feet front. Possession 1st of May next. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

CEDAR CAMPHOR
For Clothes-Moths. Sold by druggists every where.
HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Facturers, Boston.

Marvin's Patent
ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,
TO BE DRAWN AT
CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO,
May 28, 1866.
125,000 VALUABLE PRIZES, VALUED AT $492,575 25,
Will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS;
NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED 500,000, PRICE $1 00 EACH.

This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the public, one ticket out of every four drawing a prize.
The following Prizes are a few among the many to be drawn. (For full list, see circulars.)

1 Gift in Greenbacks			$30,000
1 Gift	"		10,000
1 Gift	"		5,000
1 Gift	"		4,000
1 Gift	"		3,000
1 Gift	"		2,000
25 Gifts	"	$1000 each	25,000
20 Gifts	"	$500 each	10,000
20 Gifts	"	$100 each	2,000
20 Gifts	"	$50 each	1,000
1 Gift, Residence		No. 883 Wabash Avenue	10,000
1 Gift,	"	No. 901 Lake Street	5,000
1 Gift,	"	No. 37 Newberry Street	5,000
5 Gifts, Cottages, on Fulton, near Paulina Street			10,000
2 Gifts, Cottages 169 W. Liberty and 537 W. Indiana Streets			6,000
3 Gifts, Cottages, in good locality			9,000
10 Gifts, City Lots, $500 each			5,000

The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or moneys. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.
Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.

Special Terms, or Club Rates.

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.: We will send

5	tickets	to one address for			$ 4 50
10	"	"	"		9 00
20	"	"	"		17 50
30	"	"	"		26 25
40	"	"	"		35 00
50	"	"	"		43 50
100	"	"	"		85 00

In every case send the name of each subscriber, their post-office address, with town, county, and state in full Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to
WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
(Post-Office Drawer 5913.) 133 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000: also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
REFERENCES.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Senator of Minnesota; Hon. Geo. V. Lawrence, M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan. Mace, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Leffingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., importers of watches, Chicago; Bower, Garner & Co., New Orleans, La.
N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered either for themselves or other parties who may purchase through them.
Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

GAS FIXTURES and LAMPS.
The attention of the trade and of buyers generally is invited to our extensive stock of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, &c., of every style and pattern, comprising many beautiful designs entirely new.
ARCHER & PANCOAST,
Manufactory and Warerooms,
Nos. 9, 11, and 13 Mercer Street, New York.

MONEY RETURNED
In full, if, after a short trial of GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY—the prescription of one of the most eminent medical professors and surgeons in America—it is not satisfactory. P. C. GODFREY, 831 Broadway, New York.
Five Dollars a package, by mail or express.

Wanted, Agents and Canvassers
For every county in the United States, to whom exclusive right of territory will be given for one year. Salary to competent men. Large commissions to every body. A rare opportunity for energetic parties. Inclose stamp for circulars, or call in person.
DUVAL, SWANDER & CO., Publishers and Purchasers, Nos. 22 and 24 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

ITCH. Salt Rheum. (WHEATON'S OINTMENT) ITCH. Salt Rheum.
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
For sale by all Druggists.

Agents Wanted.
$2000 A YEAR, AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.
For further particulars address W. G. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

PESTACHINE!
It is the Gem Restorer for the Hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. ROOT; manufactured by ORRIN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,



MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.

A NOVEL and BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE for Gentlemen's Toilet.—The Patent Hard Rubber Neck-Tie and Butterfly, now being introduced to the trade. They are neat, convenient, and durable; are adjusted at once, without pinning; always retain their original shape and lustre, and in style and appearance surpass any other description of tie now worn. Manufactured by the Vulcan Cravat Co., 163 Broadway, N.Y. Sold by dealers generally.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.



A new and original work, with 122 Designs and Plans of Country Houses of moderate cost.
Price $1 50, postpaid.
GEO. E. & F. W. WOODWARD, PUBLISHERS, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

HORRIBLE !!!
I HAVE SUFFERED with CATARRH thirty years; it had destroyed my voice and smelling—impaired my sight and hearing. In six weeks I have been entirely cured. For humanity's sake I will send the recipe for the simple remedy used, *postage free*, to all afflicted. Address Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 176, Syracuse, N. Y.

WANTED! AGENTS!!—$150 per Month—to sell the celebrated *Common-Sense Family Sewing Machine*. Price $18. The greatest invention of the age. Send for descriptive circulars. SECOMB & CO., Chicago, Ill., or Cleveland, O.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.
Magnifying small objects 500 *times*. MAILED FREE everywhere for **50** CENTS, OR THREE FOR **$1 00.**
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.



OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,
To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company No. 95 Chambers Street, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 486.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN.

THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" for freedmen, New Orleans, was opened on the third day of October, 1865, in one of the buildings belonging to the University of Louisiana. Rev. THOMAS W. CONWAY, then Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, obtained it of Governor WELLS, on condition that another building, known as the "School of Medicine," and held by the Bureau for the use of the freedmen, should be released. Soon after this school was opened it had over eight hundred pupils, and an average attendance of seven hundred and fifty, with fourteen teachers, being the largest freedmen's school in the United States. From seventy to eighty per cent. of the pupils are of mixed blood. Up to the first of February Mr. EDWIN F. WAVEN, a native of New York State and graduate of Yale College, was principal. His successor is Mr. M. A. WARREN.

Owing to the recent change in the school system which Brevet Major-General BAIRD, Assistant Commissioner, has been compelled to adopt from a free system to one in which the tuition is paid by the pupil, the number of pupils has decreased to about four hundred, with eight teachers. The tuition required is $1.50 per month.

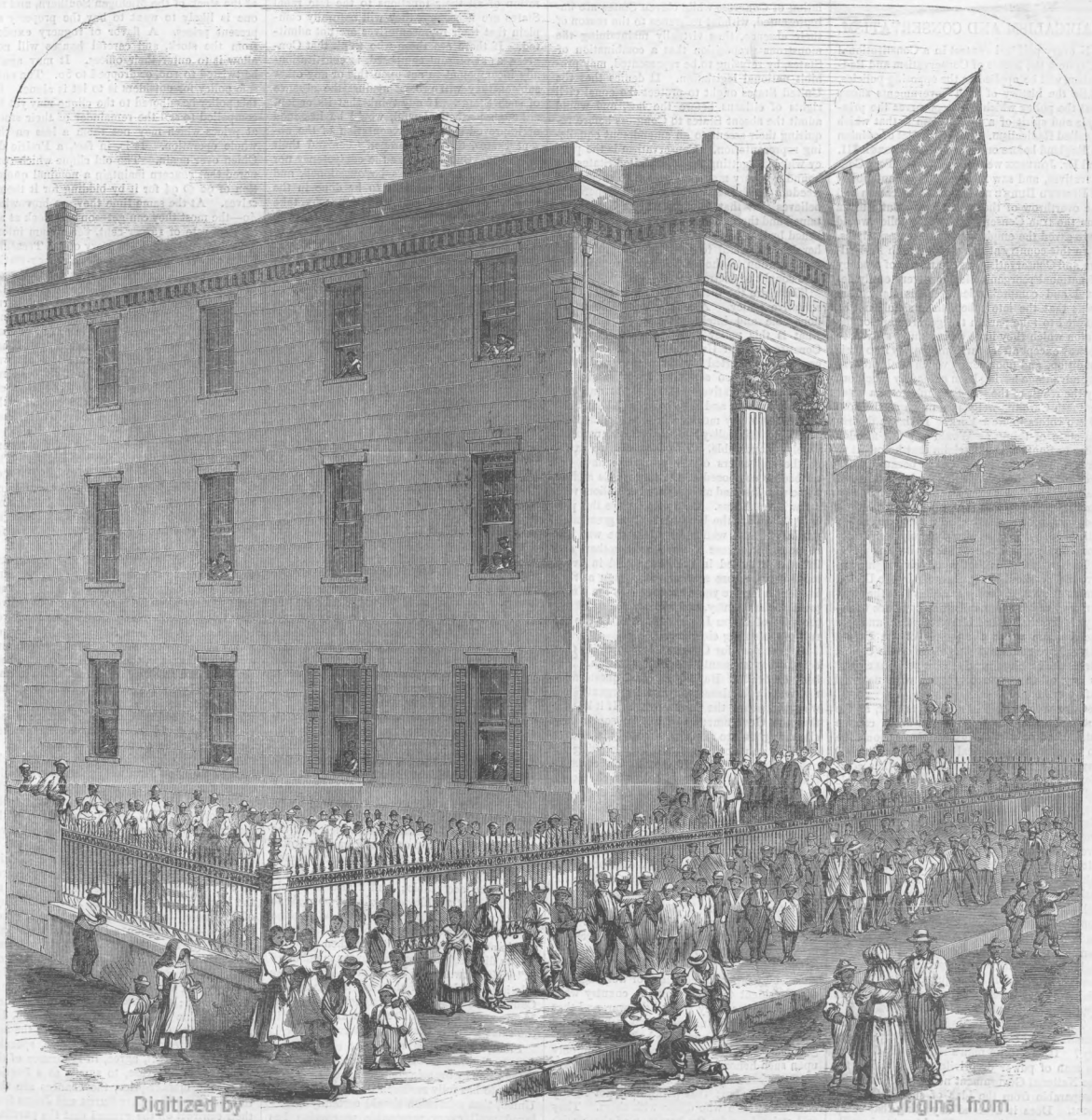
The building on the left is a part of the Medical College which has been closed during the war, but is now opened and patronized by a large number of students. In front, between the two pillars, are the teachers, while in front, and on the steps, are the pupils just dismissed from their studies.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO.

THE Chamber of Commerce building, of which we give an illustration on page 253, is one of the latest of the many new and handsome public edifices erected of late years in Chicago. It is located at the southeast corner of La Salle and Washington streets, and fronts the Court-house Square.

The style of architecture is decidedly composite, the beauty and majesty of art having been made subordinate to the amount of capital stock and the prospect of future dividends. The dimensions of the main building are ninety-three by one hundred and eighty-one feet, and one hundred feet in height.

From the main door the entrance leads up a short flight of stairs to a hall which extends the whole length of the building, each side being apportioned into handsome business rooms, all of which are occupied by merchants, banks, and insurance companies. The sides of the building face respectively on



THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" FOR FREEDMEN, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIENIEWA, NEW ORLEANS.]

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LA SALLE Street and Exchange Place. From this floor the ascent to the grand hall is by a double flight of stairs. This hall is the finest, in all its details, erected in the West. Eighteen windows throw their colored rays upon the room. Its loftiness, the harmony of the coloring, and the general character of the design are very imposing. It is elaborately adorned with frescoes, paintings, and appropriate designs. The hall is one hundred and forty-three feet by eighty-nine, and forty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

The building was erected and the site purchased by an incorporated company, known as the "Chamber of Commerce," composed of members of the Board of Trade. It cost about four hundred thousand dollars.

On Wednesday, August 30, 1865, this grand edifice was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, to Commerce. The dedication of the building was followed by a series of festivities covering three or four days.

The Board of Trade of Chicago, to whose enterprise the city owes the successful completion of this handsome structure, is composed of about fifteen hundred members. It was organized in 1848, and then numbered less than one hundred members.

For the illustration of this building, as also for the description above given, we are indebted to the courtesy of JEVNE & ALMINI, of Chicago, who have recently commenced the publication of a beautiful work (issued monthly, and to consist of 25 Parts), entitled "Chicago Illustrated." Chicago has made more rapid strides of progress during the last dozen years than is recorded of any city in the world's history; and the enterprise of the city is far beyond that of other cities of equal and even larger population.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

RADICALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

IN every political contest in a Constitutional system the names of Conservatism and Radicalism will be applied to the opposing policies, while the history of such governments shows that the policy which truly conserves the principle and spirit of a free system is that which is called Radicalism. In the conflict of opinion in England before our Revolution GEORGE III. and Dr. JOHNSON were the stiffest of Tory Conservatives, and saw in the doctrines and policy of EDMUND BURKE nothing but Radicalism and the overthrow of the monarchy. But BURKE was the true Conservative. His policy would have saved the empire upon its own principles.

In this country at this moment both Radicalism and Conservatism, as the names of a policy of national reorganization, are very easily defined and comprehended. Thus Radicalism holds that the late rebel States should not be suffered to take part in the government of the Union which they have so zealously striven to destroy except after searching inquiry into their condition, and upon terms which shall prevent any advantage having been gained by rebellion. By the result of the war the suffrage of a voter in South Carolina weighs as much as the vote of two voters in New York. Is that a desirable state of things? Would any fair-minded voter in South Carolina claim that he ought to have a preference in the Union because, however honestly, he has rebelled against it? Radicalism, therefore, favors an equalization of representation as a condition precedent to the full recognition of the disturbed States, and every citizen of those States who sincerely desires national unity and peace will favor it also.

Radicalism holds that equal civil rights before the law should be guaranteed by the United States to every citizen. It claims that the Government which commands the obedience of every citizen shall afford him protection, and that the freedom which the people of the United States have conferred the people of the United States shall maintain. Is that a perilous claim? Is any other course consistent with national safety or honor?

Once more: Radicalism asserts that, as the national welfare and permanent union can be established only upon justice, there should be no unreasonable political disfranchisement of any part of the people. It denies that complexion, or weight, or height are reasonable political qualifications, and it refers to the history of the country to show that they have not always been so regarded even in some of the late slave States, and remembers that both President JOHNSON and his predecessor were friends of impartial suffrage. Holding this faith, Radicalism urges that while we may honestly differ as to the wisest means of securing political equality, yet that all our efforts should constantly tend, with due respect for the proper and subordinate functions of the States in our constitutional system, to protect those equal rights of man with whose assertion our Government began, and in consequence of whose denial that Government has just escaped the most appalling fate.

This is Radicalism. Is it unfair? Is it unconstitutional? Is it anarchical or revolutionary? It denies no man's rights. It deprives no man of power or privilege. It claims for the National Government nothing which is not inseparable from the idea of such a Government. Does it demand any thing that every prudent and patriotic man ought not to be willing to concede? The views of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and of Mr. SUMNER, sincerely entertained and ingeniously defended as they are, are not the Radical policy. Mr. STEVENS holds that the disturbed States are conquered provinces in which the land should be confiscated, as that of Ireland has been three times over without giving Ireland peace. Does any body suppose that even the House, which respects Mr. STEVENS's sturdy fidelity to his own convictions, agrees with him, or that the National Union party holds his view? Mr. SUMNER holds that equal suffrage should be required of the absent States as a condition of representation, and in a Radical Senate which passed the Civil Rights Bill over the veto by a vote of 33 to 15, Mr. SUMNER's proposition obtained 8 votes. These gentlemen, of course, support the Radical policy, but they do not shape it. The opinions of the Union party are to be found, as President JOHNSON says, in the party platform. The policy of the Radicals is to be seen in the measures they adopt; and of the forty-two bills which at the time of the last veto they had presented to the President, he had signed forty.

In our present political situation Conservatism is the policy which declares that the late rebel States are already in a condition to resume their full functions in the Union, and which denounces Congress for presuming to inquire whether that opinion is well founded. It denies to Congress—that is, to the representatives of the loyal people who have maintained the Government—the authority to look behind the credentials of any man who comes from a State still panting with rebellion, and ascertain the origin and validity of the authority that issued the credentials. It objects to the legislation of Congress while eleven States are unrepresented, without reference to the reason of their absence, thus virtually maintaining the monstrous proposition that a combination of States, by refusing to be represented, may prohibit national legislation. It denies that the United States ought to protect the equal civil rights of citizens before the law, and would admit the absent States to Congress before requiring their assent to an amendment equalizing representation. Conservatism is the policy which, forgetting that the United States are bound by every moral obligation to secure the freedom which they have conferred, apparently believes that that freedom will be best maintained and the national peace most truly established by leaving those of every color who were heroically faithful to the Government during the rebellion to the exclusive mercy of those who sought to destroy it.

These are the distinctive points of the Conservative policy. Are they agreeable to an honorable and intelligent people? And of what is this policy conservative? If of the Constitution and Union, it will of course be earnestly supported by their true and tried friends. Is it so supported? Who are the present Conservatives? Who shout and sing and fire cannon and ring bells in jubilant exultation at every measure in supposed accordance with this policy? The reply is, unfortunately, unavoidable. The Conservative party, or the supporters of the policy we have described, is composed of the late rebels and of those who justified and palliated rebellion, with a few Republicans. And who oppose this policy? Who are the Radicals? The great multitude of those who believed in the war and supported it, whose children and brothers and friends lie buried in the battle-field in every rebel State, whose sentiments are now as they have been for five years expressed by the Union press of the country, and whose voice speaks in the vote of Union Legislatures and in the result of the spring elections.

It is useless for Conservatism to claim that conciliation is essential to reorganization. Nobody denies it. But the cardinal question is, not what will please the late insurgents, but what will secure the Government. If it be said that the Government can not be secured by alienating its late enemies, the reply is, that it certainly can not be secured by alienating its unwavering friends. If conciliation contemplates the filling of national offices in the South by known rebels to the disregard and exclusion of Union men, thereby rewarding rebellion and discrediting loyalty—if it proposes to leave freemen of the United States to the Black Codes of Mississippi and Carolina, and to recognize the fatal spirit of caste which has been our curse—then conciliation is simply a name for ignominy, and Conservatism may see its fate in that of Secession.

Radicalism has not a single vindictive feeling toward the late rebel States, but it does not propose to forget that there has been a rebellion. It has the sincerest wish, as it had the most undoubting expectation, of working with the President to secure for the country what the country has fairly won by the war, and that is, the equal right of every citizen before the law and the full resumption by the late insurgent States of their functions in the Union only upon such honorable and reasonable conditions as Congress might require. All reasonable men who support that policy will not lightly denounce those who differ with them. They will strive long for the harmony of those with whom during the war they have sympathized and acted. They will concede minor points of method, and bear patiently with impatient rhetoric leveled at themselves. But they will also bear steadily in mind the words of ANDREW JOHNSON when he accepted the nomination which has placed him where he is: "While society is in this disordered state and we are seeking security, let us fix the foundations of the Government on principles of eternal justice which will endure for all time." The Radical policy was never more tersely expressed; and it will unquestionably be maintained, for it is founded in the plainest common sense and the profoundest conviction of the loyal American people.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE LATE REBEL STATES.

THOSE Union men who ask impatiently why Congress does not immediately admit any member from a late insurrectionary State who can take the oath do not seem to reflect that the admission of a member is the recognition that the State from which he comes has fully resumed all its rights in the Union. It is assuming the very point which Congress appointed a special committee to investigate and determine. It is the final act in the process of reorganization. The President so understands it. He said to Governor COX, of Ohio, that when loyal representatives were admitted "the work would be done;" for, in his judgment, the States in question "were restored in all other respects."

If there are Union men who hold that no further measures precedent to complete restoration of all their functions to the late rebel States are necessary, they will naturally complain that their representatives are not admitted. If there are those who think that Congress, as at present composed, is constitutionally incompetent to act upon this or any other subject, they will protest against the absence of such States. If any think that its action, although perfectly lawful, would be hastened or improved by the representation of the absent States, they will properly demand their presence. But if neither the competency nor the capacity of Congress be questioned, and if any thing still remains to be done in the legislative work of reorganization, why take any step that may embarrass it? Those who think continued exclusion impolitic must show why, in such a situation as ours, the utmost prudence and deliberation are inexpedient. Whatever may be the feeling in loyal States, we are very sure that there is no sincere Union man in South Carolina or Alabama who is not more anxious that all possibility of peril from the readmission of Carolina to Congress should be plainly averted than that the State should be admitted.

If the disturbed States have a *right* to be represented at once, it can only be upon the ground that they have reorganized their local governments in a manner satisfactory to Congress. This was the condition imposed by President JOHNSON in his appointment of Provisional Governors. The Convention of the State was "to present such a republican form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." Who was to give this guaranty? Congress, of course. Has Congress given it? Until Congress gives it what claim has the State to representation? The President, indeed, is of opinion that Congress ought to give it. He goes further. He dispenses with the action of Congress as necessary. He said to Governor Cox that the States were restored in all respects but representation, and that it was too late to question their right to be represented. This is the President's opinion often and strongly stated. But still the decision of the question does not rest with him. The guaranty of the United States can be given by Congress alone; and when President JOHNSON virtually declares that his opinion settles the matter, that to differ with his view is to endanger the Union, and that he is carrying out the policy of his predecessor, he forgets that President LINCOLN in his last public speech, after alluding to the differences upon the subject of reorganization among Union men, said of the State Government which he had erected in Louisiana, and which had the same authority with those that President JOHNSON has erected elsewhere, "I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that *the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States.* The plan was in advance submitted to the then Cabinet, and as distinctly approved by every member of it." Mr. SEWARD, in his letter to Mr. ADAMS relating the history of the conference with the Confederate Peace Commissioners at Fortress Monroe, tells us that President LINCOLN said the same thing to the envoys there.

Since, then, the admission of any member from a disturbed State is the final and solemn recognition by the sole competent authority that the State has fully resumed its relations in the Union, that admission should certainly be delayed until every reasonable precaution has been taken against the inevitable risks of the situation. We can not see upon what grounds those who hold that some precedent measures are still necessary urge the immediate admission of representatives from those States.

THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AFFAIR.

IT was only last week that we took occasion to relate the misadventures of the leading Wall Street operator who undertook to corner the stock of the Erie Railway. Since then a much more striking corner than any he ever attempted has been successfully accomplished. A party of speculators, comprising by no means the most reputable and solvent operators of the street, have cornered Michigan Southern, and done it so effectually that the losses of the Bears have been almost without precedent. It was the old story. The cornerers bought up the whole stock of the Company. Parties who wanted to buy were offered stock seller three—that is to say, after three days. "Regular" or "cash" stock—that is to say, stock deliverable on the day of the purchase or on the following day—was not to be had. All stock lent out was called in. On 5th inst. 5 per cent. was paid for the use of stock for a single day. On 6th inst. 20 per cent. was paid in many instances. The cornering clique was willing to supply the stock at 84 seller three, while the cash price was 104 @ 107. Not even in the famous Hudson River and Harlem corners was such severe punishment inflicted on the Bears.

It is not certain that the cornerers have made any thing by the operation. It is understood that they have still on hand over $5,000,000 of the stock of the Michigan Southern, and no one is likely to want to buy the property at present prices. A flavor of roguery exudes from the stock, and careful houses will not allow it to enter their offices. It may again be twisted to 100, or dropped to 50. The only safe policy for outsiders is to let it alone. If this policy be adhered to the clique may yet be compelled to sell the remainder of their stock at prices which may net them a loss on the whole operation. It is, in fact, a Prairie du Chien over again. The old clique which cornered that concern maintain a nominal quotation of 92 @ 94 for it by bidding for it themselves. At the same time they are borrowing 40—the most they can get—on the stock at an average rate of 15 per cent. per annum interest. Whenever the Secretary of the Treasury offers new funding loans, and the money-market becomes tight once more, they will be forced to sell, and may not realize over 30 @ 35. It will be the same with the Michigan Southern. If sales be forced it may fall below 50 per cent. in a couple of days. No one, in or out of Wall Street, believes in its value. In ten years it has paid three dividends. Of these the last was borrowed, and the money has not yet been repaid. A general belief prevails that the directors are speculators, and that they would withhold or declare a dividend to suit their own purposes.

It is likely that the legality of the recent corner will be tested in a court of justice. The leading director of the Erie, who has made or tried to make so much money by cornering Bears in that stock, was outraged at being himself cornered by the speculators in Michigan Southern, and has appealed to the courts for redress. To Wall Street eyes his appeal is ridiculous. A man who sells and undertakes to deliver that which he has not got, necessarily takes the chances of being able to procure the property when he is called upon to deliver it. But the matter may be differently viewed by the courts. In the Napoleon Oil Case, of which some account was given in these columns a few months since, the courts held that, where the price of a stock was advanced above its natural value by fraudulent manœuvres of a managing or cornering clique, parties dealing in the stock in good faith and in ignorance of said manœuvres could recover any losses incurred by reason of the corner. The rule of law is clear: he who buys that which does not exist buys nothing, and can not insist upon a delivery of the thing bought. If Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR buys of Commodore VANDERBILT the New York City Hall, which is not for sale, the contract is void, and Mr. ASTOR can recover nothing by way of damages. If JONES sells to SMITH the church and church-yard of Trinity there is no sale, and nothing can be recovered by way of damages. If SMITH, who owns all the land on the west side of Avenue B, buys of ROBINSON—who is unaware of the state of the case—ten lots on said west side of said Avenue, the courts will hold that the purchase is void, the thing sold not being in the market. In like manner, if BROWN and WILLIAMS club together and buy up all the Michigan Southern in existence; then, having all the stock in their trunk, or due to them from solvent men, bid for a quantity of stock over and above the actual capital, which SMITH and JONES, speculators in Wall Street, agree, in ignorance of the real state of the case, to supply at a fraction above the market-price, the chances are that the courts would relieve SMITH and JONES from their contract on the ground that the purchase

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was void, and that the purchasers were fraudulently minded.

If the commission brokers of Wall Street were wise they would put an end to this cornering business at once. For it is fatal to their business. No man can tell how to advise his customers, or how to save them from loss. To buy railway stocks, in view of the coming depression in business, is wild; to sell them in view of the prospect of corners in each successive stock, is insane. The only safe policy is to let stocks entirely alone, and to leave the brokers to feed upon each other. In other words, the inevitable effect of these corners is to destroy the business of Wall Street. It may be a question whether this is an unmitigated evil. There are many who will regard it as an event not devoid of advantage to the public at large. But the brokers, whose living depends upon the activity of trade in stocks, will not share this opinion, and it is a little curious that both boards should have suffered these corners to be accomplished without even an attempt to protect themselves.

Some ten years ago, before the crisis of 1857, when Europeans were investing freely in United States railway securities, it was proposed to place our leading railway stocks upon the list of the London Stock Exchange. To the astonishment of most people here, the application was denied—on the ground that the capital of most of our companies was so small that in the event of a Bear movement it would be easy for any one of a score of rich operators in London to corner the Bears and force them to settle on their own terms. Experience proves that the Englishmen were right. It would be to the interest of the New York brokers now to strike from their list every stock that is cornered, and to establish for other stocks a clearing day, on which contracts might be settled at the price of the day without regard to the supply of stock on the street.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE Civil Rights bill declares that all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States, and that such citizens, of every race and color, "shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, be parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and to be entitled to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishments, pains and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

The bill then defines the method of protecting these rights, the details of which, if imperfect, can readily be corrected. It leaves the adjustment of political privilege to the States. It does not say that a citizen shall be a voter: it says only that he shall have the equal rights of a man.

This law, which was passed by an imposing vote in both Houses, 33 to 15 in the Senate, and 122 to 41 in the House, unquestionably expresses the profound determination of the people of the United States. They conferred freedom, and they have now defined what they mean by freedom. If a man can not own property and exercise every right that springs from its possession he is not free. This truth is fully recognized by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, at whose instance, and against the wishes of many leaders, the Georgia Legislature has passed a bill legalizing equal civil rights to the freedmen. What Georgia has wisely done for itself the United States have done for the whole country. In doing it Congress has secured one of the most legitimate results of the war, and has laid the corner-stone of enduring peace and Union.

THE CASE OF IRELAND.

ALTHOUGH Fenianism may not be a very imposing phenomenon, yet it is not to be forgotten that the wrongs of Ireland are not a fable, but a very tragical truth. We do not need to explore history to know so much. We have only to consider the general condition of the vast numbers of emigrants from that country to this to be very sure that there must be a radical and vital defect in the system to which they are subject, and which makes them what they are. "The Anglo-Saxon race," bitterly says the French *Opinion Nationale*, alluding to the national fast for the cattle pest, "will pray for the salvation of bulls and scourge poor Ireland." The accusation is tremendous, but to every plea of England the actual condition of Ireland must be sternly and constantly alleged.

A hundred and fifty years ago MOLYNEUX published his "Case of Ireland Stated," and DEAN SWIFT his "Drapier's Letters." Mr. JAMES GODKIN, a writer in the London *Fortnightly Review*, reminds us that the House of Commons could not answer MOLYNEUX's book, so they had it burned by the common hangman, while SWIFT's publisher, for refusing to give the author's name, was thrown into prison. These events are typical of the English system in Ireland, and Mr. GODKIN submits the case of Ireland anew.

It must be remembered that the Irish population is not of one race or faith. The pure Celts are few and feeble. The Roman Catholic nobility and gentry, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the professional and mercantile classes, with most of the land-owners, belong to the British connection. The "dangerous class" is not the original Celt, it is the Catholic peasantry in the better part of the country who are of mixed race. It is in the most English counties of "the pale" that the chief discontent is found, and if the quarrel were to be settled among the Irish themselves, the Irish of British race, according to our author, would remain masters. It was in these English counties, where Irish had not been spoken for ages, that the rebellion of '98 against the British Government raged most fiercely. The population is energetic, self-reliant, and asks only for just government and fair play for industry.

The Irish priests spring from the people. Their interests are those of their flocks. Educated upon the Continent, which is covered with the monuments of their Church, or at home pondering the ancient power of their faith, the priests paint to the people the wrongs of their Church, which is proscribed and persecuted. Before the eyes of those people are the painful contrast of the ruins of the old cathedrals with the modern Episcopal chapel and its well-endowed rector preaching to his congregation of twenty souls, while a thousand of the faithful and traditional Church kneel upon earthen floors in their rude house beyond. These contrasts are deepened in effect by the traditions of alienated estates, of martyred bishops, of the long, desperate struggle for freedom, and the black penal code. The passionate power of priestly appeals upon such points to such people can be imagined.

Most of the land in Ireland has been confiscated three times, and as joint rights of ownership were disregarded the land titles are hopelessly confused. As the tenant farmer by his own outlay increases the yield of the ground the absentee landlord increases his rent and refuses long leases. Small farmers have abandoned the struggle. Large farmers throw land out of cultivation because of the greater profit of grazing. There is, therefore, no steady demand of agricultural labor; in large districts there are no resident gentry or capitalists; and the mass of the agricultural and laboring classes are hostile to the Government, which is represented to them by noble absentee proprietors, who make attorneys their agents, and pay them a per-centage upon the rent they can extort.

The hostility of races and of religions has never been fiercer than in Ireland, but it is not greater than that of the native septs or clans before the Reformation. The Pope supported the King of England and the King's Irish against the rest of the Irish population until the King turned Protestant, when the Pope went over to the "Irish enemy." The terrible civil wars continued, and hatred, suspicion, and contempt were embodied in the English laws for Ireland, until the late Lord LYNDHURST, the Tory Chancellor, described the Irish Catholics as "aliens in blood, language, and religion." He would more truly have expressed the Conservative feeling even of his own time and the last generation had he said enemies instead of aliens.

But during the last half century England has been trying slowly to atone for the melancholy misgovernment of Ireland. The Tory or Conservative party, which never forgets and never learns, which thinks that the British Constitution is gone if a law is reformed which hangs a starving man for stealing a hen, which has brought England to the verge of civil war more than once in this century, of course resisted and resists. The safety of the British empire, as of every constitutional government, lies in the defeat of the Conservative Tory policy. As an Opposition such a party is useful; as a Government it is perilous. It opposed Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Law repeal. It has opposed every vital reform demanded by the condition of England. The problem in Ireland will be solved by the English liberals. An actual religious and political equality and a change in the land tenure must be achieved before Ireland can rest, or England either. The key-note of English as of American liberalism—the secret of peace and welfare—is Justice.

AMNESTY.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who held quite as firmly to the Southern doctrine of State Sovereignty as JEFFERSON DAVIS, was released from Fort Warren during the last autumn, and was lately elected Senator in Congress by the Georgia Legislature. On the 22d of February he made a speech accepting the office and exhorting his neighbors to patient acquiescence in the results of the war. It was unquestionably wise to release him, to suffer him to live at home, and to give good advice to the Georgia Legislature. But surely it is a whimsical injustice to deprive his late associate executive officer of "the Confederacy" of the same opportunities. Why should not JEFFERSON DAVIS be allowed to acquiesce and to urge acquiescence? His offense was no greater, if more conspicuous, than that of STEPHENS; and treason, if they were guilty of it, can not be made "odious" by imprisoning the one and countenancing the other.

Mr. RAPHAEL SEMMES, also, who commanded the *Alabama*, and who made war upon the United States after his surrender, has been unconditionally released by the President of the United States. Mr. SEMMES was very successful in his raids by sea upon the ships of loyal merchants. He must have destroyed property to the amount of many millions of dollars. Mr. C. C. CLAY, on the other hand, was very unsuccessful. His raids by land were generally abortive, although planned upon the most comprehensive scale. We do not complain, under the circumstances, so far as they are known, that Mr. SEMMES goes free, but why is Mr. CLAY kept in jail?

We presume that these facts foretell a general amnesty. To hold DAVIS and CLAY while STEPHENS and SEMMES are released is unjustifiable. To undertake to try DAVIS is folly. It would be the trial of the Government. Does any loyal man wish to submit the validity of the war to the verdict of twelve chance men in Richmond? If DAVIS should be convicted of treason, nothing is settled. If he should be acquitted, the Government becomes ridiculous and the war is condemned. No trial can affect the public judgment of his course. Whatever the result, loyal men would retain their opinion and disloyal men theirs. If convicted, he would not be hung, for if there were any danger of the execution of such a sentence the most loyal men in the land would be the most earnest intercessors for his pardon. No constitutional Government was ever strengthened by hanging its enemies after a war in which it was victorious, and no blood shed upon the scaffold for political offenses has ever yet stained the purity of our national garments.

But while the conspicuous individual leaders in the great rebellion, like DAVIS, STEPHENS, LEE, SEMMES, CLAY, and others, instead of being pursued with rigor, are suffered, and wisely suffered, to go with no other penalty than the feeling with which the authors of so much misery will always be regarded by patriotic men, it is all the more important that every reasonable step should be taken to destroy the conditions which so fatally favored their conspiracy. That is the work in which Congress is engaged, and in which it is supported by the sympathy and prayers of those who have saved the country.

"CONSERVATIVE" WISDOM.

THE last suggestion of the "Conservatives" is worthy of those who denied the authority of the United States to "coerce" rebels, and who declared the war a failure. It is simply that the President is not bound to execute a law which he considers unconstitutional—in other words, that the President may dispense with the laws.

The simple truth is, that the President takes an oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." The Constitution provides that when the President objects to a law, upon constitutional or other grounds, he is to return it to the House in which it originated, and that House shall proceed to reconsider it. "If," says the Constitution, "after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House, IT SHALL BECOME A LAW."

If the President's conscience forbids him to fulfill his oath and execute the law, he may do what some Commissioners did under the Fugitive Slave Law—he may resign his office.

The "Conservatism" which, by the mouth of Mr. GARRETT DAVIS, suggests to the President to refuse to recognize the Senate of the United States, and by the Chicago *Times* exhorts him to turn Congress out of the Capitol, naturally proposes, by the New York *World*, that he shall disregard his oath. A "Conservatism" which considers Congress "a Rump" easily discovers it to be an impertinence, and the will of the President the sole government of the country, without perceiving that if Congress be a Rump, the President, who was elected by exactly the same votes, is no less a fragment.

And these are the oracles who roll up their eyes at "revolutionary" radicals.

MR. JAMES M. SCOVEL.

As the name of Mr. JAMES M. SCOVEL will probably never be heard of again, it is instructive to note why it was ever heard of at all. He was a Union Senator in the New Jersey Legislature. The Union Senators were eleven in number, and the Opposition ten. When the seat of Mr. STOCKTON in the United States Senate was vacated, a proposition was made in the New Jersey Senate to go into joint convention for an election. Mr. SCOVEL voted with the friends of Mr. STOCKTON against it, and refused to vote for a Convention, unless the Convention would agree to nominate a person whom he should propose. Why the whole body of Unionists in the Legislature should yield their preference to Mr. JAMES M. SCOVEL that gentleman failed to state. He declared with great solemnity that he was very honest, while nobody doubted that the others were so. The passage of the Civil Rights Bill over the veto apparently depended upon the Senator to be elected in New Jersey, but Mr. SCOVEL declined to yield, and reiterated that his honesty was truly phenomenal. Fortunately the vote of New Jersey was not necessary to pass the bill, but that State has lost one of the fairest fruits of her noble victory of the autumn—a Union Senator of the United States—because Mr. JAMES M. SCOVEL, elected as a Unionist, refused to vote for the candidate selected by the whole body of Union men. He was not bound to vote for a man whom he did not approve, but he was bound not to prevent others from voting for their chosen candidate. He had no right to insist that every Union Senator and Representative in New Jersey should submit to his sole dictation; and it is because of his betrayal of an honorable political trust that the name of Mr. JAMES M. SCOVEL was noted for a week, and will not be heard of again.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

ONE of the most important items in the relation of food to health is the regulation of its quantity. This seems to be very well done, for the most part, where it is left entirely to the instinct of the animal and the amount of supply furnished by nature; for we have no evidence that wild animals commit errors as to the quantity of their food. It is otherwise with domesticated animals, for their habits are modified more or less by man's control over them, and the supply of their food is not regulated by nature. Errors of diet are often committed by them. You may make your canary-bird or your dog sick with too much of rich food; your horse may be injured by eating from a grain-bin, or your cattle by getting into a corn-field. In the case of man himself the indications of nature are very apt to be overruled by his inclinations and notions—shall we say his judgment? If so, his judgment is often at fault.

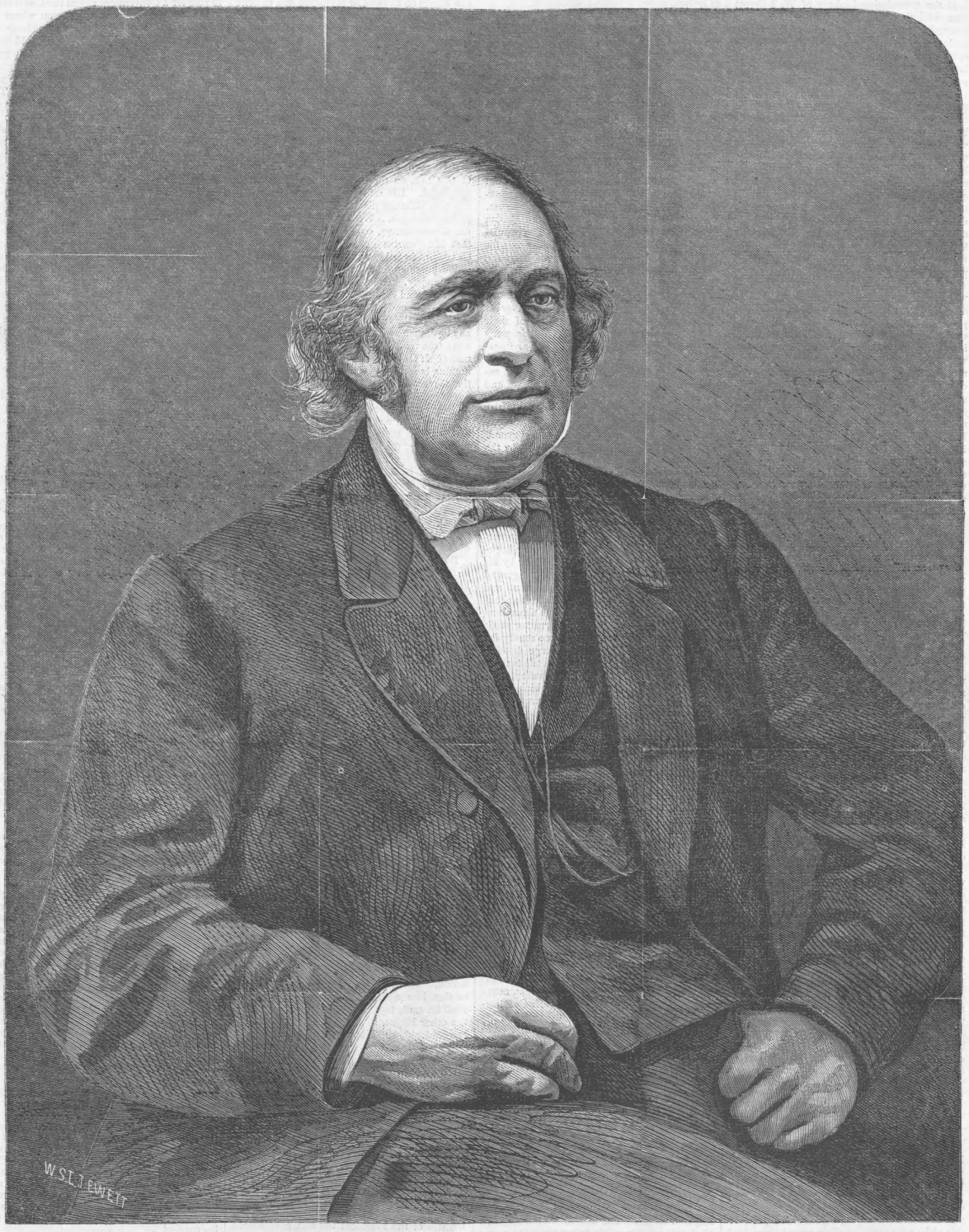
What prompts us to eat? It is what we call hunger—a sensation about the cause and seat of which there has been much speculation. Its seat is certainly, for the most part at least, in the stomach; and its cause is the want of more nutrition in the system, this want being expressed by the sensation which it occasions. The greater, therefore, is the want the more intense is the sensation, as we see in the imperative hunger which sometimes appears in convalescents who have been much emaciated by disease. This sensation is often removed by other things besides food. Sudden bad news may, by its influence on the stomach through the nervous system, destroy it. Filling the stomach with indigestible substances will remove it, or rather overpower it by producing another sensation there, as is done by the dirt-eaters, and sometimes in experiments on animals.

When food removes hunger it is not by the supply of the want of the system, for the effect comes long before the nutritive part of the food can be conveyed to where it is wanted. It results from the sensation occasioned by the presence of the food and the commencement of the process of digestion. What is this sensation? Is it a sense of fullness? Many eat till there is even an oppressive sensation of this kind. But this comes after one has passed clear beyond the sensation that betokens a sufficiency of food—the sensation of satiety, as we may term it. This is quite as definite as its opposite, hunger, and it is a reliable indication. It is not a mere extinguishment of hunger, but it is a positive sensation of a somewhat compound character. There is a feeling of satisfaction, with some, but slight, sense of fullness. It is sometimes claimed that we should stop short of this, and not absolutely extinguish our hunger; but this would be a disobedience of an obvious indication of nature, and the result would be insufficient nutrition of the system, and consequent feebleness and disease.

This sensation is not an adequate guide in regard to the amount of food, unless the circumstances under which we take it are properly regulated. It may fail us if we eat too rapidly. The feeling of satiety will not come at the proper moment if the food be thrown into the stomach partially masticated and scarcely moistened with the saliva. The bare sense of fullness would then be our chief guide, and there is danger of eating too much. It may fail us also if too much be made of the pleasure of the palate by variety of dishes and courses, although we do not decry a due regard to gratification in taking our food.

There should be more attention paid to the cultivation of correct tastes in regard to food. There should not be the alternation which we often see between poor living and such provision as presents extraordinary temptations to gormandizing. The fruits of the different seasons should more commonly make a portion of our daily meals. There should be more uniformly good cooking of ordinary articles, and less of the usual making up for deficiency in this by a variety of luxuriously prepared food. Good bread and well-cooked meats are much less common than is supposed, even where there is a profuse display of the nick-nacks of cookery, which serve both to deprave the tastes and produce disease. Richness—the richness of nature—with plainness and simplicity, should be the main object in the appointments of the table. Undue variety should be avoided, for this leads to going beyond the sensation of satiety, and a more or less oppressive fullness is apt to be the limit of eating.

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PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. SONREL, BOSTON.]

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THE President of the United States referred in his inaugural to the warm reception, by the monarch of Brazil, of the scientific party now exploring that portion of South America. It is believed that this is the first time that a Chief Magistrate of our nation has called attention to any exploration of a nature so purely private in its inception and in its execution. Professor AGASSIZ is the head of that expedition, and such is the remarkable career and character of the man that his new researches have not only merited mention by the President of the United States, the enthusiastic co-operation of the Emperor of Brazil, and the deepest interest of scientific men in Europe and America, but the general public manifest in his movements as great solicitude as if he were engaged in enterprises of great official as well as national importance. His discoveries on the Amazon have called renewed attention to the man who belongs to both continents. Born in Switzerland, he is an adopted son of the United States. Several cantons have claimed him in his native land, and our own LONGFELLOW has added not a little to the confusion in the popular mind when, in his beautiful "Ode to AGASSIZ on his Fiftieth Birthday," written in 1857, he says:

"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
A child in its cradle lay."

The fact is, that LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in a little corner of the Canton Friburg, Switzerland, not far away from the cantons of Neuchâtel, Berne, and Vaud. His father and five immediate ancestors were clergymen of the Protestant faith. His mother, who still lives, was remarkable for her talent and acquirements. His education was of that complete kind which is open to every one in the excellent schools of Switzerland; but his tastes, influenced by Rev. Mr. FIVAS (now a resident of New York), turned in the direction of natural science. The colleges of Bienne, Lausanne, and Zurich in Switzerland, witnessed his early triumphs in the classics, in general scientific attainments, and in the particular study of medicine—his early chosen profession. He completed his academic course in the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich. Later, in Vienna and Paris, he enjoyed the association and friendship of Humboldt, Cuvier, Hyrtle, and others.

While he was yet in his teens the first Emperor of Brazil took the Austrian Archduchess LEOPOLDINA, the sister of MARIE LOUISE (the first NAPOLEON'S second bride), to share with him the throne at Rio de Janeiro. Then it was that the monarch of Bavaria sent a corps of scientific men to Brazil, chiefly directed by MARTIUS and SPIX. AGASSIZ was not yet of age when this expedition returned; but when SPIX, to whom was intrusted the zoological portion, suddenly died, there was no one in Europe whom MARTIUS found capable of classifying the fishes of Brazil except the young Swiss, who had devoted more close attention to ichthyology than any other man living. The work was published in Latin, and it instantly placed AGASSIZ in the first rank of authorities. From that time to this the scientific world has been surprised and overjoyed at contributions to science on a variety of the most difficult questions in nature, which required years of the most devoted study merely to arrange preliminaries before publication. The most varied

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as well as the most accurate knowledge and study are displayed in these works. The late Professor AMPÈRE, of the Sorbonne, Paris, wrote in 1851 that Professor AGASSIZ was the only man living, and one of the few who have ever existed, who had "made himself master of four sciences." Dr. MANUEL PACHECO DA SILVA, President of the Pedro II. College at Rio de Janeiro, recently made, in the *Jornal do Commercio*, a resumé of the works of AGASSIZ, with comments thereon; stating that any one who reads "The Fishes of Brazil" will find that it is a work upon which any one might rest his reputation; that a close examination of the second publication of AGASSIZ—"The Natural History of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe"—is a work so complete that any other man would have considered it his *magnum opus;* that his third great treatise—"Fossil Fishes"—for which his preliminary studies were during seven years of most arduous study, and which were ten years in publication, is a monument of research and genius such as the world has rarely seen, leading through the most abstruse and intricate regions of zoology, geology, and paleontology, to a new classification, which is recognized by all the leading geologists of the world; that his minor works on the Echini, on living and fossil shells, and several other subjects, were enough to satisfy the ambition of ordinary men; that his "Studies on the Glaciers," and his *Système Glacivire*, results of years of arduous investigation and long exposure on the highest Alps, and on the great glaciers of the Oberland and Mont Blanc, did more than any other of his works to revolutionize the former theories concerning the remote period of our globe when the great snow-storm covered tropic as well as arctic zones. "Surely," says Dr. PACHECO DA SILVA, "no one would have looked for other volumes from this great and prolific man; but no sooner does he reach the United States than the New World calls forth new efforts, and we looked upon his contributions to the Natural History of the United States as the final and monumental work of this capacious mind; but now we see him investigating the rich field of Brazil, and we feel that *finis* has not yet been written to the efforts of his genius."

Professor AGASSIZ came to our country in 1846. He was then Professor in the College of Neuchâtel, and visited the United States to study the aspects of nature here. We all remember the enthusiasm created by his lectures. Two years later, duty indicated plainly to the Professor that the New World was to be the field of his labors. The Professorship of Zoology and Geology in the scientific school in Cambridge is filled by AGASSIZ. The magnificent Museum of Comparative Zoology is wholly his creation in its inception, plan, and execution, and has excited the envy of Europe. It has a national importance, and in completeness and extent is the first in the world.

In March, 1865, Professor AGASSIZ left our shores with a corps of scientific men to explore the virgin fields of Brazil. Already this expedition, endowed by the munificence of NATHANIEL THAYER, Esq., of Boston, has produced abundant fruits. The enthusiastic reception by the Emperor of Brazil, and by the people of that Empire, and the co-operation of the Brazilian Government, are grateful to our nation, which is now more closely united to the most stable Government in South America. The results of Professor AGASSIZ's expedition will, like all his works, redound to the advancement of science and to the promotion of a truthful understanding of the great phenomena of tropical nature.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XV.

AT the same hour in which Brother Barker is preaching the Gospel—according to Jefferson Davis—at the Pines, Edward Arthur is preaching another Gospel—that according to the Lord Jesus Christ—in his church in Somerville. And he and his comparatively few hearers know that he has got such a grasp upon the very substance and essence of that good news to men as he never had before. Yes, he, and multitudes like him at the South, in ever deepening despair of things human in these days, are looking to the Gospel and to the living God, of whom that sacred paper is but the transparent drapery, with an ever-increasing singleness and intensity to which all previous experience is tame indeed.

"It's the last time, the very last time, you catch me a-hearing him," Mrs. Warner had remarked a few Sabbaths ago as she walked her portly husband home from church. "Yes, I know it, I did say before this I never would go again, and I haven't been, you well know, for ever so long. But I thought that to-day, Thanksgiving Day for our glorious victory over M'Clellan, he certainly would come out for the Confederacy, and be down at last upon the Yankees. And look at it. All that sermon of his to-day only a-trying to prove what terrible sinners *we* are instead, telling over all our sins. Not one word about the vile wickedness of the Yankees."

"Why he said, Helen," ventured the Doctor, "that, whatever were the human instruments of chastisement employed, the Almighty would deal in strictest justice with them as with us. You see he wants us to look more at that for which we are being punished than at the punishment itself; he says that if we do not we will be more and more punished by Him until we do.



GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

For one," added the Doctor, rashly, "I agree with Mr. Arthur entirely!"

But the Doctor never would have said this save from the warmth of just having heard the sermon.

"It's his influence has ruined you; he's a traitor, a Yankee, a vile Abolitionist!" says Mrs. Warner, and so decidedly that Alice Bowles, walking home alone from church, can not choose but hear. "Always insisting and insisting upon our sins," says Mrs. Warner, "as if we are not a million times better than the Yankees. Talking, too, about the Almighty, as if *He* had any hand in this wicked war upon us—it's awful! Look here, Dr. Warner," adds his wife in a sudden change of tone, as a light breaks on her, "I've got it now! The one great sin the South is being punished for is Slavery. That's his idea. Ah, hah. Yes, oh yes, I see! The Almighty is so angry with us because we own slaves he is using the Yankees to chastise us—*chastise* us, as if they could do it!—for that."

"Has he ever said so?" begins the Doctor.

"Hah, I remember now. That's why he has never preached a sermon—never, on the Bible command to us to hold slaves. Brother Barker—why there's not one preacher I know of but has done so often. Exactly!"

"I am astonished at you, Helen," says Dr. Warner, a new light, of somewhat different hue, breaking on him also. "You well know he has often urged on us—taking the institution for granted—to instruct our negroes—"

"Wants us to see to it that they are actually married and all that—as if a negro ever does more than take up with a husband or wife for a while; and as if virtuous white ladies were going to meddle in such things! Catch me! Something about the duties of negro parents to their children too. Parents! I tell you, Dr. Warner," adds his clear-spoken partner, "all such stuff is inconsistent with the institution. To preach it is to preach Abolitionism, that's all. It may deceive you, but it can't deceive me, so I tell you. And that he, a Southern man, that has lived here so long—"

Dr. Warner walks with drooped head beside his wife while she is exhausting herself upon the subject. Not that he hears a word she says. That Sunday morning when his pastor announced his settled purpose to confine himself exclusively to his Spiritual duties comes up before him. People agreed that was a pastor's only true course then—now it is disloyal. Mr. Arthur's is a peculiar position. Once, at least, during the week, the bell of every other church in Somerville summons the congregation to a special prayer-meeting for the success of the Confederacy; alone of the churches Mr. Arthur's remains closed, his bell silent. The only exception to the preachers in and around Somerville, and there are a great many of them, one never sees him on the streets laughing and shaking hands over the last glorious news, or clapping and stamping at the public meetings. Not once has he even been seen at the aforesaid prayer-meetings, where Sam Peters prays till he can only gasp for the swift and utter destruction of the Yankees. "By the sword, Lord, by the yellow fever, Lord. Like Gideon's foes, by one another, Lord; any way, good Lord, any way, every way, so that thou only out of thy unwasting fullness speedily destroy them!" Where Brother Barker, too, rises in prayer to such heights of expostulation as well as entreaty as he had never dreamed of even at the climax of the most successful of camp-meetings. All the "putting down, O Lord," Brother Barker clamors for these days is the "putting down of our thrice fiendish foes!" All the "saving" he supplicates is the "saving our new, our young, our great, our glorious Confederacy, even thine own peculiar people, O our God!"

Yes, it is a trying time for Mr. Arthur, these days.

"He's a lie, it isn't a political matter at all," Sam Peters says in reference to this speckled bird in the flock, "the very existence of Christianity at all on this continent is involved in the success of the Confederacy!" and that is the first article in the Creed—ah, you may deny it now; you know it was then—of every religious Secessionist at the South. But, in the rising tide of the times, friend after friend has been swept away from Mr. Arthur, some fled North, some gone to the war in reality, some gone to the war, from him at least, in heart.

His congregation wanes from Sabbath to Sabbath. In pastoral visits among the few that remain, even among some as heartily opposed as he at the outset to Secession, he hears, "Well, I was opposed to the thing at the beginning as much as a man could be, but now that we *are* in it"—and so on to the "last ditch" with the "black flag" waving over it! Such a forgetfulness of all principle in the matter, such an utter abandoning yourself to the current simply because it *is* a current. And that current is Lethe itself as to the Past. It matters not a straw how sincerely good Mr. Ellis, and thousands like him, once believed it to be a great sin; "now we are in it; now, you see, we *are* in it!" is the magical formula, and, presto! off you are gone, soul as well as body, with the movement.

A trying time for the man. There are many as clear and as firm, too, as he, but, unlike them, he can not shut himself up in his office, bury himself in the furrows of his farm, occupy and conceal himself behind his counter. He is before the public every Sunday, peculiarly before them on the often recurring Thanksgiving and Fast days. Somerville has forgotten a good many people, but he is too much before it for that. An annoying Elijah, who will not even hie himself away in the seclusion of Cherith and Sarepta, but is perpetually in Ahab's path.

By slow degrees, keenly as it hurt him at first, he is becoming used to people passing him without speaking, to the cold words and colder manner of those who were once his friends. On what pretext resign? Where go if he should? What occupation can he, a man under ban, follow? He has no capital to become a merchant, no farm to be a farmer, as objectionable a teacher as he is a preacher. Let him resign to-day, before to-morrow Brother Barker will himself see to it that he is conscripted. All he can do is to continue in his present line of duty. He wonders, Is the delusion in myself or in the mass around me! Ignorant and educated, sanguine and phlegmatic, silent and talkative, violent and mild, the avowedly wicked and the devotedly pious—the fermentation is seething all men into oneness of opinion, feeling, speech. Alas! for Edward Arthur, he is only petrifying in his isolation.

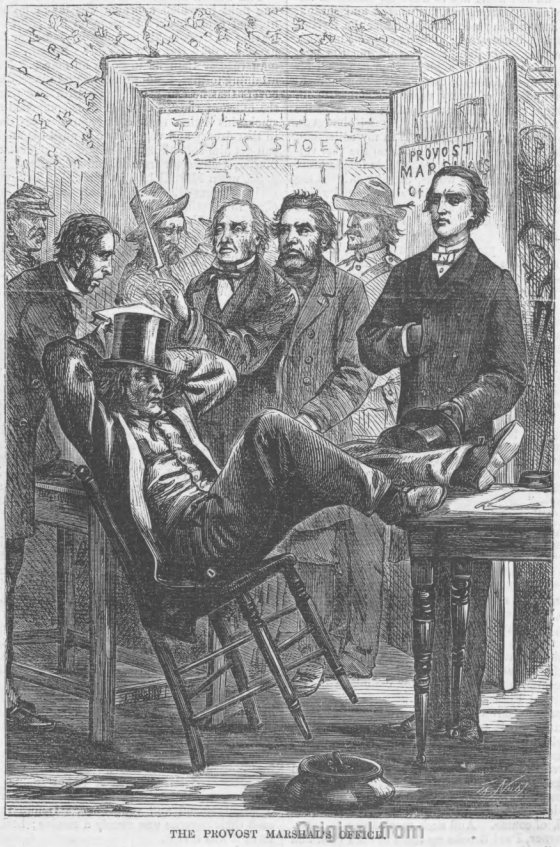
Look at good Mr. Ellis. There is almost nothing left in his store these days for sale. His last calicoes went off at two dollars a yard. Mrs. Bowles bought his last bolt of domestic at one dollar and seventy-five cents. He did have shoes at ten dollars, none now. His shelves display only empty boxes, bottles of hair oil, stone jugs, patent medicines, and an amazing number of mouse-traps. Any quantity of coffee mills, but they are only a mockery, coffee selling at two dollars a pound. But not a cent cares Mr. Ellis. His main object in opening his store in the morning is to hear what people—dropping in during the day to ask for articles they won't get—have to say upon the one topic, while, leaning against his empty shelves, he exchanges instead of goods his own freshest hopes in return.

"Goods? No, Sir; and, for one, I intend getting few or none from abroad hereafter. I hope to sell nothing that is not made within the Confederacy. In a short time, Sir, we will have achieved our independence in every sense of the word."

Piety develops in a man the faculty of hope, and the vigor of Mr. Ellis's hope has reference to the Confederacy, and is amazing. His son Henry writes gloomy letters from the army and he rebukes him therefor, ignoring to every one and to himself every thing not encouraging to "the South." The paper he reads several times over on its arrival, with what heated unbelief in its discouraging items, with what magnifying fervor in its encouraging ones. The least thistledown of a rumor of the latter kind is a solid satisfaction for, at least, the passing moment. He eagerly repeats it to customers calling in on vain search for axes or nails or pins. An ironclad navy arrived at Wilmington for the South, a civil war already broken out at the North, European intervention—his sincere belief in the news satisfies all who hear it from him that it must be even so. Whoever else is absent from any war meeting Mr. Ellis is not; his sincere face giving moral sanction to the proceedings otherwise rather vindictive, not to say profane. It is singular, though, that he is not a more regular attendant on the prayer meetings; there is a spirit in the remarks and the prayers thereat from which, in spite of himself, he winces and shrinks. The religiousness of Mr. Ellis's belief in the Confederacy disquiets his pastor more than any thing else—all Mr. Ellis's piety running so swiftly in that one channel in these days.

But the two rarely meet now. "He knows my sentiments perfectly well; how can he be so cordial with me—not cordial—so full rather of a struggling respect and esteem for me still?" the pastor asks himself, wondering whether he will see his former friend at church next Sunday or no. Is it possible deep down in his soul he knows I am right? Mr. Arthur muses upon it, till one Sabbath Mr. Ellis disappears with his family from church.

Perhaps Robby Sorel may have had an unconscious share in this last step. Not a more modest, quiet, sober little fellow than Robby; but, to say nothing of his mother, he has by this time become exceedingly attached to Mr. Arthur, who teaches him at home, and makes a companion of him in all his excursions, his heart yearning doubly over Robby in his state of banishment, and being repulsed from almost every one else. As with the children of all Union people, Robby has a great deal to bear in the way of abuse. That his mother and Mr. Arthur are Yankees, Abolitionists, and traitors he is told almost every time he is sent into Somerville on an errand. But when Charley Ellis, about his own age, becoming rapidly the very bad boy which the children of pious parents sometimes do become, heaps cursing and abuse upon him, about this time, as a "whitewashed negro," with a great deal more in reference to Mr. Arthur and his



THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

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mother, Robby's wrath bursts forth, and, as much to his own surprise as that of Charley Ellis, he gives this latter a sound drubbing. Of course Mr. Ellis hears only his son's, or rather his son's mother's version of the matter; that, with Charley's blackened eyes, settles the matter. Only he will not put it on that ground with Mr. Arthur.

"The prayers he offers are precisely those he might put up in a Boston pulpit: I can not stand it," says Mr. Ellis. Not that he has any more fancy for Brother Barker and the like for all that. For the present Mr. Ellis and family, his children withdrawn from Sabbath School, are adrift upon the world.

"I wonder whether I would be as dumb upon political matters in the pulpit if I was where I could speak?" said Mr. Arthur to himself, next morning as he rode home from his bath, feeling fresh and strong. "And *is* it an hypocrisy for me to put my position on the ground that it is the duty of ministers to abstain from politics?"

"You and your fellow-preachers of the same sentiments are in somewhat the same case here at the South that the preachers of the Democratic party are at the North," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom, in Guy Brooks's office the same day, Mr. Arthur propounds his case. "Were you and your like at the North they at the South, to say the least, the temptation upon you as upon them to speak out would be tremendous. Eh? I dare say you would be among the loudest, most violent of them all—a perfect Barker. It is only human nature, man," says the Scot.

"My convictions," moans the minister, "are so very clear and strong; so very much to so many is at stake; and, then, the question is so largely a moral, in fact a religious, one! Yet surely a minister should be exclusively—"

"Oh, never mind about that," breaks in the lawyer. "You are occupying the only position you can now;" and Guy Brooks continues an interrupted denunciation of the new Stay Law.

"And there is conscription," begins the Scotchman.

"The most awful violation of State Rights—the most unconstitutional thing!" burst out the lawyer.

"You must not say that; you know our Supreme Court is unanimous against you. By-the-by," continues Mr. Ferguson, "I had a visit last night from a man on land business—wanted to buy land—as if I would exchange my solid acres for his worthless paper-money! He was telling me about a District Judge in our sister State—a long story. Being a Yankee and in office he decides instantly, eagerly, that conscription is constitutional. They wanted to argue before him the question of Martial Law, as now existing in every village over the State. 'Not one syllable, gentlemen,' he said; 'my mind is already made up—Martial Law is constitutional also.' And if that gang at Richmond had enacted Polygamy it would have been the same. Poor fellow! I know all about it: at the beginning of Secession, too thoroughly informed in head and heart not to know its diabolical nature and consequences, he winced and shrank. In, however, he went at last, under the terrible pressure, desperately; now he stops at nothing, of course. My land-seeker told me the poor fellow is thinned to a ghost—you can read his misery in his face—he can not sit still a moment—in and out of every group he comes upon, seeking consolation and finding none. Like Milton's Satan he can not fly himself, however. I've put my man's information in my collection, adds he, laying his broad palm on the vast volume in question lying on the table beside him; "and you mark my words, Sirs," continues the grim Scot, "if I do not have to complete that person's history with an account of his suicide I am more mistaken than I was ever before in my life."

"I suppose you have that printed list of those who have not paid their War tax," asks the lawyer—"the one pasted up in the Court-house?"

"In my collection? Yes, Sir, my name leading the list. There has not been a matter relating to Secession in my reach that is not there. That collection, Sir, is nothing to laugh at—it is material of profound philosophical study. The regular steps of Secession toward despotism are perfectly beautiful, illustrating the invariable working of moral law as the rainbow does the natural laws of light. Stay law, exemption of the rich from military service, martial law, conscription, prostituted press, terrorism—we will soon get on to currency utterly depreciated, then impressment of property and negroes, terrible military executions to prevent desertion, State militia passed into the hands of the Richmond gang—"

"What raving madness!" breaks in the lawyer, rising from his seat in desperation. "We seceded for what?"

"For our share of the Territories, and they are gone; for State Rights, and they are gone."

"For Slavery, and it will soon be gone, too. *Quem deus vult perdere*—a hackneyed old proverb, Mr. Arthur. You cut loose from the Union," continues the Scotchman, "and sail off on the one bottom of Slavery! Beautiful experiment, *experimentum crucis*, as Bacon calls such; Faraday, with a broad, clean counter before him, never tried a neater, completer one in Natural Philosophy. The idea, you see, is to eliminate Slavery from all that has hitherto been mixed with it, to see how the thing itself and by itself stands. Well, not a Power in the world dare recognize your Slave Government; at home corruption and despotism and ruin until you sicken of it—to say nothing of the awful judgments of Heaven upon you by the hands of the Federals! Being from Scotland, I am impartial, of course. And such men as you two, Dr. Warner, Paul Brooks up there at the Pines, and all like you at the South, why, born and living at the South, it is no wonder you are coming so slowly to see. But you are on the road—three years hence the Union men of the South will be the most hearty emancipationists on earth, without a spark of Northern fanaticism!"

It was an awful sentiment; but dry Mr. Ferguson stated it simply as a scientific fact. He was canny Scotch enough, however, to lower his voice as he made the atrocious statement. "And it is the hand of God," he added; "you good people could see no harm in Slavery. Very well, Heaven is putting that very cup to your lip, pressing it there bitter and long, to see how you like the taste. The Jehovah of Moses still rules, an eye for an eye, *lex talionis*—retributive justice the old Covenanters call it."

Neither of his friends would have endured such language a few months before. Yes, an immense amount of thinking was being done in the South those days, and in the mind of every reasoning mortal there, Union man or Secessionist, it all bore upon that one thing—Slavery.

"And so you had to march up, too, and take your medicine?" the lawyer asks Mr. Arthur, after a long silence. And that gentleman needed no explanation. He *had* stood before the Provost Marshal, and, under oath, renounced all allegiance to the United States Government, swearing fealty to the "Confederate States of America" instead. Medicine? Yes; and the bitterest to him, and to thousands like him, their manhood had ever taken. Certain zealous females of the Secession persuasion had even offered themselves to the Provost Marshal of Somerville as a committee to administer the same oath to every one of their own sex in the county. Unfortunately the Provost Marshal declined the offer; acknowledged its importance, but plead absence of instructions. Not one of the Secession females but would have died or succeeded. Not even the feeblest of the Union ladies but would have endured first a thousand deaths. Who can conjecture the issue? And, alas for Poesy, Bellona, dread goddess of war, being the muse, that such an Iliad should not have been enacted!

"Tim Lamum Provost Marshal? Oh, come now, not Tim Lamum!" had been the universal remark in Somerville when that fact was announced.

Wait one instant. For it takes very little expenditure of colors—water colors—to paint Tim Lamum. A suddenly shot up youth of nineteen was Tim, oily as to hair, sparse as to mustache, feeble as to stamina, profane as to speech, loose as to morals, good as to only one thing on earth—and that one thing is poker. All the rest of Tim's full length is on the canvas when it is added that Tim had "plenty of negroes," and was nephew of the editor. An exceedingly vaporous existence had Tim led up to Secession. With his hat perched, tilted well forward, upon the top of his head, a cigar in the corner of his languid mouth, nothing on the surface of this planet had Tim to do. And he did it; that is, during the day. At night it was poker.

Tim was off to the war from the first, was in one fight in which a bridge was much mixed up, and came back. Forever on the point of leaving to "rejoin his command," somehow he never got off. But as a private? No, Sir. No man readier than he to go as an officer. Not attaining to that, Lamum, editor and uncle, discovers that he can not dispense with Tim from the office of the *Star*. So Tim is compelled to smoke his listless cigar a fraction of every day in that dreary and very dirty den until his uncle can get him something as Commissary, Quartermaster, Contractor from Richmond.

So, when Martial Law is established in Somerville, Somerville finds it embodied in Tim, cigar in mouth, hat on head, heels on the little table before him, ready to perform all the duties of Provost Marshal in the empty store employed for the purpose. And very easy Tim took it. Bob Withers acted for the time as his clerk on the dusty counter near by, entering the names and administering the oath. All that Tim has to do at present is to smooth down his incipient mustache in the hollowed fore-finger of his left hand whenever he takes his cigar from his mouth with his right. Medicine? Ay, the bitterest on earth.

"An oath under duress has not the least obligation," reasons Guy Brooks and hundreds of thousands at the South. Ye who seriously revere an oath as the most solemn of appeals to God, is or is not the taking of an oath on the basis of such reasoning about as cool, as deliberate a taking the name of God in vain as a man can be guilty of? If the whole moral law, in every possible inflection thereof, were but as explicit and invariable as the Multiplication Table now!

A pitiful sight it was to see old, white-headed men, who had not had time yet to realize the possibility of Secession, the very imagination of which they had abhorred all their lives, suddenly hurried in from their homes, stood like children before this beardless puppet of the hour, driven there to do so under peril of property and life, calling on God to witness they renounced the Government they had up till that instant regarded as the noblest and firmest on earth! Solemnly pledging themselves to what? To the suddenest and wildest and windiest—

Strong men came sullenly forward too. Heaven help us! not a man in Somerville failed to come. Many swearing, as they took the oath—ah, how solemnly!—by the God that made them, to take full vengeance for this their deep humiliation. Yes, it *was* an oath—not to Secessionists—it left *them* as it found them; to Union men it was the awful pledge and sacrament of hatred and vengeance. Before that oath their purpose was merely a resolve; henceforth it was a vow.

In the establishment of Martial Law and Conscription Secession rolled up into its zenith, subsiding thereafter—but oh, how slowly!—to its nadir.

"I call you to witness, Mr. Lamum, and you, Mr. Withers," Edward Arthur, as he stands before Tim's boot-soles displayed on the little red table, remarks, "that I take this oath only on one ground. Were it not for that I would perish first."

"Ah, and what ground is that?" asks Tim, with languid curiosity, clasping both hands together behind his head and tilting his chair farther back as he speaks. He manages to ask the question, too, with his cigar in his mouth.

"Solely because I am commanded to obey, by Scripture, every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. I obey as part of my submission to the Powers that be, yielding not to those Powers but to the Providence that permits them present might, and to the express command of God in such a case as this. I submit to this as I would endeavor to do to every affliction He pleases to send, however painful. I have nothing more to say."

"I'm afraid you do not like my Government," says the Provost Marshal, with pitying dignity. And if Tim used the expression once during his official career he used it—shall we venture to say?—one thousand times. He had met with it in the corner of some newspaper as the language of some other high and distinguished official in diplomatic correspondence. "I have no choice in the matter," he afterward remarks to those whose houses he has had searched for conscripts, or who are up before him for using disloyal language; "it is my Government which directs me to act as I do. If my Government did not consider it necessary they would not have made it my duty," he replies, when any one attempts to argue the matter of passports from county to county. Yet there is something, as peculiarly pleasing to Mr. Arthur as it is distasteful to Mr. Ellis, in hearing just such an individual as Tim Lamum mention the Confederacy as "my Government."

"I regarded the act of Secession as a wickedness, from voting for which I abstained exactly as I would abstain"—the Minister *will* add in a steady tone and looking his beardless hero in the eyes—"from the wickedness of swearing, gambling, or lewdness. Every hour I live I more firmly regard it as part of the great crime against God and man for which we are enduring and will continue to endure an awful punishment. I am submitting to it, meanwhile, only as to the afflictive Providence of Heaven, in obedience to its express command to that effect."

The old store is full when he says it. Of course he ought no more to have said it than ought irate Paul to have made that unpleasant remark about a whited wall when on *his* trial. His own ideal Minister would have quietly taken the oath and ridden back again to Mrs. Sorel's, thinking and feeling as much as he pleased, but breathing no syllable aloud. He was surprised at himself, for he had no intention of saying a word. But he felt more deeply than he knew, and in the anguish of the moment could not refrain from bearing testimony against the Baal of the hour if he died for it.

At least no other man in Somerville did any thing of the kind. It would have been a too dangerous experiment in the case, say, of Guy Brooks, Ferguson, Dr. Warner, and the like. But Edward Arthur was so well known in Somerville, had married so many of the couples there, buried so many of the dead there, his purity of life, his acknowledged piety, the evident sincerity of the man, as he stood there before Tim Lamum, erect, earnest, utterly fearless, took the crowd too much by surprise. Besides, just then, it was Tim who presented the majesty of Secession in his person—the contrast between the two was too striking.

"Oh, said he hated and despised the Confederacy with his whole soul! Said he obeyed it only because the Bible made him. Acknowledging, you see, the Bible is on our side. Said the Secessionists were worse than adulterers, liars, and thieves, and murderers! Got so mad he was white with rage. Had his right hand in his bosom all the time, a revolver there I've no doubt. Would you have ever thought such a thing of him, Mrs. Bowles? I used, myself, to think the whole world of Mr. Arthur, have said a thousand times Brother Barker was not to be compared to him. Now just look at those two men! Brother Barker, a true patriot, a strong Secessionist, and Barker a Northern man, you know, while he was born at the South and lived all his life there. I tell you what, Mrs. Bowles"—Mrs. Warner it is, she has been in Mrs. Bowles's parlor for the last hour or so, her eyebrows wide apart at the inner ends—"if we only knew we'd find out he's a bad, bad man. There's nothing I can lay my hand on, it's true; but if we only knew! I always was doubtful about him, there's a sort of pride— My little 'Ria is a child, I know; but if she was old enough, and I but imagined Mr. Arthur had any idea of her—"

"I can not imagine what you mean, Madam," says Mrs. Bowles, more in reference to Mrs. Warner's mysterious manner than to her words.

"I mean, if my 'Ria was as old as your Alice—I say it as a friend—"

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Warner," Mrs. Bowles interrupts her visitor in her stateliest manner—some ten inches lower, forty pounds lighter than Mrs. Warner; but it is South Carolina in contrast with Mississippi, and she towers above her as did Marie Antoinette above the *canaille*—"we will not allude, if you please, to my daughter, Alice Bowles, in this connection."

How the said Alice managed to bring in Mrs. Warner's name that same evening, as mother and daughter sat sewing together at those perpetual haversacks, is not known, but Alice suspended her needle and looked up surprised at the vehemence of her usually quiet and refined little mother.

"Do not mention her name to me again, Alice. I did suppose our acquaintance with her was ended by my reply to her impertinence in reference to Lieutenant Ravenel's visit. It is not so much her loathsome snuff-dipping, that she should bring her filthy yellow bottle with her into my very parlor, actually converse with me, her filthy mop-stick in the corner of her mouth! It is her quick eyes and her incessant tongue. I do believe the poor creature *is* a sincere Southern woman; but much as I dislike the Northern people, she has a venom in speaking about them that is exceedingly unladylike."

"That is one thing I dislike Secession for, mother. Those—Mrs. Sorel, and the other Union people—with whom we used to associate most we have been separated from. Mrs. Warner is only one of the new class of people the war has thrown us among. Dr. Peel, for instance, daring to speak to you in Mr. Ellis's store yesterday; that intoxicated old oddity, Captain Richard Simmons, Bob Withers, and Mr. Lamum actually acting with you as a Soldiers' Aid Committee. That odious Yankee schoolmaster, Mr. Neely, too, actually visiting here almost every week. He never dreamed of doing so until he had the war news to talk over with you. For one, if it were not for you and Rutledge, I would almost hate Secession! And to think it is Slavery we are fighting for! it never did before, but it seems odd to me now—*Slavery!*" adds the young lady, with—like Mr. Arthur before Tim Lamum—a great deal more depth of feeling than she before knew herself to be possessed of.

"Aristocratic little old fool, putting on her Charleston airs with me!" says Mrs. Warner, snuff stick in mouth, that same moment at *her* fireside. "And that Alice of hers, so polite and reserved, as if she was a queen or an heiress. Plague take them! They say that that Rutledge Bowles the old goose is so everlastingly talking about is going to the dogs there in Charleston. I hope so with all my soul! It's a heap she needs to bring down her abominable pride." And a good deal more to the same effect, Mr. Arthur being intermingled therewith, she said that night in bed to Dr. Warner, like a veteran in the trenches, asleep by her side.

Nothing since his elevation to office pleases Tim Lamum more than Miss Alice Bowles's bearing toward him a few evenings after at a party given by Colonel Ret Roberts. Tim has long since given up Miss Alice as—"beautiful as you please—yes, Sir—but too"—a heated expression here—"proud for me!" It is his new position, of course, which causes Miss Alice to pause near him in an incidental way that night with such a smile as emboldens Tim to inform her that it is a pleasant evening; with great dignity too, the Provost Marshal's hollowed fore-finger smoothing down his mustache.

"You are quite busy these days?" says Alice at last, and with an interest in Mr. Lamum as flattering as it is novel.

"Yes, Miss Alice. Well, only tolerably so. The Secession people among us are so very willing, and those poor Union chaps are so frightened, I don't have as much to do as I supposed I would," says Tim.

"It is such a new thing among us, Mr. Lamum. Do tell me what the duties of a Provost Marshal are?" asks Alice.

("Not a bit proud these days. It is really amazing how the girls are taken by a fellow's being a Government official. Gloriously beautiful!" says Tim afterward to Bob Withers, and a dozen or so more, as opportunity offered, and not without expletives.)

"Well, it is a new business to us also," he replies to his fair questioner. "Yes—oh, well, we just do, you know, what turns up to be done. Make every soul take the oath, say. Haul people up if they hesitate about taking Confederate money. A funny thing happened before me about *that* only to-day, Miss Alice. Joe Staples, the hotel keeper, you know, he has that Scotch Ferguson, grizzly-bearded, positive chap—oh, you know him—up before me, you see. Ferguson had lent Staples some thousand dollars, gold and silver, you know, on interest when Staples was fixing up his hotel, you see. Staples has a trunk full of Confederate money, taken in, you know, from people stopping with him. Staples wants Ferguson to take it in payment. Ferguson refuses. However, he says he may do it under protest, and steps out to consult Guy Brooks as his lawyer. Just as he steps out in comes Colonel Juggins, outs with a bundle of Confederate money—he had heard, you see, that Staples was up at my office, and had followed him—outs, you know, with a bundle of Confederate money as big as a small baby, and wants to pay Staples some—well, I don't know how many hundreds, Tom Juggins's board bill; you know he used to loaf a good deal about the hotel before he went to the war. What do you think? Staples said he would take it only under protest; steps out to see *his* lawyer if even that would secure him."

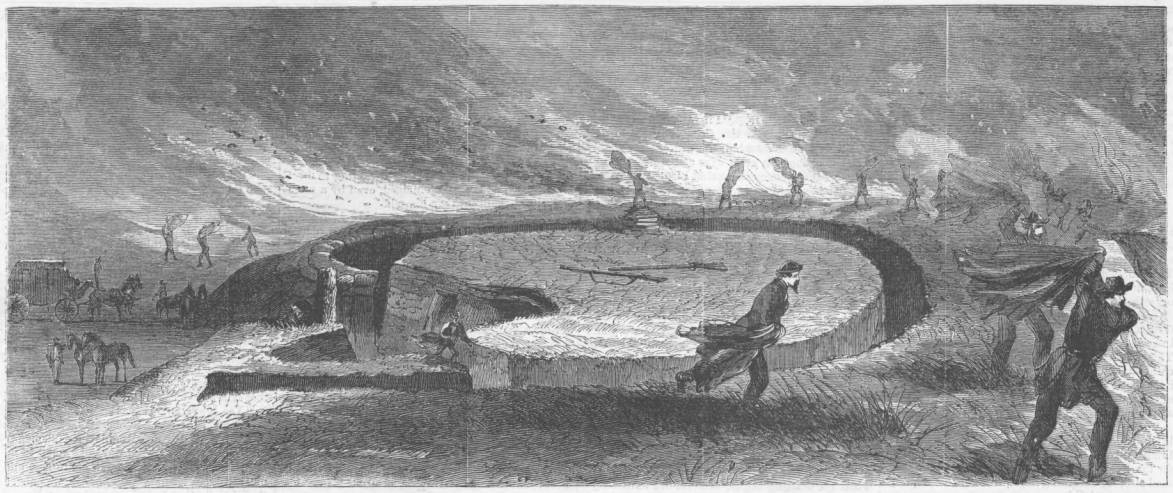
"And what did Mr. Ferguson decide to do?" asks Alice, with interest.

"Came back with Guy Brooks; said he would not take the money in that shape at all. Fact is, people don't like, you know, to take the money. We have the case under advisement. If I could only know," adds Tim, with the dignity of an embassador, "what my Government would have me do—"

"You have assistance in determining?"

"Assistance? Oh yes; plenty of that. My uncle, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons when he is sober enough, as for that, and when he is not sober, never is, you know. Fact is, I leave it pretty much to them. I only sit there, you see. We always have a detail of a dozen or so of soldiers to [illegible] people. The worst bore is making out passports. We let no man go out of the

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EXTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION—FIGHTING THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ON THE PLAINS.

WE give on this page and on page 248 some interesting illustrations of life on the Plains. In No. 474 of the *Weekly* we alluded to the attack made last winter on BUTTERFIELD'S Overland Dispatch Coach. Our artist, Mr. DAVIS, was one of the party attacked, and has furnished on page 248 a sketch of the occurrence, together with other illustrations, of which he gives the following descriptions:

ATTACK OF INDIANS ON AN OVERLAND COACH.

Leaving Atchison we journeyed out into the vast plains, that never can be other than the vast wilderness that they are. We had, or thought we had, a journey of six or seven days before us. But circumstances alter cases: at least they did ours.

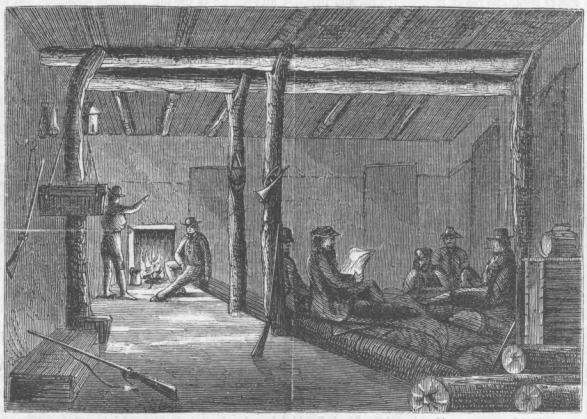
Two hundred and fifty miles from Atchison we became aware that Indians were more plenty than usual along the route. This gave us no uneasiness; but soon after the discovery of the bodies of murdered men—some of whom had been captured alive, and undergone the most awful torture, such as the cutting out of tongues and other parts of their persons, then burning them alive—caused us to be continually on our guard. At this part of the journey Colonel TAMBLYN, an able officer and a good Indian fighter, when he has the men, furnished us with a small escort.

Soon after this we discovered the bodies of two more men, from which we drove the wolves, and buried them. These men had fought and been killed; their bodies were covered with arrow-wounds. Brave men as they were, we could only cover them with so thin a blanket of prairie sod that would hide them from sight but not from the wolves.

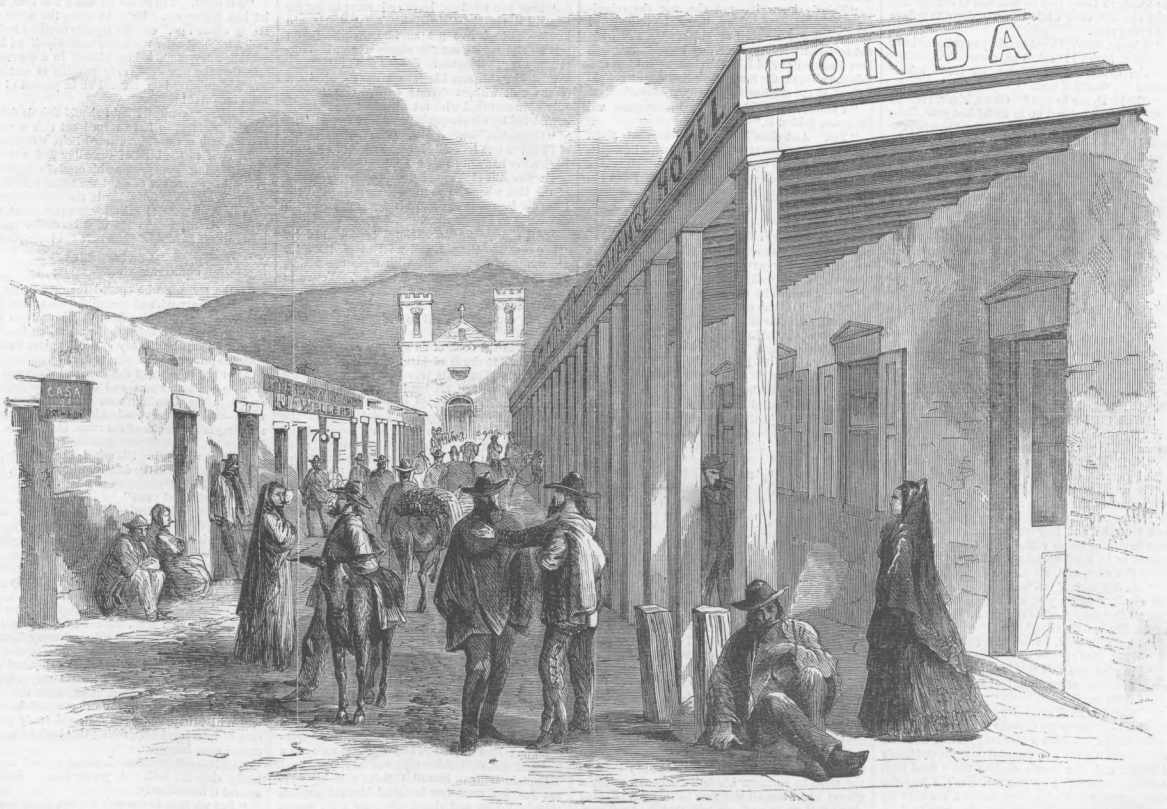
Still further on we buried three more bodies that the Indians had left most barbarously mutilated. These discoveries, following each other so rapidly, caused us to be ever on the alert for an attack, which came about two o'clock one bright day, when one would have thought that the Indians would have been busy hunting the buffalo.

We had nearly reached a station known as Smoky Hill Spring when we discovered a party of fully sixty Indians within short pistol-shot of the coach. Our escort had reached the station and dismounted, leaving our little party to fight the affair out alone, which we did in the most determined style—arrows and pistol-balls penetrating the coach every moment, strange to say, without any thing more serious resulting than a couple of arrow scratches!

The Indians, beaten off, were joined by parties that seemed to come from every bluff. Thinking to drive us from the shelter of the station, which we had by this time reached, they set fire to the tall grass to the windward of us. The strong breeze brought the smoke and flame rapidly down, nearly reaching the adobe before we could check the fire by beating it down and out with our blankets. This we finally succeeded in doing. Then, so far as fire was concerned, we were safe; for prairie grass will



INTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



STREET VIEW IN SANTE FE, NEW MEXICO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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not burn twice on the same day, and an Indian is too careful of his life to come within rifle range, if he is sure that the party that points said rifle is used to the weapon.

No attack was made until nightfall, when an unlimited quantity of arrows were distributed among us. Dawn found us ready, and the Indians perceiving this, no attack was made. About ten o'clock a company of Colonel TAMBLYN's regiment came to our rescue, at the sight of whom the Indians mounted their ponies, and we saw no more of them except at a great distance.

STREET SCENE IN SANTA FÉ.

The little city of Santa Fé has about it an ancient appearance that is so different from the more American cities of the neighboring Territories, that one scarcely realizes that he is still in the United States. The language spoken is almost exclusively Mexican, and the people so lazy that no excitement can urge them to a faster pace than a slow walk.

Wagons and carts are a too modern innovation for the Mexican, who uses instead the "Burro"—or, in good English, a diminutive specimen of donkey. This "Burro" is raised in the family, among the children, and is the most peaceful and domestic animal that I have yet seen; it has, too, the faculty of being able to exist in pasture that a goat would starve on.

The houses of Santa Fé are built entirely of adobe brick, which is to all appearance the same style of brick that the Israelites were engaged in making for the Egyptians. The roofs of the houses are of mud also, the exceeding infrequence of rain making this roof practicable.

The only thing that the New Mexican does really well is the manufacture of jewelry; this he makes after the most curious pattern, and very beautifully. Some of the specimens would put to shame some of the best designs of our leading jewelers.

OLD LEVERT'S GRAVE.

"WATER! O my God, how I suffer!" groaned the wounded man, and rolled his bloodshot eyes over the pitiless blue sky and the whispering forest, and then closed them, perhaps as he thought, never to open them again.

Open they did, however, for a heavy footfall came through the wood, heralded by a rough voice singing,

"——The kingdom coming
In the year of jubilee!"

"Just so, year of jubilee sure 'nough. Lordy how them graybacks run yesterday—most like as if they'd heard the blood-hounds after 'em! Well, turn and turn about's fair play, and— Hi dere!"

With the exclamation the speaker, a stalwart negro dressed in the uniform of the United States, and carrying a musket over his shoulder, stopped short, and looked down at the wounded and dying man, who, slowly opening his eyes, looked up at him.

"'Clare to gracious if it ain't Mas'r Winch—Leftenant Winch, of the rebel army, I'd ought to say."

The grave sarcasm of the amendment so tickled the speaker's fancy that he was fain to indulge in a brief chuckle, even while kneeling down to relieve the dying man.

"I 'spect, Mas'r, I's got to take you prisoner inter our camp, hasn't I?" asked he, cheerfully.

"I'm dying, Scip. Water, for God's sake!" gasped the wounded man.

"Sho! Dying be you? Oh no, Mas'r, I reckon not. When I got cut up so awful last year, 'long of you telling old Mas'r what I said 'bout him to your Sam, I thought I was dying sure 'nough, but I didn't. I rec'lect, too, how bad I wanted a drink, and I kin guess just how you wants one now. Mas'r and you laughed mighty loud when I axed one of you fer de Lord's sake to git me some water. Rec'lect dat, Mas'r Winch?"

The wounded man raised his dim eyes to the dark face in one piteous appeal, groaned, and closed them hopelessly. The negro's quick perception translated look, and groan, and question.

"Yes, yes, Mas'r Winch, you rec'lect well 'nough, and you's t'inking dat my turn's come now, and I'll pay you off for all I got dat time, but you's mistaken. Dat kind o' talk may do for white folks, but I'se a nigger, and scorns it. Wait a bit now."

Unslinging his canteen as he spoke, the negro filled it at the running brook, raised the head of his enemy tenderly upon his arm, and held to his lips what seemed to them a draught of Paradise.

"Ah!" sighed Lieutenant Winch, "that's life."

"Wait till I get you in de shade, Mas'r. Dis yer July sun's 'nough to melt de marrer out o' yer bones. Kin yer help yourse'f any?"

"No! My back's broken I believe—any way both legs are. Oh! No, no, Scip, don't stir me!"

The negro carefully cut away the rebel uniform and examined the wounds it covered. Their ghastly nature told more plainly than words what the end must be, and how soon it must come. The rich brown of Scip's complexion faded to a sickly yellow as he stood upright, and looking down into those dim eyes, said, solemnly,

"Mas'r Winch, if you feels like you want to hear me say it, I forgib you, an' I pray God to forgib you all de wrong you has eber done. For you's got to die, Mas'r, dat's cl'ar."

"I know it, Scip, I know it. Scip—"

"What, Mas'r?"

"I'm glad you said that, Scip. It was mighty mean of me to get you into that scrape. I'm glad you forgive me."

"'Nough said, Mas'r. Now seein' you can't be moved, I's going to try to make you more comf'able whar you be. Here's a blanket; reckon de feller dat t'rowed it away won't want it no more, and here's anodder, and ober dere's anodder wid a dead man strapped onter it. Now you see, Mas'r, I jes piece dem togedder wid a bagynet, and fix 'em ober dis yer limb ob de chesnut-tree, an'—dare you be."

The shadow of the screen thus formed fell gratefully across the figure of the dying man, and he smiled faintly.

"That's it, Scip. Some more water, boy!"

"Here yer be, Mas'r. Is you head comf'able?"

"Yes, thank you, Scip; you sha'n't lose by this."

"Don't 'spect to lose noffin but little time, Mas'r; and I ain't in a particlar hurry. We's out buryin' de dead dis morning, and there's 'nough 'sides me."

"No, but wait, and listen carefully," interrupted the other impatiently. "I'll make you my heir, Scip. I'll make you the richest nigger in the States, ay, richer than half the white men."

Scipio opened his great eyes and stared blankly at the speaker, remembering that Lieutenant Winch had not been known in New Orleans as a man of property, or even credit, having, indeed, borne rather a loose and disreputable character, his only avowed pursuit being that of marker at a billiard and gambling saloon, while he was shrewdly suspected of other and far less respectable avocations.

"Reckon, Mas'r, you'd better be making up yer 'counts fer de nex' world, and quit foolin' wid such talk," said he, dryly.

"I ain't fooling, Scip, not a bit of it. You've been good to me, and I treated you mean once; and you're a good fellow, and—and maybe I'll do better where I'm going, for making it up to you. Some water, Scip."

The negro silently held the canteen to the parched lips, and then squatting grotesquely upon the ground, fixed his eyes upon the face of the rebel, and waited his farther revelation.

"We kept a bank, Scip, you know."

"Faro-table dey called it, Mas'r."

"Well, no matter. I'd made up my mind to quit when the drafting begun, and I didn't want to go empty-handed. I got another key to the safe, and waited for a pile. One night we had an uncommon run of luck, and raked in gold, jewels, and paper, to the tune of near half a million dollars. That night I made my haul, but I couldn't leave the city, nor I didn't want to. I wanted to save my name, and leave it respectable."

A slight sarcastic twitch of Scipio's wide mouth emphasized the period.

"It wasn't so much for myself," pursued the ex-billiard-marker, hastily; "but I've got a little girl—the only creature in the world belonging to me, and I was in hopes we'd go off somewhere, and live handsome and genteel, and I'd see her marry a gentleman, and never know all that's been said."

He paused, and his white mouth quivered with the last pang of defeated hope. The quick sympathies of the negro were touched.

"Whar's yer little gal now, Mas'r?" asked he.

"At school with Mrs. Lemond, 16 Grand Street. Her name is Fanny Disbrowe."

"Disbrowe? Ain't it Winch, Mas'r?"

"No. I didn't want her nor any one to know she was my child. My name don't smell very sweet in Orleans I'm afraid. I called her Disbrowe when I took her there five years ago, and I haven't seen her to speak to since. She's just turned twelve years old now, and mighty pretty, Scip."

The negro looked with wonder at the face, but now so ghastly and repulsive, as it lighted for the last time with the best impulse of the departing soul.

"Didn' know as you'd got a chile, Mas'r," said he.

"Nobody knew it—not she, nor the school-ma'am, nor any one. Now, listen sharp, Scip. I buried my treasure till I could leave the city without suspicion; and the next day I was drafted, and here I am. I buried it in the church-yard just outside the city, on the north road, in the grave of old Levert, at the northwest corner, you know."

"I know, Mas'r. A big, grand monyment, and the grave behind it."

"Yes. And close behind the monument, about two feet below the surface, you'll find a box—the key is here, round my neck, and in that box is half a million dollars, though some of the paper won't be good for much now, I expect."

"And what's I to do wid all dat money, Mas'r?"

"Go and get my child, Scip, carry her North, and put her at the best school you can hear of. Look out some minister, or some man that the poor folks trust and think well of, and put half the money in his hands for the use of the child, and let him make a good woman of her, and marry her to a good man, and have her live respectable, and when she dies not be ashamed of her name. Scip, will you do all this?"

"Yes, Mas'r, if I's 'lowed," said the negro, simply.

"And the other half of the money is yours, to use as you've a mind to. But if you don't do well by my child, boy, there sha'n't be a cent of that money that don't torment you worse than hell-fire—do you hear me? I'll come from my grave to haunt you, but it shall."

"Dere won't be no 'casion, Mas'r Winch," replied Scip, gravely; "if I gets de little gal and de money, I expects to do my duty by 'em bof."

The dim, dim eyes of the dying man strained themselves in a last long scrutiny of the negro's face, and then he feebly said:

"Somehow I feel to trust you, boy. I've always noticed that a real honest, sensible nigger was more reliable than any mean white fellow you could pick up. I want her to go North—I was raised in old Massachusetts myself, though I'm Southern principles right straight through—but I'd sooner my girl married a Yankee—Scip—I believe I'm going—hand, boy—you'll—be good to—"

"I will dat, Mas'r, I will dat. You kin trust me, Mas'r—I 'clare to goodness, you kin trust me." And Scip repeated the comfortable assurance again and again, until the hand he held grew cold and heavy in his own, and the pallor of the father's face changed to the awful gray of death.

Then Scipio decently composed the corpse, covered it with the blankets, and went away through the wood to summon his fellow-laborers to dig a grave; and when all was over he lingered to swear above that grave a solemn oath that the trust committed to him by the dying man should never be forgotten or slighted, but should employ his best energies and skill until its fulfillment.

How to proceed in the first steps of the matter, however, was a question which Scipio's mind was unable to solve satisfactorily. New Orleans was still in possession of the rebels, although Farragut's iron hand was already thundering at the gates; and Scip, who had fled from that city to join the Union army, knew but too well the punishment awaiting his recapture.

Also he knew, or had heard, the penalty of desertion from the paternal but severe employer he now served, and he shrewdly guessed that leave of absence from a corps momentarily expecting to meet the enemy was not to be obtained, even by a more influential applicant than himself.

"No," mused he, marching slowly back to camp in company with his fellow-laborers, "no, dere's no good axing jist to be 'fused. Dere's nuffin fer it but ter cut an' run same's I did afore, on'y dis time I's runnin' inter slavery an' afore I was runnin' out. Clare ter goodness I wish Mas'r Winch had done died 'fore I come along, or else I wish he'd been ugly an' hateful, so's I could ha' gone an' lef' him ter die alone. But he's got me now shore, an' I's a nigger, an' isn' gwine ter break my word like he'd ha' done—I's above it."

The chuckle closing this train of thought caught the ear of the young Lieutenant commanding the party, and, looking round, his merry blue eyes met the dark and humid ones of the negro.

"What is it, Scip?" asked careless Tom Vane, ignoring at one blow his own shoulder-straps, the private's color, and all sense of military etiquette.

"Noffin but my nonsense, Mas'r Vane," replied Scip; but a sudden inspiration darted into his mind.

"I'll ax his 'pinion an' device," thought he; and no sooner was the fatigue party dismissed and the Lieutenant's careless steps turned toward his own tent than Scip was at his elbow.

"Like ter tell you, Mas'r Vane, what [illegible] war laffin 'bout," said he, with a salute.

"Bless you, Scip, I don't care. I only asked, thinking there was some fun going. I'm not a father confessor, and you've as good a right to laugh at nothing as I have. Laugh away, my boy, and give a reason to no man. You're free now."

But Scip was not to be diverted from his purpose; and following the Lieutenant into his tent—empty just then—he proceeded to tell him the whole story of his interview with the rebel officer, his bequest, and the perplexity in which it had involved him.

The Lieutenant listened with interest, but shook his head at the negro's expressed determination to "cut and run" without the formality of leave-taking.

"Don't do that, Scip," said he, earnestly; "if you're caught you'll be shot, and if you're not you'll be called a coward and a skulker. Stick to the flag, and we'll all be in New Orleans before many weeks are over."

"Yes, but you see, Mas'r, de lilly missy won't be dar den. De missus dats got de care ob her am a red-hot rebel, an' an awful hard woman too; an' she'll be off 'fore our folks gets into de city, she will shore, an' de Lord on'y knows what'll come to de pickaninny. No, Mas'r, I's got to go right d'rectly an' resky dat ar chile an' dat ar property 'fore it's too late."

"Then you must get leave or it must be got for you. I'll see the Colonel—he's my uncle, you know— Stop! I've got an idea, Scip! Secret service and spying out the enemy's camp! Hurrah, my boy, I'll go too! See if I don't!"

Snatching his cap Lieutenant Vane dashed out of the tent without further explanation, leaving Scip open-mouthed with astonishment, and utterly bewildered by his companion's parting assurance.

"He go, too," muttered he. "De Lord ha' mercy ef I's got to tote he an' de lilly gal bof out o' Egypt. Reck'n my han's 'll be ober full."

He was still shaking his head in disapprobation of the idea when the young officer re-entered the tent, his face glowing, and his figure dilated with animation and importance.

"All right, Scip!" exclaimed he, breathlessly. "I've seen the Colonel, and we'll be off to-night. He wants to communicate with some one inside, and the secret service men are all off. You're to go and speak to him directly."

"To de Kunnel, Mas'r?"

"Yes, come along; I'll go with you."

It was in the dusk of an autumn evening, some days after the death of Lieutenant Winch, that a Confederate officer, pale, travel-stained, wearing his arm in a sling and his head in a bandage, slowly mounted the steps of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, leaning heavily as he did so upon the shoulder of his negro servant. A sharp-eyed and morose-looking individual, who had patiently followed them in their slow progress through the city, sauntered up the steps after them, and into the office, where the wounded officer was already inscribing his name.

"A bedroom, if you please, and supper," said he to the clerk as he threw down the pen.

"Yes, Sir. Jim, show the gent to 46. Gong will sound in fifteen minutes, Sir."

"Very well. Come, Joe."

The officer left the room, followed by his servant, and the sharp-eyed man who had stood, meantime, staring out at the window and picking his teeth in an abstracted manner, sauntered up to the desk and laid a detaining hand upon the book the clerk had been about to close.

"William Sewall, Captain C.S.A., and servant," read he. "H'm! That story of escaping from the Yanks and making his way down here from Corinth sounds bogus to me, though it may be. It suited the Colonel, it seems, but I'll be hanged if I would have let him pass so easy. Any way, a little watching won't hurt any body, and I'll keep an eye on him and that sly-looking nigger of his."

Captain William Sewall, C.S.A., with his servant Joe, had meantime installed himself comfortably in No. 46, and closed the door. No sooner was this done, however, than he opened it again, and thrusting out his head, watched the retreating figure of the white-jacketed waiter until it disappeared down the stairs, then glanced warily through the corridor; and finally reclosing and locking the door, mounted a chair to shut the blind above it, open for the sake of the air. This done he nimbly skipped to the floor, released his arm from the sling, and used it to flourish above his head the C.S.A. cap, somewhat incongruously accompanying the gesture with the whispered apostrophe—

"Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! And three more for Tom Vane and Scip— What's your name, boy?"

"Scip, Mas'r; nuffin more," returned the negro, with a broad grin and a look of acute apprehension cleverly done into one.

"Scip, Scipio, then; that shall be it. Now, Scip, don't be scared, nor roll your big eyes at that door any more. Every thing is as safe as possible outside, and I've calmed down now. But I'd got to rid myself of the patriotism bottled in all day, somehow or another, or I should have burst. And to think of the cheeky manner we have managed it! Coming straight to the crack hotel and registering myself Captain, C.S.A.! What a story for the fellows when we get back to camp! But, Scip, it was the right way. They didn't half like my story at the outpost back there, and I shrewdly suspect we have been watched and followed. Did you notice that fellow who came up the steps just after us?"

"Yes, Mas'r, an' I'se seed dat feller afore. Mighty mean trash, I reck'n. Nebber seemed much 'count, dough he's allus hangin' roun' wid gen'lemen tryin' ter look as of he b'longed wid 'em."

"Just the fellow for a spy, I dare say, and we must look out for him," said Lieutenant Vane, more thoughtfully than he had yet spoken. "Now, Scip, it is my opinion that the sooner we're out of this the better; and also that it will not be well for us to be found at home if any gentleman should take a fancy to call upon us this evening. So, before we have our supper, I will go out and transact the Colonel's business, while you call at the school, show the written order I have given you from the father of Miss Fanny Disbrowe, take the young lady, and bring her here. Then about midnight we'll visit the church-yard and wake the ghost of old Levert, whoever he may have been; and after breakfast, if all seems tranquil, or sooner if there's any fuss, we'll shake off the dust of this charming sink of iniquity and go out as we came in."

"Wouldn' it be better, Mas'r, fer ter make shore ob de money fust, and get de pick'ninny arterwards?" queried Scip, cunningly.

"No, my boy; for we may have to leave without any time for parting calls, and I'd rather risk the child and no money, than get the money and abandon the child."

"Dat so, Mas'r. Dat what I call real hon'able sentiment. Do credit to a collud pusson, Mas'r, dat idea."

Captain Sewall, C.S.A., strolled leisurely down the stairs, followed by his servant; paused in the office to light a cigar, and to audaciously inform the clerk that if any one asked for him he should say he had gone out for some calls, and might not return till late; and then passed down the steps and up the now lighted street.

"He's a coming arter, Mas'r," muttered Scip, closing up to his master's side after a few minutes.

"All right. You strike off down this lane, and let him follow me. He'll be none the wiser for seeing where I go," was the equally cautious reply; and a moment after the negro suddenly dived into a black alley, and, hiding himself in a doorway, saw that the *mouchard*, only pausing to cast one long glance after him, hurried on in pursuit of his more important game.

"Go 'long, you fool! an' I should tink de debbil ud feel 'shamed to have turned out sich a mean specimen ob a chile!" muttered Scip, wrathfully, as he stole to the head of the alley and watched the retreating figure dogging his master's footsteps. When both were out of sight the negro cautiously emerged, and after following in the same direction for a short distance, struck off into a side street, and presently ran up the steps of a handsome square house whose front door-plate bore the inscription:

MADAME LEMOND'S
SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

To the servant who opened the door Scipio announced his errand, and committed his credentials, in the form of an order from J. Disbrowe to Madame Lemond, to commit to the negro Joe, handing her the paper, the custody of his daughter Fanny, with the property belonging to her.

After ten minutes of the door-mat, Scip was desired to walk up stairs, and being presently ushered into the drawing-room, found Madame Lemond—a little, nervous-looking Frenchwoman—standing in the centre of the room, the order in her hand.

"Your name, boy?" asked she, rapidly, as Scipio passed inside the door, bowing humbly.

"Joe, Mist's."

"And who sent you?"

"Mas'r Sewall, Mist's. Mas'r Disbrowe axed him ter fetch de lilly mist's outer dis place 'fore de Yankees git in, kase dey's gwine ter kill ebery livin' soul dey find, women an' chilen an' all."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, clasping her hands and turning deadly pale. "They will do that, then?"

"Course dey will, Mist's, an' dey's like ter hab de chance mighty soon. Mas'r Disbrowe said for us be shore an' bring de lilly gal away 'fore to-morrow mornin'."

"I shall go myself. Rosalie must stay and send off the children. I must go—this very night!" muttered Madame Lemond, rising from the chair where she had sunk, and tottering toward the door.

"Will Missy Fanny be done got ready pretty soon?" interposed Scip, seeing that both he and his errand were forgotten.

"Oh!"—and Madame Lemond paused to violently ring the bell. A pretty mulatto girl answered it immediately.

"Put up Miss Disbrowe's clothes, dress her for walking, and bring her down to this man, who is to take her home. Then come to my room," ordered the mistress; and, with a slight nod by way of adieu

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to Scip, glided from the room and ran hastily up stairs. The servant followed; and Scip, finding himself alone, allowed the funereal gravity of his sable visage to relax into a grin, becoming by degrees so broad as to reveal nearly the whole of a magnificent set of teeth.

"Golly! scared she pooty well!" muttered he, and cast an admiring eye about the room, thickly strewn with these articles *de luxe* so utterly useless, and yet so seductive, in the way of loot, to the rank and file of an invading army.

"Berry pooty pickin's here," continued Scip. "An' seein's our folks 'll be here 'morrer or nex' day, reck'n I'll take my share now."

As he spoke, Scipio's black paw descended upon an elegant paper-weight of ebony and silver, with a golden folder and pen-holder lying beside it. These he rapidly transferred to one of his pockets, and rolled his eyes upon a silver card basket and gold-stoppered essence-bottle a little farther on. But even as the great black fingers closed upon the basket Scipio paused and drew back.

"Dat no fashion fer soldier in de Fed'ral Army be cuttin' up," muttered he. "Do well 'nough fer sarvent, or mean white trash; but mabbe some day I's be an ossifer an' a gen'leman."

More rapidly than they had disappeared, the paper-weight, the folder, and the pen-handle emerged from the pocket of the future "ossifer;" and although in the half hour ensuing between that moment and Miss Disbrowe's appearance Scipio's keen eyes examined and admired every article in the room, not the point of his smallest finger was allowed to touch any one of them; and when Rosalie, the pretty mulatto, opened the door for the young lady to enter, she found him waiting in the very attitude and very spot where she had left him.

"Here's Miss Disbrowe, Joe, and her trunk's in the hall. Mist's is calling—good-by, Miss Fanny."

"Good-by, Rosie. Joe, are you papa's servant?"

"No, Miss, I's Cap'n Sewall's boy. But your pappy sent fer you by us."

The little girl allowed her dark eyes to rest upon the face of her strange guide for a moment, and then, straightening her graceful figure with an involuntary movement of self-reliance and decision, said,

"Very well, Joe. I am quite ready."

In the hall, as Rosalie had said, stood the young lady's modest trunk, and Scipio, shouldering it easily, led the way into the street, closely followed by his little charge.

"Where is papa?" asked she, as they slowly walked up the dimly-lighted street.

"He was 'bout twenty mild from here, missy, las' time I heerd from him," said Scip, congratulating himself upon the evasion that yet was no lie.

"And is he pretty well?" asked the child, raising her great eyes curiously to the negro's face.

"Fus'-rate, missy. He nebber war so well in his life afore."

Scip spoke confidently and even cheerfully; but glancing down at the delicate little face upraised to his he found there a solemn doubt, a dawning suspicion, impossible to meet or combat.

"Reck'n, missy, we'd bestest hurry up a lilly bit. Mas'r Sewall will be waitin' fer us," said he, hurriedly; and the rest of the walk was performed with silent rapidity.

Arrived at the St. Charles, Scip led his little charge directly to the room retained by his master, and, placing the trunk upon the floor, asked, with even a tender accent in his rough voice,

"Kin I do sumfin fer you, lilly missy? or does you want de chamber-maid fer to help you ondress? Has you had some supper, missy?"

Miss Fanny Disbrowe seated herself upon her trunk, folded her pretty hands in her lap, and fixed again upon the negro those dark and searching eyes beneath whose glance he had already quailed. A pale and delicate child, with slender figure and grave face, colorless save for the curved crimson of the lips, and the dark depths of those great eyes; with a self-contained and resolute expression too, wonderful to see upon a face so young and fresh, so childlike in its purity and dreamy innocence. Very self-possessed was this little maid, and she quietly finished her survey of the coarse face and uncouth figure of the negro before she replied.

"No, I thank you, Joe, I don't want any supper nor the chamber-maid, but I want to see Captain Sewall. I like you very well, but I want to see him."

As if in answer to her wish, a rapid step sounded down the corridor, and the next moment the door of the bedroom was thrown open.

"Back, Scip! Oh!"

And Lieutenant Vane, who had for a moment forgotten the alias of his sable ally, turned and looked anxiously through the hall. All was safe there, but as he entered the room and closed the door he encountered a gaze that showed him the error had been noticed and commented upon by at least one listener.

"Miss Disbrowe, I presume," said the Lieutenant, taking off his cap and advancing smilingly with outstretched hand. But the slender hands folded so tightly upon Miss Disbrowe's lap never stirred, and it was with a yet more earnest look into his face than had searched the negro's that she asked,

"Did my father send you for me, Sir?"

"Certainly, my dear young lady—that is to say, he sent this man, and I came with him," replied the Lieutenant.

"And what made you call him Scip when his name is Joe?" pursued the little inquisitor.

"Oh, I forgot just then," stammered Lieutenant Vane, more discomposed than he would have acknowledged.

"I think I will go back to Madame Lemond's and wait until papa can come for me himself."

She rose as she spoke and walked toward the door, but her self-made guardian threw himself in the way.

"Stop, child!" cried he, eagerly, "I will tell you the whole truth if you will only wait, and you will see that it was in kindness that I wished to deceive you."

The little girl turned even paler than she had been before, but paused, and by her inquiring look demanded his meaning.

"Sit down, my dear, and don't imagine for a moment that I have any wish to harm or deceive you," said the young man, placing a chair and motioning her toward it with even a beseeching look.

The child seated herself, but with a queenly air that said she did but defer her decision, and the young officer, standing before her, proceeded with his defense, telling as tenderly as he might of her father's death upon the battle-field, of Scip's care and kindness toward him, of the father's dying wishes and bequest, and finally of the negro's consultation with himself, his own connection with the matter, and the consequent deception or rather strategy he had found necessary to practice.

The young girl listened attentively, shedding not a tear at news of her father's death, although the look of blank desolation upon her face showed how deep the blow had struck to her orphaned heart.

At the close she came and put her hand in that of the speaker.

"You will be the same as my father now, won't you?" asked she, simply.

A half smile struggled with the quiver on the young man's lips. He was twenty-five years old, and Miss Fanny about thirteen.

"I will take the same care of you as if you were my own little sister Alice," said he. "And I will take you to her, and to my mother among the pleasant hills of Vermont, if you will go," added he, kindly.

"And Scip too—I love you for what you did for him," said the child, going to place her slender white hands in the great black ones of the negro, and laying her head for a moment upon his brawny shoulder. Of course Scip began to cry—your genuine African, impressible as a child, requires but one tone of pathos to bring his tears, one strain of joy to awake his mirth.

"And now, Sir, what shall we do first?"

"Why, I think you had better stay here and try to get a night's rest," replied the Lieutenant, a little startled by the prompt tone of the appeal.

"Scip and I have something to do to-night, and shall not have time to go to bed at all."

"Well, good-night. Good-night, Scip!"

The night was dark and tempestuous, the wind sighing and moaning through the trees of the abandoned cemetery like wails of the naked souls lamenting above their lost bodies.

"'Clare to goodness, Mas'r, dis yer's a ugly sort o' job. Reck'n we bes' clar out 'fore any ting gits us," whispered Scipio, clinging to his master's coat.

"Nonsense, Scip, where's old Levert's grave?"

"Way ober dere, Mas'r. Whar dat great wite ting am movin' 'bout. De Lord sabe us—what he?"

"It's a poplar-tree, you fool, blowing in the wind. Don't be such a coward, or at least hold your tongue," exclaimed the Lieutenant angrily, as he made his way across the mounded turf and the glimmering head-stones to the far corner of the place.

"De debbil—what dat! De Lord forgib me sayin' dat ar word!" and Scip's clinging fingers clutched his master's arm like iron clamps.

"What's what, you blockhead?"

"I see somfin'—don' know what he be!" gasped the negro, his teeth chattering audibly.

"Now, Scip, this won't do. I thought you were more of a man. Recollect we don't have cowards in the Union army, and if you can't walk through a church-yard after dark without all this fuss, how are you going to face a rebel battery?"

The argument was final. Scip would have silently allowed himself to be flayed alive sooner than be pronounced unworthy of his uniform, and although his progress was still marked by an obligato accompaniment of chattering teeth, he let go his officer's arm, held his tongue, and stoutly led the way toward his ominous El Dorado.

"Dis um, Mas'r. Dis ole Levert's grave," said he at last, in a subdued voice, as he laid his hand upon a broad granite monument standing by itself in one corner of the grounds.

"Well, you've got the spade. Begin to dig while I light the dark lantern. The sooner we're through the better."

"Dat so, Mas'r," muttered the negro, plunging his spade deep into the turf which had been carefully replaced after the burial of the treasure. The Lieutenant lighting his lantern and shielding it with his coat, took his place upon the other side of the grave, directing the stream of light upon the spot where Scipio dug. For some moments the click of the shovel and rattle of the stony earth were the only sounds audible, except the soughing of the wind and the drowsy hum of the sleeping city. The shovel struck with a metallic and hollow sound upon some resisting substance. Scip suddenly raised his head, crying, exultantly:

"Dat's it shore 'nough, Mas'r!" and in the same instant dropped his shovel, uttered a dismal yell, and turning to flee caught his foot in the long grass, fell sprawling, and lay upon his face kicking and shrieking, much like a child who has undergone maternal discipline, and between pain, rage, and fright, declines to recover his composure.

Lieutenant Vane, startled by the yell, hastily raised his own eyes in the direction Scipio had looked, saw what he had seen, and not unaptly exclaimed:

"The Devil!"

Perhaps it was. At any rate it might have been, if the devil may be supposed to present himself behind a dark repulsive face, covered with a shock of black beard and hair, and to look greedily down from the top of a monument with glittering eyes, and a ghastly grinning mouth, into the bowels of a wicked man's grave.

Lieutenant Vane did not run, like the poor African, away from the danger, but straight toward it, darting round the monument in fact, just in time to grasp the descending legs of the suppositious demon, finding them encased, not in flame-colored tights, but gray shoddy trowsers of Confederate cut and make. With a hearty kick and heartier curse the apparition would have freed itself, but the sinewy arms of the young Green Mountain athlete were around him, and his panting voice growling:

"Come now! None of that! I've got you! Here, Scip—quick, you rascal!—bring the lantern!"

Encouraged by the mundane air the struggle had assumed, Scip, ceasing his lamentations, rose gingerly to his feet, and craning his neck so as to look behind the granite shaft, beheld his master struggling fiercely with a tall, dark figure, formidable certainly, but yet of the form and proportions of a man.

A sudden grin illuminated Scipio's features, and seizing the shovel he had dropped, he crept quietly up, and, with no note of warning, brought down the oaken handle upon the stranger's head.

"'Twon't do no harm whateber he be," muttered he; and found himself justified in his conclusion as the dark form fell silent and motionless at his feet.

The Lieutenant, suddenly released from those long, serpent-like arms, staggered back a step, then darted toward the lantern, and turned it upon the face of his fallen foe.

"Ole Jarvis, shore 'nough!" exclaimed Scip, bending over the body with the same air of disgust he might have bestowed upon the crushed carcass of a reptile.

Five minutes more, and the spy, bound hand and foot, with a gag in his mouth, was securely lashed to the monument, and left to collect his scattered but returning senses at his leisure.

"Now, Scip, you stay here and keep guard and finish getting out the box, while I return for the little girl. Then we will be off before daylight," suggested the Lieutenant, wiping his forehead.

"No, Mas'r. You stop an' let me go. Mabbe dey's got 'spicious ob us, an' might want fer ter keep you. If dey stop me tain't so much matter, you see."

"I don't see any such thing, Scip. If there's danger it's for me to face it sooner than you."

"But, Mas'r, if you leave me 'long o' dis yer white libered skunk I specs I'll kill him 'fore yer git back. 'Pears like I couldn' help it nohow."

"Come, come, Scip; that won't do. To kill a prisoner in cold blood would disgrace us forever. Say you are afraid to stay alone among the graves, and I'll let you go."

"Well, Mas'r, I be, den. I isn' 'fraid ob all de sojers nor all de slabe-dribers in 'leens, but I is mos' powerful 'fraid ob de dead men."

"That's honest, Scip, any way. Well, go your way, and manage the best you can; you won't mind a lie or two, I dare say, if it's necessary."

"Dat part ob de strategy ob war, Mas'r," replied Scip, gravely; and the Lieutenant assented with a nod.

"If I doesn' get here by daylight, Mas'r, you jes take de box and put fer camp. I's jine you dere somehow, I reck'n."

"If you are not here by daylight I shall come and look for you, Scip," replied Tom Vane, steadily; "and now, my lad, the quicker the better."

The distant clocks struck four, and a soft gray crept through the black mist that had shut in the lonely watcher as with a wall. Through it came Scipio, a huge bundle upon his shoulder, a little patient figure by his side.

The Lieutenant reached round the monument and dragged the prisoner's cap low upon his face, that the fast-increasing light might not aid him in tracing their progress—saw that the bonds were strong and unshaken, and then, with the treasure-box in his hand, went to meet his companions.

"'Clare to goodness, Mas'r, it's lucky it wor me went an' not you. I's lied till I war black in de face, an' you know it don' show on me," announced Scip, with an exultant chuckle.

"All right; but let us be moving. You shall tell me as we go. Miss Fanny, can you walk fast?"

"Yes, Sir. Never mind me any more than if I were a soldier too, and you needn't call me Miss," replied the child, whose glowing eyes, steadily bent forward, seemed eager to outstrip her nimble feet.

Taking her hand in his, the young soldier led her quickly on; and, as dawn brightened into daylight, passed with the stolen countersign safely through the rebel outposts, and a mile farther on paused at a deserted plantation to mount the horses carefully secreted there upon the preceding afternoon.

"You must ride behind me, Fanny. See—I have strapped your bundle of clothes on for a pillow, and you will hold tight around my waist. Can you?" asked Lieutenant Tom, merrily.

A bright color flashed across the clear, pale cheek of the little maid, but she answered calmly,

"I think so. I was never on a horse."

"Oh well. Only cling tight to me and you will do," returned the young man, hastily flinging himself into the saddle. "Now, Scip, put her up."

The negro obeyed, and, with the precious chest safe strapped to his own saddle, mounted in turn. The spirited horses, full fed with rebel corn, and wild with the delicious air of early morning, tossed their heads with an exultant neigh, and darted forward. Vane felt the slender arms tighten about his waist, and found time to smile over his shoulder into the pale, determined little face close behind, and to say half kindly, half fondly,

"Never fear, little Fanny, only cling tight to me."

"Golly, Mas'r! dat feller's got loose a'ready! Look a' dah!" shouted Scip, as, pausing on the crest of a long-winding hill, they looked back upon the rebel camp, through whose outpost they had safely passed a couple of hours before. Hastening out from that very outpost, like ants hurrying from an invaded ant-hill, could now be distinguished a number of black specs moving rapidly along the white stripe of road leading toward the position of the fugitives.

"Dey's got de news, an' dey's chasin' us, Mas'r!" exclaimed Scip, his great eyes glaring with ardor and excitement.

"They are right. It is a fine morning for a ride, and I trust they will enjoy it. Let us be getting on, Scip," replied the Lieutenant, quietly; and not a word more was exchanged until fifteen good miles lay between the fugitives and the useless pursuit.

That night Lieutenant Vane reported himself to his Colonel, and a few days afterward obtained a short furlough, just long enough to enable him to rush hurriedly home to the old parsonage among the Vermont hills, and to leave there the little, quiet, thoughtful companion of his travels, who shed no tear when he bade her good-by, but stood gazing from the window with such a heart-broken look to her dark eyes and pale lips, that good motherly Mrs. Vane threw her arms about her and wept, as she had not wept in bidding her only boy God-speed!

Leave her there, growing daily in grace and stature—growing too more deeply, day by day, into the hearts of those wise and kindly guardians who care for her, body and mind and soul, while her strange fortune, fostered in the hands of a wise and honest financier, grows also, and will some day make a splendid dowry for the child of the dead rebel.

Lieutenant Vane—Captain Vane before the war was over—did not come home when peace was declared, but, becoming master of a great plantation, applied the same energy and courage to its restoration and improvement that he had once done to the devastation and impoverishing of a hundred such in rebel hands.

And Scip? Ah! what is to be the fate of Scip, and thousands, millions like him?

Scip waits; and also waits the fortune he has destined to the ennobling and upraising of his race.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

BROADCAST thy seed!
Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop and wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew, and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!

IDOL WORSHIP.

THE essential features of human superstition are very much the same all the world over; only the accidental traits differ. The faith by which the Roman Catholic reposes upon the image of his patron saint or of the Virgin for his protection is, at its root, the same which led the ancients to believe in the power of an image of a patron goddess to protect themselves and their cities; the only difference being that the one is nominally Christian and the other nominally heathen. With only this difference also, the principle which underlies the two remarkable instances of idol worship, which we illustrate on the succeeding page, is one and the same. Under similar religious conditions, human nature exhibits itself in the same way in Cochin China and in Spain.

One of our illustrations represents the procession of the Dragon, which takes place annually in all parts of China. These processions—in which a monstrous image of the Dragon is paraded through the streets—are very remarkable on account of the costumes adopted, and the decorations of every description by which the Chinese strive to give *éclat* to their grand religious ceremony. They spare no expense. They deck themselves out in silk and gold; and a single procession costs about ten thousand dollars of our money. To describe the musical exhibition afforded in this display would be quite impossible—the instruments all being of that sort which secures the greatest possible amount of noise. Their cymbals are half a yard in diameter, and are played with astounding vigor. At the head of the procession flaming standards are borne, followed by the mandarins of the first class bearing sacred ornaments, and these by the musicians and palanquins laden with fruits of every sort. Then follows the *gens d'armes* armed with every kind of weapon, ancient or modern, of Chinese warfare. Then, after a long troop of gods and goddesses, represented by youths and maidens, follows the image of the great Dragon, which measures from 30 to 40 yards in length. Those who bear the image manage to make the idol represent the undulations and writhings of a real dragon—which Mr. DOOLITTLE, in his interesting work on "The Social Life of the Chinese," calls "manœuvring the Dragon."

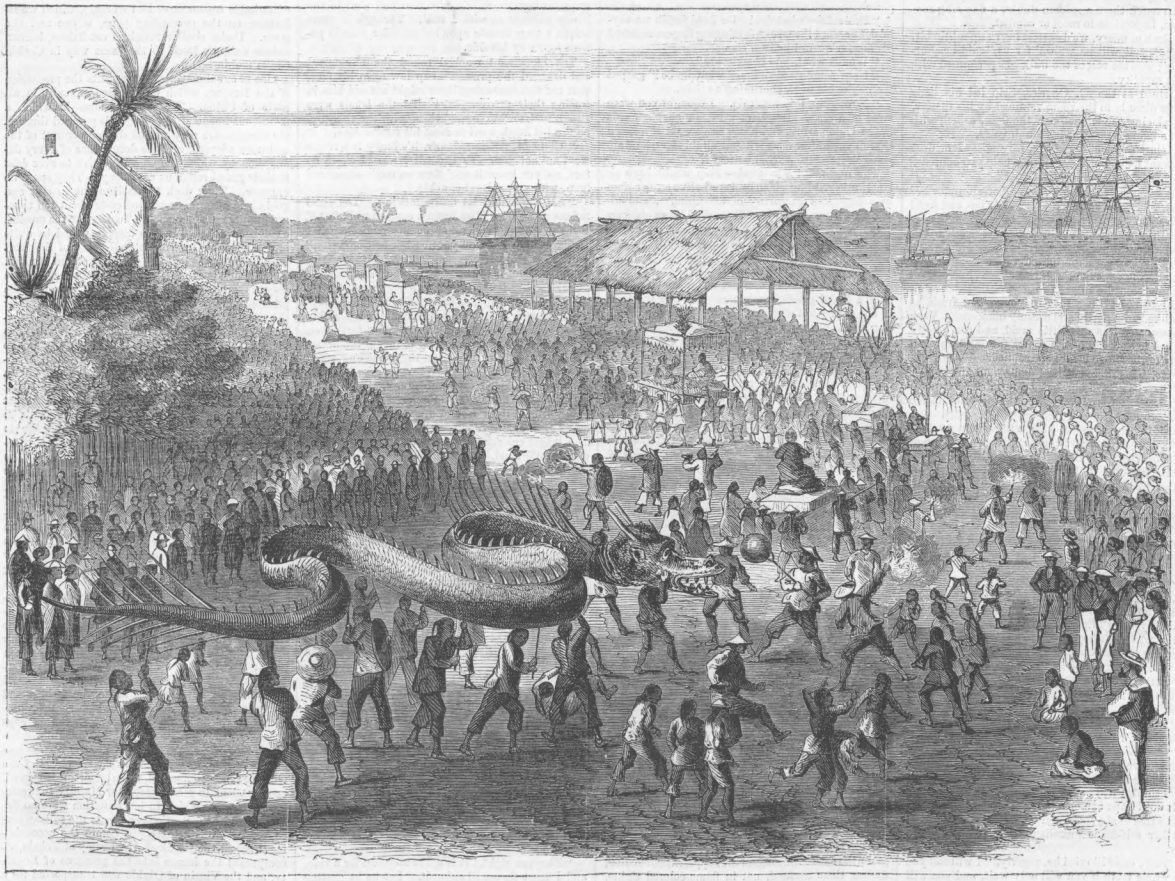
The second illustration represents a proceeding no less curious than that which we have just described. Just before the late important event which gave another possible heir to the Spanish throne, a Royal carriage, richly appointed, and attended by priests, soldiers, and outriders, was seen passing through the street of Atocha. Within this carriage rode an official whose duties are somewhat remarkable—no less a personage, in fact, than the mistress of the robes to the Virgin of Aranjuez. To this image of the Virgin the Queen applies on every succeeding occasion like that which has just taken place; and for some months previous to the interesting event the highest of the Court milliners and dress-makers are consulted as to the fashion and richness of the votive offering which shall be presented to the holy effigy. It was to the conveyance of this magnificent robe, all bejeweled and belaced, that the Royal carriage and its *cortège* was devoted; and it was believed that the object of the Queen's veneration would, when opportunity served, be efficacious in securing for her Majesty that safety and comfort which in her situation were so desirable. Our illustration represents the solemn ceremony which took place just before the accouchement, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo accompanied the image into the presence of Royalty, and the Virgin of Olvido was transported for a month's visit to the palace in all the splendor of the robes and jewels with which it had been decorated. Some days before the time announced for the re-

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IDOL WORSHIP IN SPAIN—THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO CONVEYING THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN OF OLVIDO TO THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

ception of the little Royal stranger, the Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Father TIRILO, set out by special train to fetch the Virgin from the convent of San Pascual, at Aranjuez, and was accompanied by a priest, whose sacred duty it was to carry the image, as though he were bearing a doll. Our illustration is taken from a sketch representing the entrance of the Archbishop to the railway station, where, as usual, a number of the faithful had assembled to witness the deportation of the image whose presence in Madrid was expected to be so serviceable to the Queen in her hour of trouble.



IDOL WORSHIP IN COCHIN CHINA—ANNUAL PROCESSION OF THE DRAGON AT SAIGON.

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GOVERNOR HAWLEY, OF CONNECTICUT.

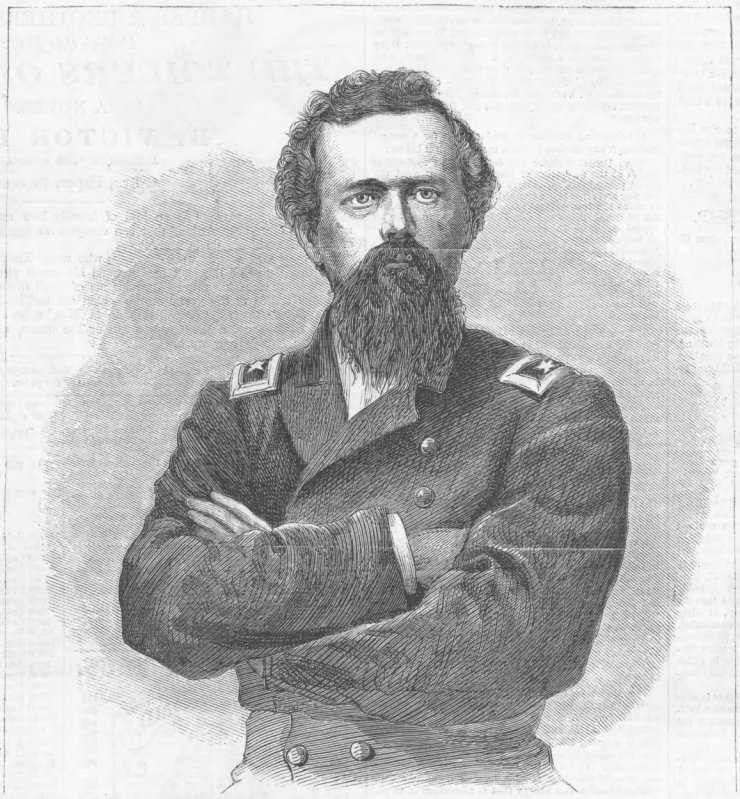
MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, Governor elect of Connecticut, was born in Richmond County, North Carolina, October 31, 1826. His parents removed to Connecticut when he was eleven years of age. After his graduation at Hamilton College, New York, in 1847, he studied law, entering upon the practice of his profession in Hartford, 1850. In politics he acted with the Free Soil Party. After a practice of six years, becoming very deeply interested in the struggle against the extension of slavery, he became editor of the Hartford *Evening Press* (an organ of the new Republican Party) in 1857, and took a very active part as a speaker in the political campaigns, which were always bitterly contested in Connecticut.

On the breaking out of the rebellion and the publication of Mr. LINCOLN'S call for 75,000 men he drew up an enlistment paper, and headed the list as the first volunteer from Connecticut. Associated with him was A. W. DRAKE, a young Democratic lawyer, who afterward died as Colonel of the Tenth Connecticut. Ignorant of drill, the volunteers selected GEORGE S. BURNHAM, afterward Colonel of the Twenty-second Connecticut, as their Captain, HAWLEY being First Lieutenant and DRAKE Second. BURNHAM was immediately promoted, and HAWLEY became Captain, in which capacity he served honorably three months, and was especially commended by his brigade commander, General KEYES, for good conduct at Bull Run. Upon his discharge he accepted a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut, of which Major-General TERRY (the hero of Fort Fisher) was Colonel, and assisted in raising and equipping the regiment. The Seventh went on the original Sherman Port Royal expedition, and was the first ashore at Hilton Head. With his regiment Lieutenant-Colonel HAWLEY was in the siege of Fort Pulaski, and immediately after, upon TERRY'S promotion, HAWLEY became Colonel of the Seventh.

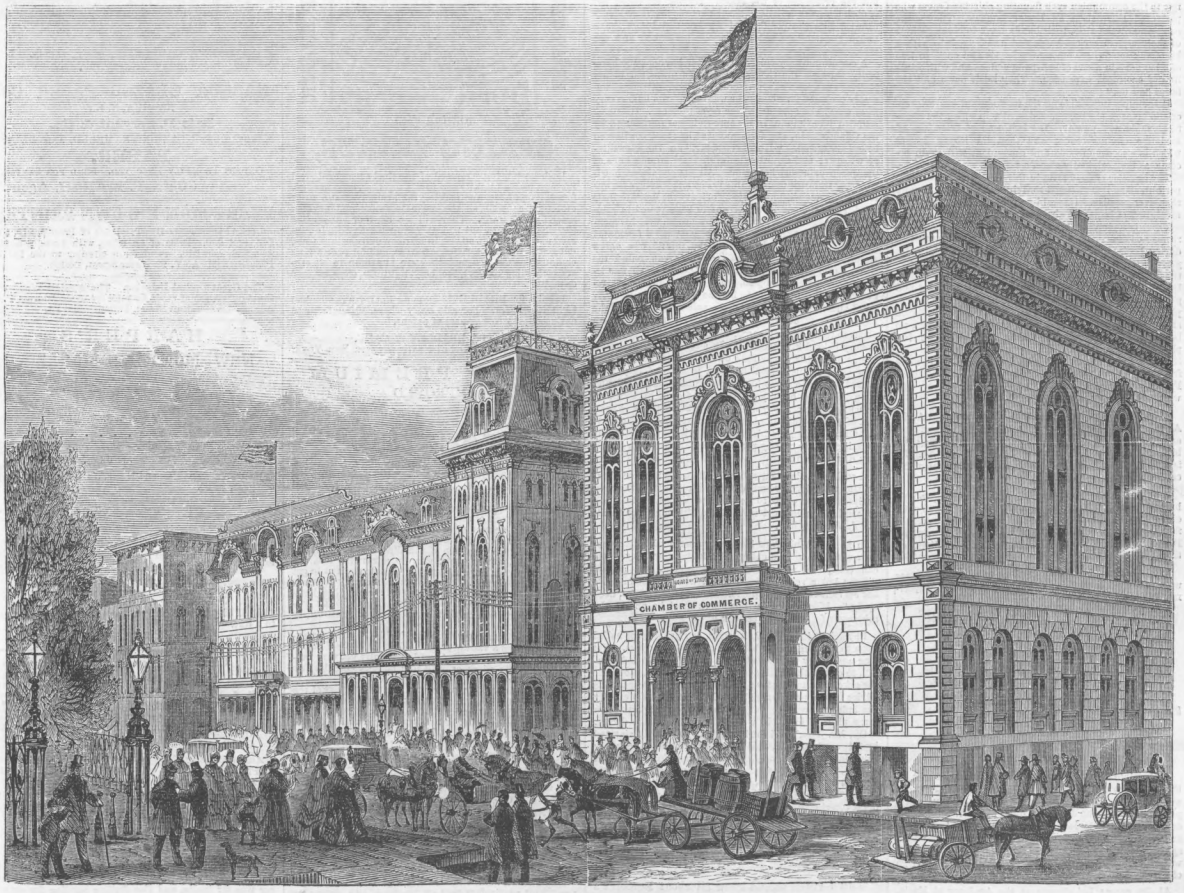
When General SEYMOUR prepared for his Florida campaign he selected as his brigade commanders Colonel HAWLEY, Colonel JACK MONTGOMERY, of Kansas fame, and Colonel BARTON, of the Forty-Eighth New York. At the battle of Olustee, Colonel HAWLEY'S brigade commenced the fight, and the Seventh Connecticut, under his guidance, was the last regiment out. He was in the battle for three and a half hours, never once dismounting from his horse, although greatly increasing his danger by being thus conspicuous, while his men were lying down fighting with their breech-loading rifles. Of about 4700 actually engaged in that battle over 1800 were killed or wounded, Colonel HAWLEY'S brigade losing its full share, or over 38 per cent. For his gallantry on the occasion General SEYMOUR urgently requested his promotion.

In April, 1864, Colonel HAWLEY came to Virginia with his regiment, and was assigned to the command of a brigade in TERRY'S division of the Tenth Corps, in the Army of the James. In the battle of Drewry's Bluff he lost between 400 and 500 men, and his conspicuous gallantry in the three days of that fight called forth warm praise from his commanders, General STANNARD, of Vermont—a brave officer, who subsequently lost an arm at Chaffin's Farm—complimenting him on the field for his marked coolness and courage. The campaign before Richmond and Petersburg was an almost unintermitted series of battles and skirmishes from May to November, unequaled before in the world's history, and of all the hard service Colonel HAWLEY had fully his share. At Deep Run, in August, he lost twenty per cent. of his command, and for his conduct there Major-General BIRNEY, his corps commander, requested General TERRY to forward a recommendation for his promotion, which being approved by Generals BIRNEY and BUTLER, in addition to others previously forwarded, secured his commission as Brigadier-General in September, 1864.

When General TERRY went to Fort Fisher he left General HAWLEY in command of his division, as the fittest man for that important position. Later, after General HAWLEY joined his brigade at Wilmington, General SCOFIELD assigned to him the duty of keeping open his lines of communication, as he moved up to join Gen-



MAJOR-GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CONNECTICUT.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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eral SHERMAN. At Wilmington and Richmond, after hostilities had ceased, General HAWLEY performed, in an administrative capacity, perhaps as arduous and important duties as at any time during his four years in the army. He returned to Connecticut November 1, 1865, and was soon after honorably discharged. February 14, 1866, he received a two-thirds vote on an informal ballot, and was then nominated by acclamation for Governor by the Union party. He was elected April 2, by 500 majority, after a fierce contest, in which he vigorously stumped the State.

Governor HAWLEY is most devoted to the Republican party, and desires its harmony and a continuance of its rule in the country upon its well-known liberal and thoroughly Democratic principles.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FASHION has decidedly changed, we fancy, since Sir John Suckling wrote the pretty stanza:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

The "little mice" have grown wonderfully bold in these latter days, and have no occasion to *steal* "out," being most unmistakably "*out*" when "on duty" in the public thoroughfare. Perhaps the description given by Maitland, who wrote about a hundred years earlier than Suckling, will better suit our times, in spite of the old-fashioned orthography:

"Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
With garten of ane new maneir
To gar their courtliness be knawin;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

"Sometimes they will beir up their gown
To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;
And sometimes both they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangleness of geir."

It is passing strange that American women can not adopt a sensible fashion without carrying it to ridiculous extremes. But so it is: every thing runs into excesses; dresses must be *very* long or *very* short; *very* wide or *very* narrow—little regard being paid to "moderation."

The fashion of looping street-dresses is unquestionably sensible. Neatness, comfort, and health demand that the drapery should not trail through wet, dusty, or dirty streets, and that the foot should not be unduly trammeled. So also, whatever may be said to the contrary, physicians are agreed that the much-abused crinoline is more conducive to health than the multitudinous skirts in which ladies were wont to enwrap themselves previous to its modern introduction.

But when to the looped dress and short petticoats is added the extra-fashionable, bell-shaped, four-and-a-half-yards-wide-at-the-base, crinoline, the combination is not simply inelegant, it is ridiculous and indecent. No modest woman would willingly subject herself to the inevitable exposure and remark which such a costume causes. Better adopt the Bloomer style, ladies, than run the risk of such exhibitions as are becoming frightfully common in our streets, and which are the occasion of many a rude jest.

A lady belonging to the Episcopal Church the other day remarked: "I think it is *wicked* for ministers to admit to the communion such flaunting objects as some who presented themselves on Easter Sunday. They came marching up the aisle, their hands stuck into the pockets of their stylish sacks—befrizzled and becurled—with a bit of silk somewhere among the braids and curls in lieu of a bonnet—in a sort of ball-room attire—and with crinoline of enormous expansion. They knelt down and the hoops flew up."

It is simply impossible for the most skillful wearer properly to manage the huge monstrosities in which the ultra-fashionable now parade. Let ladies adopt crinolines of moderate circumference; and then the looped dresses which are so comfortable and convenient will again become, as they originally were, a tasteful, modest fashion.

The exercise of good taste in this matter is the more important, since it is rumored that short skirts are to be more than ever popular. It is said that the costliness and ornamentation of boots and shoes indicate this.

There is a proposal to ornament shoes intended for ball-rooms and dancing with precious stones, as was the custom during Louis XVI.'s reign. It was then called the *venez y voir* style, and in those days some great ladies wore fortunes on their feet. Such exaggerations are most ridiculous. Although it is scarcely possible to be too neat and particular "about the feet," simplicity is a primary principle in that portion of the toilet. For those who admire and adopt the quieter and more reasonable fashions, no boots can be better suited to spring wear than those simply made of either black kid or black poplin. The poplin, if desired, may match the dress in color, but it is more frequently worn either black or gray. Boots made of good French satin, and fastened with crystal buttons, are "well worn" for dressy occasions.

A few June days have accidentally dropped into April. A dreamy languor steals over body and mind, and fires and furs are alike oppressive. The grass is springing, the birds are singing, and the mischievous little moth-miller is flitting about. Ladies will do well to take seasonable care of their minks and sables.

A pair of tender lovers eloped from the vicinity of Albany a few days since. The gallant masculine was aged eighty-five, and the fair and fickle dame had seen seventy-five summers and about the same number of winters. Both were married and had large families, who "mourn their loss."

In olden times it was the custom to engrave mottoes upon or inside the wedding-ring. The following are specimens of nuptial mottoes:

"Let him never take a wife
That will not love her as his life."

"In thee, my love,
All joy I prove."

"Beyond this life
We'll love, dear wife."

"Divinely knit by grace are we,
Two made *one;* the pledge here see."

Some mottoes were admonitory, as—

"Silence ends strife
'Twixt man and wife."

"This ring should bind
Body and mind."

A Honolulu newspaper gives a tantalizing account of the luscious fruits which grow spontaneously in the Sandwich Islands. The most delicious oranges, it says, are a perfect drug in some districts; limes are seen rotting under the trees ankle-deep, bananas, mangoes, tamarinds, and pine-apples are abundant, to say nothing of "that splendid fruit, the chirimoya, that makes one's mouth water to think of!" Why don't somebody import a cargo of the *chirimoya*—whatever it may be?

At the recent *bal d'opera* at the Academy of Music, there appeared a prominent lady-dress of Baltimore, who for some time past has been exerting herself in behalf of the Southern Relief Fair. It was reported that she "cried her eyes red because her young husband *would* take her away from her work, and make her expend so much on a costume, when the cry for common clothes and common food came up from the desolated hearth-stones of her fair Southern home-land." Her attire, though simple, was extremely elegant; and when complimented by a friend on her appearance, the lady replied, somewhat proudly: "My husband gave me a check for a thousand dollars, with special directions and supplications that I should get myself up worthy of myself and worthy of the occasion, and he assures me I have done so, though I bought nothing new but my gloves and my slippers and the magnolias in my hair."

The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one has chanced to meet with it before:

When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said that it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, in deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back." "It can not be done!" they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible?" repeated Mr. Webster; "impossible? *Nothing* is impossible on *Bunker Hill!*" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

There are, it would seem, only six kinds of noses that are distinctly marked, and this classification is well known and of long standing, for an antique gem in the Florentine Museum gives us five out of the six. There are, however, in nature very few pure specimens of any class; almost all the noses one meets with are of a composite character; and are all naturally accompanied with equally composite mental characteristics.

Class I. The Roman Nose.
II. The Grecian Nose.
III. The Cogitative or wide-nostrilled Nose.
IV. The Jewish Nose.
V. The Snub Nose.
VI. The Turn-up Nose, or Celestial.

The first three classes are the noble type of nose, the latter three are of the sordid and contemptible type. The noble classification was observed physiognomically from the very earliest times, for we have them distinctly portrayed in the Hindoo Trimurti in the caves of Elephanta. In this three-headed deity the profile of Vishnu, the "Preserver," is of a purely Greek model; while that of Siva, "the Destroyer," has a rough and energetic Roman nose. But Brahma, "the Creator," has a broad cogitative nostril, betokening wisdom and thought of the profoundest order. This is very remarkable, as showing that in the early ages of the world, although there was much less of what we call philosophy, there was a much more accurate intuition of truth than, in these latter times, we are ready to allow.

The etiquette of Court "drawing-rooms" has been quite revived since Queen Victoria has made her public appearance in them. A first "drawing-room" is an event long looked forward to, and much desired, by the young girl who is entering life, but she is rather rudely disturbed from her felicitations by the crowding and crushing of the ante-rooms. To her surprise and horror, stately dowagers and graceful young ladies struggle for first entrance with a determination and energy that is marvelous in so polite (?) an assemblage; and many are the shreds of lace, tips of feathers, dismembered flowers, and broken fans, that bear witness to the sharp encounter, not of the wits, but the crinolines of the ladies. Having smoothed her ruffled plumage a little after the crush, she is suddenly ushered into the presence of royalty, and before she is aware the long-studied courtesy is performed and the ceremony over.

A certain military officer, who, after having gone heroically through the Crimean war, was presented to her Majesty the Queen at a very crowded *levée*. Although tolerably prepared for the part he was to perform, he felt very ill at ease as he approached the royal presence. His name sounded like thunder in his ears as it was announced by the Chamberlain, and for a moment he stood bewildered before the Queen. "Kneel down, Sir," was the admonitory whisper; and accordingly he dropped on one knee as the Queen extended her hand. All his acquired knowledge fled from his mind at this crisis, and whether he was to shake hands with her Majesty or leave the delicate little hand, so graciously stretched out to him, poised in midair, like Mohammed's coffin, he knew not as, with his mental faculties in one hopeless whirl, he gazed as if fascinated upon it. "Kiss her Majesty's hand, Sir!" was again sternly whispered, as an audible titter ran round the Court circle—a sound in which the Queen herself was irresistibly compelled to join, when the gallant officer, relieved from his doubts as to how he was to act, seized her hand and impressed upon it so emphatic a kiss that the sound rang through the room. Hastily rising, he was about to retire with all speed, when an elderly Court functionary behind him exclaimed, in a tone of intense irritation, "Don't turn your back on her Majesty, Sir!" The poor officer, thus admonished and baited on every side, almost lost patience as he stepped quickly backward, and in so doing trod heavily on the gouty foot of his tormentor, who, while screwing up his face into a horrible expression of pain, dared not give vent to a sound. The officer, meantime, made good his retreat—a wicked delight in the sufferings of the courtly personage comforting him for his own disasters and breaches of Court etiquette.

A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of executing a totally new and complete translation of the Holy Scriptures. In order to insure impartiality the task will be confined to learned men of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish religions.

In an Auckland (New Zealand) paper a girl advertises for a situation to take charge of a laundry or dairy. She can cook, and understands housekeeping, and adds—"None but a respectable mistress, who wishes to leave her servant in uninterrupted discharge of her duties, need apply." What a competition there must be among the mistresses for the model servant!

Physicians in England, it seems, are liable to be called upon to do double duty in their professional visits. Not long ago a lady residing at Putney (on Thames) had occasion to call in the family doctor. Before he left the house she asked him to wait for a few minutes, as she wanted his advice upon a peculiar matter. He did, and presently the lady reappeared, followed by a domestic bearing a large piece of beef. It was set down before the doctor. "Oh, Mr. ——," said the lady, "I'm so terribly alarmed by this cattle plague, that I'm almost afraid to cook any thing in the way of meat. I've my suspicions about this sirloin. Now, just look at it, and tell me whether it has had the plague or not." "My dear Madam," replied the doctor, "I don't understand that kind of patient. I'm not a veterinary surgeon, you see. I don't attend cases of beef! I could only say it was good if I tasted it." The lady was in no wise taken aback. "Then come and dine with us, doctor," she said, "and if it is bad, you'll be able to tell us."

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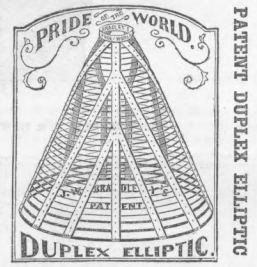
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3,000 Gold chased Bracelets	15 to 30
3,000 Gold Chatelain and Guard Chains	18 to 40
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2,000 Gold Brooches, Lava and Coral	8 to 15
5,000 Gold Brooches, Opal and Emerald	15 to 40
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5,000 Gold California Diamond Breast-Pins	6 to 25
3,000 Gold Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	12 to 25
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c.	6 to 15
10,000 Gold Lockets, double glasses	8 to 25
10,000 Gold Lockets, for Miniatures	6 to 20
3,000 Gold Tooth-Picks, Crosses, &c.	6 to 12
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	6 to 10
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5,000 Gold Shield and Signet Rings	8 to 25
10,000 Gold California Diamond Rings	6 to 20
10,000 Pearl and fancy stone Gold Rings	8 to 25
7,500 Gold Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Jet	15 to 25
10,000 Sets of Ladies' Gold Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, Emerald, & other stones	15 to 50
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Holders	6 to 12
5,000 Gold Pens, with Gold Holders	10 to 25
5,000 Gold Pens, Holders, and Velvet Case	10 to 30
5,000 Silver Goblets and Cups—all styles	6 to 12
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1,000 Silver Card Cases	15 to 25
3,000 Silver Egg-Stands	18 to 40
2,000 Silver Ice-Pitchers	20 to 50
6,000 Silver Cake, Pie, and Fruit Knives	8 to 25
20,000 Dozen Silver Tea-Spoons	6 to 15
10,000 Dozen Silver Table-Spoons	15 to 25
10,000 Dozen Silver Forks and Knives	15 to 40
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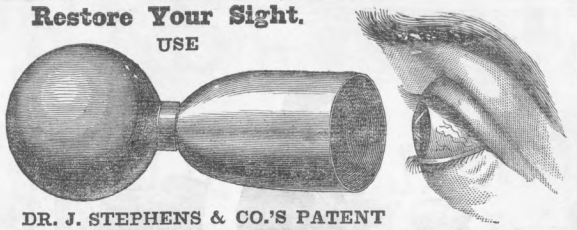
We desire to caution our readers against confounding the establishment of the Cosmopolitan Manufacturing Jewelers' Association with the "enterprises" so often advertised in the daily press, and which the purchaser finds upon investigation to be mere catch-penny affairs, gotten up for the purpose of disposing of the fag ends of worthless stocks from the second-hand establishments of the East. Not an article is sold by Messrs. Calkins & Co. but is worth all it is represented to be; and, indeed, the well-known character and reputation of the firm itself is a sufficient guarantee for the responsibility of the Association they represent. Were such not the case, visitors would not throng their establishment in this city, at 83 and 85 Madison Street, as they now do, nor would they go away with faces so bright with smiles of satisfaction.—*Chicago Post, April* 1, 1865.

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Sense of weariness and exhaustion, no appetite, out of spirits, brain muddled, troubled sleep. What does all this mean? It means BILIOUSNESS. Arrest the mischief by an immediate resort to HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. In three days they will make you, as the saying is, "a new man."

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What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

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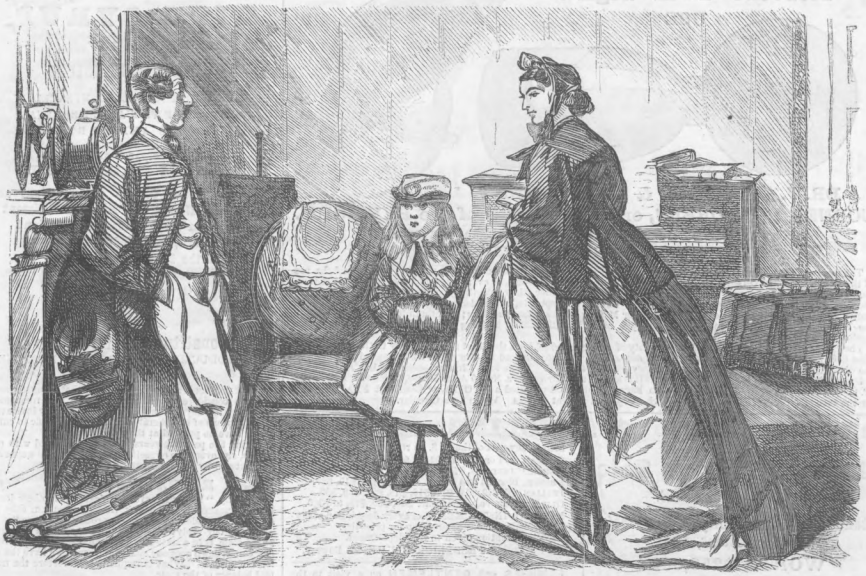
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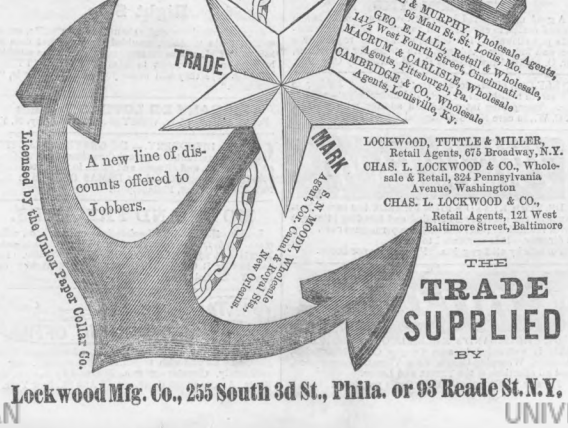
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

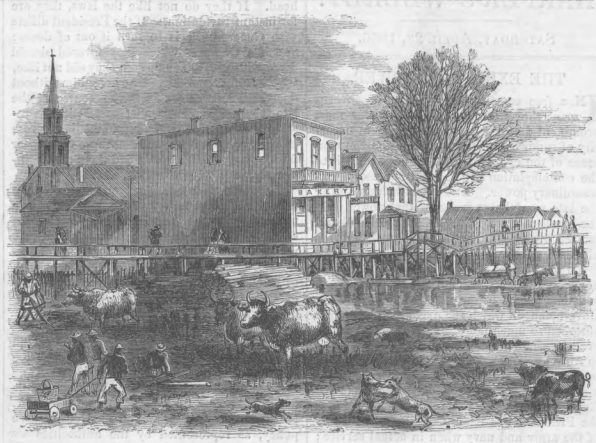
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 487.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



OUR "SPECIAL," A. R. W., ON HIS JOURNEYINGS.



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO, ILLINOIS

SALE OF GOVERNMENT STORES.

OUR artist at Cairo thus describes the illustration of the sale of Government stores on the levee at Cairo given on this page:

"Passing along the levee at Cairo, with its dust, filth, and obtrusive drinking-saloons, gaping wide open for victims to the trash within, it would appear to a stranger, from the great number of such places, that the people of Cairo had powers not accorded elsewhere to ordinary mortals of resisting the effects of 'tangle-leg,' 'red-eye,' 'twist-knee,' and other brands peculiar to the locality. Outside of each place are gathered a knot of hard-looking fellows. There is a suspicious air of 'lying-in-wait' common to these frequenters of the levee which is not calculated to inspire confidence in a stranger.

"At a Government warehouse an auction is in progress of such stores as appertain to the commissary department. The prominent figures are the



GOVERNMENT AUCTION ON THE LEVEE AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

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auctioneer and a colored soldier—the former a well-known character, at one time connected with the *Herald* as an army correspondent. As a getter-up of sells he has few rivals; and many who knew him in the army will recognize him when they hear that he is principally indebted to his powers of ventriloquism for success. Many will remember the anecdote of a *Herald* correspondent monopolizing the telegraph line at Niagara Falls and telegraphing the first chapters of Genesis to exclude other reporters, who were dying with anxiety to transmit their accounts of the Prince of Wales's progress in Canada. This was that man! As far as your artist knows he is the last instance of this gentleman's proficiency in practical jokes. While the sketch was being drawn the auctioneer, who up to that time had ignored the artist's presence, turned upon the latter with a twinkle of recognition, the response to which was an inadvertent wink. Turning traitor at once, he went on with the sale, accepting the wink as a further bid, and knocking down to the delineator of character an old worn-out copying press at the liberal sum of $1 75."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN a free constitutional system of government the executive branch becomes most prominent during a war. The frequent necessity of summary measures, which the common sense of the country concedes, accustoms it to the contemplation of the arbitrary use of extraordinary power. And if, as with us during the late war, the exercise of that power is in the hands of a magistrate entirely beloved and trusted, its essential and normal peril becomes obscured to the public eye.

To our fathers who made the Constitution, however, there was no such obscurity. They had emerged from an exhausting war with a Government in which the executive power had absorbed so much more than its rightful share, even in a monarchical system, that its success in America would have been constitutional ruin in England. When they framed our government, therefore, they defined the power of the Executive as exactly as it could be done. Thus the President was made Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy when in actual service; but Congress alone was to declare war and raise and support armies. He was to veto any law which seemed to him objectionable; but a two-thirds vote of Congress was, upon due consideration, to overpower his veto. He was to make treaties, but only with the consent of two-thirds of the Senators present, and to appoint envoys and judges, but only with the approval of the Senate. In the intention of the fathers, and because of their faith in a popular system, the motive power of the Government was to reside in Congress, which was the immediate representative of the people.

It was in obedience to this system and in full sympathy with the spirit from which it sprang that Mr. LINCOLN, whom circumstances compelled to assert the executive power to its utmost legitimate extent, constantly appealed to Congress to justify his acts. During the war he did not hesitate to state "to whom it might concern" the terms upon which, as Commander-in-Chief, he was ready to cease operations in the field; but he was careful to say that the question of reorganization must be finally determined by Congress. While the war was still raging he said that he was willing to recognize in any rebel State a Government established and maintained by a tenth of the number of voters before the war; but he conceded that the admission to Congress of a State so constituted was a question for Congress alone to decide.

President LINCOLN died just as the work of restoration was beginning. President JOHNSON laid down by proclamation the terms upon which rebel States might proceed to reorganize; but stated explicitly that the work was to be concluded only by the consent of Congress. He did his part as his sense of duty and his view of public necessity demanded. The States, empowered and directed by him, did their part as they saw fit. Congress is now cautiously considering in what way most wisely to do its part, which officially completes the work. And it is just at this point that those who are utterly malignant at the overthrow of the late revolutionary movement which sought the destruction of the Government advise the President to lead a new revolution for the same purpose. Those who, in 1861, called upon "all conservative people" to withstand the "abolition frenzy" of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in undertaking "to coerce Sovereign States," now entreat the same people to call upon the Executive power to seize the Government.

This is a curious illustration of the fact that the devotees of slavery, which is a system of brute force and blood and crime, have neither the least conception of a popular government, nor the least faith in any methods but those of the sword. Congress passes a law to protect the equal rights of all citizens of every color in the United States; and GARRETT DAVIS, bred in the politics of slavery, thereupon declares—not that he will try to influence public opinion to procure a repeal of the law—but that he will devote the feeble remnant of his life to overthrowing the Government. SAULSBURY of Delaware, another graduate of the same school, more or less soberly announces that his constituents will resist the law to the last. The New York *Daily News*, which rejoiced at every bloody victory of rebels over loyal citizens, exhorts the President to shed the blood of loyal representatives. The New York *World*, whose sympathy with the rebellion was masked but not concealed, whose Presidential platform declared the war a failure, and whose fierce vituperation of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON in their fidelity to the Union is historical, begs President JOHNSON to disregard his oath; and the Chicago *Times*, the deadly foe of the Union and of equal rights, urges him to sweep Congress out like chaff.

These men and papers have no more idea of a Constitutional Government than New Zealanders. Like PRESTON BROOKS, a politician of their school, if they do not like an argument they are for knocking the advocate upon the head. If they do not like the laws, they are for instant revolution. If the President differs with Congress, he is to turn it out of doors; and if a Congress which they favored should differ with a President whom they did not like, they would urge Congress to hang him without delay. This was precisely the course of the late rebels. They were displeased with the result of an election, and they immediately rose in arms; and it is natural that those who either frankly or sneakingly defended them should invite a repetition of rebellion.

But the exquisitely humorous aspect of the matter is, that those who urge revolution as a remedy for legislation which they do not like, solemnly call themselves Conservatives. Large property holders, with people of regular industry and employment, and of small means will, of course, see and appreciate the advantages of such Conservatism. They have been evident in Mexico for the last forty years. They have been revealed in the condition of our own country during the last five years. They would be illustrated in England if, upon the passage of the pending Reform Bill, Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI could persuade the Queen to order the army to turn Parliament into the street. Reduced to a plain statement the Conservative policy, as represented by the authorities we have named, is the deliberate destruction of our Government by the absorption of the whole system in the executive branch.

Now if any difference of opinion exists between the executive and legislative authorities the Constitution provides a lawful and peaceful remedy. In case of extremity, as of the veto, the President is to yield, and the will of Congress prevails. The reason of this is plain. The executive power is vested in a single person, whom ambition or fanaticism might tempt to overthrow the liberties of the people. But Congress *is* the people by their immediate representatives, and it is not supposable that they would conspire against themselves. To say that Congress, without the representation of the late rebel States, is not the people, is simply to say that we have had no lawful government for five years past. The nature of the executive power in our system is indicated by its name. It is the power that executes the will of the people, as expressed under certain conditions, through its representatives. If the elective agent of that power willfully opposes Congress he opposes the majority of the people whose will, lawfully expressed, is the rightful government of the country. The belated devotees of slavery, who call themselves Conservatives, and urge President JOHNSON to subvert the Government, know as little of him and of the American people and of a constitutional system as they did before the war.

THE PROSPECT UNDER THE LOAN BILL.

THE "Loan Bill" has become a law, and by that law the Secretary of the Treasury is expressly prohibited from canceling more than 2½ per cent. of the currency of the country before the next meeting of Congress. It is a substantial victory for the paper-money men, whose leaders are Messrs. JOHN SHERMAN of Ohio, THADDEUS STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and GEORGE BOUTWELL of Massachusetts—gentlemen whose patriotism can not be doubted, but who have done what they could, it seems to us, to postpone the resumption of specie payments, to perpetuate the degradation of the national currency, and to give a new lease of life to the speculation which is fattening at the cost of the great public of consumers. Whether we are correct or not, the market reports are there to tell.

With few exceptions, prices are as high as they were when gold was 200 and above. Roast beef sells at 28 cents against 15 before the war; veal at 27 or 29 as against 14 or 16; mutton at 18 or 20 as against 12 or 14; butter at 60 or 65 as against 22 or 27; coffee at 50 cents as against 25 or 30; cotton goods at 150 @ 200 per cent. advance; woolen goods at 100 @ 150 per cent. advance; boots and other manufactures from hides at 100 per cent. advance; sugar, spices, and groceries generally at 100 or 150 per cent. advance. Very few of these articles are lower than they were when gold was 200. It costs just as much to live now as it did in 1864-5, when the issue of the war was uncertain, and it was a problem whether the national currency was or was not going to follow in the wake of the Confederate shinplasters and Continental money. In some places living seems even higher than it was then. In this city the ship-carpenters, the calkers, and the car-drivers declare that they can not live on the wages which supported them in 1864-5, and have generally struck for an advance.

Now the main cause of the prevailing high prices is the redundancy of the currency, and—to use the jargon of the street—the "ease of money." High taxes, direct and indirect, have their effect, of course. But these exercise less influence upon prices than the condition of the money market. Money is worth less than 5 per cent. per annum in Wall Street. The consequence is that all the National Banks are begging speculators to take their money; and the next consequence is that cliques have been or are being formed in every article of merchandise for the purpose of forestalling the markets with the aid of these National Banks. Cotton, beef, butter, dry goods, leather, hides, groceries are all controlled by cliques, which are buying up or have bought up the entire stocks in market, and are carrying them with the assistance of the National Banks. In this city alone the bank discounts have swelled from an average of $100,000,000 @ $120,000,000 before the war to $240,000,000 now. A similar expansion has taken place in other cities. The advance represents money loaned to speculators to hold produce, merchandise, and stocks. It is this bank accommodation which enables the speculators in beef, butter, dry goods, and leather to extort from the public double the old prices. Were the banks to curtail their discounts these speculators would be forced to disgorge, and prices would fall. So long as the banks can discount freely they will be sure to do so in order to earn large dividends, and the speculators will succeed in keeping up prices.

It was the purpose of the Secretary of the Treasury, by holding a rod over the head of these banks, to compel them to draw in their currency and diminish their discounts. Had he succeeded speculators in the necessaries of life would have been compelled to abandon their forestalling scheme, and prices would again have been governed by the old law of supply and demand. He failed; and the consequence is that speculators hold their property as firmly as ever, that prices rule as high as they did when GRANT was thundering at the gates of Richmond, and that mechanics are compelled, in this hour of expected contraction, to strike for higher wages.

As for the Secretary of the Treasury, he has a plain duty to perform. He is empowered to exchange long bonds for short date securities in any quantity, and he is not restricted as to the price at which he may sell his bonds. He should act upon this authority without delay. Not an hour should be lost in funding the outstanding debt and deposit certificates, and the interest-bearing legal tender. The absorption of these troublesome liabilities would place the Treasury Department in an independent position, and would inevitably bring the National Banks to such a realizing sense of their danger as would compel at least some of them to initiate the policy of contraction. This measure might properly be followed by an exchange of long bonds for Seven-Thirties. But no time should be lost in inaugurating the policy of contraction. Every hour of delay inflicts loss on the public, and enriches speculators. Every day that is lost swells the ranks of the men who are inclined to hold the dominant party responsible for the great cost of living.

Men of all parties can not too soon or too plainly perceive that hereafter political issues are to be joined on substantial and material questions—and especially on questions of taxation. The people of the United States are paying this year fully $17 per head in taxes—a heavier sum than is borne by any other people. This tax is laid, indeed, to discharge a debt generously incurred for the noblest cause, and no man who understands that every thing valuable to him and his children was secured by it, will grudge its payment. But the redundancy of the currency, the number of National Banks, and their excessive discounts, have swelled the cost of living to twice the average prior to 1860. This is a burden which we all wish to shake off as soon as practicable. The longer it is borne the louder will be the demand for relief. The taxes, indeed, would weigh less heavily if the cost of living were reduced, and speculators were deprived of their present facilities for forestalling the markets. We might perhaps agree to pay 65 cents for butter and $12 for boots if we were relieved from an income tax of 5 @ 10 per cent. But no patriotic party or statesman ought to expect or desire the country to endure for more than the shortest time the great increase in the cost of living caused by the redundance of the currency, and the necessarily heavy taxes. Even the great Union party which carried the country safely through the late war and restored the flag of the Union "without the loss of a single star," could not hope to retain its present ascendency except by surely and steadily relieving the public burden.

We think Congress has made a serious mistake; and it remains for the Secretary of the Treasury to do what he can to check the expansion of the National Banks, and to bring down the cost of living. And it behooves him to lose no time in beginning the work.

A GOOD UNION VIEW.

IT was certainly a very questionable compliment that was offered to President JOHNSON in Mobile when, at a late dinner, his health was drunk with that of "President DAVIS." Of course the proposer of the sentiment had been a rebel. But we observe that in Kentucky a Union man, Colonel B. H. BRISTOW, who was a LINCOLN and JOHNSON elector, pays no such doubtful honors to the President. He proposes to associate his name with Mr. LINCOLN'S.

At the late Soldiers' Convention Governor BRAMLETTE reported a resolution approving the policy of President JOHNSON, saying that the resolution did not commit the Convention to any man or party, nor was it "an indorsement of any Tylerization," but simply asserted the principles for which the soldiers had fought. He used Mr. JOHNSON'S name, he said, merely to designate a policy. Thereupon Colonel BRISTOW said:

"I move to amend by adding at the close, 'understanding it to be the fixed and cherished policy of his lamented predecessor ABRAHAM LINCOLN.' No man in this country had more of my love, respect, and veneration than Mr. LINCOLN. If we must have Mr. JOHNSON'S name in the resolution, let us have Mr. LINCOLN'S too. If, as I understand Mr. JOHNSON, he is carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, I am for Mr. JOHNSON. With this express understanding I indorse JOHNSON, but I will not indorse him in the language of every rebel meeting in Kentucky, nor in the way of those who, while they indorse him, reassert the fundamental and originating principles of the rebellion, the miserable, abominable, and infamous resolutions of '98."

It is surely a fair question whether the Mobile toast coupled President JOHNSON'S name with that of JEFFERSON DAVIS because he was supposed to be carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE AUGEAN STABLE.

THE Board of Health has gone to work in earnest, and has therefore undoubtedly discovered what a task it has undertaken. When we lay in our civic misery and filth, helpless and hopeless, and saw the cholera making ready to fall upon us, the news of the appointment of the Board was like a voice of succor. The Commissioners appointed were excellent and satisfactory. They lost no time, and called for nuisances to abate. The nuisances have answered with alacrity. They have appeared in hosts and clouds. They are every where. This was the first step, and it was not difficult. In the city of New York to find a nuisance was about the easiest task to which an inquirer with a nose, a pair of eyes, and a pocket could be called.

But having found the nuisance, how to abate it is a different question; and that is the one which presented itself to the Board directly upon the heels of the first. And it is the consideration of this question which should temper the expectations of the public, and prevent an unreasonable reaction against the Board in consequence of the small apparent results of their efforts—a reaction which is all the more probable from the enthusiastic welcome which hailed the creation of the Board.

Among the chief nuisances and dangers of the city are the markets down town and the tenement-houses. Nothing is easier than for the Board to see this—nothing can be more desirable than a distinct order that these abominations shall be regulated or annihilated. Certainly; let the command be uttered in the most uncompromising voice. And then how is it to be done? Some of the inspectors have reported a certain range of buildings, a horrible slum in which human beings wallow. "Shut it up," says the Board. And the people who are turned out? Are they to encamp in the streets or retreat to other slums? There are hundreds and thousands of people in New York to-day whose habitations endanger the health of the city. They should be unhoused immediately for the general welfare. Where are they to stay meanwhile?

So with the markets. The testimony concerning the Washington Market confirms what every man knows who has seen it. It is in every way a nuisance and a peril. Mr. A. T. STEWART said lately before the Committee at Albany, that, in his judgment, Broadway could be much relieved of its pressure if the markets were moved up town, and the great steamer piers also. There is no doubt of it. But the horrible accumulations of the Washington Market should be removed now, and how long will it take to erect new buildings up town? There is an open lot up town below the neighboring level. The surrounding region has been drained into it until it has become a cesspool offending earth and heaven. The Board order the drainage into it to cease. It is thereupon stopped, but the refuse of the houses which fed it is emptied as slops into the street at each front-door,

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while the line of the new sewerage which will finally relieve the difficulty lies directly through solid rock, and the work can not be finished to-morrow. In the mean time the neighborhood and the city must suffer, nor can any Board help it.

The city must suffer, for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the second and third generations, and in our case those generations make the sins three and four times as bad. The necessity for the vast work of sewerage which is now going on in the city is occasioned by the foolish and ignorant system of laying out the city, and that again is due to intrusting the municipal management to ignorant and rapacious men. Commissioners, for instance, appointed to open streets, receive three dollars for every meeting whether they attend or not. A man may be appointed upon ten or twenty such Commissions and receive payment for all. Is it surprising that there are some streets the laying out of which involves such difficulties that Commissioners have been sitting upon the subject *for five years*, at the rate of three dollars for every meeting at which they are absent or present, and can not yet determine to open the streets and close their pockets?

A Health Board that undertakes to deal with a city of this kind has begun upon the Augean Stable. The City Government itself is the chief nuisance, and the horrible slums and filth and poor drainage are but secondary evils. It is pleasant to see that the Board goes to its work like a Hercules, for nothing but Herculean resolution and labor can insure success.

OUR ARTISTS IN THE SOUTH.

THE sketches which we give on our first page are the first of a series of illustrations which we propose to give of the characteristic aspects of life in the Southern States, whether in the city or on the plantation. We have for this purpose a corps of special artists in those States, who have had years of experience in the special class of duties which they have undertaken, and who understand the peculiarities both of the region and of the people. During the war these artists have followed our armies, and have furnished the public through the pages of this paper with illustrations of the great conflict so graphic and faithful that they will be appreciated as long as our history shall be read. The battles are over now; but their results remain—results how different from those contemplated by the late rebel leaders! Those leaders, indeed, have failed to revolutionize the United States Government, but they have most certainly succeeded in revolutionizing the southern part of the country.

Yet the desolation which the war has wrought is not irretrievable. A country so purely agricultural in all its interests as the southern section of the republic soon recovers even from the most terrible shocks of war. There is, in such a case, no vast and complex system of commerce to be re-established, for there was no such system to be overturned or interrupted by the war. The cities which suffered were few in number, and as they were simply great agricultural emporiums they will speedily recover their former importance and wealth, while a single crop will almost redeem the plantations from their present chaos of ruin.

But that which *is* irretrievable by any possible human means is the social revolution which the war has accomplished. It is a revolution both of society and political economy. With slave labor a chief element of the power of the aristocratic classes of the Southern States has vanished. Not only has the slave been freed, but all labor in those States has risen from a position of degradation to one of honor, and therefore of power. An attempt will doubtless be made and persisted in on the part of those who have formerly monopolized respectability and power to retain so much of their feudal estate as the war seems to have left them; but this is only clinging to shadows. The new impulse given to the laboring interest by its rehabilitation in the South will lead to the development of the many resources of that country, and to the establishment of commerce and manufactures on an extended scale. Gradually, but surely, the unambitious dwellings of the laborers will overawe the mansions of the wealthy planters, and there will rise to the political surface new men with new ideas to represent and give empire to this new interest. It is not in our present Congress that this great contest is to be determined, but in the Southern States themselves, and upon the very fields where the prelusive conflict of arms was fought that has made this second and more significant struggle possible.

With pen and pencil we shall follow this contest through its successive stages. For the present the elements are confused and but dimly shaped. It is like the rising of a new world from chaos. To us the late Slave States seem now almost like a newly-discovered country. For the first time we ask earnestly: What are their resources and opportunities? How has the great earthquake left them—with what marks of ruin upon their cities and fields—with what changes of a social and political character? We shall leave to our artists the task of answering these absorbing questions, so far as it is possible to answer them by means of pictorial representations.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

THE fact, so commonly observed, that some eat much less than others, and yet are equally well nourished, although performing an equal amount of both bodily and mental labor, seems to show that eating too much is a common fault. Perhaps we may say that in this country of plenty most of the well-conditioned eat too much; the question very often being, how much can the stomach and the system conveniently bear? But we would not have one go to the other extreme, and seek to know how little food the system can get along with, and be in a comfortable condition. The true question is, how much does the system require to keep it in a vigorous condition? And in deciding this every rational man will be governed mostly by the natural indication spoken of in a previous article. This obedience to instinct implies little thought; and the truth is that the less thought we have about the matter, provided it be properly settled, the better.

What now, let us inquire, are the results of eating too much? These are seen both in the stomach itself and in the system at large. The stomach, however well it may habituate itself to do the extraordinary work put upon it, is gradually impaired in its powers, and therefore becomes liable to various derangements. These may be removed for the time being by diminution of the work of the organ, assisted perhaps by some medicine. But the evil recurring many times, there may be at length positive irremediable disease. If, as is perhaps more often the case, the stomach, though liable to frequent derangements, maintains tolerably well its vigor, results of a more or less marked character will nevertheless appear in the system. The primary result is the supply of more material for growth and repair than is needed; that is, too much blood is made. There is, therefore, a clogged state of the system. Various results come from this, according to concurring circumstances. The effect may be general, giving too much bulk in proportion to vigor. There is a certain tissue called cellular membrane, which acts every where as a sort of packing material, lying therefore under the skin, between muscles, about organs, between streets of other tissues, and even between their fibres; and in those who take too much nutriment there is apt to be too much of this tissue, especially in some portions of the body, and the fat which is deposited in some localities in its cells is increased, sometimes very largely. Circumstances of a local character may also induce enlargement, or hypertrophy, as it is called, of some organ, as the heart or liver. With the overplus of blood, congestion—that is, local increase with partial detention or stagnation—is apt to occur; and even if this be slight and temporary, a frequent repetition will engender positive disease. With the general disturbance caused by the repletion, there is sometimes produced a degeneration of the structure of some organ, and of course an impairment of its function. There may be from this cause such a change in the heart as to stop at length suddenly its action, and produce death. Very often there is a combination of disease in the stomach itself with other local difficulties, or with the general derangement, all coming from the habitual overaction to which that organ is subjected. It would be an endless task to trace out all the results of overeating, but enough has been said to indicate in the general their nature and extent.

If now, on the other hand, too little food be taken the stomach does not perform the amount of labor for which it is naturally fitted, and therefore its vigor is impaired, just as is true of muscles that are not sufficiently exercised. But the results are most seen in the system at large. Not being adequately nourished, there is debility and deficient development. But besides there is depression occasioned by the lack of the genial influence of satiety. From all this there will arise various diseases of either a general or local character, or both combined. Poor feeding is a prolific source of disease in the abodes of poverty.

LITERARY.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S new book, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi," has just been republished in a handsome volume by the HARPERS. The extraordinary popularity of the author's previous work is sure to secure for this a welcome which its interest will justify. Of all the great African travelers of our time Dr. LIVINGSTONE chiefly displays a *moral* regard for the races and regions which he sees. His story is not a dull diary, or a scientific catalogue, or a colorless narrative. It is not only a delightful tale of adventure and discovery, but it is warm with the most generous humanity, and bright with the hues of a cheerful imagination. And there is peculiar timeliness for us in his observations and judgments upon the people themselves. The African race he considers to be of wonderfully persistent vitality, and in constitution and temperament remarkably fortunate. But centuries of barbarism have degraded them, as PRITCHARD describes that part of the Irish population to have been degraded which was driven back, generations ago, to the hills of Ulster and Connaught. Nor does he hope for any serious improvement upon the African continent until the slave-trade of the tribes is abolished.

The sixth and last volume of CARLYLE'S "Frederick" is now published by the HARPERS. It is the completion of a work remarkable for research into the most vexatious and numerous documents and authorities and for extraordinary power of narration. We have already spoken of the general scope and execution of the work; but while every "reading man" will of course acknowledge its force, its humor, its pathos, and its insight, he will also confess a secret pain that all this power should have been expended upon this subject. He will read it as the work of a master in English literature, but he will discover that even CARLYLE can not make a hero of FREDERICK the Great.

Another famous traveler, Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, is winning fresh laurels in a new field. His "Story of Kennett," just published by HURD & HOUGHTON, is the last in a long series of popular works, but none of them all is surer of a wider welcome or longer date. It is an interesting, characteristic, and delightful story. The scene is laid at the close of the last century, in and around Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, close upon the Delaware line. It is the landscape in which the author was born. The traditions of the story were familiar to his boyhood, and in weaving them together in his book he offers a tender tribute to his home and its associations. The literary art with which the work is constructed is very striking. The characters are all actors in the plot, and all the incidents move symmetrically to the end. The plot is stirring and exciting, but a soft air of rural remoteness and repose envelops the story like a tranquil atmosphere brooding over the uplands and meadows of Kennett. The characters are strongly drawn, and the Quaker heroine is one of the truest women whom we have lately encountered in fiction. If the reader remembers Hannah Thurston a little doubtfully or unkindly, let him know Martha Deane, and he will learn

> "How divine a thing
> A woman may be made."

The work has evidently been a labor of love. The details are wrought with fidelity and skill, and "The Story of Kennett" is undoubtedly Mr. TAYLOR'S best book.

The HARPERS have issued VICTOR HUGO'S new novel, the "Toilers of the Sea." It has the same peculiarities as "Les Misérables," without the discursive and baffling episodes of that book, and is as full of extravagance and wild, exciting romance, and of that crackling brilliancy of rhetoric for which the author is famous. The tale is of the sea and shore, of love and crime, of the ideally best and worst characters, and it has an absorbing melodramatic interest. Of course it is sensational, for it is VICTOR HUGO'S. The wonderful eye for situations, which was remarkable in "Nôtre Dame" thirty years ago, is still as remarkable in the "Toilers of the Sea;" and the curious miscellany of knowledge, not alway accurate, which was observable in "Les Misérables," is also here. To us there is no indication in it of failing fire in a talent never remarkable for the profoundest sincerity, and if the concluding scene is preposterous it is certainly powerful.

The April Number of the *North American Review*, published by TICKNOR & FIELDS, is in dimensions a book, and in contents a timely and valuable book. There is not an article in it which is not worthy of careful attention. The one that will be most widely read probably is Mr. PARTON'S paper upon Journalism and the New York *Herald*. This is most readable, trenchant, and we think, upon the whole, and with considerable modification, true. It is certainly a fine piece of criticism. Its praise and its censure are equally unpartisan, and it perfectly illustrates the spirit which it urges upon journalists. Mr. PARTON'S paper upon Henry Clay, in the January Number of the Review, was so good that we are surprised it has not been more generally mentioned. The article upon Character is plainly Mr. EMERSON'S, and is especially interesting as a clear and vigorous reply to the question so often asked, "What is his religious faith?" It has all his antique nobility of thought and exquisite felicity of phrase. CARLYLE'S genius and position are treated with severe insight by Mr. LOWELL, who also comments with racy good sense upon the President on the stump. Mr. NORTON'S review of the latest English translators of Dante is the work of a thoroughly accomplished Dantean, and delicately discriminates the value of the illustrations he presents. To every student of literature it is a very valuable paper. The contributions upon "Our Diplomacy During the Rebellion," "The Error of De Tocqueville," "Military Law," and "International Arbitration," keep rank with those that we ha entioned; and the reader will find that more timely topics have seldom been more vigorously and satisfactorily discussed than in this Number of the *North American*.

The first volume of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," by ALFRED H. GUERNSEY and HENRY M. ALDEN, is now published. It is a large folio of nearly four hundred pages, and contains as much matter as five ordinary octavo volumes. The authors hope within a few months to finish the work in a volume of similar size. This history is the result of the most extensive and untiring research, and is elaborated with the most patient accuracy. The striking paper in the April Number of *Harper's Magazine* upon the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond comprised part of one of the chapters of the work, and illustrates its careful fidelity. The close of the war has opened valuable sources of information hitherto unattainable. These have been carefully explored, and the work is completed to the end of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. Its style is simple; its temper admirable. Firm in their faith both in the power of the Union and in the entire justice of its cause, the authors are candid and reasonable toward its enemies. They treat of men and events neither with partiality nor acrimony, seeking historical truth and not partisan triumph. The profuse illustrations, including maps and plans, with scenes and incidents and portraits, give Harper's History a unique interest and value as the family history of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 10:

In the Senate, the bill to grant one hundred thousand acres of the public land to aid in constructing a ship canal from Lake Superior to Lac La Belle, in the State of Michigan, was passed. Also the bill granting land to aid in the construction of the Southern Minnesota Railroad.

In the House, Mr. Raymond, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to inform the House what steps have been taken to protect the rights and interests of American citizens in the fishing grounds adjacent to the British Provinces, and whether any legislation or other action on the part of Congress is, in his judgment, necessary to secure those rights and interests, in consequence of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.—The Bankrupt Bill came up on the motion to reconsider the vote by which it was rejected a week since. A reconsideration was carried, but on reaching the main question the bill was lost—yeas 70, nays 73.—A bill authorizing the coinage of five-cent pieces was passed.

April 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol building, which was adopted—yeas 33, nays 2.

In the House, the bill appropriating $7,000,000 to the State of Missouri for money expended for military expenses during the late war was passed, after receiving some amendments, by a vote of 68 to 25.

April 12:

In the Senate, the bill to reimburse the State of Missouri for war expenses was called up, and the House amendments concurred in.—The bill authorizing the remission of duties on produce shipped from one port of the United States to another viâ Canada was passed and goes to the House.—Mr. Stewart introduced a resolution for the following Constitutional Amendment:

ARTICLE —. *Sec.* 1. All discriminations among the people because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, either in civil rights or in the right of suffrage, are prohibited—but the States may exempt persons now voters from restrictions on suffrage hereafter imposed.

Sec. 2. Obligations incurred in aid of the insurrection or of war against the Union, and claims for compensation for slaves emancipated are void, and shall not be assumed or paid by any State or by the United States.

To this was appended a resolution to admit the Southern Representatives after the ratification of this amendment.—The Senate then proceeded to the usual memorial honors to the late Senator Foot.

In the House, the bill authorizing the transfer of a gunboat to the Republic of Liberia was passed. The Senate Joint resolution providing against the immigration of foreign convicts was next considered and passed.—The concurrent resolution prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol was taken from the Speaker's table, and, after considerable discussion, adopted.—The Senate bill appropriating $25,000 for the relief of destitute persons in the District of Columbia, to be expended under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau, was passed by a vote of 100 to 24.

April 13:

In both Houses, the report of the Conference Committee on the Naval Appropriation bill was agreed to.

April 14:

In the House, Mr. Garfield made some appropriate and eloquent remarks preliminary to moving an adjournment in respect to the memory of Mr. Lincoln, assassinated April 14, 1865.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

April 10:

In the Senate, the Assembly amendments to the Brooklyn Metropolitan Railway Bill were concurred in. The following bills were passed: Regulating and increasing the salaries of members of the Metropolitan Police Force; for the relief of the Society for the protection of destitute Roman Catholic children in New York; incorporating the Mercantile Library Association of New York.

April 11:

In the Senate, the following bills were passed: Amending the charter of Brooklyn—it relates to the cleaning and improvement of the streets; authorizing the extension of the Dry Dock and East Broadway and Battery Railroad; to provide for the appointment of an additional number of 100 Notaries Public in and for the City of New York; to make more comprehensive the act for the benefit of married women in insuring the lives of their husbands; to repeal the soldiers' voting law.

April 13:

In the Senate, the New York Elevated Railroad Bill was tabled.

In the Assembly, Resolutions in respect to the memory of the late Daniel S. Dickinson were unanimously adopted. The New York County TAX LEVY Bill passed to a third reading. The item of $186,000 for the Harlem Bridge was retained.

April 14:

In the Senate, the bill authorizing the taxation of bank stock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE exciting foreign topic is still the German quarrel. The balance of probabilities seems to be in favor of war. Every thing, however, seems to depend upon Von Bismarck's power to secure a hearty co-operation of the minor German States. On March 24 Bismarck addressed a circular to all the minor German States. This circular states that Austria, without any provocation on the part of Prussia, has ordered armaments of a threatening character, which compel the latter power to arm also on her side. Prussia must now seek guarantees for her security, having vainly endeavored to obtain them in an alliance with Austria. The German policy of Prussia and the feelings of the King induce her to seek these guarantees first in Germany. The present organization of the Federal Constitution does not, however, permit of an active part being taken by Germany in any emergency, even with the best intentions on the part of the different governments. Prussia must, therefore, continues the note, propose a reform of the Federal Constitution adapted to the present state of affairs. This course is the more incumbent upon Prussia, since even from her geographical position alone her interests are identical with the interests of Germany. The destiny of Prussia is intimately connected with that of Germany. Count Bismarck asks, in conclusion, how far Prussia can rely upon the support of the different governments in the event of her being attacked by Austria, or being compelled by threats from that power to make war.

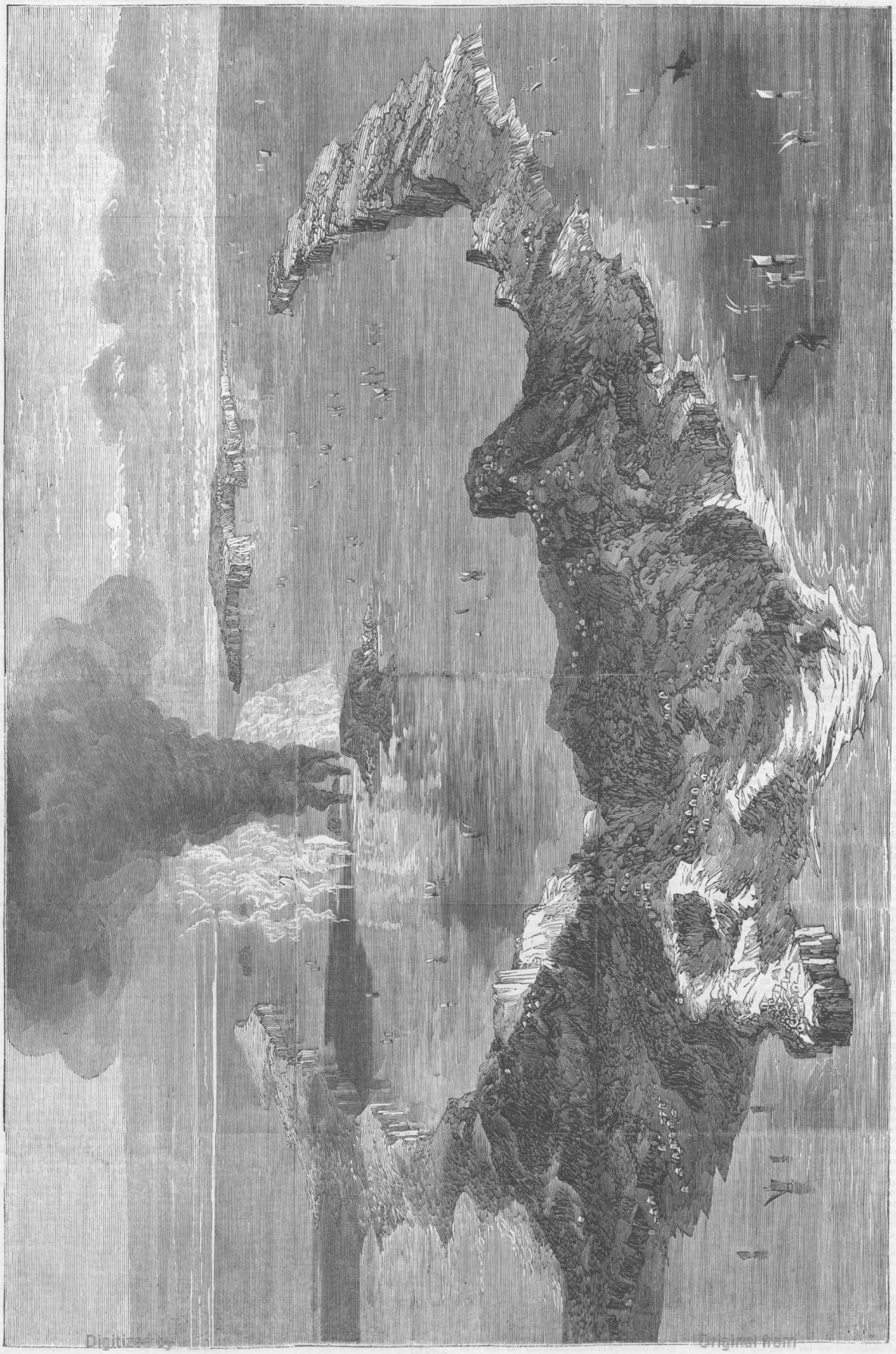
Queen Victoria, on March 28, addressed from Windsor Castle to George Peabody, the munificent American banker, a very graceful letter in appreciation of his gift to the London poor. The London *Times* says of this: "In such a signal mark of gratitude from the Queen, Mr. Peabody has, we think, received a far higher honor than could have been conveyed by any mere title. Mr. Peabody has done more to foster among us a kindly feeling for his countrymen than could have been effected by a generation of statesmen, and her Majesty's letter will, we hope, be received by the Americans as a conspicuous evidence of the friendly regard toward them which such acts have called forth on our part."

The funeral of Marie Amelie, ex-Queen of France, took place on the 3d inst. in the presence of a large number of Frenchmen. By her own express command, says the reporter of the London *Times*, she wears in death the gown she wore while leaving Paris on the fatal 22d of February, carefully preserved for the occasion, and the mourning cap of her widowhood.

Protestants in Italy are, it seems, becoming the victims of atrocious massacres. In regard to the late massacre in Barletta an Italian paper says:

"Three houses burned and six persons killed. I visited the ruins this morning, and the families of some of the victims. I will not dwell on the painful impression produced by the blackened walls and broken furniture, the traces of blood still visible on walls and pavement, and the grief of weeping orphans; I will limit myself to facts. It appears that the Lent preachers, instead of exciting the faithful to repentance, regularly preached hatred to the Protestants, representing their destruction as a necessary work, good and agreeable in the sight of a God of love. No wonder if such bad seed produced abominable fruit. But it appears that politics and reaction were also combined with religious motives. I am assured that one hundred and fifteen houses were doomed to sack and fire, and that a list of them is in the hands of justice. Be that as it may, on Monday, the 19th inst., a horde of fanatics entered the house in which the Evangelical meetings are held, killed in cold blood two brothers who fell into their hands, smashed every thing in the house, and set fire to it. The proprietor and the preacher escaped over the roof, and I am happy to say that the latter found shelter in the house of the Canon Gabriel Rizzi. The conduct of the National Guard can not be too severely blamed. The meeting-house is not more than thirty metres from their post, and the butchery took place literally before their eyes, without their stirring a finger to prevent it. For two hours the mob of fanatics did what it pleased, and during that time it burned three houses and killed five persons. A sixth died yesterday of his wounds. The number of wounded is great, but the list is not yet complete. Besides the priest Ruggieri Forfaleone, two other priests, a monk, and more than two hundred persons are already incarcerated, and fresh arrests are being constantly made."

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THE ISLAND OF SANTORIN, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO, WITH THE SUBMARINE VOLCANO.—[SEE PAGE 263.

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OUTSIDE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

ALTHOUGH the weather is still occasionally bitingly cold, and we are visited at times by frosts of a night, the Parisian modistes are determined to force the spring forward, spite of nature itself. The windows of their establishments, indeed, may be compared to so many parterres of spring flowers. Velvet bonnets are fast disappearing, and in place of them we have chapeaux of white crape and of rice and other fancy straws. A new shape just introduced, and one likely to become very popular, is a sort of compromise between the bonnet and the hat. It appears to be nothing more or less than a hat with a widish brim, compressed very much at the sides; in fact, a revival of the soi-disant pastoral headgear in which both Reynolds and Gainsborough occasionally decked out their aristocratic beauties, and which we see covering the heads of the shepherdesses of Boucher and Langret. This new form of chapeau is made generally in white crape or the finer sorts of fancy straws. The usual trimming is a wreath of either clematis or jasmine blossoms and leaves, or a wreath formed of Michaelmas daisies, with occasionally a brilliant-coated beetle or two at one side. Those made of fancy straw are bordered with some light-colored velvet—blue seems to be the favorite tint — with strings to match, and trimmed with either a bunch of wheat-ears on one side or a wreath of ivy-leaves, intertwined among which is a *chaine Benoiton*, all being of the same material as the bonnet itself.

The Pamela bonnet, which the Empress has now taken up, and which she rechristened the "chapeau Lamballe," is becoming very much worn. The peculiarity of this bonnet is, that it fits close to the



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.

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ANTOINE PROBST, MURDERER OF THE DEARING FAMILY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES COHILL, ROOT GALLERY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.]

lower part of the face—clutches it, as it were—which has a very pretty effect on the countenance of a well-rounded, youthful beauty, to whose perfect oval face it forms a charming frame, but which hardly suits those ladies of maturer years who depend so much upon and who so sorely tax the modiste's art. The chapeau Lamballe, as worn at the present moment, has few ornaments about it, and rarely any feathers, except a little tuft or so. It is now being made in white or pale blue crape, in preference to velvet, with, perhaps, a rose or two both inside and out.

For robes foulards are in great request, more particularly for morning and walking dresses.

The *chaine Benoiton*, which took the Parisian world of fashion, as it were, by storm, still holds its sway, although it is quite certain that it will be impossible to adapt it, on account of its more or less heavy look, to the light and delicate chapeaux which promise to become the mode during the ensuing spring. It will, no doubt, however, retain the hold it has secured as an auxiliary to the coiffure. Formed of pearls, or of amber, and intertwined round the head, the hair being fastened behind with a bunch of small rose-buds falling over the neck, it has a most graceful appearance.

Coiffures, as at present worn, are generally raised a good deal above the forehead, with a multitude of small curls. The chignon is becoming abandoned among the *haut monde*, with whom nets are again the mode. The great novelty in the way of nets is the "Coiffure Benoiton," which is covered over with artificial curls made of the glossiest and finest silk of all the various shades of the human hair, and which are occasionally powdered or dotted over with small gold stars.

Stockings of bright and sombre colors, ornamented with clocks at the sides, or of a white cross-bar pattern, have recently been introduced. For evening dress stockings are of white silk, with clocks in gold or silver embroidery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe of striped blue satin. Casaque of blue velvet, with buttons of mother-of-pearl, and trimmed with white silk fringe in imitation of feathers. Chapeau Jeanne d'Arc, in Italian straw, trimmed with black velvet, a white ostrich feather, and a chaine Réeamier, formed of large links of straw passementerie.

Fig. 2. *Spring Dress for the Country.*—Robe and casaque of light-green taffeta, with ornaments in passementerie intermixed with black velvet and lace. Chapeau Paméla, in Italian straw, with a garland of leaves, and trimmed with straw-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. *Toilette de Ville.*—Robe and casaque of coarse gray silk, striped black and white: a basque, which is fastened to the belt, forms the casaque; pockets *au Charles VI.* The trimming is of silk fringe, except at the bottom of the dress, where it is composed of a large cord. The chapeau (made expressly for her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales) is of rice straw, with a relevé in white moire trimmed with ribbon of white satin bordered with blonde. On the left is a white rose covered with marabout.

Fig. 4. *Riding Dress.*—The habit is of brown cloth.

ANTOINE PROBST, THE DEARING MURDERER.

ON Saturday, April 7, a murder of the most atrocious character was perpetrated by ANTOINE PROBST, whose portrait we give on this page. The Philadelphia *Ledger* of April 11 gives the following account:

The victims were CHRISTOPHER DEARING, a drover, his wife, his four children, and his niece, a young woman about twenty-five years old. Mr. DEARING occupied a farm on Jones Lane, some distance from the Point-House Road, belonging to Mr. THEODORE MITCHELL, of Philadelphia. He had lived there for several years, and had been a resident of the neighborhood for twelve or fifteen years. Besides his own family he had a hired man living with him, a German, whose name none of the residents thereabouts could give; also a lad, called CORNELIUS, seventeen years old, who was bound to Mr. DEARING, and had been with him seven or eight years.

The last seen of Mr. DEARING alive was on Saturday last, when he came to the city on business, and called upon Mr. MITCHELL, his landlord. After transacting his business he seems to have made a purchase of some meat, which was found in his wagon, and to have driven to his house with his niece, before referred to, who had been spending a few days at Burlington with some friends.

Since Saturday all has been quiet at the farm. The neighbors thought it strange that they did not see either the children or the adult members of the family about, but no one undertook to ascertain the reason until yesterday.—About two o'clock one of them, a friend of Mr. DEARING, went to the house, and found it fastened up. Prompted by curiosity, he raised one of the sashes and entered. No one was within, and while the interior was not entirely in order, it did not exhibit such unusual disorder as to create suspicion of foul play. The barn and stable were then visited, and in the former the foot of a man was seen protruding from under a pile of hay. The hay was removed, and a most shocking sight was presented. Not only was the murdered body of Mr. DEARING uncovered, but that of his niece also.—Both were in full dress, he having even his gloves on, and both had their heads nearly severed from their bodies.

The pockets of his pantaloons had been turned inside out, and his body seemed to have been searched, as if for a money-belt. They had doubtless been carried there and the hay piled over them to prevent immediate discovery. The finding of these bodies led to the belief that the mother and the children had met a similar fate, and a search was at once instituted for them. In the mean time, however, news of the murder had been circulated, and information had been conveyed to the Second District Police Station, and from there, by telegraph, to the Central Station. Chiefs RUGGLES and FRANKLIN at once repaired to the scene of the tragedy, with High-Constable CLARK and several other detective officers. Coroner TAYLOR also was soon at the farm, but before he arrived the other bodies had been found in a corn-crib attached to the barn, the mother and four children all lying together, and all, as Mr. DEARING and niece were, with their throats cut and their bodies concealed under a pile of hay. The mother had, in addition, the top of her head crushed in. Probably a more shocking sight was never seen than the mother and her murdered children after they had been removed from the crib. One of the children was a mere babe, less than two years old, whose innocent face was sufficient, one would have thought, to have moved even the brutal murderer's heart to pity. The victims, with their ages, are as follows: CHRISTOPHER DEARING, 40 years; JULIA, his wife, 35 years; ELIZABETH DOLAN, the niece, 25 years; JOHN DEARING, 8 years; THOMAS DEARING, 6 years; ANNA DEARING, 4 years; EMILY DEARING, 2 years.

The eldest child, WILLIAM DEARING, was spending a few days with his grandfather, WILLIAM DUFFY, in West Philadelphia. Had he been home there can not be a doubt but that he would have shared the fate of the other members of the family.

The fact that two members of the household—PROBST, a hired man, and the boy CORNELIUS—were missing directed suspicion toward them. It was not long, however, before CORNELIUS was found to have been murdered also.

On the 12th PROBST was captured in West Market Street. The prisoner was searched, and two rings were found on his fingers and a purse in one of his pockets. This was afterward identified as one that had belonged to MRS. DEARING. PROBST had on also some of DEARING's clothes. The confession made by the prisoner was to the following effect:

He said that he had only killed CORNELIUS, and that the DEARING family were murdered by a German. His accomplice he called JACOB GAUNTER. The agreement was that all were to be knocked in the head with an axe, and then their throats cut. GAUNTER slept in the barn on Friday night, and on Saturday morning PROBST, according to agreement, got the boy near the hay-rick and killed him with the axe. In the mean time GAUNTER was preparing for his bloody work. PROBST went to the house and told MRS. DEARING that a man was at the barn and desired work, and wished her to go to him and show him what to do. She accordingly went, and was there murdered by GAUNTER. The children, except the baby, were then sent one after the other to the barn, and there dispatched by GAUNTER, after which he took the baby from the cradle, and after taking it to the barn killed it.

At one o'clock on the same day Mr. DEARING returned to his home, in company with his niece, and at this time the prisoner and GAUNTER were in the house. Mr. DEARING and his niece were killed on the spot, and their bodies carried to the barn.

The prisoner showed no signs of emotion, spoke freely to such of the officers of the prison as asked him questions, and, when dinner was served to him, he ate somewhat voraciously. He was formerly from Brooklyn. He is five feet eleven inches high, twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, round shoulders, no side-whiskers, light hair, a short, thin, light mustache, inclined to curl at the ends, has a downcast look, and weighs 175 or 180 pounds. He is loosely made, and has a shuffling gait. He seems to be entirely destitute of feeling; and with the exception of a trifling sum of money, which might have been obtained with far less violence, no motive can be found sufficient to explain this wholesale massacre.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A POLITE acceptance of courteous attention in our public conveyances is the exception not the rule. Many individuals seem to fancy that because they are "ladies" they must receive every thing, and give nothing in way of politeness. The French, characteristically, have a more beautiful way of making themselves attractive. We by no means think that a gentleman is in duty bound always to be jumping up to give his seat in the cars to ladies who, it may be, are not half as tired as he himself is. Nevertheless the courtesy is a very pleasant one; and lookers-on can't help feeling indignant when a stolid lady coolly takes possession of a seat vacated for her without a word or look of thanks. Yet so commonly is this done that it is really refreshing occasionally to see another style of conduct.

The other day, as a young lady stepped into a crowded car a gentleman rose and offered his seat. "No, thank you," said the lady, "I am only going a few blocks." But the gentleman's gallantry increased, and at a second invitation she took the proffered seat with a pleasant recognition of the attention. But the original possessor of the seat evidently regarded her as an anomaly, and as he stood near her, apparently very contented so to stand, he looked very much as if he wished it were etiquette to cultivate a further acquaintance.

Not long since a lady entered a car so crowded that no attempt was made to give her a seat until, presently, a gentleman, rising to leave the car, offered her the place he had occupied. Instead, however, of taking it herself, she turned kindly to a weary-looking nurse who stood near her, holding a heavy boy, saying: "*You* take this seat, you have a child to hold." She remained standing, while the somewhat surprised girl took the seat. But with so much quiet grace was this little politeness offered that it was a real pleasure to witness it. We should like to have a similar pleasure oftener.

There is no lack of houses in the market although May is coming on apace. Landlords, who fancied that they held the world—of New York city—between thumb and finger, have relaxed their grasp; and despite all their efforts there is a reasonable probability that the majority of our citizens will still have a roof to shelter them! Housekeepers are already taking time by the forelock and planning about the packing of their Lares and Penates, while they fervently wish the dread ordeal of moving were over.

Speaking of moving day reminds us of an item which appears in a recent English journal. It is this:

"We believe it is no longer a secret that the title of the poem on which, as we mentioned some weeks since, the Poet Laureate is at work, is 'The Death of Lucretius.'"

Now we are sorry that there should be any misapprehension in regard to what Tennyson is actually writing. And we will relieve any anxiety our readers may feel about the matter by whispering the assurance that, "*regardless of expense*," we have secured the "*Author's advance sheets*;" and can unhesitatingly affirm that whatever wrong impression exists in regard to the *title*, is due merely to the circumstance that the poem refers to the Departure of Lucretius—*from his house*—touchingly alluded to in a ballad sung by Mrs. Lucretius, about ten o'clock, on the evening of April 30, 1866. We give it entire:

TO-MORROW'S THE FIRST OF MAY.

A MOVING BALLAD.

AIR—*Jeannette and Jeannot.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;
Of all the circle of the year the maddest, muddiest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

I sleep so sound all night, my dear, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But there are other things will break, I guess, besides the day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

There's many a finer house, they say, but there's none so bright as this;
We've many a nice arrangement here, which we shall sadly miss:
These pleasant rooms, the balcony, the trees around the door;
When we moved in there was but one—we planted seven more.

The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And in the garden we have reared a bright array of flowers;
But though we've loved our home so well, we've got to move away,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

Our carpets they must all come up, our pictures all come down;
If you'll unscrew the looking-glass, I'll wrap it in my gown.
The books I'll leave for you to pack—be careful they're not jammed;
The chandelier may go by cart, the globes should go by hand.

Be sure and take the hammer round—we shall have need of that;
Save all the paper you can find—and don't forget the cat.
Don't mix the pickles and preserves, nor throw th' old brooms away,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

And oh! tell Bridget, husband, to be careful how she moves
The earthen-ware and crockery, and other things she loves;
And if upon the sidewalk you should hear a dreadful crash,
You'll know our china dinner-set has gone to eternal smash.

Of course some common things will break, some costly ones perhaps,
But you can't expect to move, you know, without a few mishaps.
And when we've got the moving done you'll have some bills to pay,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

The night winds come and go, my dear, along the vacant street,
And the happy stars above them do not seem to mean to cheat;
But to-morrow it will be sure to rain the whole of the livelong day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love—to-morrow's the First of May.

So you must wake and call me early—call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, muddiest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

During the recent strike of the car drivers in this city, one of our daily journals in discoursing upon the great discomfort and confusion which the whole city suffered in consequence, and the duty of the railroad companies to guard against such strikes, remarked that, "Under no other government on the face of the earth would such conduct be permitted." This was in allusion to the business of the railroad company being conducted without sufficient regard to the convenience of the public. Consequently it was not so surprising that on one of those careless days the Englishman, lately imported, who had been waiting for some time outside the Clarendon for a Fourth Avenue car was puzzled. Nor that, after some time, his indignation at the delay burst forth, as he remarked to a gentleman close by, "Well, by Jove, hit this hisn't a hout-rage. W'y, 'ave you no 'ansoms, hor 'acks, hor hommibuses? You know hin Hingland you can go hanywhere you like for 'alf a dollar, you know." Here he discovered that those around were laughing at him, and, with a look of scorn, he re-entered the hotel.

The public recognition of the New England Church of this city, which took place, with appropriate services, last week on Thursday evening, was an event of interest to many, as the crowded house testified. As there has hitherto been, in reality, but one Congregational Church in this city—the Broadway Tabernacle—the need of another has long been apparent. On the occasion referred to, the sermon, by Rev. H. W. Beecher, was characteristically full of rich thought and feeling. Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, on behalf of the council of ministers, gave the "Right Hand of Fellowship" to the new church, with cordial assurances of sympathy and co-operation. Other clergymen took part in the exercises, and singing, both by the congregation and choir, was interspersed. Eighty-three individuals have become members of this young church. The church edifice, situated in Forty-first Street, near the Sixth Avenue, is neat and tasteful, though unpretending in appearance.

The Boston Medical Journal wisely says:

"People who would avoid or prevent cholera should cultivate equanimity, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, salubrious exercise, temperance, and the avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their duty in providing for the care of the sick, allaying public panics, and abating public nuisances, they may safely dismiss their apprehensions."

Certainly no good ever results from excitement and agitation. There is great safety in cool, quiet, self-control, and judicious care. An exchange relates the following incident, from which we may, while we laugh over it, deduce a very important moral:

"A friend of ours, who has been unfortunate enough to be taken down with the varioloid, left his boarding-house very quietly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord as to his whereabouts, he sent him a note, stating that he 'entertained no personal hostility toward the house, but that he *did not wish to associate with the boarders*.'"

"Fashions continue to change with an unchanging changeability," remarks some cynical observer. "This week the ladies are wearing their dolls' bonnets and other people's hair. Next week it may be their dolls' hair and other folks' bonnets." It is suggested that it is not at all improbable that it may yet be the fashion to dye the hair to match the color of dress. Thus a lady in the morning may appear with dark brown tresses, and in the evening dye them yellow to match her yellow silk. So when deep mourning was required the hair might be dyed black, and a streak or two of gray might easily be added where half-mourning was thought desirable. So also the fancy colors might be adopted—rose-pink, or sea-green hair would certainly be *unique*, and who knows but it would be a charming variety?

Not long since a lady was walking through one of the squares in London, with a long skirt trailing in the dust and dirt behind her. She swept magnificently past two stablemen, one of whom observed to the other, "I say, that ere horse 'll require a lot of grooming to-night." "Yes, and not be clean after all," replied the other.

Comment is unnecessary.

The following item occurs in one of the latest London journals:

THE FASHIONABLE COLOR.—Green dresses are very much the fashion on the Continent. Ladies will learn with some alarm that Professor Maschka and Dr. Lerck, of Prague, have analyzed a green dress worn at a ball in Vienna, and discovered that it contained no less than 2 oz. of arsenic.

There is an old saying that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." This does not seem to be invariably correct, if the following anecdote is true:

A stolcal Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife: "Oh, John! I she'n't leave this bed alive!" "Please theeself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—No other preparation so exactly suits the various conditions of the human hair.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the *Chicago Sunday Times* of April 1:

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT.—GIFTS OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.—The integrity and honor of Messrs. WIGGINS, BRADFORD & Co. ought to be of themselves sufficient guarantee as to the reliability of the rare inducements which they set forth to subscribers to their great Prize Concert, on May 28, of this year. It is a prevailing characteristic among those who have set high hopes on drawing the big prizes to cast suspicion against enterprises of this character, when they have failed to strike the lucky numbers. But were all that had ever been given unreliable, they could not militate one iota against the known responsibility and honor which heads and guides the United States Prize Concert. Besides this, the number of prizes are so great and so valuable that a moderate profit alone would accrue to these gentlemen after the gifts are fairly distributed; for not less than one hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks are to be awarded to the fortunate, including one gift of thirty thousand dollars, one of ten thousand dollars, and a number of others of five thousand dollars, four thousand dollars, three thousand dollars, two thousand dollars, and other high figures—all in good currency. In addition to this twenty-three houses and lots, worth each from six hundred dollars to eleven thousand dollars, will be awarded to the holders of successful numbers. Besides all this there will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand prizes, ranging from six-hundred-dollar pianos to a family costly Bible, making altogether one chance out of every four that a rich prize may be won.

The drawing will be done openly and above-board at Crosby's Opera-House, in the presence of thousands, and under the superintendence and scrutiny of a committee whom the audience itself will select. Order and fair dealing, under the circumstances, are unavoidable. At least one hundred subscribers will be made independently rich by the gifts they will get, and the rest of those who hold the successful numbers will receive handsome and valuable gifts.

The number and undoubted character of the references of Messrs. WIGGINS, BRADFORD & Co. give stability and reliability to their enterprise; and this prize concert is commended as a means of safe investment to those who desire an interest in any enterprise involving a small risk for the prospect of great gain. The proprietors promise also to donate to the LINCOLN and DOUGLAS monument funds two thousand dollars. Further details of this great enterprise may be found in an advertisement in another column.

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It comprises numerous suites of Apartments, a spacious and elegant Coffee-Room, a Ladies' Coffee-Room, a Smoking-Room, &c.

There is an Ascending-Room for Visitors to every floor. Arrangements can be made for Board and Residence for a fixed charge.

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NASHUA GLAZED PAPER CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.,
Late D. Sargent & Co.,
MANUFACTURE GLAZED, ENAMELED, AND PLATED
PAPER.
ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED. SEND FOR SAMPLE.
JOHN F. MARSH, Agent.

FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN on a visit to the OLD COUNTRY should not leave without seeing the BIRTH-PLACE OF THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

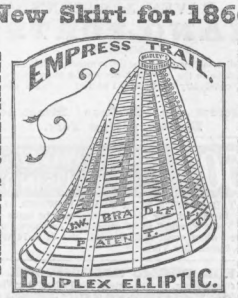
The Hotel bearing his name having undergone recent improvements, will be found replete with every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

Post Horses and Carriages on hire.

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E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 BROADWAY (St. Nicholas Block).
Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods,
WAR VIEWS,
SCENERY, GROUPS, &c.
Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c.
French English, and American Novelties.

New Skirt for 1866.



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SPRING SKIRTS.

They will not BEND or BREAK, like the single springs, but will ALWAYS PRESERVE their PERFECT and BEAUTIFUL SHAPE, in all CROWDED ASSEMBLAGES, CHURCHES, THEATRES, RAILROAD-CARS, and for PROMENADE or HOUSE DRESS —each hoop being composed of two finely tempered steel Springs, braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, forming one hoop, and making the STRONGEST and MOST FLEXIBLE as well as the MOST DURABLE and STYLISH SKIRT EVER MADE. In fact, they are SUPERIOR to all others, combining comfort, lightness, elegance, and durability. Inquire for BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or double) SPRING SKIRT. For sale every where.

Manufactured exclusively by sole owners of patent,
WESTS, BRADLEY & CARY,
97 CHAMBERS and 79 and 81 READE STREETS, NEW YORK.

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(ESTABLISHED 1859),

Managers of the most extensive Gift Sale in the world immensely successful in nearly 100 cities throughout the country, offer

Greater Inducements than ever before.

250,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

10 Grand Piano-Fortes	$800 to $1200
100 Rosewood seven-octave Pianos	400 to 600
250 Gold hunting-cased Watches	75 to 125
250 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to 75
1,000 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to 50
200 First-class Sewing Machines	45 to 75
1,000 Cake-Baskets and Ice Pitchers	18 to 30
1,000 Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to 20
3,000 Sets Knives and Forks	10 to 25
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to 15
3,000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 to 10
4,000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 to 10
10,000 Gold Pens, silver ex. Case & Pencil	5 to 6
10,000 Gold Pens and gold-m'ted Holders	5 to 8
5,000 California Diamond Rings	5 to 10
3,000 Fancy Enameled and Seal Rings	5 to 8
6,000 Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5 to 15
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to 12
5,000 Drinking Cups and Goblets	5 to 10
10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums	5 to 10
175,000 Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, &c.	5 to 12

Sealed certificates of the articles are well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, to each purchaser of a Photograph of any prominent personage—costing 25 cents. The Photographs are very fine, and worth the money. After opening the certificate, it is at your option to send for the article or not. You can not get less than One Dollar's worth; for the lowest article on our list is a beautiful fifty-picture morocco-bound ivory-ornamented photograph album, worth $5, which may be ordered on any certificate, while you have the possibility of drawing a watch or piano worth from $100 to $1000.

Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine napkin ring; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album worth $5; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth $12; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver full-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth $25.

Agents wanted every where, and the most liberal inducements ever yet offered to those who will act as such.

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Headquarters 126 Chatham Street, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.
100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,
Worth $500,000!
TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000 Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000 Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

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Sent to any part of the U. S. on rec't of following prices:
GERMAN, Red or Brown. $2 50, $3, $4. $5, $6, $8.
DOUBLE-LINED. $5, $7, $9, $11, $13, $15, $17, $19.
FRENCH, Blocked and Lined. $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.
ITALIAN. $6, $10, $13, $14, $16, $18, $25, $30, $35.
OLD MASTERS, very fine Tone. $40, $50, $75, to $300.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description at lowest New York prices. Send stamp for price-list.
Especial attention given to this department.
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Allcock's Porous Plasters

CURE LUMBAGO, PAINS OF THE SIDE, VARICOSE VEINS, SORE CHEST, &c.

An Electrician, who has great experience of their effects in local rheumatism, in tic doloreux, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, etc., etc., attributes all their sedative, stimulative, and pain-relieving effects to their electric qualities. He asserts they restore the healthy electric condition (equilibrium) of the part, and, that being restored, pain and morbid action cease.

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BRANDRETH HOUSE, NEW YORK, *Nov.* 23, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your Plasters much recommended in cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours, respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS.

General Agency, Brandreth House, 294 Canal St., New York. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.



COLDWELL'S PATENT BABY JUMPER. Price $8. and $10. Also, CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, BABY TENDERS, SWINGS, &c. L. P. TIBBALS, 510 Broadway, Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

NEW MUSIC FOR BRASS BANDS
OF EIGHT OR MORE INSTRUMENTS.

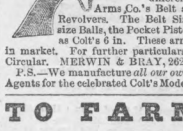
Faust March (Soldier's Chorus).—Red, White, and Blue, and Russian National Hymn.—Dresden, or Fourth Battalion March.

The above are printed on cards. Price $1 per set. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

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Of the bowels irreparably with fierce Cathartics, in the insane hope of curing CONSTIPATION in that way, try the mild but effective persuasion of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, which will bring the discharging organs back to their natural condition, and not force them beyond it—accomplishing a permanent cure in two or three weeks.

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Sole Agents for the Ballard Breech Loading Sporting Rifles, of fifteen calibres, and Eagle Arms Co.'s Belt and Pocket Cartridge Revolvers. The Belt Size carries the Army size Balls, the Pocket Pistols the same size Balls as Colt's 6 in. These arms have no equal now in market. For further particulars, send for Illustrated Circular. MERWIN & BRAY, 262 Broadway, N. Y.

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POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!!

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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FOR MAY, 1866.

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THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—View of Yosemite from the Mariposa Trail.—View from the Coulterville Trail.—The Bridal Veil Fall.—El Capitan.—Plan of the Yosemite Valley.—Cathedral Rocks.—The Sentinel.—Yosemite Fall.—The Three Brothers.—North Dome.—South Dome.—Mirror Lake.—Nevada Fall.—Vernal Fall.—Bellows Butte and Nevada Fall.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—On the Zambesi.—The Grave of Mrs. Livingstone under the Baobab-Tree, near to Shupanga House.—Pandanus or Screw Palm, covered with Climbing Plants, near the Kongone Canal of the Zambesi.—The Ma-Robert in the Zambesi above Senna, with the saddle-shaped Hill Kevramsa in the Distance.—Dance of Landeens, or Zulus, arrived at Shupanga to lift the Annual Tribute of the Portuguese.—Birds-Eye View of Mosiontunya.—Gang of Captives met at Mbambe's on their Way to Tette.—The Pelele, or Lip-Ring.—African Agriculture.—Woman Grinding.—Native Mill for Grinding Corn.—An African Group.

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Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
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Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
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And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 50 Broadway.

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OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, Ag't,
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:
1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ancle.
6th.—The Calf.



Fig. A

THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

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FOR MOTHS. RELIABLE! CHEAP! FRAGRANT! Sold by druggists every where.
HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Factuers, Boston.

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Every variety of superior Steel Pens manufactured to order, and for sale by the Empire Pen Company.



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FRY'S PATENT POCKET FLASKS,
Dressing-Cases,
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134 and 136 William St., New York.
Every traveler should carry one of Fry's Flasks. For sale at all the principal Drug, Hardware, Fancy Goods, and Sporting Houses in the United States.

ITCH. Salt Rheum. (WHEATON'S OINTMENT) **ITCH. Salt Rheum.**
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
For sale by all Druggists.

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT, to be given at Crosby's Opera-House, Chicago, Illinois, May 28, 1866. 125,000 valuable Prizes, valued at $492,575 25, will be presented to ticket-holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks. Number of tickets issued, 500,000; price, $1 each. This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the public, one ticket out of every four drawing a prize. The following Prizes are a few among the many to be drawn. (For full list, see circulars.)

1st Grand Prize in Greenbacks	$30,000 00
2d Grand Prize in Greenbacks	10,000 00
3d Grand Prize, House and Lot	10,000 00
4th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	5,000 00
5th Grand Prize, House and Lot	5,000 00
6th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	3,000 00
7th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	2,000 00
8th to 33d Grand Prizes in Greenbacks, $1000 each	25,000 00
33d to 55th Grand Prizes in Greenbacks, $500 each	10,000 00
56th Grand Prize, House and Lot	5,000 00
56th to 61st Grand Prizes, Houses and Lots, $2,000 each	10,000 00
61st to 63d Grand Prizes, Cottages and Lots, $3000 each	6,000 00
63d to 73d Grand Prizes, City Lots, $500 each	5,000 00
73d to 94th Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, $100 each	2,000 00
94th to 115th Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, $50 each	1,000 00
115th to 118th Grand Prizes, Houses and Lots, $3000 each	9,000 00
124,882 other Prizes, valued at from $3 to $1000 each	254,575 25
Making a grand total of	$492,575 25

The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.
Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.
Special Terms and Club Rates.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.: We will send 5 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets to one address for $9 00; 20 tickets to one address for $17 50; 30 tickets to one address for $26 25; 40 tickets to one address for $35 00; 50 tickets to one address for $43 50; and 100 tickets to one address for $85 00.
In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber.
Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
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The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000; also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
REFERENCES.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Senator of Minnesota; Hon. Geo. V. Lawrence, M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan. Mace, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Leffingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., Importers of watches, Chicago; Mansell, White & Co., New Orleans, La.
N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 488.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE—A GROUP OF PORTRAITS SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

ONE remark in the testimony of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS expresses exactly the absurdity and peril of the "Conservative" policy of reorganization. In reply to a direct question by Mr. BOUTWELL, Mr. STEPHENS said: "I do not think any of the States attempting to exercise it [the right of secession] thereby lost any of their rights under the Constitution as States when their people abandoned that attempt." In other words, when a State draws the sword against the Union and is vanquished, the moment she surrenders the sword the Union has lost the right to provide for its farther security without consulting the State that is still sullen and sore with defeat. This doctrine is the very reverse of that adopted by the President in appointing Governors and prescribing conditions, and is opposed to the virtually unanimous resolution of the loyal citizens of the country. It airily regards the war as a friendly tussle, an exciting little episode; and some of the pleasant party at table having failed in cutting their neighbors' throats, the company will now all be reseated, and the dinner go delightfully on.

Happily there is a common sense in human affairs which prevents men from following any theory to their own destruction. If this doctrine of Mr. STEPHENS's were to be gravely accepted as the rule of reorganization, he and his friends, who frankly confess that their views as to the right of the rebellion remain unchanged, finding that the present was an unpropitious moment for putting that right into operation, would still have succeeded in obtaining some seventeen additional representatives in Congress. Representation is based upon population. A large part of the population in certain States is reckoned not by its actual number but by three-fifths of it. Mr. STEPHENS and his friends take up arms to secede. During the struggle the United States restores that population to its actual numbers. "Well," cry Mr. STEPHENS and his friends, finding that they are going to the wall, "half a loaf is better than no bread. We aimed at the moon and missed it, but we have shot an owl. We stood at five, and we played for ten. We do not get it this bout, but we have scored seven. Let us acquiesce." And he tranquilly proposes that eleven States, having failed to destroy the Union by a bloody war, shall be welcomed back to Congress with a largely-increased representation, and being there, shall help decide whether they will agree to any other measure.

His argument is one that has been frequently urged, and which has an apparent finality very agreeable to a superficial view. "The war," says Mr. STEPHENS, "on the part of the United States was to prevent secession. It succeeded. Consequently secession was prevented. Consequently the States are all in the Union. Consequently they have equal rights, and Georgia has the same claim to representation that New York has. If the population of Georgia has increased during the war, thereby increasing our representation, that is our good luck, but it is none of your business. Show me in the Constitution the power to keep out Georgia."

That is adroit; it shows the practiced politician, but it is not the question. The question is not Georgia, but the Union. The Union has been mortally imperiled by a conspiracy of which Georgia was a part. Georgia and the other Confederates having been vanquished in the field, the question is what further is necessary to secure the Union. And that is a question upon which Georgia can claim no voice whatsoever. The authority which rightfully secured the Union against the arms of Georgia can alone rightfully determine when and how Georgia may return to her rights in the Union. That power is no more verbally specified in the Constitution than the power to coerce States. It is in the nature of things. The Constitution is not at war with common sense, and the Government of the United States having been murderously assaulted will determine, like every other government, what is necessary to its security. Five years ago Mr. STEPHENS and his friends told us that the Constitution did not permit us to do any thing by force to prevent the attempt at secession. We differed, and by force we have prevented secession. Now Mr. STEPHENS and his friends inform us that the Constitution does not permit us to do any thing further. But do he and his friends suppose that they are in a situation to expound the Constitution of the United States to those who have just now successfully maintained it against both the theories and the arms of himself and his friends?

National necessity and the general welfare justified the war. They justified emancipation. They justified the appointment of military and provisional Governors. They justified the arbitrary selection of voters. They justified imposing assent to emancipation and renunciation of the acts of secession upon the provisional conventions. They justify the present maintenance of martial law and the Freedmen's Bureau. They justify any other measure, not inconsistent with the plain and necessary intention of the Constitution, which may be deemed essential to the resumption by any late rebel State of her position in the Union. The necessity must of course be prudently estimated. The conditions must be wisely determined. Neither hostility nor vengeance are to taint them. History and human nature are to be carefully considered. But the right of the authority which prevented the eleven States from destroying the Union to regulate the resumption of their relations in it is as unquestionable as the right of self-defense.

STRIKES.

THE strike of the car-drivers has ended, as strikes usually end, in the triumph of the employers. Yet the conduct of the strikers was, upon the whole, so temperate, and their claim so apparently just, that they were sustained by public sympathy.

The most striking fact in the case was the general willingness of the strikers to respect the equal rights of other workmen. A man has undoubtedly the right to say that he will not work for two dollars a day because those wages will not support his family. But he has no right to say that another man shall not take two dollars if he finds that they will support his family. So any number of men may combine and agree not to work for less than certain wages, but they are the worst of criminals if they forcibly prevent a single man from working who is satisfied with less.

The difficulty with strikes, as with Trades' Unions generally, is, that they presuppose an essential hostility between capital and labor. But that hostility as such does not exist. A man, whether he have a hundred dollars or a million, naturally wishes to buy cheap and sell dear. A rich man buys his labor at the lowest price, as the poor man buys his bread and meat. The poor man is not hostile to the butcher because he prefers to pay the least price possible for good meat, nor is the rich man hostile to the workman because he prefers to pay the lowest sum for which he can hire the labor he wants. Of course this parallel must not be pushed too far. Labor is merchandise, but it is something more. It is merchandise plus a soul. It is useless to try to keep humanity out of political economy. It may be a disturbing and incalculable force, but it is none the less there, and you must allow for it as the sailor allows for drift in his reckoning. We are not saying that some capitalists may not be hard upon some laborers—we are only denying that a man who has a thousand dollars is necessarily the enemy of him who has a hundred.

The important fact for strikers to consider is, that a strike, unless it rises to a revolution—for the French revolution was at bottom really a strike for higher wages or the means of living—is seldom successful. In England, for instance, where they are most frequent, LOUIS BLANC, who has carefully studied the matter and with the heartiest sympathy for workmen, says that for twenty-five years, from 1836 to 1861, scarcely six strikes succeeded.

The great strike of the Preston factory operatives in England in 1854 is the most memorable upon record. They met on the 1st of June in that year and demanded ten per cent. increase of wages. It was refused. The operatives struck, and were supported by the funds of the Trades' Unions, while their conduct was guided by an active committee. The employers announced that if the demand were not withdrawn the factories should be closed upon a certain day. The day expired, and the factories were closed. Seventeen thousand operatives were out of work. Their sufferings were terrible. Those who had been accustomed to earn twenty shillings a week received but four shillings from the general fund, which amounted to £96,000, or $480,000. They endured the strain with gloomy heroism for thirty-six weeks, but were finally forced to yield. The strike had cost the entire population a loss of £250,000, or a million and a quarter of dollars.

Why did the operatives yield? Simply because the employers could wait longer. And there was no remedy for the workmen but a general overturn of society, which is merely burning down your house to warm your feet.

So terrible a spectacle as the Preston strike, and the constant recurrence of the same effort however unsuccessful, as in the case of the stonemasons and bricklayers, who struck for nine hours instead of ten in June, 1861, and of the present tailors' workmen's strike in London, led thoughtful Englishmen to the conclusion that so much smoke means fire somewhere; and intelligent communities in Rochdale and Leeds have established co-operative societies upon the principle of a mutual understanding between production, capital, and labor, which have already had the best results. And if in England, where the condition of the laborer is probably worse than in any other country, the system of strikes has thus far proved of no real benefit, it can hardly be more serviceable elsewhere.

In this country the solution of the difficulty is to be found in reason rather than in stopping work. If a body of men who are steady, responsible, efficient, and therefore valuable workmen, find that by the general increase of prices their wages are insufficient, and plainly and temperately state the case to intelligent employers, who are the great majority, we do not believe they would be made to suffer. But if they assume hostility, and act accordingly, nothing is more probable than that they will encounter hostility. For resistance to a request of higher wages usually proceeds from the conviction that to yield is to invite still larger demands. That feeling can be dissipated by frank and honorable conduct, and by the spirit of co-operation, which is the true secret of industrial harmony.

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

LORD GREY and his friends, who agitated England for electoral Reform in 1832, RICHARD COBDEN and the men who began to agitate for the Corn-Law Repeal in 1837, and JOHN BRIGHT with the party who now propose to agitate for further electoral reforms in England, belong to that class of true statesmen who perceive a condition of affairs which will lead to revolution if it is not changed; and who, therefore, before the peril is imminent, arouse the public mind that the catastrophe may be avoided altogether. They are all met by the same objection. They are told that the people do not demand a change, and that they are incendiaries who try to inflame dangerously the public mind. Their answer is always the same. They reply that the conditions of trouble are evident, although latent, and if they are not perceived by the public, that that is the very reason why the public should be made to see. Acting upon this principle they have hitherto taught England the danger and the duty of the hour, and by organizing the popular demand they have compelled patrician power to yield, and have so saved their country from tragical convulsion. Their wisdom lay in putting up lightning-rods in pleasant weather, and in not waiting until the hot air quivered with electricity.

In his late speech upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S new Reform bill Mr. BRIGHT said that he regarded it as a wedge. It is the beginning of the work, which he very plainly declares is a necessity of the times in England. That work is the constant enlarging of the suffrage. Pass the present bill, says Mr. BRIGHT, and Parliament will show that it sympathizes with the multitudes of the English people. The advice of those who urge Parliament to resist it he calls "*the most revolutionary advice ever given in this House.*" And Mr. GLADSTONE, in replying to Mr. LOWE and Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR, who had asserted that the bill proposed to admit drunkards and brawlers and semi-savages to political power, said, with his old brilliant fervor, "I object to the idea of dealing with these statistics as if we were ascertaining the numbers of an invading army. The people who will be admitted to the franchise are our fellow-subjects, our fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood. Men lauded to the skies for their conduct—men who have borne destitution, starvation almost, with a patience which is a lesson to all."

One of Mr. BRIGHT'S statements is the key of the position. "You have a population divorced almost entirely from the land and shut out from the possession of the franchise." To see that fact, and to appreciate the vital danger it involves, is the proof of his great political genius. To rely upon his profound conviction that the danger is no less because it is not generally comprehended, and to devote himself to arousing the people to perceive it, makes him a great popular leader. It marks exactly the difference between a follower or a trimmer and a statesman.

Mr. BRIGHT knows, as every close observer of human nature and student of history knows, that every country is safe so long as it moves constantly and regularly toward a wider distribution of intelligence, property, and political power. When these tend to concentration—when the land is falling into fewer hands and the political power to a smaller number—the country is fatally endangered. Mr. BRIGHT has read Roman history and French history with his mind as well as with his eyes. He has seen that although the early French revolution multiplied the number of land proprietors, and the days of July abolished the old Bourbon monarchy, yet the number of voters was still only about 400,000 out of 30,000,000 of people, so that LOUIS PHILIPPE'S parliament was virtually of his own election; and deceiving himself by his own image, which he regarded as the reflection of France, that King found himself suddenly without a kingdom or a crown.

In England the tendency of the land is to fewer proprietors, of which, we believe, there are now about 36,000; and the voters of all kinds are but twelve hundred thousand in a population of 30,000,000; nor to counteract the consequences of this tendency is there any thing broader and more radical than individual or collective charity, except the enlargement of political power. To that Mr. BRIGHT looks for more general education, which, in his judgment, is sure to follow. With greater general intelligence, and the self-respect which springs from the consciousness of an actual share in the state, the still further enlargement of political power, even with any necessary modification of the whole system of the country, becomes possible. Without some movement wisely and continuously developed which shall give the great multitude of the people some direct voice in the representation, Mr. BRIGHT unquestionably expects grave trouble.

The politics of England are watched with interest by many minds in our lately disturbed States. Their own problems are in many points, and especially in this of suffrage, like those in England. We hope they will weigh the counsels of BRIGHT and GLADSTONE.

THE I. R.

THOSE honest Irishmen who comprehend the real suffering of their country and would seriously help her, must be the most indignant of all the spectators of Fenian antics. It is not to be doubted that large sums have been subscribed for the promised movement toward Irish independence, and the mass of those who give a generous part of their hard earnings to the fat Fenian treasury are unquestionably very earnest. They heartily hate England, and with the easy enthusiasm of their race they sincerely believe that they have subscribed to some formidable demonstration. If, however, those who have received the money are not quite so earnest, the urgency of the subscribers must be rather annoying. It must be appeased in some way, and nothing would be so valuable to the leaders as a valid excuse for deferring the blow. Has it occurred to those who have given their money that the demonstrations upon the border are intended merely to provoke the United States Government to interfere, so that the leaders can turn to their subscribers and say—"There! you see the Government has interfered! We can do nothing now, of course. But patience, patience, patience. Wait carefully, watch closely, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So far as now appears that is the present scope of the effort to establish the I. R. in the State of Maine.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON must not be held responsible for all the follies spoken in his name. The vociferous orators who defend him, and in the same breath declare that this is a white man's government—meaning that no man of any other complexion should be allowed to vote—reckon without their host. The President is not of their opinion, if we may judge him from his own words on many occasions. Let us refresh their memories.

In his famous speech to the colored people of Nashville, on the 24th of October, 1864, which was certainly not the least illustrious incident of his life, Mr. JOHNSON said, speaking of Tennessee: "Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

In April, 1865, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. W. D. KELLEY, and Mr. SCHURZ, whose views were very radical, were entirely satisfied with the opinions upon the question of suffrage which were expressed to them by President JOHNSON.

In May he told Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, that he should earnestly advocate the extension of suffrage to her colored citizens, if he were in Tennessee, but did not feel that, as President, he had a right to force it upon the late rebel States.

On the 15th of August, 1865, President JOHNSON suggested to Governor SHARKEY, of Mississippi, that he should persuade the Convention to "extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than $250 and who pay taxes thereon.....This you can do with perfect safety."

On the 27th of September, 1865, President JOHNSON told Senator WILSON that the suffrage question was open for discussion within the party, and that he should not discriminate between its members on account of opinions they might express upon points not settled by the Baltimore Convention.

On the 3d of October Major STEARNS made a memorandum of a conversation he had just had with the President, during which Mr. JOHNSON said: "My position here is different from what it would be if I were in Tennessee. There I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually: first, those who had served in the army, those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say $200 or $250." This memorandum was submitted by Major STEARNS to the President,

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who returned it with this indorsement: "I have read the within communication and find it substantially correct. I have made some verbal alterations. A. J."

There is no reason whatever to suppose that President JOHNSON has changed his opinions upon this subject. And no man of common sense supposes that this large part of the population can be long disfranchised with safety. Differences as to methods will prevail, but in an intelligent, free republican country there can be no question as to the right and necessity of impartial suffrage.

TAXATION AND REVENUE.

BEFORE these lines are read the House Committee of Ways and Means will probably have reported the amended Tax bill. The papers are full of circumstantial accounts of the changes which are to be made. But Washington correspondents, like HOMER, have been known to make mistakes, and we may as well defer criticism on the bill until it appears in authentic form. In the mean time there is no reason to question the published statement of the revenue for the fiscal year ending 30th June next, which sets down the receipts of Government from customs, excise, and miscellaneous sources at $525,000,000; or the published estimate of the public revenue for the fiscal year 1866–7, which informs us that the income of the coming year will not be less than that of the current year.

These are substantial, suggestive facts. This country, it seems, with a population, including negroes, perhaps 3,000,000 more than that of Great Britain and Ireland, and 9,000,000 less than that of France, yields a revenue to Government fifty per cent. more than the public revenue of Great Britain or of France. The British revenue has for some years averaged $350,000,000 per annum, and the revenue of France about the same sum. Our public revenue this year will not be less than half as much more. Thus, while inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland pay an average tax of about $12 50 per head, and inhabitants of France about $8 75 per head, inhabitants of the United States, including negroes, pay about $16 50 per head. This is pretty well for a country which till within three years was new to direct taxes, and of which it was confidently predicted by observers who were neither idiots nor traitors that the people would never submit to the exactions of the tax-gatherer.

The revenue, as we said, is not to be less in 1866–7 than it was in 1865–6. Yet the expenditure is to be reduced nearly one-half. In 1865–6 the expenditure will be found not to fall far short of $500,000,000. For 1866–7 the Secretary's estimates are $285,000,000; and sound authorities predict that unless Congress throws money away the aggregate, including the interest on the public debt, will be within $275,000,000. This would leave a surplus of $250,000,000, to be applied, as many suppose, to the reduction of the principal of the public debt.

An important problem is suggested by this probable excess of revenue over expenditure. Is it just or politic for the present generation to undertake the payment of the national debt, and at the rate of nearly 10 per cent. per annum? On the one hand, it is urged that, as there is no better possible investment for an individual than the purchase of his own paper, so there can be no better use for the public funds than in the extinguishment of the public debt. But, on the other hand, as future generations will benefit at least as much as the present generation by the war for which the national debt was incurred, it seems but fair to many that they should bear their full share of the burden. Or, to put the proposition in another shape, it seems unfair that the present generation, which has contributed its life-blood to a work that is to benefit its posterity as well as itself, should be further called upon to reduce, by the payment of heavy taxes, the pecuniary burden which naturally would devolve upon its successors. There can be no question but that the war of 1861–4, with the consequent abolition of slavery, will render the United States far more prosperous in 1880, 1900, and 1925, than they could have been without the war and without abolition. Should not the men of 1880, 1900, and 1925 pay for the boon? Is it fair to struggling thousands at the present day to ask them not only to give their blood for the great cause, not only to pay the interest on the national debt, but further to pinch themselves in order to reduce the principal, so as to lighten the load that will fall upon the shoulders of a posterity to be so much advantaged by the sacrifices they have already made?

Certain newspapers of unquestioned loyalty dwell upon the advantage of reducing the debt to $2,500,000,000 by the payment in full of some $205,000,000 of short-date obligations. This reminds one of PIP's fondness for round numbers in the statement of his debts. It would be a great gain to reduce the debt to $2,500,000,000, a still greater gain to reduce it to $2,400,000,000, or to $2,300,000,000. The smaller the debt the lighter the taxes. But is it quite certain that there is no better way of using the surplus of 1866–7 than in paying off $205,000,000 of debt certificates and other short-date obligations?

Look at the situation. Money is a drug in Wall Street. It can not be easily lent even at 5 per cent., and the prospect is that 3 or 4 will soon be the rate. Fully $800,000,000 of currency, independent of interest-bearing legal tenders, are afloat—four times as much as we had before the war. The number of banks is thrice what it was. All this currency is seeking employment, all these banks are ravenous for dividends. Cashiers and Presidents fall down at the feet of any one who will condescend to borrow money of them. The consequence is, that every man who has property borrows money on it, and hoards it in view of the inflation which he wants and deems inevitable; and, as we showed last week, all kinds of merchandise and property are held firmly for an advance, and the cost of living is at least as high as, if not higher than it was when gold was 250.

Now, how will the proposed application of the surplus of 1866–7 to the extinction of 9 or 10 per cent. of the public debt affect this state of things? It will make money even easier than it is, and will render a fresh inflation inevitable. It will raise the price of every article that is consumed by the poor. It will tempt men to run in debt, to live extravagantly, to expand their commercial ventures. And, as Mr. M'CULLOCH eloquently showed in his report to Congress, it will lead, surely and swiftly, to a crisis which will overwhelm three-fourths of the trading community and involve the whole country in disaster. All this it will do without bringing the national currency ½ per cent. nearer par (see the course of the gold market since this scheme was mooted). The only people whom it will benefit are the bankers and speculators who bought at a discount the short-date obligations which it is now proposed to pay off at par.

If, on the other hand, this great surplus—the greatest, we believe, ever accumulated by any nation in a single year—should be used exclusively for the purpose of restoring the national currency to its proper value—the standard of gold—how, then, would the case stand? Money would at once become more active, the national banks would be compelled to withdraw their issues and curtail their discounts, and values would gradually settle down. Men would realize that money was once more going to be money—not shinplasters. They would not owe more than they could pay. They would not spend more than they had. They would scent the crisis from afar, and by timely preparation would perhaps avert it altogether. Speculators—the harpies who discredited national securities during the war in order to buy them cheap—would not make as much money as if the currency were kept in disgrace. But every individual would be able to live more cheaply, and to pay his taxes with less suffering. True, the Secretary might not be able to sell bonds for as high a figure in currency if gold were 110 as he could if gold were 130. But surely grown men do not need, at this late day, to be told that gold is the only true standard of value, and that 95 in currency, with gold @ 110, is more money than 100 in currency, with gold @ 130. One important branch of the taxes, the customs duties, would be reduced by the fall in gold.

The Secretary of the Treasury has communicated his purposes to no one. But if he have not greatly changed his mind since he wrote his report to Congress in December last, he is much more likely to adopt the latter method of disposing of his surplus than the former.

A CONSERVATIVE SIGN.

SENATOR SAULSBURY, of Delaware, one of the most conspicuous Conservatives, recently said, at a meeting of the National Democratic Association in Washington, that he believed "that when JEFFERSON DAVIS left the Senate he was a better Union man than ABRAHAM LINCOLN." Senator SAULSBURY thinks that the war and emancipation and the rest of it are not much of a shower after all. He shakes his incredulous head, and is of the sage opinion that rain is not so wet as you might suppose. Gettysburg, and Vicksburg, and Port Hudson, and the march to the sea, and the sinking of the *Alabama*, and the crowning mercy at Appomattox Court House, all distinctly thunder that ABRAHAM LINCOLN *was* a better Union man than JEFFERSON DAVIS, but Senator SAULSBURY does not hear or see. He is persuaded that CORNWALLIS received the surrender of the American armies, and that the republican patriot GEORGE III. incontinently hung up the arbitrary despot GEORGE WASHINGTON. He is quite sure that the POPE burned MARTIN LUTHER, and that this is the year of grace 1266.

But, despite Senator SAULSBURY, it continues to be six hundred years later. The political theory upon which the rebellion rested has been as effectually settled as any theory can be. After four years of desperate struggle it is decided that the majority of the people of the United States will not tolerate the doctrine upon which JEFFERSON DAVIS left the Senate, which was, that the States in the Union are absolute sovereign powers, and that the Union was a compact at will. And now Conservatism—the spirit that forever wrestles with the order of nature—true to its instincts, plants itself upon the very proposition that the country has repudiated. By the appropriate lips of Senator SAULSBURY Conservatism warns the people that if it should obtain power the Government would be in the hands of those who hold that JEFFERSON DAVIS in seceding was a better Union man than ABRAHAM LINCOLN in resisting secession.

HOW AND WHEN SHALL WE EAT?

DIGESTION is quite a compound process. The food is first cut and ground by the teeth, and at the same time there is poured forth into the mouth from the ducts of several pairs of glands a large quantity of saliva, which thoroughly moistens the food as it is being ground. When it passes into the stomach the gastric juice oozes from all the inner surface of that organ. To make this mingle effectually with the food the muscular fibres of the stomach, by alternate contraction and relaxation, keep up a constant motion during all the process of digestion, the oozing of the gastric juice all the while going on. Were it not for this churning of the mass of food it would remain quietly in the stomach as it was introduced, and the gastric juice could reach the interior portion of it only by working as a solvent from without inward toward the centre, which would at least be a slow process.

There have been many speculations about the nature of the digestive process, and in relation to them the celebrated Hunter remarked playfully: "To account for digestion some have made the stomach a mill; some would have it to be a stewing-pot, and some a brewing trough; yet all the while one would have thought that it must have been very evident that the stomach was neither a mill, nor a stewing-pot, nor a brewing-trough, nor any thing but a *stomach*." All that can be said is that digestion is a chemical process, the mechanical agency spoken of being of service only in thoroughly mixing the gastric juice with the food.

When the food has been sufficiently acted upon in the stomach it is passed forward into the small intestines, where the nutritious portion of it is absorbed, and then is poured into the circulation to replenish the blood.

The process gone through with in the stomach is a regular one, requiring a certain average period for its completion; and then nature dictates that there should be a period of rest for the organ before the process be entered upon again. It is obvious, then, that no fresh matter should be introduced after the mass of food has become in any good degree digested, for this would interfere with the regularity of the process. Eating between meals does harm in this way if it be done within two or three hours after a meal, and if done after this period has elapsed it does harm by depriving the stomach of the rest which it needs. But farther than this, eating irregularly between meals destroys those regular habits of the organ which are essential to its healthy condition, and renders impracticable the guidance of the natural sensations as to the amount which ought to be eaten.

The case with which food is digested depends much upon the thoroughness of mastication. If unmasticated lumps of food be swallowed the gastric juice is slow in penetrating them, and some portions of them may pass into the intestines undigested, and prove a source or irritation, and therefore of disease. In the hurried eating so commonly practiced by business men and students, that most excellently-contrived mill in the mouth is not suffered to perform any thing like its whole duty.

While eating too fast is the common error there is sometimes too much time occupied in eating a meal. When courses are served very slowly, and there are many of them, the food taken in the latter part of the time must interfere with the regularity of the process of digestion, to say nothing of the undue quantity which is apt to be eaten under such circumstances.

It seems to be quite well settled by experience that three meals a day are required for the maintenance of health. If more than these are taken too much is eaten, and the stomach does not have sufficient intervals of rest; and if less the intervals are so long that there is some degree of exhaustion, which, though it may be slight, produces an injurious effect, and if repeated every day, it has in the progress of years a considerable aggregate of influence. Habit may indeed diminish the effect, but it can not wholly counteract it.

Much has been said about exercising after eating, and the truth has been often overstated. The famous experiment with the two dogs is cited to show that exercise after eating interferes with the process of digestion. Observe just how much was proved by the experiment. Two dogs were fed to the full, and while one was left to lie still, the other was made to run about very briskly. In an hour or two both dogs were killed, and it was found that the food was well digested in the dog that remained quiet, but not in the other. This proved simply that *violent* exercise taken *immediately* after eating interferes with digestion. Other facts show that light exercise rather promotes than impedes the process, and that even very strong exercise does not interfere with it if a short interval of rest be allowed, so that the process may be fairly commenced.

The same is to some extent true of exercise of mind. It seems to be necessary that there should be some measure of concentration of energy in the stomach for the due performance of digestion, and any very decided exercise, bodily or mental, tends to prevent this. In the dyspeptic even a slight amount of effort either of body or mind often suffices to do it.

It is very commonly said that it is wrong to eat just before going to bed. Is this true? Cattle are apt to go to sleep after eating fully. Do sleep and digestion agree well in their case, and not so in the case of man? In some seasons of the year the farmer takes his heartiest meal at the close of the labors of the day, and soon retires. Is this a bad custom? Our opinion is that food may be taken properly at a late hour, provided, first, that the individual has not already eaten enough for the twenty-four hours, that he has done so being true probably in most cases; and provided, secondly, that he is in such a state of health that digestion will not so act upon his nerves as to disturb his sleep. If it will thus act it is clear that he had better be disturbed when awake, for he can bear the disturbance then with less of injury to his system.

CATALOGUE OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

THE catalogue of the Mercantile Library, just issued by the catalogue committee of that institution, is a model. It is admirably arranged, so that nobody can miss the book he wishes, if he knows either the author's name or the subject of the book, and the classification is complete. It is pleasant to see so fair a sign of the prosperity of this vigorous association, which flourishes in perpetual youth because it is managed by an active and energetic board of young men. The late Librarian, Mr. GRANT, retired with the cordial respect of the friends of the Library; and his successor, A. W. GREEN, Esq., is a gentleman upon whose accession all of those friends will have reason to be delighted, for he is thoroughly competent to his position and peculiarly alive to the interests of the Mercantile Library.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 17:

In the Senate, Mr. Grimes introduced a bill regulating the appointment of officers in the navy. It provides for 1 Vice-Admiral, 11 Rear-Admirals, 25 Commodores, 50 Captains, 90 Commanders, 108 Lieutenants, 160 Ensigns, and in other grades the number now allowed.

In the House, the Army bill was taken up, the question being on the motion to strike out that part of the fourth section relating to the Veteran Reserve Corps. After a long debate the amendment was rejected—yeas 30, nays 84.

April 18:

In the Senate, the resolution appropriating $127,735 for fulfilling certain treaties with Indian tribes was passed.

April 19:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the President for whatever additional information he may have received since his last report in relation to the Southern States.

April 20:

The act amendatory of an act in relation to the *habeas corpus* was taken up and passed, 30 to 4. This bill grants indemnity to officers of the army for acts committed in aid of the suppression of the rebellion, and exempts them from liability to civil courts for such acts.

In the House, the bill giving to Ishmael Day, of Baltimore County, Maryland, an annuity of $421 50, as a recognition of his heroism in defending the national flag from Gilmore's rebel raiders, on the 12th of July, 1864, and for his loss of property on that occasion, was passed—yeas 100, nays 13.

April 23:

In the Senate, Mr. Conness offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of providing against the importation, transportation, sale, or manufacture of nitro-glycerine in the United States.

In the House, a report was received from the Judiciary Committee adverse to the proposition of the President to modify the test oath.

A NEW LICENSE LAW.

An act has been passed by the New York State Legislature and approved by Governor Fenton, to take effect from May 1, 1866, entitled, An Act to Regulate the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors within the Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York. Its provisions are as follow:

1. The Commissioners of the Board of Health shall alone have the power to grant licenses, the cost of the same to be determined by the Commissioners, and not to be under $30 each or over $250. These licenses are to be posted in a conspicuous place wherever the liquors are sold.

2. From and after the 1st day of May, 1866, no person or persons shall, within the said Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the County of Westchester, publicly keep or sell, give away or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, in quantities less than five gallons at a time, unless as he or they may be licensed, pursuant to the provisions of this act, and may be permitted by it.

3. These licenses shall authorize no sale of the liquors specified on Sunday.

4. No liquors shall be sold to minors without the consent of their superiors, nor to any habitual drunkard, nor to any person while under the influence of liquor, nor to any person against the request of any wife, husband, parent, or child.

5. Every person who shall violate any of the foregoing provisions of this act shall for each offense be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction therefor shall be punished with a fine of not less than $30, nor more than $100, or with imprisonment for not less than ten days nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

A new batch of correspondence between Secretary Seward and the Marquis de Montholon has been laid before Congress. The conclusion of the whole matter is that France is to withdraw her troops from Mexico within eighteen months. It is understood that the United States will not intervene in Mexican affairs, except as against an attempt made to establish a monarchy against the will of the Mexican people. Secretary Seward has instructed Mr. Motley, our Minister to Austria, to protest against the sending of Austrian troops to take the place of the French. "It is thought proper," says Mr. Seward to Mr. Motley, "that you should state that in the event of hostilities being carried on hereafter in Mexico by Austrian subjects under the command or with the sanction of the Government of Vienna, the United States will feel themselves at liberty to regard those hostilities as constituting a state of war by Austria against the Republic of Mexico, and in regard to such war waged at this time and under existing circumstances, the United States could not engage to remain as silent or neutral spectators."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Mercer expedition has at last been heard from. After a pleasant voyage, diversified only by the usual incidentals of sea-sickness, the *Continental* reached Rio on the 16th of February. The friends of the young ladies who have ventured on this expedition will be glad to learn that they were all well and in good spirits.

The list of the awards to the captors of the assassins of Mr. Lincoln and the reward paid for the arrest of Jefferson Davis have been laid before the House of Representatives. Colonel L. C. Baker receives $3750; Lieutenant Baker, $4000; Boston Corbett, $4000; Lieutenant Doughty, $7500. Colonel Pritchard receives $10,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis.

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ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THERE are few public men in the country who have spoken so plainly, and whose political career has been so conspicuous, whose real position has yet been more misunderstood than that of Mr. STEPHENS. It was long the habit to regard him as a "national" man as opposed to the school of State sovereignty; while the plain fact of his whole career is that, while Mr. CALHOUN'S measures were not always approved by him, Mr. CALHOUN'S theory of the Government has never had a more consistent and determined supporter. Viewing the two great historical parties of the country as the Northern and the Southern, the Southern policy has been steadily defended by him, and with a thousand-fold more sagacity than by its noisier and more rhetorical chiefs. If the pupils of Georgia and of the late slave States had followed ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS rather than ROBERT TOOMBS and BENJAMIN and DAVIS, the war would have been deferred, but the character of our Government would have come much nearer destruction.

Mr. STEPHENS was born in Taliaferro county, Georgia, on the 11th of February, 1812. He studied law and came to the bar in 1834. In 1836 he was elected to the Lower House of the Georgia Legislature, and in 1842 to the State Senate. In politics he was an ardent Whig, and in 1843 was elected to Congress, where he remained until 1859. In 1844 he supported HENRY CLAY for the Presidency, although he thought him too lukewarm upon the then great Southern measure of the annexation of Texas, and one of the first speeches Mr. STEPHENS made in Congress was in favor of that measure. He was one of the authors of the resolutions for the annexation, which was peculiarly Mr. CALHOUN'S measure, and intended by him to secure his election to the Presidency; and as it was necessary at that time for the Southern policy to acknowledge the right of Congress to legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, the Missouri Compromise was distinctly recognized in Mr. STEPHENS'S resolutions. In 1847 Mr. STEPHENS introduced resolutions upon the Mexican war which became the platform of the Whig party, and by committing it to the Southern policy finally destroyed that party. In 1850 Mr. STEPHENS supported the compromises which included JAMES M. MASON'S foolish Fugitive Slave bill. In 1854, when the Southern policy required that Congress should no longer legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, Mr. STEPHENS, as Chairman of the Territorial Committee in the House, was the chief supporter of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He blew hot or cold for "the South" as occasion required. The Whig party disappeared. The Supreme Court declared the Southern policy to be Constitutional; and at the close of the 35th Congress, in 1859, Mr. STEPHENS declined to be longer a candidate.

Upon his retirement he spoke, in June, 1859, at Augusta. He reviewed the political movements of the twenty-three years—nearly a quarter of a century—during which he had been in political life, and declared that "we"—meaning "the South"—had gained the victory in every agitation. "There is not now," he said, "a spot of the public territory of the United States over which the national flag floats where slavery is excluded by law of Congress; and the highest tribunal of the land has decided that Congress has no power to pass such a law, nor to grant such power to a Territorial legislature. Wherever climate and soil suit there

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slavery can and will go to the extent of population." He cautiously favored the acquisition of Cuba, and plainly but indirectly advised the re-opening of the slave-trade. As for the main question of Southern policy, that of slavery itself, he confessed that "the leading public men of the South, in our early history, were all against it." But he said that it was a question "which they did not, and perhaps could not, thoroughly understand." But the increasing lights of religion and science had now shown that not to sustain human slavery upon religious grounds was "to reverse the decrees of the Almighty." This great truth having been accepted by the American people, and solemnly proclaimed by the Supreme Court, Mr. STEPHENS considered that he might safely cease from his labors. The country would now advance to a still more shining prosperity. But that no one should misapprehend his orthodoxy upon the one cardinal point of devotion to "the South" he said that, as matters stood, he saw "no cause of danger either to the Union or Southern security in it. The former has always been with me, and ought to be with you, subordinate to the latter."

In the Presidential election of 1860 Mr. STEPHENS supported Mr. DOUGLAS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, because he was sure that the Southern policy would be safer under them than with the probable extravagance of BRECKINRIDGE and LANE. Upon the election of Mr. LINCOLN he was openly opposed to secession for reasons which he stated in a speech before the Georgia Legislature at Milledgeville on the 14th of November, 1860, in reply to an appeal of Mr. TOOMBS for secession on the previous evening. This speech was much quoted at the time in the Free States as an indication of Union feeling. But it was simply an argument against the policy of secession; the right was never denied by Mr. STEPHENS. The truth is, that the Milledgeville speech states simply the value to "the South" of a Union which it controlled. The election of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. STEPHENS said, did not remove it from Southern control. The Senate and the House were opposed to him. If the new President and his party should attempt to do any thing which Georgia considered to be unconstitutional, let her secede. He was first for his State, and then for his country, and he merely objected to secession as unnecessary so long as the Union remained as it then was, under Southern domination. This was Mr. STEPHENS's "Union" speech upon the eve of the war.

When, as probably he foresaw, the counsel of the immediate secessionists prevailed, Mr. STEPHENS was at once elected Provisional Vice-President of the "Confederacy" for two reasons: first, to propitiate and secure the Georgia party which agreed with him; and second, because there was no doubt of his entire devotion to "the South" as against the country. This was on the 9th of February, 1861. On the 21st of March he spoke at Savannah. He repeated in almost the same words the philosophy of the speech at Augusta in 1859. He announced that the "old Union" was based upon liberty and equal rights, which was "a sandy foundation." But, he added, "Our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth" that slavery is the "natural and moral condition" of the African race. This is "the corner-stone" of the new system. Mr. STEPHENS neither concealed nor repudiated in this speech any of his well-known views. It was entirely harmonious with his whole career.

During the war he was not conspicuous. He seldom presided in the Richmond Senate, and he twice essayed to end hostilities by some kind of negotiation. He probably did not change his opinion that the attempt at secession was a mistake, and events, of course, must only have confirmed his conviction. From May to October of last year Mr. STEPHENS was a state prisoner at Fort Warren. He was then released upon parole, and, returning to Georgia, secured his election as United States Senator. On the 22d of February, 1866, he made a speech to the Legislature recommending acquiescence in the situation, and such legislation as would secure a chance to the freedmen. But still holding to the right of secession, he also believes that every State which has tried to secede and failed is now entitled without delay or condition to resume the exercise of every other right in the Union—a doctrine which grows naturally out of the old Southern view of the government, and which we have considered in our editorial columns.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"O HAPPY day!—O glorious and blessed day!—O day for us to celebrate with joyful hearts as long as we live here and throughout all eternity! No room for hesitation now. Many a time you have laughed at your humble speaker—said, 'Don't be too fast, Brother Barker'—hah! was I not right? From the first whisper of the great news I believed it all, every syllable. Shame upon you who held back, who wanted confirmation, as you call it. There was your sin. Men standing high like among us, too—like the lord on whose hand the king leaned that our text—Second Kings, seventh—speaks about. You wouldn't believe me any more than they would the lepers when they came to tell of the invading army fled. Like them, if is faith you need. You may despise me, but you can't take from me my faith. You hesitated. You said, Louisville taken? May be so. Cincinnati captured? Perhaps; only there's a good many people living in that town, railways to bring more, and the like. But Washington captured? you asked. Don't know about that. You all believed about the second battle of Manassas which went before all this glorious success; you hemmed and hawed about the rest. Only let me have the humble satisfaction of calling you all to witness this day that I believed it all from the first—second victory of Manassas, capture simultaneously thereafter of Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington—yes, and of Philadelphia and New York City, too, which will soon follow. Is it because I believe in our glorious Davis and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and our gallant army? Not one bit of it. What I believe in is God. From the first I have said, Brethren, here's the only ground to stand on. This whole war is a war for slavery. God teaches plainly in His Word slavery is a divine ordinance. In all the world we are His peculiar people, being the only people on earth who believe in the institution as such. An infidel North, an infidel world against us, but God for us! You have trembled and said, 'Oh, the North is so populous, so rich, so united, so determined—the North is so this, and the North is so that.' All I said is this, Very good, if the North *is* all this and a millionfold more so, what do I care? The God of this Bible is for us. But the whole civilized world is against us. Who cares if all the devils in hell were too? If God be for us, who can be against us? I, all the brethren in our denomination, almost every preacher of every denomination has said the same here at the South—if you would only believe it when you hear it. There in that ninth verse—'We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings; and we hold our peace;' what the lepers said to one another. As I said in taking that text, this being a day of good tidings, I don't intend to hold *my* peace!"



BROTHER BARKER IN A TRAP.

And Brother Barker did not. It was on Sunday morning in his pulpit in Somerville, to his church crowded to its utmost capacity. For a week the news he specifies has been pouring in, increasing in magnitude and being more fully confirmed every mail. Some rejoicings had taken place from its very first arrival; but last night the news was so entirely confirmed that even the most prudent Secessionist in Somerville abandoned any doubt as to its authenticity. Hurrahing until hopeless hoarseness, bonfires, fire-arms from cannon down to the feeblest pistol, bells from the big bell of the Brick Church down to the weakest tea-bell in the hands of baby assisted to hold and shake it! Shaking of hands till exhaustion. Somerville has rejoiced before, but Somerville outdoes Somerville this time. Very properly, the news being by far the most glorious ever received.

Around Mr. Ferguson, sitting grimly aloft in his room, Somerville sweeps and roars like a maelstrom, all the county around sucked into the vortex of rejoicing. Like a hunted lion in his brushy lair, the Scotchman broods in defiant scorn behind his grizzly beard. His only care is to secure each and every dispatch or other printed fragment in relation to the news as it appears, and before it can be whelmed in the torrent of later and fresher tidings, give it a permanent place in his Scrap-book according to its exact date and sequence. It is a very Daniel Lambert of volumes. No easy matter to handle it now, as it lies on a table in the Scotchman's room devoted expressly to it; and it is growing rapidly in these days. Mr. Ferguson has no children, not even a cat, and this is his pet. Mr. Ferguson has no visitors beyond Dr. Warner, Guy Brooks before he left, Mr. Arthur, and one or two more; his business is destroyed for the present; the collection is at once his only business and recreation.

Yes, on this Sunday morning, while Mr. Arthur is preaching the old, obsolete, utterly uninteresting Gospel to quite a small congregation, both he and they none the brighter from a night from which sleep had been routed by the bells—at the same hour Brother Barker actually outdoes and altogether eclipses the Brother Barker of any previous occasion. No wonder. Is not the North now finally defeated? The war is over, as Brother Barker very justly reasons in his sermon. Washington being captured, there is no longer any Northern Government existing to fight. With tears in his eyes he confesses in sermons, and in conversation which fills up all the space between sermons, to a feeling even of deepest pity for this misguided and infidel but now utterly wrecked and ruined people. As he refers to it in the pulpit he has broken down, has turned himself to one side to wipe his eyes and blow his nose. Friends must excuse him, he was born among that infatuated people who have so madly rushed upon their ruin; and so, with a hasty swallow or two and a twenty-fifth sip at the tumbler of water beside him, he tucks his wet handkerchief under the edge of his Bible.

"I know your magnanimous souls, dear friends. Even in this hour of your final triumph you pity your fallen foe. In view of their awful overthrow we all feel to sorrow over them. It was an inscrutable Providence that caused me, no will of my own, to be born there. You will excuse—you know how wicked Jerusalem was, yet you know who wept over it!"

Pardon the hand which records this, but shall not that time be set down as it actually was?

"I have heard from my earliest infancy many, very many sermons; in fact, in the earlier portion of my existence I never heard any thing else," Captain Simmons remarks to a group of friends in the grocery next day, "but I never heard a more brilliant discourse—a more affecting one, parts of it, in my life. My nature revolts from a Yankee, even when a Secessionist, yet I must do Parson Barker justice to say that."

"Bear in your minds, friends, this one thing," reiterates Brother Barker, speaking the almost unanimous sentiment of his denomination South at that hour. "The success of our glorious Confederacy, the destruction of the old United States and the infidel North is the doing of the Almighty. And why? Because he could not be a just God and act otherwise."

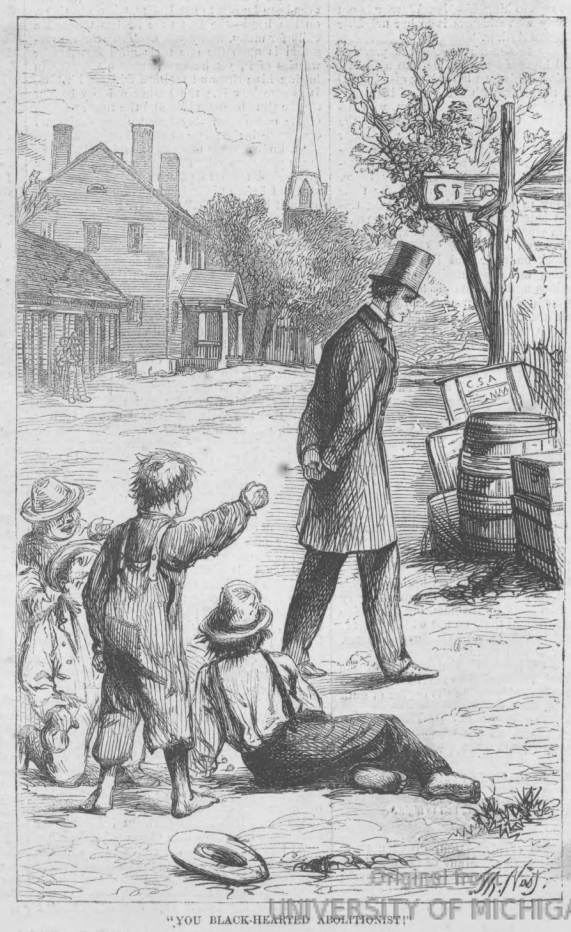
And it is a little singular that the sovereignty of God is the theme, far from the first or the last time, of Mr. Arthur's sermon at the same hour, the grand doctrine, not the same inferences. Though he, too, is dreading this morning in secret lest the will of Heaven may be at last as Brother Barker interprets it—dreading it, rebuking himself for any pain at what Heaven decrees, yet oh that acute, bitter, sickening dread! "Not my will but Thine!" he repeats a thousand times, but oh that it would throb in his very heart as well as on his tongue!

"You observe my condition, friends," says Brother Barker, half an hour later in his discourse. "My bleeding lungs will not permit—I must close. Only I find on the desk a note making request that I will explain a little Scripture before we part. With pleasure will I do so." And that thin, sallow-faced fellow-creature—his lank hair combed back off his forehead and tucked behind his ears, the centre and soul for near two hours now of that crowded church, enjoys, as he leans forward over his cushion, note in hand, a degree of self-satisfaction intense beyond the ordinary allotment of the rest of us.

"I find here," he says, "some questions to answer. I have had no time to examine them. I trust my general knowledge of this blessed Book is sufficient. 'First, What does prophecy mean by the stars of heaven?' An easy question to answer," with a smile: "as I have often told you, by the stars of heaven is meant in prophecy governments, particularly the States which once composed this Union. 'Second, Has prophecy a meaning when it speaks of a third part of the stars of heaven?' Whoever wrote this note could hardly have attended the preaching of your most humble. I've explained it often in the Sunday-school. The smallest child there could tell you the reference is to our Confederate States: thirty-three States at the time of Secession; eleven seceded States. Yes, if there be, as I've often explained, any thing certain, positively certain, in Scripture," says the preacher, slowly, "it is that by a third part of the stars of heaven is meant these Confederate States of America. Very good. 'Third, When Scripture speaks of the great Red Dragon what is meant?' Really, friends," says Brother Barker, smiling, "these questions are too simple; I'm wasting your time. By the Dragon is meant, of course, the Devil, the Adversary, Satan. He is called great because of his terrible power over men. He is called red—the great *red* Dragon—to show that he burns like fire with fury, and because he accomplishes his dreadful purposes against men very often by bloodshed and war. 'A last question: Please say, then, what is meant by Revelation, twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses.' Revelation, twelfth, third—twelfth, third." Brother Barker has his long forefinger on the place in an instant, and reads, without a pause: "'And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.' All this emblematic," the preacher pauses here to say, "of the devil's terrible power over men; but let us go on: 'And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth—'"

Total silence in the vast audience. Then a perfectly distinct "by George!" from the direction in which Bob Withers is seated, with a tittering among the younger portion, first at Brother Barker's aspect of sudden and total discomfiture, swelling as the meaning of this most unexpected Scripture breaks upon them according to the explanation yet ringing in their ears! The whole congregation at last catch the joke, and join in. The thing comes upon it so suddenly. The reaction of feeling also. The sympathy of a crowd of laughers likewise.

Brother Barker has closed the Bible, very sal-



"YOU BLACK-HEARTED ABOLITIONIST!"

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low indeed, and leans himself over the desk with deprecating hand for some time before he can make himself heard.

"Brethren," he begins, at last, in his most solemn tones, "an enemy hath done—" But the congregation has at this instant a fresh sense of the joke, and go off together in another peal of laughter, as audiences sometimes will, as much at Brother Barker himself, the victim, as at the sudden Scripture.

"An enemy, an enemy hath done this," he says at last. "Once before, in my humble labors in the cause of the South and the God of the South, an enemy attempted to wrest Scripture at church in somewhat the same way. I foresaw then and told friends he wrested Scripture to his own destruction. You have all heard the fate, the just fate, of the traitor who did it—the double vengeance of God on him as a traitor both to his country and to his Bible. Like Uzzah, he laid his hand on the Ark of the Lord, and, like Uzzah, he perished for his sin."

But there is laughter breaking forth yet, here and there, among the most thoughtless. Brother Barker grows more livid, his hair seems blacker, his eyes like those of a serpent, his head projected nearer his audience, his long arm shaking a prophetic finger at them.

"I have spoken of the fate of that miserable man's body," he adds; "but what of his immortal soul gone to the Judgment? I tell you, friends, disloyalty to the Confederacy is a sin against God, a great sin. He will damn a man for that as well as for any other sin. The Powers that be are ordained of God; and it goes right on to add: Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves—Damnation!"

But it is impossible to describe the force and zest with which the word passes the speaker's lips.

"As to the person who wrote this"—the preacher holds out the offensive note at arm's-length—"let him look out for himself. He may be here this instant. I tell you, Sir, whoever you are, we have your handwrite. You can not escape. Has it come to this!" wails Brother Barker. "Is it possible there can exist among us men so desperate! Men who can yet cling to our vile foe, cling to it in the very hour that Heaven has finally crushed it beneath its awful wrath! From whom," continues the speaker, after a pause, and with a lower leaning of his body to his audience, as he asks the question, in confidence, of them, "did the writer of this get his Bible passages? The Concordance by which this note was got up belongs," shaking the paper almost to pieces in his extended hand as he speaks, "to a minister of the Gospel now living, this moment preaching, preaching without one prayer for the Confederacy, in Somerville!" And the speaker's silence is more eloquent of meaning than any words could be. Not a grown person but says to himself—Mrs. Warner is not the only lady who whispers it to her neighbor then—"Parson Arthur."

"I will say this much more"—the preacher has worked himself by this time into a frenzy, the projection of his lean body, long arms, small head over the desk, with the hiss of his words resembling him, even to Tim Lamum, who sits on one side of the pulpit, crowded there by the stress of the occasion, and has the preacher in profile, to an enraged serpent—"this moment our brave boys, your own husbands, brothers, sons, lovers, friends are far away there, enduring hunger, cold, intense toil for their country, lying in their heart's gore, being this very instant butchered by a fiendish foe; pouring out from every vein their rich, warm, Southern blood! And for what? Doing the Almighty's work on their and His hellish foes. Yes, pursuing and slaughtering and burning the Louisvilles and Cincinnatis and Washingtons of your defeated tyrants as those other slaveholders and peculiar people of God did the Canaanites! Our dear boys are this moment slaying such of our cruel foes as come in *their* reach; and here are we at home, the same foes right among us, people sitting deliberately, insultingly down to write such a paper as this"—a deadly shake to it—"while we are exulting in our great victories. Men right at our firesides! Adders doubting the news on the very hearthstones which warm them. I tell you what, friends and fellow-citizens"—and the preacher, lower down over his desk, two-thirds of his body toward his breathless congregation, suits eyes and lips, long arms and convulsive hands, face livid and teeth set, to the words—"you should this hour seize the wretches and crush them *like* vipers under your feet!" and the stamp with which he dashes his heel upon their shattered heads thrills every heart.

But not without the conscious uprising in his own bosom, ay, and in the bosom of every Christian man there, of a something adverse to all this, not without that, no not without that!

Only human nature, and that nature yours, dear reader, as well as his. Our common nature; in this instance dizzied in and by the raging of such a whirlwind as never befalls twice a century. Let Him decide the degree of guilt who only can.

Reaction, however, being thus established, Brother Barker draws himself back again into the pulpit and takes up his well-worn hymn-book.

"Sixty-eight Psalm, first part, long measure:

> 'Let God arise in all his might
> And put the troops of hell to flight.'

Brethren, please sing."

Yes, the case of Mr. Arthur grows a more painful one every day. Many of his members, once his warmest friends, cease to attend church; even those whom he knows most cordially to approve his course, are very rare indeed in their attendance there, exceedingly shy of being seen conversing with him, even for an instant, on the street. So many whom he once knew pass him on the streets, refusing to speak to him, that he now takes the initiative in that matter, and never himself first salutes any one of whose friendly feeling he entertains the least doubt. The very children are, in more instances than one, prompted to call after him as he passes along. The week after Brother Barker's sermon Mrs. Warner's little son salutes him as "A black-hearted Abolitionist." It is on record that the same child receives, for the first time in many months, an exceedingly severe chastisement from Dr. Warner, followed by a much more severe scourging of the Doctor himself by the tongue of his wife; but who dare raise the sacred veil of their family privacy to explain matters?

In fact, Mr. Arthur's apprehension of the exact standing of a leper in Hebrew society is clearer than it ever was before, with all his reading. But let only truth be told; with all his bitter unpopularity in the community he enjoys a sweeter, more solid peace than ever before.

"It reminds me of the story of the prisoner whose dungeon was curiously constructed to contract around him every day," he says to Mr. Ferguson, who has just read aloud from his portly scrap-book a furious onslaught upon "the miscreant ministers yet lingering among us who refuse to pray for the Confederacy," from the last Somerville *Star*.

"They do their utmost to drive you away. Only go, and they will publish you as having deserted to the Federals, being a hypocrite and a spy all the time you were here," added the Scotchman, upon whom quite a change has passed, by-the-by. Rough, cross, an old bachelor, and a tough Scot, since Guy Brooks has gone—"fled in a base and cowardly manner to our dastardly foes," as the *Star* had it—Mr. Ferguson, whose regard for Mr. Arthur has, since Secession, steadily increased, is now, to him at least, more gentle than he was ever known to be to man before. There is the spirit of John Knox in Mr. Arthur which he can not resist.

"Yes, if you were to go you would leave an odor behind you proving you to have been all along the vilest of wolves in sheep's clothing, just as the smell of brimstone proves a departed visitant to have been the devil." So he comforts his friend.

Heretofore he scarcely ever visited any one. The truth is, he was afraid to leave his collection. Now he lugs and crowds that ponderous volume into the iron safe in which he keeps his land-titles and money, and frequently visits Mr. Arthur in the study of the latter. If busy when his friend enters the minister merely returns the dry Good-morning, and waves the Scotchman to a chair till he gets through. Often Mr. Ferguson mounts his horse, a scrubby, obstinate hack, the very counterpart of his owner, and visits his friend out at Mrs. Sorel's. He has even been known to pat Robby, when out there, on the head—the first time he has touched a child for many, many years. True, the conversation is upon the one topic until Mr. Arthur wearies of it, yet he experiences a pleasure in having his grim and taciturn friend with him. It is somehow like the having a rocky barrier for the time between him and the roar and dash of the ocean—for, very broad, deep, dark, and clamorous is the phase of Secession just now.

"I know dozens of cases in which they have made preachers take the oath even though they furloughed them to preach; resign this morning, and before night Simmons and Tim Lamum will be after you," says Mr. Ferguson, perpetually.

"None of the interest in religious matters among even the best of our people, which I counted on to make up for other things," moans Mr. Arthur. "The Union men flying the country or giving up all heart, despairing of the purpose or the power of the General Government. So many who abhorred Secession have gone into it from a deeper hatred still of Abolition. But oh, this spiritual apathy!"

"Quite a contrast to the fervent praying, preaching, singing, crowding, at that fellow Barker's Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings!" says his friend. "But the inspiration of all that is purely the Confederacy. It lives with it, will die with it."

"They ignore, for the present, every Gospel doctrine, so far as urging it is concerned, I fear," replies Mr. Arthur. "God is feared principally as the One who may help the Federals; believed in, and invoked, and clung to, mainly as the One who must and shall help the Confederates. It does seem as if their chief affection for the very Saviour now is, because he sanctioned, or, at least, did not expressly condemn, slavery. At heart the truly pious are better than all this, but this is the outer seeming. And I, perhaps, am as fanatical—only the other way."

"The Almighty," puts in the Scotchman, reverently, "is simply witholding his gracious Spirit for the present, leaving men, for the time, to their own ways. There is now a lull in that Divine wind which bloweth as it listeth."

"And, the analogy of Nature, will it prove true here?" says the minister, eagerly, "the strong blowing which seamen know always to follow a calm."

"When His other instrumentalities have got slavery out of the way. Even that man Barker has some blind idea toward the truth. Before this last ridiculous news, they tell me, he had a vast deal to say about some Jonah or other being under deck of the Ship of State—some wedge of gold and Babylonish garment being hidden somewhere in camp which prevented success."

"I fear he refers to the Union men still left unhung in the land—not to the institution; but who can tell? How often I wish I could catch a glimpse of some men's *hearts!* Alas, I do not even know my own!" says Mr. Arthur. "I don't want to speak of myself; but I do feel as if I was actually in jail—my feet in the stocks."

"And midnight upon you; then do as Paul and Silas did, in like case: pray and sing praises to God. The earthquake will come in due time," is the consolation of the Scotchman.

"But so many really good men have gone into this thing—men who hated it at first as much as myself! Some from the influence of others, especially their wives or sons; some because money is to be made in it: some from despair of the success of the Federal Government; some because they are led to regard Heaven as being at last, by its favor, on the side of the South. What pains me most is, that ministers, ministers of our own denomination—men older, wiser, more devoted than I—men superior to me in every sense, should be so thoroughly persuaded and zealous for the Confederacy." And Mr. Arthur's head as he walks his study, wherein this conversation takes place, sinks upon his bosom in deep and painful thought.

The Scotchman sits at the table, apparently turning over the leaves of a Ridgeley's "Body of Divinity" in search of something. Really he is far away in Scotland, standing beside a grave wherein he saw laid, years on years ago, a fair young form, whose blue eyes and flaxen locks are parts of his memory forever. The plumed Hamlet, the white-bearded Lear, the swarthy Othello you see upon the stage are not the only heroes of drama. This grizzly old Scot was not driven apart from men and so deep within himself, more a hermit than if fled to desert and cave, without his tragedy too.

What divine finger touches his heart this morning? Astonished that he had never thought of it before, a new purpose, as his eye rests upon his friend, suddenly blossoms upon him, like the almond bud upon Aaron's dead rod. A new purpose! And like the arrival of the time for the putting forth of buds, it brings a spring and a joy with it even to the wintry old Scot. A purpose, and a substantial one, too, as we shall yet see.

It strikes him—the change in this once enthusiastic young divine, who came to Somerville to accomplish wonders—that is long ago now. The long gallops before breakfast, perhaps. Say it is the plunges the year around into the cold pool. Maybe it is because, in intervals of study, Mr. Arthur toils in Mrs. Sorel's garden so with hoe and spade. Because, once too reliant on others, circumstances in these days have thrown him altogether on himself, perhaps. And it may be for the reason that he has been swimming very long now against a current broad and deep. All the providences of Heaven, from without and from within, have wrought together to make him, bodily, mentally, spiritually, a thousand times the man he once was. Men will turn to look upon him as he passes them hereafter, saying to themselves, "There is one who has had a history." Ay, and one, please God, who has a history before him also.

The Scotchman removes a tumbler of fresh flowers from off an old volume of Shakspeare on the table; and with the sight and smell of the flowers is mingled a fair face he sees at Sunday-school and church. Yes, yes, if God will, there shall be a story, yet unlived, as pleasant as any Winter's Tale or As you Like It in old Shakspeare or out of it: a story of love through years of trial, and, at last, union just the sweeter and more perfect for all that. Not that Mr. Ferguson is perfectly confident; he knows too much of this sorrowful world for that. If it is in my power, he says.

But Mr. Arthur is thinking as he walks of that last visit good Mr. Ellis made him the Saturday before Mr. Ellis's last appearance at church.

"I do not ask you to take an active part," Mr. Ellis had closed a long entreaty with his pastor by saying. "I confess there is much in Mr. Barker's temper and manner which I can not approve. But people tell me every day that you wish the defeat of the Confederacy, the success of the Federals. Assure me this is not so. This is all I ask."

Mr. Ellis had been urging the waning influence and usefulness of his pastor with tears in his eyes; most sincerely is he attached to his pastor and to his church. If he possibly could he would cling to both.

"Being born at the South, it is impossible for me, as for you, to desire any thing other than what is for the welfare of the South. As to the rest, I can only say, God's will in regard to the South be done. He knows what is best for the South; let us leave it to Him."

And Mr. Ellis can by no means be satisfied with that. If Mr. Arthur could only have told him that he can not regard either Secession or slavery as things for which Heaven is likely to fight.

Dark days these for Mr. Ellis. True, the Confederacy has been most wonderfully victorious of late; its ultimate success is a certainty, of course. But then Henry is off in camp, terribly exposed body and soul. The demoralization even among Christian men is frightful. And Mr. Ellis, his expenses becoming heavier every day, is making nothing there in his empty store. Strange to say, there is a love of property developing in Mr. Ellis's bosom which surprises men—an altogether peculiar love. The new emotion surprised himself at first; but he is past that now. In fact, Mr. Ellis is becoming known as, of all Secessionists in Somerville, that one whose feelings are most involved in it. He is nervous, sensitive, quick to take offense, petulant exceedingly when bad news is coming. Far from as liberal, however, toward the object as he was at first. He has been so drained, you see, and doubly drained by its perpetual appeals.

"Who knows, Mr. Ferguson," says Mr. Arthur at last, "but Providence may permit the Confederacy to be established—a Christian nation of slaveholders, off by itself from all intermeddling—to show what Christianity within it can effect on slaves? The world may thus get a new idea of the power of religion; and the slaves may thus be in an admirable training for freedom, if such they are to have at some future period."

"Visionary!" growls the Scotchman. "God works according to laws inherent in the nature of things. We have no Scripture warrant to calculate upon miracles in our case; and this requires a double miracle. Only by a supernatural restraint would the world be held back from such intermeddling. Only by a miraculous increase of the Christianity at the South will owners do more for and with their slaves than heretofore. Did they not *know* that marriage is an ordinance, the relation of parent and child is an ordinance of God, even if slavery is, as well as slavery? Did they assert *those* ordinances for the slave? They have had the opportunity; it is gone from them forever. Christianity? It demands the observance of the parental and marital relation in the case of every disciple, white and black, and that is utterly inconsistent with the very existence of slavery. Let a Christian owner try any improvement upon the culture of his slaves; like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail he would be run out of the country, with Abolitionist! fastened to him in no time."

"Well, then," says his theorizing friend, "Heaven may permit the Confederacy to gain its independence, to set up for itself, isolated from all the world, as a nation peculiar in this—that it claims to be Christian, yet on the basis of slavery. The Ruler of all may permit this that said nation may work out its own ruin apart from all the world by the law of self-destruction inherent in every wrong thing; or that, as a distinctively slave yet nominally Christian nation, it may be the object of His swift and direct vengeance."

"I prefer," grumbles Mr. Ferguson, "to take a plainer, more common-sense view. By Secession the South is at arm's-length from the National Government, and Heaven is giving that Government both will and power to scourge the South out of Secession and slavery, and back into civilization, Christianity, the Union, and the nineteenth century. That is the way Providence has worked from creation till now—by means."

But Mr. Arthur's attention is rambling. He has lived all his life at the South; and as he walks up and down there come up into his mind the many instances of oppression, cruelty, corruption, awful sin, which have passed under his own eye in connection with, and the direct and, as human nature is constituted, the necessary fruits of just such an institution. How many, many there are! Were he outside the South he would not mention one of them to a soul. He would not narrate a single instance of them all even to Mr. Ferguson. He almost blamed himself for recalling them to memory. He an Abolitionist, even in thought! Perhaps ten years hence people even at the South will hardly appreciate the horror with which such a man as he shrank then from the thought. He ventures now only this far:

"People say I am not sound, Mr. Ferguson. They are right in a sense. I am very much apart from them. If I could only stand up and speak! I am no true Southern man, they say. As if the believing in and urging on the men and the things which have destroyed, are destroying, my own native soil, as I *know* they are, constitutes that! And here I am gagged, tied hand and foot, not permitted to do or say one thing for my country, dearer to me now than ever. Make a gesture even to save it, and I die. Running daily peril of death for even thinking and feeling—"

"Patience, man!" interrupts his cooler friend. "You can at least preach the Gospel."

"Not all of it. Not the many parts of it bearing directly on the times. No Sunday passes that there are not those at church expressly to see if there is a syllable in sermon or prayer upon which they can lay hold. More than once I have had persons throw themselves, as if casually, in my way, who spoke in denunciation of slavery and Secession expressly to trap me. But if it was not for this spiritual apathy into which we have all fallen! I pray, I strive, I can not move it even though as with the finger of an infant. I can not even grapple with it in my own bosom. Powerless, absolutely powerless!" and he falls into a chair and covers his face with his hands.

"Only mortified pride," says the Scotchman, with the promptitude of a surgeon. "Heaven would use you if it needed you. Who knows? You may be in training for future usefulness. And then you may not be: only an atom, any way! When you have learned your own entire feebleness you may lean upon Heaven enough for it to use you in the future."

"I feel at times as if there is no future," rejoins Mr. Arthur, after a silence. "That is, as if I had reached the end of my career. No country left me. The very Church of God powerless, or worked as the most powerful of all engines to delude and destroy the South. I will tell you what is about all my consolation just now"—drawing a Concordance toward him as he sits at the table.

The Scotchman patiently listening, the young theologian proceeds, with alacrity and increasing cheerfulness as he makes his points more and more past all doubt from Scripture, to prove conclusively that the world will end, in all probability, in a year or so. He rapidly explains from Daniel and Revelation the twelve hundred and sixty years; no doubt on *that* point. Now for the exact date from which this period is to date. Scott, Henry, Dr. Cummings, Gibbon—Milman says differently, but isn't to be trusted—dozens of books are torn down from the shelves and consulted. The Emperor Phocas did declare Greg-

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ory universal bishop in 606 A.D. "Can you show me on what ground we are to doubt it?" asks Mr. Arthur, eagerly. "Now add 606—please do it yourself on that slip of paper—to the twelve hundred and sixty."

"For the year in which the world is to end? I can calculate without ciphering," says the grizzled Scotchman, with amusement under his beard. "Exactly eighteen hundred and sixty-six."

"But really and in good earnest," pleads his friend, as if for a gift. "You know I never indulge in idle speculations in private or in public; but it really does look as if it *may* be the year of the end of all. God in mercy grant it!"

"All stuff, man!" says the callous Scotchman, rising from his seat with a yawn. "You would not say so if you had heard to-day of the final success of the Federals, not even if you had heard of any great victory on their part. Nonsense, man! Of that day and that hour—you remember." And Mr. Ferguson, conscious of the flowers on the table, the fair face he sees at Sunday-school, and the youth and energy of his friend, of his own new purpose too, says, emphatically, "For one, *I* hope not.

"Besides," adds the Scot, in his own room, half an hour later, and with his collection open on its table before him, "it would be the greatest pity," passing his hand lovingly over the pasted pages, "the greatest pity in the world for such a collection as this to be burned up incomplete, even if it is by a world on fire!" and thereupon Mr. Ferguson falls into meditation as to what kind of binding will be good enough for said collection; and which of the Edinburgh public libraries most worthy of it at his death—all when the Confederacy is exploded. "My only fear is *it* will not last long enough!" he adds.

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

I'm what we calls a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line o' rail. I passed best part o' my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in France and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunneling forrards and backards—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and a many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole o' their brains is in their backs and arms, where they're precious strong, and nowheres else; but I'd got so used to it that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy supering the men digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, so that I thought werry little about danger when I'd seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end o' the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work begun again, and I'd got my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty foot deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't tunneled more than p'raps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we calls it; and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're jest like a set o' babies, and for every thing else but their regular work they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrer, they'll do it like smoke; but as to taking care o' themselves—but there, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolloping fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the arternoon's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your mell and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremendous blow on the chest, and was driven backward and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, and I suppose I was stunned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter woke up; but every thing was dark as pitch and silent as death, and, feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be any thing the matter to me. It was as though something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But then I was in a sort of dreamy, comfortable state, and lay there perfectly still till a groaning noise roused me, when thought came back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that I was buried alive.

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces and bits of board all in splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down at last, panting as though I had been running, and there was the big drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something toward making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when *I felt* a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece, so that I was half stunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work I had no time to think about any thing else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty; but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; workhouse shells; and inside every one of 'em I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions o' people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time, to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out o' the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself!" I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and after a good deal of groping about I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very, very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark among all the blackness. At last I began to think it was all over, for a heavy, stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and as I tried to drive it off it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thudding" noise, and it woke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all came back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud" till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull, distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices, and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two: and it was well I did; for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout, saw a flash of light, and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I sat wedged in I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurraying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say, "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say, "Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish, unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last.

"Twenty-five hours!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE practical but very unpoetical use to which the citizens of New York have condemned the first of May has robbed that festive day of olden times of all its charms. The smiling, blooming month, when bursting buds and singing birds invite to universal rejoicing under the "bright'ning fields of ether," is, with us, devoted chiefly to unpacking furniture, and "getting settled." It is really a desecration of the bright spring-time; and the poet's words are thereby, in part, falsified:

"The merry May hath pleasant hours, and dreamily they glide,
As if they floated, like the leaves, upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music, like a tune with pleasant words."

In many country towns there still exists the pretty custom of Maying. The young folks are roused at daybreak by the ringing of the village bell, or, wanting that, by special call of some sleepless youth. They penetrate the woods, and, upturning the dead, damp leaves, or, perchance, brushing away a lingering layer of snow, discover the hiding-place of the sweet trailing arbutus, that delicate May flower, whose fragrant, pink blossoms are woven into a garland to crown the chosen Queen of May.

The denizens of our city who may, for a shilling, any day buy a bunch of spring violets from the little flower-girls on Broadway, do not understand the peculiar pleasure of finding the earliest blossoms in their native woods, unless, by chance, they have the memory of their childhood's home in the country.

The culture of flowers is a delightful occupation. In the city, however, there is little opportunity for it. A plot of ground a few feet square, which most likely the laundress monopolizes every Monday, or a narrow border around the little yard, is the average allowance. Nevertheless wonders can be accomplished in a little space by skillful management. And if ladies, who, in general, have the requisite skill and taste, will give a little attention to the matter now they will be repaid by-and-by. It need not be an arduous labor. A gardener will prepare the soil properly in half a day; and, if a lady will sacrifice her usual promenade for a few days, the time thus gained will enable her easily to accomplish the rest, and, we think, she will not lose her rosy cheeks in consequence. In selecting seeds and plants the simple, hardy varieties, and those which will blossom through the season, usually give more satisfaction than the more delicate kinds, which require special care. Mignonnette, Heliotropes, Verbenas, Monthly Roses, Pinks, etc., can always be depended upon. Chrysanthemums, Phlox, Asters, and similar plants will brighten the beds in autumn. So that by making a judicious selection one may have bouquets from her own garden all through the season. Let the children, too, come in for their share of the work and of the flowers. Give Harry and Lucy a tiny bed of their own, and show them how to drop in the seeds. If you will provide a little watering-pot, and let them pull up the weeds, of course they will pull up the plants too, their happiness will be complete.

Women, all the world over, love flowers: and there is no gift to them more delicate and appropriate than a bouquet of fresh blossoms. It is not, however, quite so generally understood that gentlemen often have an equally keen enjoyment of them; nor that it is an equally graceful tribute for a lady to place flowers upon the writing table, or by the breakfast plate of husband or brother, for his especial gratification. We know some gentlemen who particularly enjoy a bouquet for breakfast; and, doubtless, others would find one very appetizing as the warm weather comes on. It might answer instead of a *tonic* or *bitters*.

The Central Park is putting on its fresh spring dress. The "season" will open—weather permitting—on the first Saturday afternoon of May, by a concert. The musical pagoda has been repaired and repainted—a great variety of rustic seats have been added; and, indeed, throughout the Park much has been done during the winter to increase its beauty and render it attractive. The improvements are most apparent in the upper section, which has hitherto been in a comparatively unfinished condition.

When "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is incorporated and exerts its authority, it may become possible to pass through Broadway and our other thoroughfares without being distressed by seeing overloaded or prostrate, struggling horses. At present it is seldom possible.

The following singular statistics of matrimonial life in Paris are reported:

During the past twelve months 2344 wives have fled the conjugal roof without leaving their future addresses; of husbands who have done likewise there are 4427; of married couples legally separated (not divorced) there are 7115; of ditto who have agreed to live apart, 3340; of husbands and wives living at daggers drawn, 31,912; of happy couples, 43; of mutually indifferent, 61,480.

If this Parisian fashion is liable to prevail in this country more extensively than at present, some remedies should be circulated to check the epidemic. There must be plenty of them. Let us see. Here is a recipe for keeping a husband and making him good-natured:

"Keep his linen in prime condition, with the requisite degree of stiffness; never let him know the want of a button; give him well-broiled beef-steak, wholesome bread, and a sparkling cup of coffee for his breakfast; keep squalling babies and broken crockery out of his sight; do not annoy him with the blunders and extravagance of 'Biddy;' greet his evening arrival with a clean, lightsome face, well-combed hair, and a welcome kiss; have ready a cheerful supper, a bright fire in the grate, an easy-chair, with comfortable gown and slippers; be merry, and tell him some agreeable news; finally, give him a well-made bed in a cozy chamber."

Very good. Now—well—verily, our moral cook-book does not contain a single recipe for making and keeping a good wife. That is strange. The inference is plain. Either wives as a class are not *tender* enough to be worth *preserving* any way, or else husbands have not skill enough to follow a recipe if they had one.

It is a matter of surprise—while threading our way through the flocks of children that run wild in the streets without any apparent care—that *any* of them should live to grow up. We should think they would be killed a *dozen* times where they are *once!* But careless as parents are about exposing their children to the dangers of the street, it seems reckless for a mother or nurse to suffer a child to thrust head and arms from an open car window as they often do. A sad and not unfrequent accident occurred the other day on one of the city cars which should be a warning to all. A passenger sat with his elbow out of the window, when the stake of an empty cart struck it. The arm was jammed so violently against the window-post as to shake the whole car. The poor man said, "My arm is broken," and sank back and fainted.

The death of Dr. H. G. Ollendorf, so well known by his systems for acquiring foreign languages, is reported. He was a German Jew, of insignificant personal appearance, and although he had amassed a considerable fortune, he lived penuriously in the fourth or fifth story of a great chocolate factory in the Rue Richelieu. He had an immense number of pupils, although his rude and impolent manners drove many away from him. He was about sixty years old, and leaves a wife and children who inherit his estate.

Somebody—we are unable to give the authority—reports the following childish "*wonders*," each one of which is suggestive enough for a text:

Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day, and then says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit-house on Sunday?

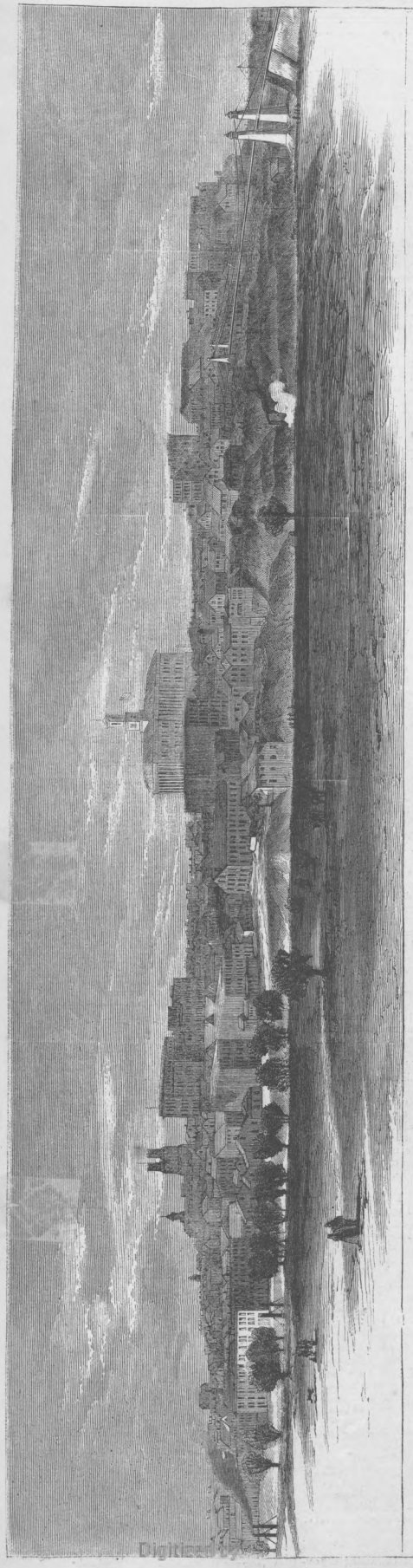
Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my cent to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a Jew's-harp just as well as he wanted a cane?

Wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories to visitors about his hiding the master's potato when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried once to be as smart as he was?

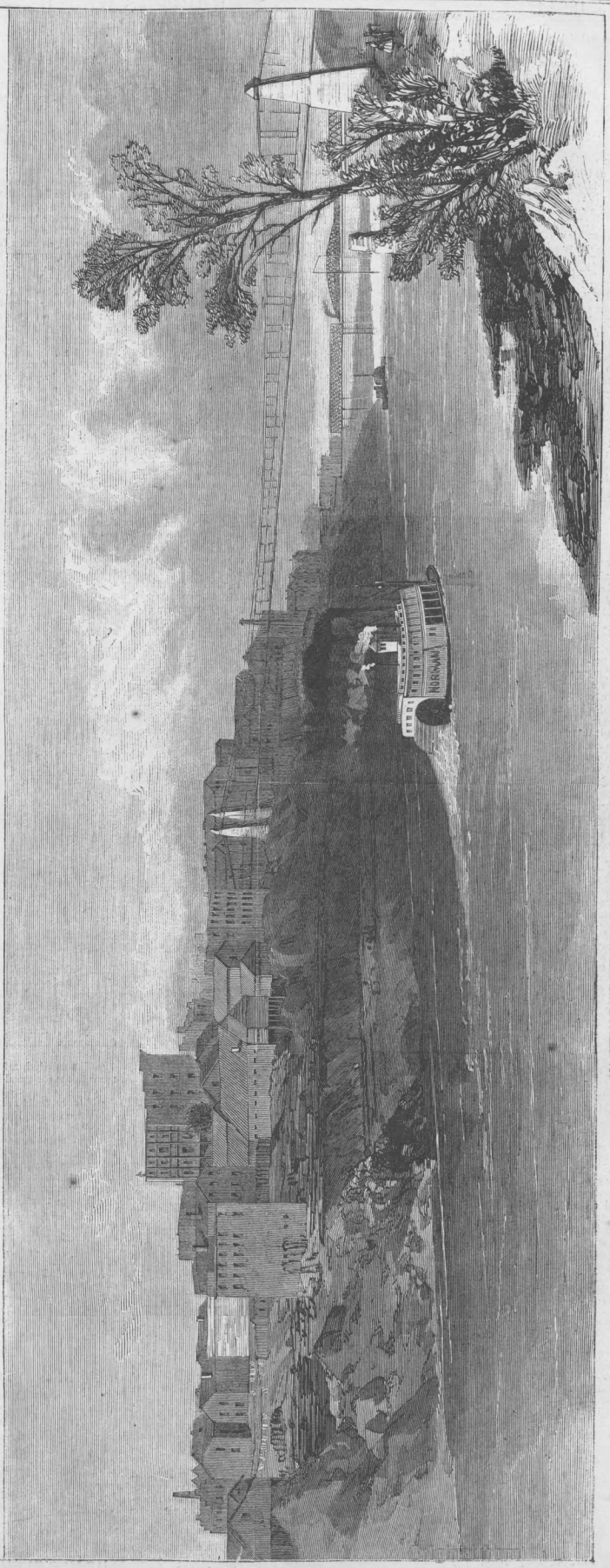
Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsy upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke?

Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say that she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without any supper every time I tell a lie?

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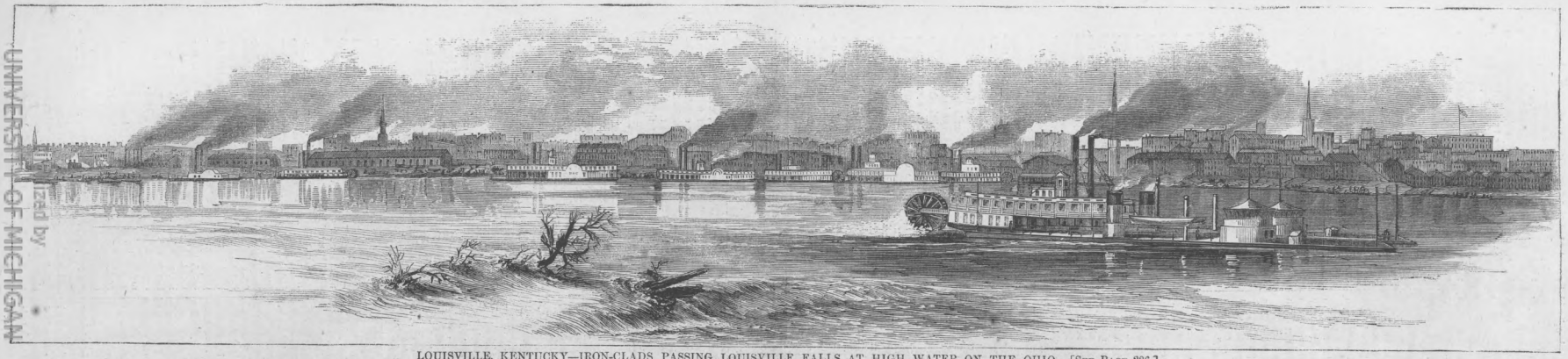
NASHVILLE, FROM EDGEFIELD.



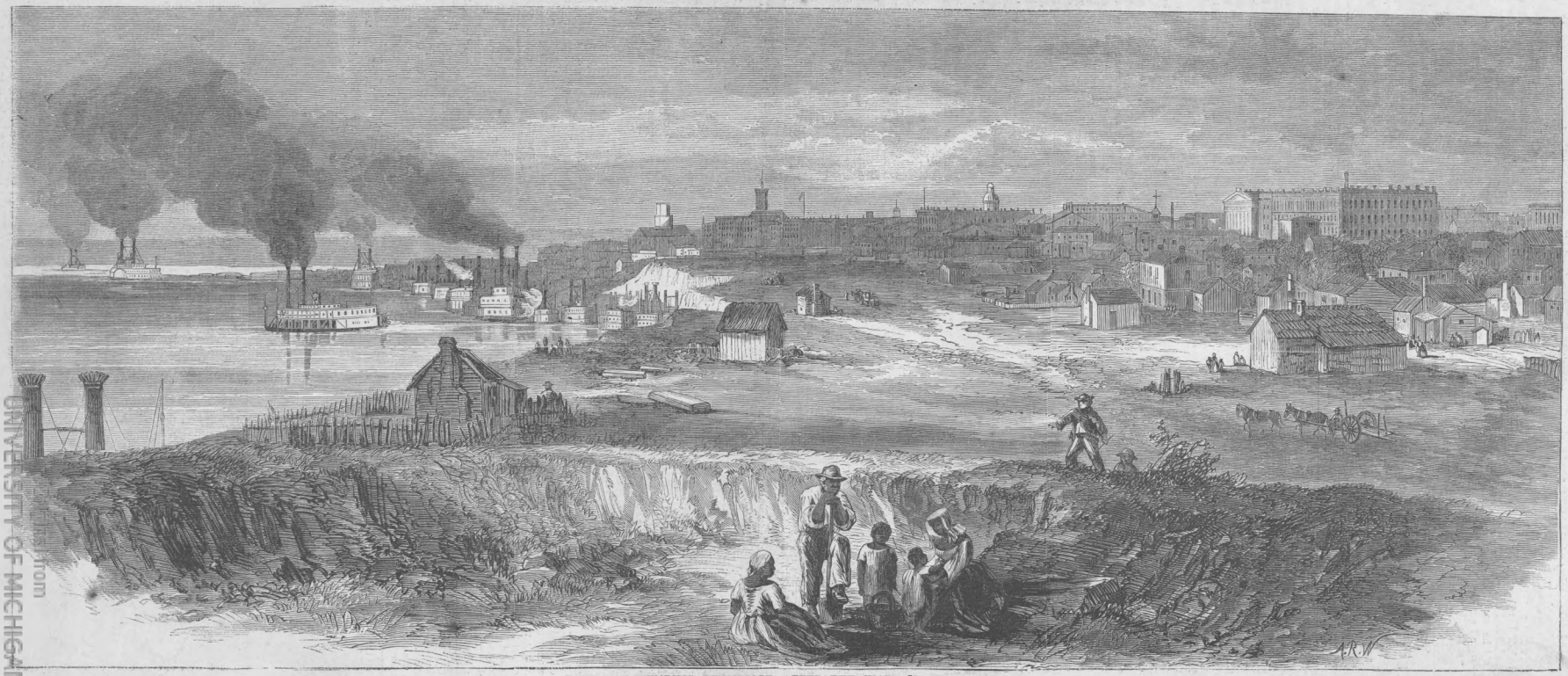
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE CUMBERLAND.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—IRON-CLADS PASSING LOUISVILLE FALLS AT HIGH WATER ON THE OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, AFTER THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

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THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. Along the northeastern seaboard of Bentshire runs a long range of sandy hillocks. They are as deserted as the desert. A few conies burrow in their sides, and when spring returns the shy curlew lays her eggs among the bent. Between the sandy rampart and the sea was a slice of navigable country, perhaps a mile in breadth. This narrow strip runs from the mouth of the Blackwater a dozen miles to the north. The population is thin and scattered. There are some half-dozen farm-houses; the cottages of a few fishermen under the lee of the Giant's Crag (which forms and protects a miniature harbor); Marvell Park, upon a bend of the Blackwater; and in its near neighborhood the Heughs. And the Heughs is the farm manor-house of which I have spoken, where the Holdfasts had lived and died, and where I—Martin Holdfast—was born. The gaunt old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the unnoted years went by.

I had been brought up in a gloomy creed. Hell was to me a tremendous reality before I had cut my first teeth. I was taught in the nursery that God was a terrible tyrant, who delighted in taking vengeance and in shedding blood. As I grew up the scheme was explained to me with amazing distinctness. We had it all laid down for us at school in the form of question and answer; and even to-day I can not look at the old text-book, over whose awful and wicked riddles teacher and pupil—the pupil being ten years old—puzzled themselves daily without feelings of indignation, horror, and astonishment:

Other lads could repeat this lesson without appearing to attach any weight to the words; but I could not. I was tormented by this vision which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up—this vision of a race which a jealous God had created for eternal torment. I reflected, and I rebelled. To hold to such a faith would, I felt, drive me into the direst unbelief. I did not know who God might be; but I was determined, at all hazards, to deny that he looked with cruel complacency upon the agony of his creatures. On this ground I might find rest for the sole of my foot—for a time at least.

But Hackaback and Blastem, our parsons, did not stop here. I knew that Dr. Hackaback was at the dinner-table very much like other men—that he played a respectable rubber, and was particular about his port. Yet when he mounted the pulpit he told us that the world and the things of the world were accursed; that our bodies were the servants of Satan; that we were to flee not merely from the wrath to come, but from all that seemed to make life beautiful and desirable—the lusts of the flesh, as he called them. Mr. Blastem was by nature ascetical, and I believe that, more or less, he practiced what he preached. But my whole soul revolted against the doctrine.

I had been designed for "the ministry;" but my teachers found that I was possessed by an evil spirit of unbelief, and they let me go. And then, gun in hand, I wandered across desolate moorlands or by the sleepless sea, day after day, and left the theologians to carry on their windy war. The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardy in body and soul; loving the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old and six feet two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

Nor was I—only I felt that the color of the life which I had inherited was somewhat gray. It wanted color and brilliancy. I was passingly happy in the excitement of the chase; but our rustic merrymakings were not lively. Phillis had soft pensive eyes, not averse to love; but then her hands were red and lumpy, and the old farmer's views about the weather were as tedious as a sermon by Dr. Hackaback. The fishers' life did not lack adventure; how could it, when their field of battle and glory was the sea: yet on land, though good fellows in the main, they were sadly prosy; and their serious talk had a flavor of Blastem which was not seductive.

There was one house, indeed, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely, like the rest. An air of romance—the only romance I thought that lingered any where about—blew through Marvell Park. But Marvell Park was empty, and had been empty for many years.

The chief approach to the Park is distant about a mile from the gaunt old house that I have been describing. The Marvell mansion looks down upon the Blackwater—here half sea, half river. Twice a d[illegible]

The salt-sea water passes by,
And makes a silence in the hills.

Of the present Marvells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old lord, who had lived, not at Marvell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died. I knew that he had, per force, left the title and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unfilially [illegible] the parish church of a Sunday [illegible] was decided to make the fourth at a [illegible] that he had left Marvell Park to a [illegible] in a plain, Henry Marvell, who had [illegible] diplomatic post at a Continental [illegible]. More than this I did not know, and my [illegible] were shared by all my neighbors.

Opposite the point where at low-water the Blackwater joins the sea, a dyke or embankment has been [illegible]. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, gun in hand, one afternoon about the middle of the month of February. The tide was full, and [illegible] the pebbles on the [illegible] of the [illegible]. It was a true February day—cold, [illegible] cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering into the sky while I sat and watched the ducks as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its bullet-head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon-nets. Angus, the tacksman, had urgently implored me to free him from the depredations of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden to him. It had had a bite out of every large salmon he had caught this year, and once or twice, when entangled among the nets, it had viciously smashed them right and left. The old thief was keeping his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide, and, having finished his afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a cartridge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back—shrill in the frosty stillness—caught my ear, and I turned round.

Artemis and her train! one of her nymphs at least. On she came, with the swift, lithe, indolent ease of an accomplished skater—hissing through the keen February air—her cheeks rosy with the cold and the fleetness of her flying feet. *She* came; who, I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom and had steadied herself at my side. Color enough for you, my pre-Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, a skirt of the same color, only a shade lighter, looped up above an orange petticoat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal—a leopard or panther—with a black-cock's feather stuck coquettishly at the side. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that every movement betrayed an exquisite *abandon*, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul.

She had stopped at my side, but she did not notice me at first. "How beautiful!" she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A wintry gleam of sunshine had struck the sand-hills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing moment the sullen sea. "How beautiful!" and then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, "Ah! my foot!"

She stooped to undo her skate, and then she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp, hurried glance backward along the canal; but her alarm, if she felt any, lasted but a moment. "I am afraid I must trouble you," she said, turning her eyes full upon me. "I must ask you, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Holdfast," I answered, for her voice interrogated.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sunrise lights up the sea.

"I am so glad! You are our neighbor, you know—or rather, you don't know. Could you undo my skate? It hurts my ankle. I am May Marvell."

She held out her foot—a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A few inches of mauve stocking, tight and taut, were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrimp, was obviously a very serviceable article, not by any means designed to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skate, and she thanked me with easy composure.

"I have lost John, our fat coachman, to whose care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at midday here, I can not lose my way, can I?"

I explained to her as well as I could that there was a short-cut across the bents to Marvell, and offering to show her the way to the Park gate, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once—with perfect docility, and without a shadow of distrust, accepting the guidance of a stranger. That February walk through the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly—at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her—clear, bright ripples of talk, dashing ever into a spray of mockery. Yet her gray eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were soft, and when at rest, rested upon you with voluptuous pensiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding and swimming grace of her gait; in her talk, passionate yet ironical; in her easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have scared away a wiser man than I was.

We met Mr. Marvell at the Park gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once. "This is Mr. Holdfast, papa, our neighbor at the Heughs"—for she had learned all about me already—"he has been so good as to bring me home when I had lost my way." His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now they had come home. "The Holdfasts and the Marvells must have known each other of old."

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the point where we had met—very slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden rosy rapture had entered into my life. The old land-marks were transfigured; I hardly recognized them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of Love. The moon had already risen, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed at my feet. But I saw her face only—the pure ample brows; the full lips, red and curled; the great gray, thoughtful eyes, with their long lashes; heard only the quick, bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, which had pressed mine at parting.

I struggled from the first in a blind, ineffectual way against the fascination of this girl. But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead.

"Do you know, papa," she said, one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, "that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul?"

"You have got a temper, at least, my dear," said her father, blandly.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

"That church of yours is quite to my taste; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear! We must have him here, papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson! I could study their bonnets forever. Is Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast?" she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbors.

"Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical—such bonnets!—and you know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast."

"I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiences, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil."

"Don't tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church."

"Your friends of the Broad Church," said Mr. Marvell, "make things pleasant, at least."

"And why shouldn't things be pleasant?" May retorted. "I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell, and the way they swear at you, frightens me out of my wits."

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she shrunk from whatever was disagreeable. She wrapped herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world—want, pain, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be looked in the face, and that grow full of menace to the half-averted eye. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

In one of our scampers across the sand-hills I brought her to the old church-yard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, bounded by a low wall through which our mountain ponies easily made their way, half a dozen old head-stones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspit Bell, and such like, had died in the odor of sanctity, and "a broken chancel with a broken cross," where venerable Culdees had worshiped God after their fashion—such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Marvells—unopened now for many years, for, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read how "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid there a century before.

"She was my great-grandmother," said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushless downs.

She had been in gay spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said, almost fiercely,

"Why did you bring me *there*? It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! Were we made only to be put away in such places, to rot beneath those loathsome nettles? Martin, this is cruel of you."

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

"Let us gallop along the shore," she said; "the sweet salt air will drive such fancies away. Thank God, there is life in me yet a while!"

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for a while along the firm shore. Soon the roses came back to her cheek; her eye flashed as the pace grew fleeter; the blood danced merrily in her veins.

"I beg your pardon, Martin"—she called me Martin now, as if I was a cousin or a servant—"but the world is so lovely, and life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-by to the King of Horrors."

We had come to the fishers' village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we paused, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for to-morrow's fishing. The words of the song, I think, were these:

THE FISHER LAD.

Elsie, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the thrushes and climbs with the squirrels:
All night-long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

All night-long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat—
A song about Elsie, the rosiest rose
That blooms on the cliff where the night-wind blows.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the side,
Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming;
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the night,
And watches and waits for the morning light.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets, and he sails away—
Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But Love is best when it stays at home."

May listened with delight. "It is Maggie Beaton, the cripple," I whispered.

"What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?"

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools, and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate caress to the child, and a kindly greeting to the older women, she mounted again, and we rode home.

In the evening we criticised the new books, and tiring of this May went to the piano. "What do you think of this, papa?" she inquired, and then she sang the little air which she had got from the fisher-girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I never heard the same bird-like, bell-like notes in any other voice save one. Then, again, she discoursed soft, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Hungarian waltz.

"You recollect how they danced it at Pesth, papa? It was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?"

"No, I don't dance."

"I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality perfectly simple: see, this is the step."

And then bringing her feet out of her ample skirts—clean-cut, serviceable, matchless little feet—she showed me how it was done.

"You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now, give me your hand, and put the other round my waist. So—so. Oh, you ungrateful bear, you have torn my dress!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm.

As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill like *angina pectoris*. I had held her in my arms, she had leaned against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love; with love from which, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones.

April that year was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was born amidst laughter and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Heughs at the time when the rain began, and we made at once for the gaunt old house. Somehow it did not look quite so gaunt with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gauntest always in the quietude of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms when the heaven abandons itself to the luxury of tears, and weeps without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly draggled. Jess, however, though grim, was fertile in expedients, and she took Miss Marvell under her wing. In a little while May returned, so disguised that I hardly knew her, to the little parlor where I waited. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, and her exquisite rosy smile flashed out from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

"I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins," said May. "My beloved grandchild," she continued, with charming mock gravity, "I have returned from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have begun the downward career. You walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and smoking; then you will run away with old Goody; then you will snore when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed;" and the anxious representative of the Holdfasts drew the cloak round her face, and groaned over the backslidings of the house.

Her mimetic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

"That queer old duck, Goody," she continued, in her own voice, "is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother's wardrobe. I hope you like the result;" and she made me a stately courtesy, such as old Mrs. Julian Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

"I've a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer—it *does* become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!"

As she spoke she pointed to a picture on the wall—a bright, true face, on which all the charities that make life sweet were written.

"My mother's portrait."

"Your mother?" she said, in an altered tone. "It is a face one might trust forever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps—" Here she paused.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away, for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; had I not done so I must have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes, traveling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly; her exquisite sensitiveness warned her what was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words: "No, I shall not and can not hear you. I do not love you. Speak a word and I leave you forever." But aloud she only said, coldly, "I think the carriage must have come."

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, lure me on as she might at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would cast it out; and so for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and jaded and wretched.

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At the end of the week came a note from May:

"DEAR MR. HOLDFAST,—I have been in bed a week, but am better. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I can not make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? Pray do. You know we dine at seven.

"M. S. M."

Of course I did not go: of course you would not have gone? Perhaps not: if you and I were wiser than Solomon and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take and where it would lead us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that even Mr. Marvell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experiences than I did, and good-naturedly desired to warn me.

"She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untamable as a fly. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette—only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Holdfast; I got that wine from Metternich."

He held up his own against the light as he continued:

"I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out sound enjoyments: for the zests of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows gray; enjoyment flags; the senses fail us. We close up all the avenues to pleasure before we know that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of success are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she bores you. You don't relish the wit and the entrées as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you weary of D——'s old jokes. My good Sir, a woman is only—a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes you learn how you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint."

He filled his glass and paused meditatively.

"You know Clavering by name—an obstinate old ass; he made a terrible mess in China. Well, Clavering once said a good thing—by mistake. At a dinner of the men of our time at Cambridge he got pathetic over those who had left us, and made a delightful malapropism: 'Some of them are happily dead; others, alas! are married.' Our shout of laughter discomposed him terribly; and when he found that he had transposed the words he insisted on putting them right, amidst still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was, after all, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it."

This was the philosophy that ushered me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night to an arch, saucy air, half-passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words well, Lodge's delightful song:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed, amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Ah! wanton, will you?

Rosalind can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician—could we physic Love!—would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our theatrical projects, however, kept us in the mean time constantly employed. But although we ransacked the library we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold; we could not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

"I wish we had a poet among us," said May; "only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I knew a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him; he had written so many rubbishing poems about the affections, that he had no heart left to lose. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me, papa, and which you said he had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think:

With jeers and tears and smiles,
And fitful wilful wiles,
The May her groom beguiles;
But *my* May keeps the grace
Of true love in her face.

Sweet is May's hawthorn hedge,
And by the water edge,
The murmur of the sedge;
But *my* May's sweeter far
Than hawthorn hedges are.

The thrush repeats her tale,
And the sad nightingale
With passion floods the vale;
But *my* May's whisper thrills
My soul among the hills.

The kisses of the May
Are scattered every day
On all who come this way;
But *my* May's lips are kept
Like chastest violet.

And so the foolish fellow ran on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay hands on him. Do you recollect what he was called, papa?"

But Mr. Marvell had entirely forgotten.

"We couldn't well advertise for him, I suppose; so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?"

The first was a little gay French vaudeville—artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and his mistress made desperate love; but they clearly didn't care a copper for each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. "My beautiful lady," said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), "My beautiful lady, have pity on me." And the lady answered, "No, I have no pity. *Je suis la belle dame sans merci.*" And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. May felt perhaps that it was overlike the play she had on hand; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont*.

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marvell and I read the great play together. There was something in it—in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness—that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear—so poor a performer that Miss Marvell sometimes snatched the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, muffling herself in some coverlet or shawl that lay at hand, she would show me with adorable petulance how it was done; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had unclasped his cloak, and disclosed the jeweled collar of the Golden Fleece. "But this is not *thy* Egmont."

I wonder sometimes that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I was in rapture and in agony. This witch had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as jealously mad, as fiercely miserable, as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me: this potent enchantress had changed me into some wild animal that I did not recognize; and I fled affrighted from her spells. What if I should smother her in my blind rage, as the Moor smothered his bride? As I looked out on the black pools of water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not approach the Park. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been walking, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

"Kate Saville has come," she said, "and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long?" Then, without waiting for my answer, "I hope you are perfect in your Egmont?"

"I do not mean to be Egmont," I answered, gloomily.

"You are not going to desert us, surely?"

"I shall not act."

"Mr. Holdfast, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable."

But I would not. She never asked my reason; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then; but she still waited.

"Will nothing tempt you? Come up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I—I—*I* will give you a smile," the coquette added, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

"Temptress!" I muttered, eying her almost savagely.

"My dear Martin," she said all at once, quite seriously, "what alls you? One would fancy that you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick;" and she affected to pout like a spoiled child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her—I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end.

I took hold of her hand as we stood together and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist; I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned and looked her full in the face. The smile had faded off the upturned mouth and cheeks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes, and I felt that her eyes consented. I stooped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love, and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to cling. Had Heaven been in the other scale I could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew set and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of menace; she crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

"Sir!" she said, flashing out magnificently, "have you forgotten that you are a boor?"

The voice rang with mockery and bitter pride; yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was not a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment: my arm was round her waist; she was tugging at the strings of her hat. "Loose them!" she said; "they are choking me." She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved—perhaps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

"May," I asked, penitently, "what have I done?"

"Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unmaidenly."

"You are the delight of my eyes," I murmured, passionately.

"No, no!" she replied, piteously; "do not speak so. You can not be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt."

"Hurt!" I exclaimed; "it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave—gladly." Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

"May," I whispered, "you know how I love you; can not you love me a little?"

"No," she said, steadily, through her sobs; "I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you." I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. "Martin, how have I deceived you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why have you been so blind?"

"May—May!—might you not learn to love me?"

"It is impossible," she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her face was hardening again. Her mood had changed—as I pressed her. I felt the chill coming. "It is impossible. It can not be."

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? "Do not shut hope out from me," I said.

"It is best to speak plainly at once," she replied—and her voice had recovered its clear, musical, mocking ring; "I can not give you my love, for—among other reasons—it is pledged to another. Lord Audley—"

"Audley!" I echoed, mechanically.

"Yes, Audley—the House of Commons man. Audley is my betrothed;" and then added, God knows with what bitterness, "My lord, my lover, my hero, my Egmont."

"Are you a woman?" I said, moodily, yet with unnatural calmness—for I was dazed by her cruel beauty—"Are you a woman, or a tiger's cub?"

Then I turned upon my heel and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I fancy sometimes in my dreams (it is fancy only) that I heard her say "Martin" softly amidst a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

* * * * * *

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, "She is dead." Even in death I did not forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart? Had she not lured me to the very gates of hell? Had she not left me with a slight, dainty, scornful, mocking adieu? But one day (when my fever was over—for I had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I wandered listlessly, mechanically, along the shore till I reached the church-yard among the sand-hills. A new name, I noticed, was carved upon the wall. Another "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid out of the sunshine under where the rank nettles grow. Then—remembering who had last stood by my side on this turf, remembering that April evening—my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart, and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be (I say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the lesson which old men, even in their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to squeeze the fever of hope out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ILLEGAL DRILL.—Three young men were discovered in a respectable office in Dublin drilling a safe. They were removed to the police-station.

THIS COMES PAT.—Why can't the Irish perform the play of *Hamlet*?—Because they always make Aphalla of the heroine.

"I say, boy, how far do these rocks run into the sea?" asked a gentleman of a half-clad, tousle-haired fisherman's son on the east coast of Scotland. "They dinna rin ava, zir, they joost lie still there."

Old Tom Cat, thou art defunct! Catalepsy ended thy days. Thy cat-head is broken. No more will you catamount the sheds and outhouses. Thy catcalls will no more be heard. The catastrophe was in the category of thy life. No catafalque will bear thee to the catacombs. Cat-birds will sing and no more fear thee. Nor cat-fish. They will rejoice in thy catfall. The catenation that bound thee to thine ilk is broken. No cataclysm will be shed on thy demise. Thou hast been the "Catiline" of thy species. Thy head will rest on no downy caterpillar. No catagraph will be taken of thee. Thy cat-harpings are silenced. No cat-gut will be scraped in thy memory. Thy caterwauling is hushed forever.—Thou hast gone over the cataract of eternity. Thou hast supped thy last catsup. Thou art erased from the catalogue of caterers. Thy catechism is closed. Cats-foot will grow on thy grave, and catnip, and catonînetails. And catspaws may sigh over thy resting-place for aught we care. Adieu, old Tom!—a last adieu!

A Connecticut deacon was attaching a very poor and feeble pair of oxen to a very large load of wood. A neighbor asked him how he expected to get so large a load to market with so poor a team. The deacon replied that he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence. His neighbor asked him whether it would not be as well to dispense entirely with the oxen and *let Providence draw the whole load.*

A pair of lovers, fleeing from stern and cruel parents, were married in the cars near St. Louis, the other day. Papa telegraphed to the conductor to send his daughter back; but he telegraphed back: "Never return a *fair* on this road."

THE BARBER OF BAILEN.

The barber of Bailen was four feet high,
His wife measured five feet ten;
She wasn't a Venus in figure or face,
And he was the meekest of men.

The fair lady's temper had evil repute,
Her short husband was pitied by all;
Her tongue, like a pendulum, constantly wagged,
And her language was seasoned with gall.

A young friar came oft the dame to confess,
But whether she told him the truth,
The author omits to relate in his song;
While the friar kept his counsel—wise youth.

One morning at breakfast the chocolate was hot,
And the fair lady's temper not cool;
The barber complained of caloric, but she
Tried her hand with a three-legg'd stool.

"Pray taste it, my love, and see what I say
Is strict truth, on your Pepe's veracity—
I know 'tis as cool as the air on the bridge;"
So she tasted to show her tenacity.

Chocolate once heated remains very hot
For a very long period of time—
So the fair lady blistered her petulant tongue,
While it served but her temper to prime.

The lady her stalwart arm raises on high
To hurl at her little lord's head
The fluid that peppered her petulant tongue—
When an accident happened instead.

That instant the friar appears at the door,
Intending their breakfast to share—
When splash goes the chocolate all over his face,
And spreads to the roots of his hair.

LEGAL NOTE.—When a gentleman has taken so much that he has not the ability to stand, he may consider himself limited to lie-ability, and can apply to Chancery to wind up his watch for him.

What prevents the running river running away?—Why, it's tide up.

What's the difference between a butcher and a corn-doctor?—One cuts the corns, and the other corns the cuts.

What's the difference between an incendiary and an engineer?—One "banks" the fires, and the other fires the banks.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

A gentleman at the opera, the other night, in sounding the praises of a new opera-glass which he had just purchased, said, "Why, bless your soul, it brings the ladies on the opposite side of the house so near that I can smell the musk on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and hear the beating of their dear little hearts."

The youth who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from is now trying his hand at fattening greyhounds.

ECHOES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.
What is necessary to a farmer to assist him?—System.
What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.
What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.
Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.
What is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

What's the difference between a boot-black and a slave-owner?—One blacks the boots, and the other boots the blacks.

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the trencher, to a friend. "I hope," said the friend, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

A French waiter, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling maps to the inhabitants."

An old sportsman, who, at the age of eighty-three, was met by a friend riding very fast, was asked what he was in pursuit of? "Why, Sir," replied the other, "I am riding after my eighty-fourth year."

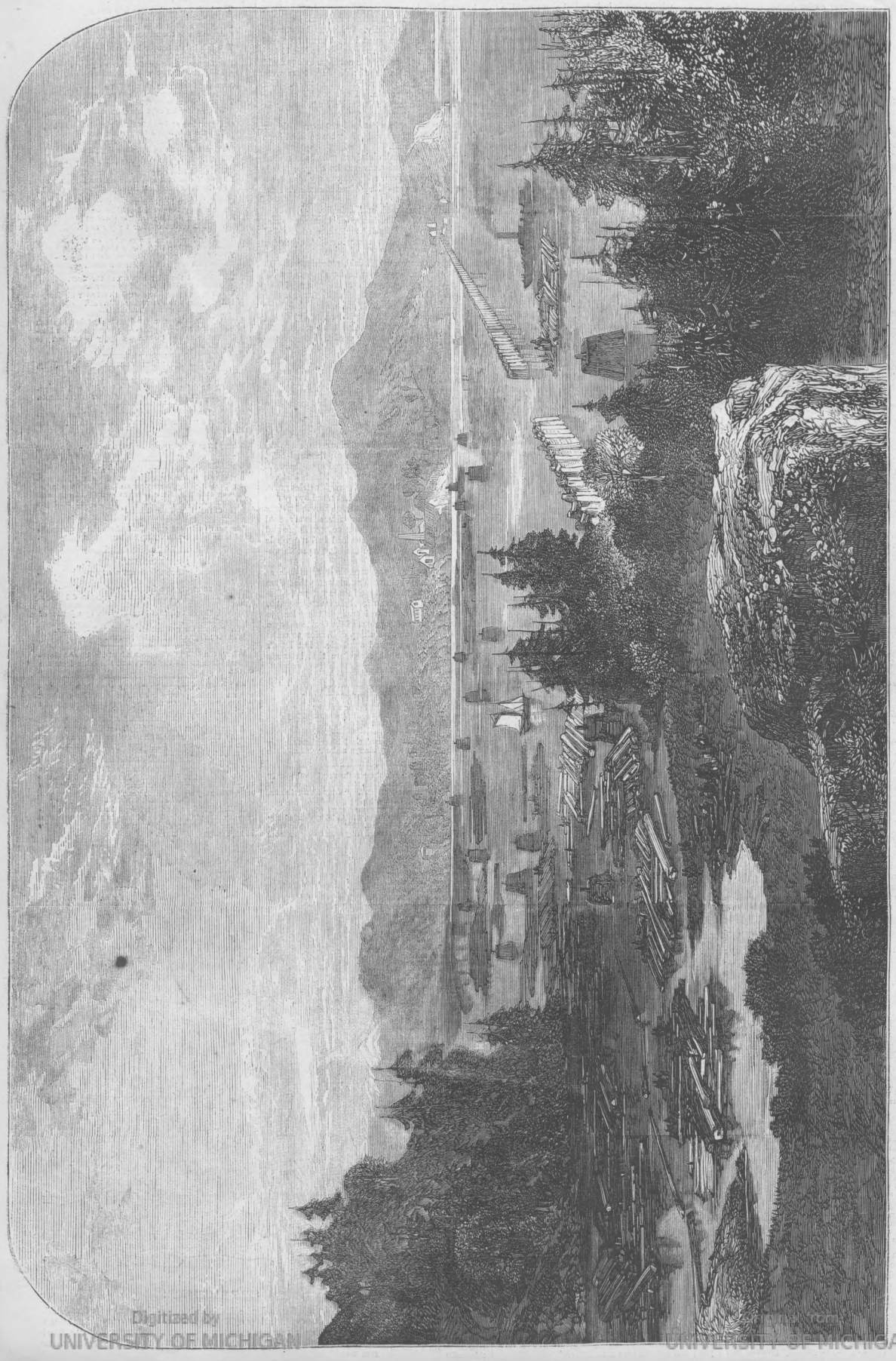
A Western "local" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets, smiling in their paper frills as do girls' faces within their laced night-caps." That man is too imaginative to be kept on prosaic "items."



SELF-SACRIFICE!

Tom (to his little Cousin Reginald, who only came this Term, and whom he diligently takes care of). "HULLO, REGGY! WHAT A' YOU GOT THERE? AN ORANGE? WHY THE MOST BEASTLY UNWHOLESOME THING YOU CAN EAT! —T ANY RATE, GIVE 'E HOLD AND LET 'S SQUEEZE THE NASTY JUICE OUT FOR YOU!"

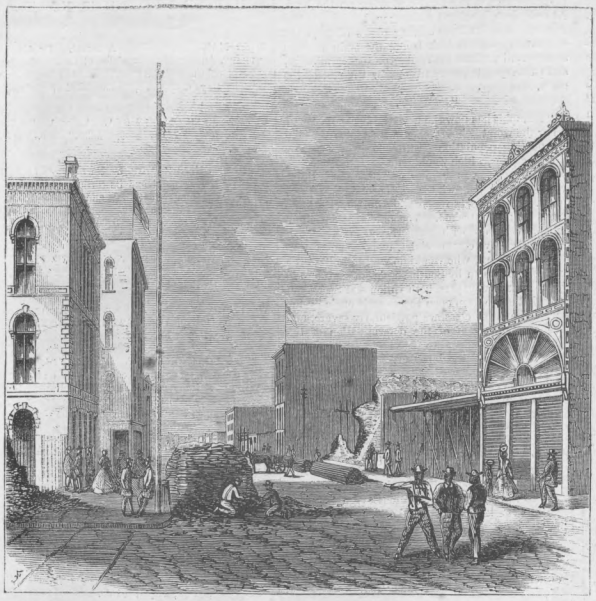
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TIMBER-BOOMS ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

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REBUILDING THE BURNT DISTRICT IN RICHMOND, VA.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

JAMES STEPHENS.

JAMES STEPHENS, founder and chief of the Irish Fenian Brotherhood, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, in 1823.

He was a civil engineer, and was little known at the time O'BRIEN, JOHN MITCHEL, and a few other tried patriots formed the party of Young Ireland, and, after the famine of 1847–8, made an appeal to insurrection. A large number of enthusiastic young men responded to this appeal. At their head STEPHENS placed himself, determined to share the perils braved by O'BRIEN.

The arrest of O'BRIEN put an end to the movement, and STEPHENS found refuge in France, where he joined O'MAHONY, who had also fled thither, and who is now at the head of the American order of Fenians.

After a stay of some years in Paris STEPHENS returned to Ireland, and organized a secret society of vast proportions, which is to-day known as the Fenian Brotherhood. It is perhaps not generally known that STEPHENS is the sole author of Fenianism; that he alone understands all the secrets of the Brotherhood; and that three times already he has crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of organizing and developing, with the aid of his friend JOHN O'MAHONY, the Fenian Brotherhood in this country.

STEPHENS, as is well known, was arrested, and a short time afterward escaped from Richmond Bridewell, where he was imprisoned, in Dublin. The story of his escape would no doubt be interesting, but all we know of the matter is, that very little which has been told is exactly true.

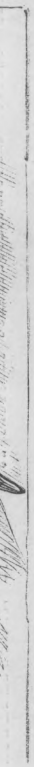
The celebrated Fenian chief has been for some time in Paris. He has determined to leave France for this country; but not to stay here, it being his intention soon to return to Europe.

EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL.

THE last Pacific steamer from Panama, the *Arizona*, brings the news of a terrible catastrophe at Aspinwall caused by the explosion of seventy cases of nitro-glycerine, which formed part of the freight of the British steamer *European* at that port. The upper works of this steamer were all blown into fragments, and the lives of about fifty persons were destroyed by the first explosion. Two subsequent explosions took place, adding still further to the loss of life, the last one resulting in the total destruction and sinking of the *European*, which had been towed out into the harbor. This event took place on the morning of April 3, just as nearly all the local freight had been delivered. The Panama *Star and Herald* gives the following account:

"The wharf at which the vessel was unloading, and which was some 400 feet long, was literally torn to pieces, the superstructure was completely demolished to within a hundred feet of the freight-house, and hardly a plank remained in the entire length of the structure that was not wrenched from its fastenings. Immediately in front of where the vessel lay a gap was cut through the wharf—piles, planking, etc., all disappearing. The ship and wharf both caught fire, and the latter was saved from entire destruction only by the exertions of several citizens, who got the fire-engine to work, and after a few hours extinguished the flames, regardless of the risk they incurred from another explosion of the burning ship. The Panama Railroad Company's splendid freight-house is left a pile of ruins. The force of the air caused by the concussion seems to have raised the roof—which was constructed of iron and slate—upward, a few feet, its own weight bringing it down with immense force into the building, and carrying with it both the end walls, leaving the house, excepting the side walls, which appear but little, if at all injured, a mass of ruins. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete wreck than that presented by the freight-house and wharf.

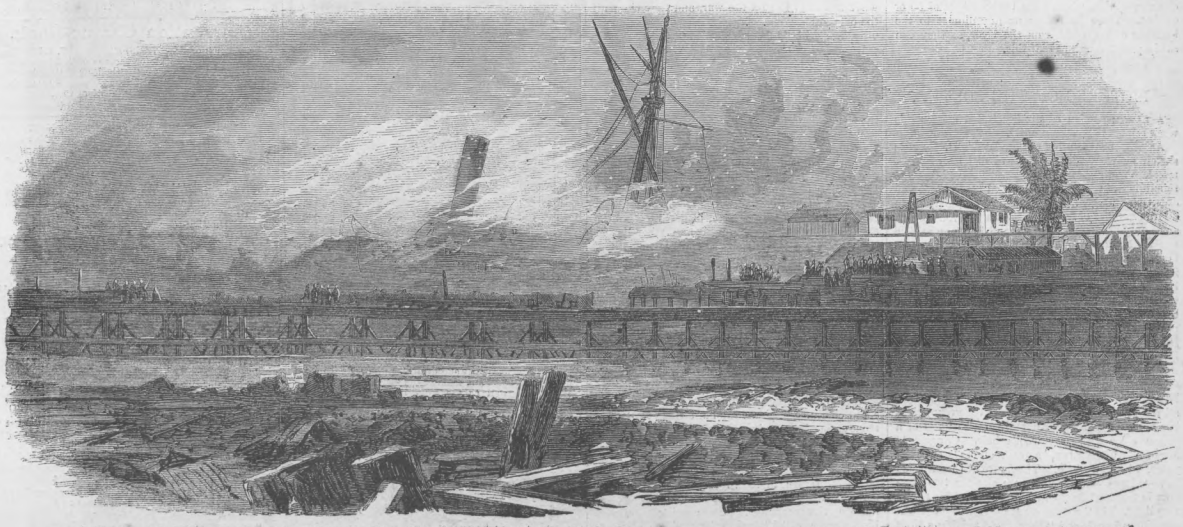
"Scarcely a building in the place escaped without more or less damage, those of a substantial nature suffering most; nearly all the brick and stone buildings were badly injured, but the freight-house is the only one we have



JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARJAT, PARIS.]



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL—RUINS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY'S FREIGHT-HOUSE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.]



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL—THE WHARF AND THE "EUROPEAN" ON FIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.]

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heard of which has been rendered uninhabitable. Hardly a whole window of glass remains in the city, and the destruction of glassware, crockery, and such like is really wonderful.

"The most awful part of the catastrophe was the dreadful loss of life and suffering attending it. Of the number of killed and missing it is impossible to give a correct estimate, but from present data the number may safely be put down at fifty, and is, we fear, more likely to prove over this number than under it. Of the 41 men comprising the crew of the *Europeam* 9 have been killed and 12 are missing. Two clerks engaged on the wharf—Mr. SWAINSON, of the W. L and P. Steamship Company, and Mr. CALVO, of the Panama Railroad Company—were both instantly killed, and of 13 natives, or Jamaicans, employed on the wharf and in the freight-house none are supposed to have been saved; besides, it is believed a small gang of native laborers, who had gone on board the unfortunate steamer, have met the fate of the others. It will be several days before a correct estimate can be made of the loss. Many bodies were no doubt thrown into the water and picked up by sharks, while others are still buried beneath the ruins of the freight-house and wharf, or went down with the ill-fated ship. The scene in Aspinwall, after the first explosion, can not be described—it was harrowing in the extreme. While the ruins gave an air of desolation to the place, the mangled and lacerated bodies or pieces of bodies to be met with in every direction for a great distance around the ruin of the disaster were heart-rending, and the suffering of the poor mortals crushed and bruised, in whom life was not extinct, was really dreadful.

"The nitro-glycerine, which caused the explosion, is a compound used for blasting purposes, and was shipped from Liverpool for California. It is, we understand, of a similar composition, if not the same, as a barrel or box of oil which exploded in Greenwich Street, New York, a short time ago. It will be remembered the package was accidentally dropped on the street, and immediately exploded, tearing down two or three large buildings and damaging many others.

"The amount of damage caused by the explosion is roughly estimated at $1,000,000, which is about the lowest figure at which it can be placed."

THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

IN connection with the Fenian excitement now prevailing in New Brunswick the sketch of the St. John River, given on page 284, will be unusually interesting to our readers.

The City of St. John, the chief maritime port of New Brunswick, is built on a peninsula at the mouth of the River St. John. Its fine harbor in front, and Courtney Bay in the rear, almost surrounding it with water, give it the appearance of an island. By its peculiar situation it is eminently adapted for commercial purposes. Its chief trade is lumber and ship-building. The population is now about 40,000. The growth of St. John has been rapid; many of its inhabitants now living can remember when its site was a dense forest. The city can not be said to possess many public buildings with pretensions to architectural beauty, but many of its shops are on a scale that will compare favorably with those of older towns. There are about thirty churches and chapels belonging to different denominations. The public institutions reflect great credit on the inhabitants, especially the Penitentiary, Alms-house, Marine Hospital, General Hospital, and Lunatic Asylum.

The lover of picturesque scenery finds a most impressive sight in the rapids of the River St. John at low tide, as the rushing and foaming waters sweep with irresistible force between the perpendicular rocks, which rise on each side to the height of 90 or 100 feet. Sometimes accidents have occurred, but they are rare, and only in the case of boats approaching too near the rapids and being swept into the whirlpool. As the tide rises in the Bay of Fundy the waters gradually become calmer. Just before half-tide, while yet its waters are in commotion, may be viewed an exciting scene. Rafts of timber, wood-boats, scows loaded with deals, and steamers towing logs come into view from behind the small island at the head of the falls, and, being caught by the current, are borne on with great rapidity, and follow each other in quick succession, while the hardy raftsmen ply their oars with the utmost courage and skill. It is in order to keep the tide which will now carry them down to the harbor that they incur the risk of passing the falls at such a time. At half-tide these falls are perfectly smooth, and no trace is visible of their late commotion. They remain so for a short time. As the tide rises in the harbor and gains a level above the waters of the river, the falls again become a scene of wild commotion; but this time the waters flow the reverse way, owing to the narrowness of the gorge and sudden rise of tide, which rises to the height of 30 or 40 feet. These falls form no impediment to the building of large ships on the river, as they can safely pass through at half-tide.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

A LARGE portion of our illustrated matter this week relates to Southern cities.

As will be seen by our artist T. R. DAVIS'S sketch on page 265, the burned district of Richmond, Virginia, is being "reconstructed." The rebuilding of the houses destroyed by the order of JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE furnishes employment to a large number of freedmen. Where a few months since only blackened ruins were visible may now be seen buildings of far more pretentious appearance than those destroyed. The negroes, says our artist, work with an alacrity for which they were not before noted, which is certainly a strong vote for the free labor system of which so many people in the South have doubted the feasibility. The money used in the erection of the costly and substantial stores in this district is mostly raised in the North by bond and mortgage on the property.

Our picture on the first page of this sheet, representing a group in the Colored Orphan Asylum at Memphis, is very characteristic. The portraits are all from life. The tallest figure of the group, holding a little child, is "Aunt MARIA," who is of a yellow color with gray woolly hair. Clinging to her arm is "SHERMAN," a quadroon of six or seven years, with curly hair. The figure at the extreme left—"LUKE"—is black, as are also the two little ones in front, while the girl "MARIA" at his side is very light. The three figures at the right—"CLARA" (reading a book), and "EMELINE," holding a little sick brother "RUFUS"—are quite black. "Aunt EMILY," the centre of the group, is brown. The little baby in her front is light, with straight hair. Still more in the fore-ground is the sick child "CANFIELD," opposite whom is "LOUISIANA ALDRICH," who is shaking peacock feathers before his face for his amusement.

Our other pictures on pages 280 and 281 are alluded to in the following notes which our "Special" on his trip from Cairo southward has jotted down for the benefit of our readers:

"LOUISVILLE.

"A stranger from the East naturally wonders at the extensive interest which whisky holds in countries bordering on the Ohio. Here the people that distill the liquor are not at all ashamed of their business. The denizens of the more Eastern States have a sneaking consciousness that the distilling business is not compatible with respectability, and evince a cowardly spirit in fabricating excuses for their indulgence in the fiery juice. Now in the West a man takes his whisky "like a man" without reference to his doctor, a stomach-ache, or a cold. As churches are the prominent institutions in an Eastern town, so here the still-house overshadows all its neighbors and proudly takes the first rank. It may be this disregard for outward appearances will account for the Western indifference to paint and other external adornments, though it seems almost useless to attempt any thing in opposition to the sooty influence of soft coal.

"Thus Louisville—of which I had formed a charming ideal as a place where pretty houses nestled among the trees out of the reach of the scorching rays of the sun, and where the fiery nature of the Southron slumbered in a luxuriant sensuousness—turns out to be in fact only a rival of Pittsburg. Masses of smoke, belched from numberless chimneys, keep the place in a perpetual fog, and, descending in showers of soot, produce a monotone of color not cheering to the sight. Broadway—the Fifth Avenue of the city—which may some day be a cheerful street, is at present a conglomeration of fine mansions and of mean little houses built of free-stone, or painted a cold, staring gray to resemble that material.

"Louisville is very thriving, and its population is rapidly increasing. Property is held high, and house rents are more exorbitant than in New York. The negroes are at work on the same principle as other laborers. If they fulfill their agreements they are sure of employment, but your lazy negro is quickly set aside as soon as a better one offers. And in other respects they have nothing to complain of. The stories of brutal outrages inflicted on them are emphatically denied by the whites.

"When I was in Louisville the Falls were covered with ten feet of water, so that the iron-clads *Tippecanoe* and *Oneota* passed safely over them.

"To artists visiting Louisville it may be interesting to know that there is a genuine VANDYKE in the Roman Catholic cathedral—a fine picture and said to be well authenticated. At the Willard House, where I stopped, there were some fine specimens of Kentuckians—tall, broad-shouldered fellows, apparently men who had been in the army, and who, to judge by their remarks, could not brook any other occupation. They were "reconstructed" but out of their element.

"Louisville is striving hard to compete with New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati as a cotton market; but I think she will not cause the premature decay of New York for a year or two. Leaving this place, I took the night train for

"NASHVILLE.

"I paid exactly twice as much for a sleeping berth as is charged on Northern lines. I had some notion of stopping at the Mammoth Cave, but regarding the time spent in holes of the earth as so much dead loss, I passed it by. Nashville was soaking in a heavy rain as the train entered.

"The people of Nashville are working with a vigor which they have never hitherto exhibited, building up commerce and devoting themselves to business. The streets are being paved thoroughly with the Macadam and Nicholson pavements. White men and black work together in the streets, pushing forward these improvements. The majority of the citizens are wisely seeking in the blessings of peace to make up as soon as possible for what has been lost by the war, and they show all the outward bearings of good citizens. Like Louisville, Nashville is troubled with heavy rents and a scarcity of houses. The city is finely located on a rock, which, rising from the banks of the Cumberland in picturesque strata, is surmounted by the freestone Capitol of the State, like a pale sentinel keeping watch over the city. Along the banks of the river this rock crops out in flat horizontal strata.

"It must be a wonderful relief to a city like Nashville, after being for so long time a garrisoned town, to be freed from the presence of soldiers. But few of the latter have been left, and these are merely orderlies of General THOMAS, or attachés of the quarter-master or ordnance dépôt. The people of Nashville, I believe, are better disposed toward the Government than the Tennesseans farther South. The city received an impetus from the war which has, in a great measure, compensated it for any losses which it may have sustained during the struggle. The distinction between Federal and Confederate still remains. There is socially no affiliation between the two classes.

"Quitting Nashville by the Johnsonville Railroad, we came upon the line of fortifications. The ground had been plowed over, and fences run over the forts, through embrazures and all. The country for some distance lay smiling with the first blush of spring, to which the blooming peach-trees added no slight charm. In places the flat strata of the free-stone cropped out, and was being quarried with very little trouble. The mistletoe abounding upon the trees would make an Englishman feel 'quite at 'ome.' After a while the road leads into a less promising region, more hilly, and showing the remains of defensive works that mark the spots commanding river crossings. These consisted of burned block houses, with little rifle-pits, rapidly disappearing before the effects of the weather. Here and there farmers were at work plowing up the land. At one place I noticed white men, little boys, and negroes all alike busy driving plows through the soft earth. It was dark before the train reached Johnsonville, where the road at present terminates, and passengers take steamboats for the rest of the route.

"MEMPHIS.

"Memphis has now the unenviable reputation of being the worst behaved city in the Union. There is a floating population here, made up of the dregs of both armies, which would be a curse to any city. Order is, however, prevailing, and the outrages that were common last winter are becoming less frequent. Business is remarkably dull, and all the stores look overstocked. The hotels, lobbies, and halls, are crowded with loungers, people doing business in the city, commercial travelers and 'reconstructed' citizens, who would do well to imitate the examples set them by Southern generals, and go to work. The newspapers, both Union and Secession, do their best to keep open the wounds made by the war. The latter class are particularly severe, and give constant proof of the determination of the Southern press to keep up the vindictive sectionalism which caused the late war. Another war between the late antagonists is impossible; but the irrepressible conflict is still going on, and the great trouble seems to be a want of Christian forbearance. Nowhere is this state of affairs worse than at Nashville. The sketch of the city was taken from a portion of the fortifications known as Fort Pickering, to make way for which a number of nice houses had been torn down. Now the fort is turned into a brickyard, and sable brickmakers, under the supervision of white men, follow that ancient art where erewhile the rebel cannon frowned ominously over the cliff."

FILTER THE WATER.

THE Asiatic Cholera (see *Tribune* of July 7, 1858)

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In inflammatory affections, when no bleeding is permitted, a free use of these Pills soon modifies the alarming symptoms, and perseverance, according to the directions, usually quickly cures; and certainly nothing is risked in using Brandreth's Pills. For cold, influenza, diphtheria, pains of the head, dizziness, and apoplexy, no medicine can be compared to them. In erysipelas, fever and ague, small-pox, and in all the diseases of childhood, their use insures a speedy recovery of health. They produce these results simply by taking from the blood its impurities, leaving

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to aid a weak "locality" to recover its proper and necessary "status" or health.

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AND CAUSE ITS

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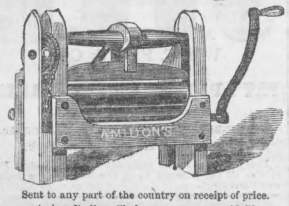
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A size, Endless Chain..... $8 50
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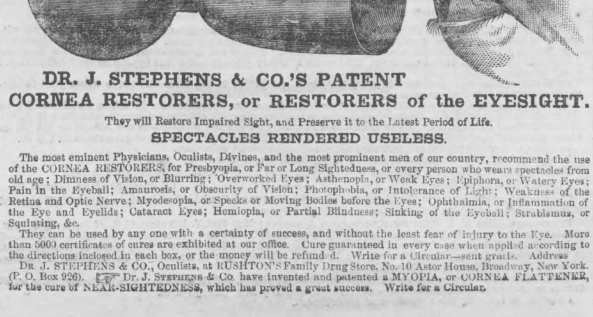
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Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth-patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.



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$10 PER DAY AT HOME.

Business light, honorable, and pleasant for either sex. Only $3 to $10 required. Send two stamps for particulars. Address R. WAYVELL, Box 4781, Chicago.

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Be the last. Rouse the dormant energies of the Stomach with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. The tone thus imparted it will retain. You will no more be troubled with flatulence, nausea, headache, gnawing pains in the epigastrium, lassitude, and intestinal pains and irregularities. The BITTERS are a preventive and panacea for all these difficulties.

FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN on a visit to the OLD COUNTRY should not leave without seeing the BIRTH-PLACE OF THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

The Hotel bearing his name having undergone recent improvements, will be found replete with every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

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100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cts.; 50 of Rebel Officers for 25 cts.; 100 of Female Beauties for 25 cts.; 100 do. Actors for 25 cts. Address G. W. EVANS,
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Half Morocco..... 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

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NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT!

MISS SPRAGGLES (*affectedly*) "I want a nice Steak, Butcher, but I must depend on you, for I don't understand any thing about Meat."
FACETIOUS BUTCHER. "Don't ye now, Miss! Well, you'll know more about it as you grow a little Older." [*Miss S. is immensely flattered.*]

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
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AND
STEREOSCOPE.
We are now receiving the most comprehensive and finest importation of glass views ever made to America, representing scenes and objects in nearly all European cities and countries. These views are specially selected abroad by our Mr. Edward Anthony, and are adapted for the uses of either the Stereopticon or the Stereoscope.
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501 Broadway,
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Marvin's Patent
ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
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WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.

A new and original work, with 122 Designs and Plans of Country Houses of moderate cost.
Price $1 50, postpaid.
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WANTED.—EVERY BODY WANTS DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT. It cures every case. *No pain.* Relief in five minutes. Sold by druggists, and sent by mail. Price $3. Circulars free. Address J. P. GILBERT & CO., 575 Broadway.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS.
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 57 Broadway.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
A duly authenticated Autograph Letter of his will be sold to the person making the most liberal offer. Address
A. H. L., Washington, D. C.


WM. T. FRY & CO.,
Manufacturers of
FRY'S PATENT POCKET FLASKS,
Dressing-Cases,
POCKET-BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS, INKSTANDS, &c.,
134 and 136 William St., New York.
Every traveler should carry one of Fry's Flasks. For sale at all the principal Drug, Hardware, Fancy Goods, and Sporting Houses in the United States.

50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING
B. T. BABBITT'S best Medicinal SALERATUS, "made from Common Salt." Bread made with this Saleratus contains, when baked, nothing but common salt, water, and flour. Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

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Stereoscopticons, Magic Lanterns, and Dissolving Views, with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting subject, made by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Priced and illustrated catalogue sent gratis.

GAS FIXTURES and LAMPS.
The attention of the trade and of buyers generally is invited to our extensive stock of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, &c., of every style and pattern, comprising many beautiful designs entirely new.
ARCHER & PANCOAST,
Manufactory and Warerooms,
Nos. 9, 11, and 13 Mercer Street, New York.

Tool and Horticultural Chests
FOR SPRING TRADE.
A full assortment of Tool-Chests, all sizes, from $2 up to $110, manufactured and for sale by
GEO. PARR, Buffalo, N. Y.
Send for circular.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.

This now celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 54 Cliff Street, New York.

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HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,
TO BE GIVEN AT
CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 28, 1866.
125,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at $492,575 25, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.
NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE $1 00 EACH.
This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the public, one ticket out of every four drawing a prize. The following Prizes are a few among the many to be drawn. (For full list, see circulars.)

1st Grand Prize in Greenbacks	$30,000 00
2d Grand Prize in Greenbacks	10,000 00
3d Grand Prize, House and Lot	10,000 00
4th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	5,000 00
5th Grand Prize, House and Lot	5,000 00
6th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	3,000 00
7th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	2,000 00
8th to 32d Grand Prizes in Greenbacks, $1000 each	25,000 00
33d to 55th Grand Prizes in Greenbacks, $500 each	10,000 00
56th Grand Prize, House and Lot	5,000 00
56th to 61st Grand Prizes, Houses and Lots, $2,000 each	10,000 00
61st to 63d Grand Prizes, Cottages and Lots, $3000 each	6,000 00
63d to 73d Grand Prizes, City Lots, $500 each	5,000 00
73d to 94th Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, $100 each	2,000 00
94th to 115th Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, $50 each	1,000 00
115th to 118th Grand Prizes, Houses and Lots, $3000 each	9,000 00
124,882 other Prizes, valued at from $3 to $1000 each	354,575 25
Making a grand total of	$492,575 25

The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.
Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.
Special Terms and Club Rates.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.: We will send 5 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets to one address for $9 00; 20 tickets to one address for $17 50; 30 tickets to one address for $26 25; 40 tickets to one address for $35 00; 50 tickets to one address for $43 50; and 100 tickets to one address for $85 00.
In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber.
Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
(Post-Office Drawer 5913.) 133 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000: also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
REFERENCES.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Senator of Minnesota; Hon. Geo. V. Lawrence, M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Randall, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan. Mace, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Leffingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.: Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., importers of watches, Chicago; Mansell, White & Co., New Orleans, La.
N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them.
Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

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WM. GALE, JR.,
LATE
WM. GALE & SON,
SILVERSMITHS,
487 BROADWAY, cor. Broome Street, New York,
Will remove about the 1st of May, *temporarily*, to
590 BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
while the premises
572 and **574** BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
(which will be ready in July,)
Are being prepared for permanent occupancy.

Portable Steam Engines,
ERICSSON CALORIC ENGINES,
Pumps, Mills, &c., &c.
JAMES A. ROBINSON, 154 Duane St., New York.

200 A Month. Male or Female Agents wanted. Address, with stamp, E. E. Lockwood, Detroit, Mich.

PESTACHINE
It is the Gem Restorer for the Hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. ROOT; manufactured by ORIN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

ITCH. Salt Rheum. (WHEATON'S OINTMENT) ITCH. Salt Rheum.
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
For sale by all Druggists.

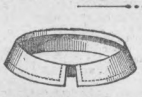
SCHILBERG'S GERMAN OINTMENT.
Warranted a certain cure, without the slightest danger, for piles, old wounds, scrofula, salt rheum—all bone and skin diseases, &c. 93 Bowery, New York.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.

CEDAR CAMPHOR
Best against MOTHS. CHEAP! FRAGRANT! RELIABLE! Sold by druggists every where.
HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston.

WARD'S Paper Collars AND CUFFS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
Wholesale & Retail,
387 BROADWAY, N. Y.


Ladies' Victoria Turn-over Paper Collar.

Ladies' Empress Turn-over Paper Collar.

Ladies' English Standing Paper Collar.

Ladies' American Standing Paper Collar.

Ladies French Paper Cuffs.

Ladies' English Paper Cuffs.

Cent's Piccadilly Paper Collar.

Cent's. Shakespeare Paper Collar.

Gentlemen's Standing Paper Collar.

Gentlemen's Turnover Paper Collar.

Cents. Reversible Paper Cuffs.

Cents. English Paper Cuffs.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.
A wholesale price-list sent by mail.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 489.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE illustrations on this page and on page 292 are thus described in the following notes by our "Special," A. R. W.:

"WILD-CATS AT NASHVILLE.

"At a restaurant known as STEDMAN'S there was, among other animals, a magnificent pair of wild-cats, just caught in the neighborhood of Nashville, and awfully savage, the male showing his temper, if teased, by immediately attacking the female, who would then, standing up on her hind feet, deliver battle with heavy blows from her taloned paws.

LEVEE AT CINCINNATI.

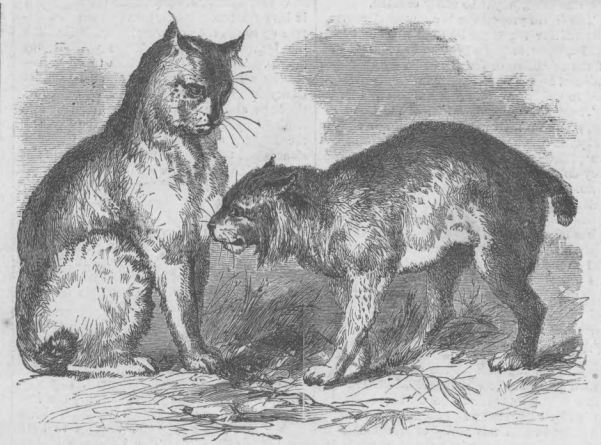
"When I reached the 'Queen City' it was in a great ferment. PIKE'S Opera-house and other buildings had burned down the night before, and the magnificent city engines were playing upon the ruins.

"The good people of Cincinnati look upon their city as 'some pumpkins' in a business point of view, and point to their levee as an illustration. I should imagine that the levee does nearly as much business as six New York piers. At about 'starting time' there is a great confusion of bells, whistles, and Calliopes.

"THE CALLIOPE.

"Attracted by one of the latter, I went aboard to see how the thing was done. The reader will see how from the sketch I have made. Certainly it was the best iron-clad music I had heard; and, strange to say, the whistles were in tolerable tune.

"At 12 the next noon I went aboard the *General Anderson*, a Louisville boat, and bade adieu to the Queen City, which presented more of a picture than when I entered it. The tall tower of the Catholic church loomed up against the smoky atmosphere and indistinct outline of hills beyond the city, while springing out over the river the new suspension-bridge to Covington hung pendent from its massive towers. Swiftly slipping down the river, swollen and muddy, past the weather-beaten shanties, gas-houses, and shapeless coal-barges, and then on past



WILD-CATS IN NASHVILLE.

the plateau on which Cincinnati stands, the bluffs rapidly close in upon the river, on the right hand presenting slopes devoted to the culture of orchards and the vine. This bank for some distance presents the appearance of suburbs, with buildings picturesque but, as usual, unpainted, and with roads leading up over the tree-crowned heights.

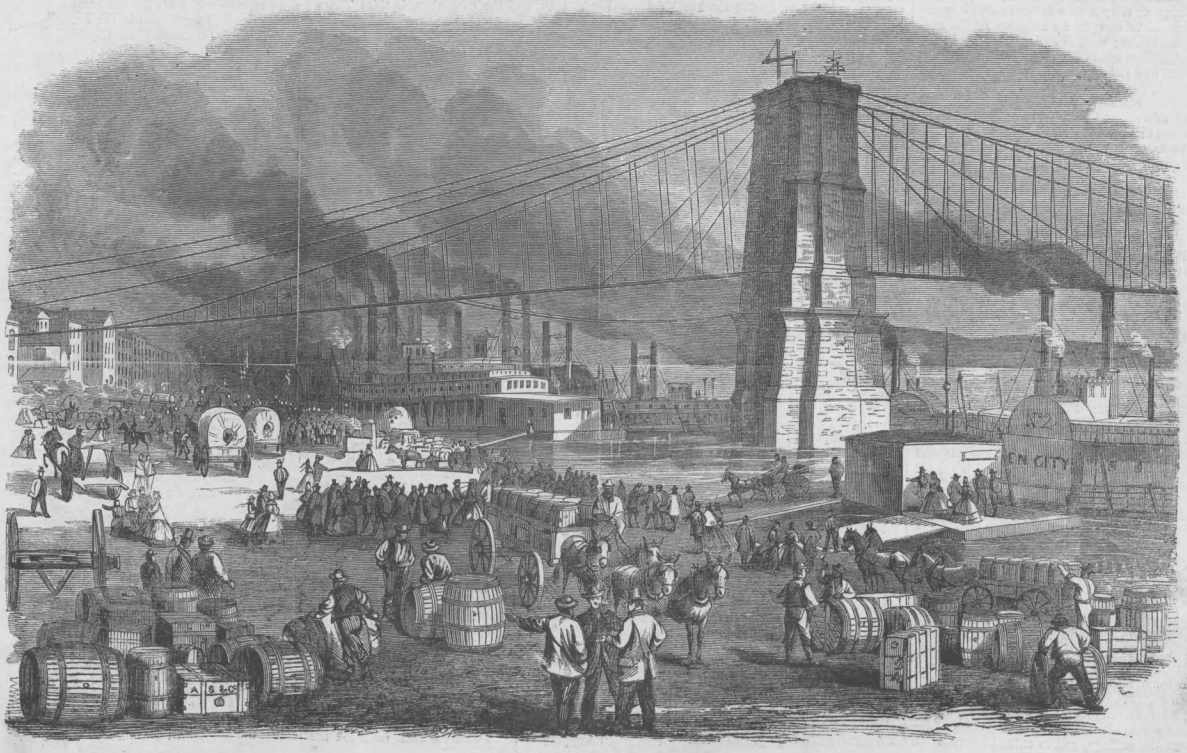
"Having heard much about the superior beauty of Western ladies, I had gone about Cincinnati with an artist's eye for the study of that interesting subject. I recollect how some Western people jeered at a picture in *Harper's Weekly* entitled "Types of Female Beauty." It was an amusing commentary on their remarks to find that a certain vendor of a quack nostrum advertised as a beautifier of the fair sex had transferred one of the heads from that engraving to his show-bill, as a specimen of the glorious results to be attained from the use of his manufacture.

"RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE 'RUTH.'

"The *Ruth*, one of the finest river boats, went down the Mississippi from Cairo with your artist, a full complement of passengers, and, it was said, 2600 tons of freight. As among this transient population there were twelve ministers on their way to the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans we had service on the Sabbath in the gorgeous cabin of the steamer. The President was prayed for, but Congress was ignored. The amens to the name of JOHNSON were many and emphatic. The congregation was attentive, among the most devout being some gamblers. At the close of the service a subscription was proposed for the benefit of the Methodist Church in Fredericksburg, Virginia, destroyed by the war. To this I noticed that two Jews contributed, anxious, I suppose, to stand well with their Southern brethren of the Gentile persuasion. As for the ministers they exhibited feelings of bitterness toward the North quite unworthy of their profession. One of them, shortly after the service, I heard relating an interview with the HARPERS in New York, in which he had openly avowed to one of that firm his regret that they should be obliged to purchase their publications. Mr. HARPER, he said, asked him if he was not one of those who objected to the education of the negro. His answer was that, on the contrary, they of the South wished to instruct that race to save them from being robbed by the North, as the white people of the South had been. This was received as happily by the others as though a fine point had been made.

"I could not but be aware of the curious social atmosphere which pervaded this company of travelers, composed of Southern and Northern people with a sprinkling of Jews and foreigners. Outward politeness was every where visible, but there was not one atom of cordiality between the different sections. The Southern people mixed with the others, but they showed more of curiosity and nervous desire to hear their sentiments than of friendly feeling toward their countrymen. They are very inconsistent. Professing the greatest desire to let by-gones be by-gones, they will yet tell you in the next breath, and without any apparent idea of the contradiction, that the hatred which the North has earned of the South can not be wiped away, and that the two sections are wider apart than ever.

"As the boat left Cairo the colored crew took



THE LEVEE AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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their places on a pile of corn sacks at the bow, and, waving a flag, sang, as is usual with them on leaving port. They were a fine body of stalwart Kentuckians and Virginians, and had been hard at work the day and night previous getting in the cargo. The tune was monotonous, and the doggerel rhymeless, and devoted to suggestions to the Captain to come down with a treat of "brandy-wine." A jug of whisky fixed them, however, and they were soon spread about on the piles of cargo."

In addition to the illustrations of the South already alluded to, we give on page 296 a view of Shockhoe Creek Valley, Richmond, Virginia, of which a description is given on page 292; also on page 297 a graphic sketch by Mr. FORBES of a cotton team in North Carolina. Not the least interesting of our Southern pictures is that on page 300, of the Negro Celebration in Washington, of which a description is there given.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PLAN OF REORGANIZATION.

THE propositions of the Reconstruction Committee will strike every thoughtful citizen as perfectly reasonable. They seem to us to justify the hope of the most truly intelligent and patriotic persons that Congress would propose no policy upon which the whole Union party of the country, including the President, might not agree. Some concessions of opinion were inevitable upon all sides. Those who held with Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS that there should be general confiscation, or with Mr. SUMNER that impartial suffrage should be immediately established throughout the country, or with the President that no farther conditions whatever were necessary, must have seen that the opinion of the country did not support them, and that all must meet upon some firm and moderate middle ground such as the Committee now offer.

The objection to what is called the President's policy is plain and conclusive. It is that, by allowing the late rebel States to resume their full relations in the Union immediately, and without further provision, those States would have actually gained political power by the rebellion. This gain arises from the fact that every colored man, as a slave, counted as three-fifths of a man in the basis of representation; but as a freeman he counts as five-fifths. In a State like South Carolina, therefore, where the colored population is half or even more than half of the whole, and where that half is disfranchised, every voter has practically twice the power of a voter in a State like Connecticut. This is an absurdity and injustice so conspicuous as to demand instant adjustment.

On the other hand, the objection to the imposition of equal suffrage by the National Government as a precedent condition of resumption of full rights in the Union is practical and twofold. In the first place, it is hardly to be presumed that the States which prohibit equal suffrage, or deny it to a colored skin altogether, would insist upon its adoption by the suspended States; and, in the second place, such a proposition would have been very widely regarded as a radical blow at the most sacred of State rights, and a consummation of centralization. Moreover, there are many of the most faithful and liberty-loving Union men, who are the steady advocates of equal suffrage, and who, under the circumstances, do not doubt the entire competency of Congress to require this or any other condition which might seem to it necessary, but who doubt the wisdom of this method, and question the expediency of such a requirement, and who could not therefore heartily sustain it.

But we see no good reason for supposing that all reasonable and patriotic men should not sincerely unite upon the propositions presented. They have reference exclusively to national relations. They do not interfere in the State economy, except in defense of national rights. They declare simply, in the first place, that no State shall abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States. Such a proposition is its own irresistible argument. A citizen of this country should be equally a citizen every where in it; this is plain, and therefore all his civil rights as a citizen of the United States should be sacred wherever the national flag floats. Can the President, with all his warm convictions of the sanctity of States, object to so obviously just a provision?

In the second place, whenever the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of the male citizens of a State who are of age, except for crime or participation in the rebellion, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age. In other words, if South Carolina shall choose to disfranchise 100,000 of her citizens because of their color, or New York shall choose to do the same thing because of want of property, then each of those States shall suffer in the national representation just in that proportion. Such a provision stimulates every State to enlarge the suffrage, and to extend education in order to make the suffrage safe. It is strictly harmonious with the President's expressed wish to base representation upon the number of voters.

In the third place, the Committee recommend that until the 4th of July, 1870, four years hence, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the rebellion shall be excluded from voting at national elections. This article we presume is introduced to embody the President's desire that "treason shall be made odious," and that in the great work of reorganization the late rebel leaders shall "take back seats." In his frequent and vehement expression of that desire the President unquestionably spoke for the loyal country, and his sentiments are still further incorporated in the proposed bill to render certain of those leaders ineligible to office under the government of the United States. This third proposition is the one which seems to us likely to occasion most difference of opinion. That it is in strict accordance with President JOHNSON's frequent suggestions is true, but it is a point of doubtful policy, not essential to the general plan, and, it seems to us, might be safely omitted.

The fourth proposition is a matter of course, that neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt incurred in aid of the rebellion, or for any claim for compensation of loss of slaves, and Congress is authorized to enforce the provisions of this article.

These are the propositions of the Committee, which we trust will be unanimously adopted by the Union vote in Congress, because they are perfectly just and moderate, and because they do not claim to reap more than has been sown. They simply define and secure the legitimate result of the war as recognized by the general conviction of the loyal country, and as it has been often strongly stated by President JOHNSON. They contain nothing vindictive, and if the Government of the United States has any right whatever to do any thing whatever to prevent the late rebel States from gaining political power by their rebellion, it may challenge the whole world and its late domestic enemies to show any thing unprecedented, unjust, or ungenerous in the settlement it proposes. We believe that the vast body of the Union party of the country which carried the war successfully to the end, and which triumphantly elected LINCOLN and JOHNSON, will most cordially sustain this policy of reorganization and gladly appeal to the country to ratify it. And however anxious the President may be to see loyal men from the late disturbed States admitted to Congress, we shall be very slow to believe that he will refuse his sincere co-operation to a plan which does not conflict with any of his known opinions, and which secures the admission of loyal members to Congress with the heart-felt welcome and congratulation of the whole loyal country.

That the proposed settlement of the Committee should be greeted with sneers and anger by those who have persistently declared that Congress is a bloody, factious, revolutionary body is natural. These objectors have counted upon overthrowing the President and destroying the Union party by fomenting every real or asserted difference between them. But here is the utter refutation of their calumnies. Here is the plain proof that Congress seeks only the speediest reorganization of the Union upon the most temperate and reasonable conditions. For we assume that there will be little delay in ratifying the report; and then, so great and unprecedented is the occasion, we trust that the Legislatures of the States will be immediately summoned in special session to act upon the proposed amendment, that Congress and the country and the world may know the will of the loyal people of the United States upon this most vital point of national policy.

THE CHOLERA AND THE QUARANTINE.

FOR more than a year the arrival of the cholera at the port of New York has been expected. The memory of its former horrors was very vivid. The certainty of its terrible ravages when it should appear was indisputable. So great was the apprehension and the desire that the city should be protected by every means that a Board of Health with extraordinary powers, not, however, including those of a Quarantine, had been created. There was a health officer specially charged with the sanitary defense of the port from foreign danger. There had been a body of Quarantine Commissioners for two years, whose duty was to find a suitable site for the Quarantine buildings. Every precaution had apparently been taken, when, on the 9th of April, the emigrant ship *England*, with 1200 passengers, arrived at Halifax. The cholera was raging on board, and there had been fifty deaths upon the passage. The pestilence was plainly at hand, and the efficiency of our New York preparations would doubtless be soon proved. And so it chanced; for on the afternoon of the 18th the emigrant ship *Virginia*, with 1043 passengers, arrived in the Narrows, off Staten Island, and reported thirty-eight deaths by cholera upon the passage, and the disease still raging.

It then appeared that the sole preparation in this port consisted of the hospital ship *Falcon*, which was not ready for service! As soon as possible, by putting on board a crowd of laborers, she was made ready, and on the 21st the sick were removed from the *Virginia*. As soon as possible, also, another ship, the *Illinois*, was prepared, and the well passengers were received upon her. If the fact were not tragical it would be unspeakably ludicrous. The chief port of the Western continent, after a year's warning, was totally unprepared to deal directly and adequately with the approach of a fearful pestilence. The probabilities were that it would come, as it did come, in an emigrant ship. It was known that such ships are crowded, often with more than a thousand passengers. The most extensive hospital accommodations were the most obvious necessity, and they were not ready. The difficulties may have been many, but there are cases in which difficulties must not be pleaded, and this was one of them. Somewhere, somehow the State of New York should have been ready for the event, and it was not ready.

We say the State, because the Health officer, in his explanatory letter, says that the Legislature up to the time of its adjournment had left the Quarantine Commissioners without any money. The law forbade them to erect hospitals on Staten Island, or Long Island, or Coney Island—the only New York shores of the bay; and New Jersey had refused them a foothold upon its territory. On the day that the *England* arrived at Halifax the Commissioners had telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy asking for vessels. Two days afterward two were offered, but they proved unsuitable: and then vigorous measures were adopted to fit the *Falcon* for immediate service. But this explanation is not satisfactory. The *Atalanta* was here last November. The cholera was very sure to come early in the spring. There were no hospital accommodations but the ship *Falcon*. It was settled that there could be none upon the shores of the bay. Whose fault was it that the *Falcon* was not ready even on the 18th of April? Whose fault was it that no other ships were asked for until the 9th of April? If the Legislature perilously postponed the necessary appropriations, why was no statement made to the public that the imminent danger of the situation might have been known and proper pressure brought to bear upon the offenders? The *Virginia* and *England* are now both in port. *After* the former arrived the Quarantine Commissioners asked the authorities at Washington for the temporary use of Sandy Hook as a retreat for well passengers from infected ships. But the Government replied that New Jersey granted the use of Sandy Hook only upon condition that it should be devoted to military and similar public purposes. The Commissioners appeal, therefore, to the Board of Health to allow them some point of land at the disposal of the Board for the accommodation of quarantined passengers, declaring that the floating accommodations are insufficient.

The state of the case, then, is this: There are some 2000 persons detained in Quarantine. The sole hospital is the old ship *Falcon*, which accommodates not more than a hundred patients, to which, as we write, the *Saratoga* and *Portsmouth* are added. The shelter of well passengers is the steamship *Illinois*. There is a law against erecting hospitals on the adjacent land, and the Commissioners say that the floating accommodations are insufficient. Other infected ships are daily expected, and we have no other preparation. Meanwhile the Board of Health have asked for the use of the military hospitals at Fort Schuyler upon Throg's Neck, at the entrance of Long Island Sound. It is idle to assert that this dilemma arises from the destruction of the hospitals upon Staten Island; for that part of the island upon which they were situated was virtually a thickly-settled portion of the city of New York, and no effectual quarantine was possible there as the ravages of the yellow-fever in the neighborhood proved. It is not to the acts of a population which had no other remedy against a mortal disease planted among them, but to the avarice and corrupt intrigue of politicians and merchants that the absence of a suitable quarantine is to be ascribed.

The history of the New York Quarantine is briefly this: In 1758 the first hospital and offices were placed by the Colonial Legislature upon Bedloe's Island. In 1796 they were removed to Governor's Island, where they remained until the yellow-fever in 1799. The next year the Quarantine was established upon Staten Island, against the remonstrances of the inhabitants, twenty-four of whom were destroyed by the yellow-fever from the hospitals in the very first year of their erection. From that time onward the population constantly protested, until, in 1848—when there were a hundred and eighty persons attacked by infectious diseases from the Quarantine—the outrage became so undeniable that, upon careful inquiry, a Committee of the Legislature recommended its immediate removal. In 1849 an act was passed and officers appointed for the establishment of hospitals at Sandy Hook. Certain shipping interests in New York thwarted the operation of the act, and nothing further was done until 1856. In that year the Staten Island and Long Island shores were desolated by the yellow-fever, and the Legislature, in March, 1857, again ordered the removal of the Quarantine station. The Commissioners under the act applied to the Legislature of New Jersey to obtain Sandy Hook, and were again defeated by the same shipping interest, by the remonstrances of the Health Officer, the Board of Underwriters of New York, and the Commissioners of Emigration. Meanwhile it was impossible to prevent constant communication between the hospital-grounds and the other side of the wall, the seat of a dense population, mainly of a class which could not remove. The helplessness, suffering, and mortality of the inhabitants were such that the Board of Health of the town declared the establishment an intolerable nuisance, and called upon the citizens of the county to abate it without delay; and on the evenings of the 1st and 2d of September, 1858, without the least injury to the patients, who were carefully removed and protected, the buildings were burned to the ground by the people of the neighborhood. One man was accidentally shot by an employé of the institution, but the destruction was so little indicative of a riotous spirit that the property-holders in the vicinity considered that their property was enhanced in value fifty per cent. by the removal.

It is nearly eight years since the buildings were destroyed, and it is only during the session of the Legislature just ended that an act was passed to erect new hospitals upon the west bank of the Lower Bay. If the operation of this act is not thwarted as all the others have been, New York may possibly be ready for the next pestilence. But for the present she is shamefully unprepared; and although the sudden cold and the strict isolation of the ships have checked the progress of the disease for a time, the suffering of the passengers who may be subject to quarantine is already assured. The Health Officer says, "The roughness of the bay, from the high winds, makes it very unpleasant for all, and causes much sea-sickness." The present Quarantine arrangements are a disgrace to New York.

Upon page 292 the reader will find a descriptive Map of the Bay and the position of the ships.

MR. SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

MR. SEWARD's letter of February 12, to the French Minister, the MARQUIS DE MONTHOLON, is an elaborate and very able paper, stating with courtesy but with firmness the exact position of the United States in the Mexican complication. It has settled the question. France will leave Mexico without the appearance of compulsion, while the honor and peace of the United States are maintained. This is another of the signal services of Mr. SEWARD to the country, which will be gratefully remembered in extenuation of many harsh words privately spoken, and of much apparent alienation of sympathy from the cause to which his life has been devoted. The policy he has pursued in the French difficulty is surely preferable to the Captain Bobadil method, which was strenuously urged upon him in some quarters—a method of managing such questions which does not tend to keep the peace of the world.

The United States, according to Mr. SEWARD, do not question the right of France to settle her accounts with other nations in any manner which pleases her. If Mexico refuses to pay debts justly owing to French subjects, or if those subjects are maltreated in Mexico, it is certainly competent for an independent Power like France to demand and secure satisfaction. Nor, on the other hand, does the United States Government deny that any form of government voluntarily adopted by the citizens of Mexico must be respected. But the war in Mexico has become one of political intervention, which, in the judgment of this Government, menaces the interests of the United States; and there is no satisfactory evidence that the people of Mexico have established an empire, nor is such evidence possible while the French army remains.

As for the internal anarchy in Mexico which the French foreign Minister and others so loudly deplore, Mr. SEWARD bravely says that it is not to be denied but that this anarchy is necessarily and even wisely endured in the attempts to lay sure foundations of broad Republican liberty; and no foreign State can rightfully interfere in such trials, and, on the ground of a desire to correct them, deprive the people of their natural right of domestic and Republican freedom. The United States, therefore, must continue to recognize the Republic of Mexico, with which they have always maintained relations, and can not know the Austrian Archduke MAXIMILIAN as a Mexican Emperor.

The alternative is not stated, but it is plain. If the republic, our ally, should ask for aid in expelling an invader, it would be for us to consult our interests, which, as the wise and prudent ruler of France must see, would lead us to ——! The French Minister of Foreign Affairs thereupon replies that the withdrawal of the French troops will begin in November.

At the same time, hearing that Austrian re-

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cruits, under the countenance of the Austrian Government, were to replace the Frenchmen, Mr. SEWARD writes a brief dispatch to Mr. MOTLEY, our Minister at Vienna, asking him to request a friendly and just statement of the position Austria intends to assume in Mexico, and to announce, in an equally friendly and just spirit, that hostilities in Mexico carried on by Austrian subjects with the consent of their Government will be considered war waged by Austria against the Mexican republic, of which the United States could not engage to remain silent or neutral spectators. Such friendly and just conduct on all sides will doubtless induce Austria, deserted by France and threatened by Prussia, *not* to sanction such hostilities. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN will then be about ready to take passage for home, and Mexico will resume, unmolested, her staggering journey toward national existence.

Less sagacity than Mr. SEWARD's and a different temperament would have managed these matters differently. But his ability and adroitness in the *Trent* affair, and his tranquil tenacity in this French complication, rank him with the most accomplished diplomatists. It was a fashion some years ago to deride him as a doctrinaire, but it would not be easy to find greater common-sense in the management of difficult affairs than Mr. SEWARD has shown in these transactions, and we regret all the more that he seems inclined to treat our domestic questions in a tone of petulant persiflage.

ON TAX-GATHERING.

THE public revenue from taxes, direct and indirect, during each of the fiscal years 1865–6 and 1866–7, is officially estimated at $525,000,000—say $16 50 per head of the total population of the United States—being 33 per cent. more than is paid by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, and about 100 per cent. more than is paid by the people of France. It is clear that when JEFFERSON BRICK, in his next Fourth of July oration, refers to the "worn-out despotisms" of the Old World, it will be but prudent to omit the usual sarcastic allusion to "tax-ridden people."

Heavy as the taxes are, however, they are and will continue to be cheerfully paid, so generally is it understood that the national debt was incurred for a proper purpose, and that the national credit must be preserved at whatever cost.

But there can be no question as to the impolicy of rendering the present onerous tax system needlessly odious by unjust, inquisitorial, and insulting formalities in the collection of taxes. Common sense indicates that the tax-gatherer, while doing his best to protect the Government from fraud, should not go out of his way either to outrage the feelings or to injure the interests of the people from whom he collects taxes. It is not quite certain that our present tax-gatherers altogether realize this principle.

There can be no question, for instance, but the publication of the income-tax returns last year was a gross outrage. It was a shameful invasion of the privacies of business. It may have served to bring to shame some rogues who had concealed their income for the purpose of cheating the Government. But for the sake of this barren revenge how many honest men were humiliated by the public parade of their misfortunes! A merchant's credit rests upon the proportion borne by his gains to his losses. To compel him to publish the results of his business each year is a stretch of despotism unparalleled in Russia, Turkey, or Morocco. Yet this is what our tax-gatherers did last year, apparently with the sanction of the authorities at Washington. The outrage was regarded with amazement in England, where, with becoming delicacy, the collector keeps his returns an inviolable secret. "The Americans not pay taxes?" said a good English friend, on reading the income-tax returns as published in our papers; "the Americans will endure without a murmur invasions of private rights which would plunge England into revolution."

Nor was the form and principle of the income-tax returns last year less objectionable. On the back of the return were a number of questions which will be readily remembered. The gist of these questions was: "Are you not a confirmed rogue, and have you not perjured yourself in the within return?" Now is there any common sense in thus gratuitously insulting tax-payers? If the original return be false the signer will not stickle at repeating on the outside the falsehood he has already stated in the inside. If the original return be true, the signer will justly feel indignant at being inferentially charged with roguery. In general these income-tax returns must be matters of honor. No investigation, however inquisitorial, will enable the officers of Government to detect the false statements rendered by a rogue. Why suggest the idea of fraud? In actual business every one has learned by experience that the surest way to get cheated is to assume that you are going to be cheated, and to take all manner of offensive precautions. Revenue officers should remember the fact; and bearing also in mind that their calls on the public are of their nature unwelcome, should not render them doubly so by useless and irritating hints at knavery.

Last year, when the income-tax returns were made, a ruling of the Revenue Commissioner required a man to pay income-tax on all profits he had made, and did not allow him to deduct his losses from his gains. Thus, if a man had made $10,000 in teas and sugars, and had afterward bought ships and lost $20,000, the income-tax gatherers insisted on the tax on the $10,000 without regard to the loss of $20,000. No man, it seems, cared to resist so iniquitous and absurd a decision, and many men who had really no income at all in 1864 paid tax nevertheless. A recent ruling of the Commissioner partially corrects this injustice. This year tax-payers will be allowed to deduct their business losses from their business gains. But they will not be allowed to deduct losses from fixed investments in stocks and bonds or real estate. Thus, if a man, in 1865, owned real estate which yielded him $10,000 a year, and at the same time lost by dealings in real estate or merchandise $25,000—so that, in reality, he had in that year no income whatever—he will still be required to pay income-tax on $10,000. Whether such a decision as this can be maintained in the courts may be a question. There can be no question whatever but that the practical effects of such decisions is to arouse animosity against a revenue system so harshly administered.

Judge SMALLEY has lately rendered a decision which is of much importance. Heretofore assessors, after accepting returns and transmitting them to collectors who collected the money specified therein, have been in the habit of sending detectives to examine the books of the parties who had made the returns with a view of detecting frauds. Judge SMALLEY has decided that, when an assessor has accepted a return, he can not afterward repudiate it. This seems to be common sense. If an assessor has reason to suspect the truth of a return made to him let him reject it or hold it in abeyance, and before transmitting it to the collector, make his inquiries and examinations. But after he has accepted it, he has no right to question it unless he is prepared to bring a specific charge of perjury against its author. It is impossible to exaggerate the practical evils of the present system of detectives. JONES, let us say, is a distiller, and has been making returns to the department regularly ever since returns were required. They have always been received, transmitted to the collector, and by him presented for payment and paid. Now appears on the scene ROBINSON, who says he is a Government detective, and desires to examine JONES's books for the last two years to see whether he has not understated his operations. Every one who is engaged in business will understand that SMITH and BROWN, who are competitors of JONES in the same trade, could afford to give $10,000 to know exactly how JONES's business stands, how much whisky he has made, to whom he has sold it, and at what prices. All this information the detective ROBINSON naturally acquires by virtue of his office. Is the Revenue Department supplied with detectives of such tried virtue that it can be sure ROBINSON will not sell his information to SMITH and BROWN, or, more likely still, accept a *douceur* from JONES for keeping his eyes shut during the examination of the books?

It is very important indeed that Government should not be cheated in the collection of the revenue. But—strange as it may seem to the Revenue officers—there are things more important still; and one of these is, that citizens of the United States shall not be subjected to a government of spies and informers. The privacy of the bedchamber is not more essential to the individual than the privacy of his ledger to a merchant. Government must not venture to violate the one or the other. If it does so, it does it at its peril. The Government of the Emperor NAPOLEON—which we denounce as despotic—no more dare send detectives to inspect the books of a Paris merchant, under the pretense of seeing if he had not cheated the revenue, than it dare bombard New York without a declaration of war; and we are not, after all, very much more long-suffering than the French.

Revenue officials, and Congress—which will have this matter of the taxes before it at the time these lines are read—must steadfastly remember that the country is now cooling down from the enthusiasm which existed during the war. While the war lasted, every objection urged against the acts of Government was tantamount to aid and comfort to the enemy, and loyal men bore and forbore, rather than aggravate the necessary embarrassments of the Administration. That season has passed away. Neither the existence of the nation nor the success of our arms are now in question. People have leisure to think of their private concerns. They can afford to demur to any official proceeding which they deem unjust, without compromising their character as loyal men. Congress must therefore beware of assuming that, because the acts of the Revenue officials met with acquiescence during the war, they will not be questioned now, if they be questionable. Government and the revenue are very important things. But, as Mr. LINCOLN well said, "The ship is made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo." The people have some rights as well as the Government. And while Congress will but do its duty in securing a proper revenue for Government, it should not forget that it had better leave Government without any revenue whatever than secure that revenue at the cost of the private rights and liberties of the people of the United States.

"ALL RIGHT, AGAIN.—DE SAUTY."

DE SAUTY is still "all right." He is the most miraculous "toiler of the sea." DE SAUTY will never say die. He is already preparing for his next attempt. May his lines lie in pleasanter places!

The stowing of the new cable in the tanks of the *Great Eastern* began three weeks ago. At the end of June the steamer will sail and the experiment begin again. Meanwhile the engineers of the Company and other scientific men agree in the conviction that it will be very easy to recover the cable which is now lying at the bottom of the sea, and complete it into an electrically perfect telegraphic line between Valentia and Newfoundland. These gentlemen are further of opinion that the *Great Eastern* can lay a cable in any weather; that her paying-out machinery worked perfectly, and can be trusted to lay cables across the Atlantic; and that with a steam-engine attached to the paying-out machinery the cable could be recovered before it reached the bottom and be repaired at once. They affirm that the cable of 1865, although capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not sustain one of more than fourteen hundred weight in the laying in the deepest water; and that four nautical miles of that cable were recovered from a depth of more than two miles, and the insulation of the gutta-percha covered wire was not in the least affected by the depth of water or the strain of recovery. On the contrary, it is proved that the insulation of a cable improves by its submersion in the cold, deep water; while the wire of 1865 was a hundred times better insulated than cables made in 1858, which were then considered perfect and are still working. It is supposed that the length of the line between Valentia and Heart's Content will be about 1900 miles, and that eight words a minute can be transmitted. The intention of the Company, as we understand, is to lay one new cable, and to recover and complete that of last year. For this purpose 2730 miles of cable will be shipped, which, in all but a slight difference of weight in air and water, will be exactly like the last.

Last year 1200 miles of cable were laid from Valentia westward, and this, according to the authorities, is now lying in perfect electric condition in the very safest place in which a submarine cable can be kept, and ready to do its work as soon as it is finished to Newfoundland, which is 600 miles distant from the west end of the wire. A system of recovery of the cable has been carefully matured, and every body concerned is clearly of DE SAUTY's cheerful opinion, "all right." Certainly it deserves to be; and the undaunted energy of the managers is the best reason for supposing that a work which is sure to be sooner or later successful may succeed at this third trial.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

THE question is often asked of physicians, Is such or such an article healthy? the idea being that some articles are always readily digested, while some others are, as a matter of course, somewhat of difficult digestion, and therefore occasion to all more or less of trouble. The questioner usually, however, has no fixed purpose of discarding whatever kinds of food may be deemed injurious, as should be done if conscience is to dictate here as well as in other matters. The intention generally is to use occasionally the unhealthy articles, giving a large preponderance to those which are healthy. But the idea of such a general division of food into two classes is wholly unfounded. The question as to a suitable diet is an *individual* one. What may be readily digested by one is not by another, and produces, therefore, disquiet in the stomach. The laborer can ordinarily digest easily a larger range of diet than the sedentary man, because with his greater general vigor there is commonly greater vigor of stomach. Milk, which is apt to agree well, as it is expressed, with most persons, in some occasions turmoil in the process of digestion, and to them it is, therefore, an unhealthy food. Cucumbers are often condemned unsparingly, but by many they are easily digested; and if so, the refreshment they afford is certainly beneficial. We have known some invalids to be really very much benefited by them from this cause. The effect was so marked in the case of one of them that she said that she was always better in the season of cucumbers than at any other period. We sometimes meet with some singular idiosyncrasies in regard to food. We knew a lady who could eat rich cake with impunity, and yet plain bread would make her sick.

Though milk is a full combination of all the elements of necessary food, it should be depended upon as the only food in no other period than infancy. We should follow here, as every where, the indications of nature. Teeth are made for use, and are supplied at the right time. Therefore as soon as the child has a sufficient number to serve well in cutting and grinding there is a call for solid food. The change should be made gradually, and not be inaugurated in full till the mill in the mouth is completed. The most common error is to make the change too early; for it is obvious that when there are only a few small teeth there is not an apparatus adequate to the proper mastication of the solid food that is often at this period made a part of the diet.

Sugar is an important article of diet, as indicated by its liberal supply in nature. The wisdom, therefore, of some restrictions that are sometimes put upon its use in the diet of children is doubtful, though there is no question that the free use of it at irregular times between meals is very injurious. But while we use it liberally, we should avoid using it in such a manner as to beget a dislike for articles of food in which it is not present.

Fruits are not made as prominent as they should be as a portion of our daily food, especially in the summer season. Observe that we say as daily food, for the occasional free use of them, with long intervals of abstinence from their use, is apt to produce derangement of the digestive organs.

Some are very restrictive in their diet, especially in relation to fruits, when such diseases as dysentery and cholera are prevalent. This is an error; for the best diet as a prophylactic is that which nature dictates as the most suitable to the digestive organs under ordinary circumstances. And experience has shown, what nature indicates, that the regular use of ripe, well-conditioned fruit is really a good preservative against irritation of those organs as well when such diseases are present as when they are not.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 25:

In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Colorado passed, 19 to 13.

In the House, Mr. Morrill reported a bill, which was passed, levying 20 per cent. *ad valorem* on all imported live stock.

April 26:

In the House, the bill for the relief of paymasters was passed.

April 27:

In the Senate, the bill for the relief of certain naval contractors was passed.

In the House, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was defeated, a motion to lay on the table being carried, 76 to 56.

April 30:

In the House, the River and Harbor Improvement Bill was passed.

REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

This Report recommends three measures:

I. A Resolution to amend the Constitution, so that

1. No State shall abridge the privileges and immunities of United States citizens.

2. Representation shall be based on the population, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in the rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age.

3. Until the 4th day of July, 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for Members of Congress, and for Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States.

4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred, in aid of the insurrection or war against the United States, or any claim for compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor.

5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

II. A bill to provide for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full political rights, providing

1. That whenever the above recited amendment shall have become part of the Constitution, and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same, and shall have modified its Constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the Senators and Representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress.

2. That when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax, under the act of Aug. 5, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, may be assumed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof upon proper assurances from such State, to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not exceeding ten years from and after the passage of this act.

III. A bill declaring to be ineligible to office under the United States Government the following persons:

1. The President and Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, so called, and the Heads of Departments thereof.

2. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the Confederate States of America, so called.

3. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and all persons educated in the Military or Naval Academy of the United States, Judges of the Courts of the United States, and members of either House of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

4. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of Colonel in the army, or Master in the navy, or any one who, as Governor of either of the so-called Confederate States, gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

5. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Metropolitan Board of Excise organized April 20. The Board voted to establish two grades of licenses: one, at $200 a year, to authorize the sale of ale, beer, and spirituous liquors; and the other, at $100 annually, granting liberty to sell ale and beer only.

Judge Hunter, of the Memphis Criminal Court, has decided that the law of Tennessee, discriminating against colored persons in the licensing of billiard tables, is in conflict with the Civil Rights Act, recently passed by Congress, and therefore void. The negroes of Memphis may now open as many billiard saloons as they want.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE preparations on board the *Great Eastern* for receiving the new Atlantic Cable have been completed, and the stowing away of the cable in the tanks commenced on April 7. At the end of June or the beginning of July the *Great Eastern* will commence laying the cable.

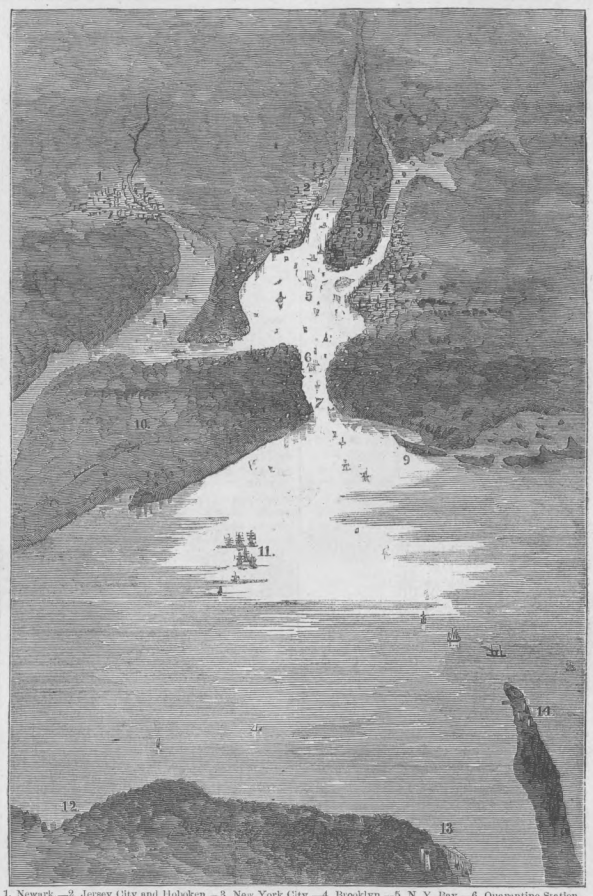
An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia on Sunday, April 15. The assassin fired a pistol at the Emperor. The ball, providentially, missed its aim.

It appears now as if there would be no German war. Bismarck will scarcely succeed in securing the alliance of the minor States, several of which have already determined for Austria.

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THE "CALLIOPE."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



1. Newark.—2. Jersey City and Hoboken.—3. New York City.—4. Brooklyn.—5. N. Y. Bay.—6. Quarantine Station.—7. The Narrows.—8. Fort Hamilton.—9. Coney Island.—10. Staten Island.—11. Quarantine, Lower Bay.—12. Keyport, New Jersey.—13. The Highlands.—14. Sandy Hook.

MAP OF NEW YORK BAY.—[SEE PAGE 290.]

SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY.

IT is not overrating the city of Richmond to say that, in point of diversity of scenery, in and around her, and for picturesque beauty, she stands unrivaled by any city of her size in the United States, and but few in the world. Situated, like Rome, upon her seven hills (Shockoe, French Garden, Union, Gamble, Oregon, Church, and Navy) wherever the traveler moves he is met by some fresh *coup d'œil* totally dissimilar to any thing he had seen before, and altogether destructive of that unpleasant monotony which is experienced in all large, flat cities, laid out in regular squares with mathematical precision.

One of the most interesting of the many views is the one which we present elsewhere, from a sketch by Mr. J. R. HAMILTON. It is taken from the eminence on which the Medical College stands, and immediately adjoining the famed residence of JEFFERSON DAVIS, the garden-front of which is seen on the bold promontory to the left of the picture. The hill on the opposite side of the valley is called Union Hill, and was, during the war, one vast encampment, when its side dotted with tents must have presented a most animated appearance. On the crest of the hill, at the extreme right, is seen Howard's Grove—a cluster of beautiful pine-trees—which was used as a camp and a hospital during the war, and is now occupied by the freedmen.

In the centre of the valley runs the great Central Railroad, leading to Gordonsville, and thence by the Orange Railroad to Alexandria and Washington. The varied fortunes of this great artery during the war are too well-known for recapitulation. In the distance is seen the great work-shops and engine-stores belonging to the Company.

Shockoe Creek, which gives its name to the val-



ON THE MISSISSIPPI—RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON BOARD THE "RUTH."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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ley as well as the hill upon which the residence of the late Confederate President is situated, is a self-willed and pugnacious little stream that is either in good or bad humor as it chooses. During the summer months it meanders through the valley, a peaceful, inoffensive little stream, barely sufficient to turn the old-fashioned mill which is shown toward the right of the picture, and little children gambol about its cool waters; but when winter sets in, and the floods come on, Shockoe Creek has often been the source not only of consternation but much damage to various parts of the town. On its way to join the James River it passes under Franklin, Main, and Cary streets, and in flood-time creates havoc in the lower portions of these streets. Last winter it became so furious as to demolish several houses in the valley, inundated the cellars of Franklin and Main streets, and visited the old market, sweeping off butter, eggs, vegetables, and even the contents of the butchers' stalls that were not suspended high enough above its depredations.

Along the crest of Union Hill runs the Mechanicsville Road, parallel with it. It was along this road that, in 1862, LEE marched his army to encounter M'CLELLAN upon the occasion of the ever-memorable seven days' fight. Upon that occasion the whole population of Richmond, men, women, and children, turned out upon the eminence from which our sketch is taken to mark the movements of the troops; and the flight of bursting shells in that famous encounter was distinctly visible to the spectators.

Shockoe Valley is also the locality for public executions, a portion of it—that seen at the extreme left of the picture—being called "Execution Valley." It is rarely that public executions occur in Richmond during peace.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

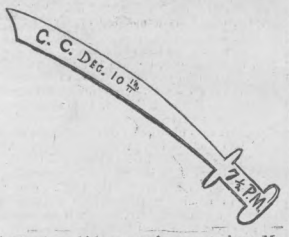
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF late Mr. Neely—a beef-contractor now, and getting rich much more rapidly than when he taught school; no man striving more desperately than he to keep himself in the very van of Southern sentiment—finds himself suddenly mystified and left behind. For several weeks now he has observed posted up from time to time on every dead wall about Somerville a mysterious placard of red paper, sword-shaped, bearing mystical letters:



Turning whithersoever he goes to keep Mr. Neely out of some unknown Paradise, blazes this awful portent, until the contractor for beef can stand it no longer. He has questioned others in vain. Why had he not thought of it before? Tim Lamum!

Even after he found Tim, in the bar-room of Staples's Hotel, industriously engaged—Tim is a commissary agent these days, by deputy, his sole business by day being to smoke, with poker added at night—it is some time before Mr. Neely can get through with Burnside's repulse on the Rappahannock. This is the last news; and to Mr. Neely fighting it over again with terrific slaughter Tim only puffs a languid assent. In fact, the war has become a bore to the ex-provost marshal; for *that* bubble of blood has burst before this, at least until another and more regular one can be blown. The Yankees being so invariably and utterly routed in every fight, the independence of the Confederacy being beyond all question, very tired indeed is Tim of the whole subject.

And now, when Mr. Neely at last arrives at his point, and desires admission to whatever secret society lies behind the mystic sword, this Dragon of the Hesperides has that one fatal question to ask:

"Where were you born, Mr. Neely?" though he already knows perfectly well; and on Mr. Neely's reply assures the applicant that his admission is therefore an impossibility, and walks off.

That matter of birth—it clings to Mr. Neely as to Œdipus clung *his* curse. No child born out of wedlock, no offspring of one who dies by the hand of the hangman, so unfortunate. Yes; if his mother had been a harlot kenneled in a brothel, if his father had been a criminal whose last dying speech and confession had been published in all the papers, Mr. Neely could have concealed the blot and shame upon his name in some distant region, and lived and died respected and in peace. But his New England birth! The "damned spot" will not "out," nor can it be concealed. New England training will not permit him to tell a point-blank lie in the matter, even if he did not know from bitter experience that a certain Yankeeism clings to him in



THE MYSTERIOUS PLACARD.

spite of unceasing and long-continued exertion, an ointment of his right hand, which bewrayeth itself do what he can. Cruel misfortune! and he so little to blame for it, too! Was it he or his parents who sinned, that he should have been born—in Connecticut? He would not have insisted on South Carolina, if that were too great a boon; if he could only have been born on the northernmost edge of Maryland, or the southernmost possible coast of Florida! Better have first seen the light even in the most desperate county in Arkansas.

In the name of Reason and St. Logic what is it constitutes one a Southern man? What the very essence and marrow of the thing so much more desirable to Mr. Neely than was the being a Roman citizen of old? Surely, Mr. Neely reasoned, it must be in the actually owning a negro. Yet, while many a man who enjoyed the enviable blessing of being Southern born, either could not or would not own a slave, Mr. Neely both could and would and did. The first moment it was in his power, with money industriously made and hoarded for that one end, Mr. Neely bought a negro. Not a negro man; Mr. Neely was not sufficiently acquainted with owning of the article to venture that at first. He bought a negro woman, of the jettest black he could get for the money.

Language fails to describe Mr. Neely's feelings on that eventful night when his woman Ceely, paid for and delivered, made herself at home in the kitchen of his residence, while he sat in his room and thought it all over. He went back to the happy hour he came into possession of his deceased father's huge silver watch, had it actually ticking in his distended fob, his *own* watch. He recalled the day he put the first horse he ever bought in the stable, and stood without in the snow listening to it munching its hay; his own animal, hoof and hide, from the tips of its ears to the end of its tail; his own quadruped, to ride, harness, plow, swap, sell, exactly as he pleased. But here was something far superior to all that. A woman, a living, breathing, speaking, working woman. There was the "help" at his old home, Keziah, but she could drop her work, place her arms akimbo, and give Mr. Neely's mother just as good as she got—could, and on the occasion of a final spat did, hurry her things in her trunk, slam to the lid, snap her fingers in the face of the Neely household, and depart, leaving them cookless and in the middle of a heavy washing. But here was a Keziah, only of another shade of complexion, who could cook, wash, iron, ay, plow and hoe, and his own, own property. His own woman to keep or to hire, to sell or to swap—from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot as much his own article as was his watch or his horse. And then, all her children as they might come into the world his also!

That eight hundred dollars had bought him more gratification than he had ever dreamed it lay in the power of money to purchase; it gave a value to money which it had never had even in Mr. Neely's eyes. Mr. Neely sat up late thinking it over, not unconscious of how much elevated he was thereby above any of his old acquaintances still resident in his old village. He would like to be there—they knowing of his purchase—if it was only for a few days to enjoy it. He woke a dozen times that night with the thought. He even went out once or twice during the night to the door of the kitchen to make sure she was there, heard her deep breathing within and returned satisfied. You who own merely houses, lands, bank stock, railway scrip, and the like, wait till you own a human being before you can claim to understand the pleasure of property. Only we at the South got so used to it!

With Mr. Neely there was at first the flushed eagerness of a school-boy with a stolen watermelon; the sense, too, of having achieved a kind of moral impossibility, which added to the excitement of the purchase.

But these weeks, up to and after the date of the sword on the walls, roll by very slowly; wearily, too, with the burden of heavy hearts. A vast and increasing difference between Union men and all others. Business, ruined with the Union people, was never more thriving with good Secessionists. Hardly one of these last in Somerville but has an office, a contract, an agency—something or other which pays. If Tim Lamum has bought one fine horse in the last year he has bought twenty, the best to be had in all the land. Captain Simmons also. Hitherto it was with utmost difficulty he was able to pay his board bill at Staples's; in fact, Joe Staples, his hair standing a thousand ways with indignation, ex-tailor as he is, has been loud in comment upon the Captain's delinquency, fearless of consequences. During the last few months, however, the Captain has "settled up like a gentleman," as Staples himself proclaims; has bought several new negroes, drives a splendid pair of blacks—not, of course, of the last-mentioned race—and is now habitually drunk, and therefore habitually the most Chesterfieldian in his intercourse with others of any man in Somerville. Bob Withers expresses only the experience of many thousands like him the South over.

"As for me, gentlemen, what's the use denying the thing among friends? Secession has put me on, by George! *my* legs for one?" Only a tax-collector is Bob; yet in some mystic manner he has got capital from *some* source, with which, ceasing from drinking even for the time, in the eagerness of a new excitement, he has speculated in flour, salt, and whisky, until, if we may credit his statement, he is "Rich, by George! You can always count on returns trading in the actual necessaries of life, gentlemen. Yes, rich; you'd better believe so. Don't pretend to say how long it will be before Tim Lamum there wins it all from me at poker; but until that or some other providence happens to relieve me of it, for the first time in *my* life, by George! rich, yes, Sir, rich!"

There is Smithers, the postmaster, as ordinary a little sandy-haired man as you have in all your circle of acquaintance. A strange article wherewith to fill a post-office is sugar; yet Smithers has several rows of hogsheads thereof and therein. Seven cents a pound Smithers sells it at? No, paid for it. It is forty-five cents a pound wholesale, fifty cents a pound retail, he sells it at. Smithers's intentions are—negroes. In fact, he is always in the market for a woman to do the housework. An unfortunate man he invariably is in his perpetual purchases of the same. As fast almost as he can buy them do they run away—owing to Mrs. Smithers, whom even Mrs. Warner has described as being "one of those women who will not have a moment's rest herself, nor let a soul on the place have it either, day or night. Deliver *me* from such creatures!" unconscious that that respected lady is as much like herself in that as is a pin to a needle, a thorn to a splinter.

If Smithers has one woman "lying out" he has half a dozen. And where is the use of having the dogs to trail them? You have to pay more than the woman is worth to catch her. And when she is caught and whipped, Smithers doing it with his strap, Mrs. Smithers with her tongue, the first thing Mrs. Smithers finds when she wakes of a morning is the kitchen hearth-stone cold, and Polly, Molly, Cynthy, Aggy, whatever it is, gone again. And thus does Smithers's sugar dissolve away.

Look at Joe Staples. Happy day for Staples when he laid aside shears and goose, leaped from his counter, rallied to himself the other eight parts of manhood, and went to keeping tavern! With money—gold it was—lent him by Mr. Ferguson, he provisioned his house so thoroughly when prices were low, and charges so enormously now when prices are high, that he too is getting rich. Since he has straightened his crossed legs he has actually grown inches in height, feet in circumference, beyond all admeasurement in the estimation of his household and himself. His very hair is more electric than ever with increased life at its roots.

As to little Joe Staples—the forward, dissipated, little offspring—under the new hotel régime, "he has money in great rolls, you'll bet," is the touching plaint of other boys to their parents; "buys game-chickens, candy, cigars, and a new pony whenever he wants to!" He is not quite nine yet, but already disdains the hotel gong on the arrival of glorious news. Generally he is the first, after Bill Perkins has announced it, at the Brick Church, holding on with the grip of a cray-fish to the knot on the end of the rope, rising high from the floor into the air at each semicircular sweep of the great bell.

And there is good Mr. Ellis. Four daughters has Mr. Ellis, and two sons. Henry, his eldest, is back home now, a hero from the repulse on the Rappahannock, but a cripple for life with a shot through the hip, and dreadfully emaciated by months in the hospital. Charley Ellis, his brother of twelve, no longer an attendant at Sunday-school or at church—it being impossible to go to Mr. Arthur's church any longer, since he will not pray for the Confederacy—shows terrible evidence thereof in morals; is, in fact, a distress to his father. A care-worn, haggard, stooping man now, from whom collectors of the perpetual subscription-lists for war purposes shrink most when they are abroad—as, for one such object or other they always are; because they know how Mr. Ellis shrinks from them. He really can not, will not! The money is misappropriated, or the object does not exactly fit his way of thinking. More intensely, bitterly, even fanatically Secession than ever before; yet Mr. Ellis is getting the reputation, justly or not, of being the most penurious man in Somerville. In far shabbier attire than he ever wore in other days Mr. Ellis, from talking at street corners all the rest of the time, is frantic to disprove all unfavorable, and to magnify all favorable news. On Sundays also, discussing Burnside and Lee with lying Sam Peters, Tim Lamum, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons, and the rest, while the bells are ringing, and afterward too. As to that, the



MAKING CAPS.

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Union people in Somerville are also thrown together these many months now in new combinations. Society, thoroughly broken up from its foundations, is crystallizing into totally new forms.

Mr. Neely is flourishing as a beef-contractor in war times should. Possessing Confederate money in great sheets, he has bought quite a snug tract of wooded land near Somerville, and sells wood off it by the hundred cords. True, it is land belonging to Guy Brooks, Esq., but he being, as is well known now, a Colonel in the Federal service, his property has been confiscated and sold.

It is not in horses, lands, sugar, or even—which he declares in the *Star* to be the best of all investments—negroes, that Lamum, the editor, has placed his money. Cotton is his weakness. Report whispers into your ear that he has hundreds of bales safely to his account in some place over the water—but report says the same thing of most of the Secession leaders; it may all be false. With Government teams an immense deal of cotton is certainly going to the nearest ports, the Government stores coming back on blockade-runners being singularly disproportionate. In fact, a cry of swindling and corruption and favoritism is already begun, which swells every day; only among the people, however, and the power has long ago passed out of their hands.

Dr. Ginnis, big, pompous, spending his money—on all sorts of Medical Boards these days—in improving his place in Somerville, asserts that Dr. Peel, who has half a dozen contracts, has made half a million—but who can say?

"Even an infidel," reasons Mrs. Warner to her husband, "can see the Almighty is on our side by the way He is blessing us. Every mail brings news of glorious victories, and scarce a Secessionist at home—I mean those who took a leading hand—but is coining money. As to those miserable, God-forsaken Union people—look at them! I say, only look at them!"

Well, yes. As a general rule these last have sacrified to their pigheadedness, to their perverse principles, every thing in the shape not only of popularity, common respect even, but of business also. But their infatuation, their obstinate convictions, like cancers in the bosom, seem destroying their victims; and, like cancers, are incurable—only the more deep-seated as the days roll by and Secession develops itself. Their love for what they still persist in calling their country glows still unquenched, unquenchable.

You who lived outside the South during the war, reading all varieties of papers, speaking exactly what you happened to think and feel, imagine, if you can, yourself to have been placed as these were. You were no more accustomed all your life hitherto to freedom than were these. Your convictions upon the whole matter were not clearer than were those of these men; only, living within the disease itself they knew more of its misery than you could. To them the rebellion is devastating their own soil. Think of yourself as, under like circumstance, not daring to speak your deepest and dearest sentiments at your own table and fireside lest your very children should, by their unguarded babble, betray you to death. Imagine yourself doomed every day of your life to hear read aloud from the papers and spoken by every tongue that which you knew to be lies; forced to see the commonest of common sense hourly trodden under foot; compelled continually to hear approved things subversive of all morality, powerless to help yourself; obliged to hear positions assumed by Christian men and women, by Christian ministers and in churches on the Sabbath—positions assumed, sentiments advanced, plans proposed, which, in common with every believer in Christianity outside the malaria of Secession, you knew to be exactly that which Christianity was given to overthrow—principles which you knew, as well as you could know any thing, to be of the devil, fathered upon a holy God! All this, and you required to sit under it all like a statue!

The next time, dear reader, you hear news, glad news, which causes all your heart to leap for joy, oblige me by trying yourself the experiment of wearing thereupon and therefor the saddest of countenances, as if for tidings the most disastrous. On the next occasion you hear news which rings a death-knell to your fondest hopes, be so kind as to assume the appearance of one who has just heard what he most desired. This was only the lot of Union people at the South all the war through. Your son, your husband, off from you in the Confederate ranks, enduring all the privations of a soldier's life, fighting, in spite of yourself and himself, in a cause you abhor; fighting against all of succor that is coming doubtfully toward you! But you can not imagine it as we felt it.

"Never was my poor faith in God as strong as it is now," placid Mrs. Sorel says to Mr. Arthur in these days of the repulse of Burnside. "Because I feel that nothing but his special grace could sustain me as I am sustained. That my boy—*my* Frank—but the other day standing beside me, with his dead father's eyes and hair and very voice, his father's strong sense beginning to beam upon his forehead—my pride, beside Robby—my sole hope on earth—that he should be undergoing all those horrors in Virginia, and for what?" And the tear which trickles down her cheek as she bends lower down over her sewing is, alas! but one of the drops as abundant as rain which, from the same cause, fall over the whole South.

Because Frank Sorel has been trained to be true to his name in all his dealings with his mother, as with every one else, and writes, accordingly, as truthfully as he would have spoken had he been at home. Letters filled, as all truthful letters from Confederate armies these days are, with tales of nakedness, hunger, loathsome food, exhausting marches, cold, and wet; letters telling of filth, vermin, disease, death by hundreds, like that among infected sheep; letters after battles in which valor the most desperate avails as nothing against artillery, and persistence even after frequent defeat, and telling of all the after-horrors of wounded, dying, dead; letters at least hinting at the gambling, hideous profanity, and licentiousness, before which even white-headed Christians give way, even Chaplains not rarely go down; letters written on a blanket spread on the ground, on saddle flaps, all blotted and blurred. If Mr. Ferguson, now, could only have made up a library of volumes of the war letters!

"And we have Davis's assertion that the war may last for years," says Mr. Arthur. "Even after it is over, the Confederacy a success, our young men have still to be soldiers, partly to watch the North, partly to stand perpetual guard over the negroes, then a hundred-fold more in need of being guarded than ever. May Heaven deliver Frank and Robby here from such a country! The ruin of our glorious land, and all this for—slavery." How evident that Mr. Arthur is becoming a fanatic!

"Pardon me, Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "but we will not speak on that subject. You know all my life-long prejudices on the matter. If our peculiar institutions are displeasing to Heaven, it will do away with them in its own time and way. I would not raise a finger in the matter. Meanwhile, to talk upon the subject—pardon me—is disagreeable to me. You know I am a South Carolinian, and we have been so basely abused by the Abolitionists! I am too old to change my views, too old even to think patiently upon the subject."

Not the only Union heart in the South which at that day shrank from all investigation on that point. We all shudder and turn away when the bandages come to be unwrapped from an ulcer or a wound long neglected. We are so constituted, some of us, we grow pale, sicken, faint—we can not do it. We prefer to let the bandages stay, and hope for the best. Put on the broadcloth over it all, and, for Heaven's sake, let us say no more about it.

Mrs. Bowles is whitening in her hair these days as well as Mrs. Sorel. Not trouble only—bewilderment. Things were so perfectly settled in her younger days there in South Carolina. If Mr. Neely was not born there Mrs. Bowles was; it was a satisfaction to her every waking hour of her life; she escapes as much as she can out of the present which so stuns her into that blessed past.

"Dear Mrs. Sorel, please advise with me, talk with me as you used to do. There is *such* a difference between the two opinions; they are in such conflict one of them must be victorious over the other before very long. Which is the right one? Won't you tell me something?" It is Alice who says it, seated on a stool at Mrs. Sorel's feet, in Mrs. Sorel's own room. Her friend sews and muses with bowed head, muses almost unconscious that Alice beside her is other than the little girl she was it seems but yesterday.

"You know you have always been another mother to me. You used to advise me in all my little troubles, and always advised me right," pleads Alice. "What do *you* think—what ought I to think upon these terrible things?"

"Do not think upon them at all, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel. "We are women. Let the men think and vote and fight."

"In so awful a state of things even we ought to know at least which is right and which is wrong," begins Alice.

"It is a theological affair in part; why not consult Mr. Arthur?" asks Mrs. Sorel, with something of the smile of other days as she looks her fair visitor in the eyes upturned to hers. Alice colors beneath the smile, drops the long lashes over her eyes, but answers none the less promptly:

"A minister has already advised me on the subject—that Mr. Barker. You know mamma has not attended Mr. Arthur's church for some time. Mr. Barker has had the good taste to make her a pastoral visit in consequence. But you know mamma. Good Secessionist as she is, she has a horror none the less for such men as Dr. Peel, Dr. Ginnis—especially for Mr. Barker, almost as much aversion as for the Abolitionist preachers. She sent down a request to be excused. He did not understand it in the least, and left behind, with his compliments for mamma, his last printed sermon."

"Well?"

"Oh, I actually read it through!" says Alice. He preached it on one of his visits to the capital of the State, and it was published, as the Preface says, at the earnest request of the Governor and all the other officials there."

"And what is it all about? Colonel Juggins always sends me over Mr. Barker's sermons as fast as they are published, as well as every thing of the kind, but I'm ashamed to say," adds Mrs. Sorel, "that I have never read one of them yet."

"All about the Institution. It is like what I have read about the clergy of Europe preaching that kings rule the people by Divine right. They proved from Scripture that despotism is not of man at all, but exists by Divine ordinance. All who believe in and fight for despotism are God's peculiar people. All who oppose kings are infidels. This combining of the preachers for slavery so earnestly reminds me of the Holy Alliance of Europe. Am I wrong, Aunty?"

"I have been trained from my birth, my dear," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "to believe that the Bible does expressly sanction slavery. It is true I have never read but on one side. I may add, that I have at times had some painful doubts on account of some of the things which seem inseparable from slavery, yet you know there is no institution but is liable to be abused. Two things settled my mind: the Abolitionists are a bad, violent, blaspheming people—avowed infidels many of them, running into a thousand isms and errors. With such a people God can not be. And, then, what to do with the blacks if they were freed? But we won't talk about it, dear; there is nothing I dislike more. God will do what is right."

"Only this, Aunty—it does look so much as if men who themselves cared nothing for the Bible were using the preachers as a convenient set of tools to establish their own purposes. And I could not but think," adds Alice, after a long pause, "if the Church in the South—God's own Church—should turn out to be the chiefest instrument in defending a great wrong—"

"My darling Alice," interrupts Mrs. Sorel, nervously, and placing her hand upon the lips of her visitor, "you must permit me; please, don't. How earnest you are! Let us talk about something else. I am an old woman now. You young people belong, for what I know, to a new order of things; but you must let us old people alone in our notions. Did I tell you about Robby's fight with Charley Ellis? I would like you to see how he has grown; but he has gone fishing with Mr. Arthur—no one in the world like Mr. Arthur. And you actually did this transferring yourself—take off your collar, dear, that I may see it better. And what does your mother think of the terrible prices? Mr. Arthur insists on not having any sugar in his coffee. He thinks I must have white sugar for my tea—actually bought up the last fifty pounds in Somerville for me. But just to think: wood ten dollars a cord; meal five dollars a bushel. Not a bit of flour. Molasses four dollars, beef fifty cents, fifteen dollars for the coarsest shoes."

"I make my own, Aunty; you know how independent I am; pretty good for a first attempt, are they not?" and Alice, holding aside her skirts, puts forth the neatest of little feet.

"And Alice, dear, your mother did have to sell Charles?" Mrs. Sorel asks in the lowest of tones, gently as to a sick child.

Ah, how the bright young face at her knee clouds!

"I will tell *you*, Aunt Sorel. Ma says it is because Charles has been so insolent of late, and she has no one to control him; but we were compelled to, every thing is so very dear. I plead with her to let me sell my piano instead; she would not let me even speak of it. And such trouble we have had with Charles's wife ever since! but what could we do? And, then, she may revenge herself on us."

"Revenge herself, child?"

"You are the only person in the world I would tell," says Alice, her eyes so troubled as makes Mrs. Sorel's heart sick to see. "But I do believe Sally has given that Mrs. Warner a hint already of the—the plain way in which we have to live. What I most dread is, that Sally may tell of my making things."

"Making things, dear?"

"Making caps—those ridiculous military caps that are so much worn now. You know I can make them before ma is up in the morning, and when she supposed I was reading or writing to Rutledge in the front-yard office. They sell them at the stores for five dollars each, and pay me three. I was obliged to take Sally into my confidence to sell them; and you can't imagine what managing it has taken to keep ma and the storekeepers from knowing about *my* making them. If she knew of it I do believe it would make her seriously ill."

"And you have sold your pony, Alice?"

"Of course, Aunt Sorel; with corn so high what could I do?" But Alice's assumed gayety is not altogether a success, for Lightning Bug was a great favorite.

"No letter from Rutledge yet?" Mrs. Sorel asks after a long silence, during which she is smoothing down the long hair of Alice, seated at her knee thoughtfully.

"Not a line for months now. Oh, Aunt Sorel, we have so much trouble!" And leaning her head upon knees which have often supported her in infancy, Alice wept silently. "I do believe if it was not that I have to be cheerful and managing in order to keep ma's spirits up, I would—I do not know what would become of me!" Alice adds at last without raising her head.

It was one result of Alice's visit to Mrs. Sorel that, closeted that very night with Sally in the kitchen, she told her all. Ever since Charles had been sold Sally had been sullen, on the usual road to insolence, insubordination, the marshal called in to whip her as a last resort; only the worse for that; next the calaboose; after that disgrace a servant lost to all love or fear; always insolent, always being whipped, always running away, in some instances slipping Jamestown weed or some other poison into the family coffee-pot.

"Why, good law, Miss Alice, why didn't you tell me all dis before?" is all Sally can say for some time, her tears flowing plentifully in unison with those of her young mistress. "Ef I had only knowed it! An' I half suspicioned somethin' of de kind, you carryin' on so with them caps an' things. On'y you telled me so many little fibs, Miss Alice. Bless your soul, you know you did, an' I don't blame you a bit. I don't mind one straw 'bout Charles now. You see he don't hab to leab Somerville. Fact I'd rather your ma did sell him; he was about the lot all de time before; now he comes home on'y at night, sets more by me, an' I sets more by him for havin' him off some. Sollum fact is, I 'serve cowhidin' for not seein' it all before; an' you an' your ma, all of us, from Souf Car'lina too! All ober now," she adds, soothing Alice like a child. "You get up in de mornin' de same Miss Alice, proud-like an' strong; need nebber say 'nother word to me."

"I am glad to see that Sally has come back to her senses again," says Mrs. Bowles, profoundly ignorant of the facts of the case, as she and her daughter sit sewing together the next morning; "but it is all in the State they are from. They may talk about their old Virginia servants; at last there is all the difference in the world between even them and our South Carolina black people. As your dear father used to say, it is only in South Carolina that slavery as an institution exists in perfection."

At the moment her mother was speaking, Alice, by some singular association, was thinking of a picnic long ago in the woods, when Mr. Arthur, rolling over an old log to serve her as a seat, had pointed out to her the ants thus uncovered to the light scampering off in every direction for their lives. It happened she had just been reading aloud to her mother from the papers an account of the manner in which the planters of Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, almost all of the Slave States, were hurrying about with their negroes from the Federals breaking in. "What the Yankees call the breaking in of the nineteenth century upon them, I suppose," said Alice to herself, singularly mingling the incident of the log and the events of the day with feelings of pleasure and pain wonderfully blended together. That Satan should put such thoughts in a heart so pure, so secluded, too, from his usual outward appliances!

"I have been thinking more than ever before in my life as I lay awake a little last night of one thing Mrs. Sorel told me," says Alice to her mother after an account, not a complete one, of her yesterday's visit.

"It is amazing about Mrs. Sorel, perfectly past my comprehension," says Mrs. Bowles, sadly. "She a South Carolinian herself, and after South Carolina had itself seceded and caused the other States to do the same! But what was it, Alice? I know Mrs. Sorel too well to suppose she would attempt to pervert your judgment—"

"She did not allude to it once, mamma. No, she was speaking of the little things that occur to one. She insists that each even of the smallest events happens to each of us by the special ordering of Heaven. That each event is of just such a kind as is best fitted to destroy what is weak or wrong in us, to qualify us to be happier, more useful to God and men here and hereafter. She says that generally even the most painful events have most influence on one in this way for good." But the last words of this Alice murmurs almost below her breath and to herself, with her eyes fastened upon the fire. "God help *me* to understand and feel and believe this all the time!" is the silent prayer of her soul.

"Mrs. Sorel is a truly pious woman, although strangely permitted to err in regard to her native country," assents Mrs. Bowles. "By-the-by, Dr. Ginnis is a member of Mr. Barker's church, I believe. I trust he will have piety to feel, under his loss last night, the truth of what Mrs. Sorel told you, but which, my dear, I have myself instructed you in long ago in reference to a Providence over us. It is my only hope in reference to Rutledge Bowles, I am sure."

"Sally came back from market by way of the place, and says his whole property there is gone, only the chimneys left," rejoins the daughter.

And this brings us back to the night before.

At the very hour in which Alice was admitting Sally into her secret, the C. C. were engaged in admitting Henry Ellis into theirs. Henry is a wounded hero, and he is hastened—no neophyte fitter for these Eleusinian mysteries than he—into that dread organization, holding midnight conclave in the upper room over Mr. Ellis's store. Though violently opposed to masonry and all secret societies heretofore, the rush of Secession swept him into the new society as into many another position from which he would before have shrunk. Is the heavy expense attendant upon his membership therein the only reason why he rather regrets the step after the first few weeks? Nor has he seemed specially pleased that Henry should be initiated into this modern *Vehme Gericht*.

Consumed with intense curiosity, we follow Henry Ellis as he enters the front-door below stairs, conducted by Tim Lamum, who bears, instead of a lighted torch in his hand, a cigar in his mouth as they grope along the darkness within. There is a tremendous oath in renunciation and denunciation of the old Union, and of intensest devotion to the Confederacy, and especially to Slavery, administered to them when inside the front-door, when at the bottom of the steps, when arrived at the top thereof; nor are they admitted into the door of the innermost arcana without a repetition of the same. And very imposing it all is therein: the members seated along the sides of the room, an elevated seat at the far end, draped with a black flag, while before it burn a certain number of candles, to signify the Confederate States; other unlighted candles among them, to indicate the deplorable condition for the present of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland. Dr. Peel, in very remarkable attire, occupies the seat as the Glorious Calhoun, presiding. And very imposing the ceremony is when Henry Ellis has it explained to him, by the Glorious Calhoun before whom he stands, that a certain altar thereby—on which lies a Confederate flag, upon which is placed a Bible—represents that, of all nations on earth, it is the Confederacy which is truly Scriptural. In vivid proof of which the whole Scripture record of Noah's curse upon Cain is immediately enacted before him: Drunkenness of Noah—tent-scene—Shem, Ham, Japheth, and all. The effect is somewhat impaired, however, by Noah, a venerable patriarch with a white beard to his waist, to whom Ham, very black indeed, holds a candle while being duly cursed by Noah from a book.

"'Cursed be Canaan,'" reads a well-known.

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frank, and honest voice, "'a servant of servants shall he be—' By George! Simmons, hold the candle nearer, can't you! 'Blessed be—' One half inch more, Simmons, and you would have set the beard on fire. If I was too drunk to stand, by George!" adds Noah, with asperity, "I'd lie down." And Ham reels away at last, the curse being endless and overwhelming, in deplorable plight.

Next Abraham, with a voice and gestures singularly like those of Brother Barker, in spite of beard and mask, reads the neophyte brought before him in another part of the room a lengthy lecture, embracing the rest of the Biblical argument for Slavery, closing with a strong intimation that as the South, in obeying the Divine command in this matter, are therefore God's peculiar people, those nations who do not do the same are under the wrath of Heaven. Shall we relate how George Washington, risen from his grave in the person of Dr. Ginnis, rehearses—in bag-wig, knee-buckles, and portentous voice—the innumerable wrongs of the North and the rights of the South? Nor shall we wholly abstain from referring to a sarcastic Eulogy upon the Union delivered by the Evil One himself, to personify whom the only alterations Tim Lamum thinks it necessary to make in himself are a tail and a pair of horns. After which the novice is instructed in all the countersigns and grips, and learns also that the mystic C. C. stand for Children of Calhoun, and also for Curse of Canaan, and the red sword to be pasted so as always to point North—but that needs no explanation.

Next follows the arrangement of certain money-eyed matters relating to the widows and orphans of soldiers, in which the sums specified bear ludicrous proportion to the grandeur of their distribution.

"Children of Calhoun. Business," says Dr. Peel at last.

Whereupon, to the astonishment of Henry Ellis, the lights are put out and the conclave left in perfect darkness, during which the entire membership are evidently employed in changing their seats.

"Business!" says the Glorious Calhoun, at last.

"Glorious Calhoun!" A voice from the darkness.

"At my post!" replies that individual.

"Silas Jewet, conscript, sought for. Fled!" says the voice.

"Isaac Smith, over conscript age, but disloyal. Warned to leave. Fled!" says another voice from the other side, which Henry Ellis has heard before from the lips of Joe Staples.

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the far end of the room.

"At my post!"

"Hol Robbins, known as Catfish Robbins, exempt on account of sickness. Very seditious in language, *disappeared!*" The voice is evidently disguised. "His boy, Hark, actually fought for his master—soon settled *him*," the speaker adds, in a lower tone for the information of his near neighbors. But, after this, name after name is called out, now from one side and now from the other side of the darkness, with comment like the above. Then there is called one name more which makes most sensation of all.

"Parson Arthur!"

"Make charge!" from the presiding officer.

"Opposed to Secession from the first, and persists in his crime. Silent but influential for the Union."

"Business proposed!" from the Glorious Calhoun.

"I move he be regularly warned to leave:" the speaker carefully disguises his voice, but is loud and dogged. Whereupon rises a hubbub over the whole hall, some urging with violence, some opposing the suggestion. One voice has at last obtained the mastery; it would seem in the darkness as if its owner had mounted upon his seat.

"I tell you, fellows, you'd better not; by George, no! No man *can* regret the parson's course more'n I do; but that man has buried too many of our dead, nursed too many of our sick, married too many of our couples for that! I ain't a Christian, but I know one when I see one, and precious few they are. Parson Arthur is *not* favorable to the Confederacy, I know, but you all know he is a Christian, a Christian gentleman. We can't afford it, fellows; and, by George, we won't!"

"One word more, gentlemen"—another voice from the darkness—"I'm Henry Ellis, you may know that by my crutches, there!" and a double knock is heard upon the floor. "You all know I have been fighting for the South in Virginia. Well, for one, the man that disturbs Mr. Arthur, unless he breaks some law, has me to disturb too. I say no more!"

A vote is taken. According to the Ritual of the C. C. on any thing moved for the benefit of the Confederacy the vote is South instead of ay, and North instead of nay. On this occasion a voice in the darkness, evidently the original proposer of the motion to rid Somerville of Mr. Arthur—a thing often before done by the C. C. in the case of other obnoxious individuals, and which has landed said individuals in a clime exceedingly unlike Somerville and very far above it, or in still another place not so greatly unlike Somerville though below it—on this occasion, we say, the original voice votes South, with an emphasis which makes up for its being the only vote to that effect. Most of the C. C. do not vote at all; but enough vote North, and with emphasis of their own, too, to decide the question for Mr. Arthur's further stay in Somerville. Let it be distinctly recorded here that we do *not* assert the first-named vote to have been given by the Patriarch Abraham; for the sake of sweet St. Charity let the matter at least remain in doubt.

This matter being disposed of:

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the darkness, which, like that of Egypt, is both intense and swarming with angry spirits.

"At my post!"

"Mr. Ferguson." We all know Joe Staples's voice.

"Make charge."

"Against the revolution from the first. Bitterly against it still. Won't touch Confederate money. Always says it's a lie."

Joe Staples, who is deeply in debt to Mr. Ferguson, has never probably read Sallust, and imitates unconsciously those of whom that historian records that they joined the conspiracy of Catiline to get rid of their indebtedness. Not Staples only, no more eager Secessionists in all the South and from the outset, and a little before, than those owing heavily, especially to Northern creditors. But—

"He ridicules all the good news," adds another voice.

"And pastes it all in a big book," contributes a third from the darkness.

"And won't give one single cent toward the war," adds a fourth.

"A cross-grained old Abolitionist, heart and soul against us!" cries still another.

"Business proposed!" from the chair as soon as the Glorious Calhoun can make himself heard.

"Frighten out of his boots!"

"And to-night, right away!"

"Those in favor will say South!" Overwhelming vote.

"Those opposed will say North!"

"North"—only one voice, Henry Ellis. "One word, men," he adds. "You all know I have fought, will fight as long as I can pull a trigger for the South; but only on the open field, and where I can see. I resign." And the speaker is hobbling on his crutches toward the door as well as he can guess at it.

"Children of Calhoun," says Dr. Peel, promptly.

"At our posts!" from the members, evidently part of the Ritual.

"Because, not fighting for the South in the field, we must work for it at home!" In full chorus, after Dr. Peel.

"Well, it's a sort of work I won't do for one. And I tell you, gentlemen, just this. I find here among all you stay-at-homes a sort of ferocity, a kind of devilish bitterness there isn't the least spark of in the army, and you know whether it fights or not. You must excuse me, your secrets are safe with me, but I am gone;" and a stumble and slam announces that the speaker has managed to find the door and leave—those nearest the door not unconscious that several seem to be leaving with him.

It is a singular fact, but from that night the C. C., notwithstanding the immense amount of work yet to be done, and the appalling oaths binding upon the organization to do it, steadily wanes to extinction. In vain Brother Barker especially exerts himself; for by his powerful appeals, not without tears, he has brought about, from outside, such an alteration as admits him and Mr. Neely and others of Northern birth. It may be the very violence of these hastens its end. Even the dullest Secessionist knows that Union men have been initiated, at least men who were once Union, and that these have been foremost in ultra propositions therein. The sincere Secessionist sees afterward how these Union men thus kept the proceedings of the C. C. fully known to all their own kind outside, and, also, by putting on too much steam from within hastened the explosion. But the genuine, sincere, Southern-born Secessionists did the Northern-born members of the C. C. great injustice when they afterward charged the same treachery upon these.

"For one, gentlemen, I am firmly persuaded," said Captain Simmons, afterward, "that there was not a Yankee Secessionist in all the South, whoever he was, and whatever he said or did as editor, private, general, quarter-master, mere citizen, or what not, but went into Secession, and acted as he did during it with the full though secret determination thereby to defeat Secession and overthrow Slavery. In fact, gentlemen," continued Captain Simmons, with a firm grasp upon the pillar of the porch in front of Staples's Hotel, peculiarly dignified because particularly drunk: "I have become fully satisfied that Secession was got up and carried through by Yankees, South and North, expressly to procure the destruction of Slavery and the triumph of the North over the South. Hypocrites, gentlemen, every soul of them. Their bended eyes salute the skies, their lifted knees the ground, as the hymn has it; abhorrence of such was among the deepest sentiments instilled into me by parents now saints in heaven, where one day I hope to rejoin them. This whole thing has convinced my mind, gentlemen," adds the Captain, with a wave of his left hand, "being a Southern-born man myself I am none the less free to say it, that the Yankees are what they claim to be—the smartest people on this planet. None the less does my soul loathe them; to the last degree are they offensive to me."

Whether any of said Yankees who afterward claimed any thing of all this for themselves individually spake truth or not who can say? Oh if we could but read the heart! Alas! he who pens these lines can not read his own. Enough for us that He who has the final settlement of all things *can*.

"Secret and Special Committee of Three will meet here to-morrow night at twelve. Be vigilant, Children of Calhoun, much and great work remains to be done." This from the chair, after the candles have been again lighted.

"France, what from you?" The editor, Lamum, who is thus addressed, sitting in his place under that flag, is silent.

"England, what from you?" Jem Budd, gunsmith, seated opposite France, under the Cross of St. George, is compelled, by the painful facts of the case, to remain silent.

"Ourselves," says Dr. Peel, with enthusiasm, rising from his seat broad and jeweled as midnight, "what from us?"

"Rappahannock!" prompt and loud from the whole C. C.

A fervent prayer from Brother Barker in closing, as there had been one from the same source in opening, and, with certain mystical signs gone through, the C. C. adjourn. A Federal Flag being first spread before the door, each of the C. C. in passing out tramples it under foot, stamping and grinding their heels and spitting upon it in a manner in strict conformity with the Ritual and the feelings of—some of them. Only let it here be written that the faculty of dissembling in some men, and during some epochs, is vigorous beyond all estimation.

"Oh yes, do what you please to old Ferguson!" is heard in the noise of departure. "We are at *war*, by George! We've got into this muss, and all we've got to do is to fight out of it if we can. But not Parson Arthur, by George! not the parson—"

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

A LANCASHIRE TRADITION.

In the "good old times"—that far-off period which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but to which so few, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashton, or Assheton, family. A Sir John Assheton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Assheton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for the common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his spurs, the number of these seats being limited, they were given to the women—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "Riding the Black Lad," simply commemorates the popular odium in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceeding of November the 5th.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenantry. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust.

One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated long afterward, was the custom of *heriotship*. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain claim could be, and was, made by the lord of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Death laid low the bread-winner, and the landlord stepped in to take away best part of the scanty store the dead man had scraped together.

There was, so says tradition, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious and cruel of men. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him—

> "Oh, Jesu! for thy mercy's sake,
> And for thy bitter passion,
> Save us from the axe of the Tower,
> And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He spared neither age nor sex; he had no pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan; wherever his shadow fell trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and wailing were not far off. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the heriot should be paid without delay. Now the widow had nothing with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. The widow had four children to feed—one of them an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and about fourteen years old. This poor lad, tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest.

It was a sad scene which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1484. Sharp, cold weather—weather unusually severe, the country for miles around covered with snow; the rivers and streams bound in icy fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the forest and over the waste, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the poor widow, and colder within, she and her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few red embers on the hearth. The idiot boy was singing softly to himself, and winking his horny eyes at the fire; the other children were all unwittingly making their sorrowful mother still sadder. "Was it not Christmas? then why not have holly like they did last year—eh, mother? Why not have a Christmas fire—we *should* like Christmas fire, mother? And how long will it be before father comes home, and shall we have Christmas fire to-day, and see the holly, and sing as we sang last Yule-tide?" The cow lowed from her crib, separated only from the family by a slight partition, and the sound the poor beast made only served to deepen the misery of its poor mistress. The Black Knight of Ashton claimed the cow for his heriot, and if he took her there was only death for them.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in—a tall, squarely built man, with sinewy limbs, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce, and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his own, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his, none should deprive him of his rights. Mercy! it was not in his bond. Leniency, delay! nothing was said of either in his feudal charter. Charity, for the sake of Him whose feast they kept that day! Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for fooling. So a couple of fellows, who had accompanied Sir Ralph, drove out the poor beast from the shed, and the knight, with a threat of expelling the family from their miserable hut, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him—

"Beest thou our liege lord?"

"Ay, fool; what hast thy pert tongue to say to that?"

"The liege lord will die, mother—will he die?"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the brat speak out. What of it, boy—what if I should die?"

"Then thy liege lord will claim heriot."

"And who may he be?"

"Old Hornie—Beelzebub!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, ha' pity, ha' pity—the lad's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurned her with his foot.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There, no whimpering." He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

* * * * * *

There were strange doings that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather—snowing hard and freezing hard; but the company was still numerous, for when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer woe to those tenants who slighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled on the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was damp and chilly; the wassail seemed to have lost its flavor, and the Christmas plants looked shriveled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected the fire rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their benumbed hands, and felt oppressed. There was good cheer; there were mummers in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon Sir Ralph came into the hall and glanced angrily round upon his guests, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his bounty to be churlishly received by his own hinds? Had John the Slater, and Roger the Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Hobbe o' the Leghes, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were blindman's-buff, hot cockles, and bob-apple, too poor sport for these gentry? Was not the Christmas-pie large enough or good enough for their tastes? By his halidome it should go hard but he would teach them better manners!

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests—guests who stood appalled before him—one of the mummers, a little fellow, clad in black, with a mask having horns, and, besides, a long tail with a fluke to it, cautiously crept out of the group, and stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and tripped him on the floor. Sir Ralph had never in his whole life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white at the spectacle. He regained his feet in an instant, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him with no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were chased round and round the hall in the utmost confusion. Some fell, some escaped into the open air; but the black mummer neither fell nor fled. He was, or rather seemed to be, every where at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and away was he, dextrously diving and running between the knight's legs, perhaps upsetting him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back—here, there, every where, making the hall ring with his shrill laughter.

At last no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were badly hurt and lay groaning on the floor. Sir Ralph paused to take breath and look about him. There, in the music-gallery, with his legs hanging over the front, sat the black mummer, swaying his body to and fro, and laughing as if he was a witness of the drollest affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Pull down the rogue!" called out Sir Ralph. "Guard the stair. Some of you seize him. By the Rood, he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with the knight. Sir Ralph raised his cudgel and aimed a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. Then, in a shrill voice, heard distinctly over the hall, the black figure cried:

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell thee thy liege lord would take his heriot at Easter." And with these words and a diabolical laugh the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph hastily quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hurriedly he sent for his priest. What passed between them is unknown. Next morning the widow's cow was returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's almonry. He became charitable. He was attentive to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but as the year advanced he was noticed to change in other respects: he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and its explanation is sometimes supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor—the black mummer, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Boggart" full of mischief, say others; only a few incline to the opinion which to us appears the most probable—namely, that the mummer was no other than the idiot boy—witless enough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the concoction and execution of an ingenious trick—mad enough, doubtless, but with "method in his madness."

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VIEW OF SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 292.]

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"Why, the old gentleman was a third cousin of my mother's. She wanted me to come, and I came."

"Precisely my case—only the relationship is on my wife's side; and as she was so anxious I should show respect for her grand-uncle, of course I couldn't resist—especially as the country is so delightful to visit just now, eh?"

"Just so. Exactly. Found any new bugs?"

"Not yet, though I've come across a rather interesting specimen of the familiar œstrus bovis, which I'll show you after the funeral. But I mean to go out on an excursion in the woods and fields to-morrow. Will you go along?"

"All right. I want to do a little shooting now I'm out here."

"Shooting? Pooh!"

But so the engagement was made.

The next day our friends hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable in the village and started for the green regions.

"You haven't any gun?" said Booksmith.

"Oh no; 'twouldn't be just the thing to bring your gun along when you come to a funéral, you know. Besides, I haven't got any gun to bring. The fact is, I am not much of a sportsman anyhow. But I brought my revolver. It's in my coat-pocket. And then there's Carlo, you know."

"Who's Carlo?"

"Why, my dog. Don't you know Carlo? There he is, running along by the fence. I don't know what breed he is—"

"Not a pure breed, I should say," broke in Booksmith, anxious to air his erudition; "a cross, recrossed indefinitely, I should say. By his ears a spaniel, canis extrarius; by his nose, more of a bull-dog; by his tail, a Siberian. Remarkably fine tail that."

"It is a handsome tail," said Berjarvis, gratified at this testimony from science, and gazing with a new interest on the fine bushy tail that curled, high and graceful, over Carlo's back. "A decidedly handsome tail. I bought him principally on account of his tail. Mrs. Berjarvis says it's a perfect poem of a tail—and *she* knows what poetry is. But that's neither here nor there. As I was saying, the dog's breed is a matter of question; but there is something about him that seems to me to indicate reserved powers in the way of pointing. You see how he runs along, always putting his nose to something or other and sniffing it. If that isn't an indication of a hunting-dog what is?"

"But see here, Berjarvis," said Booksmith, who has a great horror of fire-arms," are you sure that pistol is entirely safe? You say you're not used to shooting."

"Well, I guess I can handle a revolver," said Berjarvis, with some hauteur. "I am not *wholly* an ignoramus with regard to the hunt, Booksmith. I have shot off a pistol fifty times. I have also shot off guns in shooting-galleries very frequently, and I call myself a good marksman, though I say it that shouldn't. I seldom miss the bull's eye, I assure you. When I say I am not much of a sportsman, I mean I am not familiar with game, and in fact never shot any thing in the woods in my life. But that is only for want of practice. Can you shoot?"

"No, I never shoot."

"Well, now," and Berjarvis drew from a cavernous receptacle in the side of his coat a huge navy revolver, "this pistol—"

"Good Heavens! What a monster!" cried Booksmith.

"Just the thing to hunt with," said Berjarvis, calmly. "Why, that pistol carries a ball that would knock over a grizzly bear. It would nearly shoot a monkey's head right off his shoulders."

Mr. Booksmith looked at the formidable weapon with great apparent respect; but he was manifestly relieved when Berjarvis put it back in his pocket.

They rode on for some time, conversing on various topics born of the hour and the scene—its verdant fields, its rippling brooks, its woody hillsides, its broad, pure, balmy atmosphere. They passed bright orchards which saluted them with delicious blossom-odors, rumbled over rustic bridges, and at last drew up at a quiet-looking red farm-house, back of which, half a mile across the fields, was a promising stretch of woodland.

A farmer in a flannel shirt, and with his pantaloons tucked in his boot-legs, came to the gate to see what the strangers wanted.

"Good-mornin'," said the farmer.

"Morning, Sir," said Berjarvis, who being fluent of speech took upon himself the office of spokesman as his patent right. "We want to leave our horse in your care a while, if you please, while we stroll over into those woods yonder. You will give the horse something to eat if he needs it—does a horse need any thing at this time o' day, Booksmith?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, *you* know what he needs, friend" (to the farmer). "We'll pay you for your trouble when we return from the woods."

"Goin' into the woods?" said the farmer man, with a look of profound curiosity. "What for?"

"Why, you see," said Berjarvis, good-naturedly, while he winked at Booksmith, "my friend here is a naturalist, and I am a disciple of Nimrod; and he is going out to search for bugs and things, and I am going to see what I can find in the way of game."

"Oh, you're a disciple of ramrod, eh? Where's your gun?"

"I brought along nothing but my pistol," explained Berjarvis. "We are from New York, and only out for a day's shooting."

"And your friend's a natural, is he?" said the farmer, looking compassionately at Booksmith. "Poor feller! Now he looks as ef he knowed as much as you or me. Hunts for bugs, eh? Does he eat 'em, or what does he do with 'em?"

"Oh, ha! ha! ha! You misunderstand me, my friend. Not a natural—a natural-*ist*. Quite a different thing, I assure you. He collects bugs in a scientific way, and sticks them on pins in glass cases for preservation."

"Oh, that's it! Wa'al, I'll 'tend to your hoss for ye. I s'pose you won't be back right off, and I'll give him a bite about noon-time."

"Yes, do. And see here, Booksmith, hadn't we better come back and dine here?—that is, provided our friend won't object to turning his house into a hotel to that extent." And the courteous printer looked inquiringly at the farmer.

"That's all right," said the honest yeoman, "I'll have th' old woman cook a couple o' chicken for ye."

"Prime!" said Berjarvis, smacking his lips in anticipation of the glorious appetite he should bring in from the hunt. By-the-way, though, what game have you in these woods? You see I'm not much used to this section. Most of my shooting has been done in York State."

York city, he would have said, had he deemed it important to be precise.

"Wa'al, I don' know's there's much of any thin' wo'th shutin' now 'round here, 'thout it is squirrels."

"Sciuris vulgaris," interjected Booksmith, tired of holding his tongue.

"Wa'al, that's fer *you* to say," said the farmer, catching the sound of 'vulgar,' and guessing the rest. "Gray squirrels is tol'ble eatin'."

Berjarvis whistled to his dog.

"'S that your dog?" said the farmer.

"Yes."

"Proper fine tail he's got, hain't he?"

"Yes, a good tail—and a good eye, eh?"

"Wa'al, I don' know much 'bout dogs anyhow," said the non-commital farmer. "But his tail is a beauty."

With this the farmer drove off with the horse.

The sportsmen got over a fence and started for the woods, accompanied by Carlo, frisky and given to smelling at all sorts of objects.

"I tell you what it is," said his proud owner, "if there's a gray squirrel in those woods that dog will unearth him."

Booksmith was musing deeply, and he did not make any response touching the improbability of a gray squirrel's needing to be unearthed.

"See here, Berjarvis," said he, gravely, "do you think it is just right to shoot gray squirrels in May?"

"Why not?" said the other.

"Why, don't you know they are attending to their little families about this time? Their young are taken care of and fed by the parents till they are four or five weeks old; and in this latitude they can't be more than a few days old by this time, I should say. How would you feel to know that you had shot the father or mother of an interesting little family of squirrels unable to provide for themselves?"

"Oh, if you put it on humanitarian grounds," argued Berjarvis, "I don't know as it would be right to shoot a squirrel at any time of the year—or, in fact, any thing else. But I'm not so soft as that comes to. I wouldn't shoot a harmless little bird, as I know of, unless it was a *very* tempting mark; but a squirrel is different. And seems to me I've heard that squirrels suck birds' eggs, and kill the little ones. Who wouldn't shoot such a marauding villain?"

"The gray squirrel, Berjarvis—sciurus migratorius—has no such bad habits. You've no excuse at all for shooting at the harmless little fellow."

"Oh, don't preach, Booksmith! Don't spoil a fellow's fun, when it's ten to one whether I get a shot at any thing anyhow. Don't you run bugs and butterflies through with pins like a butcher? Which is worst?"

"That is different, Berjarvis," was the calm reply. "We may do that in the interest of science which it would be wrong to do out of mere sport."

"Ha! what's that?" cried Berjarvis, excitedly, drawing and cocking his big revolver.

They had reached the wood, and the keen eye of the sportsman had detected a little striped fellow running along the rail fence, cheeping like a juvenile chicken. At the sound of the hunter's voice it shot out of sight like a flash.

"That was a ground squirrel—tamias striatus—commonly called a chipmunk. You wouldn't shoot a chipmunk, I hope? It isn't a squirrel proper anyhow. Its food is not good to eat, and it is as harmless as a dove—yes, Sir, as a dove. Whatever you do, Berjarvis, don't shoot a chipmunk."

"Oh, bother! Now, Booksmith, you go to catching bugs if you want to, and leave me and Carlo to our sport (But where *is* the dog? Carlo! Carlo! Ah, there he goes!) Now you stick to your bugs—there's a good fellow!"

"Hist!" uttered Booksmith, eagerly, laying his hand on his friend's arm; "there's a beautiful specimen! See him?" And Booksmith pointed his finger at a gay-colored little bird that sat on a limb at no great distance. "Fetch him down, will you?" he whispered, hurriedly. "I want that fellow."

Berjarvis, all excitement, blazed away.

Nothing came of it.

"Ah, you missed him!" sighed Booksmith. "A beautiful tanager as I ever saw—tanagra cyanocephala. He would have mounted beautifully."

"Now look at that!" cried Berjarvis. "Just look at it! It's no harm to shoot a pretty little bird when you want to stuff him with sawdust or some thing and set him on a wire! There's your consistency! I'm glad I didn't hit him. I'm ashamed for having shot at him. If I had hit him the bullet would have knocked him into raw hash! *There* goes a squirrel!"

Crack! went the pistol.

The sportsmen rushed forward. No squirrel to be seen.

"You don't seem to ever hit any thing!" said Booksmith, reproachfully.

"*There* goes another!" cried Berjarvis again. "The wood's full of 'em! See him?—running along on that fence log!"

It was running along, rather slowly for a squirrel, on a log which formed the basis of a rail fence in the wood.

Crack!

Another rush forward, and simultaneously Carlo set up a most agonizing "Ki-yi! ki-yi!" but the eager sportsmen had no ear for the dog, whatever his momentary distress. Booksmith struck a fallen tree and went over it sprawling.

"*Don't* I ever hit any thing?" cried Berjarvis, triumphantly, grabbing through the fence at the furry something he had "brought down." "*Don't* I? What do you say to—"

He stopped short, staring at his trophy.

"What's the matter?" asked Booksmith, coming up limping.

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried the dog's master, without replying to his friend, "come here, poor fellow! *Come* here!"

Carlo was a dolorously unhappy dog at that point in his history. He was suffering untold agonies. He had been running along behind that fence log, and his caudal appendage, looming up above the log, had been shot at as it ran. Now there was a bleeding stump where the beautiful tail had been; the tail itself was in Mr. Berjarvis's murderous hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Booksmith, "you *did* hit it!"

"Don't laugh, Booksmith," said Berjarvis, almost with tears in his eyes, as he patted his poor dog's head, though the pain was not at that end.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" moaned the laughter-consumed Booksmith, "how can I help it? It was such a perfect poem of a tail!"

"Hush up, will you?"

"And that pistol would knock a monkey's head off!"

"Booksmith, I'll tell you what it is, I've had enough of this," said Berjarvis, starting up angrily; "I'm going home."

This sobered the book-keeper instanter.

"Oh, pooh!" said he. "Don't get mad, Berjarvis. Don't go home. Where's my trophies?"

"Hang your trophies! You've got as many as I have. I say I'm going," and he suited the action to the word.

There was no help for it. The naturalist followed the disciple of Nimrod back to the farm-house.

"You're back quick," said the farmer. "Shute any thing? Why, 'lastin' wonder! where's your dog's tail?"

"Never mind the tail," said Berjarvis, bitterly. "Fetch up the horse."

"Why, you ain't goin' off 'thout y'r dinner, be ye? It's a-cookin' now. Don't ye smell it?"

A delicious savor of roast fowl from the kitchen did indeed salute the olfactories of the sportsmen, and even in his distress Berjarvis wavered visibly.

"Tell ye what, friends," said the farmer, assuming the office now of guide, consolator, and friend, "you better set by and have a good dinner, and give y'r dog a bite of somethin' too to soothe him. An' I hain't foddered y'r hoss yit either. An' I've got some fust-rate salve I'll put on the dog's accident, an' he'll git over achin' arter a little. An' then, arter dinner, of you say so, we'll all go over the hill yender to one of the sassiest trout-creeks in these parts. Shutin's nothin' this time o' year, I cal'late, but fishin's tip-top."

"Trout!" ejaculated Berjarvis, beaming delightedly on Booksmith.

"Splendid!" cried the book-keeper.

So they went into the house and rested their heated frames in a deliciously cool little "front-room" while dinner was made ready. Carlo was cared for with gentle art, and when the trio sallied out after dinner the dog trotted contentedly, albeit soberly, behind them. The farm-house contained plenty of the requisite tackle, it being, in fact, a-frequent resort of anglers from the neighboring village; and though our friends were but indifferent wielders of the rod they succeeded very much to their own satisfaction. With the farmer's aid they took back a fine string of brook-trout on their return homeward at night.

I do not know how Mr. Berjarvis accounted to Mrs. B. for the loss of Carlo's tail, but I sincerely trust he told her the truth, like a brave man.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

REAL ENTHUSIASM.—Pumps is such a thorough teetotaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.

A COVERT MEANING.—What is the difference between a hunt and a hot breakfast?—In the latter case you come to the cover before the meat, in the former to the meet before the cover.

A bachelor, up Penn Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, picked up a thimble. He stood a while, meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying: "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" Just as he had finished, a fat colored lady looked out of an upper-story window, and said: "Boss, jist please to frow dat fimble of mine in de entry; I jist now drapt it."

When is a sailor most like a thief?—When he takes a messmate's watch.

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."

MILITARY DEFINITION FOR A KISS.—Report at headquarters.

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

"William, my son, how came yc to muddy your dress so?"

Willie stopped a moment, ther cooking his father in the eye, very soberly asked:

"Father, what am I made o'?"

"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

The first man that "struck ile"—Jonah.

A little keen, bright-eyed girl of four years, on a visit one evening, was being helped to the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying her words with an emphatic gesture, "Why, girls nineteen years old sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them *babies*, would you?"

"Your whiskers are unprofessional," said a client to his legal adviser. "Why so?" "Because a lawyer can never be too barefaced."



A "JOHNNY BULL" CAPTURED BY A FENIAN.

At a recent examination of children at Swansea, England, the question was asked, why the children of Israel made a golden calf and worshiped it after they had been forbidden such idolatry by Moses? A precocious little fellow sharply answered, "Because they had not enough gold to make a bull with." The laughter which followed put a stop to the examination for that day.

A NEW INVENTION.—The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra display of "emotion" is required.

An orator in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said: "My friends, I am proud to see around me the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, fellow-citizens! for I was born a farmer; the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocation of a son of the soil. In fact, to speak figuratively, I may say I was born between two rows of corn!" "A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed an inebriated chap, just in front of the stage.

THE RULING PASSION.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

When are soldiers like blacksmiths?—When they are drilling and filing.

A gentleman, talking to another on the subject of marriage, made the following observation: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank Heaven, I buried her in pleasant weather."

Why is the James River like a keg of lager beer?—Because it flows into the Dutch Gap.

"Are them all Bibles?" asked a countryman the other day in the registrar's office, pointing to the big volumes of wills upon the shelves. "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "those are *testaments*."

SCARCITY OF WIVES.—It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that the fair emigrants from England receive offers of marriage through speaking-trumpets before they land from the ship; and if one accepts the proposal she signifies it by holding up the finger on which she expects the wedding-ring to be placed.

At what time should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry?—when he wants a *bar-maid*.

A clergyman, being deposed from his ministry for holding certain heretical opinions, said "*it should cost a hundred men their lives.*" This alarming speech being reported, he was taken before a magistrate and examined, when he explained himself by saying his meaning was, that "*he intended to practice physic.*"

Prentice says girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the sun rise in the east?" "Don't know, Sir," replied William, "'cept it be that the 'east makes every thing rise."

A land speculator, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S MAXIMS.

Never say dye until you have had your silk turned twice.

Good wine needs no bush, but home-made Champagne does need the gooseberry-bush.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched; and avoid as much as possible having them in your breakfast eggs.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and half a stale loaf will go further than new bread.

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION—Stephens.

Why is a doll like jelly?—Because it is made with eyes in glass.

A man who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or any thing else, in which he could not tie a double bow knot, was summarily put down by being requested to tie a knot in a *cord* of wood.

A Michigander, who was arrested for stealing a goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and arrested it for treason.

"Pat, can ye tell me why winter is like a dog?" "Faith, Mick, I can't." "Well, thin, it's bekase of the coldness of *its nose* (its snows)."

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

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HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq., who has recently been appointed by the President as Collector of the port of New York, was born in Hobart, Delaware County, in this State, in 1817, and is now in the fiftieth year of his age. His father, one of the earliest settlers in that section of the country, was a popular and able lawyer, and his maternal grandfather was the Hon. ANTHONY MARVINE, also a distinguished lawyer, and who for some time represented the Delaware district in Congress.

At an early age Mr. SMYTHE, after receiving a good academic education, came to this city, commencing his business life as clerk in one of our large jobbing and importing houses. This house having been burned out in 1839, Mr. SMYTHE became connected with a large importing house, in which he subsequently became a partner. After remaining here about six years he joined the domestic commission house of F. SKINNER & Co., of Boston, to whom, soon after, he suggested the propriety of opening a branch house in this city. The success of this enterprise was so striking that many of the merchants of Boston formed similar connections with New York. He remained in this firm until 1857, when he established the large and extensive house of SMYTHE, SPRAGUE, & COOPER. Mr. SMYTHE, in this new position, as heretofore, was the managing man of the firm, the business of which was most profitably and successfully carried on, even through all the great commercial excitement and revulsions of the period from 1857 to 1864. During the latter year he retired from the partnership, and was immediately elected President of the Central National Bank—an institution which was brought into existence mainly through his efforts, and he still remains at its head. The ability with which he engineered the affairs of the bank is the strongest evidence that could be given of Mr. SMYTHE's business tact and energy of character, as well as his executive ability, which constitute the very qualifications requisite for the Collector of the port of New York.

Honorable in his own actions and dealings, it is expected that Mr. SMYTHE will exact the same standard from his subordinates in the Custom-house. Socially, he is of a genial and benevolent disposition. Fortunately he is not known as a politician. His political bearings are rather conservative, and he is understood to be a supporter of President JOHNSON. This, however, has not prevented his receiving the support of all parties in his claim to the position to which the President has appointed him. It is but rarely that our Collectors have ever been chosen from among merchants, but those few who have been thus chosen were, without doubt, the most popular and efficient ones we have had. Certainly there is room for reformation in the New York Custom-house; and the man best calculated to bring this about is not a politician, but one such as we believe Mr. SMYTHE to be—a man eminent for business tact and rigid integrity.



HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ.

THE NEGRO CELEBRATION IN WASHINGTON.

THE occasion of the celebration, which took place April 19, was the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

Two regiments of colored troops and various colored civic associations, with many other colored citizens, assembled in front of the Executive Mansion, making a dense mass of colored faces, relieved here and there by a few white ones. After the firing of cannon and the playing of several martial airs three cheers were given for the President of the United States, who, having been escorted to a prominent position, addressed the assemblage.

The President, after thanking his colored friends for the compliment they were paying him in presenting themselves before him on the day of their celebration, reminded them that their truest friends were not those who had selected them "as a hobby and a pretense by which they could be successful in obtaining and maintaining power." He claimed to have himself contributed more than any other man in procuring the Constitutional ratification of their emancipation. He had done this not to gain power, but to establish freedom—a cause for which he had periled his all. He concluded as follows:

"Then let me mingle with you in celebration of the day which commenced your freedom. I do it in sincerity and truth, and trust in God the blessings which have been conferred may be enjoyed and appreciated by you, and that you may give them a proper direction. There is something for all to do. You have high and solemn duties to perform, and you ought to remember that freedom is not a new idea. It must be reduced to practical reality. Men in being free must deny themselves many things which seem to be embraced in the idea of universal freedom. It is with you to give evidence to the world and the people of the United States whether you are going to appreciate this great boon as it should be, and that you are worthy of being freemen. Then let me thank you with sincerity for the compliment you have paid me by passing through here to-day, and paying your respects to me. I repeat again, the time will come when you will know who have been your best friends, and who have been your friends from mercenary considerations. Accept my thanks."

Very many of the audience approached and shook hands with the President.

The procession then re-formed and took up the line of march along Pennsylvania Avenue. In passing the Capitol cheer after cheer rent the air in compliment to their legislative friends. There were probably 4000 or 5000 colored men in the procession, while 10,000 of the same race were interested spectators, manifesting their joy and gladness by waving their hats and handkerchiefs and cheering lustily the passing procession. The celebration was closed with religious services and the delivery of addresses in Franklin Square in the presence of a vast multitude. The stand on the south side of the Square was calculated to seat a large number of persons, and was handsomely decorated, a large national flag being displayed on either side, and one hanging in festoons at the front corners, with one in front on which was a message of President LINCOLN as follows:

"Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: The act entitled 'An act for the release of certain persons held to service in the District of Columbia' has this day been approved and signed. A. LINCOLN.
"*April 16, 1862.*"

Over the top of this stand was the inscription:

"LINCOLN, the Liberator of millions; his great work is done, and he sleeps in peace in the great prairies of the West. We are loyal to God and to our country. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Also:

"We have received our civil rights. Give us the right of suffrage, and the work is done."

The audience were then addressed by the Rev. HIGHLAND GARNETT (colored), Senator TRUMBULL, and the Hon. HENRY WILSON.



CELEBRATION OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BY THE COLORED PEOPLE, IN WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY F. DIELMAN.]

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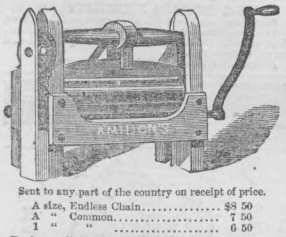
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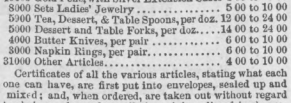
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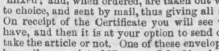
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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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VISITOR FROM TOWN. "And what's in this field?"
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VISITOR. "Oh yes, I know Rye well enough; *but I never saw it in that shape before.*"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
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POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $80 each.

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ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
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This little instrument is now in quite general use among authors and professional men. To use it, the reader has only to put it on the margin of the book, being careful to make it point to the sentence or line which it is desired to mark. It is neat, clean, convenient, and so portable that twenty may be used in a medium-sized volume without confusion. Send 25 cents for a sample of one dozen, and you will find it to be a saving of books, time, and temper.
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ITCH. (WHEATON'S OINTMENT) ITCH.
Salt Rheum. Salt Rheum.
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail.
For sale by all Druggists.

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FRENCH POCKET TIME-KEEPER,
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
A scientific novelty, lately invented in Paris, more correct than the most costly gold watch. It never runs down or gets out of order. Every lady and gentleman should have one. Price, with enameled dial, in gold or silver gilt, One Dollar.
Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price. Address
FOREIGN NOVELTY AGENCY,
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THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT
WILL POSITIVELY BE GIVEN AT
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ONLY FOUR WEEKS TO TIME OF DRAWING.
No Postponement.
125,000 Valuable Prizes, worth $492,575 25, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.
Over 250,000
TICKETS ARE ALREADY SOLD,
AND WITH THE HELP OF OUR
Five Thousand Agents
(Located in nearly every Town and City of Importance throughout the Country) we have
No Doubt Every Ticket will be Sold before the Day Designated.

Local and General Agents will please make a note of the above facts, and "govern themselves accordingly." They can easily see the necessity of making returns promptly each week.
Parties ordering their Tickets by mail should send along their orders immediately. If the Tickets are all sold the money will be returned.
The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers, they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or moneys. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.
Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.

Special Terms, or Club Rates.
Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.:

WE WILL SEND	
5 Tickets to one address for	$4 50
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50 Tickets to one address for	43 50
And 100 Tickets to one address for	85 00

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber.
Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
(Post-Office Drawer 5913.) 133 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000; also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
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N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them.
Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

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GIFT CONCERT:
Comprising the entire Valuable Stock of
CLARK & TAYLOR, JEWELERS,
146 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.,
TO BE GIVEN AT SMITH & NIXON'S HALL,
May 23d, 1866.
$10,000 IN GREENBACKS.
First Gift, $5000 in Greenbacks.
Second Gift, House and Lot in Chicago, $4000.
5000 One-Dollar Greenback Gifts, Gifts of Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings and Pins, Gold Chains, Ladies' Amethysts, Topaz, Pearl, and 18-carat Gold Enameled Sets; Ladies' and Gents' Rings, Ear-Rings, Sleeve-Buttons, Solid Silverware, French and American Clocks; a large stock of Rogers, Smith Co.'s Silver-Plated Goods; and thousand of other articles too numerous to mention.
8575 Gifts. 43,000 Tickets.
One Gift in five.
REMEMBER:
$1 00 Only for a Ticket; 11 Tickets for $10; 100 Tickets for $85.
REMEMBER:
$5000 for One Dollar.
This Concert will not be postponed, as we shall open with a new stock June 1st. Send all orders at once, or you will be disappointed.
Money can be sent at our risk by drafts, express, post-office orders, or registered letters, or by mail in Greenbacks. Address all orders to
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Circulars of this scheme sent by return mail. Inclose stamp for return postage. *All goods warranted.*

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Portable Steam Engines,
ERICSSON CALORIC ENGINES,
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WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA,
Encouraged by the favor extended to their paintings in New York, have established a branch for making sittings for their Fine Miniatures at the Gallery of
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PESTACHINE
It is the best Restorer for the Hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. ROOT; manufactured by ORIN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

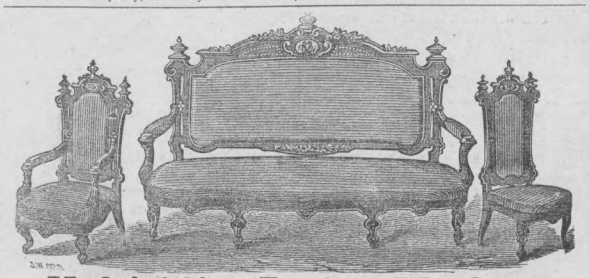
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Officers of the Navy, who lost Clothing by the destruction of any vessel during the war, can receive blanks which will enable them to procure compensation for the same, by addressing S. B. A., Box 201, Boston, Mass.

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If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the
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AGENTS,
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Priced and illustrated catalogue sent gratis.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company No. 96 Chambers Street, New York.



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Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 656 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.
NEW STORE, NEW STYLES, POPULAR PRICES.
These extensive warerooms afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable High, Medium, and Plain Furniture, which will be sold at Popular Prices. ☞ Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and handsomest stock in this country. No. 656 BROADWAY, New York City.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

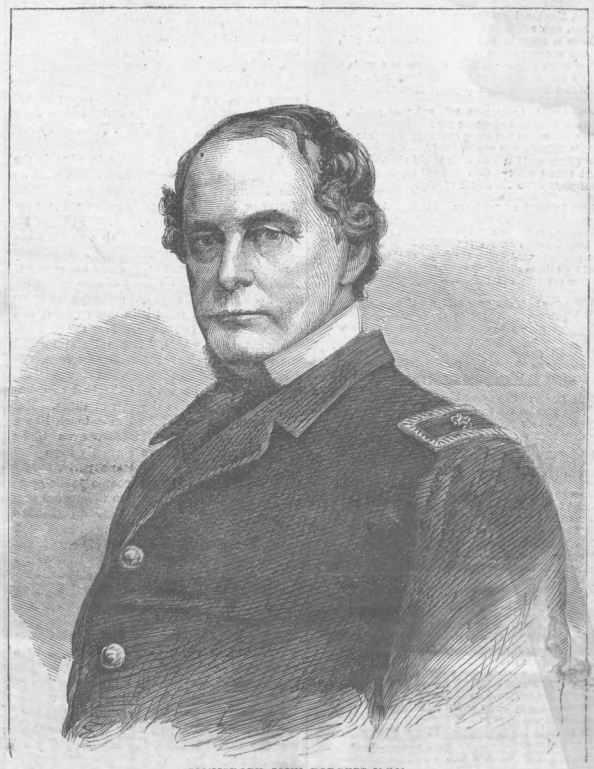
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VOL. X.—No. 490.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

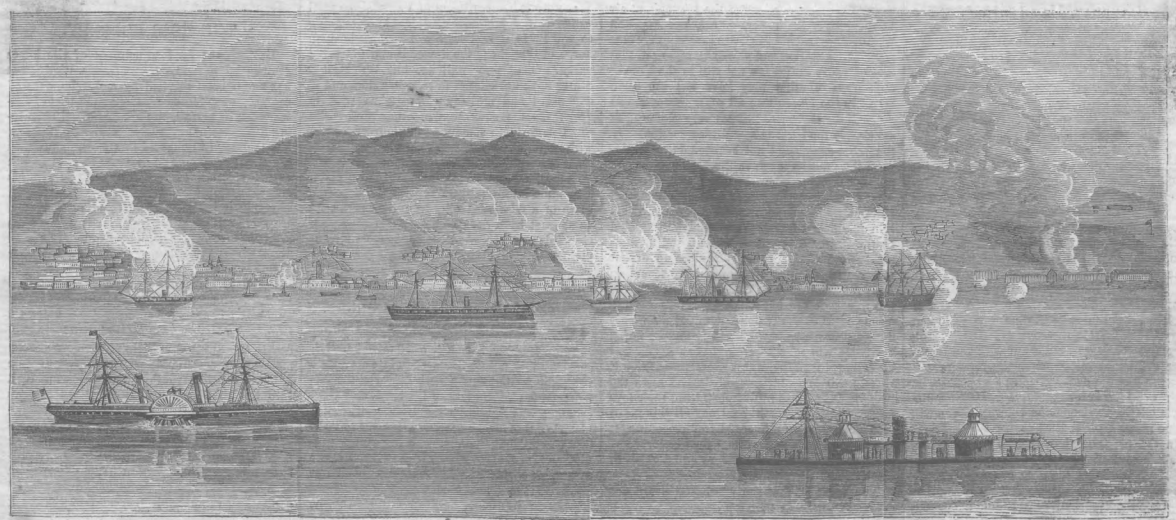
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MAJOR-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, U. S. MINISTER TO CHILI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE A. BARNARD, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 309.]



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 309.]



BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO BY THE SPANISH FLEET, MARCH 31, 1866.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVAL SQUADRON OFF VALPARAISO.
[SEE PAGE 309.]

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"The Three Little Spades."

UNDER the above title will be commenced in the next issue of the *Weekly* a new serial story by MISS WARNER, author of "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD." The idea upon which this story is constructed is a novel one, and it can not fail to interest so many of our readers—and we know there are many such—as are interested in nature as developed in children and flowers. The story is more especially addressed to young people; but the gracefulness and piquancy of the style, the dramatic interest of the narrative, and the pleasant pictures of rural life given in its pages, will make it attractive to all. It is a work unsurpassed by any of this very popular writer's previous efforts in literature. The story will be continued for several weeks, and will form the most delightful summer reading.

MAY'S ADDRESS TO THE GOTHAMITES.

COME away to the country!—away! away!
My carpet is spread on the lea;
The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume,
All nature rejoices in me.
The birds in the bowers are telling the hours
Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers
To scatter ere dawn of day.

Come, Merchant! your carriage is waiting—
Nay, sigh not, 'tis no time to grieve;
Health is better to hold than your silver and gold,
And a agacy richer to leave.
Your lady's pale cheek it shall bloom in a week,
Not a balsam so rare as the balm-breathing air
Which floats on the zephyrs of May.

Come away! Leave your balls and your parties,
Your concerts and operas gay;
Hear the brooks roll along charming stone into song—
'Tis Nature's own music, *Rond!*
No Ellsler could trip as their bright ripples skip—
Ah! taste them, but dash that red cup from your lip
If you'd relish the nectar of May.

Come, Lawyer! we need you. The weasel
Has foreclosed his mortgage on rabbit;
He founds the base claim of his right to all game—
Cap. S. On Executors. Grabbit—
Or perhaps you'll define the estate of the vine,
Gain a rule to show cause why its tendrils should climb
O'er the arbors in frolicsome May.

Come away! Leave your tolling and moiling,
And, Shop-keeper, shut up your store;
You have got a fair wife, buy a long lease of life,
And what can a prince wish for more?
If you'll take a short drive from your overgrown hive
You shall note how the bees in their brisk business thrive,
For they do their spring trading in May.

Come, Doctor! I've cured half your patients,
Your practice must speedily fail;
Then into your pill-box, and drive like a hill-fox
With twenty good hounds at his tail.
Leave word for the sick to come out pretty quick,
For you know grim Disease is soon brought to his knees
If he scents but the sweet breath of May.

Come away from your college, pale Student,
And learn moral lessons more true;
Leave Homer and look into Nature's bright book—
I'll open its pages for you.
Your Virgil's a rake, but his works you may take,
It was toying with me that he stole half you see
From the bowers of blossoming May.

Come, Parson! your sermons are mouldy,
Your sheep do fresh pasturage need;
They have lived through the fall upon Sherlock and Hall,
And Swift was, in winter, their feed.
If you'll meet me at night, when the moon's shining bright,
You shall hear the old trees holding forth in the breeze,
Set eloquence study in May.

[illegible] away to the country!—away! away!
My carpet is spread on the lea;
The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume,
All nature rejoices in me.
The birds in the bowers are telling the hours
Since I have arrived with my lap full of flowers
To scatter ere dawn of day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

WE should be very sorry to believe that the President intended to remove honest and capable men from office because they did not agree in all points with his view of the true policy of reorganization. It would be so flagrant an illustration of the perils of Executive patronage to which we recently alluded, that it would be the plainest duty of the Senate to interpose every Constitutional impediment. The removal from office of a member of the Union party, who voted for LINCOLN and JOHNSON in 1864, who is of the same political faith now as then, and who has industriously and faithfully done his official duty, because he differs with the President, for instance, upon the conditions which should determine the admission of the late rebel States to Congress, is a blow at every Union man in the country. It is a frank announcement that agreement with the Executive upon theoretical points is the tenure of office. It is the organization of a vast servile army of office-holders, and subordinates the whole official service of the country to the will of one man.

In the partisan view such a course is the paralysis of the party which elected the President. It is turning the guns of official patronage upon the Union camp. It is requiring that the Union party shall accept and adopt the theories of the President as its platform, when he and the whole country see that upon some important points, as in the case of the Civil Rights Bill, the great body of the party differs from his theory. Even MR. RAYMOND, the only Union representative from a former free State who voted for the veto, and upon constitutional ground, says: "The adoption of some such measure as the Civil Rights Bill was unquestionably desired by the great body of the Union party throughout the country." Yet the President was very distinctly opposed to it, in principle as well as in form. Are his views upon that subject, then, to be regarded as the platform of the party, and is agreement with them the test of fidelity?

MR. RAYMOND is regarded as one of the chiefs among "the President's friends." He says in the letter to his constituents, from which we have quoted, that he knows the President regards himself as a member of the Union party, and that he has a right to act on his own judgment in all matters of public policy. Unquestionably; but MR. RAYMOND also says, that agreement to such measures as the Civil Rights Bill has never made any portion of the Union platform, and that freedom of independent judgment upon it will be undoubtedly exercised. Certainly; but if the measures adopted by the almost unanimous voice of Union representatives in Congress, elected at the same time with the President, are not to be regarded as the platform, and may be questioned or opposed within the party, it is very evident that the opinions of the President can not be considered the platform. If MR. RAYMOND has the party right to differ with the Union Congress upon a point of policy without paying any penalty, why may not the postmaster at Jerusalem Four Corners differ with the Union President without losing his office?

The question of the situation is, what do the loyal people of the country wish? not, what do the President or Congress wish? President JOHNSON has frankly said, and we are very glad to believe, that his object, like that of his predecessor, is not to impose his own view but to ascertain the national desire. That can not be done by putting men who differ out of office. Such a course makes a body of obsequious office-holders, but it does not make public opinion. MR. TYLER tried it in this country, and LOUIS PHILIPPE in France. MR. TYLER'S experiment is historical. LOUIS PHILIPPE had the most subservient Assembly ever seen. It was beautifully harmonious. He was "the best of kings," France was the best of countries. The time was the best of times. But his whole system crumbled at a touch like a mummy. President JOHNSON, even if he wished to do it—and we sincerely hope that he does not—may demoralize a party, but he can neither reorganize nor coerce public opinion. It is a serious error also to suppose that the public mind will reject a settled conviction because it is vehemently denounced as radical. The cry of "mad dog" is pretty effectually exploded for the present. When the Union party saved the country in war it was called Abolitionist. That was not very dreadful. Now while the same tried and true Union spirit is securing the country in peace it is called Radical. That is still less appalling. The party organization may, indeed, be paralyzed by a certain use of the executive patronage. But experience shows that no President prospers by ruining his party. We believe that nobody knows this better than President JOHNSON, and therefore we hope that it is a mistake to suppose that he has adopted the policy of which we have spoken.

A STALE SOPHISM.

IT is amusing to observe the triumphant air with which certain papers ask the question whether, if the United States fought to prevent some of the States from seceding, and were successful, those States are not still in the Union; and, if so, whether they have not the same rights in the Union that all other States have?

The best answer to this not very profound or conclusive question is a counter-question. If the rebel States did not succeed in seceding, were they not as much in the Union when the attempt failed as they are now; and, if so, by what right were Governors appointed for them without their consent; by what right are certain qualified voters of those States disqualified by the United States Government, and by what right were those States compelled to accept the emancipation amendment before resuming their representation in Congress? If the failure to secede did not affect the relation of the rebel States to the Union, why does the President say to the Texas delegation that he hopes the State will soon be restored to its "normal condition in the Federal Government," but that to this end much would depend upon the people of the State in demonstrating their loyalty to the Government? Does all this mean that Texas, being prevented from seceding, is therefore at once and without further consideration or condition to resume an equal share in the National Government?

The truth is, that the rebel States did not succeed in making themselves independent of the Union; but if the rebellion did not disturb the relation of those States to the Union, all that the President has done is unconstitutional and not binding. If it did disturb that relation, any other condition which the Government may exact for the same purpose of national security is equally constitutional. The denunciation of Congress upon constitutional grounds for requiring the assent of those States to an amendment equalizing representation is equally a denunciation of the President for demanding their assent to the amendment abolishing slavery, or to the repudiation of the rebel debt, or to the revocation of the acts of secession.

The question of further conditions is wholly one of expediency, and not of constitutional right or authority. And can there be any thing inexpedient in requiring that a voter who was lately a rebel shall not have twice as much power in the Government as a voter who has been always loyal?

NEUTRALITY.

IF the United States intend to regulate the wars of nations according to American ideas of justice and propriety, or by the judgments of American commanders, that policy should be announced and understood. But while we acknowledge neutral obligations even in wars that seem to us unjust, we must in honor be governed by them, and we must insist that our military and naval chieftains shall respect them. If those gentlemen are to decide both upon the justice of the wars of other nations and upon the propriety of the belligerent measures they may adopt, we shall at once become implicated in every contest.

In the war between Spain and Chili the United States have taken a position of neutrality. It may be a wicked war, causeless, unjust, horrible; but we have resolved to be neutral. Commodore RODGERS says that he was sent out under the strictest injunctions of neutrality. Indeed, so resolute and radical is our neutrality in this war that, at the special and urgent instance of the Secretary of State, a ship owned by American merchants—the *Meteor*—is detained, and security refused, upon the mere suspicion that somehow, somewhere, she may be of some service to Chili. Yet there is evidently very general regret that Commodore RODGERS did not violate his orders and contravene the policy of the Government by giving battle to the Spanish fleet. But if we do not choose that Spain shall attack Chili, why does not Congress say so? No single act of an unjust war can be so horrible as the war itself, and if we may forcibly withstand any act we may forcibly oppose the war. It is a very cheap virtue which assents to the war and protests against any usual measure of war; for we can not see that the bombardment of Valparaiso, announced four days before, and causing but two or three deaths which might have been easily avoided, was a peculiarly barbarous act of warfare.

Of course, a sudden and unadvised bombardment, imperiling women, children, neutrals, and non-combatants, is ferocious and inexcusable. But Spain being at war with Chili, the war being of necessity naval, and Valparaiso being the most vulnerable point of Chili, was it against the laws of war to strike at that city in the only practicable manner, after four days' warning for the removal of non-combatants, neutrals, and neutral property? That the city was not fortified is true. But whose fault was that? That there was no Chilean fleet at hand is also true. But is Spain bound to attack only where an attack may be successfully resisted, or to wait until forts are erected or fleets built? Bombardment is a fair act of war. Valparaiso is the chief Chilean city and the most exposed. Was not the bombardment of Valparaiso a peril which Chili should have considered before going to war? Is it said that war was made upon her, and that she is the innocent and aggrieved party? That may well be, but the United States have not chosen to take her side, and if our naval and military commanders wish to undertake the correction of other powers, let them begin with somebody of their own size; with England, for instance, or Russia, or France. Or if the republics of America choose to form a league of offense and defense, let it be done. But while we are still warm with the denunciation of a false neutrality in our own war, let us at least have the decency not to blame our Generals and Commodores for respecting our plainest neutral obligations.

EARL RUSSELL AND MR. BANCROFT.

LORD RUSSELL has made a sad mistake. His speeches and letters during our late war were perfectly familiar upon both sides of the Atlantic; his phrase that the United States Government was fighting for empire has become historic; that he habitually spoke of us as "the late Union" and "the late United States" was undeniable; and yet when MR. BANCROFT spoke of him as making haste to send word of our agony to the other courts of Europe, Lord RUSSELL asks MR. ADAMS to convey to MR. BANCROFT a plain denial of the truth of his assertions, and to refer him to facts of a totally different character.

Lord RUSSELL should have remembered that MR. BANCROFT is trained to consult authorities, and to make no statement without the verification. Upon the occasion in question he was a young man, for [illegible] occasion prior to historian reciting history, and in the preparation of his discourse he followed his constant method of study and composition—saying nothing for which he could not produce the proof. He therefore responds to Lord RUSSELL'S letter in a brief, nervous, and trenchant letter which utterly refutes it. The question between them is simply whether the tone of Lord RUSSELL'S speeches and dispatches indicated a conviction that the Union was practically dissolved, and the few and brief quotations of Lord RUSSELL'S words, which MR. BANCROFT makes, are conclusive of the offensive assumption which MR. BANCROFT asserted in his oration. It is unfortunate that Lord RUSSELL should have raised the question. It was permitted him to doubt our probable success, since there were many of our own countrymen who shared his incredulity. But why appeal against his own words so freshly spoken and so familiarly remembered?

We have heard of other conspicuous Englishmen making the same mistake, although in a less public manner. MR. GLADSTONE, for instance, was very doubtful of our success in the late war. He reasoned as a scholar and an observer. No nation hitherto, in his judgment, could have subdued so formidable a rebellion, and he doubted even if Great Britain under the same circumstances could succeed. So he exclaimed in a moment of excitement, not as exactly hostile to us but without any very warm sympathy, "JEFFERSON DAVIS has created a nation!" MR. GLADSTONE was mistaken; and last summer he privately undertook to explain his position to some friends of the United States, and even sought to show that in some indescribable manner he had been peculiarly friendly to the Union. But when he finished his good-humored explanation one of the hearers exclaimed merrily, in the rhyme of HOSEA BIGLOW,

"If a man kin when pervisions is riz so,
Eat his own words, 'tis a marcy it is so!"

Yet, to one passage in Earl RUSSELL'S unfortunate letter every honorable American will heartily assent. It is his expression of a wish that in time of peace the people of Great Britain and of the United States should not keep up "sentiments of irritation and hostility founded on a mistaken apprehension of facts, and tending to lay the foundation of permanent alienation, suspicion, and ill-will." To that in itself we shall all say Amen. But if it be intended as a rebuke to MR. BANCROFT it can not be received. That gentleman has been rancorously vituperated by the British papers for his vile ill-manners in denouncing England in a discourse which the English Minister was invited to hear. We expressed at the time our opinion of the perfect propriety of MR. BANCROFT'S conduct. But his own view should be given in his own words:

"In speaking to the American Congress of the life and character of ABRAHAM LINCOLN it was my unavoidable duty to refer to the conduct of the British Government toward our country during his administration, for nothing so wounded his feelings, or exercised his judgment, or tried his fortitude.

"I was asked to address the two Houses of our Congress, and those only. When I learned that the British Minister at Washington was likely to be one of my hearers, I requested MR. SEWARD to advise him not to be present; and through another friend, I sent him a similar message, which he received and perfectly understood."

We are glad that Lord RUSSELL has furnished MR. BANCROFT this opportunity of explaining a matter which has been curiously misunderstood and vehemently misrepresented.

THE ROSS ROBBERY.

BEFORE the final adjustment of the losses growing out of the KETCHUM frauds, Wall Street has again been startled by a development of rascality even more ingenious than that of EDWARD B. KETCHUM, though fortunately involving a smaller amount of money. JOHN ROSS, a speculator in gold and in stocks, has robbed the street of $300,000 or more in gold and in currency, and has successfully escaped with his booty.

But little is known of the man's antecedents. He seems to have had few friends or intimate acquaintances. He had been an operator in Wall Street for some years, and, until their failure, was a customer of KETCHUM, SON, & Co. Whether he learned his trade at the feet of EDWARD B. KETCHUM is matter of conjecture. When the house of KETCHUM exploded ROSS transferred his account to D. GROESBECK & Co., and operated through them to some extent.

His chief speculations, however, were made without the intervention of a broker. Wall Street is so confiding a locality, and brokers are so simple a race of men, that any one who hires an office and hangs out a sign can immediately set his checks afloat for thousands of dollars, and people deal with him as unreservedly as if the mere possession of an office and a sign were certain guarantees of probity and capital. In the gold-room and at the stock board ROSS bought and sold with the oldest and wealthiest men in the street. He had an office in Exchange Place, and a bank account at the Union and another at the Continental Bank, so that he was prepared to receive his own stocks and gold. He must have made

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BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO.

THE long-threatened bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet took place on the 31st of March. After the suicide of Admiral PAREJA Captain MENDEZ NUNEZ had become Acting Admiral, commanding the Spanish fleet. On the 27th of March NUNEZ gave four days' notice of the bombardment. Every diplomatic representative of foreign powers at Valparaiso entered a strong protest against the contemplated outrage, in which the rights of neutrals were so directly involved. NUNEZ in his notification of the bombardment based his action upon the refusal of Chili to grant redress for the grievances suffered by Spain, and upon the fact that he had been unable to come to blows with the allied fleet. General KILPATRICK, our Minister to Chili, and Commodore JOHN RODGERS, commanding the United States Pacific Squadron, united in efforts to bring about an amicable negotiation between the contending powers. This might have been effected but for the fact that NUNEZ insisted upon Chili's first saluting the Spanish flag, which Chili persistently refused.

At the instance of General KILPATRICK Commodore RODGERS entered into an arrangement with the British Admiral DENMAN to prevent the bombardment by force. The French Government had but a single war-vessel, the *Egeria*, off Valparaiso, and could not, therefore, offer any very material assistance in a conflict with the Spanish fleet. The attitude taken by Commodore RODGERS and Admiral DENMAN led the citizens of Valparaiso to expect that there would be no bombardment. Accordingly very little heed was given by them to the four days' warning given by NUNEZ. But in this they were disappointed. For at the last moment Admiral DENMAN received instructions from the British Government to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality. Commodore RODGERS, although with the iron-clad Monitor *Monadnock*, as he had assured DENMAN, he would, "in not less than thirty seconds and not more than thirty minutes," leave only the mast-heads of the Spanish iron-clad *Numancia* above the water, hesitated to enter upon the conflict unsupported.

Commodore RODGERS gives the following official account of the bombardment:

"This morning at nine o'clock the Spanish Admiral opened upon the town with shot and shell, directing his fire principally against public buildings and store-houses. After a continuous bombardment of two hours and fifty minutes the firing ceased, and the Spanish Admiral withdrew his vessels.

"Four of the stone buildings connected with the Custom-house were entirely destroyed, with their contents. Other adjoining buildings used for the same purpose were very much injured. The value of merchandise destroyed in these was vaguely estimated at some twenty-two millions of dollars. The Intendencia, or Government house, the Bolsa, or Exchange, and the railroad buildings were damaged to a considerable extent. Naturally and inevitably parts of the city which the Spanish Admiral declared he did not intend to injure received many of his missiles. Several blocks of private buildings were destroyed by fire, and churches and convents and hospitals were not exempt from injury. Few lives were lost—not more than eight or ten."

The Spanish fleet consisted in all of six vessels—the *Numancia* (iron-clad), the *Resolucion*, the *Villa de Madrid*, *Blanca*, *Vencedora*, *Paquete de Maule*, and the *Berenguela*. Only four of these participated in the bombardment.

Our correspondent, writing from Valparaiso, gives the following account of the assault:

"The squadron having taken a position near the city, at 9.10 they opened an effective fire on the bonded warehouses, Custom-house, Intendencia, Post-office, Naval Academy, railroad buildings, barracks, and all other public property. The bombardment continued until meridian without cessation. At 11 the bonded warehouses and the southern portion of the city were enveloped in flames, the dense smoke from which arose and settled over the defenseless city like a pall. Although the fire was directed toward public property alone, the shot and shell in many cases injured private buildings to a very great extent. The fire in the southern portion of the city consumed many large wholesale warehouses and private residences. The flames spread rapidly, and for a time defied all the efforts of the Fire Department to check them, assisted by a large number of sailors from both the American and English men-of-war in the harbor. The conflagration continued until late Sunday afternoon. The total amount of losses is estimated at not less than $30,000,000. The fire was not returned from the shore, but the Chilean flag flaunted defiantly on the brow of the hill overlooking the warehouses, and for a long time attracted the fire of the *Villa de Madrid*, a first-class 60-gun frigate; shot and shell fairly rained about the flag-staff, but still the tri-color and 'lone star' could be seen amidst the smoke and dust caused by the explosion of the shell. At about 11.50 a portion of a shell wounded the staff, causing it to lean over a little, but the halliards and stays supported it through the fire. The flag-ship *Numancia* (iron-clad frigate, 34 8-inch guns) did not participate in the bombardment, but kept underway in front of the city, directing by signals the movements of the different vessels. The fire from the frigate *Blanca* and the corvette *Vencedora* was observed to have been particularly effective, doing great damage to the Custom-house and the Intendencia, which buildings, together with those in the immediate vicinity, were riddled with shot and shell. It is estimated that at the least 3000 projectiles were thrown into the doomed city.

"Such was the bombardment of Valparaiso, which was witnessed with absorbing interest by the American and English squadrons in the harbor, and by the wretched inhabitants of the city from the hills overlooking the town."

The report of the Committee appointed at a meeting of British subjects, held at Valparaiso March 28, includes among others the three following significant resolutions:

"That Rear-Admiral DENMAN'S plea of want of sufficient force to oppose the Spaniards is humiliating to his countrymen and inexcusable, considering that the co-operation of a powerful United States squadron was pressed upon him by its commanders, and that this meeting can not express in sufficiently strong terms its indignation that such an atrocity as the bombardment of a defenseless town with a population of 80,000 inhabitants should be permitted in the presence of a British squadron.

"That it is a matter of regret that between the British Chargé d'Affaires and this community there has long existed an estrangement which has rendered him unfit to represent its interests, and that in the present emergency the disadvantages accruing therefrom have been more sensibly felt by his passive submission to the abuses of the Spanish squadron, while other neutrals have been placed in much more favorable positions through the exertions of their representatives.

"That a deputation be appointed to wait upon the United States Minister, General KILPATRICK, and upon Commodore RODGERS, and express to them, on behalf of this meeting, its high appreciation of their earnest endeavors to prevent, by co-operation with the British forces, the bombardment of this city, deeply regretting that those endeavors had not been more successful."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. FERGUSON APPEARS AT HIS WINDOW.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT is not long after the adjournment of the C. C. that Mr. Ferguson, seated in his room reading the well-worn little Bible which, while yet a youth, he brought over, a genuine fragment of Scotland, with him, preparatory to going to bed, hears a noise as of the gathering of a crowd beneath his windows.

It is the upper room of a large stone building which he had built, by far the most substantial edifice in Somerville, to rent as a store. And it had brought Mr. Ferguson in a good rent until Secession closed it up, as it had closed up almost the whole legitimate business of the South. "The temporary inconvenience," Colonel Ret Roberts remarks in his public and private speeches, "which precedes independence and unparalleled prosperity; and he who bewails it is," adds the Colonel, coming down upon the stand with clenched fist, "either a fool or a Union man and a traitor!"

Very true, of course; yet it *will* sadden one. To say nothing of the vast tracts devastated by actual war, the appearance of the country far from such scenes is mournful. Fields, as you ride along, with broken-down fences, and acres wholly given up to sunflowers and cockleburs, or making but faint fight against them. Nor did you ever before see white girls so young carrying water, or boys so very small driving oxen, or females, not African, cutting wood and hoeing. The desolation looks worst in the little towns through which you pass. The homes are there still, but in painful need of glass and palings and paint. The shops are all still there, but almost all shut up—no sound from within of hammer, plane, or saw. Nor have the offices emigrated; they are all there still, with their rusty signs of lawyer or doctor; but the lawyer, generally speaking, is colonel now, speculator, or quartermaster; while the doctor is killing more rapidly than before in the ranks, or practicing wholesale surgery in the distant hospitals. And the stores remain, but mostly shut up, their enterprising proprietors gone into battle, or, most likely, into cotton. The shut-up doors and windows of the towns may, like the closed mouths and eyes of those in a swoon, be only temporary; but it looks, all the circulation stopped, very much like death. Not that there is not in every village at least one shop, store, grocery, gathering-point of some sort left, whereat clusters together the whole male population on the arrival of the stage, to get the papers and to hear the much more diversified and thrilling news brought by the passengers. An hour is spent by the neighbors so assembled in anticipating what the stage will, and should, and "has to" bring before it drives up; then two hours, after it has gone, in discussing what it actually does supply them. Blessings on these, the mass, the more virtuous and industrious portion of the people, the country, in fact, yes, Heaven abundantly bless these, even though it be in ways they dream not of! But upon the leaders—editors, military magnates, political preachers most of all—upon these rest the justice of Almighty God!

But Mr. Ferguson. He listens a while to the noise growing louder beneath his windows, then kneels for his evening devotion, remaining perhaps longer upon his knees than usual. Rising at last, he listens and considers. All the doors and windows of the building, for fire-proof purposes, are coated with sheet-iron and securely fastened. The truth is, Mr. Ferguson has long calculated the possibility of an attack, and is not unprepared. He glances at his iron safe—yes, his scrap-book, to say nothing of other valuables, is secured therein, and the Scotchman deliberately hides the key in a crevice to which he has called the attention of Mr. Arthur long before. As the noise below increases into groans and yells he coolly produces from their hiding-places and lays upon the table, cleared of every thing for the purpose, two of Sharp's rifles, a pair of revolvers, a claymore brought from Scotland; the two Derringers he secures about his person, with the handles ready to his hand.

"Twelve and twelve," he says aloud of the provision on the table for his coming guests, "are twenty-four; two in my pockets, twenty-six; claymore at least one to that—say thirty in all." And so he snuffs the candle, takes his seat, and listens. Yes, it is the night of the C. C.—he remembers that. But then it may prove a false alarm.

He listens. Yells, oaths, blows upon the door, cries for ladders and axes. Not the C. C. only; there is a Camp of Instruction some dozen miles from town, and stray soldiers therefrom drop in to take a hand—good practice for actual war.

"Oh, nobody's going to kill the man; only going to give him a good scare," is the remark made to Dr. Warner, who, plucking himself out of the coils of his wife wound about him in night-gown and hysterics, has come down to see what is afoot, and that physician is tossed off from the crowd like a straw; and while he catches desperately at the attention of this and that individual, meditating a stump speech in defense of his friend, the tumult increases until he is fairly drowned and washed away.

"Now, then, what do you want?" hails the Scotchman, who has raised a sash, opened the leaf of a shutter, and looked out.

The pressing necessities of the mob thus appealed to are various.

"A hundred dollars for the soldiers!"

"In gold, old hoss, mind!"

"And holler hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

"And down with old Lincoln!"

"Promise you will leave in twelve hours."

"And never come back." It is Joe Staples, this last; it will be several thousand clear gain to him if the Scotchman complies or is killed. And thereupon follows a perfect storm of suggestions from the many-headed. The Scotchman waits patiently till he can be heard.

"Men!" he begins, at last.

"Stand firm, mon!" shouts a powerful voice from over the way; and it is followed almost instantly after by the awful blasphemies of Dr. Peel, in the centre of the crowd, upon the man who said it.

"Men!" continues the besieged, "you are half of you deranged, the other half drunk. On that account I don't want to kill you. Do what you please. Only put my life in danger, however, and I will kill some of you. Howl away!"

And the Scotchman draws in his head, closes and fastens the shutter, lowers the sash. Not an instant too soon, for the missiles rattle upon it like hail.

Considering within himself, the Scotchman drags a large desk so as to fortify himself in a corner commanding windows and door, upon which he disposes in easy reach his weapons, having first carefully examined the caps of his fire-arms and unsheathed his claymore.

"Yes, I maun not forget it," he says, relapsing for a moment into a dialect the very burr of which has almost worn from his tongue; and taking the key from its crevice over the mantle, he unlocks the safe, takes out a written paper, dates and signs it, with a line under in explanation.

"It's not as regular as a mon can wish, but it's the best a mon can do. Ah, yes!" And he lugs out his ponderous collection, writes a rapid bulletin of matters up to date of siege, pastes it from his mucilage apparatus and with the dexterity of long practice in its place in the volume, and replaces it and the paper in the safe, relocks it, puts the key in its place, and is comfortable once more.

"What fules men are about their Wills," he says as he takes his place behind his abatis, "and I as great as any," he growls.

Meanwhile the uproar without is enough to appall the stoutest heart. If yells and curses could have beaten down walls it would have been "all over" with Mr. Ferguson. What next?

Towering on the horse-block in front of the store, Dr. Peel, with terrific profanity, announces to the C. C. present that, having splendidly accomplished their project of frightening the old scamp, the next thing is to adjourn in quest of drinks.

But Alonzo Wright, being already supplied on that point, most strenuously objects, his thirst is now for blood. "Our own boys far away to-night," he shouts from the horse-block, "fighting for us, pouring out their blood in rivers. And here in this house is an insolent old scoundrel worse than the worst of Yankees. It is time to make example of these Union men, sneaking scoundrels, traitors, abolitionists," and a deal more to the same effect. Furious curses, ardent appeals, passionate entreaties—there is splendid eloquence in the raving of the man, and the audience are in the mood to appreciate it. In fact Joe Staples is making a free thing of it at the bar of his hotel near by, is even pressing his liquors upon all who come in perpetual relays from the crowd and back again. The ex-tailor sees a chance of his making the happiest hit of his life; he even dispatches a negro with a demijohn down to the crowd.

"Axes, men, axes, and our cry to-night is Rappahannock!" And the speaker springs from his rostrum among an excited crowd of kindred spirits. Some little time is spent in obtaining axes, those near by having unaccountably been mislaid. Next, it is slow work trying to peel the iron sheeting off the stout doors, especially in the rush of the crowd, each thinking he can do it



DR. PEEL AND JEM.

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better than the other, Dr. Peel as active among them as Alonzo Wright.

Meanwhile Mr. Ferguson within ponders his course: "Had I not better fire on them from above? If they get those doors down they'll be upon me in such numbers—wait on the Lord till the last moment before you take to your pistols. God forgive me, I *have* been too cross with these poor demented bodies all along! Too close in business matters, mon. Not meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in— It is good," he continues to murmur to himself, "both to hope and"—arranging the weapons to his hand —"quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. Forgive my contempt for these fules, Lord, but Thou seest they are *such* fules."

The blows rain fast and heavy on the doors. Stop! They must have given up the axes, and are now using a ram of timber. The Scotchman has known of too many similar atrocities, has dozens of them in printed form and written in his Scrap-book, not to know, specially since he has heard Alonzo Wright among the crowd, that his own death is about as much a speedy certainty as any thing human can be. The flaxen hair, the blue eyes, the bonny smile—it seems nearer, clearer to Mr. Ferguson than for many a long year now. Heaven! But unfortunately he can not think of heaven without a grim remembrance of the Secession of angels therefrom, and the fate of said angelic Secessionists, too. Pity the one great gulf should swallow us all up so completely these days.

But the bells? What can they be ringing the bells so for? That begins to be an inquiry among the excited mob, pausing a little to listen and ask.

Fire! An illumination upon the sky, dark shadows beginning to fall from the houses that way across the street. Fire! fire! And falling upon the excitement before Mr. Ferguson's doors, as when the sun shines on the hearth-stone, the greater glow extinguishes the less. Fire! fire! fire! And even Alonzo Wright, disabled some time ago by an accidental blow upon the shoulder from the axe of Dr. Peel in the intense energy of the Doctor, after cursing for a time the rapidly-diminishing crowd, is compelled to limp after it. In little more time than it has taken to record it the assault on Mr. Ferguson has begun and ended.

"Dr. Ginnis's! Dr. Ginnis's!" is the cry into which that of fire has now subsided.

"Dr. Ginnis?" Then, as we too hurry on to the spot, one word about him; it can soon be said, before we've gone more than a square. Low of stature, stout of frame, red of face, puffy of breath, loud of tongue, excitable of temperament, "Secession from the start," of course. From the outset it is with pain that Dr. Ginnis tears himself from the knot at the street-corner to visit a patient. He is hardly in the sick chamber before the topic is introduced. As soon as possible the complaints and the prescription for the patient are got through with as an altogether secondary matter, that the Doctor may get to European dependence on the South, the sovereignty of cotton, the Scripturality of slavery, the religious apostasy and hastening downfall of the North, the untold blessings Secession is to pour from its cornucopia upon our glorious Confederacy, and all the last great Confederate victory, too, roars over again with all its cannon in the ears of the stunned patient. The Doctor is enthusiastic, as even his political friends allow; Secession has taken possession of every globule of his blood, fold of his brain, holds as a rider does the reins every fibre and tendon of the Doctor's gibbous person. A big bubble, Dr. Ginnis, oscillating wonderfully when the wind blows as it often does, glittering in the sunshine of good news. It does Mr. Ellis good to see and hear him.

"Glory be to God!" he shouts, clapping his hands together, snatching his hat from his heated forehead, and waving it with enthusiasm. Then off like a shot, a large one, from the Post-office to spread the tidings whenever wonderful news arrives, as it does almost every mail.

"Have you heard the news?" he cries to people on foot across the street, on horseback, in carriage, whom he sees as he goes, never waiting till he can get near enough to see whether they be acquaintances or not. "Glorious news! Yankees cut to pieces again! fifty thousand killed!" Not apt to be up early as a general thing himself, no man before Dr. Ginnis when the stage is to get in before day. "Wake up, all of you!" he shouts at the doors of the houses as he returns home with the great intelligence. "Wake up!" banging tremendously on the gates and doors. "Great news! Louisville captured! Cincinnati burned! Washington City in our hands! hurrah! Wake up! Glory be to God!" And the Doctor hurries on to stir up the rest, making great billows in his wake, literally *wake!*

"Twenty-seven regiments bayoneted where they stood; cut down and cut to pieces; the carnage tremendous!" And Dr. Ginnis has a peculiar way of drawing his coat-sleeves up his arms, turning down the cuffs of his exposed shirt-sleeves, as he says it, and moving his mouth and eyes as if he was about taking part therein himself, unctuous to behold. Being a member of Brother Barker's church, no man, not even Sam Peters nor Brother Barker himself, more fervent in prayer than Dr. Ginnis—only he begins too violently, runs in fifteen minutes into hoarseness, and ends in wheeze. There is this slight inconsistency in Dr. Ginnis. At the very outset of Secession, in indignant denial of the possibility of war resulting from the same, he had loudly and frequently promised contemptuously to drink every drop of blood that might be shed.

"If you will turn to Psalm fifty-fifth, fifteen, you will see that David said exactly the same thing, 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell,'" remarks Brother Barker when informed that Dr. Ginnis had been distinctly heard to say "Damn him!" in reference to Butler in New Orleans. "You will hardly deny that David was a holy man. And these are most extraordinary times. We can not judge men by the rules of ordinary times; it would be foolish as well as useless to do so," reasons the divine. Nor was he the only professed Christian who used the same reasoning in reference to the intoxication of leading members of the church, even chaplains in the army, on rejoicings over victories. In fact, it was said of Brother Barker, and of many others like him, that, not content with supplicating yellow-fever and death in every form, as well as that in battle, upon the infidel foe, he and others had prayed for something that sounded marvelously like an eternal damnation of the same foe. Let any one who retains today clear recollections of what passed during the great delirium say, was this actually so or was it not?

Turning a corner on our hurried way from Mr. Ferguson's we find it *is* Dr. Ginnis's house that is on fire. Upon the whole, the handsomest two-story residence in Somerville, handsomely furnished, the Doctor has not occupied it more than a year. And the Doctor is moved as never the most glorious news had ever moved him before. Consequently the wheeze is upon him almost from the first. He stands now near the fast-consuming remnant of his home, stunned, silent, in utter collapse. For there is this peculiarity about Dr. Ginnis, that he is as much affected by bad news as by good, the elation produced by the last being fully equaled by the degree of depression produced by the first—according to the inexorable law of mechanics whereby action and reaction are equal. Hence it is that while we good Secessionists rather like falling in with Dr. Ginnis when good news is afloat—we couldn't avoid doing that, as the Doctor then pervades every nook and corner of Somerville—we would rather not fall in with him when the news is bad. In this last case, to do the Doctor justice, we are not apt to, however, as he stays pretty closely at home then, if possible.

But Dr. Ginnis is not needed at the fire at all. Dr. Peel has arrived on the spot among the first, and has been hard at work from the moment he arrived. Truth is, Dr. Peel, by sheer force of the man, has come to be the life and soul of Somerville long before this; no public dinner, no war-meeting to receive from or dismiss to the war any distinguished personage or personage going to become distinguished, no ball or tableaux, no public enterprise, of which Dr. Peel is not the grand carrier-on as well as the originator. We have come even to accept the essences, jewelry, broadcloth, and boasting of the man in consideration of his undoubted patriotism and princely liberality of feeling and of funds. It has got to be generally believed that Dr. Peel and Anne Wright are engaged to be married, and Alonzo Wright has risen a hundredfold in public consideration, to say nothing of Anne, frail in form, fair, gentle, and doubly lovable in appearance from her contrast to magnificent and swarthy Dr. Peel as she hangs upon his arm or stands by him in the dance in public assemblies.

And Dr. Peel sustains his well-earned reputation for public spirit and energy now at the fire. He has rushed a dozen times into the house, and returned bearing wardrobes, bureaus, and the like, beyond the strength of other men. Tearing off weather-boarding to get at the flames; on the top of the stable endeavoring to save it; here, there, every where; men running hither and thither like children at his command; his hat gone in the confusion; moving in the heat as in his native element, no man there refuses to feel him to be the hero of the hour, Agamemnon, king of men. But even Dr. Peel can not work miracles. When morning breaks it is upon the chimneys only and a few charred timbers, upon a bed of ashes, the bones, as it were, of the once living home, from which life and flesh are gone. All that is left is for Dr. Peel to start a subscription list, before he has washed his hands for breakfast, in Dr. Ginnis's behalf, heading it with a handsome amount, and canvassing the entire community with it before night.

In his heavy loss Dr. Ginnis accepts the assistance with gratitude, but adds to Dr. Peel: "A thousand thanks, Dr. Peel, for all your noble aid; but if you could only help me to prove it was the work of an incendiary, even if we did not know whom, and couldn't catch him—just to know that certainly would be a great satisfaction to me!"

He does not say it, but to have it known that his house had been selected out of all others in Somerville as that of the most prominent patriot there for destruction, would have gone far to console the Doctor.

"That was my full belief at first," says Dr. Peel, with oaths, "until I happened upon that pipe I showed you lying near the stable among the straw. Some careless old negro woman. If I was you I would examine into it; and if I was to know that any negro of *mine* had lost *me* so splendid a property—" And the friend describes, with awful profanity, the vengeance he would inflict.

And Mr. Ferguson? It is full compensation to him for the insults of the night that it has, at least, yielded him one of the most interesting pages for his collection. With more than the neatness, precision, blue ink, red ink, and black, with which he keeps his own land and other accounts does he prepare the bulletin for posterity, date, events, results in full.

The second day after the fire Dr. Peel rides out to see Alonzo Wright. No man could make a handsomer apology for having accidentally lamed his friend's shoulder, which is badly hurt.

"I was opposed to going on at first, you will remember, General Wright. I only wanted to frighten the old scamp. But I got excited by your eloquence; it would sweep away a stone. When I got hold of that axe I was in such a desperate hurry, too, to get at the fellow—"

"Let us say no more about it," interrupts Mr. Wright. "I am sorry for that man Ginnis, of course, but I am very glad the fire happened just as it did. When I am drunk I am a perfect fool, rather a devil incarnate. If any thing had happened to that brave old man I could never have forgiven myself. What an old Trojan he is! I will make a point to speak to him the next time I see him on the streets." It was the same way with Mr. Arthur. I made myself a perfect blackguard with him once—you may have heard of it—at the old gin. He will bear me witness I went in next day and apologized. I've told Anne here nobody ties the knot if she ever marries but that man, if only he was not an Abolitionist, or Union man, which is the same thing. True as steel he is, for all he is so quiet. But let us talk about Burnside, any thing. I made a fool of myself that night in Somerville, am ashamed of it, and have made Anne a half promise never to go to the place any more." This, with a good many strong expressions between, from Mr. Wright sober, a person bearing no resemblance to Mr. Wright drunk.

So Dr. Peel, taking another cup of the coffee —"the gennine article, Doctor; no rye, barley, okra, sweet-potatoes, or other trash in it"—of Miss Anne's making and another slice of Miss Anne's sponge-cake—only blondes like Anne can ever make real sponge-cake; brunettes succeed in pound, preserves, and the like, not in sponge—Dr. Peel, we say, changes the topic to our bright prospects now of speedy success. At which point, Colonel Juggins having ridden over to trade certain oxen with Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel is left to be entertained by Miss Anne.

Petite Anne! A canary-bird is small, we know, never so small as when in contrast with an eagle. Very quiet is Anne; low-spoken, too. Blushes also coming and going on causeless errands to and from heart and cheek. No one plays better on the piano—not concert music, you know, but exactly the kind for a parlor. Anne sings, too, as a canary-bird ever should, and very sweetly; not the operatic style either, yell, squall, inarticulate; you are not deafened by Anne, and can make out as distinctly every syllable she sings as if she spoke it. Dr. Peel standing behind her, turning over the leaves of her music as she plays, joining in with his splendid voice, stooping to say this and the other nothing in his lowest modulations.

"I had no idea it was so late!" she says, with an instant thrill at the impropriety of saying so with such simplicity, when, at last, Dr. Peel sees by his massy gold watch that it is time for him to go. Mr. Wright, done with Colonel Juggins by this time, urges his guest to stay to tea. Dr. Peel would do so with great pleasure, he could ride in to town by moonlight, only he has "an appointment to keep."

"With some fair lady, I'll bet," says Mr. Wright, good-naturedly, as he shakes the Doctor's hand on parting.

"Wrong this time, General—*not* with a lady," replies Dr. Peel, Anne's little hand in his as he bids good-by.

No, not with a lady. As the Doctor nears the corner of a fence, about a mile from Somerville, he draws rein to speak with a particularly ill-visaged negro man, evidently waiting for him there. Protruding chin, with beard in little knots upon it here and there; retreating forehead; coarse wool tied up in pig-tails, sticking up in every direction from his head; squalid clothing; long, ape-like arms; big, flat feet—a savage. In all New Zealand none more so. Not a more thorough savage that hour in the Africa from which the man's great-grandfather came, save that here Jem is enveloped in an atmosphere of civilization, the chief ingredient gas of which for his breathing is—force. And Jem has lost his ancestral Fetich, the Christianity he has in exchange being too undefined for him at least to put in words if questioned. Not that there are not thoroughly pious negroes at the South; there are many thousands of them—a larger proportion of them pious, perhaps, than of the whites, only Jem was not one of them. Yet, sad to say, when Jem has any special villainy to engage in the negro in Somerville of all others whom he is sure to call upon to assist him therein is Orange, a preacher, a very Brother Barker for singing and praying among the blacks. Beyond this there is not, of course, the least parallel between the two preachers. Only, the remark may, with great deference to every body, be made, that, if Brother Barker's Scripture views of Slavery prompted him to his most violent courses, by a singular coincidence, it was the Rev. Orange's views, too, of Slavery from the Bible—read, doubtless, upside down—which prompted him to his most objectionable courses; *his* evil courses being, however, all underground. So very sly is Orange that it is hard to speak certainly; yet, if the fact was known, it is rather Orange who employs Jem in deeds of darkness than Jem who employs Orange. Just now both are in the hands of a greater than either.

"Splendidly done, Jem; you couldn't have done it better," says Dr. Peel to Jem standing before him. Great contrast between the broadclothed, bejeweled, perfumed, highly-educated, perfectly-accomplished, and powerfully-influential Dr. Peel and the savage beside him! Civilization and Barbarism embodied and in strongest contrast? Apparently. Only there is not another white man in Somerville to whom Jem does not take off his hat when he speaks to him, but the relic of a head-covering remains unmoved on Jem's head now, though no man can express in word and manner greater respect, even affection, for a companion.

"Ou'y Orange an' me," he says.

"I told you boys before I don't think it is safe the money should be in your hands; you are sure to let it out," begins Dr. Peel, taking a canvas bag, apparently quite heavy, from his bosom.

"Me an' Orange think so too, on'y we is out of tobacco. A few dollars for our women-folks, too," pleads the savage as humbly as a child.

"Very well, certainly," says Dr. Peel, replacing the bag in his bosom, and giving the man a few coins of gold from his purse. "You may have that over and above, and welcome. The rest any day it is safe for you. You and Orange can't be too careful, remember, Jem. You know how to get it to me if you hear any thing. When I need you boys I'll let you know."

But what would have struck an eves-dropper in all this interview most was the singular bearing of these two very different villains to each other. It can not be expressed in words, but it was very singular—very singular indeed.

A STRANGE STORY.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gens d'armes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir among the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit—not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the State. He had figured at Augtil in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lépervier had undertaken his defense, M. Louraugain, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction a man became a mortal, a horse a courser, the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably "the authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a knife a sword, a car a chariot, and a breeze became a whirlwind: all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Césarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentleman, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner. When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound a slight murmur was heard among the spectators, while MM. Louraugain and Lépervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: "Will not *you* challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do *I* trouble my head about *your* affairs?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, very thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings he used to frequent the public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange

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ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an evil eye that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good-night' to the major."

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur no doubt forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton-chops."

"Impossible, major—there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said, "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carbine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barreled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens. Two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"*Sacré bleu!*" said he, picking them up. "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean."

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food. From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade every one avoided him; at the theatre his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor. The paper of accusation, notwithstanding drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amidst profound silence broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had coolly settled himself to sleep. The gens d'armes tried to rouse him from his slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half open his dull, brutish eyes. When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself; as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Louraugain and M. Lépervier both made marvelously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration he managed to squeeze from his eyes a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son. At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given for the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, and, reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched, with an envious eye, the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome." The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor. "Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havana." Several jurors now approached, casting longing eyes at Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting: the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor. The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger. Eleven gentlemen excused Major Vernor from all share in their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said, slowly—

"I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman, in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major, meekly.

"Certainly, in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the major; "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, Sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests with us. Before I can resolve to make a dead body of a living, moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued. The major's words seemed to strike home to every breast, and at length one of the jurors said, "You seem, Sir, to regard the question from a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cerneau."

"You know me, then?" said the juror, in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear Sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair, at being refused by you a short renewal, which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying M. Cerneau retired to the farthest corner of the room and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" inquired another juror, impatiently. "Have we come hither to act a scene from the 'Memoirs of the Devil?'"

"I don't know that work," replied the major; "but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you murder them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Lillar, which took place, I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

With an instinctive movement M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes *you*, Monsieur Darien—"

"What infamy are you going to cast in *my* teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills *his* friends you only dishonor *yours*. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

"Major," cried another juror, "you're a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house six months after having insured it at treble its value in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"Who am I, Monsieur Peron? Simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Peron gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange, sharp, hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue—that was his real crime. Now if, after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash, but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man of the party; and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then, having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said, "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterward the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of Not Guilty—and Pierre Granger was discharged amidst the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who indeed were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building the sergeant who accompanied me said, "So, Sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has given evident proofs of mental aberration. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernor?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon beloved and respected during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havana cigar, after the table-d'hôte dinner at the Crown Hotel."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"PSHAW!" exclaimed Mr. Browne, contemptuously, as he flurried over the leaves of a fashionable magazine. "I can't find a decent story here. Now, what are all these?" Mrs. Browne came and sat down on the arm of the easy-chair in which her liege lord was reclining. "These? Why, these are crochet patterns!"

"And that," indicating with his finger a singular-shaped figure, "is that a crochet pattern?"

"No, you dear, innocent man," returned Mrs. Browne; "that is a pin-cushion—and there," turning over a leaf, "is another pattern, such a beauty: to be made in dark blue velvet and pearls! I am going to get materials to-morrow and commence one for the toilet-table in our spare-room."

"Ah!" responded the gentleman, reflectively. "Do you happen to remember, my dear, how many pin-cushions you have made for the spare-room since we were married?"

"Well, you know that pretty white satin one baby spoiled, playing with it—"

"Curious plaything," murmured Mr. B.

"—And somebody spilled some hair-oil on the pink silk one; and I began a cushion out of black velvet, but I never finished it; and then that beautiful crimson—Where are you going, Mr. Browne?"

"Only to my writing-desk," replied that gentleman, who was already half across the room.

"Dear me, how abrupt!" ejaculated the lady, taking up for continued examination the magazine which her husband had tossed upon the table. Pretty soon, however, tired of the silence, she stole softly along to the writing-desk, and peeping over Mr. Browne's shoulder, said, "May I see what you are writing?"

"Oh yes, my dear! it is especially for you. Or stay, I will read it to you." And placing her on a very comfortable seat, he commenced as follows:

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PIN-CUSHION.

Although for centuries the pin-cushion has been a denizen of human habitations, and has thriven and been most prolific in the very centres of civilization, its physiology and habits have been but little noticed by naturalists. Even the place to be assigned to it in the order of animated nature has been disputed.

Linnæus classed it with the hedge-hog, porcupine, and kindred animals; with which it has one noticeable affinity—that of shedding loose spines on the approach of man; but to which in other respects it is very dissimilar.

Buffon, observing that it frequented human habitations, and chose chambers and dormitories for its abode, was led to consider it an insect, and to class it with the spider and cockroach.

Cuvier, however, who was the first to dissect the creature, and observe accurately its anatomical structure and relations, corrected these errors and rightly assigned to the pin-cushion a place in the order Invertebrata, in company with the urchin, the sponge, and the (baby's) coral.

The pin-cushion is a creature of which it may be said with justice, that you do not see all its *good points* at the first glance. Individuals of the species differ widely in size, and even somewhat in form. All, however, so far as observed, have a soft, homogeneous body, destitute of skeleton, and covered with a firm, tough skin, in which are set, more or less thickly, a great number of spines, which serve, probably, as its principal media of communication with the world, as it has no limbs nor organs of locomotion. It has eyes however. If a few needles are thrust into its back the eyes may be seen distinctly.

The pin-cushion is very domestic, seeking the society of man, though it decidedly prefers that of woman. It loves to lie on mantle-pieces, on dressing-tables, or washstands, or to make its nests in bureau-drawers. The smaller varieties will burrow confidingly in a gentleman's pocket. It is less timid than the rat or mouse, seldom moving from a stranger even, unless actually touched. It thrives best in the temperate regions, and prefers cities and large towns. It has been found in the tropics, but neither Parry nor Kane make any mention of having found it in the frozen North. It is most prolific, and attains the greatest size in hotels, barbers' shops, fancy fairs, and similar places. Though sociable toward man, it is not gregarious. It is rare to find two of these little creatures together.

The pin-cushion frequently enjoys long life. The simplicity of its internal structure preserves it from many of the ailments to which the nobler animals are subject. It is most liable to perish through severe abrasions or divisions of the external skin, to which it is exceedingly exposed. When these occur immediate aid should be extended, as nature appears to possess no restorative power. By means of proper appliances the wounded pin-cushion may be *recovered*; and care being taken, it will usually pass a long, contented life, perishing at last through simple old age alone.

"Dear me! Mr. Browne," exclaimed the lady as that gentleman came to a pause, "what an amount of nonsense you can write about nothing!"

"Nothing! Why, I am sure I thought I had been writing about the pin-cushion. But if you insist upon calling it nothing I have no objection. Only I am hungry—I am sure that was the tea-bell that rung before I had read my second *point* in the pin-cushion."

And they went down to tea.

If Mr. Browne's brain had been less prolific we should have had room to give our lady-readers some descriptions of "new styles" for "pin-cushions." As it is we can only say that they can scarcely fail of finding a paragraph headed "*New shape for a pin-cushion*" if they open any popular periodical (*for ladies*).

It is certainly to be hoped that the following statement, made by an exchange, is a mistake:

"Within a month after the opening of the New York Inebriate Asylum over fifteen hundred applications were made by wealthy parents for the admission of their daughters, who had contracted habits of intemperance from the use of wines and liquors at fashionable parties."

May-day in New York develops character. Selfishness and meanness are brought to light as well as generosity and nobleness. Some people have a way of taking a petty revenge *on the house* they are leaving; or else it is merely a chronic meanness, by carrying away with them pieces of it.

On the second day of May a gentleman of this city went to call on a friend who had been boarding in Twenty-third Street. On reaching the house he was puzzled by not being able to find the bell-handle. Concluding he was mistaken in the house, he looked for the door-plate—it was gone. *That* was not strange; but on searching for the number of the house that also had been removed. A further investigation for some means of ingress showed that the *door-knob* was *minus*. A slight push opened the door, revealing that the *lock*, and all pertaining to it, was wanting. Convinced by the surroundings of the identity of the house the gentleman stepped into the vestibule; and seeing through the curtainless glass of the inner door a small boy, he resorted to the successful expedient of tapping on the glass. It was a somewhat doubtful relief to learn that his friend was not an occupant of this lockless, latchless house, since the probability seemed strong that the rapacious, out-going tenant had carried off his boarder *per force*.

How many full-grown Americans know how to *eat* properly? The lawyer who stuck up on his office-door, "Gone to dinner; back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "I am killing myself by bolting my food, and then trying to digest it over my papers; at forty-five I shall probably be either a broken-down invalid or a lunatic, but, in the mean time, I am very much at your service." There is also a ghastly humor about the other story of the host in a New England city who asked his guest, at a mid-day dinner, if he would mind eating his pie in the street as they walked along.

The over-strict regarders of *etiquette* often suffer severely in consequence nowadays. But even the most punctilious of our time would scarcely make such a sacrifice of *good taste* as that recorded in the incident we give below:

In England, during the French Revolution, the Duke of Bedford invited the emigrant Duc de Grammont to a splendid dinner, one of those magnificent entertainments which English noblemen pride themselves on giving to crowned heads, and their good feeling prompts [illegible] was produced, which for age and flavor was supposed to be matchless. It was liquid gold in a crystal flagon, a ray of the sun descending into a goblet; it was nectar which was worthy of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have reveled. The noble head of the house of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of this choice wine, and De Grammont on tasting it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality, poured out a glass, which no sooner approached his lips than with a horrible contortion he exclaimed: "Why, what on earth is this?" The butler approached, took the bottle and applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of his master pronounced it to be castor-oil! The Duc de Grammont had swallowed this horrid draught without wincing.

As to fashions: Bonnets, it is said, are not worn at all! A handful of lillies or violets, festooned with a ribbon, and placed coquettishly on the top of the head, being mostly concealed by the hair, is used as a substitute. So bonnets amount to nothing!

Some other things *are* worn, however—dresses, for example—and very handsome ones too.

The popular material for the present season is called *crépon*, and is one of the prettiest fabrics ever manufactured. It is a sort of strong China *crêpe*, with all the lustre and brilliancy of silk upon it; and, added to this, it has an admirable quality—it is soft to the touch. Pearl-gray *crépon* dresses, trimmed with pale-blue silk, are very popular. The silk is cut on the cross and made into bands, and these bands are worked over with crystal beads. This trimming is varied either with guipure, lined with colored ribbon or with narrow fringe, arranged in rows to simulate turrets. Pink and blue *crépon* dresses are particularly pretty for evening wear.

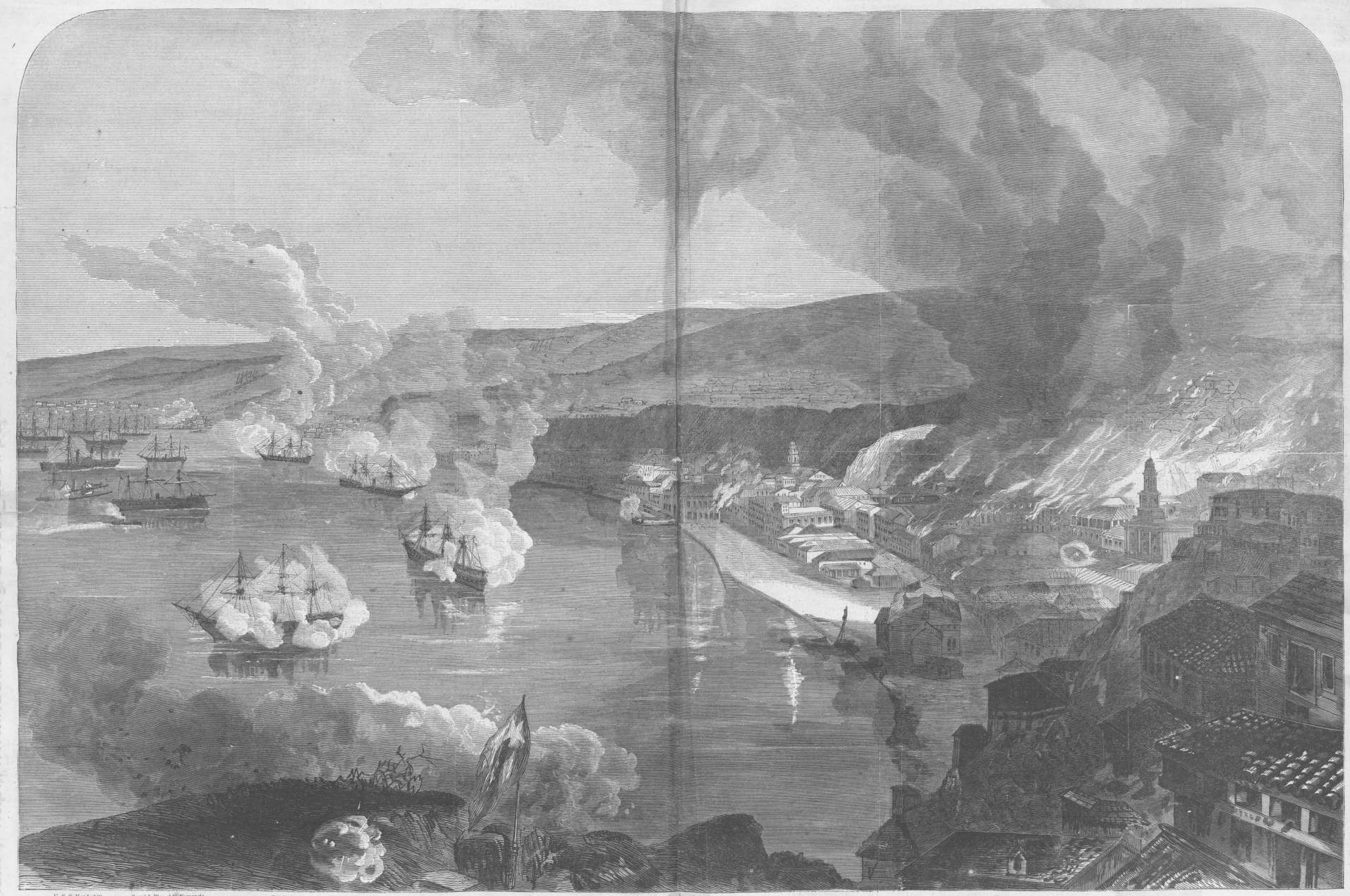
White and scarlet will be the Parisian summer mixture, and therefore likely to be also adopted here. Many white foulard bodices are trimmed with these colors. A very pretty one has, first, scarlet ribbon frill and black lace round the throat, and another turned down as a collar round the neck. Scarlet buttons covered with Cluny lace are arranged down the front, and the cuffs match the neck.

Garibaldis in white muslin are trimmed with a new material in cotton that washes with them, and looks at sight like black ribbon and Cluny lace. Some of these bodices in fine muslin, lace, and embroidery, are cut open square at the throat. Others cross like a *fichu*, and are composed of narrow tucks and lace.

Colored hand embroidery on shawls is a new feature in the fashions introduced for the coming spring and summer. The materials upon which the work is executed are China *crêpe*, French *crêpe*, fine cashmere, etc., and upon black or white grounds. Flowers and leaves are introduced in the natural colors, sometimes in garlands carried round the shawl as a border, and sometimes in sprigs. Lace patterns in black and white, and executed with a Russian stitch, are also used, sometimes alone, and at others mixed with the colored flowers. Rich soft silk fringes, knotted, are generally added to these shawls, but sometimes the border is of lace, black or white, or a mixture of both.

Black and white grenadine shawls, embroidered in scarlet, deserve notice as novel. Plain shawls also, in these thin materials and fringed, and also plain scarf shawls in llama, in all colors, delicate light-blues and rich rose shades, will be worn.

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, BY THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL MENDEZ NUNEZ, MARCH 31, 1866.—SKETCHED BY AN ATTACHÉ OF THE CHILEAN EMBASSY.—[SEE PAGE 309.]

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MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh, how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt—she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them a lmire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow! he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden inclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonnette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dream-land like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really forever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him—tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good-looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to every thing he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted, I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good-humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but somehow or other I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterward. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt toward him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear, good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I—"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing toward the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he *would* always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busy-body," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busy-body. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I can not help thinking—"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling!"

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I staid there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant under her infliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I can not say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No, indeed! What should she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied: 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy, half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that every thing was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations can not be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know *I* can not pity her very much."

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last, "and you—"

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry

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me—Yes or No. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good-will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I can not be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But instead of going to look for it he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I can not bear to give you up, indeed I can not."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

SEED-SOWING.

I.

MR. LINKLETTER perceived in Amelia—a dawning lady of sixteen—a growing interest when questions of love and matrimony were under discussion. Mr. Linkletter had loved and lost. Not loved and lost in the beautiful way that leaves a sweet and tender pain behind, but loved and lost in a bitterly practical and unlovely way. I should put it plainer if I said that, life being viewed as a vast gambling-table and matrimony a lottery, he had staked his love—and lost, not won. He had suffered, in a word, profoundly; and his experience he knew to be worth more than untold gold, if its lessons would but be received by the young and forward-looking. Little Amelia was one such. Mr. Linkletter was thrown frequently into her society, and, wishing to sow good seed in her heart, he had striven to win her esteem by listening with every indication of interest to her callow prattle about beaux and that sort of thing. So he found his opportunity to speak words of warning and wisdom to Amelia.

One day, discovering that she listened to him with high apparent interest, he suffered himself to talk at such length as this:

"You think you love, do you, Amelia? Perhaps you do. I can't tell. But let me whisper this secret to you: girls of your age do not often love profoundly, nor judge wisely concerning their own hearts. How should a little lass whose mind is immature—wholly in the formation state still—be able to tell the difference between a girlish fancy, which time will wear away, and that true love which sinks deep into the soul, and knows no change nor death till the grave covers the heart in which it dwelt? It would not be fair to expect that of her. Love is a thing that can not die. It is nonsense for any one to say that a person, having once loved, ceases to love, that love changes, that it cools or deadens, that the lover becomes tired of his sweet-heart. Impossible! To love once is to love forever."

"This kind of love, Amelia, does not often take up its dwelling-place in the heart of a girl of sixteen or a boy of eighteen. Not but that it may, and can, but that it hardly ever does. When it does there is something rarely exceptional about it. If I were to say what I thought was the truest age at which the impulses of the heart may be relied on as a safe index, I should place it somewhere beyond the age of twenty-five, for either sex. For men, perhaps later. Men's minds usually do not mature in the direction of the emotions so early as women's do. When a man or woman seriously "falls in love" (as folks say) at the age of twenty-six or seven, or upward, it is pretty sure to be a true passion, which can not be destroyed. If it is a false one it will pass away speedily. But to really love at that age, and to marry, is to be happy."

Feeling himself getting into deep waters, Mr. Linkletter paused.

"Are people always happy who marry when they are twenty-six or seven?" asked Amelia, with charming simplicity.

"There!" said Mr. Linkletter, "I wanted just such a question, Amelia, to help me out. No; don't let any such absurdity as that get before your eyes, and blind them to the truth. We are talking—"

Mr. Linkletter perhaps forgot that he was himself doing all the talking.

"We are talking, you must bear in mind, about *love*. Now the world is full of people who don't marry for love, and don't pretend to. They marry for wealth, or for convenience, or for pride; some marry for hate. That *these* marriages are unhappy is to be expected, and is no more than fair. But when people marry, as they suppose, for *love*, they certainly ought to be happy. Now here's the thing in a nutshell. If it is *true* love they *will* be happy—they must be (and I positively assert that a true and noble love can never die). At eighteen they are incapable of judging in this matter; at say twenty-six or seven they are capable, if they ever are. So if a girl of sixteen thinks she loves, there is no certainty that she does love—she is terribly liable to be mistaken about it. But if a woman of twenty-five thinks she loves, it is pretty certain to be so. I have known fifty cases of marriages for love (so supposed) at eighteen, and they all proved ill-assorted and miserable unions. Now the sum and result of this sermon, Amelia," Mr. Linkletter smiled, "is this—that marriages contracted between children are woefully in danger of proving unhappy. You are young; the opposite sex is peculiarly attractive to you; your heart feels the longing to love, and reaching out its tendrils, as the poets say, for an object to cling to, is quite as likely to cling to the wrong object as to the right one. When you stop to think that among every hundred young men you see it is barely possible the *one* exists in whom your heart will find that perfect, restful love that will bear you through life, isn't there a grave danger that you, in your determination to love *somebody*, will love—or seem to love—the wrong one? Now fancy for an instant that you are married to one of these youths at the age of seventeen; a few years—nay, a few months—may show you that your love does not satisfy; in time it dies; you may find some 'surcease of sorrow' in the new and different love you give to your children; but you feel that this is not true love which you bear your husband. This is mournful, but, alas, how many go through life so! Pray God they may know nothing worse than the mere 'dreariness of emptiness' herein! But suppose the worst happens—suppose, when ten years are gone by, and you are twenty-seven, you chance to meet the man you *should* have married—what then? Ah, that is the terrible thing! But what help is there for you now? It is too late!—too late! You are bound about by other ties, which must not and can not be broken! You look back on your past life, and see wherein you erred, and that you must bear the consequences of your error through life. You can do nothing—nothing except to pray Heaven to help you carry your weary load."

Mr. Linkletter bowed his head on his hand, thinking I know not what thoughts. Amelia, supposing from his silence that he was done, stole out of the room. He heard the door close behind her, and raised his head but not in time to add the further word he would have said: bidding the young girl beware of becoming bewitched by the mere senses, and of taking the step which she might some day find was beyond all setting right.

However, he believed he had sown good seed; and he lighted a cigar and went to his office.

II.

I HAVE a love-scene to describe. Gather round me, young ladies. It is *bona fide*.

Scene, a pretty parlor. Time, evening. Window-curtains down. Lamps lit.

A young man of perhaps twenty-one was kneeling at the feet of a beautiful girl with warm brown eyes and flowing curls.

That a young man of respectable parentage should kneel on the floor at the feet of a young lady of equally respectable parentage, in the heart of a civilized community, in the State of New York and in the year 1862, is an absurdity, I freely admit. But in that absurd position did Charley Christie find himself on the evening in question, and Kate M'Call looked down upon him not unkindly while he so continued.

"Kate," said the young man, "won't you say yes? You *must* say yes! I will not get off my knees till those lips have pronounced the simple word that bids me hope."

"Oh, Charley, how can I?" said little Kate, seventeen to a day, and *very* impressible. "What would father and mother say?"

"They would relent, Kate. I'm sure they would. Your father likes me. Do say yes!"

Poor Kate was in a quandary. It was a trying position for a girl of her generous nature, to sit there and witness such a handsome fellow as Charley Christie, with such sweet whiskers, kneeling at her feet with his earnest, up-looking eyes, and begging her to "say yes."

All that "yes" meant, being said, was that she would marry Charley the next day, privately.

"Oh dear, I am afraid, Charley!"

"You love me, Kate?"

"Yes; that is, I think I do. But I should be so afraid, when I go home to Penville again, and had to tell father and mother what I had been doing. I—I think I had better not."

"You refuse me, Kate?" said the young man, in deep distress.

"No—not exactly. But you—you must let me have time to think of it a little."

"You're not going to tell any one?"

"Oh no. I wouldn't dare."

"Then when will you give me an answer?"

"Why, you are so sudden, Charley. Give me till day after to-morrow."

"So long as that, Kate!"

"That is not so very long. I will give you an answer day after to-morrow."

Having said so much, Kate felt a great relief, and this helped her in sticking to her point.

So Charley got off his knees without having heard her "say yes," thus violating his own terms.

Kate was at this time visiting her grandparents in this city. Young Christie, as an old acquaintance in Penville, had been permitted to escort her about to places of amusement, and a week of uninterrupted evenings in her company had brought the youth to his present pass.

The next day Kate went to a tea-party given at Amelia Marsfield's, and there she met that queer old fellow, Mr. Linkletter—a man past thirty-five, but *such* pleasant company!

Mr. Linkletter was pleased with Kate's ingenuous face and soft eyes, and talked with her a good deal. What seed he undertook to sow in that quarter, if any, I never asked him; nor whether he had any opportunities that he ought not to have neglected. I trust he had.

While he sat talking with Kate in the parlor after tea he was suddenly hailed across the room by Mrs. Gossop, a pretty widow of twenty-five, with the exclamation:

"Mr. Linkletter, what is this heresy? Amelia says you told her the other day that no one could really love till they were twenty-six or seven years old."

"Me?" said Mr. Linkletter, blushing deeply at finding his private seed-sowing thus being converted into a spectacle for a roomful of ladies. "Why, no; I did not say so—that would be an absurdity."

"Why yes you did, Mr. Linkletter!" cried Amelia, turning on him with a look of much astonishment.

But Mr. Linkletter shook his head. Also, he would have been glad to hold his tongue, but they would not let him.

"Then what *did* you say?" asked Amelia, a little piqued.

"Yes, what did you say, Mr. Linkletter?" put in Mrs. Gossop.

"I said—I—I—that is—"

Guilty man! Why did he stammer so?—and blush so? He asked himself why, and got no answer from himself.

I can tell him why: It is one thing to sit in a rocking-chair twiddling your watch-key, and calmly and deliberately uttering sentiments which you design for the private and especial behoof of a single young lady auditor in whom you feel a kindly interest; and it is another thing to have a chorus of female voices plump at you a witness-box sort of a cross-question of, What *did* you say? Say it again, Sir. Repeat your words, Sir. Let us know what all this means.

"Amelia," said Mr. Linkletter, gravely, endeavoring to recover his calmness, "do you soberly say that I said to you that no one could love till they were twenty-six or seven years old? Is *that* what I said?"

"Yes," said Amelia, who innocently believed herself to be stating the gist of Mr. Linkletter's whole argument; "I know you said so, Mr. Linkletter, for I heard you, and I don't forget so easily."

"It is impossible I should have uttered such an absurdity, child," said Mr. Linkletter, a little warmly—stumbling sinner that he was; "why not say twenty-six years and three months? A statement of that kind is absurd."

Amelia was confounded, but obstinate.

Mr. Linkletter grew more cool.

"I will try and tell you what I did say, ladies," said he, finally. "I advanced, in general terms, the principle that love, as between the sexes, was a sentiment that could not well exist in an immature breast. A girl of eighteen or a young man of twenty is not likely to be capable of judging wisely concerning a passion that has an apparently strong hold upon his or her heart; and although it *may* be a true love, the probabilities are a hundred to one that it is *not* the love which will endure forever, and bless the life of the pair. I said, that at twenty-five or upward, one is not likely to be mistaken in the matter, while at the younger age one is *very* likely to be. Marriages contracted at so early an age prove almost always unhappy. Such marriages are often performed in a gust of passion—are often born of the moment—and two foolish children may bind themselves in a weak, blind hour, and mourn that hour all the rest of their lives. I deem it the most dreadful danger to which our young people are exposed, the facility with which private marriages are performed in this State. The clergyman who will thus marry two big babies ought to be thrashed; but there are in this city plenty of clergymen who will do it."

Mr. Linkletter, having thus strayed a little aside from his proper theme, suddenly made a faint effort to return to it, and failed wretchedly.

"As a general principle, the child that walks into a pond will be drowned; and, as a general principle, the children under twenty who venture the untried waters of matrimony will be sorry they had not waited till old enough to swim."

Here Mr. Linkletter stopped in a miserable state of dissatisfaction with himself.

And as he went to his room that night he muttered to himself,

"I am almost resolved to register an oath, like the man in the farce, that I will never undertake to do a fellow-creature a service again. The idea of that hasty little Amelia getting no more good than that out of my sermon the other day! I am tempted to declare this seed-sowing a humbug."

Don't, Linkletter, my friend. That would be rash and false.

Let me whisper to you that brown-eyed Kate M'Call took into her heart the seeds you dropped while in the parlor, as a flower drinks the dew it needed that very hour. She left the house that night wiser and stronger than when she entered it—all through you.

Charley Christie, if he had waited on his knees for Kate's "Yes," would have staid in that position till this day. For Kate said "No."

Inside of six months Charley Christie found another flame, and Kate M'Call was as nothing to him. She is still at home in Penville—still under twenty-five—still beautiful, and growing more loveable every year. Who marries her for love his heart will be made glad.

"And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture.

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it.

"And other fell on good ground."

There is always good ground somewhere. Let us not weary, Linkletter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GUARDED ACCOUNT OF IT.—A man asked the cause of his father's death, answered that, "while he was addressing a large outdoor assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." His father was *hung*.

Who were the original bog-trotters?—The *Fenians*.

CURE FOR A COLD (A.D. 1430).

Putte your fette in hot water,
As high as your thighes;
Wrappe your head up in flannelle,
As lowe as your eyees;
Take a quart of rumm'd gruelle,
When in bedde, as a dose;
With a number four dippe
Well tallowe your nose.

A man, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

A LAY FOR MAY.

"May I come?" said the month. "Oh, say!"
"May you come?" we replied. "You may.
For you come politely,
Deftly, and sprightly;
Not roughly,
Or gruffly;
Not asserting your right,
Nor using your might;
Not with raging and riot,
But with mildness and quiet;
Not with a must, and a shall, and a will,
But pleasantly, orderly, meekly, and still,
Craving permission with 'May;'
So, May, you may come and stay."

Why is England the richest country in the world?—Because it has a Deal more on its coast than any other country.

A reporter, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the *best of spirits*."

Why is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fenians?—Because it quickens their apprehension.

What kind of money is every where legally tender?—Matri-mony.

"If a family quite fill their carriage why are they not to be trusted? Do you give up, Samba?" "Well, massa, I 'spects it is becos dey's got de seat full (deceitful). Yah! yah!"

It is only a curious grammarian who would inquire too strictly concerning your relatives and antecedents.

What man is keener than a razor?—A sharper.

WARNING TO MEDDLERS.—Meddling with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church made "bad, worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, noticing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when, to his chagrin, out rolled a quart of hickory-nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the successful cunning displayed by the Head Centre in eluding the police, we believe that the title of a well-known spot in Dublin is to be changed: instead of "Stephen's Green" it is henceforth to be known as "Stephen's any thing but green."

DIET AND REGIMEN.—Those who live on *sponge* cake must often eat humble pie.

Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit?—Because they are all in a *quiver*.

A prodigy reading in a paper that a distinguished opera singer had "a voice of two *registers*," expressed his opinion that she ought to sing with great warmth.

Most ennybody kan write poor sense, says Josh Billings, but thare ain't but few that kan write good nonsense—and it o'mos takes an eddykated man tew appreciate it after it iz writ.

"Now children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not well up in the Catechism, answered quickly: "All women!"

A German surgeon in Paris was recently bereaved of his wife by death. His friends assembled to condole with him, and found him engaged in dissecting her body!

The ancient Scandinavians called their poets *Scalds;* the modern Scotch poet is *Burns:* poetic fire in all ages.

A CAUTION TO TAX-GATHERERS AND OVERSEERS.—If a man is to do as he is done by, he may well be excused for scolding when he is rated.

Ladies look most "killing" when they are ready for sleighing.

A WORTHLESS BOND—A *vagabond*.

AFFECTIONATE TIMES.—Every thing is about as dear as it can be.

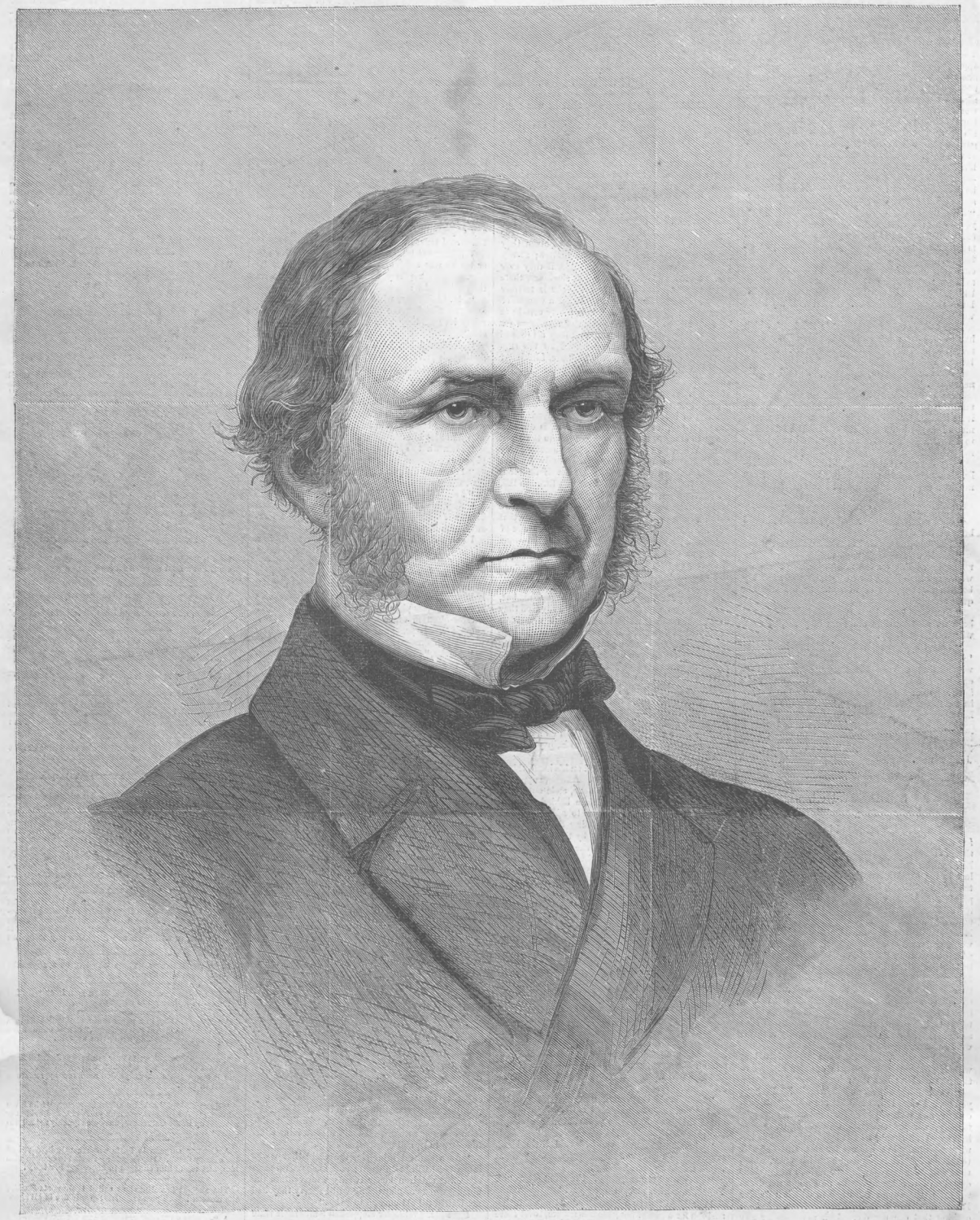
Why, if you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as stepping into his shoes?—Because you make his feet yours (features).

"It is not most only that is so enormously dear," said a careful housewife; "but I can not obtain flour for pudding for less than double the usual price, and they do not make eggs half so large as they used to be!"

Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

"RAISING CAIN"—The planters down South.

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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

GLADSTONE.

UPON the death of Lord PALMERSTON it became evident that the duties of leader in the English House of Commons must devolve upon Mr. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many misgivings were felt as to his fitness for so responsible a position. There was no question, of course there could be none, as to his ability; but it was doubted whether he possessed the necessary discretion, tact, and command of temper—qualities which had been so characteristic of his predecessor. Mr. GLADSTONE has thus far been fully equal to the occasion, and for judgment and prudence, as well as for pre-eminent ability, he stands to-day the first of English statesmen.

The Right Honorable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the fourth son of the late Sir JOHN GLADSTONE, Bart., was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He graduated at Oxford in 1831. Shortly after his election as member of Parliament for Newark, in 1832, Sir ROBERT PEEL appointed him to a junior Lordship of the Treasury, and two months later to the post of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. Together with his ministerial leader GLADSTONE soon retired from office and remained in the Opposition until PEEL's return to power in 1841. He was then sworn a member of the Privy Council, having accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. In this position it became his duty to explain and defend in the Lower House the commercial policy of the Government. The revision of the British tariff in 1842 was almost entirely the result of his energy and industry. In 1847 he was chosen the colleague of Sir ROBERT HARRY INGLIS as member for the University of Oxford. He could not unite thoroughly with the High Church and Tory party, and he refused to accept office under the short-lived ministry of the Earl of DERBY in 1852. He was, however, returned that year by the University of Oxford, though not without a sharp contest. His influence more than that of any other man contributed to the early dissolution of the DERBY administration and the succession of the Earl of ABERDEEN. Under the latter he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord PALMERSTON took the Government in 1855, and in a few weeks Mr. GLADSTONE resigned on account of a difference with the ministry in regard to the conduct of the Crimean war. He still continued to give the PALMERSTON ministry his support, and in June, 1859, he resumed the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which office he has since retained. In the late elections he failed to be returned to Parliament by the University of Oxford, and now sits as a member for Lancashire.

As an author Mr. GLADSTONE is chiefly known by two works—that on Church and State and his work on the Homeric Poems. The former was the subject of one of Lord MACAULAY's critical essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.

As a statesman Mr. GLADSTONE strictly belongs to no party. He is as conservative as he is liberal. Without the popularity of JOHN BRIGHT among the British masses, he yet inspires general confidence in all classes of society. In his late acute work upon England LOUIS BLANC says, that the peculiarity of GLADSTONE's mind, which gives him often a hesitating tone in speech and a half reluctance in action, is his exquisite sense of justice, which shows him how much is to be said upon both sides of a question.

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A FEARFUL CRASH.

IN Hartford, Connecticut, there occurred on the morning of May 2 a singular accident, which we illustrate in the accompanying engraving. The Hartford *Courant* of May 5 thus describes the affair:

About 2 o'clock Wednesday morning the north wall of the building known as the City Bindery, near the corner of Trumbull and Pearl streets, fell with a loud crash which started many of the inhabitants of that vicinity from their slumbers as though it had been an earthquake. The earth had been removed to such an extent to make room for the new building about to be erected by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO., that the heavy rains of Tuesday probably started the foundation—hence the accident. The upper story was occupied by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO. for bindery purposes, the stories below by O. D. CASE & CO., and others. Owing to the lateness of the hour we were unable to ascertain the extent of the damage done, but the loss will amount to thousands of dollars. It is fearful to think what might have been, had the accident occurred a few hours later, as there are upward of two hundred males and females employed in the building. It seems a providential escape for them.

We mentioned briefly Wednesday morning the fall of the north wall of the City Bindery building on Trumbull Street. In digging a cellar for a new building to be erected by CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO., on the site of the old jail, workmen went so close to the bindery and under its wall that the violent rain of Tuesday night washed away the remaining foundation, and the wall tumbled with a tremendous crash. A party wall running east and west through the building saved the south half from destruction.

The south wall of the structure is standing, and it is said that some of the employés of the establishment who came across the Park yesterday morning entered the building before discovering that any thing had happened. The total loss can not, of course, be exactly settled upon; it will amount probably to over fifty thousand dollars.

O. D. CASE & CO., publishers, conducted their business in the third floor. They had 2000 volumes of GREELEY'S "American Conflict," Vol. I., all ready for delivery; 1500 volumes of JUNIUS HENRI BROWN'S "Four Years in Secession;" a quantity of MITCHELL'S Outline Maps. Their loss can not at present be known.

CASE, LOCKWOOD, & CO., in the two upper stories and attic, had 5000 volumes of "Anecdotes of the Rebellion," a part ready for delivery to the Hartford Publishing Company, besides a quanity in various stages of forwardness; selling price $4 a volume.—These will not be a total loss. They also had 15,000 volumes of GREELEY'S "Conflict" in the bindery works for O. D. CASE & CO., selling price $4 to $7 a volume. They were also getting out a quantity of Cottage Bibles, and forty different school-books, on a contract for 20,000, in part already delivered: prices ranging from 75 cents to $3 a volume.



FALL OF THE CITY BINDERY OF O. D. CASE & CO., HARTFORD, CT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRESCOTT, HARTFORD, CT.]

BURNING OF CHURCHES IN PETERSBURG.

IN Petersburg, Virginia, where there is said to be, generally, on the part of the citizens, a good feeling toward the freedmen, there is yet enough left of the old barbarism of slavery to incite to the wanton destruction of churches for no other reason than that they are frequented by colored people.

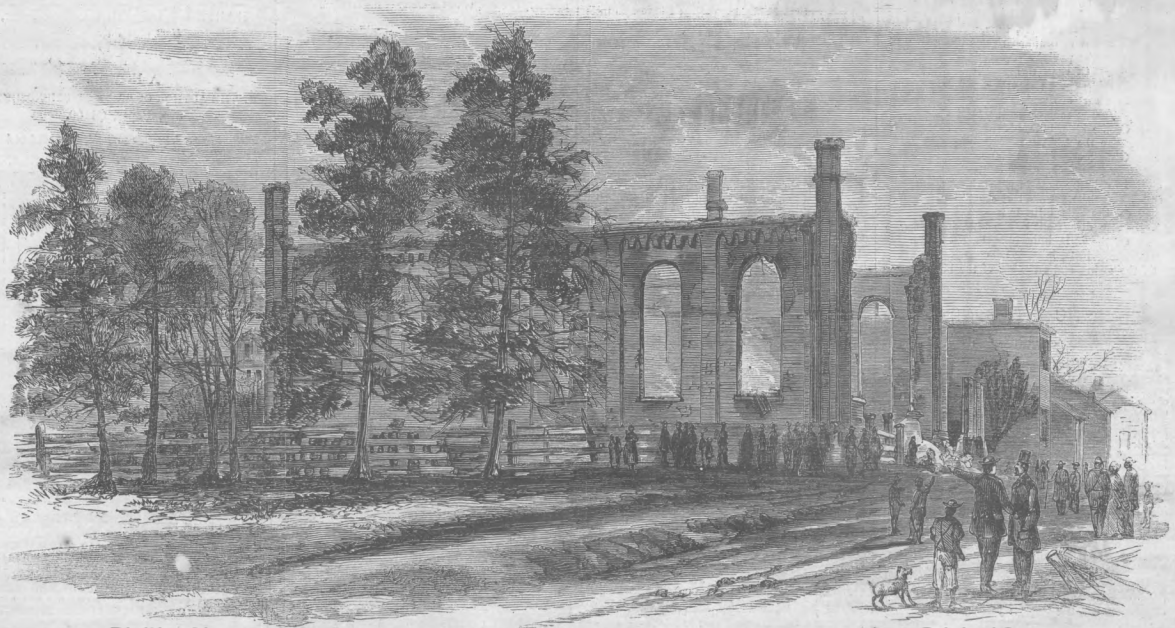
At about 2 A.M. on the morning of May 1 flames were discovered issuing from the Sunday-school of the Union Street (colored) Methodist Church. This room was a separate building, standing a few feet distant from the main body of the Church. Upon the alarm being given the firemen quickly repaired to the spot and succeeded in saving the church, but the school-room was entirely destroyed.

About two hours after this conflagration the alarm was again sounded, and the new African Baptist Church on Harrison Street was found to be on fire, which, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of the fire department, burned to the ground, the flames having gained a great headway before being discovered.

During the progress of these fires attempts were made to burn two other African churches, the old African on Harrison Street, now used as a school-room, and the Gillfield, quite a handsome edifice on Gill Street. The destruction of these buildings has inflicted a wanton and undeserved injury upon the colored people.

The Petersburg *Daily Index*, commenting on these fires, says:

If the guilty parties imagined that they would find the faintest shadow of approval of their villainy in the sympathy of this community, they have been woefully deceived. In no part of Virginia, or of the South, does a better feeling exist between the whites and blacks. With exceptions too trifling for mention, the demeanor of the colored people in Petersburg has been all that could be desired, and the commendation of their general conduct has been unstinted. But if they had been as riotous as they have been order-



FIRES AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA—RUINS OF THE COLORED BAPTIST CHURCH ON HARRISON STREET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAZELLE & M'MULLEN, PETERSBURG, VA.]

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ly, if they had been as troublesome as they have been well behaved, such a method of retaliation as this, if it were so designed, would meet the unqualified reproach of our people.

If such things are possible where so good a feeling exists toward the colored people, what treatment may the latter expect in quarters where it is known that they are the objects of intense and unrelenting hatred?

"MUSTERED OUT" COLORED VOLUNTEERS.

"STANDING before the office of Colonel PAGE, Quarter-master," says our artist, from whose sketch we have engraved the picture on page 308, "the scene which I have sketched was very interesting, occasioned by the meeting of 'mustered out' colored troops with their wives and friends at Little Rock, Arkansas. Just in from Duvall's Bluff, where they had been stationed, their landing created a furor among the resident colored females, many of whom, I am afraid, were disappointed in not meeting those whom they expected. Others rushed into the arms of their husbands with an outburst of uncontrollable affection. Ceremonious introductions between comrades and wives displayed a degree of politeness quite commendatory to all the parties concerned. Children ran about with bundles of blankets or knapsacks for their papas, or begged the privilege of carrying a gun for some sable warrior, and all were in high good humor, with the exception of those who missed the faces of their husbands or brothers."

THE BILLS.

HEAR the Tradesmen with their bills—
Scrivened bills!
What a world of misery their very look in-dills!
How they bother, bother, bother,
All the day and half the night!
As first one and then another
At our door-bell rings, to smother
Our pecunious delight:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Dun-ic rhyme
To the tick which erst they promised, but which now their pressure kills.
With their bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
With the wrangling and the jangling of their bills.

* * * * * * *

Read the contents of the bills—
Itemed bills!
What a world of bunkum thoughts in every entry drills!
On our sleepless coach at night,
How [illegible] with affright
At the melancholy atomic we [illegible]
For every boy that brings
The abominable things
Is a dun.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that thus conspire to heap ill—
Every one—
And who gaining, gaining, gaining—
A horrid motley crew—
[illegible] ly in so draining
From our pockets every sou—
They are Grocers, they are Bakers,
They are Tailors, Mantua-makers,
They are Huns:
And their vile Collector runs;
And he duns, duns, duns,
Duns
For payment of the bills!
And his merry bosom thrills
With the payin' of the bills!
And he boozes and he swills;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of drunken rhyme
To the payin' of the bills—
Of the bills:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of drunken rhyme,
To the robbing of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
To the fobbing of the bills;
Giving very little time
As he drills, drills, drills
In a harpy Dun-ic rhyme
For the payment of the bills—
Of the bills, bills, bills—
No delayment of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills—
Bills, bills, bills—
Of the owing and outgoing of the bills.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 7:

In the House, Mr. Eliot offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Select Committee on Freedmen to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the immediate relief of the destitute white population and freedmen in various portions of the South.—The Freedmen's Bureau Appropriation bill was passed.—The bill to amend the act of July 4, 1864, to encourage immigration was passed. The purpose of the amendment is to prevent the immigration of convicts, and to avert the progress of disease consequent upon the overcrowding of vessels, inadequate accommodations, etc.

May 21

In the Senate, Mr. Dixon offered an amendment for the proposition of the Committee of Fifteen. It declares that when any of the late rebellious States shall present itself, not only the gratitude of loyalty, but represented by men capable of submitting to constitutional tests, it shall be admitted to the right of representation.—The Post-office Appropriation bill next being taken up, Mr. Trumbull moved, to strike out the payment of salaries to those postmasters whose nominations have been confirmed by the Senate, was adopted: yeas 19, nays 11.

May 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Chandler, from the Committee on the Cuban Relief Bill, reported a substitute, which was agreed to. The bill [illegible] to the President.

[illegible] Columbia was taken [illegible] to-day.

May 4:

In the House, the bill to revive the grade of General in the United States army was taken up, and, after speeches in its favor by Messrs. Deming and Raymond, was passed —116 to 11.

May 7:

In the Senate, the motion to reconsider the vote on Mr. Trumbull's amendment to the Post-office bill was taken up at 1 o'clock, and after some debate was carried—yeas, 21; nays, 18.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was elaborately discussed by Messrs. Morrill and Raymond.

RECONSTRUCTION.

It is reported on good authority that President Johnson met his Cabinet on the 30th of April, to consult with the members on the report submitted by the Committee of Fifteen. It is said that, with a single exception, all the members declared themselves in decided terms against the report. Attorney-General Speed was not present. The President was earnest in his opposition to the report of the Committee, and declared himself against all conditions precedent to the admission of loyal representatives from the Southern States, in the shape of amendments to the Constitution or by the passage of laws. He insisted that under the Constitution no State could be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate, and that Senators and Representatives ought to be at once admitted into the respective Houses, as prescribed by law and the Constitution. He was for a rigid adherence to the Constitution as it is, and remarked that, having sustained ourselves under it during a terrible rebellion, he thought that the Government could be restored without a resort to amendments. He remarked, in general terms, that if the organic law is to be changed at all, it should be done when all the States and all the people can participate in the alteration.

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It appears from the records in the War Department that, with the exception of the President's Proclamation, none but verbal orders were given for the capture of Jefferson Davis. Major-General Wilson says that Lieutenant-Colonels Harndon and Pritchard are entitled to great credit for the zeal and activity with which they conducted the pursuit, and that it is but simple justice to these worthy officers to remark that they were ignorant of the reward at the time of the capture. Colonel Pritchard says it was so dark that he could not distinguish the uniforms. In the course of his narrative he says: "On the return to the camp I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command; and upon my answering him that I was, and asking him what I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whoever I pleased; when I replied to him that I would call him Davis; and upon a moment's hesitation he said that was his name. Then he suddenly drew himself up with true royal dignity, and exclaimed: 'I suppose you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenceless women and children; but it is theft and Vandalism!'" Nothing is said in the narrative about his being disguised.

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The 1st of May public debt statement from the Treasury Department shows a reduction in the grand total of $15,956,674 since April 1; the funded gold-bearing stock of 1865 increases $8,000,000; the interest-bearing legal tenders decrease $7,500,000; the deposits in the Treasury, including $9,000,000 of gold, amount to $340,-503,000, while the cash on hand to-pay them off amounts to $357,951,000, of which $76,076,000 in gold. The amount of this gold belonging absolutely to the Treasury is $67,-640,000; the amount belonging to depositors, $9,056,000. The whole reduction since last summer, when the war debt reached its maximum, is now $68,092,000.

GENERAL SHERIDAN BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

We make the following extracts from the testimony given by General Sheridan to the Reconstruction Committee concerning loyal sentiment:

Q.—What are now the feelings of those who took part in the rebellion, and sympathized with it toward the General Government? *A.*—I believe they accept the situation, and have an earnest desire for the restoration of a perfect Union, but exhibit, at the same time, an unmistakable desire to glorify rebellion.

Q.—What has been the effect of the unstinted exercise of the pardoning power upon such persons; has it made them more friendly or otherwise toward the Federal Government? *A.*—I have noticed no particular change in sentiment on account of the clemency of the Executive.

Q.—What would be the effect, in your opinion, upon the State organization, if the people were left without control to act for themselves? *A.*—I believe they would quarrel among themselves, and that the sensible and substantial people would regret the absence of the military force.

Q.—Are the offices of the State now in the hands of loyal or disloyal men? *A.*—A very large number of the offices of the State are in the hands of returned Confederate soldiers and other active participants in the rebellion; I am unable to say what their actual sentiments are in reference to the General Government, but think their outspoken sentiments depend to some extent on what is their best policy in order to hold the office; I have seen those high in authority in a transition state for the same reason.

Q.—What is regarded as the chief recommendations for office, and what sort of persons would be elected without any outside influence? *A.*—The inclination to glorify rebellion gives those who were active participants in it the preference of election by the people or appointment by those in power.

Q.—What would be the condition of the loyal men if they were left without any protection by the Federal Government? *A.*—My impression is that for the present they would feel unsafe, and many of them leave the country.

Q.—State your opinion as to the necessity for the continuance of a military force in your department, and your reasons for this opinion? *A.*—I consider it necessary to maintain a military force in my division for the following reasons: To give security to Northern capital and Union people, and to give an actual and moral support to the freedman until he has time to work out his social status. I also believe its presence necessary to prevent quarreling among the Southern people themselves.

Q.—What is your opinion as to the necessity and expediency of the Freedmen's Bureau? *A.*—The Freedmen's Bureau gives that security to the freedman which arises from having some one to look after and advocate his interests. A change might be made by appointing an Inspector-General of freedmen, with the necessary number of Assistant Inspectors, under charge of the Department Commander, which would be much more economical; but it would be imposing duties on the military which I do not recommend, as I think it should have as little as possible to do with civil affairs.

Q.—What would be the condition and fate of the freedmen if left without protection under the exclusive control of the white people there? *A.*—I fear there would be a great deal of trouble. A large number of the people would act in good faith toward them, but there would be many who would not; and a war of races to some extent would probably be the consequence.

Q.—State, fully your opinion as to the capacity of the colored people. What do they know, and to what extent can they exercise the rights of freemen? Are they willing or unwilling to work without physical compulsion, with kind treatment and fair wages; and state what in your judgment is the best course for Congress to pursue in reference to these people? *A.*—The colored race, like all other races, have different degrees of intelligence and capacity. In New Orleans, where colored people are better treated than in any other city in the United States, there is an excellent colored society, and a very high degree of refinement exists in it. Starting from this you can go into the State of Louisiana, and find the colored man about as ignorant as it is possible for any human being to be. The freedmen, so far as I am informed, have a great desire to learn; I can not say whether they learn rapidly or not. I believe they are willing to work, because their necessities compel them to do so; in this they are like all other races. I never have known a white or a black man who was performing manual labor for the love of it. I believe that the best thing that Congress or the States can do is to legislate as little as possible in reference to the colored race, beyond giving him security in his person and property. His social status will be worked out by the logic of the necessity for his labor. It is the only labor to be obtained in the South for some time to come.

Q.—Please make such suggestions as occur to your mind as to the most judicious and efficient remedies for the evils that exist in your Department, growing out of the late rebellion? *A.*—The feeling and sentiment of those within the limit of my command is as good, perhaps, as could be expected; still not satisfactory. The people of Louisiana are poor, and to the best of my knowledge, heavy mortgages exist upon, perhaps, the majority of the plantations in the State for debts contracted before the war. In many instances the plantations will fall into the hands of Northern people, who, from present appearances, will, at no very distant period, control Louisiana, even in sentiment. Having this prospect before them, it is not surprising that a spirit of bitterness and dissent should exist. I believe that a majority of the people are not opposed to the General Government, and, in fact, earnestly desire to be restored to a perfect union with the other States. Still, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to efface the recollection of their having been reduced from affluence to limited means—the chagrin of being conquered, and to submerge the idea of justifying rebellion and its representatives. This latter idea and its consequences prevails to so great an extent that I consider the retention of the military in Louisiana for some time as necessary for the security of emigrants, freedmen, and capital. Florida is not poor from old debts and havoc of war like Louisiana; and the tone and sentiment of the people are very fair, and a great desire is manifested to be restored to a perfect union. Texas has increased in wealth by the rebellion. Among the best people there is a very good feeling toward the Government. There is a class of lawless people there, however, which this sentiment does not control, and which can not be controlled but by the military. The sentiment in this State will not change from the influence of Northern emigration and Northern capital, as in the State of Louisiana. It is essential that the military in considerable force be maintained in the Department of Texas.

NEWS ITEMS.

Antoine Probst has made a full confession to his priest of all the murders of the Dearing family, commencing with Cornelius Carey, the hired boy. He had no accomplice in his bloody work. He states that he would have confessed to all the murders before, but he feared that if he did so he would be torn to pieces by the mob.

The demand for petroleum in Europe alone for the year 1866 is estimated at 2,000,000,000 gallons. The consumption in 1864 was 90,000,000 gallons, against 10,000,000 in 1862. There is also a brisk demand for it in every country in the world that has learned the value of artificial light and of machinery.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has voted $2000 to the widow of Dr. Slayter, who died by cholera, while employed in attending on the *England's* passengers.

A serious riot occurred at Memphis, Tennessee, on the 1st inst., between policemen and negro soldiers, growing out of an attempt of the police officers to arrest a white man whom the negroes determined to protect. One policeman was killed and three wounded. Thirty houses occupied by colored people, and all the school-houses (save) of Memphis were pulled down or burned, and about twenty negroes were killed.

Frank Gurley, the murderer of General McCook, was released on parole at Huntsville, Alabama, a few days since. Gurley is sheriff of his county, and will soon enter upon the duties of his office.

The authorities of Augusta, Georgia, have forbidden the freedmen from strewing flowers on the graves of the Union soldiers. The colored people assembled recently at one of their school-houses near the cemetery, for the above purpose, and well provided with flowers, wreaths, and banners. Their teachers, white and black, accompanied them, and they marched to deposit their offerings upon the graves of the nation's dead. The procession was met at the gate of the cemetery by the Mayor and police, and a strong force of police, and despite the entreaties of the teachers, and tears of the poor negroes, was angrily refused admission.

The Methodist Episcopal Church (South), now in Convention at New Orleans, has changed its name to Episcopal Methodist. This has been done to make a Union with the Northern Episcopal churches impossible.

The ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, recently decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city. They also paid the same mark of respect to the memory of some forty headless soldiers buried there. This act elicits the approval of the press of that city, which claims that the war is over so distinction should be made between the departed forces of opposite sides.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis was permitted to visit her husband at Fortress Monroe last week.

The Texas Constitution, drawn up by the late Convention, will be submitted to the people on the fourth Monday in June. It formally abolishes slavery, and places freedmen on an equality with whites before the law.

The corner-stone of the monument to be erected over the graves of Stephen A. Douglas will be laid some time during the month of May or June; and the Trustees having the matter in charge have invited William H. Seward, Secretary of State, to be the orator of the occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Reform Bill has passed the British House of Commons by a majority of five votes.

The German quarrel has not advanced either toward or from a peaceful or a peaceful basis. If Count Bismarck determines upon war, he will not be strongly supported either at home or by the minor States. A meeting of the electors of the first electoral district of Berlin was held at Berlin April 18, when the following resolution, supported by several of the Prussian deputies, was adopted: "That a war for the annexation of the Duchies was unjustifiable, and that the Federal Diet was as little competent as Count Bismarck to guard the interests of Germany and to ward off danger. Only a Prussian Government possessing the confidence of the people would be strong enough to resolve both the question of the Duchies and also that of a reform of the Federal Constitution." Popular meetings have been held at Duren and Treves at which the same feeling of opposition to the war was expressed.

Austria holds much the stronger position at present. The Austrian reply to the dispatch of Earl Russell, urging the maintenance of peace, says: "Austria is formally bound to uphold the rights of the hereditary Grand of the Duchies, which she could not without shame surrender to the domination of Prussia. The Duchies should be united under an independent sovereign, and the will of the population respected. The decision of the majority of the Federal Diet must be recognized as binding." The Austrian and Prussian armies ought to withdraw from the Duchies, and leave the inhabitants under the protection of the Federal Diet. Three months after the withdrawal of the Austrian and Prussian troops the people would choose such a form of government as they might deem suitable before hand any decision which the people may make, even should it be in favor of annexation to Prussia."

In France the election of a deputy to the Corps Legislatif for the department of the Basses-Pyrénées in the return of M. de Bussières, the Government candidate, by 19,600 votes. M. Laboulaye, the Opposition candidate, obtained 9900 votes.

We have a report of a great victory of the Chinese Imperialists over the rebels in the northeast. Fifty thousand Taepings are said to have been slaughtered or taken prisoners.

The wife of Thomas Carlyle recently died very suddenly while taking a carriage ride in Hyde Park.

M. Renan's book on the Apostles has just been published. Its sale will not probably equal that of his "Jesus." "Il est mieux de s'attaquer au bon Dieu qu'aux saints."

BURNETT'S COCOAINE nills dandruff, dresses the hair perfectly, and renders it soft and glossy. There are worthless imitations of which the public should beware.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the Chicago Evening Journal of April 28th:

A WORD ABOUT GIFT CONCERTS.—When hundreds are investing in gift concerts every day, and thousands of others are intending to do so, a word about their respective claims may be of some importance. We advise all our readers to govern themselves by the following facts:

1st. The National Gift Concert is the only one owned and controlled by a party of established business reputation and ability. Martin O'Brien, the proprietor, carries on a large legitimate wholesale and retail business apart from this enterprise and of ten times more value. Indeed, the concert is used by him merely to advertise his regular business, and not as a means of making money. On this account he is able to give in prizes the money that the proprietors of other concerts must retain for their own profits.

2d. Mr. O'Brien is the only party who is vitally interested in making the drawing and distribution of the gift fair and honest. His success in using it for an advertising medium, and indeed his entire future business, depend upon making his concert unsatisfactory to every ticket-holder. His past experience in these matters is the best guarantee for the future. Of the three gift enterprises already carried through by him we have never heard a word of dissatisfaction. In every instance the prizes were ready for delivery before the drawing, and were all drawn and all delivered as fast as called for. And he is the only one who has never postponed the time of drawing.

3d. Mr. O'Brien is the only proprietor of the gift concerts who gives a full list of his prizes completely numbered, and who gives a full and satisfactory explanation of the manner in which the prizes will be drawn and delivered. This he does in a neatly-bound book, which, besides this, contains many valuable statistics, and is *sent free of charge with every ticket.*

4th. Mr. O'Brien's concert offers better inducements than any other concert or gift enterprise in existence.

It gives a larger proportion of its prizes in money than any other.

It is the only one whose small prizes are not made up of cheap jewelry or other worthless articles.

It is the only one that gives its ticket-holders the privilege of exchanging their prizes for other goods.

Is is the only one that is extensively patronized by the citizens of Chicago.

5th. If you are not satisfied of these facts, and that O'Brien's is the place to buy tickets, we would suggest that you send your money to some friend, or to any reliable merchant, banker, or citizen in Chicago, with instructions to invest in the most reliable one without naming any. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred they will buy at O'Brien's.

6th. There is no danger in losing money in sending by mail. Address plainly, M. O'Brien, 129 Dearborn Street, Chicago, and you will receive tickets and book by return mail.

Read the advertisement on the last page.

Remember the drawing takes place May 31st, and the tickets are nearly all sold already.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. H. WALRAVEN,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Lace Curtains,
WINDOW SHADES,
CURTAIN MATERIALS,
AND
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

NEW MARBLE BUILDING,
No. 686 Broadway, New York,
AND
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JUST PUBLISHED,

BETSEY JANE WARD,

(LETTER-RIGHT TO ARTEMUS)

HER BOOK OF GOAKS.

Every reader of the works of A. Ward (Shewman) will sweetly get this companion volume. It is [illegible] richest specimen of comic literature extant. [illegible] may think it the writing of A. Ward himself. The colors are [illegible] The paper, and comic art served. Capital illustrations. Every [illegible] elegantly bound in cloth. Price $1 50. Sold by all booksellers, and will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by JAMES O'KANE, Publisher, 120 Nassau Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Have Just Published:

GILBERT RUGGE.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRUE FRIENDSHIP."

8vo, Paper, $1 00.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage [illegible] on receipt of* $1 00.

New Skirts for 1866.



SPRING SKIRTS.

They will not BEND or BREAK, like the single spring, but will ALWAYS PRESERVE their PERFECT and BEAUTIFUL SHAPE, in all crowded ASSEMBLAGES, CHURCHES, THEATRES, RAILROAD-CARS, and for PROMENADE or HOUSE DRESS —each hoop being composed of two finely tempered steel Springs, braided tightly and firmly together, edge to edge, forming one hoop, and making the STRONGEST and MOST FLEXIBLE as well as the most DURABLE and STYLISH SKIRT EVER MADE. In fact, they are SUPERIOR to all others, combining comfort, economy, lightness, elegance, and durability. [illegible] for DUPLEX ELLIPTIC SPRING SKIRTS, and take no other. [illegible] every where.

Manufactured under the [illegible] patents, by

THE [illegible]

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CONSTITUTION
LIFE SYRUP,
COMPOSED OF
IODIDE POTASSIUM,
WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup
HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with obstacles, and overcome opposition, to herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanency, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) DISEASES transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

PARALYSIS.

It is so universally admitted that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective [illegible] in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need only reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-Giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.

INDIGESTION, SICKNESS AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, BAD BREATH, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

SCROFULA.

ERUPTIONS, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, SALT RHEUM.

This fearful HEREDITARY and ACQUIRED taint, filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

RHEUMATISM.

[ARTHRITIS], LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, THE COLD BACK.

If there is any disease to which the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is [illegible] these terrible sufferings. The blood in these pains are [illegible] relieved—sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in days or weeks—and the sufferings are reduced, from one to six months, to a day or thirty years' standing. [illegible] have been cured by it.

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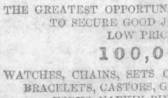
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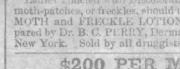
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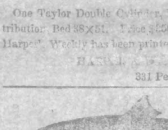
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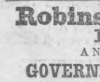


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The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000: also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
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25,000 VALUABLE PRIZES
VALUED AT
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Will be presented to the ticket-holders, including $23,000 dollars in money. Only 100,000 tickets will be sold, thus giving a prize for every four tickets. A ticket costs but One Dollar, and it may draw $10,000. The first prize in Greenbacks is
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 491.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE MEMPHIS RIOTS.

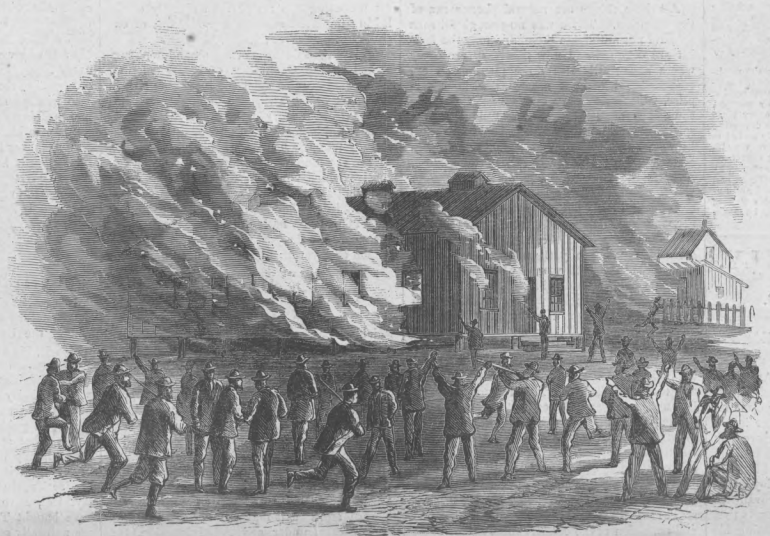
THERE was in Memphis, on the first two days of May, an excitement unequaled since the close of the war. The origin of the disturbance between the whites and negroes of that city was highly discreditable to the colored soldiers, and the riotous proceedings which followed were a disgrace to civilization. For the riot the lower class of white citizens were as responsible as were the soldiers of the Third United States Colored Infantry for the original difficulty. This regiment, whose reputation has been a bad one, had been mustered out, since which they had frequented whisky-shops in the southern part of the city, and had been guilty of excesses and disorderly conduct. On the evening of May 1 some drunken members of the regiment were on South Street, talking noisily, when in an insolent manner they were ordered by two policemen to cease their noise and disperse. Words ensued, followed by blows, throwing of missiles, and firing of revolvers.

To understand what followed it must be remembered that the police force of Memphis is composed mostly of Irishmen, whose violent prejudice against negroes was so shamefully displayed in the New York riots of 1863. The *Times* correspondent thus described the riot:

Word was sent to police head-quarters, and the whole force at once proceeded to the scene of the fray, being joined on the way thither by armed and excited citizens. Meanwhile the firing had brought other negroes to the spot, some armed with clubs and some with revolvers, so that by the time the police force came up the two parties were about equal in number. The negroes held the original position, and, upon the approach of the police, showing no determination to abandon it, were fired upon by the police and citizens who accompanied them. This fire was returned, and for a while both parties busied themselves in discharging their revolvers as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile word was sent to General STONEMAN, who promptly dispatched to the scene of action a company of Regulars (white), when the negroes were quickly dispersed and driven in every direction.

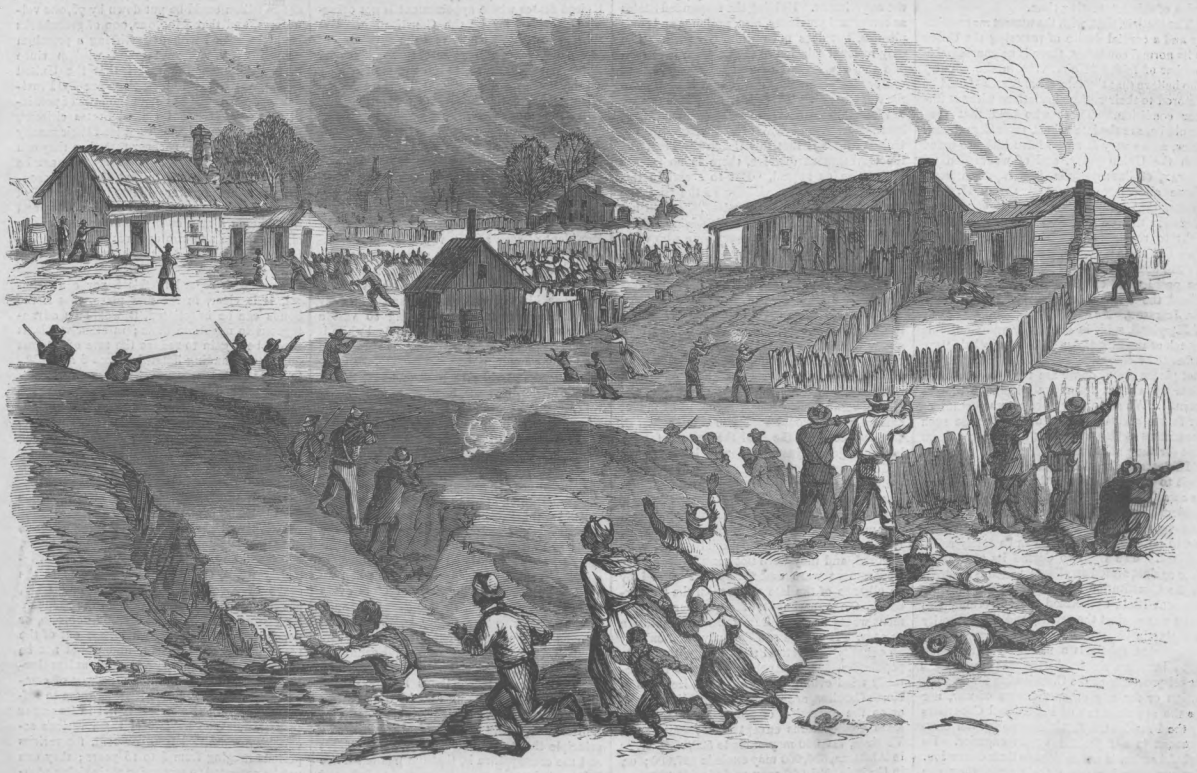
During the evening the wildest and most exaggerated reports soon spread throughout the city. Every communicator of the intelligence of the fight told a different story, and the highest excitement prevailed. Each rumor placed a worse aspect upon the affair than the preceding one, and only served to develop the pent-up prejudices against the negro. Soon after dark this excitement and prejudice found vent. Large numbers of armed citizens repaired to the scene of the fight and commenced firing upon every negro who made himself visible. One negro upon South Street, a quiet, inoffensive laborer, was shot down almost in front of his own cabin, and after life was extinct his body was fired into, cut and beat in a most horrible manner. In all parts of the city, wherever they could be seen, negroes were fired upon by policemen as well as citizens. They were shot while driving hacks, and quietly walking in the streets about their business. The police seemed to make it their special business to shoot every negro they could see, no matter where he was or what he was doing. The result was that by 9 o'clock the colored population were in-doors trembling with wild alarm. How many negroes were killed during the night it is impossible to ascertain, as firing was constantly heard during the earlier hours in all parts of the city. It is estimated that from 15 to 20 were killed. So far as I have been able to learn, not a white man was fired upon by a negro during the whole night.

After the fight of Tuesday evening the negro soldiers and most of the colored population residing in the vicinity of the fight fled to the fort for security. They were perfectly quiet—in fact, were terribly frightened for their own safety. At an early hour yesterday morning every thing



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—BURNING A FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—SHOOTING DOWN NEGROES ON THE MORNING OF MAY 2, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]

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in the neighborhood of the late fight was quiet and peaceable. Few, indeed, were the negroes to be seen in the vicinity. The bodies of most of those killed the evening before lay unburied where they fell, in some cases horribly mutilated and disfigured. Before the hour of 9 citizens armed with revolvers, shot-guns, and muskets, with a squad of policemen, repaired to the locality. As soon as they reached the place they commenced firing upon every negro in sight. It was said that the negroes had shot two white men who were quietly passing along in that vicinity in the morning; but this was, doubtless, one of those wild and unfounded rumors called out by the unnecessary excitement of the previous evening, and the unjust prejudice of the unrepentant rebels against the freedmen, as no such bodies were found, nor could the rumor be traced to any reliable source. Immediately upon the commencement of firing by the citizens, the report spread rapidly through the city that the fight had been renewed, and a large *posse* of citizens were called out by the Sheriff, armed at a large gun-store, and ordered to the field of battle. By 11 o'clock a large force had collected in the vicinity, who dealt out destruction to every colored man within reach. Several negro women and children were shot, in several instances from eight to ten bullets hitting them. So far as I could see, there were no armed negroes in the neighborhood, and I have the testimony of many respectable and reliable gentlemen to the same effect. The negro soldiers, and many not soldiers, stood trembling in the fort, filled with the direst apprehensions, and beyond even musket-range of those who were engaged in shooting down innocent and helpless men, women, and children. The arrival of a company of regulars upon the ground restored order, and the citizens and police gradually retired. How many negroes were killed in this vicinity during the morning is not known. The number, however, was considerable. During the entire day they were shot down in various parts of the city. But one white man was killed in the entire day, and he was shot by another white man for the simple reason that he stood talking with an old negro acquaintance. Such familiarity could not be tolerated. And I have, after careful inquiry, failed to find a single instance where a white man was shot at during the day by a negro.

Soon after dark the red glare of fire shot up in the southern part of the city, then the flames burst out in the eastern part, and then they rolled up in the northern portion of the city. Some thirty houses, occupied by negroes, every school-house for colored children, and every place of worship for the freedmen were given to the devouring element. Lincoln Chapel, costing $12,000, only served to whet the appetite of the greedy destroyer, for soon the oldest place of worship in the city—a large brick church on the corner of Main and Overton streets, lately occupied by the freedmen, rolled away into a heap of blackened and charred ruins. And while the fire rolled onward and upward the masses smiled and approved. At this writing no estimate of the damage caused by the fire can be made, so great is the confusion and excitement.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

THE TRIAL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

IT seems to us they greatly mistake the temper of the loyal majority of the American people who suppose that because there are differences among them upon certain points of policy, they will, therefore, from sheer impatience, grow careless of securing the victory they have won. If the correspondent of the London *Times* reports truly, even the President himself makes the mistake of considering the loyal majority as aiming merely at a party advantage and not at the public welfare. He forgets that he could be as easily accused of holding his course merely with a design to secure his own re-election. Indeed the freedom with which the President assails the motives of those who decline to receive his views as the perfection of statesmanship is one of the unpleasantest episodes of this interesting time.

The truth is, that, with the utmost magnanimity and a cordial desire of restoring the Union to its normal condition, there is no considerable number of faithful Union men in the country who believe that the late rebel States should be restored to their national relations without further condition. Those who hold that they should be, are the late rebels, their Copperhead allies, and a very few who have hitherto acted with the Union party, and of whom Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is a representative. These all believe with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, that as Congress did not consent to Secession the seceding States had a continuous right to resume all their relations with the Union at their pleasure. There is no middle ground between this preposterous opinion and the position of the faithful citizens who sustained the war and elected Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON. As Mr. JOHN L. THOMAS, Jun., of Maryland, said, in his manly and admirable speech of the 21st of April, the late rebels "are either to be consulted as to what conditions will best please them, or we are to make known to them upon what terms we please to receive them.....We are either to exact no guarantees for future security, or we are to impose such guarantees as Congress in its wisdom may deem best for the public good."

In determining these guarantees there is no limit to the authority of the Government but its own discretion. The rebel forces have surrendered, but the Government has not laid down its arms, and General SHERIDAN assures us that it will be long before they can be safely relinquished. The right to defend its own existence against armed assailants, which is inherent in the Constitution and in the nature of Government itself, authorized the Government to wage war against the rebels, and the authority to maintain its security by exacting guarantees of defeated rebels is a necessary part of the same inherent right. There was no express verbal provision of the Constitution for emancipation or for any other measure of war, nor for the appointment of Provisional Governors by the President. But the power of the Government is not limited by its enemies. Its rightful action is not subject to their discretion. Because they lay down their arms, they can not compel the Government to connive at its own subversion. The Union is restored, and the rights of the States are resumed, not when ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the Copperheads say so, but when the loyal people of the United States in Congress assembled are content to declare it.

That declaration should be made only after the most careful investigation and reflection. It is not surprising that the late insurgent States should still seethe with angry passions. It was to be expected that Union men would still be hated and maltreated. It is natural that men like HENRY A. WISE should continue to rave and swear at the Union, against which they have so long plotted and declaimed. It is not strange that conspicuous rebels should be enthusiastically elected to the highest local offices, and that men whose hands are still trembling with the effort to overthrow the Government should insolently denounce those who have maintained it at the most costly sacrifice as enemies of the Constitution. It was above all to be expected that the freedmen, whose fidelity to the Union has been proved, should be the victims of those whose war for slavery has ended in emancipation.

All these things are natural phenomena of the situation. There was no thoughtful man who did not anticipate them, and only the foolish are disappointed now that they are every where apparent. But these phenomena are contemplated without anger as without surprise. They serve to admonish us all that the conditions upon which States full of such a spirit may resume their national relations must be determined with great sagacity and prudence. Great risks are of course to be taken. That is the inevitable law of the situation. "Bring us back!" sneered LOUIS WIGFALL in the dark days of 1860, when the Senate chamber, to which his comrades now again seek admission, rang with the contemptuous fury of secession: "When you undertake that, and have accomplished it, you may be like the man who purchased the elephant—you will find it rather difficult to decide what you will do with the animal." None of us supposed that the end of the war would solve all problems. The question to be decided would plainly then be the one which we are now reaching, whether, the attempt of forcible secession having failed, and the rebel States having resumed their relations upon prescribed conditions, the controlling majority of the American people would still maintain the Government and the Union under the constitutional forms, or permit it to be subverted.

We have now, therefore, to decide under what conditions that final and crucial experiment shall be tried. Sooner or later the normal condition of the country must be restored, and there is no conceivable method by which the strain and friction of the trial that will follow can be avoided. Certain conditions we may see at once would be useless. General disfranchisement, for instance, simply postpones the experiment. Holding the suspended States as conquered provinces, also, prolongs and complicates, but does not obviate the peril. The only rational solution of the problem is to confide the experiment of a popular government to its principle in such a way that it shall have the fairest trial. Then, if it fails, it is not we but human nature which is responsible. If the lawfully-expressed will of the people of the United States is that this Union shall end and the Government dissolve, there is no further alternative or appeal. But to ascertain this will, to satisfy the conditions of the trial, the whole people must be consulted. It will not do to follow JAMES M. MASON'S advice to Virginia, and hang or shoot every man who votes in a certain way, or CLINGMAN'S promise that in North Carolina Union men should be hushed by "the swift attention of Vigilance Committees."

The risk that we undertook when we fought to defend the Government and save the Union was not, if we succeeded, to govern half of the country as a subjugated province or colony without national rights or representation, but it was to trust the Union to the people of the Union, some of whom hated it and had fought against it, and would doubtless vote against it. The less delay in the trial the better; for delay endangers a just decision by breeding impatience among loyal citizens anxious to renew their old activity and repair their fortunes. The important element of the experiment was thus evident. It was the late slave population. The war had made them freemen and citizens. If the old order of the national system were restored, and they were not consulted, and the Government were embarrassed or ruined by an alliance of the late rebels with the Copperheads, the experiment of a popular government would be as far from satisfactory solution as ever. It can be satisfactorily tried only by an equality of electoral right among the whole population. The experiment is not satisfactorily tried evidently if 631,000 citizens, as in North Carolina, are invested with political power to the exclusion of 331,000 who have the same qualifications except color; or if, as in Virginia, 719,000 may exclude 533,000; or, as in Alabama, 596,000 may exclude 437,000; or, in Georgia, 591,000 may exclude 465,000; or, in Louisiana, 357,000 may exclude 350,000; or, in Mississippi, 353,000 may exclude 436,000; or, in South Carolina, 291,000 may exclude 411,000.

Under the circumstances of the case, as we have defined them, this electoral equality may be secured either directly or indirectly. Congress may, as a measure of national security, determine who shall vote, either by express specification or by sanctioning the provisions of a State Constitution, and guarding against its unfair operation. This is obviously a purely exceptional measure. In the normal operation of our system the regulation of suffrage is left to the States, and it would be touched by the National Government in this instance for the same reason that property in slaves was touched—for the public safety. The right of a State to regulate suffrage is no more sacred than that of a property holder to his property. The Constitution protects neither when in extreme national peril its sacrifice becomes necessary. Congress has chosen, and we think wisely, to leave the regulation of the suffrage to the State, but proposes to reduce the basis of representation in proportion to the number of male adults disfranchised except for rebellion. The reason for proposing this rather than directly establishing impartial suffrage is purely one of expediency. It saves friction.

This is the substance of the amendment suggested by the Committee of Reconstruction. This enables us to meet the inevitable risk in the safest way. This, also, undoubtedly commends itself to every loyal man in the country. This is the logical completion of the measures already taken. And when this has become a part of the fundamental law, then, with an executive which will honestly defend the equal civil rights of all citizens, and confide the national offices to hands which have always faithfully upheld the nation, we shall be ready to encounter the sharpest peril to which a popular system of government has ever been exposed.

THE APPOINTING POWER.

THE question of Executive patronage, of which we have several times spoken, is beginning to excite deeply the public interest and attention. It is to be considered without the slightest reference to the present President. Mr. JOHNSON can not be accused of grasping at an increase of that patronage, for he vetoed both the bills which would have greatly enlarged it, although he has been charged with using that which exists for his own political support and not for the public service. If that should be true in his case, the exercise of the power should be restricted by every lawful means; and that it may not hereafter be true in any case, under any Administration, the Executive patronage should be very seriously abridged.

The Constitution empowers the President to nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint all officers of the United States whose appointment is not otherwise provided for by the Constitution. But "Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments." Here is one plain remedy for the peril of the enormous executive patronage now held by the President. Assessors, collectors, postmasters, and a large class of officers, as Senator SHERMAN recently remarked in opposing Senator TRUMBULL'S amendment, may be removed from the Executive control. Is there any good reason why they should not be?

As for the apparent discourtesy toward the President of such an act, it should be remembered that it would always seem discourteous to limit a prerogative which had been long exercised. But fortunately the present President has himself very forcibly and truthfully stated the danger of committing so vast a power to the hands of one man. And while it is indeed unfortunate that the antagonism which has become apparent between him and the present Congress would give to such a proposition an air of personal suspicion and censure, yet we can trust his good sense to accept a reform, whose unquestionable advantage to the purity of the Government he has most ably advocated, even when it seems to be generated by distrust of himself.

It is not easy to see, upon a careful study of the Constitution, how the power of arbitrary removal by the Executive can be derived from it; but there is undoubtedly a question of the scope of that power. The popular theory indeed is, that all national offices are the perquisites of the Presidency; and that when we elect a President we do virtually elect every village postmaster and custom-house boatman in the country. The theory is, that we are torn up by the roots every four years. The result is, that a vote for a successful candidate is held to be a valid claim to office; and the candid applicant recommends his merit and his modesty by declaring that he never asked for an office before. This terrible demoralization of our politics is the logical result of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils; and the consequence is, that the public service is intrusted to the most incompetent hands and the taxes are enormously increased.

This practice has now become so inwoven in our whole system that reform, or even relief, seems hopeless and helpless to many honest minds. But there is a way to begin even to clean out the "Augean stable." There may be, as we said, a perplexing constitutional question of the limits of the Presidential power of removal from office. There is a long tradition of thirty years' unquestioned use of this power. But there can be no obscuring an express provision of the Constitution authorizing Congress to place the appointment of thousands and thousands of officers beyond Executive control. Here is a plain way to begin this radical and regenerating reform. If it does not prevent the myriad little offices from becoming the spoils of a party, it at least distributes their division, and in the case of appointments vested in the courts of law, it secures comparative permanence. When we have gained one step the next can be more easily taken. When it begins to appear that the perils of a Presidential election are due to the fact that so large an army as the office-holders are voting for their bread and butter, and not to the fact that we are changing the chief Executive of the Government, sensible people—and, spite of Chancellor OXENSTIERN, they are the final Government—will very sensibly ask why we should be shaken to the centre every four years. Can't we roast our pig without burning the house down?

A wise man maintains the value and beauty and usefulness of his house by constantly touching it with brush or plane or trowel, wherever and whenever it shows the need of repair. In this way his home is always comfortable, his domestic tranquillity undisturbed, and his house a model to every neighbor. A wise nation is wonderfully like a wise man. It does not wait until the roof begins to tumble about its ears before it inquires whether it leaks.

UNITED STATES CONSOLS.

IT is not as clear as it seemed a few days ago that Senator SHERMAN'S bill for the consolidation of the United States debt into a 5 per cent. 30-year consol will become a law without opposition. Some pains have been taken to collate opinions in Wall Street, and the result of the inquiry is, that a 5 per cent. 30-year bond would not under present circumstances command public favor. Some journals announce that applications for the new consols have already been forwarded to the Department. But it would probably appear, on investigation, that such applications, if not wholly mythical, have proceeded from houses which have bought Ten-Forties on speculation, and are naturally solicitous for their advance.

We may be said, as a nation, to have now reached years of discretion, and it is time that an end were set to youthful follies. Time was, not long since, when we had such faith in our national strength and vigor, that we believed the rebellion could be put down by 75,000 volunteers, and that $400,000,000 of greenbacks could be issued without justifying a premium on gold. We have learned wisdom since then. All men now admit that the United States, vastly favored as they are by Providence, are not exempt from the laws of political economy, and that United States citizens, loyal as they may be, will not lend their money to the nation at any cheaper rate than they can lend it to individuals. This much must be said by way of answer to that class of reasoners, who are forever discussing economical questions from a sentimental point of view, and denouncing a man as disloyal because he insists that two and two only make four, desirable as it would be for the country that they should make five.

Now, with regard to this 5 per cent. consol, it is clear, in the first place, that if the bonds can be negotiated, it would be advantageous to negotiate them; in other words, it would be a gain to reduce the rate of interest on our outstanding liabilities from 6 and $7\frac{30}{100}$ to 5 per cent.

But to do this, without repudiation, the consent of our creditors is essential. And no man, who is not crazy, will expect bondholders who are entitled to receive 6 per cent. per annum from Government to gratuitously forego their claims and accept 5. No adult of sound intelligence can be expected to make the commonwealth a present of one-sixth of his income from national investments.

It is thus clear that of the $2,200,000,000 of national debt not represented by greenbacks, $814,000,000, which is in the shape of Seven-Thirty notes, $171,000,000, which is in the shape of Five-Twenties of 1864 and 1865, about $302,000,000, which is in the shape of long Sixes; in all, about $1,288,000,000, or nearly two-thirds of the whole, are out of the reach of the Government, and would not be converted into the proposed consol, unless Government offered its creditors, by way of compensation for the sacrifice it asked them to suffer, an equivalent which it is not in its power to bestow. The holders of these various securities are entitled to 6 per cent. for various periods ranging from 4 to 15 years; they can not be expected to surrender their rights without compensation.

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Of the remainder of the debt—say $1,100,000,000 (exclusive of greenbacks)—about half, $520,000,000, is in the shape of Five-Twenty Bonds, which are redeemable next year. It is not settled whether they are redeemable in gold or greenbacks. Mr. CHASE unofficially assured holders that they were payable in gold. It is not likely, however, that the Government will do more than it is obliged to do, and as the law is not explicit, it is as well to assume that they will be paid in paper. A further sum of $62,000,000 in debt certificates is also redeemable within the year; $130,000,000 of deposit certificates; and about one-third of the outstanding compound-interest notes—say $60,000,000. Thus, in all, assuming that the new consol prove a success, and be negotiable at par, within twelve months, it is in the power of the Secretary to fund therein $772,000,000 of the public debt. Should Mr. M'CULLOCH share Mr. CHASE'S views, and consider the Five-Twenties payable in gold, the aggregate would be reduced to $252,000,000. In 1867-8 and 1868-9 the balance of the compound-interest notes—$120,000,000—might be funded. In 1869 and 1870 the new Five-Twenties—$171,000,000—would mature, and might be disposed of. In 1872 and '73 the Five-Twenties created by the conversion of Seven-Thirties would mature, and might be paid off or converted. And, lastly, in 1874 the Ten-Forties might be exchanged.

Clearly, then, the consolidation of the public debt into a 5 per cent. consol is going to be a slow business under the most favorable circumstances.

But what if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par? What if the design of the bill was to prevent any successful negotiation by the Secretary? These are questions of moment. It was Senator SHERMAN who defeated the Secretary's plan for the contraction of the currency and the gradual absorption of the greenbacks with a view to resumption. It is the same Senator SHERMAN who now restricts the funding powers of the Department to a 5 per cent. bond at par, well knowing that the only 5 per cents. in existence are selling at 95¼, after having been for a year between 90 and 92. Of course, if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par, the debt certificates and deposits on call would have to be renewed, the compound-interest notes would not be disturbed, no effort would be made to pay off the old Five-Twenties next year, and a plethora of money would prevail at the monetary centres, which would make the fortunes of the speculators who are said to have influential friends in the House and the Senate at Washington.

Senator SHERMAN'S bill seeks to enlist public favor for the new 5 per cents. by exempting them from taxation. Has any one reflected upon the practical effects of such an exemption? Supposing the bill passed and the bonds were negotiated, what would be the result? Why, simply that the capitalists and rich men of the country would be exempt from taxes, while poor men paid them. How long would such an inequality be endured? AMONG the causes of the French Revolution DE TOCQUEVILLE enumerates, first, the exemption of the nobles from taxation, and adds that subsequent French governments, taught by experience, have carefully avoided this error. And this is the policy which Senator SHERMAN now recommends us to adopt!

A SUPERFLUOUS JURY.

IT is very authoritatively announced that the Government of the United States is about submitting the decision of the justice of the late war to twelve chance men in Richmond, Virginia. For what purpose this is to be done is not clear. If the twelve men decide that the Government had no right to wage war, what then? If they declare that it was justified, what then? Will any body's opinion be changed? In the former case, will those of us who supported the war regret our conduct, or feel that we connived at the murder of the brave men whom all true hearts forever honor? In the latter case, will those who opposed the war acknowledge their prolonged and miserable mistake? The sole question which can engage the consideration of the twelve men is, whether Secession is a right reserved to the States by the Constitution? But can that question be more absolutely and finally decided than it has already been by the war?

The plea of JEFFERSON DAVIS precedes the question of treason. He would willingly agree that treason should be punished. But he would contend that he has not committed treason. Treason against the United States, says the Constitution, "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." But this is true only of a citizen of the United States. DAVIS argues that he was not a citizen. He contends that his sovereign State had withdrawn and had thereby relieved him from allegiance to the United States. Therefore, while he would not deny that he levied war, he would insist that he did so not as a citizen of the United States but of a political community with which the United States were at war. Consequently he is an alien enemy, not a traitor.

Suppose, however, that the twelve men decide that this plea is of no avail; that a State is not sovereign, and can not withdraw from the Union, and that the allegiance of every citizen is due to the national authority; yet, we ask again, what have they decided which the whole country has not already decided by the most tremendous ordeal? This decision certainly gains nothing in weight or solemnity by the approval of the twelve men. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends do not change their opinion. Certainly loyal men do not change theirs. In the estimation of the first, JEFFERSON DAVIS does not become a criminal, even though hung upon a gallows; in the judgment of the last, he is not a hero or a patriot though he go untouched. Upon what point, then, and to what purpose, are the twelve men summoned to decide?

Is it to determine whether there is such a crime as treason? But the Constitution defines it, and there is no question. Is it to decide whether DAVIS is guilty of treason? But that question is already settled by the refusal of the country to admit the plea under which he levied war. Is it to make treason and traitors odious? But how can that be done by convicting and hanging JEFFERSON DAVIS when General HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, who is guilty of exactly the same offense, is elected Governor of Mississippi by his fellow-traitors—all of whom are equally guilty with DAVIS—and who is pardoned by the President that he may exercise his office? The odium of treason in the person of DAVIS hanging upon the gibbet is entirely destroyed in the person of HUMPHREYS sitting in the Governor's chair.

But suppose the twelve men differ, or agree that DAVIS is not guilty of treason. Is it worth while for the Government of the United States to have placed itself in such a ludicrously humiliating position? If the jury be packed, the trial is a farce. If it be free, there is the chance and the probability of this humiliation. Now, is there any conceivable advantage to be gained by the trial which can authorize the Government to take such a chance as this? If the accused be convicted he is not disgraced. His offense is political, and no reasoning can persuade men to regard political offenses as crimes. Does any man suppose that if convicted DAVIS would be hung? To hang him would be an error as huge as to try him. To-day he is a baffled conspirator, and practically the deadest of dead men. Hang him and he becomes a living power to sedition, and an eternal remorse to the country. Every reader of history condemns CHARLES I. until he mounts the scaffold; then he pities him. Did his father's scaffold frighten or deter JAMES II.? We have subdued this vast rebellion by force of arms. The blood it shed has been avenged upon the same field by blood. Its argument, its objects, and the characters of those who caused and controlled it, are committed to the terrible justice of history and the conscience of mankind. Our present duty is not to hang those whom we did not shoot, but to secure ourselves by political measures against political perils.

Of course we speak of DAVIS merely as a political offender. If he be guilty of complicity with the horrible massacres at Andersonville and Salisbury and Belle Isle, or with the crowning crime of the assassination, humanity itself calls for his punishment. The evidence of this latter charge is in the hands of the Judiciary Committee of the House. Before the Richmond trial we hope that Committee will give the country a plain statement of the grounds upon which the President offered a reward for DAVIS'S arrest as a conspirator in the assassination plot.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.

THE cholera first appeared in this country over thirty years ago, and such a vast mass of facts has been gathered that some think it unreasonable that the doctors have not fully settled upon the means of preventing its incursion and diffusion. But it is forgotten that in this world it takes a long time to settle even the most simple points in any new subject that comes up. And besides, there is, after all, more ascertained by medical men in regard to the cholera than is commonly supposed; but this is very much kept out of view by the excitement that prevails in relation to the few points that are in dispute.

The world, both professional and non-professional, is in truth too much occupied with the question, whether the cholera is contagious? and every doctor is plied with it by patient and friend and stranger. And you must either be a contagionist or a non-contagionist, or you will give no satisfaction to the questioner or disputant that introduces the subject. This comes from a narrow view of the facts. One who has a certain set of facts come under his observation, decides that the disease spreads by contagion; while another, from another set of facts, comes to an opposite decision. This is all wrong. Where there are numerous facts, and many of them apparently inconsistent, they must be extensively compared and sifted in order to reach correct conclusions. Taking this broad view of the facts revealed by the whole history of the disease, it is clear that its ordinary propagation is by some cause, as yet wholly unknown, which does not emanate from the sick, and that it is only now and then contagious. For, not to go into any discussion of this point, while there are occasional facts that show that cholera is communicated from one person to another, it very commonly overleaps the strictest quarantines and sanitary cordons, and often fails to follow the freest lines of communication.

Far be it from us to say that all quarantine regulations are to be discarded. Some are necessary. And yet some which are resorted to are useless; others still are absolutely injurious, multiplying the victims of the disease; and none are to be relied upon as certain preventives of its introduction. The idea, indulged by some, of sealing up this whole country against the cholera by a universal quarantine is preposterous.

So much for quarantine measures. But there are other measures about which there is no dispute, and they are of immense importance in limiting the ravages of cholera if not in preventing its introduction. And yet their value seems to be far from being properly appreciated by the community at large.

Promoting cleanliness is one, and we use this expression in its broadest sense. You must have a clean skin, clean clothes, clean air, clean houses, yards, and streets. No filth must be covered up with an outside show of cleanliness. Dirt in cellars, in corners, may do the mischief. A musty carpet charged with the accumulating filth of months of shiftlessness, may procure the cholera for a family. After all, this interior uncleanliness has more to do with the origination of the disease than what is outside. Bad as are the emanations from decaying vegetable and animal substances, they are nothing like as inviting to cholera and other diseases as those from personal filth, within and without, but especially within, where, pent up from the free air, they act with all their force.

Much is said about disinfectants; but, useful as they are, they never can take the place of cleanliness. We say, then, both to communities and to individuals, *Clean up, clean up;* and when you have done so, *keep clean*—for the cholera is likely to come again; and, if not, there are other diseases, as typhus fever and cholera infantum, constantly, and therefore less observably, destructive of life, of which filth is a chief cause.

New York and Philadelphia once presented a decided contrast in regard to the influence of cleansing measures. Philadelphia adopted them thoroughly, and had but 700 deaths from cholera; while New York, neglecting them, had 5000 deaths.

There is no fact more prominently brought out by the whole history of cholera than that intemperance in drinking is one of the principal causes of its diffusion. It acts in two ways: directly, by predisposing the individual to an attack, a large proportion of the victims being from the intemperate; and, indirectly, by promoting the uncleanliness, poor and irregular living, and crowding together of families. If, then, we could shut up the drinking places we should effectually cut off one of the chief sources—nay, the chiefest source—of the nuisances that so largely generate cholera and various other fatal diseases.

Intemperance in eating predisposes to the disease. But so also does a diet too restricted in quantity or variety. A poor diet will enfeeble the system, and thus make it liable to an attack. A diet restricted in variety does not meet the wants of the system, and so fails to fortify it properly against disease. The true course is to have just such a diet as a rational moderate liver would adopt in ordinary times. Good fresh vegetables and ripe fruits should be eaten as usual, as a part of the *daily* diet, and not irregularly.

No reliance should be placed upon vaunted prophylactics—that is, remedies supposed to ward off the disease. Intoxicating drinks are often taken for this purpose, and they are really among the most likely means of bringing on an attack. Good habits of living, the cheerful performance of duty, and a calm trust in Providence, are the best prophylactics. These are the grand preservatives of the physicians who fearlessly stand at their post in the midst of the pestilence, and very seldom does one of their number fall a victim to it.

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

THE specimens of left-hand writing by disabled soldiers, of which we have formerly spoken, were lately exhibited in Washington, and excited very general interest and attention. Speaker COLFAX, General BANKS, General HOWARD, the representative left-handed soldier, with other noted men, made interesting and eloquent speeches, and it was resolved that the collection should be sent out for exhibition at the Great Fair in Paris. Meanwhile those left-handed heroes who have not contributed are invited to send specimens of their writing for reference and preservation to WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, Esq., of the *Soldiers' Friend*, who has devoted himself with untiring energy to this patriotic and illustrative work.

LITERARY.

UPON page 330 of this Number we begin the publication of a charming little story called "The Three Little Spades," by Miss WARNER, author of "The Wide, Wide World."

With the Number for June, 1866, *Harper's Magazine* begins its thirty-third volume. It is the one hundred and ninety-third number of the whole issue of this popular periodical, whose hold upon the public does not appear to relax. The circulation is very large, and has increased by twenty thousand copies since the first of the year. The June Number opens with a paper by General STROTHER upon his "Personal Recollections of the War." The author is a Virginian, and was a steady Unionist throughout the struggle. His peculiar position, his shrewd humor and observation, and his artistic skill both with pen and pencil make this article, which is one of a series, very entertaining and valuable. A brief paper upon "Gladstone as Leader of the Commons" is a vivid and picturesque sketch, and is the best portrait of the English statesman who now excites such interest and admiration. "The Fall of Richmond" describes that event from the inside. It is written by a resident of that city whose heart sank with LEE'S retreating army. The other articles make an excellent variety, and we see no signs of senility in *Harper's Magazine*.

An "Index to the daily *Times* for 1865" is a very useful work, and is the model of an index. We believe it is the first instance of the kind, with a single exception. The book contains twenty thousand references to the events mentioned during that period, each specifying the date, page, and column of the paper in which it is to be found. It is handsomely printed, and bound in 8vo form, and contains 182 double-column pages. The index applies to other papers as well as the *Times*, the daily news for all the papers being essentially the same.

A modest, anonymous novel, "Œnone: a Tale of Slave Life in Rome," is published by JOHN BRADBURN. Although its date is so remote its interest is vivid, while the novelty of its scenery and incidents, and the skill with which the tale is unfolded, give it a peculiar charm. The evident familiarity of the author with the details of Roman life under the empire does not make him pedantic, but imparts a fine local coloring to the events of his story. The plot reveals the essential inhumanity of Slavery, whatever the time or the race enslaved—a truth which it is most useful to study in the passionless perspective of centuries. The merit of this modest book is likely to be overlooked, but we heartily commend it to our readers.

"Across the Continent" is the title of the book of Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, recording his observations during his late journey with Speaker COLFAX. It is by far the most graphic and shrewd report upon the journey over the plains, the Mormon Question, the Pacific Railroad, and Territorial Mining, that we have, while the quick and humorous eye, the true and tender heart, and the picturesque and nimble hand of the author, give it a various interest which can not fail to send the book every where over the country. Mr. BOWLES is an American and a Yankee in every heart-beat, and the sound good sense which is manifest through the whole work gives the greatest value to all his opinions upon the imminent and interesting questions he touches.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 8:

In the House, debate was opened on the joint resolution reported by the Reconstruction Committee proposing a Constitutional Amendment.—In the evening the Tax bill was taken up, and the first section, imposing a tax of five cents per pound on cotton, was adopted.

May 9:

In the Senate, the House resolution appointing a Commissioner to select a site for the New York Post-office was passed.—A bill to incorporate the National Theological Institute of the District of Columbia was passed. The object of the Institute is the education of colored men for the Christian ministry.

May 10:

In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up, the pending question being on Mr. Trumbull's amendment, providing that no compensation be paid to any Assistant Postmaster until his appointment is confirmed by the Senate, unless commissioned to fill a vacancy occasioned by death, resignation, or expiration of office during the recess of the Senate. The Senate was addressed by Mr. Howard and Mr. Cowan. The vote being reached the amendment was disagreed to—yeas 16, nays 23. The bill was then passed.

In the House, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed, including the Disfranchisement clause, 128 to 37.

NEWS ITEMS.

The body of Preston King, late Collector of the Port, who, it will be remembered, committed suicide in November last, by jumping off a Hoboken ferry-boat into the river, was discovered at 5 A.M. May 14, drifting in through the gap of the Atlantic dock, Brooklyn, by Officer Kenny.

On the 10th of May Jefferson Davis was indicted for treason by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court now in session at Norfolk, and the trial of the prisoner, it is supposed, will take place in June.

James Stephens, the Fenian Chief, arrived in New York last week. His arrival was soon followed by the resignation of O'Mahony.

The appointment of Collector Smythe for the Port of New York was confirmed by the Senate May 11.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Russell administration has concluded not to resign, but deemed it prudent to make some concession to the Whig section of the Opposition, in the matter of the proposed Redistribution of Seats. The latter measure will be shown to the House before the Franchise bill is pressed in Committee.

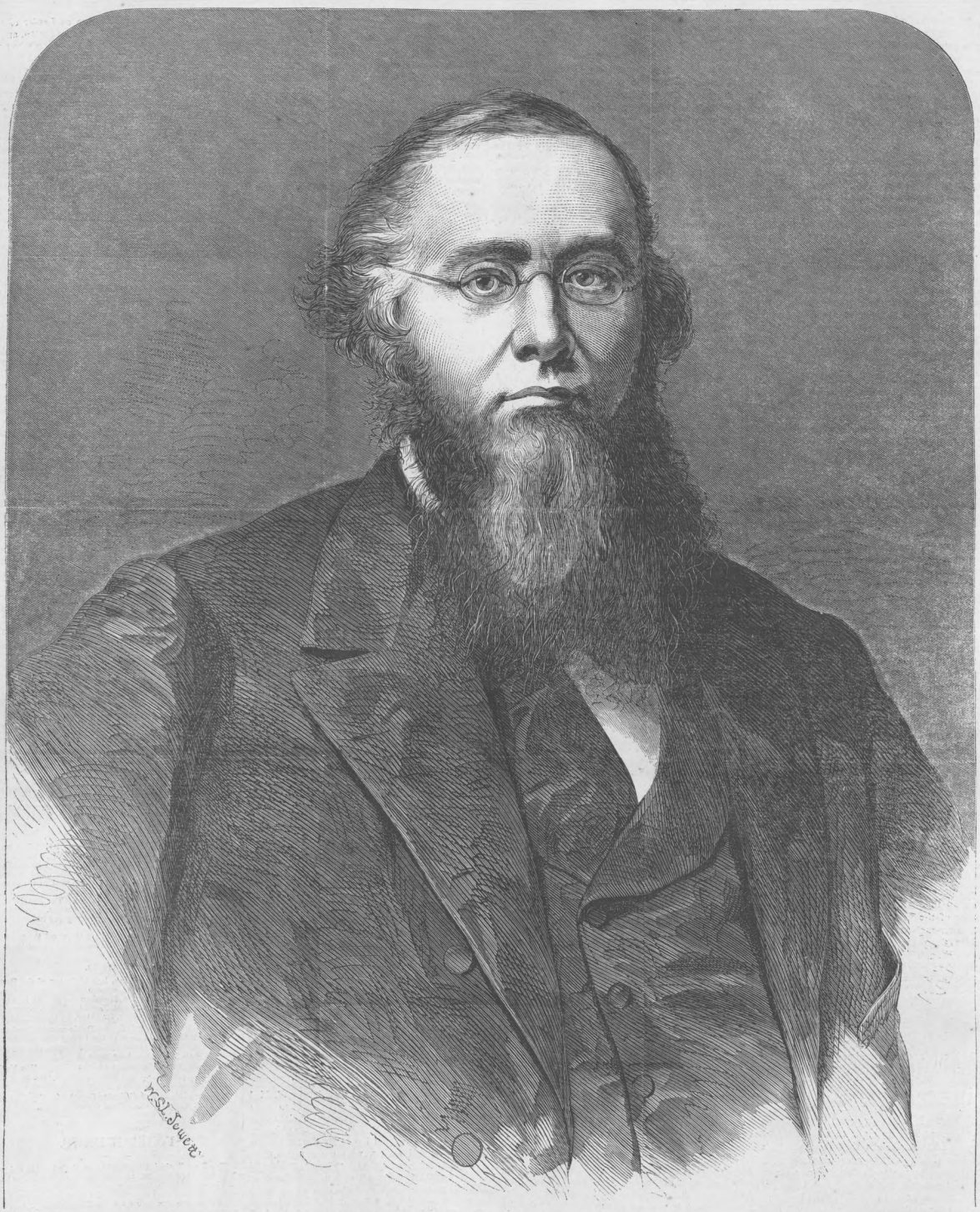
The Washington correspondent of the London *Times* gives that paper an interesting account of an interview which he had recently with President Johnson.

The German question was still unsettled, and in fact more threatening than at any previous time. Neither Prussia nor Austria would yield any of their demands, nor would either Power consent to disarm. The war spirit was at fever-heat in Italy; but it was reported that France had given a gentle hint that the time to strike for Venetia had not yet come. A meeting of a European Congress was talked of, for the settlement of the questions now so angrily debated.

Since the advent of warm weather the cholera has broken out at the coast towns of Holland and in the interior of Brittany, between the French ports of Brest and St. Nazaire. All winter and spring the disease has been making a few victims in the Dutch Province of Luxemburg and in the French Province of Brittany, and the great question has been what direction the epidemic would be likely to take when hot weather returned. We now see that from Luxemburg the disease has crossed the Rhine into Holland, and that in Brittany it is going back from rather than to the coast.

Cholera has appeared among the German emigrants awaiting embarkation for America in Liverpool. The Germans went on board the Steamship *Helvetia* (same line as the *England* and *Virginia*) for New York, but the disease manifested itself on board almost immediately after her departure from Liverpool, and two deaths occurred before she crossed to Queenstown. She had to put back to Liverpool. The National Steam Navigation Company has decided to stop German emigration by their vessels, and the British Government ordered a strict examination of all German emigrants before their admission to England.

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EDWIN M. STANTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

EDWIN M. STANTON.

IT has been usual with some of the admirers of the Secretary of War to compare him with CARNOT, the war minister of the French revolution. The analogy may hold good in respect of the enthusiasm, energy, zeal, and inflexible honesty evinced by each in the performance of public duty; but the burdens which our war imposed upon Mr. STANTON far exceeded in their magnitude and complication the utmost of those that were borne by the celebrated Frenchman.

Mr. STANTON came into office on the 20th of January, 1862, a month before the decisive and cheering victory of Fort Donelson. Though never identified with the party by which Mr. LINCOLN was elected, his appointment was urgently recommended by both Mr. SEWARD and Mr. CHASE, as well as by Mr. CAMERON, whose retirement caused the vacancy which he was to fill. He had always been a thorough-going Democrat of the JACKSON school; but these Republican leaders well knew the earnestness of devotion to the Union, and the extraordinary power he had manifested during the disastrous closing days of Mr. BUCHANAN's administration. In those days of gloom and anxiety he was Attorney-General, while Mr. HOLT was Secretary of War, and Mr. DIX Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly to him, and to these patriotic associates of his, that we owe the preservation of the Government from total shipwreck before the 4th of March, 1861, so that the helm of power could be put into the hands of Mr. LINCOLN. The services which Mr. STANTON then rendered were known especially to Mr. SEWARD, with whom, as the designated Secretary of State of the new Executive, he was in constant communication. It was also felt to be desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the War Democrats who were then nobly sustaining Mr. LINCOLN in his efforts to vindicate the national integrity; and accordingly, when Mr. CAMERON left the War Department, Mr. STANTON took charge of it.

At the time when Mr. LINCOLN appointed him to this office these two remarkable men, who were destined to an intimacy which history will never cease to remember, had not seen each other. The first meeting between them was when Mr. STANTON went to the White House to receive his commission. We believe, also, that the first notice which the new Secretary received of his intended appointment was but the day before the nomination was sent to the Senate, when he was informed of it just as he was about to rise for the argument of a cause in the Supreme Court. The relations thus commenced between the President and the Secretary of War always remained exceedingly cordial; or, rather, they constantly became warmer and more confidential, down to the last fatal day which ended Mr. LINCOLN's earthly career. While he was rarely seen at the offices of the other executive departments, at the War Office he was not merely a frequent, but a constant visitor. His tall form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually to be seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House, at from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning, or about 4 in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary on important business in his private room at those hours would sometimes find the President stretched upon the sofa there, as if the discussion between him and the Secretary had not yet been concluded. Indeed, the tie between them seemed to be quite as much that of private affection as of official duty; and when the catastrophe occurred which robed the nation in mourning, all will remember how admirably the confidence of the deceased statesman in his friend and adviser was justified by the latter. For a brief time, in that awful crisis, the whole Government seemed to rest upon the shoulders of the Secretary of War; and the country will not soon forget the manner in which the momentous trust was discharged.

Mr. STANTON is a native of Ohio, whither his parents emigrated from Culpepper County, Virginia. He was born at Steubenville in 1815; studied at Kenyon College in 1833, remaining there barely a year; served as a bookseller's clerk at Columbus

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at the same time that he was studying his future profession; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of the law in Harrison County. He soon gained an extensive reputation for ability in the argument of abstruse questions of law, as well as for success with juries. The memory of some of his more remarkable efforts, especially in the latter department of his profession, is still fresh in all that part of Ohio and the neighboring region of Western Virginia. He also became known as an active politician of the Democratic party, of which Senators ALLEN and TAPPAN were then leaders in Ohio; and into the political contests which then prevailed he cast himself with all the fire and passion of his powerful nature. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, whence, in 1857, he transferred his residence to Washington, where his professional occupations, especially in patent cases, soon became as constant as we presume they were profitable. Of his history in connection with the War Department it is not necessary that we should speak in these columns. The people know it already.

Mr. STANTON is about five feet eight inches in height, and is a person of broad shoulders and heavy frame. His features are rather round and full, his hair very dark, though thin, and his complexion sallow. These peculiarities, combined with his intense and penetrating dark brown eyes, and his heavy beard, sprinkled freely with gray, give somewhat of an Oriental air to his general appearance. Though his ordinary expression is thoughtful, absorbed, and stern, his smile is gentle and winning as a woman's.

One of the most striking facts about Mr. STANTON is his indifference to the usual means of popularity. Though during the past four years no man has been criticised so vehemently as he, he has not once undertaken to defend himself, either by his own hand or that of any friend. The facts alleged against him might be either wholly fictitious or wholly misrepresented: he has treated them with the same patient neglect, as if confident that the future would do him justice, or careless of all wrong provided he himself felt that he was right. This habit seems to have been adopted by him before his advent to public office. His arguments in important legal controversies he has taken no pains to preserve. In one of these, which related to the right of the Suspension Bridge Company at Wheeling to construct their bridge across the Ohio River, his plea is spoken of by those who had the luck to hear it as a most impressive performance, but we have not succeeded in procuring a printed copy of it.

Mr. STANTON has been twice married. His present wife was Miss ELLEN DICKINSON, of Pittsburg. He has four children: a son of some twenty-five years by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters, all yet little children, by the second.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE is a certain manner—the nautical name for which the writer has clean forgotten, though he assures the reader he once knew it—by which a vessel is advanced upon its way when steam or tide or wind fail it. Its anchor, with a stout cable attached, is carried forward in one of the ship's boats and hooked on to some rock or iceberg ahead, the other end of the hawser being fastened to the capstan on board. With many a heave-ho the crew then ply their strength, as in a slow whirlwind, around the capstan until they and their vessel are drawn to the anchor. The anchor is then again borne forward, and so the operation continued as long as may be necessary.

And in the same way we will bear the anchor of this our bark ahead, and grapple it with this first day of March, 1865, and endeavor to—yes, warp, that is the word—warp ourselves up to that point; for, though all the world else moves, Somerville has seemed sorely to lack, so far as advance is concerned, of steam and tide—not of wind, only it has been perpetually shifting.

Great events have befallen since Dr. Ginnis's house was burned—many of them.

Vicksburg. The Somerville *Star* had acknowledged, after the fall of New Orleans, that the Mississippi River, Fort Pillow and Memphis having fallen, was open along its whole length to Federal navigation. Only a few days after its article in proof that this, so far from being an advantage, would be, like the capture of New Orleans, a positive disadvantage to the Federals, Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to have suddenly arrested the navigation of the river, at which, with singular inconsistency, the *Star* greatly rejoices. Then follows the long story—oh, how long and weary in the slow telling!—of the assault upon Vicksburg and the repulse. The episodical capture of Arkansas Post, though Somerville has accounts for weeks after that event of the escape on their way up the river, and their march across Tennessee to join Bragg, of the prisoners there taken. Next comes the wearisome digging of the famous canal, and its failure, proving that hydraulics and hydrography are greatly neglected parts of civil engineering as taught at West Point. Great rejoicing in Somerville over that. Then comes Grant's desperate march around and regular investment of Vicksburg, at which also Somerville greatly rejoices.

"With Johnston in front of him, and Pemberton in his rear cutting off his escape to the



A SMALL SKIRMISH.

river, we regard the annihilation or capture of Grant's entire army as a positive certainty," says the Somerville *Star* for weeks. "As to starving out Vicksburg, we happen to know it to be victualed for a two years' siege."

Then follow tidings of the fall of Vicksburg. This is scouted with scorn. For weeks after, it is amazing how many gentlemen arrive, not in Somerville, but in its immediate neighborhood, who "are known to have left Vicksburg on the tenth or fifteenth of July, the place not having fallen then, nor having the least intention so to do."

Even when Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to be captured—"We see only cause of congratulation in it," says the Somerville *Star*. "First, because of the tremendous loss—one hundred and fifty thousand is the lowest estimate—of the Federals in capturing those points; second, because it will occupy a large part of their army to garrison these places; third, in that guerrilla bands will as effectually prevent the navigation of the river as before!"

Yes, there is the singular fact. We Secessionists may attach infinite importance to an Object, may wait in most intense anxiety to know the result in regard to it, deny the capture of it indignantly for weeks after it has fallen, yet the instant it is known to be undoubtedly gone we care no more for it, wonder we should ever have interested ourself so much in New Orleans, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile, whatever the object is in its turn; can even see now, are astonished we did not see it before, that the loss of each such place is on every account rather an advantage than a disadvantage to us. Not merely in words only or in editorials—to some degree actually in heart it is so! No doubt there is, with the occurrence of each disaster to the Confederate arms, a secret undermining going on in the understanding and heart of each even of the most rabid Secessionists, but it is unacknowledged at this period even to themselves. In exactly the same way, Dr. Ginnis, swelling and bursting to-day with some wonderful news of Foreign Intervention, Confederate Victory, and the like, abandons it to-morrow when it is known to be false, not only without much regret, but scarcely remembering even that he ever heard, much less believed, in any thing of the kind.

"But who," says Mr. Ferguson, "can reason in regard to lunacy, or analyze infatuation? There is something even awful in it," he adds; "a supernatural folly at which I shudder, as at the direct doing of Jehovah."

At which point Mr. Arthur corrects his friend by drawing distinction between the positive and the permissive providence of Heaven—a distinction lost upon the Scotchman, who quotes the case of Pharaoh and the children of Israel to a frightful degree in these days.

But even while we are scouting the lying rumors of the fall of Vicksburg all Somerville is electrified by tidings of the glorious victories of General Lee in Pennsylvania. The bells can not ring enough after the dispersion of the Pennsylvania militia and the capture of forty thousand prisoners at Gettysburg. Brother Barker has been entrapped by false news so often by this time that he is far from being as credulous as of yore, yet, "Do you imagine General Lee would have crossed the Potomac if he did not know what he was about? Believe it; yes, brethren, with all my soul!" For who can resist, if it was only the big bell of his own church, to which little Joe Staples clings, with brief relays for refreshment, for hours at a time? And so, when he can have the bell stop long enough for him to be heard in special prayer, as on Sabbath, Brother Barker leaves all doubt in regard to his patriotism far behind.

It was a singular coincidence that Orange, plowing in his master's field, and Jem at work with his axe in the woods near Somerville, both paused from their labors at the first sound of the bells with about the same exclamation upon their lips.

"Dar's bad news for *me!*"

They, and, of their colored friends, not they alone, had made about the same remark once or twice before at the sound of distant explosions, taking them to be cannon for victory. These reports, however, had turned out to be only the blowing up—quite a common incident—accidentally, of powder-mills and all therein—no mistake about the bells, however.

Not that, returning to Mr. Barker, his has been an altogether unruffled course. Like other eminent confessors in all ages he has had his troubles also. Many, among the best of his church, have long ceased to attend thereat. There is Mrs. Juggins.

"No, Brother Barker, I can't do it. It was bad enough to see you, a preacher of the Gospel of peace, marchin' along, as I see you that day in Somerville, with a gun on your shoulder, member of a company, practicing, too, with them at a mark, I'm told! But for a disciple of the blessed Jesus to preach and pray as you do is more'n I can stand. Not only it is nothin' but politics, politics all the time with you in the pulpit and out of it—no Gospel; but, then, you're fiercer than Staples or Lamum, actually bloodthirsty an' bitter. God, He knows I love my country. I gave Tom for it, didn't I? Please God, I hope the Yankees may be whipped back where they come from. If they ain't, it won't be for want of prayin' for it here South!"

"All the Union people have ceased to come to church long ago, and to support the ministry," begins her spiritual leader.

"Can't help it, Brother," says Mrs. Juggins, firmly; "the Colonel and I is getting old; since Tom was killed, too, I've seen things diff'rent. The Confederacy gaining its independence is a great thing, I dare say; but religion here, the reachin' a better world after this, is a better thing still. Dare say you have no idea how you've stopped preaching and praying any thing but the Confederacy. And look at it. The Sabbath-school there in Somerville is broken up, they tell me. Except on some grand political occasion, they say you've only a handful to hear you. Then you know better'n I how many of the very pillars of our church, ministers even, some of them, has taken to drinkin', cursin', and swearin', swindling, and all manner of wickedness. As to sinners, they are farther off than ever; and who's to blame?"

Yes, Brother Barker has a hard time of it as well as Mr. Arthur. Somehow his salary is very slow in being paid, what little is promised, the reliance he placed upon his Secessionist admirers in this matter being exceedingly mistaken; ready enough they are to crowd his church on every political occasion to hear, and to inflame and inflate by their presence the violence of, sermons and prayers for the South.

"If the Almighty does not give victory to General Lee in this his march upon our wicked foes, the very angels of heaven will be ready to revolt," he had remarked one Sabbath morning in a sermon. Who could say more than that? Yet the subscription paper circulated the very day after on his behalf was far from as successful as it should have been. "We all greatly admire, esteem, approve Brother Barker's course—no man in all Somerville more patriotic and useful than he—yet the war has cut our means down so, and we have really so very many calls every week connected with the war, that we can not say at this moment what we can give, Brother; we will think upon it, however, and let you know."

"No, Sir, you must excuse me," Captain Simmons remarked when applied to. "True, I was early instructed to worship in the sanctuary, and I could at this moment repeat to you, sing to you to its own tune, the hymn 'Away, away; away, away, away to Sabbath-school.' True, I *do* drop in to hear the parson when he gives us a red-hot sermon, prayers, and all the trimmings, on the times. But I can not disguise the fact that he is a—Yankee. My soul revolts at a Yankee and—you must excuse me."

There was the shameful way, also, in which Brother Barker was treated on his last visit to the Pines. The preacher is exceedingly averse to speaking of it, but it seems a camp of soldiers stationed there have varied their monotonous routine of slaughtering such fat beeves, and stealing such poultry and honey as they can lay hands upon, by insulting, hustling, throwing clods at Brother Barker on his last appointment. Not on Union principles at all—from sheer contempt of a religion which has ceased to awe them in reference to things spiritual in its superhuman exertions to instruct and excite them in reference to the Confederacy.

Very slowly, indeed, the truth comes out in regard to the Gettysburg affair. Somerville has placed all its hopes on a long succession of heroes, dropping them in turn as easily as it has done great cities; for the time, even General Lee lies shattered on the earth from his pedestal. The ebb and flow of feeling during these days among Secessionists and Union people—the one class being in the trough exactly at the instant the other is on the crest of the sea—who can describe!

Neither can be described the intense eagerness of Mr. Arthur, Dr. Warner, Mr. Ferguson, and all other Union people—it is amazing how many of them are left in Somerville still—for Federal papers. Colonel Guy Brooks, not a written line from him since he left, contrives to get papers to friends in Somerville. Isaac Smith, painter, too, little he cared for literature of any sort, still less his big and butter-making wife; now the zeal with which Isaac Smith, from within the Federal lines, pours in letters and papers upon his wife is wonderful. Mrs. Smith's little parlor sees, and sees very often too, visitors it never dreamed of before. Let fat Mrs. Smith get a package as large as your hand at night—and her mails almost invariably arrived at that period—before noon to-morrow she had a dozen applications from friends to know the news. And a



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO?"

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great deal of news Isaac Smith managed to smuggle in; only, alas! Isaac, from long use perhaps of his brush, gave too much—so little proving to be true. For, let the truthful record be made, we Union people in Somerville are almost as credulous in regard to the news we wish to be true as are the Secessionists—not quite, but almost.

But, ah, the eagerness with which we clutch a paper from the North! We get it as a great favor, to be read as rapidly as possible, to be returned exactly at such an hour to such a place. We button it up in our breast-pocket, and hurry home, for we dare not be seen with it on the streets. Arrived at home, we arrest all the household work, turn the children ignominiously out of the room with terrible threats in case they come in again, which, by-the-by, they are sure to do a dozen times during the reading on pressing emergencies which can not be postponed a moment; and so we carefully unfold and read the precious paper aloud to wife or sister, to say nothing of all the Union people in the neighborhood cautiously summoned in to hear. The editorials, dispatches, items, advertisements of hair oil, and the like—with greedy hunger we let no morsel or crumb of the paper escape us. In spite of all the effort we made, a dozen readers or two have had the document before us, as dozens will, eagerly wondering why we can not remember that others want the paper as well as ourselves and get through with it after us. In consequence of this, the paper is painfully illegible at the folds; we have, in the centre of the most interesting articles, to stop and puzzle around the chasms, often to take a flying leap over them and proceed. The little scraps of patriotic poetry, here and there, we often memorize even. And so the paper circulates till it is read, literally read, to shreds.

There was Everett's speech at the Dedication at Gettysburg. Could the orator have imagined the zest with which his words there spoken would have been read from soiled and worn-out sheets by thousands at the South his soul would have burned with sublimer enthusiasm than any wakened in him by the audience then visible to his eye. Who of us forgets the keen enjoyment with which we read our first fairy tales in childhood's sweet hour—not so keen, so delicious that gratification as the reading, during the war, of all thoroughly American matter oozing in to us, parched with thirst, from abroad. The circulation through Somerville of one good paper of the kind did all the Union people—for if one individual thereof read it, every soul did or had it repeated to him—evident good for weeks to come. Perhaps the shortness of the allowance—as with food doled out to the wrecked at sea—increased its value, months often elapsing between the rations. Let us keep secret the absolute faith even Mr. Ferguson placed in the least assertions of a Northern paper, his belief herein as absolute and sweeping as was his unbelief in reference to the Somerville *Star* and all its kind. And, as men build a mural tablet into the wall of an edifice with due inscription, permit the insertion here of this profound truth, that in very much every sense of the word human nature at the North and the South is exactly the same; with superficial differences we are at last One people.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the victory at Gettysburg send the Union people of Somerville quite up upon the crest of the ever-rolling sea, and—Mr. Ellis, Dr. Ginnis, lowest of all—the Secessionists down into the trough thereof for months to come.

"I tell you, Lamum," Dr. Peel says to the editor of the Somerville *Star*, toiling away cold, pale, steady as ever in his business of lying by power-press, ever consistent in falsehood whatever news Bill Perkins brings in his budget—"I tell you, man, one screw loose in the machinery of the Confederate Government is the way the Post-office is managed. What avails all you say in your paper so long as there is a perpetual stream of private letters coming in to the contrary? Federal papers, too, these Union people are constantly getting them; letters, also, from friends in the Federal lines—such things provision them, so to speak, to hold out. If a few more of them could be hanged—!"

But this last remedy has been so thoroughly tried—not actually in Somerville, as yet, but all around it. There was Mrs. Isaac Smith's brother, John Jennings. Who did not know him? Gray-headed with fifty years of farming—farming with his own hard hands alone these days, his boys being in the Confederate service, and he owning no negroes.

"You see, Mr. Arthur," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to that individual, who hurries to see her—is she not a member of his church?—on hearing of the catastrophe, "they knew John was a Union man. He tried to help its being known, but he couldn't. Not that he said any thing. He made a point to stay close at home—never opened his lips. But he was my brother, you know, and my husband being gone that was enough. Every once in a while he'd come down from his place—fifteen miles, you know, it is from here—to bring me a little butter, or cheese, or wheat, whatever happened he could spare. Ever since Jim Boldin waylaid and shot down his own brother-in-law, Mr. Tanner—they do say Mrs. Tanner, his sister, who is a bitter Secessionist, actually put her brother Jim up to it—ever since Tanner was found lying dead in the road with a ball through his head for being a Union man, John has been careful as a man could be. Letters from Isaac! How *could* John get letters from Isaac? As God hears me, Sir, John never saw one that I didn't show him. But you've heard the story; I have no heart to tell it, hardened as I'm getting to almost any thing. A party of a dozen of them broke into his house at midnight: said to his daughters, poor things! screaming around, they only wanted to take him to Somerville to be conscripted. Sarah, the eldest, knew better; she clung to him till they tore her off, some of them holding her to the wall while they tied John's hands. As they was dragging him out, Sarah she begged and screamed only to be let give him—her gray-headed old father—one last kiss; they wouldn't let her do even that, the man holding her saying things— Can you make yourself believe, Sir, that such a thing *can* be true in this Christian land?" says Mrs. Smith, speaking more slowly, exhausted with weeping till not a tear is left, emotion itself worn out from exercise so intense and so long. "Sarah here in the next room could tell you herself. They dragged that unoffending old man—lived fifteen years in the neighborhood—out of his house, mounted their horses, and rode off at full speed, holding the end of the rope. Of course when he couldn't run he was dragged. Sarah tracked him next day by the bits of his clothes on the brush till she lost the trail over the rocks. No one but her, and she not twelve years old, near night she finds her father at last. They had hung him by the neck from a blackjack. God knows whether it was because they intended it, or because they did not know how to tie the rope so as to strangle, but he was warm yet when she came upon him. He had been hanging there in struggle and agony full fifteen hours. Sarah she had never thought to bring a knife—just think if you can of that poor young thing working there—"

But here there is loud crying from the next room of the little house—Sarah has been wakened from her slumber of exhaustion by her aunt, who has forgotten in her excitement that her niece is asleep there.

"We must get used to it, man; like things, in all varieties of hellish wickedness, are taking place every hour," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom Mr. Arthur has been telling the story. "The National Government will not or can not help us. For His own wise purpose the Almighty is leaving us to ourselves."

"But to me the strangest part of the infatuation of these men around us," says Mr. Arthur, walking the floor of Mr. Ferguson's room like a caged leopard, "is that they do not seem to understand exactly where Dr. Warner and you and I and all other Union men of Somerville—and I know of more and more of them every day—actually stand. Do you suppose Mr. Ellis, Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Ginnis, the Lamums, and the rest *know* that there is not an individual at the North, in the Federal army, in the Cabinet at Washington—not Lincoln himself more thoroughly, utterly, absolutely—"

"Sh-sh-sh, man, not so loud!" says cautious Mr. Ferguson.

"And expect me actually to pray for the success—"

"We must beware of becoming too excited. It is our duty to exercise the patience and meekness of the Gospel," remonstrates the Scotchman at some length, whose feelings never assume the form of wrath, only of intense bitterness and contempt. "Beware of becoming a Brother Barker, only on the opposite side," adds this grizzled mentor.

And it strikes this Telemachus that night, ruminating, Testament in hand, in his room at Mrs. Sorel's, that he is sliding down into a condition to be alarmed at. He blames Mr. Barker, Mr. Ellis, and the rest—for what? For leaving the Gospel and the moderation of the Gospel behind them; for ceasing to have main reference to things spiritual, and becoming far too intensely interested in things of this world. Wonder if I am not doing the very same thing? he thinks. If they are too excited for what they call their country, am not I for what I regard as mine? True, theirs is a wicked rebellion; my interest is in my country, in which is involved civilization, freedom, the Gospel itself— And all he can conclude is to set more vigorous watch upon his heart, out of which are all intemperate deeds, words, thoughts, feelings—the issues of life. For grace to do which he prays there and then. Only there is the same sense of exhaustion in prayer that there is in reading the Scripture and in preaching. Leading the life of a pariah with most in Somerville every day, so little encouragement, every emotion in such perpetual and intense play—thought, forever on the strain—insufficiency of actual labor to give relief—exhaustion.

And Alice? If she was a thousand miles away now! God forbid—she is all of hope he has. Yet, like the Princess of Fairy Tale, alive to her lover in all her charms, yet inclosed beyond any thing but mere sight in adamantine crystal.

Oh yes, yes, of course, the writer knows all that fully as well as the reader; but Mr. Arthur, though he ought to have done so, doubtless did not. It is the easiest thing in the world for you to say how you would have gone boldly to her like a man; how you would, and long ago, have had a perfectly frank and full conversation with herself, and, if necessary, with her mother. You have a contempt for this Mr. Arthur for waiting, hoping, fearing so long. Very well; better despise him for cowardice in the matter than that the one who pens these lines should despise himself for telling a falsehood in the matter. "If I was Alexander I would do so and so," said Hephæstion. "And so would I were I Hephæstion," replied Alexander. You have, dear reader, first to be Mr. Arthur, defects and all, and then to be exactly in Mr. Arthur's rather peculiar position, before you can decide how he should have acted.

"We so-called Union people here in Somerville are like— By *we* I do not mean to include you, Miss Alice," says Mr. Arthur to her one day. He has made his semi six-months' call at Mrs. Bowles's, and finds that lady away from home assisting down-town in the preparations for a supper in behalf of the sick soldiers—the proceeds somehow never reaching them in its transit through so very many hands—very little at least—and that paper-money into which the specie paid in has become singularly transmuted. We dare not stop to ask whether, before calling at Mrs. Bowles's, Mr. Arthur knew or not of that lady's absence. How could he, in that case, have conscientiously asked Miss Alice if her mother was at home?

"The Union people in and around Somerville," he repeats, having corrected himself from daring to class his fair friend among them, "are like the early Christians."

"In purity of purpose or in degree of persecution?" asks Alice, looking up—what beautiful eyes! thinks her visitor—from her sewing. Was ever woman lovelier? demands Mr. Arthur of himself, warming himself in her presence after long dwelling among winds and frosts and icebergs without.

"It was of their kindly feeling toward each other that I spoke," says he. "Not a day I do not hear of some charitable and generous deed. You have long heard of old Mr. Adams—"

"Is it not strange that so large a slaveholder should be a Union man? You know he openly avows it," says Alice.

"He is far from being the only slaveholder—" begins Mr. Arthur, but prudently halts. "He has had the reputation heretofore of being rather—rather—"

"A penurious old gentleman," supplies Alice, demurely. "Proverbially so, I fear."

"Well, his corn-cribs, fodder-stacks, smoke-houses, grain-bins, poultry-yard seem to have ceased to be his own this last year. He gives away as freely as water. People send out their wagons, and help themselves as a matter of course. Provided, you know—"

"The applicant be thoroughly disloyal—to the Confederacy I mean," says Alice with, did ever woman have so sweet a smile since Eve was created? says Mr. Arthur, to himself. "Oh, yes," she continues, "Mr. Neely was telling me of it when he was here last night; no, it was when he was here last week. He tells me the Union people are more like one family dwelling over town in different houses—what belongs to one belongs to all. I happened to pass Mrs. Isaac Smith's this morning, and I noticed no less than three wagons unloading sacks of something—pigs, turkeys, chickens, corn—almost every thing, and met two immense ox teams going in that direction with wood as I came away."

Like one family? More loving with each other than the members of families generally are. Those of the Union people in Somerville who did not even know of each other's names or existence had long now become well acquainted. Long before this had old quarrels between such of these as had been at variance ceased. No distinction of occupation, denomination, property between these any longer. Treated with contempt, at least coldness, by all Secessionists, Union people can not even pass each other on the street without stopping to shake hands. On the most frivolous pretenses, and on none at all, they are visiting each other, specially when "disastrous news" is afloat, all the day. The very children of Union parents confidently expect now, when they pass him on the street, as much of a smile as Mr. Ferguson ever manages to radiate through his beard. As to that, more than once or twice has sober little Robby Sorel come home laden with gifts from men he has met in town of whom he only knows that they asked his name.

And how Mr. Arthur cherishes, hidden among his sermons, letters of encouragement, anonymous, honestly signed, drop-letters from persons in Somerville, long letters from strangers living far away. Letters in which the writers venture decided opinions in reference to current events in guarded language, but with such an air of being arrived at on the part of the writers after much thought, and as original and remarkable discoveries as makes Mr. Arthur smile. The plain country people that take Mr. Arthur cautiously to one side when they meet him, and break to him, in exceedingly prolix and round-about way, their views, or ride out, introduce themselves, and spend the night at Mrs. Sorel's to do the same, each displaying his devotion to the Union and his execration for the Confederacy from within a hundred wrappings, like a precious jewel peculiar to the speaker's self. And the delight, too, mingled with fears that he may not be prudent as he should be, of the new friend when he finds Mr. Arthur, with exactly the same opinions, so very decided and clear.

Not plain people, obscure and quiet only.

"Parson Arthur, hold up a minute, I want to say a word to you," says Bob Withers, whom Mr. Arthur meets face to face on horseback in a sequestered spot near Somerville. And Mr. Arthur complies, but with very cold manner, for, like almost every man of his class in Somerville, Mr. Withers is very shy of Mr. Arthur in public; Mr. Arthur, therefore, is doubly shy of him. But Bob's open, cordial face is irresistible.

"I've wanted to speak to you for a long time. But in strict confidence, by George! mind—in strict confidence, Parson. You look pale and worn, and go about Somerville looking as if you didn't have a friend there. I wanted to tell you it's a mistake—you've plenty, only we don't like just now, by George! to show it. You just hold out, Parson; that's what you've got to do, hold out! I ain't a professor myself, as you well know, though if I don't get to heaven at last it's a poor chance for most Christians, by George! *I* know. When this thing came about, do you suppose I didn't know as well as you and Brooks and the rest it was a piece of the most in-fer-nal folly? What could a fellow *do*, by George! We were *in* it, you see. But it's worse than I ever thought it could be. Worse? The lying, swindling, shirking, stealing, murdering, un-i-ver-sal scoundrelism! Oh, never mind, by George! You only hold out—that's what I say, hold out! And if you think I don't know as well as you that this whole thing is hurrying, like every other spree, slam bang to eternal smash, you are just, by George! mistaken. Yes, Sir-ree!"

And Mr. Arthur does not see his way clear to refuse the double eagle Bob Withers insists upon leaving with him as a token of regard when they part at last. As to that, no one can write a letter or speak a word, "in confidence between us, Sir," without doing something of the same kind. Though Brother Barker even would have been almost satisfied with the coldness with which Bob Withers and Mr. Arthur pass each other on the street the very next day.

In fact Bob Withers is very far from being the only prominent Secessionist of whom Mr. Arthur could have told some singular things if he had wished. But who dare say what is done toward this by Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg?

Even the grand old Major seems to look down more benignantly than of old from his frame, this spring morning of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, upon Mr. Arthur thawing himself in the society of the Major's daughter. Very dignified and reserved indeed the visitor intended to be when he found, so very unexpectedly, that he must be entertained by the daughter instead of the mother. It was, after all formal inquiries in reference to Rutledge Bowles, at whose name both color simultaneously; after being fully informed in reference to Mrs. Bowles's health, whom he already knows to have become grayer, thinner, more nervous than ever from what he has casually heard and seen of her; after Alice has volunteered to speak of the school she is intending to keep, after all this and a little old music too, that Mr. Arthur, slipping from sheer force of habit, permits himself to speak of politics by the reference to the kindliness among Union people.

He ventures, Mrs. Sorel and Robby being mentioned, to tell how the latter is advancing in his studies. Nor can he resist the inclination by this time to relate how Robby was assaulted for about the hundredth time on his last errand into Somerville by Joe Staples. But Mr. Arthur refrains from mentioning the artillery of Yankee, free negro, Abolitionist, traitor, and a good deal worse with which Robby was assailed. That he and every child of every Union parent had long ago become accustomed to, though it took a long time before Robby could endure being cursed as an Abolitionist, that being something ingrained into him as far worse than any other epithet in the world—the quintessence of all abuse. But when Joe Staples actually seized upon the bridle of Robby's pony, and would not let the child pass till he had been sufficiently cursed, nothing being left for it, Robby slipped off his pony, left him to his fate, and pitched in, demure little fellow as he was, with his neat jeans suit and his hair fresh from his mother's brushing, and, with the sudden ferocity unknown to his mother and himself under surface of his sober sense, gave Joe Staples such a drubbing as increases tenfold Staples Senior's hatred for the Union people, and causes Mr. Ellis to caution his Charley that night at table against ever associating with a boy so desperately depraved as Robby Sorel.

"And she to set herself off from every body, and pretend to be so very strict with her children!" says Mrs. Ellis from her bed in the next room. "You hear what I say, children? If ever I know of your associating yourselves with them—" And so on, and so on.

"Do you know," says Alice, at last, "that Mrs. Warner and Mr. Ellis, and the others who have withdrawn from the church, are greatly offended that you never have called even to see them since they withdrew?"

"And when they have urged me so often to do so, too," adds her visitor, reflecting her smile. "Would *you* have me do so, Alice—*Miss* Alice?"

What a nameless charm in the very parting of her hair, in the plain collar around her neck, in the flow of her calico dress—one she has had now four years if he only knew it—a divine grace, a heavenly sweetness! After so long, long a period, too, of anxiety, disappointment, alienation from a hundred friends! Of course he exaggerated her, idealized, apotheosized—just as we must not trust what is said of Italy by travelers fresh from long and bitter travel in crossing the Alps. So rapidly and thoroughly has this lover thawed, beyond all his resolves when he first bowed to her, on principle not even shaking hands with her on his first coming! Five minutes more, and, having lost all resolve to the contrary as if it had never been, Mr. Arthur will have learned his fate. A discourse infinitely more impassioned and eloquent than he had ever favored her with from the pulpit already burns on his lips, when—the big bell of Brother Barker's church first, then, clamoring in as for their places in a procession, one by one, every bell in Somerville! Really and truly it was the great, hidden, unacknowledged movement, from the recent Federal successes, which had thrown these two thus so close together. At the first blow made by Joe Staples—yet stiff from his drubbing but a martyr to the cause—upon the big bell, these two are far asunder. His fault, his, not hers!

And here are Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely. Great news, glorious news! From the States west of the Mississippi this time. Banks is repulsed at Mansfield, eight hundred wagons, fifty cannon, innumerable prisoners, all the gun-boats and transports; not the least doubt but the next mail will bring accounts of the capture or destruction of the last vestige of the Federal forces.

Slight, pallid, enthusiastic Mrs. Bowles! She strives, even in the excess of her joy, to be quiet from habitual refinement, but fairly radiates with exultation. And Mr. Neely! Getting quite fat, physically as well as pecuniarily, upon his contractorship, he is rosy as morning, rubbing his

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hands, pulling down his waistcoat, jubilant in every curl of his hair, in every motion of his body, for he *can not* sit still! If any thing was needed to brim his cup it was meeting Mr. Arthur in just that parlor on just that occasion. Even the old Major overhead beams upon them in grander proportions, struggling in his frame to speak.

And just at this juncture it is that Brother Barker makes that fatal mistake of his. The Somerville *Star* is full of the news. Tim Lamun and Bob Withers shake hands over it—alienated during three months before from something rising out of poker. Dr. Peel has read the dispatches aloud in a dozen crowds, with running oaths of confirmation. Even Bill Perkins, fallen back into a mere stage-driver on account of Confederate disasters he has been bringing so long, with vague sense on the part of the people that he is somehow to blame for them, is treated till he can not stand. Dr. Ginnis, inflated, from the shabbiest collapse, in five minutes, by the news, to his fullest former proportion, is up and down every street, in and out of every store in the place, slapping his hands together, drawing back his sleeves, wheezing but irrepressible, gesticulating though he can not speak.

There is Mrs. Warner; from some sudden whirl, given by the Confederate disasters, she has been prophesying defeat and ruin to the South for weeks on weeks now. Not a bit less vituperative. She plies her snuff-stick as energetically as ever, denouncing the swindling, stealing, lying officials of the Confederacy, their cowardice and inaction! She does not stop with, "We are whipped—whipped, I tell you!" but even adds, "And I'm glad of it, because I hope the Federals will catch and hang these miserable fellows loafing about with their stripes and ambulances and things, when they ought to be off at the front, as they call it, fighting!" All of which falls incessant upon Dr. Warner, who droops his head and takes it, conscious of being in some general way guilty of it all himself. Even if he is balder these days, what he loses in hair he makes up in flesh—a storm-beaten mariner, but used to the squall and gust. The instant Dr. Warner could tell his wife this last news, before he had got it half out of his lips, his wife had snapped her forefinger and thumb, and thrust the former within half an inch of his nose.

"Didn't I tell you so, Dr. Warner? I want you to tell me that this instant! Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you, over and over and over again, we would whip them yet? Always croaking!—telling me about your Gettysburgs and Vicksburgs till I was sick of the sound! And you a pious man—at least, pretend to be, and doubt that God is a just Being! Wanted me to laugh at Brother Barker."

Which brings us back to the fatal mistake made by that clergyman when the news comes of Banks's repulse.

"I hope so, I hope so!" he says, having hold of Mr. Ellis's hand, with peculiarly mournful intonation of the word "hope;" "but I fear not. We have been so often deceived—I myself, on one occasion—by mere idle rumors. You, as a Christian, will understand me when I say I see the hand of Satan, the Father of Lies, often put forth these days. For some inscrutable purpose, always against the best and holiest of causes; but," adds Brother Barker, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "we are not ignorant of his devices. I *hope* so, Brother Ellis, but I fear not, fear not."

Even Mr. Ferguson, pasting the dispatches as they come into his Scrap-book—with grim unbelief upon the surface of his beard, though sincerest apprehension is tugging at its roots—even Mr. Ferguson might have admired the sorrowful, not to say morose, disbelief in the glorious tidings by Brother Barker, as he shakes himself away, with boding head and sorrowful hand, through the crowds upon the streets.

Long ago, like all his class, his chiefest associations have been, especially on the street, with striped officials and brass-buttoned heroes. He may be talking with Sam Peters about his bad fall from his horse, awfully exaggerated by Sam; or with Smithers, also a member of his church, about Mrs. Smithers's last worthless runaway of a cook; even with Mrs. Warner, who regularly attends his church now, and always bewails Mr. Arthur's course in conversation with her new pastor—whoever it is with whom he is speaking, let Brother Barker but catch sight of a military man passing, or over the street, and, with a hurried excuse, he is off to speak to the son of Mars, or to get an introduction—oftener to introduce himself, if unacquainted.

But when this news of our glorious victory over Banks in Louisiana arrives, Brother Barker fails to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

"I hope so, Captain Simmons—ho-p-e so," he says, steadily resisting the universal Faith and Joy, gently deprecating it, with open hand, as a father among his thoughtless children—"but I fear not, f-e-a-r not!"

And this illustrates just what Mr. Neely so bitterly bewails—the deep-seated, utterly incurable want of faith in even the most thoroughgoing of Northern-born Secessionists on the part of Southern-born men.

"Gentlemen, you see that person who has just left us," says Captain Simmons, full of solemn joy, and something else, over the news, his left arm around a friendly post; "Rev. [hic] Mr. [hic] Barker, resi-resident clergy-clergyman of this commun-munity. Did you ob—[hic]—observe the statement he imparty-imparted to me [hic]? We having ful-fullest dispatches of a glori-glorious achev-y-achievement, he, that [hic] individual, doubts it, gently-gentlemen, *doubts* it!" (Intense scorn.) "But do you conjy-conjecty-conjecture the reason?. A Yankee! I ady-admit he toils hard [hic] to hide it—very hard. It *will* come out. Not a Yankee in [hic] the whole Confedy-Confederacy this day [hic] but is a double traitor—traity-traitor to his own sick-sack-section, and a traitor to [hic] us. My earliest inf-infancy was, I may say, sat-sit-saturated with reverence for the cloth. But that Yankee, Bub-Barker, I revolt from. To those of his birth I apply the language of the—the hymn: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!'"

Is it reasonable, therefore, to wonder at the frantic effort made by Brother Barker to right himself, when it is established beyond all doubt that Banks has really been repulsed? Eager as Mr. Ferguson and the rest of the Union people are to stave off that conviction, strange to say, the fact of the affair breaks at last upon them not more against their wishes than it does upon the preacher against his! Frantic effort? Brother Barker finds Prophecy which bears direct upon it. In the course of a sermon on the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, after proving that the erection of the Washington Monument at Washington City, being as palpable an idolatry as in the case of the Babylonish king, was doubtless the grand sin for which the South was chastised, Brother Barker gave in his painful experience as an unbeliever in reference to the late news. With tears he made a clean breast of it:

"As lack of faith, brethren, in Kirby Smith, it was no sin; as lack of faith in Heaven, pledged by all its attributes to the cause of the South, it was a great sin. Pardon your most unworthy speaker"—bowed head, wet eyes, handkerchief. "And at this very moment, while I stand here before you"—handkerchief dropped on the desk, arms extended at their full length upward, eyes upon the ceiling above the pulpit, lank hair falling back from the head bowed backward—"the angels in heaven, seraphic Stonewall Jackson towering among them, all who have gone thither by mill—thousands from our glorious battle-fields, all heaven!"—extended arms farther extended to take it all in—"from innumerable harps rings Jubilee over our victory at Mansfield!" Speaker stationary for a moment in thrilling tableau; then slowly-falling eyes, then hands, then head.

"But"—handkerchief, sip of water, tone fallen from ecstasy to commonplace—"let us note, in the fourth place, who are destroyed by the Furnace Flames." Which proves in some way to have been the Federal Government.

If we think we can depart when the sermon is over we are mistaken. Brother Barker—very hoarse—has been, as we brethren may be aware, in attendance last week at the regular semi-annual meeting of our Church in the State. A full attendance, as we are happy to know. Subject of the support of the ministers; fully dwelt upon this by the preacher. One or two other matters before we come to the main business done by said meeting, brethren.

And here Brother Barker proceeds to read in his best manner a Whereas, with ten resolutions thereupon, passed unanimously at said meeting, in enthusiastic eulogy, exultation, prophesy, in reference to the Confederate Government in general, and one or two Major-Generals in particular—the well-known morals, or rather immorals, of said individuals causing their names to have an odd sound, as of Saul among the Prophets, in that connection.

One thing more—the collection for Brother Barker's support.

"Not that you do not mean well by putting in Confederate money, dear brethren," the preacher mildly expostulates as the hats go around; "not that I will not gladly do all in my power to sustain the currency. But you know as well as I that it rates only at twenty for one. Even at that, people, I grieve to say, will not touch it when they can possibly avoid it. Of their *gold* and *silver* Scripture invariably represents the generous as contributing; it is surely of our *best* that we should give to the House of the Lord. Understand me, brethren, not that I—"

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

OUR artist gives the following description of the sketches which we publish on pages 328 and 329:

"BIG ROCK AND LITTLE ROCK.

"Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, seems to thrive pretty well, notwithstanding that business is dull and likely to remain so till the prospects of this year's crop are decided. There is stationed at this place the Nineteenth Regular Infantry and the Third Cavalry, as well as some colored troops on the other side of the river. The Quarter-masters and Commissaries are reducing their departments, and the extensive army hospital around the Masonic College is almost deserted. Labor is in demand, and all the industrious colored population are doing well. There is less of squalor among the race here than elsewhere. Military occupation is a fact which every where stares one in the face; and the defensive lines that surround the city are still comparatively perfect.

Big Rock is two or three miles above Little Rock on the opposite side of the river, although after crossing the ferry at the latter place it takes a round of ten miles to reach the former. The Arkansas River makes here a pretty reach, the bluff called Big Rock being a good feature in the picture. The river is not usually so high as represented in the two cuts on page 328.

"CREVASSE AT BATON ROUGE.

"This terrible break in the levee, over a mile in length, has flooded a hundred miles of the country, and is pushing out to the ocean by way of Berwick Bay. Planters all along the route taken by the waters have no hopes of a crop this year. Fields of cane, cotton, and corn, flourishing well before, are now under the flood—which, without hindrance, is pouring over the low lands to the bayous beyond. So sudden was the break that, besides overflowing the farms, it in some instances drove away the families, who escaped by skiffs from the houses, leaving hens, turkeys, and all live-stock to their fate. No attempt has been made to stop the crevasse; and indeed it would be impossible to effect any thing until the river has fallen again, of which there is no immediate prospect. The river is on the right of the sketch on page 329, the break extending from the figures on the levee to huts in the distance."

A Louisiana paper, speaking of this subject, says:

"From every part of the State come up, in response to our daily records and warnings, the most touching lamentations because of the overflowing floods. The great crevasses in West Baton Rouge have been abandoned, and the people of that parish, and of Iberville and Point Coupée, driven in great numbers from their homes, many of them to perish miserably. The accumulating waters from these crevasses have also filled up the neighboring bayous and basins so that a large portion of the Atchafalaya country is already flooded, and the people have fled to the highlands. And now, in the midst of all this actual desolation, come sweeping down upon us floods from the Missouri, the Arkansas, Red, and all the other tributaries of the mighty Father of Rivers, threatening to wash away whatever little of dry land is left to us."

WASHINGTON MARKET.

IN a city which boasts the best markets of the world as regards the excellence of the commodities offered for sale in them it is shameful that these markets should be, of all others, the most filthy in their surroundings and the meanest in their structure.

For the present necessities of the city their situation is unfavorable. They are not sufficiently central; they were built over a century ago, when they were probably very conveniently located, but now they are in the most commercial quarters of the city, where they are least needed. They are difficult of access, also, on account of the crowded streets. Why can we not have in the more central portion of the island large, clean, and tastefully-constructed markets, such as shall be an ornament to the city instead of being, as now they are, reckoned as nuisances?

Of our large markets Washington Market, of which we give an illustration on page 332, is the oldest. Its first charter dates from 1686—a century before the establishment of our republic, and long before the birth of the illustrious patriot from whom it was afterward named.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring has come, and once again,
O'er hill and plain,
She weaves her carpet soft and green,
In brightest shades of emerald sheen,
With pinks and crocuses between;
And lays it down
Where late the white and chilly snow,
So loth to go,
Leak'd off and left the earth so brown.

Sweet Spring has come, she wakes again;
For hark! a strain
Of woodland welcome soothly rings;
The air is stirr'd with glancing wings,
With crystal pipes and twitterings,
From conscious birds:
While lambkins sporting on the mead,
With velvet tread,
Skip in and out among the herds.

Sweet Spring has come; we through the shade
Of bower and glade
Can trace her pathway in the dark,
By silver glints from larchen bark,
And purpling bud-lights on the stark
And leafless boughs;
Or by the gleams from sunlit streams,
Whose dancing beams
The gentle ferns mistake for vows.

Sweet Spring has come, and in my heart
Its passions start.
Joy's babbling brooklets gayly sing,
Like silver chimes that sweetly ring,
And new-plumed hopes take lighter wing,
And mount above;
E'en star-bright eyes and rose lips fair
Spring blooming there,
And promise autumn wealth of love.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE pedestrians of New York city make no special claim to any "right of way" in the streets. To be sure it is necessary to cross these streets frequently; but cars, carts, and carriages never deign to regard those who humbly go on foot. Nor do the "footers" expect any such attention. If, by means of dodging *behind* one vehicle, and *before* another, and running alongside of a third a while, they succeed in crossing without being crushed, they are simply thankful, and never for an instant cherish the idea that they had the slightest *right* to be in the street at all.

Moreover, our citizens have uncomplainingly and generously surrendered a large portion of the sidewalks, which are generally supposed to be for the special use of pedestrians. Apple-stands, newspaper stalls, and innumerable miniature bazars for various merchandise, have long been patiently tolerated. Inch by inch has the encroachment continued until the majority of second-class shops—to say nothing of many that would refuse to be so called—are literally turned *inside out*. Pendent rows of slaughtered animals, artistically arranged over barrels of potatoes and turnips, signal a *market* within. The *corner grocery* sign extends far and wide in the shape of boxes of hard soap, casks of dried apples, and baskets of beans and pease; while one's head is not unfrequently entangled in the melange of hoop skirts and brilliant-colored flannel and delain which wavingly announce that dry-goods "*are sold here*" for "*less than cost*." But New Yorkers bow their heads submissively, beat a retreat if necessary, or pass on.

There is, however, a limit beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Some of our sidewalks appear to be *exclusively* used for lumber-rooms and packing places; and locomotion through them is next to an impossibility. Pass down Beekman Street, for example, or you can find an equally good (?) specimen in many other directions if you prefer. Boxes, barrels, casks, and bales of goods literally *crowd* the sidewalk. Bundles of rags, and newspapers, and packages of every conceivable kind of merchandise are *stored*, apparently, on the flag-stones. A man weighing a hundred and twenty, or a woman with the smallest possible crinoline, would be *imperiled* by the attempt to squeeze through, to say nothing of garments soiled and rent. But perhaps this is some extraordinary emergency, a mere temporary state of things. Return a couple of hours later, the blockade continues. Come back again to-morrow, or next week, and the sidewalks are essentially in the same condition.

Really it does not seem that it would be unreasonable to mildly suggest that a *small* passage way be reserved on the sidewalk for those who do not *invariably* ride in cars or carriages.

The May Anniversaries appear to have been carried on with unusual spirit and interest this year. This was doubtless due in some measure to the series of bright, sunny days which adorned last week; and which enticed many to venture out who are ordinarily "keepers at home." Among the many meetings of interest, the Anniversary of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, that of the Institution for the Blind, and the "Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers" were especially attractive. Ten thousand dollars were contributed to the latter Society, several gentlemen giving one thousand each. At the reunion of the American Congregational Union, six thousand five hundred dollars were donated, at the instance of General Howard, for the purpose of establishing a church in Washington, where the "truth" should be "outspoken" and "proclaimed aloud."

Of course, during this coming season, all cases of colic, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, dysentery, and of every kindred disease, will be regarded by the unthinking masses as instances of genuine Asiatic cholera. Let those who can think be *sensible*, and avoid alike the two extremes—*carelessness* and *fear*.

Something like the following is said to be an everyday scene:

"Omnibus crowded. Enter two young la— of the female persuasion. Gentleman, rising to one of Y. L.'s, 'Take this seat, Miss.' No. 1 to lady No. 2, 'You take it, Katy.' No. 2, 'No, you take it, Mary dear.' No. 1, 'Oh no, Katy, I'd rather stand; you sit down.' No. 2, 'No, no; I can just as well stand.' No. 1, 'You had better sit down, Katy.' Skirts rustling, men standing crowded, door half-way open, and wind blowing in the dust. No. 2, 'Won't you take it? Well, then,' to No. 1, 'you are very kind, Mary dear.' Rustles skirts, spreads dress, flirts veil into eyes of old gentleman on one side, and jams elbow into hat of young gentleman on the other, and—settles. Gentleman who surrendered seat having been utterly ignored in this conversation, vows, as he hangs on the conductor's strap, he will never rise again, not for a princess."

The Parisian correspondent of one of our daily journals states that a French workman has just completed for the Duke of Wellington a watch of novel and peculiar construction, the idea of which was conceived by the Duke himself, who is well known to be of an impatient temper, and can not pass half an hour in any one's society without feeling an irresistible inclination to look at his watch. This being very impolite the Duke devised an ingenious plan to ascertain the hour without any one's perceiving the wiser for it. The watch manufactured for him is a silent repeater. It is provided with a spring, upon touching which a small hammer issues from the case and strikes the hour in the palm of the person's hand who holds it. The Duke will merely need to slip his hand carelessly into his pocket, touch the spring, and he is immediately informed of the time of day. The only difficulty will be that all the papers will publish a description of the trinket, and the Duke find it somewhat embarrassing to put his hand in his pocket without having his secret discovered.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle took place under very peculiar circumstances. She was taking her usual afternoon drive in Hyde Park, when her little favorite dog, which was running by the side of the brougham, was run over by a carriage. She was greatly alarmed, though the dog was not seriously hurt. She lifted the dog into the carriage and the man drove on. Not receiving any call or direction from his mistress, as was usual, he stopped the carriage and discovered her, as he thought, in a fit or ill, and drove to St. George's Hospital, which was near at hand. When there it was discovered that she must have been dead some little time. Mrs. Carlyle's health had been for several months feeble, but not in a state to excite anxiety or alarm. The deceased lady was the daughter of "the once well-known Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, and, with gifts and graces of her own, she inherited much of the force and penetration of her father's intellect. She was worthy to be the life companion of Thomas Carlyle."

The Cleveland *Herald* gives an account of a singular case of suspended animation—a trance of twenty-four hours in duration. A young German, recently married, was taken suddenly ill at his place of business, and in two days was, to all appearance, dead. Arrangements were about to be made for the interment, when the young wife insisted that the funeral be postponed; and she remained in the room with the supposed corpse, clinging to the idea that he could not be dead. She became convinced that she perceived the body move. Her friends became anxious about her reason and tried to divert her mind from the sorrowful scene. Two long hours were spent in conversation, the friends urging that she was deceived, possibly by the flickering light. Then, suddenly, another slight movement was perceived by all, and the scene which followed may be imagined. The husband and wife are now living, well and happy.

By a series of interesting experiments, lately made, a woman's tongue has been found capable of moving one thousand nine hundred and twenty times in a minute. Think of that, all ye who argue that woman is inferior to man! Produce a specimen of the masculine gender who can accomplish such a vibration, or yield the point!

The following characteristic anecdote of DR. FRANKLIN is not so *new* as it is *good:*

During the long residence of Dr. Franklin in Paris he was once invited to a party of the nobility, by whom the Bible was ridiculed and severely criticised. It was remarked that the Bible was devoid of all literary merit; and Franklin being silent, they appealed to him for his opinion. He replied that he was hardly prepared to give them an answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellency which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the book stores; and as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section.

All were eager to hear the Doctor read them a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner he took an old book from his coat pocket, and with a propriety of utterance read to them a poem.

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard or read.

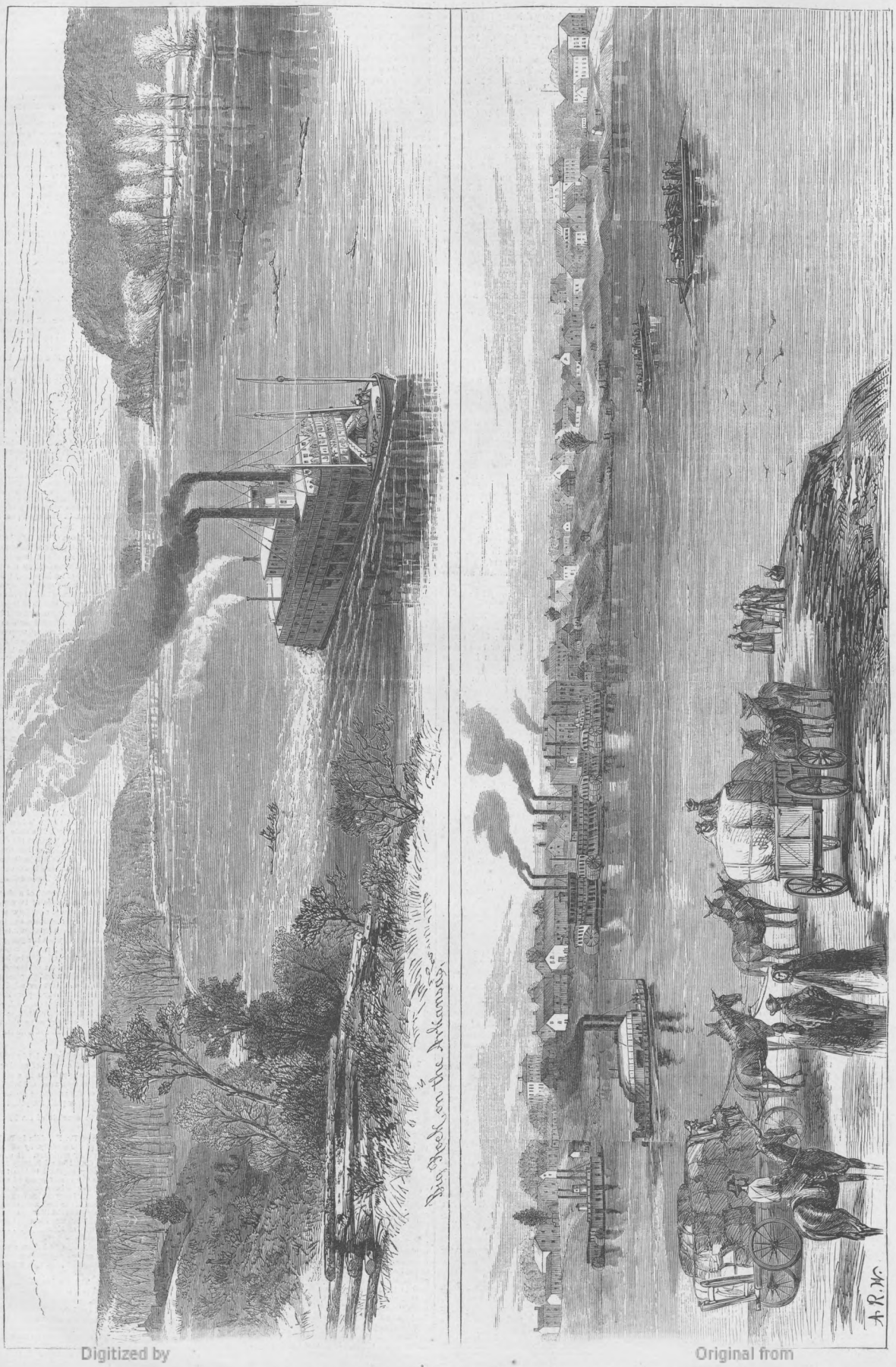
"That is pretty," said one.

"That is sublimity," said another.

"It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

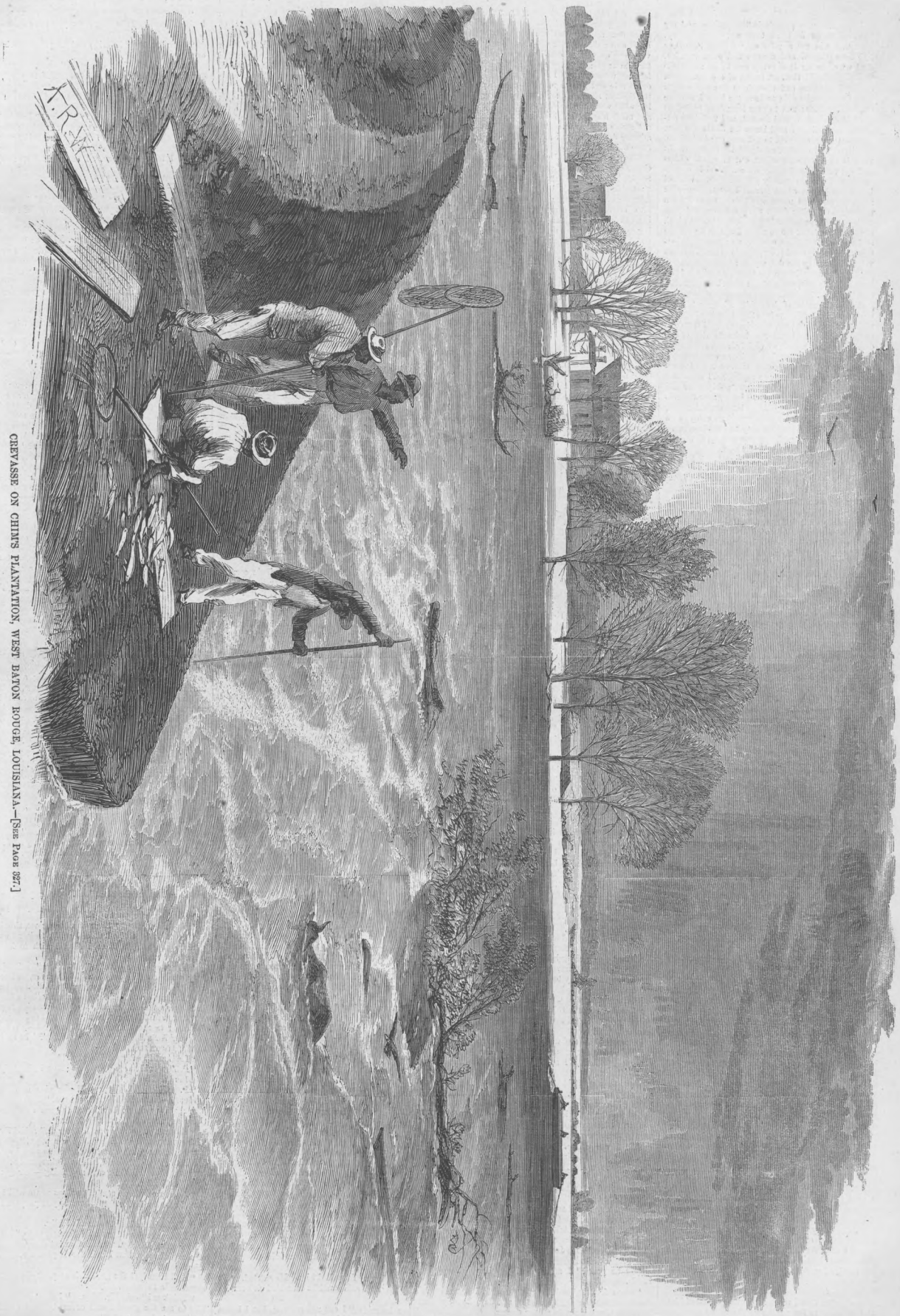
"Certainly, gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, and I have read you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."

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LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

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CREVASSE ON CHIN'S PLANTATION, WEST BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

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CLARA'S TEMPER.

I WANTED new carpets in the parlors, and my Uncle Andrew declared they were unnecessary. Now that was not so; for only *I* knew how they had been turned and coaxed and even mended. And why, seeing that every one knew my uncle was rich, should the best rooms of the house look shabby? It was bad enough to live down-town where no one else did; to have the busy law-office on the first-floor; and to pass long days seeing no one but old Barbara and the cat, as I had done often and often since I kept house for Uncle Andrew, without being ashamed to ask any one in besides. We lived well enough, goodness knew, and might save, if that were an object, out of spiced dishes and hot ragouts and costly wines. And it was ridiculous of uncle, perfectly preposterous. We had had a wordy war about it, and I sat trifling with my tea-spoon, and uncle was pacing up and down the room, pouncing down upon me now and then with one of those perfectly rounded sentences which always aggravated me so when I was in a passion; and we were enjoying ourselves as two such hot-tempered people would be apt to do, when Barbara's voice arose above the din, crying:

"Here's a gentleman been knocking for half an hour. I do suppose, and couldn't make himself heard for the jawin'."

And in the midst of the sudden silence a tall figure passed her and came into the room, hat in hand, with that peculiar bow, equally removed from the servile bend of an inferior and the flourish of the dancing-master, which so plainly marks the gentleman. I felt my hot face flush anew with shame at the very thought of being seen so red with anger. And what had I been saying? I could not remember. All sorts of passionate things for this cool, calm, quiet man to hear. I bent over the tea-cups, wishing I could quietly sink through the floor, as I often did when my angry feelings came to an end, and I saw what a fury they had made of me.

Meanwhile the gentleman was talking to uncle.

"Mr. Andrew, I believe?" he said.

My uncle bowed. The gentleman handed him a card.

"Aha!" cried my uncle, growing genial at once. "Mr. Rushton—glad to see you, Sir. I have been expecting you. Take a seat, Sir, take a seat. We have not yet finished breakfast. Pray join us."

"Thank you, I have breakfasted," replied the stranger.

"No matter," said my uncle; "an extra cup of tea or coffee hurts no man. Barbara, a cup and plate. We can be more sociable. I don't know whether *you* are a sociable man, Sir, but *I* am. Now, Clara. My niece, Sir."

I saw in the glass between the windows a very meek and very pink face lifted for a moment, and I heard a voice to match—not in the least the vixen voice of half an hour before—inquire whether Mr. Rushton would take cream and sugar.

I was naturally far from bashful, but that day I could neither speak to nor look at our guest, and I listened to the conversation without joining in it by a word. Indeed, there was not much opportunity for me to speak. The talk was all of law matters. Of the case of X *versus* X, in which my uncle was engaged for the plaintiff. Of the singular letters on which he most depended for evidence, written in such a peculiar, idiomatic style as almost to defy translation, yet every word of great importance. Of the assistance Mr. Rushton's perfect knowledge of French would be. I gathered the fact that this young gentleman was about to be employed by my uncle in some capacity—whether as clerk or secretary I hardly knew—and that, it being necessary that he should be always in communication with my uncle, he was to remain, for a while at least, under our roof.

"You'll have the blue room put in order, Clara," said my uncle, curtly; "and now, Sir, shall we adjourn to the office?"

Then they arose, and, looking on the floor, I saw the shadow there make a bow; bowed in return, and was alone. Never, never, never, so long as I lived, should any one find me in a temper again. That I vowed. Yet it was not an hour before I was angry as ever with that provoking Barbara, who insisted that the blue room needed no sweeping, and that, if it did, she couldn't do it baking day.

"I didn't mean to," I said to myself, as I bathed my eyes with rose-water; "but an angel could not live with testy Uncle and sulky Barbara without quarreling. It was not my fault, but theirs."

Then I went up to darn the worn place in the carpet.

It was a good while before I could look the stranger in the face, but then I saw that he had a cool olive skin, calm dark eyes, a mouth as sweet as it was firm, and the broad forehead of a thinker. Perhaps his face was not regularly beautiful—I hardly know; but it had the effect of beauty, and he had youth and health and strength, and was wonderfully graceful. Soon I'd have given half the world to know what he thought of me. He was polite, attentive, as a gentleman would naturally be to the only lady inmate of the house; but, perhaps, after all, he remembered the little vixen he had first seen. I tried to be calm and quiet; to answer uncle when he scolded me with decorous respect—but that thought haunted me. I had never thought so much of any man's opinion in my life.

On Sundays we went to church together. I learned by that that he had an exquisite voice, for I used to hold my breath to listen to his singing. At last I ventured to ask him to sing for me at home. I never shall forget the song he sung, but there are many ways of singing. I have heard it from another, and scarcely listened. That same night I sang for him. He said not one word of praise—only bowed a thank you; but, as he turned my music, I saw his heart beat under the soft gray vest he wore. Mine was beating, too, like a mad thing.

Well, after that I was not so much afraid of him, and it came to long talks in the parlor and long walks by moonlight. He never said one tender word. He never took my hand. He never looked at me more earnestly than one friend might look at another; but I felt, in spite of that, that he cared something for me, and I—*I loved him.* I used to think sometimes with shame that I had given my heart unsought; that it was unmaidenly to care so very much for one who had not asked me yet to care for him at all; but how could I help it? All my feelings were strong. I could not walk by the decorous rule and line so many women liked; and in the sight of Heaven I could not be wrong in admiring what was admirable, in loving purity and truth and noble manhood! So I kept my secret, but did not strive to alter it. And at last! At dusk one autumn day we walked in the shady Square, under some old trees.

The nurse-maids had gone home with their little charges, and the file of workmen with tin-cans had tramped through it into the street. The fountain tinkled and splashed into the wide basin. The flowers gave forth their sickly evening perfume. A bit of crescent moon came faintly into the sky; and in all the Square, besides ourselves, was only a sleeping beggar stretched upon a bench. No one to watch—no one to listen; and then I heard all I longed to hear! I had never thought that quiet man could love so—that that silence could cover up such a sweet wealth of tenderness.

We went home arm in arm, and under the blue heavens the moon saw no woman happier than I.

Ah me! If you had told me then what I should do I would not have believed you. As well believe a man would willingly cut the rope that held him from dropping into some awful chasm as that I should part myself from him.

For weeks and months I kept my temper. For half a year I was too happy to be angry. We were to be married in a little while, and there would be little change save a trip to some country place, for we were still to live with my uncle in the old house. Edwin—I called him by his first name now—was not demonstrative; but I knew he loved me, and that was enough.

Enough until one day I heard Ruth Baker say to my cousin Grace:

"Heaven send me a different husband from the one Clara is to have! Who would think he was fond of her?"

"It's only his way," said Grace.

"I'd teach him another," said Ruth.

That set me thinking. It was not pleasant to be spoken of in this wise. No good ever comes of listening. I began by trying to lure Edwin into making pretty speeches and doing silly things. At last I strove to pique him into more demonstration of the love I knew (poor fool, that it should not content me!) that he really felt, and flirted, before his very face, with a young coxcomb of a midshipman, just my age, for whom I absolutely felt a detestation.

The little puppy had taken it into his small brain to admire me. He was pleased and flattered. Edwin looked on gravely without a word. At last, angry that he should take it all so coolly, I let the little middy steal a kiss from my lips where he could see me.

That evening, when the rest were gone, I felt a hand touch my arm.

It was Edwin Rushton's. I looked up.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said; and before I could answer had quietly taken me to task, as one might a willful child, on my impropriety. "It is not right," he said; "and people will make even worse of it. I can not permit it, Clara."

Not a jealous word. My uncle might have spoken much the same. "He can not love me," I thought, and my cheeks burned hotly.

"Who made you my judge and master?" I asked.

"Yourself," said he, "when you accepted me."

"More silly I!" I cried. "Why do you care to hinder others from having what you don't want yourself?"

"What do you mean?" asked he.

"Frank would give his right hand for a kiss from me," said I; "and you hardly know whether I am living or dead, I believe. It's like being in fetters to be tied to such an icicle."

"You are letting your temper carry you away," said he.

"My temper, Sir?"

"Yes," said he; "it is your one great fault. I saw that when I first saw you. There, there."

He tried to soothe me, as though I had been delirious. I believe I seemed so to him.

I forgot every thing in my anger.

"I wish you had never seen me," said I.

"You will be sorry to have said that."

"I say it from my heart."

His face grew white.

"There is more in this than I thought," said he. "Perhaps you love Frank Hearne better than you love me?"

I saw the chance of making him jealous. I saw nothing else in my rage.

"Perhaps I do," I said. "We can't help our fancies."

He drew a great breath, and arose, standing before me like a statue.

"I will not let your pledge to me stand between you and your young lover," he said. "God forgive you, and make you happy! Good-by! You are as free as you ever were."

And I was alone. Alone, stretching out my hands toward the closed door, and calling on my darling to return. He did not hear me. He never came.

"Temper! temper! temper!" shouted my uncle when I met him at the breakfast-table next morning. "Ah, you will suffer for your folly this time. He was the noblest fellow God ever made, and you've lost him. I told him you'd repent. 'No,' said he, 'it is not temper. She loves Frank Hearne; she told me so.' By Jove, if that puppy enters my door I'll kick him!"

"Is he gone?" I asked, with my head in my hands.

"Gone forever," said my uncle; and I lost all consciousness the next moment, and lay, happily forgetful of my woes, in a deep swoon.

Gone forever! Ah, yes; the days passed and he came not. The lonely evenings counted themselves away. My life was over; my joy past. I wanted to die; but I was young, and still lived. I shut myself up from every one, and knew they said of me that I had been jilted. What did I care now? At first I used to hope he would return. I knew soon that such a hope was folly. No angry mood had made him leave me. He believed me false. Oh, the pain in his face, the anguish in his voice at that last moment! I never should forget it. As nuns are said to scourge themselves for their sins, so I punished myself by recalling that look, that tone daily and hourly.

The spring which was to have seen us wed was gone. Autumn came, and winter. At Christmas tide I sat in my own room reading. It was long past twelve. Barbara slept in her attic, my uncle in his chamber below, but I could not sleep. The evergreen Barbara had twined about the gas fixtures and placed over the mirror seemed to mock me with its holiday look. What was he doing to-night, my Edwin—my own dear love? I lifted the curtain and looked out. All the street was white with snow, frozen snow, that crisped and sparkled in the starlight. Opposite a dark figure paced slowly—a watchman, I supposed; but my fancy, aided possibly by a vague rumor of Edwin's presence in the place, made the outline seem his. Oh, if he should be there! If—ah, it was all folly! I dropped the curtain, and sat down before the fire a while. Then I took my white dress from its nook—the dress in which I should have been married—and folded it and unfolded it, and caressed it, saying such words to it that you would have thought me mad. Yet while it was on my knee I fell into a kind of dream. It hardly seemed as much like sleep as stupor.

I was startled from it by a blaze of light. The dress had fallen from my lap into the grate. It was all aflame, flaring up toward the bed-clothes. In an instant they were caught, and the blaze went whirling up the paper on the wall, and the window curtains, long and light and floating. I rushed to the door. Alas! my evil genius had impelled me to lock it and withdraw the key. I could not find it. I searched in vain. I screamed, I prayed. Neither man nor Heaven seemed to hear me. I stood in a very furnace of flame. Walls and door and ceiling were all blazing.

They were crying fire in the street now. I heard the policemen's clubs, the tolling of the fire-bell. Why did no one come to save me? Help, help!

The flames were licking up the floor, climbing, twining, swirling through the ceiling. Barbara would be burned in her bed, my dear uncle would perish, and I—I had done it, I!

The flames had driven me into a little corner. They were driving me closer at every instant. I could not see the door—it was a wall of flame. The window was a seething furnace.

"God receive my soul!" I prayed. And then I heard a crash. Something came dashing through the door into the flames. A voice cried:

"Clara! where are you?"

And I felt Edwin's arms about me once more, and was borne through the red whirlpool out into the open air. He had saved me, but he left me then. After I knew my uncle had caught me to his breast I saw him no more. One moment of hope had I had; it was gone as though it had never been.

Ah, that was a woeful night! The dear old house was gone, with all its belongings, and the alarm and exposure hastened my uncle's end. He took to his bed in the new lodgings we found, and never arose from it. In two months we buried him, and I was alone in the world.

A great heiress; for it proved that Uncle Andrew had been far richer than I guessed. But oh, so miserable and lonely that the poorest wretch might pity me! I had not heard one word of Edwin Rushton since the night of the fire.

But six months after, as I sat at work in my black dress, Barbara came in weeping.

"What is the matter?" I asked, for she plainly wanted me to question her.

"I've seen poor Mr. Rushton," said she. "It makes my heart bleed. He that was so strong and bold, feeling his way along like that! You'd cry too, Miss."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Didn't you know?" she said. "Why, Miss, you, of all people! I heard it from his landlady. The night he saved you he went home feeling his way up the stairs. She was frightened, and asked him what had happened. 'I've been through a fire,' said he, 'and I suppose it will pass off soon; but I can see only a red blaze.' It didn't pass off, Miss—he's blind!"

"Oh no, no!" I sobbed. "Oh no!"

"It's true; more the pity," she said, and was going from the room. I stopped her.

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"In the Square," said she. "He goes there every night. A boy leads him, and he sits alone near the fountain—Ah, you'd pity him, poor dear!—waiting until he comes again to fetch him."

Every evening! I had no rest until the next. Then I put on shawl and bonnet and went over to the Square. All quiet in the dusk, as it had been on that long-gone night when he asked me to be his; the nurse-maids and the children gone home; the troop of toil-freed laborers passed by. I stood by the fountain and looked at him.

He stood beside it, his soft hat drawn low over those darkened eyes; his hands playing with the loose chain that kept intruders from the fountain's brink. I remembered standing in that very spot. I knew it by the weeping willow drooping over it, and the cleft head of the post hard by—only a little cleft, you might not have noticed it, but I remembered feeling it with my finger as he spoke to me.

I looked at him, my love, my life. He who had sacrificed so much for me, and was bold enough for any thing.

I went closer. I touched him. He started. "It is only Clara," I said; and he trembled all over for an instant.

Then he said: "I can not see you, but I know your hand. I should have known it if you had not spoken."

And I knew he loved me still.

"Edwin," I said, "it was the hand of your promised wife once. It is long since you have held it; will you take it now?"

"Give it to me," he said; and our palms touched once more.

Then we stood silent, close together.

"I have been the cause of great ill to you," I said. "Do you hate me for it?"

"You forget," he said; "it was not *I* who ceased to love."

I clung to him. "Did you believe me?" I sobbed. "Oh, Edwin, I never cared a straw for Frank Hearne. I flirted with him because I thought you indifferent. My evil temper conquered me, and I uttered falsehood. I loved only you. I never shall love any other."

"On your soul?" said he.

"On my soul!"

"I shall be happier for knowing it," he said. "It was hard to think you false. Oh would I were not blind!"

"If you were not," I said, my heart choking me, "I could not speak as I do now. If you love me still, and, oh, I *think* you do!—if you forgive me, and you seem to, take me to your heart again, your promised wife. If not, let me go to hide my shame, for I have been over-bold, and die of my remorse."

He caught me in his arms. I felt his great heart beat.

"It is worth sight—it is worth life!" he said, and kissed me. Then I led him home, through the still streets.

We were married in a quiet little church. Only Barbara was with me, and I wore my black dress. I shed some tears, but I was very happy, so was he. So in the years to come in which we dwelt together.

And still the future held a great joy for me. Years after, when there were young children at our fireside and gray hairs in his curls, my darling's sight returned to him. When the surgeon told me he could see, my first thought was great thankfulness. My next: "But I have altered so. Will he know the girl he won in the faded woman?" But when I stood before him, trembling and fearful, this was what he said, though the roses of my cheeks and the gold of my hair were quite gone, I knew:

"My love, how sweet a woman you have grown! There is no angry temper in your face now any more than in your voice." And he kissed me like a bride-groom, and I thanked Heaven.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER I.

"PAPA, please," said little Primrose, "what smells so sweet?"

Her father sat by the table, untying a large brown package; and from it came a strange, fresh, wild sort of perfume; but sweet, as Primrose said, and very pleasant.

"What smells so sweet?" Mr. May answered, cutting the last stubborn knot with his pen-knife. "Why, my dear, I fancy it is some of my new seeds." And selecting a small paper-bag from the heap which now lay spread out before him, Mr. May held it down to the little girl's nose as she stood at his side. Primrose took a long whiff with great delight.

"Oh, papa, how good!"

"Good, is it?" said Mr. May, laughing. "Prim, you ought to be a seedsman!"

"No, papa. But I wish I had a garden."

"So as to plant such sweet things as celery seed?" said her father. "Prim, this is not a flower."

"But, papa," cried the impetuous Lilian, flinging down her book on the widow-seat, and coming to the table with a bound, "there *are* flowers, you know, and we might plant 'em! Oh, papa, won't you give us a garden?"

"If you please, papa!" said another little voice, now drawing near; "there is nothing we should like so much! Only I should prefer to have our gardens separate, because I should wish to keep mine in order."

"There spoke my methodical Clover!" said Mr. May, with another laugh, as his orderly, sedate, chubby little daughter came gently and stood behind Primrose, who had not spoken again, but whose dark eyes watched her father with intense interest.

"One would like a garden to keep in order, and the other to run wild in; and the third— What does my little Prim want of a garden?" he said, bending down to kiss her.

"I should like it so much, papa!"

"Prim would nestle there just like a little bird," said her tall brother Sam.

"Papa," cried Lilian, "will you give us three gardens?—I should like that best too."

"Yes, Lily should be allowed to grow weeds entirely on her own account," said Jack.

"When I grow any you'll know it," said Lily, with great good-humor. "Will you, papa?"

"I find one garden pretty expensive now," said Mr. May; "what should I do with three more?"

"Oh, they wouldn't cost any thing—*our* gardens," said Lily.

"A very excellent sort of gardens yours will be then," said her father. "Where do you propose to get your seeds and plants?"

"Well—just a little," amended Lily.

"Perhaps we could get wild flowers, papa," said Clover, thoughtfully. "And I've got one package of seeds already, that Maria Jarvis gave me. It's mignonnette."

"And then just the ground is so pretty, papa!" urged little Primrose.

"Think so?" said Mr. May. "I must confess I like to see the ground well covered. But who'll dig it up, to begin with?"

"Why, Robin," said Lily.

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"Robin has a great deal to do."

"I guess Sam would," said Primrose. "He's never *too* busy, you know, papa, to do any thing."

It was very ridiculous, of course, but—tall fellow as he was—Sam's eyes actually flushed with pleasure at this compliment from his little sister.

"And will Sam take care of the gardens all summer after they are dug up and planted?" said Mr. May, lifting Primrose upon his knee.

"Oh no, papa! that's what we want to do."

"Well," said her father, "upon three conditions I will give you each a garden: First of all, mamma must approve. Next, each one is to choose her own seeds and plants, to suit her own taste. And, lastly, each must keep her own garden in order, after the first heavy digging is done. She must sow the seeds, and plant the plants, and dispute possession with the weeds—all herself. Now, what does mamma say?"

"I say yes, with all my heart!" answered Mrs. May. "But I too shall make conditions—or, at least, one: In each garden, no matter how full it may be, there must be one corner set apart for patience, perseverance, brotherly-kindness, and such sweet herbs; and each shall be well hedged in with the Golden Rule."

"Well, children, now you know the conditions, what do you say?" said their father.

"I like the conditions very much, papa," said Clover.

"They are easy enough," said Lily.

"Mamma," said Primrose, quitting her father and going to lean her elbows on her mother's lap, "what is the hedge for."

"To fence out such little mischief-makers as pride and selfishness and envy; for if they get in they will root up every sweet flower there. And no other hedge grows low enough and close enough to keep them out."

"But, mamma," said Primrose, her little mouth dimpling into a smile of full intelligence, "who'll want the herbs?"

"We shall see," said her mother, answering the smile. "I should not wonder if I came down to the gardens myself for a sprig now and then."

"Well, papa," said Lilian, "we agree. But where are the seeds and plants which we must choose to come from?"

"I suppose from my pocket," said Mr. May. "Most things seem to come from there nowadays. See! here are three greenbacks—a dollar apiece for each of you—how far will that go? Far enough, I think, for little novices."

"Oh, papa!" said Clover, "a dollar apiece is a great deal. Are flower seeds so expensive?"

"All depends upon the sort," said Mr. May, with a shrug of his shoulders. "They cost from five cents a paper to fifty cents a seed, according to circumstances."

"Fifty cents a seed!" said Lily. "I guess I sha'n't buy *that* sort. Spend all my money for two seeds, truly!"

"Papa, did you mean *me* to spend a whole dollar too?" said little Primrose, eying the greenback in her hand as a joy quite beyond belief.

"You are to spend the whole of it. And you will find it as easy to do as possible."

"A dollar will buy twenty papers of the five cent kind—only think!" said Lily. "Papa, will Robin lend us tools?"

"No, no; you are to have nothing to do with Robin. *I* will furnish the tools. Now, what next?"

"How are we to choose our seeds, papa?" said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure! Here is Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said her father, taking it out from his package, "full of names and descriptions and prices. You can study this at your leisure, and when the lists are made out I'll send an order for the seeds."

Prim's eyes glistened as her father fluttered over the leaves of the Catalogue. What pictures of flowers were there!

"How splendid!" said Lily, taking it from his hand, and pausing over a bunch of petunias.

"Papa," said Clover, "I feel too rich!"

"Rich?" said Mr. May, laughing—"you will feel as poor as possible when you have studied that Catalogue for half an hour. I foresee an endless call for donations. In fact, you will be such poverty-stricken damsels, with your one dollar apiece, that I think we had better take up a collection at once, before matters go any further. Mamma, what will you give?"

"Some strong calico frocks, and thick shoes and gloves," replied Mrs. May, promptly.

"A most needed contribution! But tending rather to the comfort of the gardeners than the beauty of the garden."

"Oh, I will give the gardens each a rose-bush," said Mrs. May.

"Ah, that is good! Sam, what say you?"

"A cutting of geranium, Sir, for each; with twine for tying up the flowers, and strong sticks and labels. Also, the help of a knife and hammer and nails when wanted."

"All very excellent and necessary," said his father.

"*I* will furnish advice," said Jack, "in any quantity, and upon the most liberal terms. Also, as Sam says, a well-grown plant of Canada thistle for each garden—just to promote the growth of mamma's sweet herbs."

"It wouldn't promote the growth of mamma's hedge," said Lily. "If you'll furnish absence, Jack, we'll take it, and thank you too."

"For me," said Mr. May, "I will provide the tools. And I think, under the circumstances, that is all I will engage to do."

"Do you mean that you will *give* us tools, papa?" said Lily, with flashing eyes.

"A little spade and watering-pot, papa?" said Primrose.

"You will see," said her father. "If I tell you all beforehand the package will not be so interesting when it comes."

"We can wait!" said Lily, gleefully. "We've enough to think of for one day. Come, Clover, let's go make our list."

"But I think I can not make mine to-night, Lily," said Clover, as she came to the window. "I don't know yet where my garden is to be."

"That makes no difference," said Lily. "Just look at these pinks! Did you ever *see* any thing so grand?"

"Why, it makes a great deal of difference," said Clover, eying the pinks with loving looks. "I can't tell what I shall want. I may have to 'plant out' something, you know; and that would require tall things. Or there may be rocks. Oh, Lily, I'm so happy!—it's so delightful!"

"These gardens will be a study," said Mr. May to his wife. "Clover, what do you know about 'planting out?'"

Clover turned back, blushing a little.

"Not much, papa. But I heard you and Mr. Jarvis talking one day, and I saw something in a book."

"That's right," said her father; "listen, and then apply your knowledge. But go and make your list, my child; and then it can be modified here and there if need be. You will find it a longer business than you think. And I'll see where the gardens shall be to-morrow."

So the three children curled themselves up on the broad, low window seat, and the work began. Mr. May and the boys went off, and their mother sat silent by the table, her gentle face bent over her work.

CHAPTER II.

THE children of whom I told you in my first chapter had been (so far) brought up in the city. Brick walls, and noisy streets, and town sights and sounds, were what they knew best; and it was no wonder that Primrose pronounced the celery seed "sweet," if only by way of comparison, and quite apart from its intrinsic claims. Of course their knowledge of flowers was all in one line. A greenhouse full of geraniums, camellias, violets imprisoned in pots, and cacti stretching their spiny arms wildly about, far away from their native plains; an orderly hyacinth in a table-glass in a furnace-heated room, or a small bed of the same planted where now and then a stray beam of sunshine slept between inclosing walls; a tall magnolia, growing forlornly between a brick wall on the one hand and the dusty pavement on the other; a wisteria, rambling drearily over a brown stone front in the vain search after something pleasant—all these they had seen again and again. But these are exiles, singing but half their sweet song in a strange land; and every child knows the difference between their captive beauty and the free, sonsy grace of a truant dandelion, that every now and then runs away to see the world, and displays the *oldest* fashions in Fifth Avenue. Highly respectable little dandelion!—nobody ever dared laugh at it yet.

A year before this time of which I write Mr. May had bought a country place, and with the beginning of winter the family had all removed thither, to make it their home. It was not at all a remarkable place, unless for being at once large, old-fashioned, and comfortable—three things not always found together in these days. The house stood back from the road, with a short, smooth slope of grass between, and a simple white fence for boundary line. This fence turned up the slope quite near the house on one side; but on the other, where was the door of entrance, the green turf had even a wider sweep than in front, and the fence stood off at a respectful distance. Behind the house was a large garden and orchard combined, where already Robin was busy with his pruning-knife and hot beds, and preparations of all kinds. For it was now just at the end of winter, and there were days when the very breath of spring was abroad; and the light on the bare trees looked soft and gentle, and adventurous blades of grass peeped out in sheltered places.

The front-door of the house being, after all, a side door, the real front was unbroken except by a large bow-window belonging to the family sitting-room; and as the first floor of the house was but a single step above the ground, this bow-window was something like a glazed porch, having its own low step without, and within a broad, divan-sort of seat on all sides. And now, in winter, shut tight with double sashes, it became the favorite resort of the children. Here they sat with their Catalogue on this very afternoon of which I speak, hardly knowing whether they were most delighted or at their wit's end; for of all distracting things commend me to a well-drawn up, illustrated Catalogue of flowers! Such a bewildering confusion of red and blue and purple and yellow; such descriptions of "snowy white" blossoms dazzling your very eyes; such "blazes of brilliance" that you seem to see; such "very sweet" perfumes that you almost perceive! The colored leaves, the stately growers, the trailing creepers, the vines that mount up like Jack's bean to an enchanted world above your head. People go into raptures over lace and jewels and old china. Well, well, those have their place; but it is not the place of a violet, after all. And they are not heart's-ease—they can never be balm.

"Now, first," said Lily—"oh me, whatever shall we do with these hard names!"

"They are not so hard when you have looked at them a little," said Clover. "Maria Jarvis knows ever so many. See—that first one is easy enough—'abronia.'"

"How shall we begin?" said Lily; "will you take the first part of the Catalogue, and I the second, and Primrose the third? or shall we divide by flowers? Abronia for you, and adonis for me, and ager—ageratum for Prim? Such names!"

"But that wouldn't be choosing," said Clover.

"No, it wouldn't," said Lily; "and we've got to choose. Well, shall we agree that we won't ever take the same?"

"But that would not be *choosing*, either," said Clover.

"Then we'll just have to begin and no more about it," said Lily. "I don't want any of all these first four—do you?"

"I want abronia," said Primrose. "It's sweet."

"Write it down then," said Lily, "but if you take all the sweet flowers, I guess you'll have enough. And that's so little—only six inches high. But I'll tell you what I want, and that's snap-dragon—never mind the other name. Look, Clover, here's a picture of it; and you see they say it's 'exceedingly brilliant.' Oh, I should think so, indeed!—'scarlet and yellow with white throat,' and 'crimson with white throat,' and 'magnificently striped,' and all sorts. Which would you take?—here's a blood-red one."

"I should take this—see, down at the bottom," said Clover; "'best and brightest varieties mixed.'"

"Why how splendid!" said Lily; "and only ten cents for them all."

While Lily was writing down snap-dragon, Clover peeped over the leaf and quietly headed her own list with sweet alyssum.

"What's that?" said Lily. "Oh, I don't believe you'll like that. It's just some common little white thing."

"But see these!" said Clover; "amaranthus, with red and yellow and green foliage. I must have that—they say it's useful for back-grounds."

"What are back-grounds?" said Lily. "'Love lies bleeding'—what a funny name! Prim, don't you want any thing on this page?"

"I'll see what there is first," said Primrose, knitting her little brows; on all the other pages, I mean. Because I get so confused. I think I want every thing; and you know I can't have that."

"Oh, but a dollar will get a great deal," said Lily! "Just look at those asters! I *must* have them."

"So must I, some of them," said Clover. "And there are ever so many kinds. Which one will you take?"

"This first one—'perfection,'" said Lily. "There can't be any thing much better than that."

"I'll take the 'chrysanthemum—flowered," said Clover. "I like chrysanthemums."

"Well, I guess I'll have this little one—'pyramidal bouquet,'" said Primrose. "Because *I* like bouquets."

"Prim's garden will be all six inches high," said Lily, laughing.

"They say balsams are beautiful," said Clover, writing the name down on her list. "And they must have good culture; you see they must be sown and then transplanted, and pinched off. That's just what I shall like. I think I can take pains enough."

"Then you'd better take some cockscombs," said Lily—"'recommended to all who will give their plants good care.' Why, I mean to do that, too, of course; but then I don't want fussy things."

"Oh! oh!" cried Primrose—"just look at these dianthus flowers over the leaf!"

"Dianthus!" said Lily—"what's dianthus? Why, they are perfectly splendid!"

"They are pinks," said Clover; "it says so down here. I never saw any thing so beautiful in all my life!"

"No, I believe you never did," said Lily; "and there are *ever* so many kinds. Let's go all through and look at the pictures the first thing. There's something—I don't know what; and pansies—and petunias. Mamma, this Catalogue is perfectly fascinating!"

Mamma laughed a little at that. "How do the dollars hold out, Lily?" she asked.

"Oh! I don't know," said Lily—"well, I guess. You see, mamma, we are going through just to put down a few of the most striking ones first, and then we can add to the lists afterward."

"How many 'most striking ones' does each list contain at present?" said Mrs. May, looking very much amused.

"We haven't counted yet, mamma. Now, there's something I should like—a 'double green-centred sunflower,' from five to eight feet high."

"That sounds imposing, at least," said Mrs. May.

"Don't you like sunflowers, mamma?—the name's pretty. What do they look like?"

"Mamma," said Primrose, going to her side, "what flower do *you* love best?"

"I am quite fond of primroses!" said Mrs. May, taking the little face between her hands and giving it a kiss.

"And you'd like some more?" said Primrose, laughing.

"Very much!"

"Well, there's plenty of 'em in Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said Prim, gleefully, going back to her seat. "And I'll write 'em right down."

"But, Lily," said Clover, presently, looking up from her list, "mamma has reason—how far *will* a dollar go? It will never buy all these in the world!" said Clover, showing a slip of paper well penciled on both sides.

"Oh! I guess it will," said Lily; "a dollar's a great deal. Let's count up and see. But I haven't written down the prices—never mind; we can turn over the leaves again. There's snap-dragon one—I mean ten; and aster fifteen! how comes that, I wonder?—fifteen is twenty-five; and pinks, ten more, makes thirty-five; and my sunflower is forty-five; and pansy, sixty-five; and my double portulaca— Dear me, *that* will never do!—double portulaca, *fifty!* Why, I must have five dollars' worth on my list, at that rate."

"I've got three dollars' worth on mine," said Clover, laying it down with a blank face. The children looked at each other, then broke into a laugh.

"Prim was wise," said Lily; "she waited. Well, we've just got to begin over again, that's all."

"Yes," said Clover, "we began all wrong. I ought to have had more sense. The way is to put down only what you *must* have, at first; and then write down the price after each one. Let's take new slips of paper, and make a nice list this time."

"Well," said Lily; and she wrote at the top of her paper—"Flower seeds that I *must* have."

"Now don't let us talk," said Clover, "but just go over the Catalogue quietly and *think*." And again the enticing pages were turned over, leaf by leaf.

"Well, this passes all *my* philosophy," said Lily, when she had again added up her list. "It seems that I *must* have at least two dollars' worth!"

"That's just what I've got, too," said Clover. "Papa might well say it would be a long piece of work."

"Mamma," said Primrose, once more quitting the bow-window for her mother's side, "isn't it funny?"

"And are you in difficulties, too?" said her mother.

"I've not made my list yet, mamma, I get so confused between what they want and what I want. I think I'll wait till they have all done with the Catalogue, and then I can take it."

"That's not likely to be very soon," said Lily. "What *can* I strike out! Mamma, did you ever see this bartonia—very showy, with yellow flowers and gray branches?"

"Yes, I have seen it."

"Is it pretty?"

"It is very showy."

"Which is the prettiest, that or pansies?"

"Oh, pansies, if I am to be judge! They are showy and lovely too."

"How nice!" said Lily; "that's just what I'd like to be. I'll mark pansies with my red pencil, as a settled thing. But they're terribly expensive."

"It often costs a good deal to be showy and lovely," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"I must have my hyacinth bean," said Clover, "but that don't cost a great deal; and I must have some stocks, though they *do*. Mamma, are zinnias handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"I may want those, they look useful," said Clover, with her face full of plans and back-grounds.

"And I must have petunias," said Lily. "Mamma, my head's in a perfect whirl."

"Then if I were you," said her mother, "I would put my body in a whirl, and then give it a good run out of doors. You will not know red from blue if you sit puzzling there any longer."

"I guess that's true," said Lily, with a laugh. "I'm as tired—!"

And the children went for their hoods and cloaks and then off into the snow; little Primrose giving a lingering look at the Catalogue where it lay on the window-seat. Her list was but just begun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—"Well, I'm blowed!"

JOURNALISM.—A new Roman Catholic satirical paper will, it is rumored, shortly appear in England. It is to be called *Guy Fawkes*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naïveté: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

What business ought Tom Thumb to go into? Grocer (*grow sir*).

THE CHEAPEST WAY WITH THE LAWYERS.—Keep one's own counsel.

Why is Queen Victoria, just about now, like a deaf lady?—Because her Erin (*hearing*) is in a bad condition.

A dentist of our acquaintance says that it is much easier to take the *Tartar* off a woman's *teeth* than off her *tongue*.

How many peas are there in a pint?—One *p*.

LATEST FROM ABROAD.—What foreign town has the dirtiest street?—Mess-ina.

ACCIDENT WITH MACHINERY.—"I've got a new machine," said a Yankee peddler, "for picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's a leetle bit the darndest thing you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies rite down your throat, and the bones rite under the grate. Well, there was a country 'green-horn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way: and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that feller so full of bones that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron all round it."

One of Gough's stories was a neat hit at those dilatory people who are always behind time. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed: that's rather uncommon." "Oh no, common enough—two hands like other people—and a *little behind-hand!*"

A Missouri paper announced a short time since that the "wife-crop in Gasconada County yielded fifteen thousand gals." The next week the editor came out with an "erratum—for wife read wine."

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "Why were half-farthings coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition?—Because he offers a *horn* to every one he meets.

An irascible gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

The following purports to be a model medical puff: "DEAR DOCTOR,—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw thirteen somersaults without stopping."

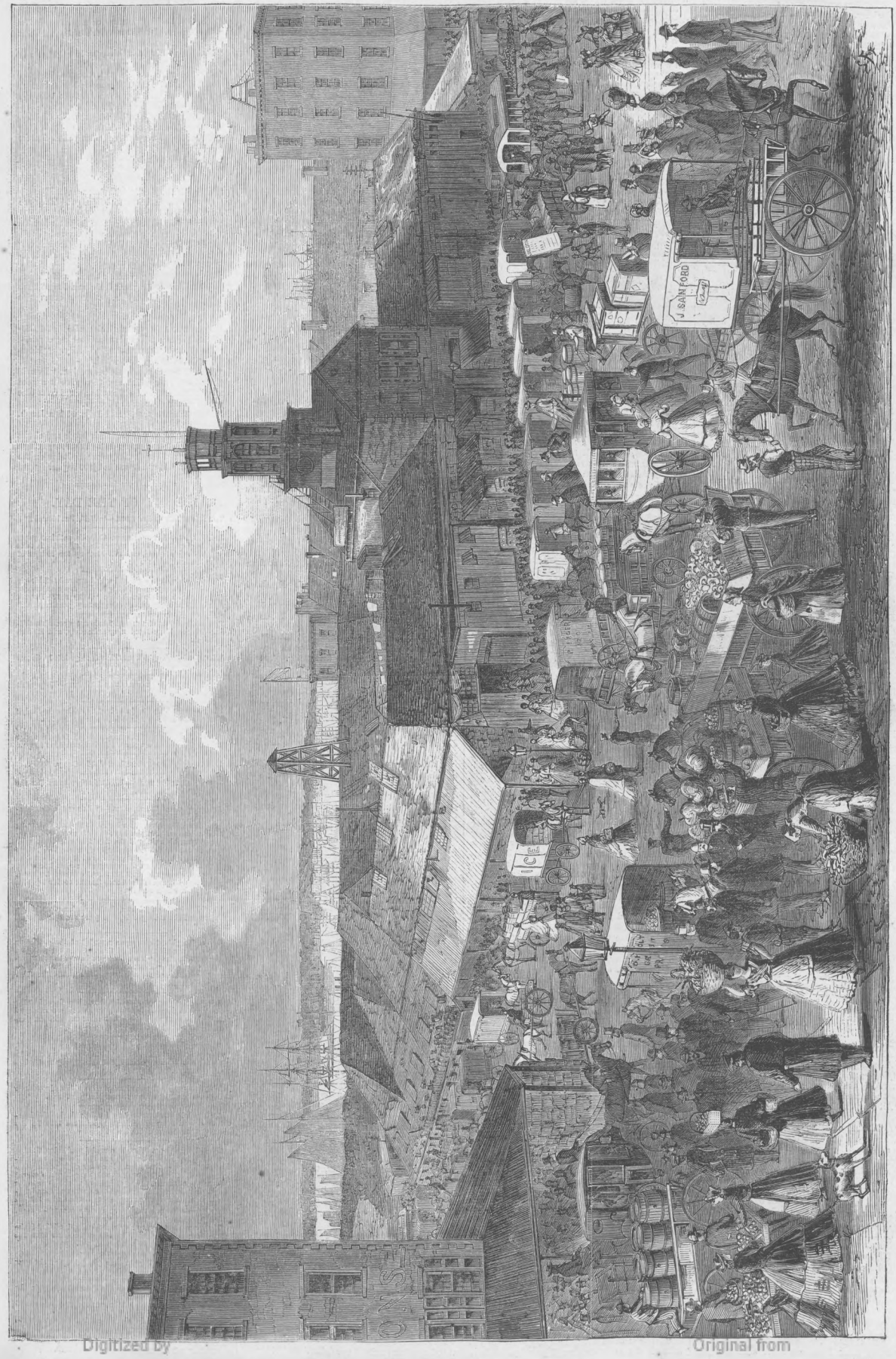
There are great fears entertained in England that if the cattle disease continues Hamlet's declaration that the "times are out of *joint*" will be realized.

The fellow who sat down on a pin got up on the spur of the moment.

A deceased chief justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses incredible; and the plaintiffs and defendants are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

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WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

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"SPRING-TIME."

THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

She has a figure trim and neat,
And full of health and life,
With nimble hands and nimble feet,
The blacksmith's little wife.

Her hair is dark, her eyes are blue,
And though her cheek is browned,
An anchorite would smile to view
A face so smooth and round.

All day she labors like the bee,
The blacksmith's little wife,
While round her play her children three,
Bright-haired and full of life.

And all day long, her cheery song
Comes through the cottage door,
While tap, tap, tap, her gaiters rap
The neatly sanded floor.

Her swarthy husband, from the town,
Comes home when day is dim;
For kisses he must stoop 'way down,
Or she climb up to him.

He's just the man that women crave
To shield them from "the wrong,"
For he's as kind as he is brave,
As brave as he is strong.

"You're tired out with work," she sighs;
"You lead a weary life."
"No, no," quoth he, "'tis Paradise,
With such a little wife."

The gleeful fire with ardent rays
Peeps slyly from the hearth,
The tea-pot blushes in the blaze,
The kettle shakes with mirth.

The sleek "grimalkin" purs and mews,
The dog whines at the door,
The pattering of little shoes
Is heard along the floor.

About the smith his children play
When evening's meal is through,
They love to see his pipe of clay
Send forth its clouds of blue.

They clamber on his shoulders broad,
They clamber on his knee,
While wife looks on with smile and nod:
And all are full of glee.

I'd sooner be this blacksmith bold,
With such a little wife,
Than have the wealth of yellow gold
That gilds an aimless life.

THE ISLAND GIRL.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

After leaving the port of Valparaiso we cruised for several months in different parts of the Pacific, capturing three large sperm whales and a "California gray." The latter was a curious-looking fish, about twenty feet in length, with a long, funnel-shaped head, crooked flukes, and a thin, tapering body, spotted like that of a leopard. We lost a whole tub of line, and one of our best boats was stoven, before we succeeded in killing "Monsieur Gray;" but he rewarded us for our trouble in the end—yielding us forty barrels of good clear oil. By this time the few casks of fresh water procured at Valparaiso were nearly empty; so, as soon as we



"THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE."



"THE ISLAND GIRL."

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had stowed our oil we shaped our course for the Navigator Islands to obtain a fresh supply. Our vessel was the bark *St. Mary*, of New Bedford, commanded by Captain Buncle—a tall, raw-boned native of Sag Harbor, who could fling a lance to the distance of twenty fathoms without missing his aim. He was a thorough whaleman and sailor, equally cool and collected whether battling with the mighty leviathan of the deep or the shrieking typhoon; a large-hearted, genial man, too, well calculated to win the love and esteem of his officers and crew.

All hands were delighted with the prospect of a run ashore. The vast watery wilderness of ocean, unrelieved by a rock or even a floating blade of grass, must eventually fatigue the eyes of poor Jack, how deep soever may be his attachment to Old Neptune; and though his fancy may occasionally weave pictures of rocks, valleys, and even trees among the clouds in the horizon, yet these are not substantial enough to satisfy his longings for a sight of *terra firma*.

As our little bark stood bravely upon our shoreward course we spent our leisure hours in washing and "patching up" our well-worn garments, so as to look respectable when we should reach our island port—for a sailor likes to appear well, even in the eyes of a savage. A couple of clothes-lines forward, extending across and above the deck from the lee to the weather shrouds, now presented a spectacle which was both amusing and picturesque. Old blue jackets with great patches upon the elbows, trowsers of various sizes and colors, Guernsey frocks, woolen stockings, and clean but melancholy-looking shirts were there—all tossing about in the wind, with arms and legs kicking and striking at each other, as if they were quarreling because one garment stood a chance of getting dry before the other.

One morning, however, the cry of "Land O!" wafted simultaneously from our three mast-heads, put an end to our "washing and drying." We donned such of our garments as were fit to be worn, and hung up those that were wet in the fore-hold. Then leaning over the bulwarks, we gratefully inhaled the sweet fragrance of flowers and spices wafted from the groves of beautiful Samoa, the island we were approaching. As our little bark boomed onward through the curling waves our watchful gaze was soon rewarded with tall, sloping hills, covered with cloud-like masses of green verdure, slender cocoa-nut-trees lining a white, curving beach, and the huts of the natives, with the smoke ascending from them, seen through openings in the shrubbery of bread-fruit-trees and clambering vines.

We let go our anchor a quarter of a mile from the beach and shook hands with a number of natives who had come alongside in canoes loaded with yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruit, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco, articles of clothing, etc. After our sails were furled we were at leisure to trade with the islanders. From one of them—a gigantic fellow whose only garment was a piece of tappa (cloth) confined about the waist, and whose Herculean chest was scarred with many wounds received in battle—I obtained a hundred ripe yellow bananas for a small whistle, which I had carved from a whale's tooth. There was something touching in the simple, child-like pleasure evinced by the stalwart savage for such a mere trifle. His eyes sparkled, his whole countenance glowed with delight as he turned the little piece of ivory round and round between his thumb and forefinger. He examined it on all sides, then chuckled and commenced to dance about the deck, clapping his hands. Afterward I saw him striding to and fro along the lee gangway, blowing the whistle with all his might, and returning the envious gaze of his dusky brethren with glances of proud exultation. From this man my attention was at length drawn to a pretty, interesting little girl of seven or eight years, who was seated upon the knight-heads crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. She wore a long thin robe of faded tappa, confined just beneath the arm-pits, and around her forehead a pretty wreath of flowers, from beneath which her long black hair streamed in wavy masses. On her lap were several dozen mountain or *mamee apples*, strung together by means of a piece of twine formed of cocoa-nut husks.

"What ails you, my child?" I inquired, advancing and touching her on the shoulder; "why do you cry?"

She wiped her eyes as if comforted by my sympathy, and in broken English informed me that she had not yet succeeded in selling one of her apples. The crew, attracted by more palatable fruits, had paid no attention to her simple merchandise. She feared she would have to go back to her old mother, who had sent her to the ship in one of the canoes, without any cloth or tobacco; and this old mother, who, according to the child's description, was a perfect fury—would then beat her with sticks, and afterward shut her up in a dark hole in the mountain.

I immediately purchased the apples, giving her in exchange half a dozen heads of tobacco and a small silk scarf. The latter I fastened about her shoulders, told her that it made her look very pretty, and expressed the hope that her mother would not take it away from her. She clapped her hands and laughed with childish glee; then threw her arms about my neck, calling me her dear "feleng" (friend), and declaring in her half wild, half gentle manner, that she would never go back to her wicked mother, but would stay with me and let me be her father.

Before I could reply an angry screech, something like that of an owl, pierced my ear, and turning, I beheld an old, fierce-looking hag, whose gaunt figure was enveloped in a ragged piece of cotton cloth. She held in one hand a knotted, formidable-looking stick, and in the other a long wooden pipe. Her skin was of the hue of parchment, her forehead seemed to bear a hundred wrinkles, and the small black eyes beneath gleamed like those of a wasp from a shriveled apple.

"Hi! hi! hi! run from mother, eh?" she screamed, seizing my little companion by the shoulder. "Glad me come aboard—give much beat; beat so no walk for long time!"

And lifting the stick she would have carried out her threat, had I not prevented her. The tobacco which her little daughter now slipped into her hand elicited a screech of satisfaction, and grinning with delight, she thrust the stick into an old belt around her waist, and proceeded to fill her pipe. She had lighted it and begun to smoke when the mate came forward, ordering all the natives to leave the ship. My little girl was obliged to go with her mother. Her eyes filled with tears when she entered the canoe, and as it glided away from the vessel she looked back now and then, waving "farewells" to me with the pretty scarf. I stood watching her until the canoe with its occupants disappeared around a headland; and even then her large, melancholy eyes haunted my mind.

When our watch was sent ashore the next day with a raft of casks, I looked in vain for the child among the groups of natives about the banks of the lake from which we were to procure our water.

Children of both sexes were there, running hither and thither, or rolling over the green turf like tumble-bugs. Many were provided with long wooden spears, which they darted at the little fish gliding beneath the ripples near the beach. The girls were very pretty, but I was not impressed by either of them as I had been by the child with the mountain apples.

After we had obtained our water and stowed it I visited the island on several different occasions, but was still unable to find my little friend; and I felt a presentiment that I should never see her again.

One foggy morning about a week after my last ramble over the island we got up our anchors and stood out to sea. I had just taken my station at the helm when the cry of "Hard up—up with that wheel!" was shrieked by the mate, who stood upon the knight-heads, forward.

I raised the wheel quickly, but even as I did so I heard a snapping, crackling sound, followed by a plaintive wail that pierced my ears like a knife. The next moment the main yard was hauled aback and a boat was lowered—for the bark, I soon learned, had run over a canoe, containing a little girl. A melancholy suspicion flashed through my mind, and with breathless anxiety I awaited the return of the boat. It was not long absent. The crew had not found the occupant of the canoe, but had picked up fragments of the frail vessel, to one of which, caught by a projecting nail, hung the silk scarf which I had given to the island girl.

The poor child, leaving her wicked mother, had put off in the canoe before the vessel sailed, that she might intercept it and be taken aboard to join "her friend;" but the thick fog had prevented her from seeing the bark in time to escape her melancholy fate.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

"NICK, old fellow, tell me what's the row? There have I been thinking you sulky and all sorts of things; tell me—" and I got up and put my hand on his shoulder. "Poor old boy! what is it?"

"Oh! leave me alone. There's nothing the matter; only I'm a fool. Well, if you must know, read that! I shall be all right soon; only I got that this morning—read it! It's my own fault; I know I'm an ass!"

I took the letter he held out, and he twisted up his mouth and tried to whistle "I'm aflout;" but it was a failure, and he added, in a lower tone:

"One can't pull up a ten years' fancy of that sort, Jack, without shaking the soil a bit. Thank you for making me let the cat out; I'm all the better for it. Good-night!"

I was sorry—more sorry than I could say—for him. He was the oldest friend I had got. We had slept in the same chamber at Winchester, and had rowed in the same boats at Oxford, and I could not bear to see him so cut up. I could have done almost any thing for him, any thing—but—but wish him any other answer than the one I read by the fire-light now. It was this:

"MY DEAR BARNARD,—You must not think more of the subject mentioned in your letter. I do not speak offhand or unadvisedly; but I do speak decidedly, wishing to aid you in determining to turn your mind from a subject which (you must believe me) can only bring you pain.

"That you may be more satisfied of this, I inclose a letter from my daughter Minnie, who is much distressed at being obliged to give you pain.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"T. DARLEY."

I could not bring myself to read Minnie's letter, so I folded Mr. Darley's up again, and gave them both back.

"Poor old Nick! I'm very sorry for you. I hadn't a notion you really cared for her. Good-night, old boy!" and I squeezed his hand, feeling half a hypocrite all the time, and lay down to think till I fell asleep.

I think that any one who is rash enough to attempt to describe even an ordinarily pretty girl is sure to make a failure; so all I shall venture to say of Minnie Darley is, that she was slight and very pretty indeed. Possibly some critics might object that her lips were rather too thin. Perhaps, too, that her delicately-chiseled features were, at times, almost so colorless as to be almost more suggestive of marble than soft flesh and blood; but in a moment a blush or a smile could warm the beautiful statue into a charming English girl; and any one must have been something altogether less than honest who could watch her, flushed and animated, in the momentary pause in a valse or galop, without acknowledging that—artistically speaking at least—she was lovely.

I really was very sorry for my friend Nick, for I knew how I should have felt that letter. I had only known her six months; he, poor fellow! had loved her for ten years. It had been, according to his own account, his one idea since he was a boy at school, and he was inconsolable now, and seemed quite unable to rouse himself up to any thing. I had the greatest difficulty in stirring him up enough to start for Switzerland; and if it had not been for my mother and sister, whom I had promised to escort as far as Geneva, I am not at all sure that either of us would have left England at all. When we did start he was not a lively companion, and for the first whole day traveled with his hat resting on his nose, without speaking a word.

Fortunately our passage over the Channel was a very rough one, and Nick, who was never an over-good sailor, was compelled, against his will, for a time to turn his thoughts away to other more immediate troubles.

There is nothing, as every one knows, like time and change of scene to take the edge off any sorrow; and nothing, perhaps, helps their effects more than another sorrow intervening. His shocking seasickness was, as it were, an awful black chasm yawning between him and his rejection; and when we landed at Boulogne his spirits had risen in a way that surprised us all. We had lovely weather, luxuriant fruit, and amusing company. My mother and sister, who both liked him, and had heard his story, did all that kindness could suggest to cheer him up, and by the time we reached Geneva, after a leisurely journey, he was quite himself again, merry and uproarious, the life of the party; and his confidences to me had been dropped for at least a week.

We had arranged—at his suggestion, I believe—to go with the ladies of our party as far as Chavronix, a solitary châlet, standing in its own pine wood and vineyard, on an isolated marble rock, a little way up the mountains between Bex and Aigle to the west of the Rhone above the Lake. A steamer was starting very soon after our train arrived, so we made up our minds to go on by it the same night as far as Lausanne without making any stop at Geneva. There was not any time to spare, and Nick ran to inquire for letters, while I hurried the luggage on board as best I could. My mother and Nick settled down quietly on one of the benches on deck to digest their letters as the boat steamed out. Neither Fanny nor I had any to read; so we leaned together over the bows, and devoted our whole attention to the enjoyment of some grapes and a light fresh breeze which blew in our faces, and was exquisitely refreshing after the dust and heat of the train. A heavy shower had just blown over, leaving the sky behind it as blue and sparkling as the lake below, and the distant mountains and trees on either shore and the sunny lateen sails of the fishing-boats glistened in the "clear shining after the rain." We had not been very long in that delightful state of dreamy abstraction which the full appreciation of beautiful scenery at once requires and produces by an adapting power of its own, when Nick joined us and broke the silence with, "Jack, when you have quite done building castles up in the Alps over there, I have got something to talk to you about, if Miss Holmes will spare you for a few minutes."

"Very well, Mr. Barnard, you may have him for a little while, as you ask so prettily, but you must give him me back soon. He's very useful to tell me the names of the places. You must get me Murray first though; it's in mamma's bag there."

"I have got such a queer letter from my mother I can't think what she's driving at" (he had carried me off to the other end of the boat before he began to speak). "Just tell me what you make out of it." It was a short note, without any date, and written evidently in a great hurry. I read it through two or three times, and Nick lit a cigar and puffed away in silence:

"DEAREST NICK,—We are all in a great state of excitement, and can't think where to write to you; but I think it just possible that a line posted to-day may catch you at Geneva. So I write for the chance to say that you will find letters from Mr. Darley waiting for you at Chavronix, where you said in your last you expected to be soon. James has the gray mare saddled to take this into Heldon, so I have not a minute more to write. Well, dearest boy, you were in low spirits when you left England. Take care you do not allow yourself to be too much excited now. I suppose this news will shorten your trip.

"Bless you, my dear son,

"Your loving mother, E. B."

"Can Minnie have changed her mind?" he said, in a low tone—"no, surely not. It can't be."

"Can Minnie have changed her mind?" I had not thought of that. Yes, that's it: what else could it be? that must be it; and I tried to swallow the big lump in my throat, and said, "That's it—of course it is. Nick, you are a lucky fellow, and I congratulate you—though it costs me something to do it. Of course that's it."

I don't think he noticed the last part of my speech; but he snatched up the letter and read it through again. "No, surely, she never would. It's impossible."

I had worked myself up till I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Nick pitched his cigar over the side and watched it hiss into the water; then put his hand on my arm and said, with a coolness that seemed rather odd for a lover, and aggravated me intensely, "It's a rum go, and I don't know what to make of it. I want to ask you one thing; don't say a word about this to your mother or sister."

I left Nick and my sister chatting together, and went and sat down by myself in any thing but pleasant thought. Till that night at the pilot-house I had not been sure that I was really in love with Minnie Darley at all. It was only now, as I stared down into the foam of the paddle-wheel, now that all chance was past, that I was finding out how much I really cared for her. We were nearly at Ouchy. I opened my pocket-book and took out an envelope with a faded violet in it, and threw it overboard. "That's done. She is a flirt, like the rest of them," and I went to see the luggage taken out.

We slept that night at the Hôtel Gibbon, and, after an early walk through the wood to the Signal Hill, which commands one of the most extensive views of the Leman, started off again by boat, past Vevay, and Old Chillon, and the little island, to Ville Neuve, at the head of the lake, whence we took the train to Aigle.

We left our luggage at the station, and made a small boy in a blouse happy with the promise of fifty centimes to show us the way to the house, which had been hired for some years as a summer residence by a widowed cousin with two little girls. A pleasant walk of half a mile up a narrow road, fenced in by a crumbling stone-wall, half hidden in ferns, and overhung by walnut-trees, brought us to a grove of magnificent chestnuts, and through their huge twisted stems we soon caught sight of our friends coming to meet us.

On a table of soft moss close by some rough wooden seats we found some wine and fruit awaiting us, and sat there chatting and telling our adventures till it was time to go in. "There are some letters for some of you, Fanny dear, on the drawing-room chimney-piece," said MRS. GREY, when we had all met for tea; "I forgot them when we came in." Fanny was up in a moment, and danced back into the room with a disappointed "Not one for me; what a shame! 'Mrs. Holmes,' two for you, mamma, and 'N. Barnard, Esq.,' such a fat one for you, Mr. Barnard; I'm sure it must have got another one in it." Nick took it, blushed crimson, and put it in his pocket. It was from Mr. Darley.

Supper, as every thing else must, came to an end at last; but after supper there was a turn on the terrace, and, after that, something else, which kept us with the rest of the party, and it was not till we were alone in the little bedroom we were to share for the night that Nick could venture to open his letter.

I don't know which was most eager. I looked over with him and read:

"DRAYTON LODGE, *August* 10, 1865.

"MY DEAR NICHOLAS,—If you believed how painful it was to me to be obliged to send you the inclosure to my last letter, you will not, I am sure, doubt that it gives me the greatest pleasure to forward that which accompanies this. Second thoughts, they say, are best. I fancy you will not quarrel with the truth of the saying in your own case. I think you had better come here at once on your return. There will be several business matters to arrange, and I may probably, by then, be able to say what allowance I shall be able to let you have. You must be moderate in your expectations at first.

"I hope Mrs. Darley may be able to persuade your mother to meet you here. Wishing you all happiness,

"I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"T. DARLEY."

Nick stared at me. "Well, old boy, I congratulate you," I said, with a sickly voice, and the knob in my throat bigger than before; "I wish to goodness I could not; but I must—so I do."

Slowly once more he read through the letter, getting redder and redder every moment, till all of a sudden he threw it down into the middle of the room and burst out in a towering passion. "Second thoughts, indeed! and mayn't I have second thoughts too, I should like to know? A likely thing that I'm going to be kicked and then whistled for again, like a dog."

"Second thoughts, con—!" He stopped short and was quiet for a moment, and went on in a lower tone. "Jack, I've been an ass! The fact of the matter is, I don't care a snap for Minnie Darley; but I love your little sister Fanny a thousand times more than I can say. No, stop; don't say any thing yet, and don't go staring as if you had never read Romeo and Juliet, nor heard of such a person as Rosaline; but just listen quietly to me. I shall go right home to my chambers, and stick to the law night and day till I've doubled my dirty three hundred a year, and then I shall try my luck with Fanny. I've had two or three briefs this year, and I know I've got wits enough if I can only stick to it, and I will. I was thinking the whole matter over last night. I guessed you were right yesterday, so I sat up and wrote a letter to old Darley to tell him I was very sorry for his daughter and all that; but that I'm blowed if I'll have her. I didn't put it exactly like that, of course, but I was firm and civil, and I'll send the letter first thing to-morrow morning. I wonder when the post goes? Have you got any stamps, by-the-by?"

I never was so taken aback in my life, and had literally a difficulty in catching my breath. There was a vague feeling of relief with it all. Minnie MIGHT get over it, and who could tell what might not happen then? but the complications before us were appalling.

"Let me see HER letter." It was at my feet. I picked it up, tore it open, and looked for her signature, and read—

"Dear Sir,

"Your obedient servants,

"SMITH and SMITH."

I suppose I opened my eyes wider, if possible, than they were before, for, in a second, Nick had snatched the paper out of my hands. It was a lawyer's letter, announcing the sudden death of old General Barnard, soon after he had executed a will which revoked a former one, bequeathing his money to build and endow two monasteries and a convent, and left all his property to Nick on his attaining the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Darley was named executor and trustee, with full powers to do as he thought best with the estates till Nick should come into possession. A dozen times, at least, we must have read it through. Nick at last broke the silence. "*Jack, on second thoughts, I shan't send that letter to old Darley.*"

I seized hold of his hand and shook it so that his arm was stiff for three days after, and it was a mercy that he was not disfigured by having it permanently lengthened.

I have not much more to tell, and what there is is best told in few words.

Nick left us the next day but one, but before he went he caught Fanny (by accident, he says) alone on the gazebo.

What happened there I am sure I don't know; but I do know that when I met them coming back through the chestnuts, Fanny ran and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, and Nick paid me double at least for his stiff arm.

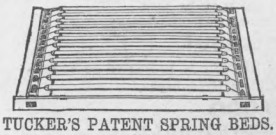
Both of them, no doubt, thought it very cruel of my mother to refuse point-blank to allow the wedding till Fanny was eighteen; but, perhaps, on the whole, it was as well, for Nick in the mean time turned twenty-five, and was able to accept an invitation to stand as Conservative candidate for Heldon. When the appointed day—Fanny's birthday—came, I was in full orders, and had rung myself in as rector of Barnard.

I am not a good hand at describing a wedding, and am grossly ignorant of the difference between tartatans and tulles; but Emma and Edith Grey were two of our bridesmaids, and as Nick and Fanny were going to the East, and did not want Chavronix for the honey-moon, Mrs. Grey lent it me.

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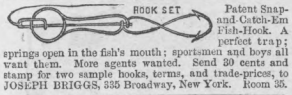
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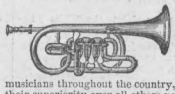
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS WARNER,

Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, young ones," said Mr. May, next morning at breakfast, "what of the lists? Are they made up?"

"Not finished, papa," said Clover.

"Papa," said Lily, "it's *terribly* hard work!"

Mr. May laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "And so you have all been bankrupt half a dozen times? Well, I have chosen three places for the gardens. My part of the work was easy."

"Oh! papa," said Lily, "whereabouts is mine?"

"Why, that is as you all agree," said Mr. May. "I promised to provide the places, but you must do the dividing yourselves. The first is down by the fence, just in front of the bow-window. The second lies close at the foot of the window itself."

"Papa," said Clover, "may the one who has the place by the fence let her flowers run on it?"

"The one by the fence may do what she likes with the fence, except pull it down. In like manner the one by the window may do any thing with that except break it. The third place lies down at the foot of the slope to the west; toward the side fence but not by it. This is rather the largest of the three."

"Oh, I should like to have the largest!" said Lily.

"Till the weeds come," said her father. "My dear, have you thought about the weeds?"

"Oh! I don't mean to let 'em come—so I needn't think about 'em," said Lily. "But Clover's the oldest, she ought to choose first."

"I don't care about choosing," said Clover, "I dare say I can make something of either place."

"Well, then, I shall take the large place down at the foot of the slope," said Lily. "I can't bear to be crowded."

"Now, Prim," said Clover, "you must choose next."

"By what rule of preference?" said Mr. May, who was watching the progress of affairs with a good deal of interest.

"She is the smallest, papa—it might make more difference to her."

"May I really choose?" said Primrose; "I don't think it's fair."

"Why yes it is, if I wish it," said Clover.

"Well, then," said Prim, with gleeful pleasure in her very tone, "*I* choose the place under the window. Because mamma can look at me when I'm at work; and I might be lonely down there by the fence."

"I am sure mamma will approve that arrangement," said Mr. May, as they left the table. "Clover," he said, softly, bending down with his arm round her, "are you quite content?"

"I? Oh yes, papa! I shouldn't enjoy any thing, you know, if Lily and Prim were not pleased. And besides, don't you think, papa," said Clover, drawing him off to the window, "that my fence will be an advantage, and give me nice facilities?"

Mr. May laughed; but there was great tenderness in his eyes as he stooped and kissed the honest, sensible little face, and went away.

"Yes," he said, "you'll find 'facilities' enough, and turn them all into felicities!"

Clover stood still, looking out at her fence.

"Oh, Sam!" said Lily, "will you dig our gardens this morning?"

"Certainly not," said Sam, without hesitation.

"Oh, why not? I thought you would do any thing!"

"I will not, chiefly because it is impossible," said Sam. "The ground is frozen as hard as a rock."

"Why, is it?" said Lily—"frozen? That's very strange."

"On the contrary, it is just what happens every year about this time."

"But when will it melt?" said Lily.

"Melt!" cried Jack; "the ground melt! Ha, ha! that's a good one!"

"Well, I don't see what you're laughing at," said Lily. "Other frozen things melt."

"Yes," said Sam, "other frozen things melt, but the ground *thaws*."

"And as soon as the ground thaws will you dig up our gardens, Sam?" said little Prim.

"If I live and am well, you may depend upon it. As soon as the ground will work, I will."

"What do you mean by the ground's working?" said Clover, turning round from the window.

"Why, just now it is frozen hard, you know; and when it first begins to thaw it is very wet—more like mud than earth; and it is impossible to dig it well and break up the lumps, and make it fine and smooth. Indeed you can hardly dig it at all. But when the water drains off a little, and the warm sun has shone upon it for a while, the earth gets dry and crumbly, and *then* it will work. So shall I. You'll find those three gardens dug when you first get up some morning, I've no doubt."

"How interesting it is!" said Clover.

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "please don't dig *my* garden when we're asleep, because I want to see you do it."

"Why, it's not much to see, is it?" said Lily. "Just dig it up, that's all, isn't it?"

"Just dig it up, just right," said Sam; "and put on just what is wanted, and make it just smooth afterward."

"What do you put on, Sam?" said Clover.

"Manure of some kind. I must ask papa what kind this soil needs."

"Is it hard to dig it just right?" said Primrose.

"I hope it won't be, after the frost is out," said her brother. "I'll do my best to get it in nice order for your plants and seeds."

"We haven't got any plants," said Lily, "we shall have only seeds. Except mamma's rose-bush."

"Oh!" said Sam, who was turning over the Catalogue, "you've taken care of that, have you?"

"Taken care of it?" said Lily; "why we haven't got money to buy plants."

"Plants come from seeds."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "how can we sow our seeds till we get the ground to sow 'em in?"

"It does sound difficult," said Sam. "Are these lists made out?"

"Mine is," said Lily.

"Mine isn't," said Primrose.

"I can finish mine very soon," said Clover, "now I know where my garden's to be."

"Let's look over yours first, then, Lily, if that is ready," said Sam.

"Oh, I'd like to have you, very much," said Lily. "I guess you'll think it's beautiful. You know papa told us to choose; but then each of us had such different reasons for choosing that I don't believe we've got one thing alike. You see I took (generally, I mean) the flowers with easy names—I got so bothered with names half a yard long. And Prim wanted all the sweet things; and Clover," said Lily, with a laugh, "wanted all the *useful* things. *Useful* flowers; it's such a funny idea!"

Sam looked comically down at his Catalogue.

"The three lists, then," he said, "may be divided into Sweet, Useful, and Easy-Useless."

"Well you may laugh," said Lily, "but you'll see what a grand list I've got, if it *is* easy-useless. I didn't want flowers that were *too* much trouble, Sam; and I'd rather have something that I can call snap-dragon at once, and not be always saying 'the tall, blue thing,' or 'the little pink thing,' because I can't remember its name."

"Very judicious and proper," said Sam, opening the Catalogue. "I conclude, then, that snap-dragon heads the Easy-Useless list."

"Yes, it does," said Lily; "this one down here; 'best and brightest varieties mixed.' That was the one Clover advised me to take."

"Useful advice at any rate," said Sam. "What comes next? Alonsoa warczewiczii?"

"No indeed," said Lily.

"This one, perhaps, then—amblyolepis setigera."

"I should think people would be ashamed to give flowers such names," said Lily. "Little innocent things that can't help themselves. No, this is the next—aster: the peony-flowered perfection, mixed colors. Then comes calendula—that's a sort of marigold you see—and then canna. That looks so beautiful that I had to take it. And the 'mixed varieties' are only five cents."

"That *sounds* useful," said Sam. "How about this great cockscomb?"

"I don't like the looks of it much," said Lily. "I sha'n't take it. But here's a pretty thing, Sam—this little dwarf convolvulus—convolvulus minor. You see convolvulus major is morning-glory, but I've taken the minor. Ten cents—and all sorts of colors. And one must have some little things, I suppose. Then now come the pinks—just *look* at them! I've taken one, and Primrose another, and Clover another."

"You could not have made a better choice," said Sam.

"Then I've got this hollyhock," said Lily—"'showy and double.' I hope you like that? And oh! Sam, what do you think about sunflowers?—just see, 'perfectly double,' and 'from five to eight feet high.'"

"I never saw one so tall," said Sam, waiving the more difficult question of his thoughts.

"Well, I'll see," said Lily; "I couldn't quite make up my mind. But flax—I *must* have that—'brilliant crimson,' and flowers all summer. I didn't know flax was so beautiful."

"This is not the common kind," said Sam.

"I wanted some pansies, but I couldn't have every thing," said Lily, turning over the leaves rather fast, as if to hide from her sight all the unattainable beauties; "and of course I couldn't give up these petunias. There—just look! But they are terribly expensive—twenty cents; and that just takes all the rest of my money! Now, Sam, what do you think? isn't it a good list?"

"Very good," said Sam, "and not difficult."

"There's all sorts of peas and



"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.]

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beans over here," said Lily; "but I thought they sounded common. And there's something else, beginning with a Z, that looks handsome; but the name's ugly. And one can't have every thing."

"Sam, where did you learn so much about flowers?" said Mrs. May from her table.

"At Thornbrake, mamma, while I was at school. Mr. Austin's place was close by, and I did a great deal of work and play too in his gardens."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

MAKING TREASON ODIOUS.

THE President has directed that RAPHAEL SEMMES, the late commander of the late *Alabama*, shall not, while he remains unpardoned, hold or exercise the function of Probate Judge, to which office he had just been elected in Mobile. This is an indication of caution and prudence which will be commended by every good citizen.

When Mr. JOHNSON became President he made many speeches to many deputations, and the refrain of every speech was that treason must be made odious. No sentiment he ever uttered was more approved. It was not because he was understood to mean that there must be universal vengeance. No sensible man wished that there should be a general hanging and confiscation and outlawry. No one who knew history and human nature imagined that the peace which had been won could be secured by a vindictive policy. Treason was to be made odious by honoring patriotism. The Government was to favor those who had been faithful to it during the long, dark day of rebellion. Such a policy was founded in common sense. It was intelligible to the dullest mind. Why, then, has it been so often disregarded?

We are not of those who say or believe that the President wishes to put the Government into the hands of its enemies. It is sheer folly to insist that he is anxious to welcome red-handed rebels into Congress. A man is not proved a villain because his views appear to be short-sighted and perilous. Some of the honestest men in the world have done the most mischief, but for all that they were not bad men. That the President should wish to see the Union restored to its normal condition during his Administration is most natural and laudable; nor is it necessary to suspect the motives of such a desire. We disagree, indeed, with many of his views, and the temper in which he often discusses public affairs in his popular speeches is most lamentable. His disposition to make assent to his theories the test of patriotic fidelity is, of course, simply preposterous, and any systematic attempt upon his part, which we do not anticipate, but which is clamorously urged upon him, to prostitute the vast patronage of office to the promotion of his own purposes, however honestly those purposes may be entertained, we trust will be Constitutionally opposed to the utmost. But we believe he heartily deplores the unpromising state of feeling in large portions of the late rebel section, and while he is inclined to attribute it to the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from that section, he probably entirely forgets how much of the unsatisfactory condition of the late insurgent States is due to departures from the policy of making treason odious.

When the Union men of those States who have suffered every kind of outrage, who have been fined, mobbed, imprisoned, and have seen their Union neighbors hunted and tortured and hung for their fidelity to the Government, see a man like General HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, a conspicuous, leading traitor hastily pardoned by the President that he may become Governor; when they see Mr. MONROE, of New Orleans, another chief traitor, pardoned that he may become Mayor; when they see members of the Cabinet deliberately annulling the law of the land in order to appoint late rebels to national offices, while the most noted and tried Union men in the insurgent States ask in vain for such recognition of their fidelity, how can such men help bitterly feeling the contemptuous scorn with which the triumphant rebels regard them? How can they help asking why they might not as well have been rebels? How can they help the conviction that the policy of the Executive is conciliation of rebels and not recognition of Union men, or avoid asking with intense incredulity whether this is the way in which treason is to be made odious?

On the other hand, what is more natural than that the late rebels who, as the President solemnly declared last year, were to be made odious, seeing exactly what the Union men see, should denounce Congress precisely as they used to denounce "the North," should heap every insulting superlative upon the most loyal men in the country, should vociferously declare their "rights," and begin vehemently to expound the Constitution which for four years they have trampled under foot? What is more natural than that these men whose treason, the President taught us, was to make them odious, should persecute with savage ferocity the most unfortunate and defenseless of all Union men in the South, the freedmen, attack their teachers and assassinate the officers of the Bureau, when they see that the Executive is plainly hostile to the Freedmen's Bureau, is reluctant to secure their civil rights, and fiercely denounces as traitors their especial friends? What is more natural than that these men who were to be made odious should make it odious to have been a Union man, and as Mr. BOTTS says in Virginia, should "assume a superiority over the loyal men of this State, impudent, defiant, and determined to ostracize, decapitate, and put the brand of infamy upon loyal men, and by legislation to render treason commendable and loyalty a crime." What wonder that the late rebel Mayor of Mobile, at a banquet of rebels, toasts together ANDREW JOHNSON and JEFFERSON DAVIS, while JOHN MINOR BOTTS, whose fidelity to the Union will not be questioned, declares that he has abandoned President JOHNSON'S plan?

What is the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs? A year ago, amidst the total ruin of the rebellion and exhaustion of the rebel section, and with the hearty sympathy and support of every loyal man in the land, Mr. JOHNSON became President, declaring, while all the people said Amen, that treason must be made odious. Now, when a year has passed, it is loyalty that is odious and dangerous in the disaffected section, and the vast body of loyal citizens gaze at the President in wonder. Is this situation to be explained by the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from unorganized States, or by the fact that the Executive has not succeeded in making treason odious in those States?

If from the moment he became President Mr. JOHNSON, while he reasonably pardoned and amnestied the late rebels, had strenuously supported in every way the constant Union men of the rebel States, if he had shown the most unflinching determination that every right of the freedmen should be respected, and had every where manifested the success of the Government by its official preference of those who had defended it and believed in it under terrible trials, then, whatever his differences with Congress upon questions of method might have been, his policy would have been as approved and resistless as that of Mr. LINCOLN. As it is, the Union men of the Southern States are either silenced as before and during the war, or else with Mr. BOTTS they mean to try for their rights independently of the President.

The sad and stringent testimony of Mr. BOTTS and of Ex-Governor HOLDEN of North Carolina, neither of them "Radicals," supported by the constant evidence of private letters and of the frankest statements of Southern Union men, that should the military force be withdrawn they could not continue to live at home—the incessant assaults upon the freedmen's schools and teachers—the testimony of General GRANT and of General SHERIDAN that a military force must be retained for a long time yet in the late disaffected States—the ferocity of the late rebel press, and the undoubted fact, as Governor HOLDEN says, that "the true Unionists are dejected, cowed, proscribed, under the ban socially, pecuniarily, and politically," should certainly induce the President to consider whether there may not be some better explanation of the situation than the radicalism of Congress. A little radicalism is perhaps natural and even pardonable under the circumstances. And we have no doubt that if the Executive should unswervingly insist upon making treason odious, not by hanging or imprisoning or confiscating, nor by treating every man who was in arms as if he were a murderer, but by that firm preference of tried fidelity which is perfectly intelligible and practicable, the morbid truculence of tone in the late rebel section would abate, the painful and prolonged rupture in the great Union party would begin to heal, and the prospect of a truly "restored Union" would become much more promising.

EQUALIZING REPRESENTATION.

AT a late political meeting in Philadelphia Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have declared that he was opposed to any amendment of the Constitution at this time. The importance of any opinion of Mr. COWAN'S is due entirely to the public impression that he speaks for the President. But that he does so upon this subject we can not believe. For can it be seriously supposed, even by Senator COWAN, that the loyal people of this country intend that the late rebel States shall have gained political power by their rebellion? Are the States which conspired against the Union not only to have caused the countless sacrifices of life, the enormous debt of the country, and the universal derangement of all commercial and social relations, but also to have increased their weight in the National Government? Yet such will be the result if no amendment is made to the Constitution equalizing representation.

Mr. OWEN, in his admirable letter, shows that in the eleven States lately in insurrection the population is in the proportion of three-fifths white to two-fifths colored. If the three-fifths, to which belongs the dangerous element in those States, exclude the two-fifths from voting, and the Constitution remains unchanged, *every three white voters* in those States will have as much political power in Congress and in all Presidential elections as *every five white voters* in the other States. Is it for this result that Shiloh was fought and the fiery battles of the Wilderness? Is it for this that SHERMAN marched to the sea, that our brothers were tortured to idiocy and death at Andersonville and Belle Isle, and that untold thousands of them are buried in unknown graves? Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS tells us that the opinions of those who led the rebellion are unchanged. Do we, then, propose to give them an unjust advantage in the political arena to which the debate is now adjourned? Senator COWAN says yes. We trust he may live long enough to hear the loyal country, the citizens who have been the soldiers and sailors, and their brethren and friends, answer the question.

The eleven late insurrectionary States are entitled under the present apportionment, reckoning the whole population white and colored as the basis, to *fifty-eight* representatives; under a purely white basis they would be entitled to *forty-two*. Even then they would have an unchanged representation in the Senate, and consequently in a Presidential election the white voters of those States would have an advantage over the white voters of the other States. This should be remedied by the election of President directly by the people.

The question is simple. Shall we, by leaving the Constitution unamended upon this point, say to the chief insurrectionary States that so long as their white population which supported the rebellion chooses to disfranchise the colored population which was loyal, every white voter shall have twice or twice and a third as much political power in the Government as the white voter of the States that did not rebel? This is the question which should be put to the country unembarrassed by any other proposition. This is the amendment suggested by the Committee of Congress, which we hope will be freed from the four years' disfranchisement of those who adhered to the rebellion and then offered to the Legislatures of the States. The result, we imagine, will teach Senator COWAN that a victorious people can be magnanimous without folly, and conciliatory without forgetting common sense and justice.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

THE next step in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reform bill, it appears, is the redistribution of seats—or, as we call it, the reapportionment of representation. The disproportion between the representation and the population in different parts of the British islands has always been extraordinary. It has arisen from the ancient borough and county rights and privileges which it was the object of the "Municipal Reform" bill of the year 1835 to regulate. Parliament is composed of members elected by counties, by boroughs, by a certain number of cities, and by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Upon certain towns and boroughs the right of voting was anciently conferred by the gracious will of the King; but in a town where there was a corporation it was that, and not the people, which was represented.

In 1790 the city of London had 500,000 inhabitants and four representatives; while the county of Cornwall, with a population of 175,000, had 44 representatives. In the same year 375 voters, scattered among 30 boroughs, sent 60 members to Parliament. The member for Tiverton was chosen by 14 voters; the member for Tavistock by 10. The borough of Old Sarum is historical. Old Sarum is the synonym of a rotten borough. This was a deserted spot of half a dozen old houses and a dozen inhabitants, and was entitled to two representatives, who were generally nominated either by the steward or butler of the proprietor of the place. LOUIS BLANC tells us also of another borough which was under water, but which continued to be represented. The proprietor of the sea-shore stepped into a boat with three others, and the election took place at sea. But in the debates of 1831 the Lord Advocate mentioned a case where the constituency was composed, in addition to the sheriff and the registering officer, of one person—who met, called himself to order, took the chair, nominated himself, seconded the nomination, voted for himself, and declared himself unanimously elected.

In Middlesex, in 1844, it appeared that the voters were 1 in 115, in Lancashire 1 in 80, and in West Surrey 1 in 26. Tavistock, which in 1790 sent one member for 10 voters, now elects two members by 433 voters. Honiton has 283 electors and two members; Totnes 250 and two members; Thetford 217 and two members. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is one of the most active and forcible opponents of the GLADSTONE Reform bill. He represents Calne, and is elected by 175 voters, a majority of whom, or 88 voters, would counterbalance the votes of 11,396 electors in the northern division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. LAWSON, Attorney-General for Ireland, represents a constituency of 86 electors. His seat would be secured by 44 votes, and his vote is of course equal in the House to that of either of the members for Cork, whose constituency numbers 15,572.

These extraordinary inequalities are natural in a system of government of classes and not of the people; and they explain much of the condition of England. The perception of the inadequacy and injustice of the representation brought the country into plain view of civil war in 1831 and '2; but such is the political progress even in England, that the year 1867 will probably see a man who believes in universal intelligent suffrage Prime Minister.

NATIONAL BANK SCANDALS.

THE pending investigation of the affairs of the Merchants' National Bank at Washington reveals facts which, though scandalous enough to shock any outside observer, were not unexpected by those who have made themselves familiar with the working of the National Bank system. It not only appears that the heaviest deposits of public money in the Washington bank were made after its insolvency was established, but it further appears that a considerable portion of that very money was used in stock operations in Wall Street. In other words, stock speculators got control of the bank, used its money in Wall Street and lost it, and, to make good their losses, contrived to induce Government agents (it is needless to mention names) to give them more money to speculate still further. It is the old story of JENKINS or KETCHUM.

The scandal might pass over and be forgotten in the usual nine days were the Merchants' National Bank a solitary specimen of its kind. But it is only one of two or three score institutions which have been fattening on the public money. Over twenty-four millions of public money were, at the date of the last Treasury return, deposited for safe-keeping in National Banks. The amount must now be reduced to less than twenty-three millions and a half by the failure of the Merchants' Bank. All this money is left with the National Banks free of interest; though, simultaneously, the Treasury Department is paying 4 and 5 per cent. interest on $130,000,000 of temporary deposits which it does not need. A smart financier can thus make money very easily. All that is requisite is to get his bank appointed a Government depository, which is readily done. A little further exertion secures him a deposit of half a million. If he does not choose to take trouble or to run risks, he takes this money to the Sub-Treasury in New York or Philadelphia, and lends it to Government at 4 per cent. Thus our obliging Secretary actually pays 4 per cent. interest for the use of his own money, and our smart National Banker makes $20,000 a year without risk or labor. This may be very grand in theory, but in practice it strikes us that financiering of this order is not the way to restore a sound currency or to promote economy.

There are points of view in which the National Bank system commands approval. It is an improvement on the old State system, which involved such wide variations in the values of the currencies of different States, and opened the door for so many frauds. No one would now desire to abolish it, and go back to the old plan. In the main it is a success. But it can not be denied that the system, as at present administered, is susceptible of improvement. The public will not much longer pay taxes at the rate of $16 5o per head for the purpose of enabling National Banks to realize 12 per cent. on their capital—as they do by drawing 6 per cent on the bonds deposited with the Controller of the currency, and 6 more by using the currency issued to them on the deposit of said bonds. Sooner or later, Congress will tax the bonds deposited at a rate which will absorb the bulk of the interest they bear; and no sound objection will be urged against the measure. Nor is there any justification for the deposit of public moneys in National Banks when the Government has Sub-Treasuries and national depositories in which its moneys can be safely kept. Apart from the risk which such money runs—quite needlessly, there is something demoralizing in placing at the gratuitous disposal of speculative bankers large sums of money which may not be called for in months, and by the use of which, with good luck, fortunes may be realized.

It is notorious in Wall Street that the bulk of the "fancy stocks," which have been lately inflated in that meridian, are "carried" with money loaned by National Banks—in good part, doubtless, money really owned by the Government. The money of the Merchant's National Bank at Washington was lost, it is said, in Chicago and North Western, and one or two fancy coal stocks. It had previously been used to corner Michigan Southern—so 'tis said. Who can say how the other $23,5oo,ooo of Government money in the National Banks is being employed? Is this the money which is inflating Canton, and Quicksilver, and Mariposa, and Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne, and the other lively "fancies" of the street? Or is it em-

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ployed in carrying gold—with a view to put up the premium and depreciate the national currency? If Mr. M'CULLOCH is willing to lend his own money to National Banks without interest, while at the same time he borrows money of the same banks at four per cent., there would be no inconsistency in his selling gold to keep down the premium, and at the same time furnishing buyers of gold with currency (free of interest) to carry the precious metal and so defeat his object.

History incessantly repeats itself. Thirty-two or three years ago Government deposited its money with State banks, which used it to foster speculation, and the result was the crash of 1837 and heavy losses of Government money. We seem to be treading in the old path. If Government continues to employ the National Banks as depositories of the public money, in disregard of the established Sub-Treasuries, the amount in the keeping of these institutions will soon swell from $23,500,000 to double that amount. The Sub-Treasurers have no interest in increasing their deposits; the National Banks have every reason to desire theirs increased. And at Washington the latter appear to have more friends than the former. Mr. M'CULLOCH is understood to have interfered with the War Department last week to prevent the summary withdrawal of paymasters' funds from the National Banks; and the Controller of the Currency has written a letter to say that in his opinion National Bank notes are quite as good as greenbacks. If Congress does not interfere, this sort of thing points very clearly to increased deposits in the National Banks, a vast speculation based on such deposits, and another 1837 within a year or two. It is for Congress and the tax-payers to say whether this risk shall be incurred.

THE LATE RIOT AT MEMPHIS.

A PRIVATE letter to us from Memphis, written just before the late riot by a careful and impartial observer who is the reverse of a "Radical," is an interesting revelation of the state of society in that city, and explains the late shameful scenes there. Our correspondent is speaking of the Freedmen's Bureau, and says:

"The Provost Marshal of the Bureau attends every morning at the station-house to watch cases in which the colored men are concerned. This is quite necessary, the civil authorities of the city being mostly Irish, and horribly vindictive to the negro. Two or three cases of their gross misconduct came under my notice. The Mayor is a full-blooded Irishman, and the only justices I saw are of the same nationality. Brutal misrule and all kinds of misdeeds are common.

"In Memphis one of the ordinances is, that a stranger not a store-keeper can only sell through the agency of commissioners appointed for that purpose. The police are constantly on the watch for infringements of this ordinance. Now upon the steamer *Louisville*, a boat I traveled on, there was a large number of boxes full of poultry going to New Orleans. A well-dressed man coming on board and addressing a colored porter, asked if they were for sale; he was told that the man who owned them was in at dinner. Without further words he carried off the porter to prison. When the man was missed, and the captain learned what had become of him, he sent another colored man to the station with a message that it was altogether a mistake. This man was likewise detained in durance vile. The clerk of the boat went next, but without satisfaction. So the captain went up, and was told that his men were to be held for trial for breaking a city ordinance. He asked that the court sit and decide the matter. This was at once refused. He next demanded to see the law. The Irish judge pulled out a dog's-eared old order-book, and pointing to a page, remarked, 'There, damn it, is a copy of the law.' The captain would not leave his men, and even offered his boat as security for their appearance, without avail. He then bethought him of the Bureau, through which the men were released, the captain leaving fifty dollars with the officer as a bond to produce the men if wanted at a future time. The court was now in session; nor was the informer rebuked for rising and saying 'he would be damned if he was going to lose his three dollars.' Under such laws about a hundred negroes are at present held."

It is not surprising that in such a city upon the slightest pretense the police force and the rabble should engage in a bloody hunt of this unhappy class of the population. We gave last week the details of the sad scenes of the first days of May. The animus of this terrible riot is evident. It was that hatred of the colored race which is made more malignant in the late Slave States by the fact of its unswerving loyalty during the war. That the drunken colored soldiers were quarrelsome and noisy and sullen as drunken white soldiers are under similar circumstances is undoubtedly true. But no conduct of white soldiers would have occasioned so prolonged and murderous a persecution. The Memphis *Avalanche*, which was a furious advocate of the rebellion, and is now of course an equally furious opponent of "the Radicals," gravely states that in this wanton massacre of negroes and burning of their houses "Radical fiendishness was indulging a partial satisfaction." In precisely the same spirit when the foreign rabble of New York hung and shot and burned the inoffensive negroes in the summer of 1863, the New York *World*, and other papers in sympathy with the rebellion, spoke of the loathsome crimes of a mad mob as a movement of "the people."

Both these shameful riots sprang from the inhuman prejudice against the colored population which is carefully fostered and inflamed by the Democratic party. We appeal to any intelligent man whether it is a fact that that population is generally or notoriously lawless or criminal or malignant. We appeal to our history to declare whether for the last eighty years they have been more sinning or sinned against in this country. And we appeal to Yankee common-sense to decide whether a party whose sole policy is contemptuous injustice toward a seventh part of the population is not a party radically dangerous to the peace and welfare of the country.

General STONEMAN'S letters upon the riots to the people of Memphis are manly and decided. They show that the peace will now be maintained if he has force sufficient. General FISK, of the Freedmen's Bureau, and a Committee of Congress are engaged in investigating the circumstances of the disturbance. Those who ask why this is done by Congress forget that Memphis is still under the National care.

A SIGN IN VIRGINIA.

THE Virginia Union Convention is one of the most cheerful signs of the times. It is an indication of the self-respect and confidence of the large number at the South, who although compelled to silence during the war still nourished the true faith. For a year they have been as silent as before, apparently waiting to see the salvation of the victory which their cause had won. But at last they begin to see that they must save themselves, and Mr. CLEMENTS, of Portsmouth, touched the mainspring of their final success when he said that "the true policy of the Union men in the South should be to avail themselves of the negro element." This is indeed obvious, when we consider that the colored population compose a solid body of the stanchest Unionists. We confess, however, that we had not expected this inevitable and decisive position to be so soon taken, and the fact that it has been is proof of the earnestness of those who plant themselves upon it. We call it inevitable, because with the vast moral support given to impartial suffrage by the most intelligent class of citizens in the country, and its sure final triumph, it was impossible that, as political differences began to express themselves again in the rebel States, this immense resource of strength should be disregarded.

It is a significant fact that no political Convention has declared itself for impartial suffrage more plainly and forcibly than the late assemblage at Alexandria. It was in that city that the first advance of the United States was made against the external lines of the late rebellion, and it is there that the first blow of a Southern State is given to the vital spirit of the rebellion. When the platform of this Convention becomes the policy of the late rebel States the cornerstone of an enduring peace will be laid.

The Convention organized the Union Republican party of Virginia, and took measures for the appointment of State and county committees. The platform declares for impartial qualified suffrage as a requisite of a republican form of government, and as a means of harmonizing the policy of the President and of Congress. It holds that any considerable portion of the people which is denied a voice in the elections will be denied just protection for person and property; that no reconstruction is sure which does not provide against the assertion of the doctrine of secession; that treason should be made odious; that it is the evident intention of the late rebels to try to secure by votes what they could not obtain by bayonets; that intelligence is essential to a truly safe popular government, and that universal education should therefore be secured by a system of free schools; and, finally, the Convention appointed a committee to wait upon the President and Congress and solicit their sympathy and their approval of its action.

Here, then, is a movement to which the most captious can not object. The most fanatical devotee of State rights can not carp at the peaceful and lawful action of a body of unquestionably loyal citizens; and the most ardent believer in the right of the nation to secure the Union by any just political condition may well prefer to see that result attained by spontaneous local action. This Convention is but another illustration of the vital character of the question of equal suffrage. It will be agitated every where in the country until it triumphs, and until it does triumph we shall be subject to the gravest political excitements.

RELATION OF EXERCISE TO HEALTH.

THE necessity of exercise for the maintenance of health is a very hackneyed theme, and yet few really understand *how* it promotes health, and some even of those who have written about it would be puzzled in trying to furnish an explanation. With this want of clear ideas of the real nature of the subject, there are consequently many errors afloat which are practically injurious. Hence the necessity for looking at the matter more carefully than is commonly done.

What effects do exercise actually produce in the system? Its most palpable effect is increased activity in the circulation—the heart beats faster and stronger, pumping the blood more rapidly into the arteries; and the capillaries, the minute extreme vessels, are every where fuller of blood than usual, which is shown externally to the eye in the reddening of the skin. The lungs are crowded with blood, and hence the breathing is rapid to provide sufficient air to aerate the surplus blood passing through. With the reddened face there is a reddened brain, for the strongly-pumping heart forces more blood than usual upward into this organ. And so of other organs.

What comes of all this? What should come from increasing the supply of building-material and from stimulated action? Good development, building after a full pattern, and strong building. It is not, observe, mere bulk that you get—that may come from mere relaxation, with a plentiful supply of material. The structure is firm as well as large.

You see this result in the muscles themselves. Look at the bulging muscles of iron strength in the arm of the blacksmith, in contrast with the muscles in the arm of a sedentary man. So also the sailor has the muscles of the arms more developed than those of the lower extremities, because he uses them so much more; while, on the contrary, the muscles of the lower limbs of the dancer and the athletic runner are extraordinarily developed.

But while the enlarging and strengthening effect of exercise is manifested most decidedly in the muscles, it is, as you have seen from what we have already said, by no means confined to them. There is not an organ of the body that is not affected. This is recognized generally in relation to the stomach, for it is commonly said that exercise increases the power of digestion. But it is equally true of the lungs. Let them be untrammeled by pressure, and the exercise that makes the blood course through their minute vessels, distending them fully, will enlarge and strengthen these organs. So, too, the brain can do its work better if the blood be every now and then vigorously pumped into it; so that the thinker in taking exercise is not merely resting his brain, and strengthening his system at large, but he is directly storing up power in the brain itself.

We have thus far spoken of growth or building; but after the full development is reached exercise is needed to keep up the good condition. If it be omitted there will be either shrinkage or bulk without vigor. We are accustomed to think of adults as being fully developed; but there are glaring facts which prove that many of them are far from it—either they have never been well developed, or if they have, there has been a decided loss from long intermission of the requisite exercise. We refer to the measurements that show such large increase of bulk, especially in the capacity of the chest, after a course of gymnastic exercises.

But there is something beyond mere development in the results of exercise. The nervous power, or vital force, or whatever it may be called, has for one of its natural stimuli or excitants arterial blood, and therefore the better this and the more briskly it circulates the greater will be the general activity of the various organs.

Another thing still is to be taken into the account. It is the effect on the skin. We do not refer here to the firmness that exercise gives to this organ in common with the other organs of the body, as seen in the contrast between the thick and elastic skin of the active and the thin and flabby skin of the sedentary. We especially refer to the important functions which this very extensive organ performs. One of these is excretion. In the insensible perspiration—the breathing of the skin, as we may call it—though so silently done, there passes off constantly much of the refuse of the system. For the purpose of effecting this there is a vast system of tubes in the skin. Mr. E. Wilson, with the aid of a microscope, counted 3528 tubes in a square inch on the palm of the hand. By his estimate there are in the whole skin about 7,000,000 of these tubes, and the total amount of tubing is 48,600 yards, or 28 miles. Now, these tubes, like all other tubes, need an occasional washing out to remove obstructions, and this can only be done by the free, sensible perspiration produced by brisk exercise. Outside bathing will not alone accomplish this—it may remove obstructions from the outlets of the tubes, but can not clear the tubes themselves. This must be done by water forced through them from the inside—that is, by the flow of the perspiration. It need hardly be said that if these tubes are not kept clear, the refuse which should pass through them, retained in the system, will surely impair the health and produce positive disease.

You see from what we have said that gentle exercise alone can not answer the purposes alluded to. There must be mingled with it strong exertion—such as will make the heart pump the blood forcibly into all the organs, and will cause a good flow of the perspiration. The very graceful and proper walk of the formal processions so commonly seen issuing from boarding-schools does but little good. Scanty development and debility are the certain results of such shortcomings in the obedience of nature's laws.

The limits of exercise, and the relative values of its various forms and modes, will be considered hereafter.

"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."

THE charming picture on our first page is reproduced from a painting by J. G. BROWN, of this city. The painting is one of those pleasant works of art which have given Mr. BROWN a well-deserved popularity. We have placed this engraving in immediate juxtaposition with Miss WARNER'S beautiful story of "The Three Little Spades," because there seemed to be a peculiar fitness in setting "The Little Queen of the Woods" in the midst of a chapter about flowers.

LITERARY.

THE first volume of LOSSING'S "Pictorial History of the Civil War," published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, is now ready. It is a large and handsome volume of 600 pages, copiously illustrated, and it tells with unflagging interest and fidelity the story of the rebellion from the meeting of the Charleston Convention in 1860 to the disastrous battle of Bull Run. It is written in a lucid and animated style, warmed with the most earnest, patriotic feeling. In the author's judgment the rebellion was a crime against the country, against liberty and civilization; but his fervid condemnation of the leaders in the dark conspiracy does not confuse his faculty as a faithful chronicler. Mr. LOSSING'S familiarity with the country and with our history acquired in the preparation of his "Pictorial History of the Revolution," and of the War of 1812, and his practiced skill as a writer and designer, have been of great value to him in compiling this history. He is now visiting every point of interest during the war; and when his journey is completed he will have traveled about twenty thousand miles for the purposes of his work, which will be completed in three volumes. The author's candor and sincerity, his careful and extensive research, and his untiring industry and patience give a peculiar charm to his Chronicle of the War.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 15:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a bill to reduce the rate of interest on the national debt, and for funding the same. The joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the United States was then taken up, and, after receiving some amendments, was passed. A message was received from the President, returning, without his signature, the bill for the admission of Colorado.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were concurred in.—The bill on the organization of the Territories was passed by a vote of 79 to 43. The ninth section prohibits the denial of suffrage to citizens because of race or color.

May 17:

In the Senate, the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.—The West Point Academy bill was then considered, and an amendment adopted prohibiting the appointment either to West Point or the Naval Academy of any persons who have served in the rebel army or navy. The bill was passed.

May 18:

In the House, a resolution was adopted, without debate, declaring Mr. Delano entitled to his seat as Representative from the Thirteenth District of Ohio.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 21 a fire broke out in a restaurant connected with the Academy of Music, and that edifice was soon laid in ruins. The New York University Medical College was destroyed. The fire extended into Fifteenth Street and across Third Avenue. The loss is estimated by millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

EX-Governor John Letcher, of Virginia, in a recent letter, states that he has taken no part in politics, and has not cast a political vote since 1861. He says that he is pecuniarily ruined, and is compelled to pursue his profession. He says in conclusion: "The only service I can render is to give the country the benefit of my example, in showing a proper respect for the laws of the land, and a practical obedience thereto."

Captain Ap Catesby Jones, who left the United States Navy for that of the rebels, and commanded the ironclad *Virginia*, has been appointed Chief of Ordnance of the Peruvian Navy.

The farmers in Upper Georgia and North Alabama are plowing up their cotton crops and planting corn instead. Not more than one-fourth of the crop can be counted on in those regions.

MR. FERRY has been nominated United States Senator from Connecticut to take the place of Vice-President Foster.

The testimony taken by the Reconstruction Committee is in print. It makes a volume of 768 pages of document size.

On the 15th of July, 1865, the date on which the last organization of colored troops was mustered in there were in the service of the United States 120 regiments of infantry, 12 of heavy artillery, 10 companies of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry—in all as follows:

Infantry	98,938
Heavy Artillery	15,662
Light Artillery	1,811
Cavalry	7,245
Total	123,156

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE financial panic in England was increasing. Failures have occurred involving eighteen millions of pounds sterling. Among the houses closed is that of Sir Morton Peto. The Bank of England Charter Act has been suspended, and interest has advanced to the rate of 10 per cent.

The news from Germany exhibits no improvement. Count Bismarck threatens Saxony with ulterior measures unless she at once disarms. Saxony, on the other hand, justifies her military preparations on the ground that she may be called upon by the Federal Diet to provide a contingent. It is stated that Prussia has lost no time in answering the Austrian note of the 26th ult., and that she insists upon regarding the movement of Austria in the direction of Italy as a menace. Just as an arrangement appeared to have been come to for the simultaneous demobilization of the armaments of Austria and Prussia the latter power objects to the Austrian preparations in Venetia and on the frontiers against an attack from Italy. The Italian Government also objects to the Austrian armaments, and denies that Italy had increased her armaments. Austria maintains that Italy is arming; but she promises not to take the offensive against Italy, and that, so soon as she shall receive an official declaration that Italy does not meditate an offensive movement against her, she will immediately restore her army in Venetia to a peace footing. The Italian Government has obtained the unanimous assent of the Chamber of Deputies for placing the army on a war footing, and for providing by royal decrees and by extraordinary measures the financial means necessary for the defense of the country.

Austria has an army of 435,700 men, Prussia one of 367,840 men. At the latest advices Prussia had massed her entire army on the frontier, Austria had called out "every soldier." Italy was most energetic in her war preparations, Bavaria had mobilized her army, Turkey was about to take the same step, and Russia was reported as moving a portion of her forces. An attempt had been made to assassinate Count Bismarck in Berlin.

On the 2d of May the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Nuñez, on its way to bombard the city of Callao, Peru, was badly beaten by the shore batteries in the harbor, the vessels shattered, and Nuñez himself wounded. The *Villa de Madrid* and *Berenguela* were so badly damaged early in the fight that they were obliged to withdraw to San Lorenzo, and they were afterward followed by the *Numancia* and the rest of the fleet, more or less damaged. The fight lasted five hours. Sixty Peruvians are reported killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. Senor Galvez, the Secretary of War, was killed. The loss of the Spaniards is not known; but it is supposed to have been heavy.

The fortunate peasant, now a noble, who saved the life of the CZAR is, next to his illustrious master, the most important personage in Russia. His title will not be a portionless one, for in St. Petersburg alone the public subscription in his behalf already amounts to £25,000, and, further to fit him for his new position, the Emperor has requested General Todleben to superintend his education.

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THE FIRE IN SALEM

WE give on this page an illustration of the recent fire in Salem, in which Lynde block and building in its rear were destroyed. The fire broke out on the night of May 14, in a shed in the rear of the East India Marine Hall building. The locality was one extremely difficult to operate in, and the flames were much advanced when the steamers and engines were brought to bear upon them.

In a short time the stable and Gymnasium building were enveloped in flames, the fire creeping through the roof immediately, and defying the thorough drenching of water which fell upon the outside, but which was unable to penetrate to where it was most needed. The roof finally fell in with a crash.

The East India Marine Hall building was at one time in great danger, the eastern coving being on fire its entire length, and the flames penetrating the roof. A pipe was finally put into the building, which was thus saved from destruction. As it was, the building was considerably damaged by water, though the celebrated collection of curiosities was saved without much injury, though with considerable displacement.

The whole of Lynde block was soon in flames, commencing at the southern end. The total loss of property can not be less than from $75,000 to $100,000.—The wooden buildings were not of great value. The Lynde block and the brick block on Liberty Street were the most valuable of the buildings destroyed.



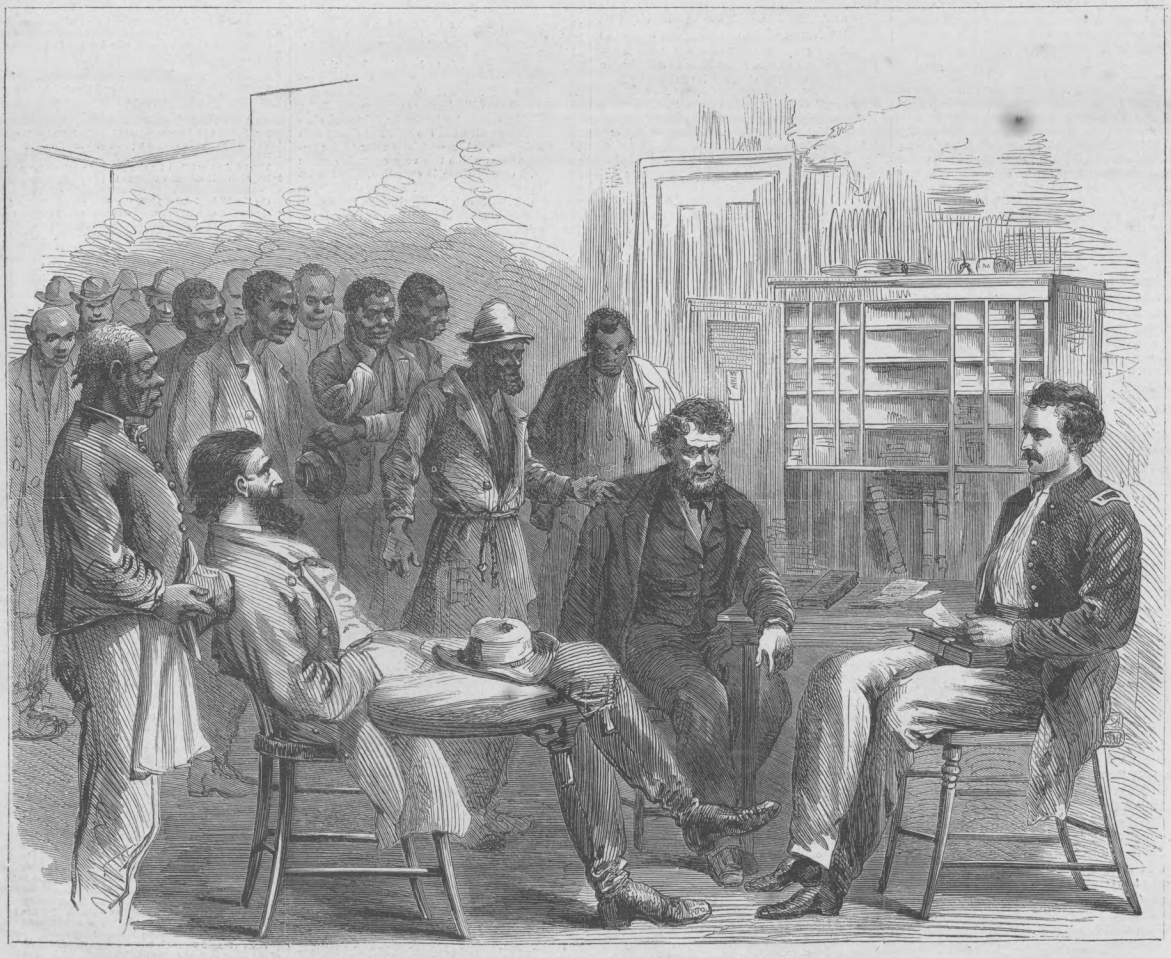
THE FIRE AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—DESTRUCTION OF LYNDE BLOCK.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

RECEPTION OF THE FENIAN CHIEF.

ON the 15th of May Mr. JAMES STEPHENS, the Fenian Chief, was honored by his brave brethren with a grand reception at Jones's Wood. There was a crushing turn-out, and notwithstanding that admission-tickets cost fifty cents ahead, there was an immense audience gathered together to hear what the old veteran from across the sea had to say for himself and—for them. About fifteen thousand Fenians are supposed to have been present:

"At half past one," says the *Herald*, "the carriage which had been sent down to the Metropolitan for the Central Organizer appeared before the main gate to the wood, bearing its illustrious freight. The several bands, which had been duped many times during the morning by the appearance of swift-moving barouches, struck up 'Hail to the Chief' with commendable vigor. Mr. STEPHENS was driven rapidly down the Mall to headquarters between long lines of shouting and cheering Fenians, male and female, young and old, lifting his hat often from his bald head and bowing his pale face to the delighted multitude."

We have not space to give Mr. STEPHENS's ad-



OFFICE OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

[SEE PAGE 336.]

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dress in full. He began with the history of his own connection with the Fenian cause:

"Toward the close of December, 1857," he said, "a young Irishman called at my residence in Dublin, bringing me letters from Colonel O'MAHONY and from the late Colonel MICHAEL DOHENY. He had also an oral communication to make himself; but all was to the effect that an organization had been established in America, of which Colonel DOHENY was appointed the chief, and I was requested to commence an organization and to direct it in Ireland.... On my return to Ireland, after seven years' exile, the first thing I did was to travel through the country in every direction to derive a thorough knowledge of the people, and to see what could be done. I devoted a whole year to that, during which time I traveled three thousand miles on foot." He acknowledged that the Fenian movement was a conspiracy. He recounted the discouragements he had met in this country and at home, and alluded especially to the opposition of the clergy. "We have," he said, "invariably inculcated upon our friends the duty of giving obedience and submitting in all devotion to their clergy in their spiritual character, but that in their temporal character they were simply to look upon them as citizens. Without this training you never could have a force in Ireland upon whom you could rely." He earnestly urged upon his brethren the necessity of union in their efforts. He said the organization in Ireland toward the close of last year numbered two hundred thousand men, and of that force fifty thousand were thoroughly drilled, with a large proportion of men who had seen war and smelt powder on the battle-field—a large proportion of veterans, in short; fifty thousand were partly drilled men, and the other hundred thousand quite undrilled. All that the Fenians wanted was war material and money.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT came upon Somerville at last. Came the very week of the Sabbath upon which Brother Barker had exulted, with the angels in heaven, over the repulse of Banks on Red River. Came at the very time the Secession element of Somerville was glittering upon the very crest, the Union element glooming in the lowest trough of the ever-rolling sea. Came to Somerville as comes upon the pit of his stomach to a pugilist an unexpected blow when he has just warded off another from his eye. So occupied were we all in Somerville with the defeat of Banks that we had completely forgotten about ourselves. It was like that ball in Brussels of which Lord Byron has issued such extensive tickets: no marriage bell went merrier than did Somerville, when, like the roar of the coming Waterloo, dimming the sparkling eyes, paling the glowing cheeks at said ball, comes the rumor of an advance of the Federals upon the town.

How the rumor first reached the place who can tell? Rumor at times seems to be, indeed, the living goddess the Romans made it, and to move with lightning rapidity in and by itself without the intervention of any means whatever. It was exactly at nine o'clock Friday night that Dr. Warner threw Mrs. Warner into strong hysterics by the announcement that the Federals were coming. When that lady ventured to steal forth after a night spent in hiding her silver and the children of her negro woman, lest the mother should run away, her jewelry and other valuables, refreshing herself occasionally by abuse of alternately the Confederates and the Federals, her husband being most to blame of all, the first object she beheld was the Federal flag flying from the roof of the Court-house, near which Dr. Warner had his home.

We have the authority of Sir Walter Scott that the bugle blast of Roderick Dhu possessed the double power both of causing the instantaneous appearance and the as instantaneous disappearance of bodies of men. Whatever wizard blew the blast in this case, the appearing of the Federal force was not more sudden than was the disappearance of the male Secessionists of Somerville. For reasons which will appear in the sequel, we abstain from saying any thing more in reference to this raid than the actual fact of its having taken place just at that time in Somerville compels us to record. Closed stores, upon the walls of which the enemy have posted bills informing the citizens that, so long as they are themselves quiet, the invaders will scrupulously avoid molesting any other than Confederate property; deserted streets, every individual peeping from behind doors and through the slats of shutters with curiosity swallowing up all other feeling; the marching hither and thither of blue-coated cavalry; the sound of martial music—a dream come and gone before we know it.

That Friday night Mr. Arthur was in the very act of kneeling with Mrs. Sorel's household at family worship when an halloo makes it necessary for Robby to go down to the front gate to quiet the dogs and find out what is wanted. He is gone so long that Mr. Arthur himself goes out. He meets Robby returning, and only hears some one shout, "Tell them exactly what I told you!" as the one shouting gallops off in the darkness. Repeating his message on the way back, Robby repeats it yet again when he gets into the house. A most remarkable message it is.

"Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'"

"Colonel Brooks?" asks Mrs. Sorel—"Colonel Brooks, Brooks?"

"Nothing else?" asks Mr. Arthur, bewilderment giving place to the sudden joy.

"As soon as I could get old Cuff to stop barking I asked, 'Who's there?'" says Robby, soberly, but not without some vague sense of new importance. "One of the men—"

"There were two, then?" asks his mother.

"Yes, ma, on horseback, two—Dr. Peel and Mr. Brooks. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' That is exactly what Mr. Brooks said. 'Is that you, Robby?' he asked, when I first got to the gate—'Is that you, Robby?' so eagerly. Humph," adds Robby, "I think I ought to know Mr. Brooks's voice. Didn't I used to see him every day? Wasn't he my Sunday-school teacher? Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' And then they galloped off."



THE YANKEES HAVE COME.

"But how do you know the other was Dr. Peel?" asked Mr. Arthur, while Mrs. Sorel has sunk again in her arm-chair, as if unable to stand.

"Oh, I knew that before I got to the gate. He was cursing old Cuff, you know," adds Robby. "Oh, I know Dr. Peel. I've heard him cursing and swearing ten thousand times. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'" Robby repeats the words as he had before done quite other words, verses and the like, from Mr. Brooks's lips in the Sabbath-school.

"I really and sincerely think you had better go," says Mrs. Sorel, suddenly, to Mr. Arthur, after half an hour of wondering and questioning.

Mr. Arthur lifts his eyes in mute inquiry, though he sees at a glance that placid Mrs. Sorel has been reading his thoughts all the time.

"By the Federals you know I shall be respected," she says, rapidly but quietly; "if any of the Secessionists should endeavor to molest me, it would be none the better, all the worse, if *you* were here. Go, Mr. Arthur, go!"

"I can not think of leaving you. None but you and Robby," begins that individual. "The negroes—"

"They would not harm their old mistress. No—Mrs. Sorel is safer without you," she adds, with a smile.

"I can not think of going. I will not leave you exposed," says Mr. Arthur, throwing on the table his hat, which he has, most unconsciously, got from the hall, and has had in his hand all this time. And he takes his seat, and draws Robby to his accustomed place between his knees.

"Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, very erect in her chair—as thoroughly from South Carolina at the moment as Mrs. Bowles ever was—"I am mistress in my own house—No, I don't mean that. I am old enough to be your mother. I will do to you as I would to Frank if he were here. I command you to go!"

Even as he gallops along through the darkness toward Somerville his conscience smites him; but he gallops on, leaving the casuistry of the case to be settled when he has more time.

A busy time he finds it when he reaches town. He had met more than one vehicle on the road thither; he now hears the roll of wheels, the galloping of horses in every direction; slamming doors, running feet, sawing, hammering, glancing lights in the windows, lanterns in almost every stable. Few voices heard, but an exceedingly busy time.

Not until he has alighted at Mrs. Bowles's gate does he ask himself how he is to arrange matters with that lady—what he is to say. The front-door is open, a light streams from it, and, as he opens the gate to go in, the beams fall full upon the face of Brother Barker, of all men in the world. And very much excited indeed is Brother Barker.

"Ah! Brother Arthur," he says, in an agitated manner, seizing upon, and—from sheer force of general habit—shaking the hand of the other in the long, and altogether indescribable manner peculiar to Brother Barker after a warm meeting in church or arbor. It is the first time he has even spoken to Brother Arthur for years now. Generally he has avoided him on the street, or, when compelled to pass him, it has been with a nod greatly colder than no recognition; the repulsion—moral, religious, intellectual, every way—the repulsion between these two men being really greater than that between any other two men in Somerville.

"Your horse, I believe, Brother Arthur?" pointing to the animal from which Mr. Arthur had just alighted with his left hand, while he retains his friend's hand, still shaking it, in his right.

It is Mr. Arthur's horse.

"Would you be so kind? Some unprincipled person has stolen my animal from the stable within the last hour. The fact is—I presume you may know—it is believed the Federals—I would not wound your feelings for the world, Brother Arthur"—another shake of the hand—"but I have reason to think that I may be singled out"—greatly agitated.

"What can *I* do for you, Sir?" asks Mr. Arthur, to close the interview, endeavoring in vain to extricate his hand.

With many hurried words Brother Barker at last asks and obtains Mr. Arthur's horse, and rides off, and faster than its owner had come. The fact is, just before, Brother Barker and Bob Withers had been thrown together at Staples's hotel, in the universal jumble of the confusion and hurry.

"Oh, is this *you*, Mr. Barker? *You* here yet?" Mr. Withers has found time, in the rush, to stop and ask of that gentleman, with astonishment, even terror, depicted on his face. "Why, my dear Sir—by George! *You* here still? Don't you know they have sworn to hang you? You must have heard of it; it is *you* they are coming to Somerville after! Colonel Brooks commands the force. It was you, you know—don't you, by George!—who had his brother Paul hung. From your own steeple they'll hang you, man!" But here the two are separated in the confusion, and for several days after Brother Barker has disappeared, with multitudes of others, from the streets of Somerville.

Mr. Arthur finds himself in Mrs. Bowles's parlor, and in company with that lady and her daughter, before he has at all arranged what to say. He had not supposed Mrs. Bowles could be as cold and stately as she now bears herself, frail as a shadow, the silvered hair so smoothly arranged under the neat cap, the refined face as sorrowful yet as stern as Antigone. Mr. Arthur has a general idea, in the hurry of the moment, that so far from being in undress Mrs. Bowles has on her very best attire, dressed even with unusual care. With coldest politeness she barely endures Mr. Arthur. Alice sits with drooping eyes after the first salutations. No wonder he can not read her thoughts, she is far from knowing them herself.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" he asks, without taking a seat. "I happen to be in Somerville to-night, and come to beg, if altogether convenient, that I may be permitted to sleep in the front office to-night."

"If you desire to sleep there, not being able to go out to Mrs. Sorel's," begins Mrs. Bowles, with coldest dignity, and as ungraciously as she can force herself to be.

"A gentleman has just borrowed and ridden off my horse," Mr. Arthur remarks, Hannibal like, his ships burned behind him, that having been not the least motive with him in permitting Brother Barker to take his horse—not without a mounting color in his face, and conscious of the appealing eyes of Alice upon him.

"We do not need your protection, Mr. Arthur, nor do we desire it—Alice, my servants, and myself," Mrs. Bowles proceeds to observe in her coldest and most measured manner. "Were there no one else, Rutledge Bowles being absent, Mr. Neely has kindly sent word that, as soon as he has secured his negroes and other property, he will endeavor to call. I think that was the substance of his note, Alice, my dear?"

"Mrs. Sorel and myself thought—"

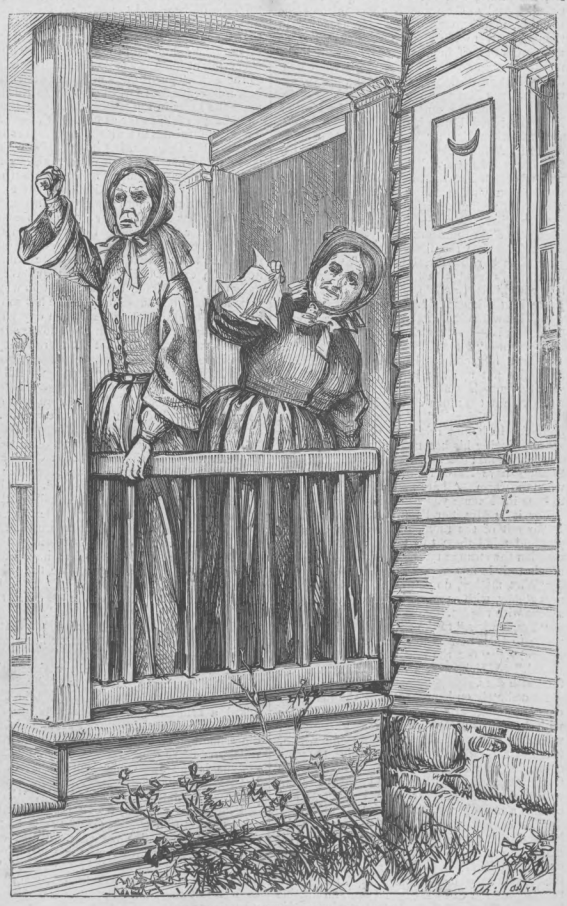
"I am aware that the enemy which has desolated other parts of our country is expected," continues Mrs. Bowles, still more measuredly. "Excuse my interrupting you, Sir. I am perfectly informed also of the outrages and atrocities to which we may and probably will be subjected by them. It is not impossible but they have heard of my son, Rutledge Bowles, and may seek to visit vengeance on Alice and myself on that account. Nor will the place of my known birth be a protection to me, nor my known horror of the flag they bear, nor my unspeakable aversion to their country—"

"Dear mother," begins Alice.

"Permit me, Alice. I admired your spirit in sending word, as you did, to Mr. Neely that we would not need his presence. Alice will tell you also that we do not need yours, Mr. Arthur. You will pardon me. Alice and myself are prepared to suffer whatever the fiendish foe may see fit to inflict—to lay down our poor lives, if need be, on the altar of our country. We are quite poor now. They will find but little to rob us of. My husband—Major Bowles's portrait I have already caused to be removed." Sure enough, their visitor, who had missed something, he could not tell what, from the room from the time he entered, glances over the mantle, and sees only a blank space where lately the grand old Major used to sit enthroned.

"You *must* permit me to add, Sir," continues Mrs. Bowles, dignified as ever, but excited by her own words, "that of all the gentlemen in this community you are the last I would look to for protection. Passive as you have been, to use no harsher phrase, in this the struggle for the land of your own birth, withholding even your prayers for its success, associating exclusively with, and encouraging to your utmost, those in our midst who are traitors to their country, vipers upon its hearth—hush, Alice, you will permit me to speak in my own house—you, Sir, are the last man in the world to whom I would wish, above all, whom I would have Alice my daughter to look to for protection. Though he has been at one time even insolent, I would prefer my—the boy Charles, who was once my servant, as a protector. That you are here now, instead of at Mrs. Sorel's, is the result, I presume, of secret communication with the enemy. Besides"—all in a quiver from head to foot, her hand wandering about her brow.

"You *must* permit me, Madam," interrupts



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND THE FIST.

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Mr. Arthur, quite conscious of Alice's eyes in mute entreaty, not without color in his cheeks, but never speaking in sick chamber or to dying friend in gentler tones, "to withdraw my request. I should not have intruded. I will do so no more. I trust you will one day do me more justice."

With a bow to the ladies in leaving, carefully avoiding Alice's face with his eyes, yet reading more meaning in them none the less than ever before in his life, the visitor is gone. And Alice, though she never looks out at the window during the rest of the night, is perfectly aware, amidst all the noise of wheels and hoofs and feet, that Mr. Arthur is keeping watch and ward about them.

"I have ever esteemed Mr. Arthur a gentleman; I have often wished Rutledge Bowles could have known him; but that he should have pursued the course he has amazes me. Mrs. Sorel, too, positively bewilders me. And I am told that Mr. Brooks is actually a Colonel in the Federal forces. It can be nothing," said Mrs. Bowles, with her hand to her head, "but insanity, raving insanity. Either they are deranged"—her hand wandering about her brow—"or I am," added she, with the use of the strongest metaphor in her knowledge. "As I have told you a thousand times, Alice, my dear, I wish you to have no farther acquaintance with this Mr. Arthur. You have known him for years, but I wish you always to class him in your mind with Benedict Arnold—remember, dear."

But Alice is thinking, by some strange coincidence, of the night of the insurrection—how they three sat up together on the front porch all night waiting for what did not, like millions of other things expected in Somerville, take place at last.

And so the night wears away, neither mother nor daughter caring to lie down. Mrs. Bowles, poor lady! at one and the same instant blaming herself severely for having spoken so to Mr. Arthur, and regretting that she has not been even more bitter to him; wondering that persons like Mrs. Sorel and her late visitor—so good and calm and firm heretofore—so calm and firm and gentle now—wondering, wondering! And Alice, too, so silent and quiet.

And so she comes back with a start to the fact that the Federals are coming, and that she must meet them with the dignity and quiet scorn which behooves South Carolina when Yankees are in question.

And Alice? Conscious all along of Mr. Arthur keeping watch around the place; now glowing with her mother in heroic resolve; now mourning that it is such things as Secession and Slavery that we must be heroic about; imagining to herself one Great Republic rending these twin curses out of its bosom, and lifting itself free, strong, one People henceforth! But it is we, the South, who are being whipped, subjugated. And so she wanders about in the same brambly, marshy, darksome theme, treading in thought now to the right, now to the left, as upon tufts of turf in a morass, upon the innumerable yeas and nays of the matter, but with firmer foot, in straighter course than before, not unconscious of broadening light ahead.

Had it actually been Colonel Brooks himself Mrs. Sorel would have been less surprised than she was when Brother Barker, not two hours after Mr. Arthur's leaving, presents himself before her, after most violent protestations on the part of old Cuff at the front gate and along the walk—even Cuff scenting trouble abroad to-night, and vigilant accordingly.

"Ah, Sister Sorel!"—and he has her hand in his before she can believe her eyes—"hope you are well? And the family too? And this is your little boy, Robby, I believe!" Retaining Mrs. Sorel's hand with his right, he takes Robby's with his left, and so establishes double *rapport* with the household.

"What a fine little fellow—sober as a judge! The truth is"—another shake of both the hands in his own—"I met Brother Arthur in town, and have returned his horse for him. Please have him put up; and it would be well to tell your servant—how are you, girl?—not to let the boy give him too much corn. Mr. Arthur rode him rather violently." Another shake of the hand for both, and releasing them. Then the visitor, placing his hat upon the table, takes a seat, and adds: "From long experience, Sister Sorel, I have learned never to feed a horse when too warm. All are well, you say? Pleased to hear it. Excuse you a moment?—certainly."

For it is Mrs. Sorel's first thought to have Robby out of the room, and impress upon his youthful mind these two things: First, not to mention the strange message given him; nor to allude to it in any way.

"Why, mother, do you think I don't know?" says Robby, with as much indignation as is consistent with respect.

"Yes, mother," to the next injunction—to be polite to their new visitor, and to keep silence generally. "But the best way is for me to go to bed." Which, with a kiss to his mother, he forthwith does.

Immediately on her re-entering the room, her emotions, singularly like those of Mrs. Bowles with her visitor, Brother Barker informs her where he met and left Mr. Arthur—for whom, it seems, from words and tones of voice, the newcomer has an affection rather more than merely fraternal. And so, with briefest possible allusion to the expected raid, Mr. Barker requests and obtains a bed—Mr. Arthur's—for the night.

"In case any armed men should visit the house during the night"—he lingers behind with his candle to say to his hostess, who has hardly opened her lips—"I know you will not mention the fact of my being concealed here. As a minister of the Gospel, Sister Sorel, an humble preacher of peace, I desire to hold myself utterly aloof from all scenes of violence and strife. My life is in your hands, my sister; but I am not a Sisera, I am pleased to say, nor are you a murderous Jael."

Nor does the sudden guest, over "the dish of butter and milk," furnished him by his harmless Jael next morning—the night having passed without event, save the uninterrupted barking of Cuff, assisted by all the other dogs on the place, at the perpetual passing of travelers—have any thing to say except to dwell upon the horrors of war in general, the absolute inconsistency of the same with Christianity. The eyes of Brother Barker, sunken as by long illness, to say nothing of sallowness of visage, show how little sleep he has found that night in Mr. Arthur's bed. However, we were all of us wide awake that night in Somerville.

Robby, with lips visibly sealed, places the Bible upon the table after breakfast is over, from force of invariable habit; the decent servants gather in as usual; Mrs. Sorel, with fewest words, requests their guest to take Mr. Arthur's place, and lead in worship.

"We will omit singing, if you please," says Brother Barker, after reading the first Scripture which comes up; "my voice might attract—ahem. Let us pray." And having prayed for every possible blessing upon that particular household, with general supplications for delivery from war, Mr. Barker hastens through that exercise.

"If it is not too great a favor, Sister Sorel: if you will give your servants some charge to keep silence: if you will allow me to occupy Brother Arthur's room for the present—I observe it to be his by the books there—I will be obliged." And the guest disappears within that room, the curtains of which he has carefully put down, but appears again at the sound of a galloping along the road.

"Sister Sorel," he says, bending, with ashy face, over that silent lady as she sits at the table washing up the cups and saucers, "I have reason to know that my life is in great danger; even now the foe may be on my track. I am—am"—the galloping outside louder and louder—"not a soldier, I am"—white lips and trembling voice and sallowest of faces—"a poor, humble preacher of the blessed Gospel of peace. My life is in your hands, my blood will be upon your skirts."

"Mr. Barker, go to Mr. Arthur's room and remain there. Any thing an old woman may be able to do for you I will do. You have no cause of apprehension."

And in his room Brother Barker remains, trying to read, trying to pray, tucking the curtains so as to conceal himself from any one passing, listening, trembling, enduring such agonies of fear as waste him like a spell of sickness.

Mrs. Warner, peeping forth that morning, finds the Federals in quiet possession of Somerville. We can not be mathematically accurate, but Mrs. Warner has said, a very great number of times, that she only wished the entire Yankee nation had one neck that she might break it; one throat that she might cut it; one heart that she "might drive *this*," holding up the knife wherewith she is carving at table as she speaks, into their heart to the hilt. Touchstone's complete destruction, in words, of his foe; Dr. Slop's exhaustive curses upon the knots in the string of his bag; Romish anathema in full, so far as her knowledge of the language furnishes her with the words, her intellect with the thoughts, her imagination with the possibilities, her heart with the zeal, has Mrs. Warner long ago equaled in imprecation upon the Federals. No Mrs. Partington has ever swept away the Atlantic more vigorously, in anticipation, than has Mrs. Warner; yet now that it is actually over her threshold the mop fails her wearied hand. She has so exhausted herself before their arrival that she can scarce even feel any thing, except curiosity, now they have actually come. Probably this is the reason why she does not burn her house now, as she has so often said she would do. She has ample opportunity of shooting at them from her windows, she has almost sworn she would, yet she merely peeps at them instead.

Friday night they take possession. All Saturday and Sunday they are in possession. Not one male Secessionist visible. Union men quiet as mice. Guy Brooks need have sent no message to that effect.

The stores are all closed. Somerville has long ago learned to do that when even Confederate soldiers are in the neighborhood. Over and over again have squads, half-naked, two-thirds starved, four-fourths desperate, helped themselves from the stores in Somerville to exactly what they wanted, a good deal more than they could consume. It shocked us terribly at first, but Mr. Ellis and the rest of us have become used to it. Only three days before the raid of the Federals, Mr. Ellis was speaking of it to Colonel Ret Roberts in his store, on a visit to his family from his duties in Richmond.

"Three times, Sir," said Mr. Ellis to that distinguished Senator, "has my store been sacked by ruffian soldiers."

"And very probably will be a dozen times again," said the Colonel, very coolly indeed. If Colonel Ret Roberts was a splendid blackguard, a brilliant bully, an eloquent, unprincipled, thoroughly plain-spoken scoundrel before the schooling of the last few years, tell us, oh whichever of ye daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne is the Muse of History, what Colonel Ret Roberts is now!

"And my taxes!" says Mr. Ellis; "look at it, Sir. I pay two and a half per cent. on my sales every three months; one per cent. more for soldiers' tax; five per cent. on all real estate; eight per cent. on all the wool, tobacco, cotton I had on hand in '63; ten per cent. on profit on sales. Let me see! Yes, I am taxed as a retail merchant, taxed over again as a wholesale merchant. And all this while my Corporation, County, State taxes are at least one hundred per cent. heavier than they were before the war."

"Certainly. But you may rest sure the taxes now are nothing to what they will be next year," says Colonel Ret Roberts, as coolly as if stating a desirable fact, with a sort of pleasure even.

"But have you nothing encouraging to tell us?" asks Mr. Ellis, nervously. "Your opportunities at Richmond—"

"I know nothing but what you read in the papers," remarks the Senator, elaborately paring his finger-nails. "You have heard me from the stump, Sir. If you people at home will sustain the currency, the South will succeed. If you do not, it won't. You know as well as I whether they will sustain it. We are *in* this thing; all we can do is to—do what we can. Hold on, Lamum!" to that editor, who is passing, and the distinguished Senator is gone.

An exceeding, scarcely disguised, contempt Colonel Ret Roberts had for the people before Secession; his contempt now is so great that it is not at all disguised. He is elected for years to the Confederate Senate, entirely beyond the favor of the people. They stand so astounded by his cool insolence in public and private that he has left again for Richmond before they have time to recover themselves.

And Sabbath dawns upon Somerville still in Federal occupation, the quietness of death upon the population peeping from behind doors and shutters upon the Federal cavalry passing and repassing. After full conference with friends, a Federal chaplain desecrating Brother Barker's pulpit, the only church beside his own in Somerville open that day, Mr. Arthur fills his own pulpit, his sermons being exactly the same they would have been had there been no raid. Quite a large congregation too, to Mr. Arthur's surprise; almost all ladies. Mr. Ferguson sings bass, as grave and cold in manner as if war were confined to the Crimea and like distant regions. And the Federal officers and men, whom the ladies came to see, are there, quiet, orderly.

"Nothing remarkable at last, every thing exactly as usual," Mrs. Warner, at church for the first time in many months, remarks, as she and the Doctor walk home. And, beside a little abuse of the men who have tamely permitted the Yankees to come here, Mrs. Warner is strikingly silent to-day.

"If I knew Colonel Brooks was not coming to church I wouldn't have gone, I can tell you. Have you seen him yet, Dr. Warner? Mighty shy you Union people are of your Federal friends, and they of you! As if I don't know the reason why. You all had better be, I tell you; if all our men are gone—miserable cowards that they are!—there's plenty of women left in Somerville to watch you. Did you notice that fat Mrs. Isaac Smith at church, she whose husband has gone over to the Yankees? I watched at her sitting there on a side-seat near the pulpit expressly to look at those Federal wretches, looking wistfully at them—expected to see her husband among them, I suppose. As I live, there she is this moment going into that Jem Budd—even 'Ria could tell what *that* is for!"

It was true. Mrs. Isaac Smith had never made a visit since her husband fled. She has only a general invitation made her years before by poor, pale little Mrs. Budd, the gun-maker's wife; yet there she is this moment, in Sunday finery long laid aside, entering the door in question. Sharp Mrs. Warner sees it all at a glance. Jem Budd's little one-story house is right on the most public street in Somerville; its front porch is as good a place as any in the town to see all that can be seen of the Federal troops.

Besides, Jem Budd and Jem Budd's harmless little wife belong not only to the one side of the great question which rends Somerville asunder but also to the other. Secessionists say of Jem: "Oh! Jem Budd is a quiet sort of fellow, but he is all right at heart. He doesn't talk much, but he has said this, that, and the other exceedingly severe things about the Yankees, and especially about the Union people. And then Alfred Morgan, Mrs. Budd's brother, who left for the war years ago, we all know that he is a good Secessionist, in dangerous and efficient service for the Confederacy in the North. Jem doesn't say much about it, but he has shown letters from Alf to that effect. Oh, Jem is all right!"

"You can't change a man's nature," Union people say to each other of Jem Budd. "Of course it's his interest to keep well with the faithful; it's the only way to hold his detail to fix guns and stay out of the army. As to Alf Morgan, Jem can't help *that*. But we all know Jem. He's told me in confidence a thousand times a vast deal about the madness of Secession." There were disadvantages in Jem's course. Neither party were thoroughly cordial with him. Besides, for Jem is making money these weapon-using days, he can not refuse to give when called on to assist Union families suffering for the necessaries of life in the absence of their husbands. Far more impossible to refuse his mite when called on, as he is about every other week, to contribute to some war purpose or other. He has to pay for his position, but he holds it and his tongue quietly, firmly.

"I took a lunch just before coming to church, ma'am; please excuse me. But you know my house is out of the way, and I am dying to see the Federals. If you have no objection," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to little pale Mrs. Budd, who lives in her own house as closely as a snail, and keeps no servant, and who, a good deal astonished at the apparition of stout Mrs. Smith, whom she has not seen for so long, invites her from the parlor in to dinner.

It is all very well when, dinner over, Jem Budd smoking his pipe in one corner of the fireplace for the convenience of spitting, Mrs. Budd opposite him in her easy-chair, Mrs. Isaac Smith filling with her portly person the chasm between, the three fall into a quiet, confidential chat. At least Mrs. Isaac Smith, greatly freshened up by the blue shirts she has seen at church, talks, and the others listen.

First, she tells all she has seen and heard at church, for Mr. and Mrs. Budd haven't entered any church for years now; Jem Budd, a member of Brother Barker's church, too. Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith, by natural transition, speaks of Mr. Arthur; to all of which, Jem Budd, on one side, saying "Exactly" when Mrs. S. appeals to him; pale little Mrs. Budd, on the other side, says, when she is appealed to, "Just so, ma'am." By natural transition, too, Brother Barker is next on the carpet. Mrs. Isaac Smith waxes warmer as she recounts some of that divine's violent remarks in and out of the pulpit. To this, also, Mr. Budd, when directly appealed to for his sentiments, says "Precisely," and Mrs. Budd, "Just as you say, ma'am." Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith asks in general terms after Mrs. Budd's absent brother. She has heard what a bitter Secessionist Alf Morgan is; how actively and terribly at work for the Confederacy he is at the North. So she asks after him as under a sort of protest. At the North somewhere, and well, when last heard from, is all Jem and his wife can inform her on that point.

Her entire being, day and night, flowing in one channel, her husband who is away, Mrs. S. tells for the ten thousandth time that Isaac would never have left if it wasn't they were forcing him into the army. Isaac has his faults—who of us has not? Isaac is a peaceful man—didn't want to fight on either side if he could help it. But Isaac could *not* fight for what he believed to be a wicked—rebellion. Mrs. S. rather hesitates before bringing out this last word, but Mrs. Budd only replies, "As you say, ma'am," while her husband merely puffs another cloud of smoke, and adds, to the tearful eyes of Mrs. Isaac directed to him, "Exactly so."

Like other large bodies broad Mrs. Smith does not easily get started; but once started, momentum being in proportion to weight, it is very hard for her to stop.

"Of course you have heard of how they murdered my brother John Jennings?" she asks of Mrs. Budd.

"Goodness gracious, what's that?" she adds in the same breath.

"That? What?" asks Jem, nervously, while poor Mrs. Budd is several degrees paler than before.

"Ha! must have been mistaken, of course; thought I heard somebody under the floor. But I am so nervous!" says Mrs. Smith.

"Thought you heard somebody under the floor!" and Mr. Budd exclaims this in singularly loud tones, as if addressed to some one at a distance, and resumes his pipe.

"Your brother, ma'am? there are so many murdered, you know, one can not remember exactly," says pale, little Mrs. Budd, eagerly, quickened a good deal by the overflowing warmth of her visitor by this time. Mr. Budd smokes with inquiring puffs. And so Mrs. Smith enters on the murder, describes it minutely, tells the destitute condition of the family left—all with such a natural eloquence that even stolid Jem Budd is affected. So much so that when Mrs. Smith says at last, suddenly, "You knew John Jennings well, Mr. Budd; you know I've only told you the truth; now what *do* you think of a cause which permits, even justifies such a thing as that?" Mr. Budd removes the pipe from his mouth and begins:

"So sure as there is a God in heaven, ma'am—"

"Jem! My dear?" interrupts his wife from the other side with a cry, and holding up a warning hand.

And well it is for Mr. Budd. Though his wife does not know it, there is a tap upon the door, and in walks—of all persons in the world—Mrs. Smithers.

Mrs. Smithers! We write the word reluctantly, knowing how hopeless it is to portray her upon the page. Let us see what our recording that she was a very tall, a very long and red in the face, a very violent female in temper and language will do. Mrs. Smithers's brothers are known, all six of them, as desperadoes who have long ago killed their men. Mrs. Smithers is said to be a good shot with rifle, double-barrel shot-gun, revolver. The way Mrs. Smithers is known, with her own bony hands, to cowhide her erring negro women, has wakened even Mrs. Warner's reprobation. Her nearest neighbors are exceeding respectful to, and shy of, Mrs. Smithers, not knowing what instant a chicken from their yard into her garden, or a quarrel between her children and theirs, may bring her down upon them with some deadly weapon, or more deadly tongue. As to her having hurled, in a paroxysm of rage, that negro babe which *would* keep crawling in upon her recently-scoured floor, down the hill back of the house, we reject all that story of course, knowing, as we all do, that negro testimony is no evidence.

But we knew we could convey no adequate idea of Mrs. Smithers, the postmaster's wife, when we began. Mr. Jem Budd had such an idea, however, and the instant she entered the room he uttered a "Whew!" none the less intense from being altogether internal. Publicly, meeting them on the street, had Mrs. Smithers refused and resented the salutation of more than one Union man of her previous acquaintance. The Union ladies, met by her casually in stores and at funerals, she had not contented herself with refusing to speak to, but had looked at them in a way which had sent more than one of them from shopping and visiting home and to bed. Being of a fighting stock, Mrs. Smithers was true to the breed—even her brothers, with many an oath, admitted that.

As Mrs. Smithers entered, offensively ignored the existence of Mrs. Isaac Smith, and took the hand and the seat which poor, pale little Mrs.

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Budd offered her, Mr. Budd saluted her and withdrew; remembered in the hall the feeble state of his wife's health and returned; really could not risk it, when back in the parlor, and retired; feared, when half-way out of his front gate, that his wife might faint, perhaps die, and so returned again. He has an inspiration, he will effect a diversion.

"Bad news I hear this morning," he begins, after the usual salutations are over—Mrs. Isaac Smith will not, Mrs. Budd can not speak, nothing left for him. As the husband of his wife, the head of the household, the only chance is to keep the conversation in his own hand till one of the visitors shall depart—any subject on earth rather than of the Federals just arrived.

"What news is that, Mr. Budd?" asks Mrs. Smithers, reserving, "It's a lie," in the corners of her eyes and upon the tip of her tongue.

And having mentioned it simply that, being uppermost in his mind, it came first in the hurry of being compelled to say something instantly, Mr. Jem Budd narrates the fact of the suicide of the District Judge of a Southern State. Nor had Mr. Ferguson been so interested in the occupation of Somerville as not, that very day, to have entered the same in his Scrap-book. Had he not foretold it?

"Drunk or crazy," is the verdict of Mrs. Smithers, relieved to know it is only that.

Jem Budd, toiling more vigorously for another topic than he ever does upon gun-lock or barrel, stumbles upon the case of the refugees. Tells how they are pouring into the region about Somerville; how poor they are, how sorry they all seem to be that they ever abandoned their old homes; thinks it a great shame people should receive them so coldly.

"Serve them right. Why didn't they stay where they were and fight the Yankees?" is Mrs. Smithers's opinion, who gives only half attention to her host, casting about in her mind how best and soonest to assault Mrs. Isaac Smith.

"Have you noticed, Mr. Budd," asks Mrs. Isaac Smith, advancing her skirmishers, "how all the papers agree about the swindling going on by Government officials? Every single paper! Charges made by judges, findings by grand juries and by little juries, every body knows it, universal corruption and swindling. From the highest to the lowest, all the officials at it, the papers say." Because the lady speaking has heard very often of the remarks made in reference to herself by the tigress at her side—infinitely more than that, the very often expressed wish of Mrs. Smithers has come to her ears, to hang that red-headed painter, Smith, abolitionist and traitor, with her own hands. Nor does the least doubt linger in the mind of any of Mrs. Smithers's circle of friends but she would do just that thing if she had but the chance.

"I have noticed it, ma'am," says sorely-perplexed Mr. Budd, "but have thought"—with special reference to Mrs. Smithers—"our papers ought not to publish such things at this time."

"I suppose you notice, Mrs. Budd, how sick even the Yankees are, from their own papers, with that vile Lincoln? All we have to do is to keep whipping them till his term is out; they'll be only too glad to make peace with us then, if they don't have a revolution among themselves before that," says Mrs. Smithers.

Mr. and Mrs. Budd retaining their seats on opposite corners of the fire-place, the two visitors between them, Mrs. Isaac Smith being next to Mrs. Budd, Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd; Mrs. Smith having addressed her remarks in reference to the refugees across Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd, in contempt of that lady, Mrs. Smithers addresses, of course, her conversation across portly Mrs. Smith, and in utter ignorance of her existence, to Mrs. Budd. Conversation *will* become platted together in this way, even in ordinary times and under friendly auspices all around. Even then it is hard at times for the couples thus engaged to keep their threads of talk untangled. It is peculiarly difficult to-day in Jem Budd's parlor.

"As you say, ma'am," pale little Mrs. Budd replies, across Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Smithers.

"But isn't it strange, Mr. Budd, people won't take Confederate money? It's the most miserable trash, no better than brown paper!" says Mrs. Smith, across Mrs. Smithers.

—"and they actually force the miserable people to take their greenbacks at the point of the bayonet!" continues Mrs. Smithers to Mrs. Budd, heating with indignation at Mr. Budd's bare "Precisely, ma'am," in reply to *his* interlocutor, disregarding the "So I've heard, ma'am," which she gets from hers.

—"could hardly believe what I hear every day of how poor people are getting among us. A good many can't send their children to Sabbath-school, nor day-school either, for want of clothes. Can't even put their foot out of their own yard themselves. What a terrible condition we are—"

—"universal infidelity there now, ma'am," from Mrs. Smithers, drowns Mr. Budd's "'Tis, indeed!"

—"that, of course, is worse. Backsliding? Worse than that, Mr. Budd! Open gambling, drinking, swearing, stealing, and worse. The preachers themselves—"

—"can you wonder at it? Only wonder, ma'am, is they haven't left, all of them long ago, wretched traitors to their country! Anxious to leave! *I'd* help them in a shorter way than they ever—" But Mrs. Smithers's remark only lies across, by no means extinguishes.

—"because the Union people among us know the awful times which are coming. I'm told, Mr. Budd, the people driven off are sworn to kill every—" from Mrs. Isaac Smith, while the "As you say, ma'am," from Mr. Budd and the "I fear so, indeed," from Mrs. Budd are made no account of by either belligerent as the strife grows hotter.

—"even to the last drop of our blood, ma'am, and if the war should last ten thousand—"

—"said it was kept up only by the women, and especially the Secession preachers at home. The army is sick enough of it, you may be sure. Why, Mr. Budd, I got a letter, I mean a person told me—"

—"for of all things in this world, ma'am, a traitor to one's own soil they were born on, and a she-traitor is a thing I do—"

—"always so, Mr. Budd. Yankee Secessionists are the craziest, just as Yankee masters and mistresses are the hardest upon their poor negroes."

The conversation becomes more tangled as it becomes more personal.

Mr. Budd has firm hold of the pipe between his teeth, long since gone out, and only repeats his "Precisely so, Exactly, ma'am," from mechanical habit. Poor, pale, little rabbit of a Mrs. Budd, with firm hold upon the arms of her easy-chair, fascinated by Mrs. Smithers's terrible eye, no more hears what that fiery visaged lady says than if she was deaf, only is conscious of a steady rattle of words, and gasps her affirmatives at regular intervals.

But the conversation becomes more closely welded together as it heats.

"Quantrel."

"Beast Butler."

"Wretched Repudiator."

"Despicable Gorilla."

"Who wouldn't get fat as a beef, ma'am, when one is rid of a drunken husband?"

"Six, Mr. Budd, six brothers, murderers."

"Used to lie dead drunk, ma'am."

"Has swindled with sugar speculations until—"

"Abolitionist, who ought to be."

"Actually whipped her, Mr. Budd, until the bones—"

Mr. Budd closes his teeth harder on his pipe-stem, Mrs. Budd clutches firmer hold of the arms of her chair, the catastrophe *must* be near—

A long clear bugle blast out of doors! Mr. Jem Budd sees his only hope.

"The Federal cavalry, ladies!" and hurries out of his front-door, in a manner washing with extended arms his angry visitors before him upon the front porch, leaving Mrs. Budd utterly exhausted in her easy-chair behind. And if the company had not made so much noise and been in so great haste in leaving the room they would have heard a distinct sound from beneath the floor upon which they were. It may have been a mouse or a bat. It did not sound like hog or dog. Perhaps a parrot had made his hole there, for it sounded exactly like the words "Good! Thank God!" What makes it strangest of all is, that Mrs. Budd, the instant she is alone, is on her knees on the floor, and, with white cheeks, says in low, sharp tones, "For God's sake, Alf, be quiet," her lips almost touching the carpet.

The Federal cavalry coming up the street at a slow walk, and so very many, apparently, rough, bearded, powerful-looking men, too; moving in much more of a military manner than such Confederate soldiers as we have seen. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smithers stand, side by side, upon the elevated porch, both thrilling with deepest feeling, but of quite a different nature. Guy Brooks—erect, sad-visaged, more powerful in appearance than ever—rides slowly and at the head of the column. As he approaches, his eye catches that of Mrs. Isaac Smith. So far he has carefully avoided speaking to any of the Union people, for the best of reasons. There is something in her broad, earnest face, something so wistful in her eyes, that he forgets himself, and salutes her. Just a scarce-perceptible lifting of the forefinger of the gauntleted hand to the cap.

It is the drop too much. Bless you! Mrs. Isaac Smith has not been in the School of Prudence all these years since Isaac left, for nothing. She had resolved to be prudent before she left home; she had told Sarah Jennings over and over again, "Oh, I'll be careful, Sarah, you never fear." She had even made a special prayer, kneeling by her bed that morning, after she had put on her best bonnet and all, that she might be prudent. But perhaps her late engagement with Mrs. Smithers has "overhet" her, as she afterward explains the matter. As Colonel Brooks touches his hat she rushes back into the parlor, snatches from prostrate Mrs. Budd her handkerchief—she had left her own, to avoid the temptation, at home—and, standing beside Mrs. Smithers, waves it to the Federals, continues waving it vehemently!—the tears running copiously down her unconscious cheeks.

But if she waves her handkerchief at the Federals, Mrs. Smithers, advancing to the extreme edge of the porch, shakes her fist at them; a long arm has tall, red, hard-featured Mrs. Smithers, and a fist that has knocked many a negro child over, as well as her own, for that matter. Handkerchief and fist so energetically flourished, side by side, send a peal of laughter down the column—even Guy Brooks laughs outright.

But Mrs. Smith has bid farewell to her wits.

"They've murdered Hol Robbins, Mr. Brooks! they've hung John Jennings! you knew him, Mr. Brooks—old John Jennings, my own brother! For God's sake don't march away and leave us!" she cries, with the cry of anguish peculiar to a woman beside, say, a drowning child. Handkerchief hard at work.

"Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor!" screams Mrs. Smithers, with the yell of fury peculiar to a furious female in her fiercest fury, fist shaken almost to dislocation.

"May God bless you!" cries Mrs. Isaac Smith, her entire soul as well as body in each separate word.

"May the devil—" But the rest of Mrs. Smithers's wish, though in the highest and shrillest of screams, is drowned in the cheer for Mrs. Smith, which rings once again, again, down the column, every man of whom by this time enters into the spirit of the thing.

It is full half an hour after both their lady visitors are gone that Jem and his wife can realize it all.

"That it should have taken place of all the houses in Somerville at *my* house!" said Jem Budd to himself over and over and over again; "and when I've worked so *hard* ever since the thing began to keep well with both sides. It is too bad!"

Mrs. Budd has long since gone to bed seriously ill.

"But I don't blame her a bit, not one bit either," adds Jem just as often, strictly to himself however, glancing around even then to be sure no one is by, though it is midnight, and Jem is in his own chamber. His reference is to Mrs. Isaac Smith.

He then falls upon his knees, although not, it would seem, for devotional purposes. With his lips to the floor he says,

"Had plenty of supper, Alf?"

"Plenty, Jem," from below. It *must* be a parrot.

"Good-night, old fellow! Fun, wasn't it?"

"Guess it was. Good-night!" from below again.

"Remind me, Mr. Smithers, to take my Derringer with me whenever I go out," says Mrs. Smithers to her husband that night in conclusion. "If ever I meet that woman I'll spit in her round old moon of a face, as sure as my name is Araminty. If she says a word to that, I'll put a bullet just as deep into her old carcass as the Derringer can carry!"

"Needn't talk to me, Sarah Jennings, child. I didn't intend it when I went to church this morning. I couldn't help it. And, what is more, I don't care one single cent. Let them hang me if they want to, like they hung your pa. It's in a good cause, God knows. I'm tired of my life any way, Isaac gone so long. Humph, but only let *her* try it! But oh, won't we settle with these people when the old flag is here again for good! Not that I want their life; may the Lord forgive me, no!"

As to Mr. Ferguson, when, on Monday morning, he lugs out the Scrap-book from its Sabbath rest in the iron safe, to the bulletin of the arrival of the Federals on the previous Friday night he has to add their leaving during Sunday night. It is a week or two before he can make an accurate statement of the number of negroes and Confederate stores they have taken away with them. One thing he knows, grim and silent during the whole raid as the Sphinx at midnight—no one can touch him for it; not a word, gesture, wink to found any thing upon.

But it seemed strange to Robby, riding a week after upon his pony past Staples's Hotel, to hear the way in which Dr. Peel, absent on pressing business from Somerville a fortnight now, curses the Federals, and Guy Brooks especially. Yet Robby only seals his sober face into still more sober silence, and rides about his errand, earnestly hoping he may not have to engage in another fight this time.

And so Somerville gets past *that* point in its history.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMIDST the many caprices of the fickle goddess of Fashion it would be strange if she did not sometimes, by chance, light upon some vagary, by which she commends herself to the hearts (*alias* pockets) of husbands and fathers, even more than to her especial votaries—the ladies. For the "lords of creation" have learned by *dear* experience that "The fashion doth wear out more apparel than the *man*," Shakspeare has it; but they regard the latter word as a mere misprint for "*woman*." It will therefore undoubtedly be a prospective comfort to those much-abused pockets before mentioned, to know that it appears to be the sudden desire of the leaders of Fashion in Paris to adopt the greatest simplicity in all things appertaining to their toilets. Many members of aristocratic circles regret that they have spent such fabulous sums of money on the tinsel ornaments and dresses which were popular during the past winter, and with repentance comes the wise resolve to cast aside such costly luxuries, and to dress elegantly without any large outlay. How long-lived this resolution may be, is uncertain; but it is said that a very striking change apparent in the toilets of those ladies whose dress is certain to be a subject of comment whenever they appear in public. A certain princess, who, in Paris, goes by the name of the Charming Queen of Fashion, is now to be seen in the simplest toilets, such as a very plain untrimmed mohair or poplin jacket and skirt, the latter looped up over either a blue or mauve silk petticoat. Whether those *below* the rank of princesses are permitted to adopt a like simple style is not stated. We may infer that it will be allowed from the fact that at the present season preference is given to white, either for home or ball dresses; and that these white dresses are to be trimmed with "elegant simplicity." Beyond this—we sympathize with the aforesaid pockets, while truth compels us to be frank—there has come from across the waters no positive proof that the "simple style" has reached its *height*. On the contrary, we find it stated that walking-dresses are made of gay-colored silks, and are embroidered with steel. These embroideries represent dogs and horses' heads, and upon cerise silk (a favorite color just now) they are brilliant enough. Another toilet consists of a silver-gray *grain royal* dress, the sole ornaments on the skirt being silver buttons of open filigree work, and round the peplum a handsome silk fringe, with silver hanging buttons at the top of it, and a silver tassel at every point of the peplum. A very elegant robe is of white foulard, dotted over with blue or pink flowers, trimmed all up the skirt with rows of cluny guipure over colored ribbon put on in brandebourgs, and graduated in the length of the pieces. The casaque imitated with a band and ornaments of guipure, forming festoons. A white tulle dress *bouillonnés* round the lower half of the skirt; a low coat-bodice, made of straw-colored silk—the coat was vandyked, and the vandykes slashed together again with straw satin pipings; a deep flounce of *point d'Angleterre* was sewn all round the coat: a narrow *bouillonnés* of white tulle replaced the *berthe* round the shoulders. The head-dress was composed of flat gold braid, with camei on it.

It is also announced that the latest new Parisian bonnet is "in shape not unlike the barber's basin used in some of the comic operas; in other words, Don Quixote's helmet, stuck squarely on the top of the wearer's head, like the cover of a dinner-pot. It is fastened to its place by means of ribbons about as wide as your two hands, and tied under the chin, forming a gigantic bow, rather larger than the leaf of a moderate-sized dining-table." There is also, by way of variety, the inverted-breakfastplate style, trimmed with every thing and any thing, and two strings to hold it on; the round-vegetable-dishcover style, either with or without the little round button at the top; the fancy-work-basket style; the table-mat style—oval, and oblong, all trimmed and bedizened with glass, or straw, or jets, or birds, or feathers, or flowers; or all these put together.

Finally, it is reported that the fashionable women in Paris, not contented with wearing crinolines the springs of which are made of pure gold and silver, have now taken a fancy to boots with heels plated with the same precious metals.

New York ladies may be able to discover the "great simplicity" which threatens Paris in some of the above fashions.

The managers of the "New York Young Men's Christian Association"—earnest and accomplished young men, whose time and money have been freely given for the benefit of those less fortunate—are now endeavoring to increase their means for the purpose of erecting a building which will enable them to offer special attractions to the young men of this city. Their design includes a Lecture Room, Reading Room, Circulating and Reference Libraries, Conversation Rooms, a Gymnasium, and other means of recreation and advancement. Such a house could not fail to become a general place of resort. For its erection and endowment they ask the sum of $250,000. There are thousands of young men in our midst friendless, and in the true sense of the word homeless, who are thrown upon their own resources for recreation and the employment of their leisure time. Money could not be better employed than in providing attractive rooms, where healthful recreation, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., might be freely enjoyed by that large class, who only need a little sympathy and friendly guidance to make such a resort more truly congenial to them than are the haunts of vice and dissipation.

The Woodland Cemetery referred to in the item we gave our readers a few weeks ago concerning Philip Embury is in Cambridge, Washington County, New York. The removal of Embury's remains to that cemetery was made by order of the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which recently held its session at Cambridge.

The third Choral Festival, which took place at Irving Hall on last Saturday afternoon, attracted a large and appreciative audience. A choir of one hundred male voices, among whom are sixty of the finest boy-sopranos in America, produce a charming effect. The pure, fresh, young voices seem to have something celestial in them. Handel's chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," was enthusiastically received. "The Angel Trio," sung by three sopranos without accompaniment, as well as the aria, a solo, by Master Toedt—both selections from Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—were peculiarly beautiful. So also was the solo by Master Grandin, from Handel's "Messiah." Many other selections were effectively rendered; and the descriptive lecture on Cathedrals added to the interest of the whole performance.

If such choral festivals could be frequently repeated, so that not only mere musical amateurs could attend them, but the superintendents and teachers of Sabbath and Ward Schools, and also the children who are under their training, it would give a desirable impulse to the musical taste of our city. Many valuable ideas would thereby be gained which might be applied with great advantage in the cultivation of children's voices.

May is the farmer's hope-time—now he casts the seed into the fertilizing earth, with bright anticipations of the autumn harvest. He may sing with a glad heart the following lines, which, by-the-way, are not of very recent origin. For a Maine journal gives a description of a venerable relic of antiquity in the shape of an earthen pitcher seventy-five years old. And amidst the various emblematic representations of farming implements which adorned it is this stanza:

"Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state;
I envy them not, I declare it.
I eat my own lamb,
My own chickens and ham;
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have lawns, I have bowers,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer.
So jolly boys, now,
Here's God speed the plow,
Long life and success to the farmer!"

Mr. George Peabody's gifts to Danvers, Massachusetts, his native town, and to the city of Baltimore, amount to the sum of $280,000, while his donations for the benefit of the poor of London swell up to the magnificent sum of £450,000 sterling. It is no small satisfaction that it is to an American that England is indebted for the greatest boon ever given to the poor of London.

A new style of announcing marriages seems to be fashionable at the South, as may be inferred from the following quotation from a North Carolina paper:

"By Dr. J. A. Sherrill, at twilight on Wednesday evening, February 28, 1866, in Catawba County, North Carolina, at the house of the bride's widowed mother, Mr. A. A. Gabrille to Miss Lizzie Milligan, after *a short but most delicious courtship*."

Somebody says, sentimentally perhaps—we leave the reader to judge—that

"The world buds every year,
But the heart just once; and when
The blossom falls off sere
No new blossom comes again."

If the term "*heart*" be used *generically* in this case, this statement is not susceptible of proof. If used *specifically* it may be true, since a poet of undoubted authority says of woman:

"No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves forever."

But certain it is that either the first statement is not *universally* true, or else the "heart" of a Michigan farmer, who recently lost his wife, had never *budded*. It seems that the wife died early in the morning. The farmer did not fancy being left alone in the world, and immediately decided to marry again. Hitching up his team, he takes in his servant-girl and goes to a neighboring village to buy garments for the dead. While there he married the girl, and returned to his home the same night with his second wife, so that, by actual count, he was not a widower twelve hours. The new wife appeared at the funeral the next day in deep black, and was one of the principal mourners over the body of the first wife.

The pastor of a fashionable church pathetically says: "Two-thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; they don't attend Sunday-school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on the books; they are honorary members."

It was rather a curious compliment which Voltaire paid to Mademoiselle de Livry, when he said of her to a friend: "She was so beautiful that I raised my long, thin body and stood before her like a point of admiration."

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BLISSVILLE, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



"DROWNED OUT"—A SKETCH ON THE ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK—BAND OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

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MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

OUR ARTIST IN VIRGINIA.

MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, who accompanies General STEEDMAN in his Southern tour, sends us three sketches, from which we have engraved the illustrations on this page.

Lynchburg is situated on the south bank of James River, 191 miles west of Richmond. It is built on the hill-side, and the view from the river is quite picturesque, and would be more so but for the crowding together of the houses. In 1793 this place was a little settlement containing only five houses. It is now the great tobacco city of the Union. It was incorporated in 1805. The city suffered comparatively little from the war. Labor is in great demand; the freedmen are industrious, and the feeling of the whites toward them is in general kindly and sensible. The city of Lynchburg was not occupied until after the capture of Richmond.

Monticello, the home of JEFFERSON, near Charlottesville, is located on the crest of a mountain, the view from which is so quietly beautiful that JEFFERSON called it the "Heavenly Mount." He made this retreat his resting-place after the fatigues of public life. The mansion is fast going to decay; portions of it are in an extremely dilapidated condition. The present occupant charges visitors twenty cents for admission to the premises. The people of Charlottesville certainly can not be held responsible for the ruinous aspect of the home of the "Father of Democracy;" "for," says our artist, "we have not during our journeyings seen a more respectable and industrious community."



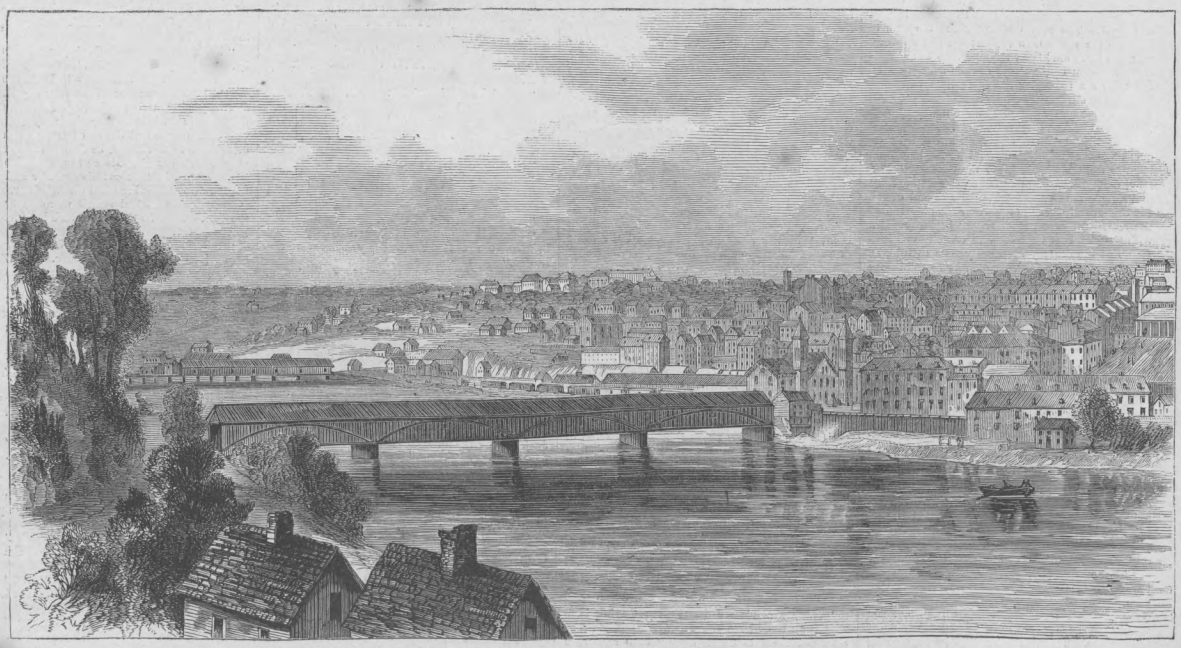
JEFFERSON'S TOMB, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

The slab of JEFFERSON'S tomb is of granite, and is the second one which has been erected, relic-hunters having carried away the first monument chip by chip. They have made some progress in the destruction of the present one. The inclosure is as little cared for as the mansion. Judging from appearances, a few years more will make the ruin of both complete.

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

"THERE is a large class of white men in the South," says our artist, Mr. A. R. W., "who do not work if they can avoid it, and Memphis is well represented in this respect; it is this class that the colored men seem to imitate rather than the industrious. How they live is a mystery. Not a little stealing is done, I suppose, for I have seen white men lurking among the negro huts and purchasing cotton stolen in small quantities from the levee. In some way they manage to pay the rent of their lots, which is often exorbitant. For a piece of land not fifteen feet square as much as ten dollars a month is asked and paid, not in situations, be it remembered, where land is valuable for any present purpose. All do not pay in this proportion, however, and there are not wanting generous people who have procured land and cut it up in small parcels at a reasonable rent.

"The colored people do not care to go out on the plantations, since by draying and working on the levee for 40 cents an hour they can make out a living; and so long as they support themselves it is



GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR—THE CITY OF LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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supposed to be no one's business how much or how little they earn.

"FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS.

"In this room, containing an army desk and some rude chairs, and principally decorated with hand-bills conveying the information 'that intelligence, or labor brokers—*White* or *Black*—entering the building, will be accommodated with 60 days' imprisonment,' contracts are signed between the colored men and planters hiring them, and the thousand and one appeals, differences, and complaints incident to the present relations of labor, heard and arbitrated, as far as my limited observation went, with strict justice and with no indication of that partial leaning toward the negro which I have heard the Bureau accused of. General RUNKLE, who superintends the department, shows a spirit of fairness in his decisions, which unprejudiced people must admire, singularly in contrast to the injustice meted out sometimes by the civil courts of Memphis. The scene sketched represents a group of negroes and the contractor who had hired them discussing a breach of contract on the part of the latter, who had sold the plantation they were hired to till after they had done considerable work upon it, and had then proposed to turn them over to another plantation. The negroes demanded their pay, and the annulling of the contract, on the reasonable grounds that such an arrangement was not included in it, nor contemplated by them when it was signed. This being clear, the planter—I believe—at the recommendation of the Marshal, agreed to cancel the document. The cases which come before the Bureau are of very various kinds, and are often exceedingly trivial. Some of the negroes have applied to General RUNKLE for permission to carry pistols for personal protection, but he could only tell them that it was unlawful and a privilege out of his power to give, but that while the practice of carrying weapons is universal among the whites they were as much entitled as any to their possession. While I was at the office a negro boy came in who had been hired through its agency by a man some twelve miles from the river, in Arkansas. This boy had made his escape, and was applying for protection. According to his statement he had used an oath—not in anger—to another laborer. For this the master had beaten him with a pistol and a heavy stick about the head, inflicting a severe wound, then tying him up had set the dogs upon him, his arm still showing abundant evidence of the sharpness of their teeth. To be sure there was no counter-statement, but the boy gave his testimony clearly and apparently with truthfulness. A planter was there to complain of one of his hands, whom he wanted punished for answering him back by 'What?' instead of 'Sir?' At one office I saw a negro whose complaint was against another who was 'cutting him out' in a love-affair.

"A characteristic case was being fought through by General RUNKLE. JOHN HERRON is a mean specimen, who, among other slaves, owned before the war one PRINCE HERRON, some nine miles from Memphis. JOHN HERRON'S estate was within the Union lines. JOHN H. personally found it healthy to reside outside that limit, and made a compact with PRINCE to work the plantation on shares. PRINCE ran the farm and fed his master's family through the blockade for two or three years; and when JOHN HERRON got into quiet possession again of his place he repudiated PRINCE'S claims, on the ground that a slave could be no party to a contract under the State laws of Tennessee. It was decided by the Freedman's Bureau that PRINCE'S claim was just. JOHN appealed to General FISK, who indorsed the decision, and again to General HOWARD, who ordered the decision to be enforced. To prevent this JOHN H. filed an injunction in the Supreme Court, which, I believe, decided against the Freedmen's Bureau. This is a test case of the powers of the Bureau, and it is not likely to give it up yet. The courts of Tennessee are sure to back up the white man against the slave in any case, but there are higher tribunals. The most enlightened men of the South are the officers of the army. As a *rule*, they are more liberal in their behavior to strangers, and certainly accept the situation with a better grace and more manly bearing than the vindictive non-combatants.

"The negroes know this well, and the consequence is, that men like General FORREST can get labor to work his lands while the citizen class of lazy, unimproved planters have to go without. I met a gentleman on the Arkansas who had owned 250 slaves, had served in the war, and now accepted the situation. Instead of sitting gloomily down with the idea that negroes were of no use as freemen, and the country necessarily gone to ruin, he determined to decide the question for himself. He told me that he was doing well; he had already on his place 75 men at work, and when I met him he had engaged 49 more, of a regiment mustered out at Duvall's Bluff; not, it must be added, without opposition from the officers of the regiment, some of whom tried to dissuade the men from contracting with him. This plantation was as comfortable a place as a negro intending to work could probably find. When their tasks were done the men could do as they pleased. There was a teacher for them, a good fiddler or two, and every prospect for a jolly Fourth of July, and I have no doubt that this gentleman will make money. Who knows but the negroes, although they may not be induced to work the long hours that were required before freedom, may, on the other hand, quicken their slow pace and do as much in shorter time? The old system was to blow the horn so early on the plantation that, in the cotton picking season, the hands would be all out, after cooking and eating breakfast, by the first appearance of light, ready in the rows to commence the work of picking while the dew was so heavy as to drench them from the laden branches almost at once. The first picking would be so wet as to require exposure on the stagings till noon, about which time the sun's heat would dry the clothing of the pickers. This was not a healthy practice for the fall of the year. Dinner, ready cooked, would be brought out to the fields and hurried over. Work was continued as late as 8 o'clock, when the hands would be dismissed for supper. This was a killing system, and required all the overseer's watchfulness; but the result was an immense profit to the planter.

"Even with the present prospect of remuneration the inducements to plant cotton are great. Eighty hands, it is stated, can easily grow and pick 1000 bales of cotton. These are paid on an average 16 dollars a month and rations, which, at the present prices of cotton, would realize a handsome fortune in one year. Good cotton land will raise 1 bale to the acre, in some places 1½ bales. The introduction of improved agricultural machinery will, in great measure, make up for the loss of labor in the South, for the implements of farming in this section appear to have been modeled upon the primitive efforts of our forefather Adam.

"DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

"After the delay usual with steamboat men, in the category of whose virtues that of punctuality is unwritten, our boat at last got away from the levee at Memphis, and once more among wasted and deserted plantations we continued down the Mississippi. Hardly a plantation could be seen where there were any signs of life, and so on to the White River, which is a deep and narrow channel well adapted for steamboat purposes, as it scarcely varies in hundreds of miles and always has plenty of water. There was so much at this time that all the country adjacent was overflowed. No land being visible among the trees except at places, few and far between, where the everlasting forest of cypress, gum, and cotton-wood, with its undergrowth of cane, gave way to a bluff.

On the Mississippi are very few plantations in working order this year; the water in many places has overflowed, and the banks of the river are generally very desolate, and back from the river it is even worse; there are not so many dismantled plantations and burned houses, but the back-water of the Mississippi has done much damage, and is very slow to quit the fields. On the Mississippi it is not expected that the crop will amount to much; in the interior of the State of Mississippi about one acre out of four is the amount in cultivation.

"In Arkansas, judging from what I could see, something like half the lands are in cultivation. The negroes there appear to be getting along amicably with the planters. The Little Rock *Dispatch* says they are generally contented and industrious, while at the same time the employers show a disposition to pay good prices, and also to feed and treat them well. This is the sunny side of the picture, but away from the highways of travel in Arkansas it is not all *couleur de rose*. Here is a story of another kind: Some short distance from Pine Bluffs, on the Arkansas River, lived a planter whose negroes did not know that they were free, but, on the contrary, had been told and believed that the North was whipped, and slavery tighter than ever. A rumor, however, reached them, and they determined to run for it, not daring to tell their master that they were free. They were all domiciled in a new house the master had built, with no other entrance than through his own dwelling. This he locked securely at night, so that they were as good as prisoners. One night, however, they managed to get out, and to the number of 14, leaving some helpless ones behind, the late slaves started for the river, having previously dug up their master's money—the secret of whose hiding-place one of them knew—and appropriated $150, putting the rest back. A boat came along and took them all on board for Memphis, charging them $5 each for passage, but finding them verdant and in possession of more cash, made another charge of five dollars a head before they let them ashore. The woman who gave this narrative had $100 of money, her father's saving, in Confederate currency, and she never believed the Yankees were victorious till the Memphis shopkeepers laughed at her money. The rest of the 14 that got away had hired out to a planter for $7 a month and rations.

"One curious thing about freedom is the manner in which it mixes up the matrimonal relations of these people. Some of them, owing to the little sales effected by their masters, find themselves with two or three wives and families, and several husbands sometimes claim one wife. Indeed, they are only just beginning to understand the real obligation of matrimony.

"North Alabama appears to keep up its reputation as a degraded section. The people are poor and do not work, and the land is as poor as the people, being mostly worked-out soil. The intellectual condition of the whites and blacks in this country is about on a par; and very little improvement is likely to take place in the negro till the white race are educated to a higher development.

"CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE.

"On a Sabbath morning our boat touched at the landing-place of Grand Lake, on the Mississippi. Here was the only church we had seen thus far. It was located away from any considerable town, and how the inhabitants can reach it at this stage of the water without boats is a problem. Near the church were many burnt chimneys, the remains of buildings destroyed in the war. Ruins of this sort were quite frequent all along the river.

"BLISSVILLE, ARKANSAS.

"Close on one side of the dilapidated capitol in Little Rock is a collection of log-huts and shanties known by the euphonious name of Blissville. As it is chiefly devoted to the colored population the name is significant. To this picturesque retreat in the very centre of the city numbers of the mustered out colored soldiers betook themselves, their wives, families, or sweet-hearts having already secured habitations there, where they could cook out of doors and live inside in the highest style with the liberal allowance of room usually afforded by coffins.

"ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK.

"These grounds are described as having been very beautiful before the war. At present they show evidences of abuse, having been used as a camping-ground by the Confederate soldiers during their occupation of Little Rock. The band of the Nineteenth Regulars playing here of an evening renders the grounds an attractive resort, and as the trees and flowers put on their summer dress they will become quite pretty once more. The arsenal itself is the prominent building, while beyond it, behind the summer house, is the house of the commandant."

On page 345 a description is given of Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS'S sketches of Lynchburg, Monticello, and the tomb of JEFFERSON.

A HOPELESS CASE.

I.

DOCTOR THATCHER paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening and the door-chain rattling awoke him. He rose and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the Doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I've been with no farmer. I drank because I'd lost at cards I tell you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be kept under no longer. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somewhere, and I'll pay you out for keeping me without a penny. No. I won't go to bed—go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old Doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in now, that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the Doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his breakfast, dear boy! Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! I was bad enough at his age."

An hour or two later found the rough but worthy Doctor driving at a sober pace toward the bank.

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in the High Street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour! Did you hear of young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the but-end of a billiard cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Thatcher," said the manager of the bank, as the Doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want this check, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlor."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pshaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"Drove by, Doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church Street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

"Thought he looked ill, Sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Rich people will have their joke."

The Doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, Doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The Doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Stuff about due!" growled the Doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets any thing."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the Doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon-colored bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the Doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in twenty pounds the end of last month for Drummond's? Surely? The last check he paid in. I've not sent since to you for any thing."

"No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last week for the hundred pounds for you."

"The hundred pounds?"

"Yes, didn't he, Edward?"

"Oh yes, Sir, and the week before for the fifty pounds."

"For the fifty pounds?" the Doctor stammered. "Let me see the checks, Mr. Miller." The Doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlor till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, Sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, Sir, are the checks. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The Doctor, as the door closed behind the manager, looked closely at the checks, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that unhappy boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the Doctor's fainted!"

II.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Miller," said the Doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the checks up to yesterday. Continue the draft. Young man, be kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawned into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. In that half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. As the Doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, only larger doses; but I'm sure—I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

"I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to take the mare round to the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the Doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were sharpened by illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The Doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The Doctor looked at it eagerly, then tasted it. The next moment he had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous excitement broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

"The medicine is much too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must not, however, pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that resembles it in color, but less violent. This was too much for you. Jack was right—he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours till the sickness abates. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned toward him and smiled on him, then the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

"I can not shake off this stupor, John. Good-by, and bless you, dear John!"

The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat down by his sister's bedside, sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed head, and the deep breathing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all Good. Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still?" How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine that hurt me."

"Fanny," said the Doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kindness."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor, dying old woman like myself?"

"Alter the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant or wild."

"Oh, he won't, dear boy! Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the Doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she said, in tears, "auntie is not in danger, is she? Oh, do say she is not in danger!"

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dearly, uncle."

"If you love us both you will then do as I tell

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you, and not deviate a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the Doctor's instructions were must not at present be revealed.

III.

THREE hours later the Doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with one elbow on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear father," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) about debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it be the last time, Jack," said the Doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"Oh, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," and John Harkness held up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady wants strength. Oh, she'll do if she can only get stronger!"

The Doctor sighed, and said, "The tonic is right." At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Ailing, Doctor, thank ye, with the flinzy. Uncommon bad, to be sure; and so is my missus."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's color rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for memory; it was Robinson at Woodcot I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a diaphoretic and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

"Steeped in lies," the Doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him. "I fed this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no one shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportunities for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still—still I may save the boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The Doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown boisterous and social as ever, seeing the Doctor satisfied with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the Doctor, warming to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two port; I feel to-day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with the bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost.

"That's right, Jack. Don't do like the country butler, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, zur; but I will,' and then shook it up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll decant it; I like doing it."

The Doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the table, where the young man had again suddenly seated himself. In the round shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the Doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little flat black vial and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said:

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Get it before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room the Doctor, with the quickness of youth, sipped the wine, recognized the taste of laudanum, threw open the door leading into the surgery, dashed the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The Doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely sleepy."

"Oh, it is the weather Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap."

The Doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming with consummate skill all the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the Doctor's adopted that the laudanum had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper's face; then, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old Doctor's finger his massive seal-key

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, unfeeling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if any thing goes wrong."

As he said this the lost man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the Doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; "awake him about twelve and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the Doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will still hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I can not—can not forget how I once loved him."

Sternly the Doctor set himself to that task of self-devotion—stern as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try if I can touch that hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve the Doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a quarter to ten; mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, Sir. Good-night."

"He makes them all liars like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

IV.

"How is your missus?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, Sir; sinking fast."

John Harkness made no reply, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor's so cursed stingy. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so badgered?"

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door he threw down the reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and desperate with the brandy he had already found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his white great-coat into its natural folds, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat hasn't already kicked the bucket! Vogue la galère, that'll do. Now then for regret, lamentation, and a white cambric handkerchief."

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into the back parlor and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're all very sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"Oh, John, you never spoke like this before! You never looked like this before. John, you do not really love me!" And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty; you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess lately about tin. It's that old woman who lies up stairs, and my stingy hard old governor, who kept us so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month or two now, let who will say nay. By George! if there isn't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now? She kept them tight enough while she was alive. Come, hurry off, Letty; this is a turning-point with me."

"Letty threw herself before the old bureau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "Oh, John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel and hard hearted! What evil spirit of greed possesses you? You were not so once. I can not get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon prise it open. It's all mine now. Mind, I'm queer this morning. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pushed the weeping girl from the desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old Doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he motioned Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and the door was locked behind her. There was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's pale face, and his mouth was clenched as if fixed with the pang of some mortal agony.

John Harkness stepped back and clutched hold of the shattered bureau, or he would have fallen.

"John," said the old man, "you have deceived me. I loved you, loved you Heaven only knows how tenderly. There was a time when I would have bled to death to save you an hour's pain. There was a time when I thought more of your smallest disappointment than I should have done for the loss of one of my own limbs. I fostered you; I took you from a bad father, and brought you up as my own son. I have been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Absalom, you have taught me bitterly my folly. You have forged—you have lied. Yes, don't dare to speak, Sir. You have lied. Blacker and blacker your heart became as you gave yourself to self-indulgence and sin. Further and further you erred from the narrow path; faster and faster you drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the good angels, and urged forward by the devil, the great temptation came, and you fell into CRIME. Not a word, Sir; you see I know all. Old as I am, 'twas love for you made me subtle. I found out your forgeries. I discovered your false entries of patients' names. I traced you out in all your follies and vices, and finally I saw you, when you thought me asleep, take the key-ring from my finger, and make those entries in a forged hand in my case-book, that might, but for God's infinite mercy, have led to my being now in prison as a *murderer*. You may start; but even a horrible cold-blooded crime did not appall you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is upon you. Even now, eager faces are looking up from the lowest abysses of hell, waiting for your coming; while, from the nearest heaven, the pale sad face of one who loved you as a mother, regards you with sorrow and with pity."

"Father, father!" cried the unhappy and conscience-stricken wretch, and held out his hands like one waiting for the death-blow from the executioner. "Have mercy! Spare me! I did not kill her. She would have died, any how. I am young; give me time to repent!"

"John, I will not deceive you as you have deceived me. My sister still lives. I discovered your intended crime, and gave her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it seems good to the all-merciful Father; still you had murdered her but for me. Tell me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world whether or not your repentance is true or false. Here is one hundred pounds. That will start you in another hemisphere for good or for evil. I wish, for the honor of our family, to conceal your shame, and the last spark of love that is left urges me to conceal your intended crime. Letty you will see no more. I, too, am dead to you forever. It is now one hour to the next train. Spend that time in preparing for your journey. At the nearest sea-port write to me, and I will forward all that belongs to you. Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell people that a sudden spirit of adventure made you leave me and start for Australia."

"But Letty—one word," groaned the discovered criminal. "I love her—one word. I forgot her for a time in my cruel selfishness; but I love her now—mercy—one—"

"Not one word. She is ignorant of your crime, but she knows that you are unworthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, one word of opposition, and I throw you into prison as a forger, and a man who had planned a murder. Go; when that door closes on you it is as if the earth of the grave had closed over my eyes. We shall meet no more. Go. Speak to no one; and remember, that the will you hold in your hand leaves not a single farthing to yourself. Go. We part forever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go."

The young man stood for a moment as soldiers are sometimes said to do when a bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then he stooped forward, kissed the old man on the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterward the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The Doctor took her hand. They knelt.

"Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know, but you must henceforward consider him as dead. Those who love me will never mention his name. Let us pray for him, my child, and may God's Spirit soften that hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else will. My hope and joy is gone. There is nothing left me now but to prepare myself humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray, for prayer availeth much."

V.

ONE July afternoon, thirteen years later, a handsome, burly, black-bearded man, in a fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove up to the door of the King's Arms, seated beside an older man even burlier and more bearded than himself. He alighted and ordered lunch; as he lunched he talked to the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said.

"Has Travers not got this house now?"

"No, Sir; he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt."

"Where's Jones, the veterinary surgeon?"

"Dead, Sir—died in a fit four years ago."

"Is Harris, the fat saddler, to the fore?"

"No, Sir—died last year of dropsy, and his son's dead too."

The stranger sighed and drank down a glass of ale at a gulp.

"Waiter, get me some brandy, hot." He hesitated for a moment, then he said, fiercely, "Is old Mrs. Thatcher still alive?"

"What! old Mrs. Thatcher at the lawn? Oh, she died seven years ago, and left all her money to her brother, the Doctor. There was an adopted son who would have had it, but he turned out a scamp."

"Oh, indeed! This is shocking bad brandy. And the old Doctor—is he still alive?"

"Oh, Lord, no, Sir. Dead six years since. Why, Sir, you seem to remember the people well?"

The stranger rested his head on his hand and thought for a moment; then he said:

"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece—is she living—married, I suppose?"

"Living—yes, Sir. Look, Sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the bank-door opposite; wait, and you'll see her come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, of the Bombay army."

At that moment, as the stranger looked out of the window, a lady stepped into the carriage; three pretty children—two boys and a girl—leaped in, laughing, after her. It was Letty, still beautiful even as a matron, her face wearing the old sweet amiable expression. The skittish ponies rebelled, but darted off amicably at a touch of their mistress's whip.

"What, in the dumps, old chum?" said the second stranger, going up to his friend, who still stood with his face fixed to the window. "Come, more liquor—I'll *shout* this time; it's our last day in old England."

"Curse old England and all that are in it!" said the other man, turning round fiercely. "Come, let's catch the 11.20 and get back to Liverpool. If I once get to the old tracks in Australia—once on the back of a buck-jumper and after the kangaroos, I'll never set foot again in the old country. Here's your money, waiter. Come, Murray, let's be off!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irish emigrant hearing the sunset-gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat, "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A blind man's dog.

Which of the inmates of the ark paid most attention to their toilet?—The fox and cock, for they took their *brush* and *comb*.

A CONUNDRUM.

(To be given at the close of a morning visit.)

Why would a lady who stays at home all the year round be likely to prove herself a false relation to her nephew? —Because she is not a *tru-ant*. Good-morning.

[Exit Visitor.

CURIOUS BILL.—A carpenter was employed by a farmer, and rendered the following curious bill: "To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, three shillings and sixpence."

If a man snores loudly can he be said to be sound asleep?

Why should Lord Byron be presumed to have been a good-tempered young man?—Because he always kept his *choler* (collar) down.

MATTER OF FACT.—At a naval court-martial, lately held, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you, then?" "Captain of the foretop."

What is the best way to keep a gentleman's affections? —Not to return them.

Two captains agreed to share their prizes, and met weekly to give an account of their seven days' work and signalize their luck. On one occasion Captain A—— signalized Captain B——, "I have taken something." Quick went up the bunting. "What have you taken?" and all hands stood on tip-toe of expectation. "Physic," was the pithy reply of Captain A——.

A CAPITAL I-DEA.—The writer of an autobiography is clearly justified in making the widest possible departures from the truth, for it is notoriously incorrect in writing about one's self to make use of a *little* I (little lie).

Why are birds likely to feel depressed early on summer mornings?—Because their little *bills* are all *over dew*.

A French Bishop in a sermon recently administered a philippic to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware," said he, "while putting on their profusive and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

An old lady living in the country lately refused to let her niece dance with a young graduate of Oxford, because she heard that he was a "bachelor of arts," whereby she understood him to be an artful bachelor.

Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep?—Because for every grain they give a *peck*.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

A doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party; "it has been announced in the *Times*." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck importantly; "pray, in what terms?" "Well, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven deaths less than the week before!'"

SPRING WATER.—April showers.

The question, does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky. "Oh, Biddy, it's a trate intirely to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

Why is the tread-mill like a true convert?—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Nothing perfect.

Some crook is found in every staff;
And every grain must have its chaff;
Without their weeds no garden plots;
The sun itself has ugly spots.

Every bean must have its black;
Every good doth something lack;
Every skin some freckle shows;
Some faulty petal, every rose.

No horse that never stumbled lives;
No fire so bright that no smoke gives;
No harp without its feeble notes;
No beam of light without its motes.

The world itself is not quite round;
A ghost in every house is found;
No tree without its withered leaf;
No joy without its shade of grief.

No clock that never erred a minute;
No book without some error in it.
Great Homer's self did sometimes nod;
All bear the sin-stamp—"ICHABOD."

PERFECTLY PLAIN.—"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I didna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed! what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the *figure of circumlocution*, and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman; "what a puir fool I were not to understand that!"

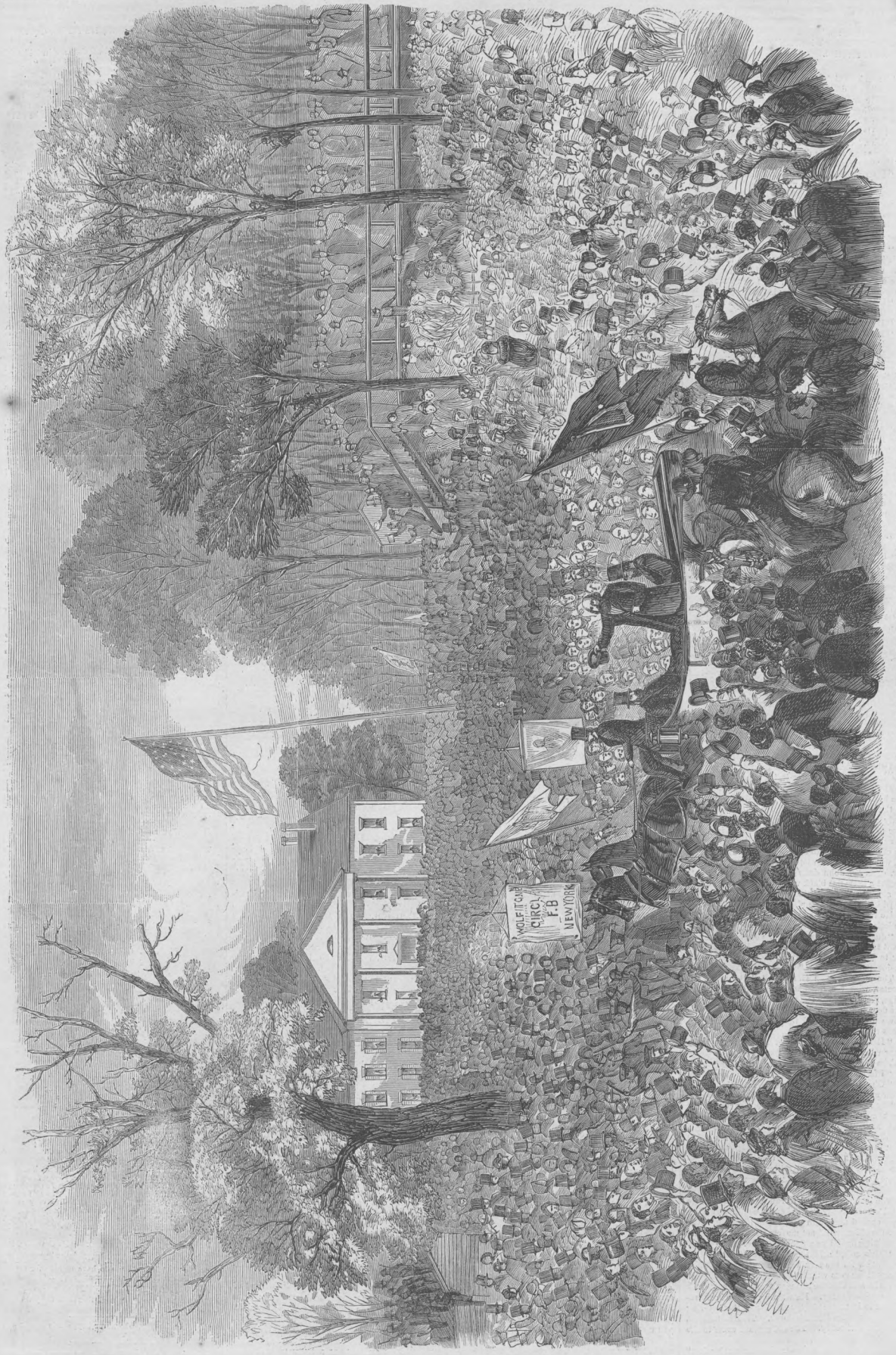
PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—"My dear Mrs. B., how can a body prevent the odious smell of cooking in one's house?" asked Mrs. A. "The only way that I know," replied Mrs. B., "is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper."

"Pa, can a person catch any thing if he don't run after it?" "Certainly not." "Well, then, how did you catch the cold you've got?"

Crinoline shoppers, who never buy, are known in the trade as counter irritants.

A legal wag calls his marriage certificate, strange to say, "a writ of attain'd her."

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GRAND RECEPTION OF JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF, AT JONES'S WOOD, APRIL 15, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 340.]

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THE MONEY-MAKER.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE Parisian modistes have certainly produced a fair stock of novelties in the way of chapeaux for the present season, the most remarkable of which are the chapeaux Lamballe, Watteau, Bergère, Benoiton, and Printanier. The favorite materials of which these are made are tulle and fancy straw; but sometimes they are formed entirely of clusters of flowers, such as clematis and lilies of the valley, or vine leaves of different shades of color, with here and there a few small green or purple grapes arranged closely together. In the front there is occasionally a band of colored ribbon on a ruche of blonde, the strings of the chapeau being, of course, of the same color. When the chapeau is of tulle this is frequently goffered, and the crown is encircled with a wreath of flowers, hyacinths, moss-roses, passion-flowers, heart's-eases, forget-me-nots, or lilies of the valley, the ends of which hang down on either side, or, joined together, fall over the breast. The strings are for the most part of white ribbon, with frequently a second pair of strings of tulle; but strings of mauve, pale blue, or green, or other light color ribbon harmonizing with the tints of the wreaths are also worn. The chapeaux of fancy straw are trimmed with similar wreaths to those just described, and occasionally have the ribbon of the strings passed over the crown. A favorite trimming for these chapeaux is a cluster of ears of wheat or barley on either side, with a chaine Benoiton of straw passementerie falling down in front. The strings in this case would be of straw-color ribbon with, perhaps, a second pair of strings of muslin, crape, or tulle of the same color. Most of the chapeaux have glass drops suspended round the brim; the more elegant tulle bonnets being ornamented in a similar manner with pearl beads.

For robes several novelties in the way of foulards have made their appearance; for instance, the foulard Patti, with a border formed of musical notes; the foulard *glaneuse*, ornamented with ears of wheat knotted together; the foulard pastel, with small bouquets of flowers on a pearl or rose, gray or white



THE MONEY-SPENDERS.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.—CHAPEAUX AND COIFFURES.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.

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ground; the foulard Oriental, with a double palm-leaf upon a rich colored or black or white ground; and the foulard Imperial, ornamented with wreaths of flowers.

There are two kinds of jupons now in vogue—the jupon à traine and the jupon écourté; the former is terminated with a deep flounce bordered with gimp, surmounted by an entre-deux, composed of small squares of gimp; the latter is ornamented with an entre-deux of gimp or embroidery, and a narrow piping.

Sunshades when made of dark-colored silk are invariably lined with white; the handles are mostly large, and are occasionally formed of a series of links resembling a somewhat heavy-looking chain. In place of a ferule, some sunshades are armed with a formidable-looking spike, the use or purpose of which is certainly a mystery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPEAUX AND COIFFURES.

Fig. 1. Chapeau of puffed tulle, formed like the shell of a snail, with a ruche of blonde in the front. Strings of pink ribbon.

Fig. 2. *Coiffure de Bal*, composed of an antique band of rose velvet studded with cameos, which are interlaced with chains of small pearls, that fall down below the chignon.

Fig. 3. *Coiffure for a Bride.*—Wreath of Orange blossoms, the two ends of which are crossed at the back of the head, and fall down on each side of the chignon.

Fig. 4. Catalane in tulle blonde, trimmed with a ruche of blonde and flowers, with a chaine Récamier, likewise formed of blonde and flowers, falling down in front.

Fig. 5. Chapeau of goffered tulle, trimmed with leaves of green velvet, which, formed into a chain, fall down over the breast. Strings of green ribbon and white tulle.

COSTUMES.

Fig. 1. *Morning Jacket* of crimson velvet, bordered with swansdown and gold passementerie. Robe of gray foulard, without any trimming.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress.*—Tunic of green taffeta, open in front in the shape of a heart, and behind on a line with the shoulders, trimmed with a border of white marabout. Shawl of Chantilly lace. Robe of striped green foulard, with wild roses down the front, and bordered at the bottom with marabout, like the tunic. Chapeau Lamballe of Tuscan straw, trimmed with wild roses; the strings of green ribbon.

Fig. 3. *Indoor Dress.*—Robe of coarse blue taffeta. At each side are two wide stripes of the same material, but of a darker shade of color, connected by a passementerie. Corsage-veste of the same color as the robe, and trimmed with a similar passementerie, with short tails, but without sleeves. Beneath is an under corsage, which, with the sleeves, is of white cambric. The wristbands of the sleeves are trimmed with a ruche of ribbon matching the robe, and bordered with Valenciennes lace. The collar is of plain ribbon. In the hair is a simple bandalette of ribbon of the same color as the robe.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Burnous de printemps of fine silk and wool, striped with gold and silver thread. The robe is of straw-color foulard, with stripes of a darker shade. The coiffure is composed of a cluster of small roses at the top of the head, which are connected by chains of pearls to an enamel plaque fixed in the chignon.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE CLOUDS.

THE other day we, in common with our quill-compelling brotherhood, received a polite invitation from Dr. Solomon Andrews to inspect an invention of his ycleept, "THE AERION; OR, FLYING SHIP." Accompanying this invitation was a request that we should answer sundry rather intricate questions, as to whether the problem of aerial navigation should now be considered satisfactorily solved; whether there were any immediate probability that all railway and steamship companies would declare a last dividend and close their offices; whether henceforth all transportation of passengers and freight must of necessity be effected by the agency of the "Aerion," and other machines of similar construction, thus "revolutionizing the commerce of nations;" and other enigmatical interrogatories, coming within the province rather of clairvoyance than of journalism.

The "flying ship's" magnificent volume is "bound in boards" at the corner of Green and Houston streets, a locality ill adapted for the success of heavenward experiments, inasmuch as the physical and moral character of that region has a decidedly downward tendency, and is "of the earth, earthy" to the utmost conceivable degree. Although the majority of the inhabitants are said to "get high"—or, more elegantly, to "become elevated"—in a metaphorical sense, oftener than occasionally, but few of them are likely to call upon Saint Peter to verify the place of their bodily residence, as in the traditional case of the one man who went to heaven from Chicago.

On entering the lofty inclosure at which our readers may have wonderingly gazed from the University Place cars, we found ourself in the presence of three members of the press, of an enthusiastic individual especially deputed to instill conviction into the minds of the said (and other) members of the press, and of—The Aerion!

The principal point of dissimilarity between this and other balloons (and the feature whereon the inventor bases his theory) is its peculiar shape. Instead of the customary "peg-top" pattern being followed, the Aerion reminds one forcibly, by its form and color, of a Brobdignagian lemon suspended in air, its greater diameter being horizontal. By a strap, which encircles its larger circumference and is controlled by a complicated congeries of cords and pulleys, a longitudinal depression, or groove, may be made in its upper surface, for the double purpose of giving a line of direction to the atmospheric resistance (as an upside-down *intaglio* keel, so to speak), and also of regulating the capacity of the balloon to compensate for the expansion and contraction of its gaseous contents at different altitudes. Depending from this juiceless lemon is a wicker car, something like a row-boat with a stern at each end, or an attenuated scow, capable of seating four or five persons. A shifting ballast-box, to be managed by pulleys, occupies the centre of this car, and from the "coxwain's seat" two "tiller-ropes" lead to a comical three-cornered rudder, tacked at one of its angles to the after-end of the balloon. So much for the general appearance of the "Flying Ship." Now as to its *modus operandi*.

We were cordially and courteously greeted by the enthusiastic individual above alluded to, who, to our inquiry concerning the motive power to be employed, responded in substance as follows:

"The principle of gravitation, Sir, is what the Doctor mainly relies on for his motive power. You see, the buoyancy of the balloon imparts to it a tendency to ascend in a vertical direction; but by inclining the axis of the Aerion at a slight angle to the horizon, this upward motion is converted into one of progression. If you throw a piece of slate into the water it does not sink in a direct line, but descends with a zigzag motion; and just so the pressure of the air, either upward or downward, acting upon a flat or grooved surface, must produce the same result. For instance, this envelope," extricating that article from his pocket as he spoke, "will not fall straight to the ground, but will oscillate from side to side almost horizontally, exemplifying admirably the Doctor's theory." The envelope being here triumphantly launched into space, performed one or two hesitating gyrations, and then, getting an edge downward, plunged viciously and vertically to earth. Nothing daunted by the failure of this illustration, however, our informant continued: "The same principle is beautifully manifested in the flight of birds, whose course through the air first suggested to the Doctor the idea which he has embodied in the Aerion."

We diffidently remarked that possibly the circumstance of birds having wings, and balloons being destitute of those members, might invalidate the force of the comparison.

"Not at all, Sir!" replied he, waxing even more enthusiastic under our captiousness, "the Doctor denies that a bird's wings are organs of propulsion. They are simply for the purpose of ascending: the inclination of the bird's body does the rest—its tail answering to the rudder which you see there. Now the Doctor sitting in the rear-end of the car, his weight induces a depression of the stern and a proportionate elevation of the prow of the machine. He ascends and advances thus obliquely at the rate of, say, five miles ahead to one upward; then, having attained his highest point, he lets out a portion of the gas, and, pointing the Aerion downward—either by shifting the ballast or by stepping forward himself—he descends at a corresponding angle. Nearing the earth, the ejection of a few sand-bags insures a second ascent, and so on until his destination is reached."

"All very well," said we, "provided that the machine act as it ought to, and provided also that a trip be made on a perfectly still day; but suppose the wind should blow from an unfavorable quarter, what would he do then?"

"*Tack*, Sir!" promptly responded the enthusiast, with the air of a man who has entirely overwhelmed an opponent in argument.

"But touching steerage-way," we modestly insinuated; "if a boat without sail or oars be drifting in a tidal current, is it possible to alter its direction by the helm?"

"Not at all a parallel case, my dear Sir," observed he. "The velocity attained by the combined forces acting on the Aerion (which the Doctor estimates at about one hundred miles per hour) so far exceeds the rapidity of the wind that our rudder must meet with sufficient resistance to vary our course."

"Still, if a *side* wind—" we began.

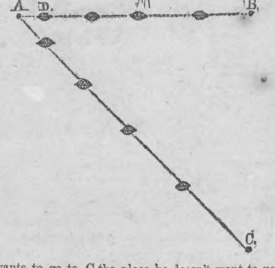
"A *head* wind, Sir," he retorted, "may be blowing at the rate of, we will say, fifty miles per hour; yet if our velocity be taken at one hundred miles per hour, it is a simple mathematical deduction that we will overcome that obstacle, and yet have fifty miles per hour headway."

"But," we interpolated, "we referred more particularly to a *side*—"

"You perceive, therefore," pursued he, unconscious of our interruption, "that your objection founded upon the aerial currents is easily explained away."

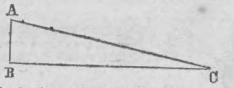
Being, if not convinced, at least silenced, we cast a parting glance upon the gaseous giant, and wended our way toward home, pondering upon birds, balloons, slates, envelopes, and natural philosophy. Our cogitations led us into a maze of suppositions, a few of which we now beg to transfer to the gentle reader.

Suppose, firstly, that there be some foundation in fact for the statement made in treatises on physics, that from two equal forces, acting at right angles to each other, a diagonal motion will result. Suppose, furthermore, that in the following diagram A is the point of departure, B the place Doctor Andrews



wants to go to, C the place he doesn't want to go to, D the Aerion with an impulse of fifty miles an hour, and E Boreas blowing at the same rate. Will "the Doctor" reach B (at the distance, we will say, of fifty miles) within the hour, or will he travel seventy miles, and after an hour and forty minutes arrive at C? Of course, if the impetus of the balloon be twice that of the wind, he will land midway between B and C, and have to walk twenty-five miles to gain either point.

Suppose that "the Doctor" should undertake to transport a load of merchandise from New York to some place just three hundred miles distant. As the successive elevations and descents of the Aerion are to be accomplished by alternately letting out gas and pitching overboard ballast, a sufficient number of sand-bags must be carried to obviate the necessity of throwing out precious merchandise. Since the freight-bearing capacity of the balloon is (like the liability of petroleum stock-holders) "strictly limited," it is important to reduce the quantity of unremunerative ballast to a minimum. Now allow five miles' advance to each mile of ascent or descent; assume five miles as the greatest altitude of each ascent; grant a perfectly quiescent state of the atmosphere; fix the average weight of ballast ejected for each ascent at twenty pounds; and we have the conditions for our second problem. Twenty-five into three hundred goes twelve times; *ergo*, "the Doctor" must prepare for six ascensions and six "declines and falls;" or, in other words, must take (six times twenty) one hundred and twenty pounds of ballast. This, with the combined weight of himself and two assistants, would leave but little porterage for freight—but let that pass. Geometrically considered, his course consists of a series of right-angled triangles, each of which, under the above conditions, would have the following proportions:



A B = 5 miles; A C = 25 miles. "From the square of the hypothenuse subtract the square of the other known side, and the square root of the remainder will be the third side." Performing this operation, we find B C = $24\frac{24}{49}$ miles; *i.e.*, "the Doctor" would lose nearly a mile in every fifty, and alight six miles short of his point of delivery, with a large balloon and about 430 pounds of merchandise to carry the rest of the way. As a corollary, we may state that we do not think that the commerce of the world, in the matter of freight, is likely to be seriously affected by the invention of the Aerion.

Suppose that the Aerion, launched with a velocity of a hundred miles per hour against an opposing wind, should develop the tendency sometimes noticed in curved surfaces under like circumstances (*e.g.*, a clam-shell "shied" by a small boy on a windy day), and turn bottom upward, thus, returning after the manner of a boomerang!



Suppose, finally, that the beneficent Board of Health, under that section of its code which says "that no person shall throw or send up any kite, stone, or other substance whereby, or by reason of which, any human life may be put in danger or peril," should interpose its authority between Dr. Andrews and the "end" which might "crown his work."

MY PICKPOCKET.

"THE one great thing you want to guard against, Miss Howard, is pickpockets. They positively swarm on the lines of railroad. Why, every station-house on every road in the land has its sign up, *Beware of Pickpockets*" (Miss Borey with expressive forefinger traced in the air the legend of the sign as if it were visibly on the wall before her), "and *they* know what they are about, those railroad men. Why, there was Miss Newcome, only the other day, had her pocket picked in just coming from Yonkers; and *when* it was done she could not tell to save her; all she knew was that a most genteel and well-appearing man shared her seat with her, who was no doubt the thief. It is always the nicest-looking, meekest, most elegantly-dressed men who are the likeliest to be pickpockets, Miss Howard—always. Oh, they are *so* agreeable! and before you know it your purse is gone, and he is gone too. Why, it is not a week since my friend Mrs. Cadd, of Port Jervis, was robbed of her pocket-book in that long dark tunnel in Jersey City by the nicest-appearing young man you ever saw. He held her little girl on his knee and gave her nuts, and was mighty agreeable; and when they went into that tunnel he picked Mrs. Cadd's pocket of every cent she had, and got off before she suspected him. Why, bless me, Miss Howard!"—with startling energy—"you have to go through that very tunnel, don't you? Well, be careful of your porte-monnaie, that's all; if you don't you may be sorry you didn't heed the words of one who knows. Beware of polite and genteel young men—particularly if they are good-looking; I always do; *I* make them keep their distance, I promise you."

This harangue was delivered by Miss Borey one day last June, and that night I dreamed I was robbed and choked and thrown out of the car-window in that dark tunnel, by the handsomest man I ever saw, with great beautiful eyes and the air and manners of a prince.

The bustle of departure next morning did not drive these thoughts quite out of my mind. I had no sooner got across the river and taken my seat in the car than I glanced out the window and saw that staring placard:

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

It seemed as if the train would *never* start. I had come over in an early boat, so as to make sure of a good seat, and hence had half an hour and more to wait. Look which way I would, I could not get my attention off that black-lettered placard. My eyes would, in spite of me, wander back to it every other minute, and read it again, until it settled its shadow over me like a nightmare. In desperation I would shut my eyes; but I could not shut out that placard. There it was, and multiplied by tens. I opened a book and essayed to read. In vain; I could not settle my mind on any thing but the nineteen letters that spelled those three words of warning. They began to jumble themselves up in my mind in the most aggravating way, till my head ached with their mad freaks: Beware.—beware—pickpockets—pickpockets—pickets—pockets—pockpickets—ware—beware—pickpock—pock—beware—

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

And back my eyes would go as if the thing were fascinating me—it a snake and I a bird.

Oh dear, how tired I grew of it!

It was a great relief when, just as the conductor called out "All aboard!" a good-looking young man came up to me with a shawl over his arm, and said, in a respectful tone,

"Will you allow me to occupy this seat, Madam?"

The car was crowded. I removed my traveling bag from the place at my side, and he seated himself by me. He said nothing to me, but took the morning paper from his pocket and read it.

Men say that women jump at conclusions—that their judgment is altogether intuitive, and that they can never give a reason for the belief that is in them. I can give you, respected Sirs, more than one reason for my belief that the man at my side was a pickpocket.

First, although well-dressed, he wore a peculiar pair of black pantaloons with narrow white stripes in them. Second, his hands were white, though they looked nervously muscular, and he wore three gold rings on his fingers. Third, he wore a mustache, and no beard. Fourth, his manners were precisely of that quiet, unobtrusive kind that Mrs. Borey had named.

There! There are *four* reasons which influenced me in my conclusion; and whether wise ones or not, in themselves, they were the basis of my judgment. So it was not intuition.

The train moved slowly away, and presently we plunged into the black darkness of that long and gloomy tunnel. Shall I ever forget it?

All my senses were keenly on the alert. I drew off my gloves to be prepared for action, if I should be called on. I had barely done so when I felt a movement of the hand and arm of my companion.

Instantly I put out my hand; it touched his; he made a motion to draw it away; but I grasped it firmly by the wrist, and with my other hand endeavored to draw my pocket-book from his clutch; but he would not yield it. I felt as strong as a tigress in that exciting moment, and clung with both my hands to his, determined to scream for help if he tried to leave the seat.

Oh, how slowly the train seemed to drag on through that interminable tunnel! Would the light *never* come?

At length the light did come. I turned my eyes on the man with a look that I meant should pierce him to the quick. He returned my gaze with interest.

"Well, Sir!" said I.

"Well, Madam?" he rejoined.

"My pocket-book, if you please, Sir," I uttered, with withering emphasis.

"Your pocket-book?"

"Yes, Sir;" and again I endeavored to draw it from his grasp.

"Gently!" said he; "I believe the pocket-book is my own!"

Why I did not faint I hardly know. For it was, indeed, true; the pocket-book he held in his hand was *not* mine.

I dropped his hand quickly, and as quickly thrust my own into my pocket. I found my porte-monnaie was safe.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, in unspeakable chagrin; "what can I say to you?"

"No need to say any thing, Madam," said he, in the kind tones of a true gentleman. "I perceive the nature of your mistake. You thought me a pickpocket. It is uncomplimentary," he smiled, "but not inexcusable."

The remainder of the day's ride was a most delightful one. Weeks of ordinary acquaintanceship in society could hardly have placed us on a more confidential footing than did this ridiculous blunder of mine. I was determined to show my companion that I had a trusting faith in his true gentlemanliness, all the more unreserved because of the base suspicion I had entertained; and I did show it.

We chatted all day long. He was going to Avon too; and it seemed he knew Brother Fred quite well in a business way, having met him in Wall Street. He gave me his business card, by which I saw that his name was William Baird. When he surrendered me into mother's hands at Avon, he said, with a droll look,

"Your daughter came near having her pocket picked, Mrs. Howard. Hence our acquaintance."

Then I had to tell the story; and, not to conceal any part of my folly, I did not even omit to mention the *reasons* which had influenced me in believing Mr. Baird to be a pickpocket.

"The rings I wear, Miss Howard," said Mr. Baird, "do look a little flashy, perhaps—"

"Oh no," said I, "three such plain gold rings as those."

"But they are each gifts from valued friends, and worn for their sake, not because I have a taste for such ornaments."

Well, this is the story of my adventure last June, and it was enough to last me a lifetime; for "my pickpocket" (as I often call him) stole my heart, and we are to be married in the fall. I need not explain who is to be my traveling companion next month in the ride to our summer resort.

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TO MY DOG DASH.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[Many poets have sung their dogs; and if the poem were an elegy, many a reader has thought it strained and insincere. But the death of no animal touches the heart so closely as that of a dog which has been a domestic friend—not a hunter merely....but a fireside companion, part of the household, a playmate of children, an affectionate and perpetual presence. The kind welcome when you returned...the universal dumb fidelity, never fawning upon a richer master, never whining to enter a finer gate than yours....bearing even chastisement sadly and meekly—this is a friendship....which so often outlasts the human.—*Harper's Magazine for February*, 1866.]

Blessings on old Bishop BUTLER,
Blessings that he leaped the bars
Of this flesh that seem to keep our
Souls for the immortal stars—
Showing by the links of Reason,
That there *is* a mountain clime
Where man's spirit noons forever
Far beyond the hills of Time!

Blessings, also, that his volume
Willingly accords a place,
Made by that All-wise Love-Father,
For the lower animal race—
When this dream of dust is over—
Where its nature, finer still,
May its own delights forever
Seek at its own chartered will!*

If the *moral* gives the immortal,
Why then, Dash, my canine friend,
Should this life of earth, so fleeting,
Be to you, alone, the end?
Have you not embellished Dogdom?
Dogdom with its friendship true—
Truer than some boastful humans
Ever in *their* bosoms knew.

How you have watched o'er the children
(One from death I owe to you;
This alone would give me yearning
That there's a Dog-Heaven too)!
How you always barked glad welcome
To me on return! nor drift
Did I e'er detect that you were
Only looking for some gift.

How when I might roughly chide you
For some act (would that above
Worse of mine was not recorded!)
You would take it all in love,
Sadly, meekly, with side-glances
At me—yearning for my glance
Giving pardon—when it met you,
Oh, how grateful would you dance!

How you always were contented,
Though the morsel poor might be;
Never seeking other master
Richer in his store than me!
How—but I must stop the record
Of your virtues;—and but scan
Them in silence—or you'll think me
Only satirizing *man!*

Come! the woods again are Edened
With the opulent summer time—
Come! we'll scour the vales together,
Or the leafy mountains climb—
Come! and there some fuller symbols
Of my coming life may meet me,
Than before I ever knew,
While, perhaps—for future dogrel—
Some may speak for Dogdom's too.

* See remarkable speculation on this curious subject in BUTLER'S celebrated "Analogy."

COMPLAINT ANSWERED.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made by those who visit the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION (19 Cooper Institute) because they have to wait so long before they can be accommodated. Dr. COLTON says he must accommodate patients in the order of arrival, though it is seldom one has to wait more than half an hour. Even this can be avoided by securing an appointment. They extract teeth for about forty patients every day, as many as they can get through with. That the operation is pleasant and painless we can certify from personal experience. Quite an amusing scene occurred at their office the other day. A lady took the chair, inhaled the gas, and had her teeth extracted. On waking she spat out the blood, and in a few minutes was asked to vacate the chair for another patient. After a time she was asked to write her name on the scroll. On doing so, she asked, "*Why, when are you going to take out my teeth?*" The teeth had been out ten minutes.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

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135	Ladies' gold enam'd magic cased Levers	60 to 275
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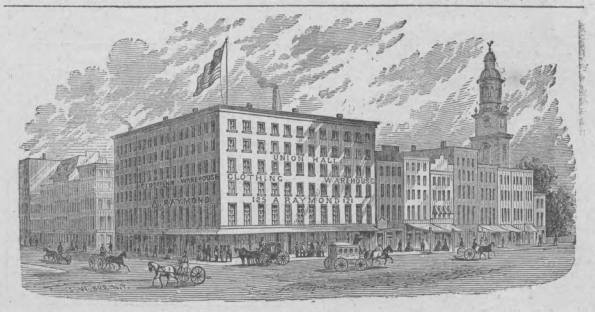


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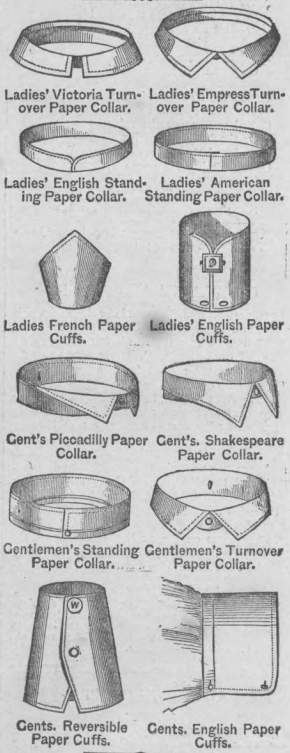
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 493.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER IV.

"I'm afraid I may have to alter my list, Sam," said Clover; "I'm afraid mine *is* difficult. I wrote down just what I wanted at first without noticing how the seeds were to be planted; and now I see some of them must be 'under glass.'"

"Never mind," said her brother, "let's take the list first and the difficulties afterward. It is a great point to know what you want."

"I know *that* pretty well," said Clover; "only it was hard to want little enough. Well then, Sam, first of all, you know, I must cover my fence; and papa said I might have just as much *fence* as I liked."

"Fence *ad libitum*," said Sam; "yes, that's right."

"So first of all I chose some vines," said Clover. "This beautiful hyacinth bean, with dark purple flowers and varnished pods—it must be splendid, I think."

"Varnished pods?" said Lily—"where did you find that? I thought it was just a bean—and beans are so common."

"Well, maybe it is common," said Clover, "but I guess not; for Mr. Vick says it ought to be grown more than it is. And it will cover my fence grandly, for the shoots are sometimes twenty feet long. But then, Sam, I thought it would not do to have the fence all dark—so I chose next this pretty canary-bird vine, with fringed yellow flowers."

"Very well chosen," said Sam. "Don't you want a blue vine too? here are blue Ipomœas."

"I thought of that," said Clover, hesitating a little bit. And then softly bending down Sam's head to where little Primrose sat on the floor at his side, Clover silently pointed out to him in large, childish writing at the very head of Prim's list—"Ipomœa grandiflora superba."

"So I thought I wouldn't," she said, with a smile; "a second one might hurt the superb effect, you know, Sam. And don't you think yellow and purple go well together?"

"Nothing could be better," said Sam, twining his arm round the girl's waist and drawing her close to his side. "And I see you have got the start of me, Clover, and have planted your hedge before I have even the ground dug up."

"Planted my hedge?" Clover repeated. Then, with a smile and a flush, "I think mamma was the planter, Sam."

"And may God give the increase!" said her brother, tenderly. "Now what comes next? The fence being covered, what shall we do with the ground?"

"I thought," said Clover, a little shyly, "that my vines would show better at intervals, you know—not to see quite the whole of them at once. So I chose these tall zinnias and martynias for flowers, and then to mix with them this pretty amaranthus — Joseph's Coat—with its three-colored leaves. I think they'll do for a back-ground," said Clover, with the same shy look at her brother's face, which somehow or other confused her and brought a blush into her own. But he only said as before:

"Well chosen. What next?"

"Next, in front," said Clover, "I want a whole mass of flowers, the gayest I can get. There's stocks, and salpiglossis, and gaillardia, and celosia, and balsam, and argemone, and helichrysum. The helichrysum flowers are good all winter."

"A first-rate list," said Sam. "Don't you want some very low-growing flowers just in front, to slope it quite down to the grass?"

"Yes, I wanted some very much," said Clover, "but my money gave out. And then I thought the taller flowers would show best from the house, and so that I had better keep them. But I can change my list."

"No, no," said Sam; "you are to *choose*, you know. And the list is capital. Now, little one," he said, lifting up Primrose and placing her on his knee, "what sort of a collection of sweets have you got together?"

"Oh, it's so difficult!" said Prim, knitting her small brows and turning the Catalogue leaves back and forth with perplexed fingers. "I wanted to get all the *sweet* things, but they are so many. And then Lily says some of 'em are so common. I'm afraid my garden won't look pretty unless I get some other things too; and I don't know what to leave out and what to put in."

"Your garden will look pretty, I'll answer for it," said Sam. "I never saw a collection of sweet things in my life that was not beautiful. What does Lily say is common?"

"Why, my sweet peas, for instance," said Primrose, studying her list.

"I'm glad if they are," said Sam, "but *I* never found it out. I think for every sweet pea you may find fifty fuschias. Have them by all means."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Prim, her face brightening; "for he says they're so very sweet. And see, Sam, all colors. Then oh, Sam, I want this blue ipomœa!"

"Then have it," said Sam, smiling.

"But it costs twenty-five cents!"

"Well, you've got twenty-five cents to give for it."

"But I mean," said Primrose, "it leaves me so little money for any thing else."

"Yes," said Sam, "you must choose between one great beauty and four or five smaller ones."

"Is it a great beauty? Then I'll have it," said Primrose. "It don't signify if I *haven't a great* variety in my garden, I guess. But here's a beauty—a white primrose! That's what mamma likes."

Sam thought, as he looked down at the fair little face upturned joyfully to his, that mamma had excellent taste. Few prettier things to be found, to his fancy, than *such* a white primrose. But he only said, laughing,

"*This* one, Prim? Why, it has a name as long as you are—œnothera acaulis alba."

"I know," said Primrose; "but it don't matter. I needn't say 'em all at once. Then here are my pansies, Sam; they're not sweet, but they're lovely."

"You extravagant little puss!" said Sam; "pansies cost fifteen cents!"

"Yes," said Primrose, sedately; "but I had to have 'em, you know. Then here is platystemon—I don't know what it is, but it *sounds* pretty, and it's sweet too. And here's datura. Oh, Sam, just look at this, with flowers seven to nine inches long, and sweet!"

"Must be a real horn of perfume instead of plenty," said Sam.

"Oh, but it's plenty too!" said Prim, "for it says 'very sweet.' Then here's abronia and callirhoe — that's not sweet, I suppose, but it sounds beautiful."

"That's a fine list," said Sam. "I'm not sure but it's the most troublesome one of the three; but as you are a patient, painstaking little body, you won't mind that."

"I like it," said Prim.

"But what's the particular trouble of Prim's list more than ours?" said Lily.

"There are more things that require transplanting, and more that must be started in heat."

"What's 'starting in heat?'" said Lily.

"Being very warm, and therefore beginning to grow."

"Now, Sam, don't be a tease! What is it *really*?"

"That is true which I said," answered Sam; "only it is the seed's side of the question. Your part of the work is to furnish the warm circumstances that bring about such a good result."

"Putting them in the sun, do you mean?" said Lily, "in a warm part of the ground?"

"The sun has very little heat to spare just now, and the ground is as cold as ice—being, in fact, frozen."

"Well, we can wait till it melts—I mean thaws—and gets warm, then," said Lily.

"And then some of your flowers, which need a long time to grow, would begin to bloom by about the end of summer. You must give them artificial heat, and make them a climate."

"Well, this is the funniest work!" said Lily. "Why, Sam, there isn't any artificial heat but the fire or the



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GELLATLY & LECKY.]

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oven, and I shouldn't think baking would be useful."

"Sam," said little Primrose, looking very puzzled, while Clover silently knit her brows over the difficulty, "why don't you tell us what you mean at once?"

"Because I want you all to think and find out," said Sam. "You must not be ignorant little gardeners; I want you to *learn*."

"And so do I want to learn," said Clover; "but how can we?"

"Now, here"—said Sam, taking up the three lists in one hand and the Catalogue in the other—"here I find, first, the Useful list—containing, we will say, two hardy annuals, eight half hardy, and two which are sometimes at least called tender. The Easy-Useless contains six hardy annuals, two half hardy, one tender; while the Sweet list has four hardy and four half hardy."

"But what does half hardy mean?" said Lily; "and how can seeds be tender?"

"That is just what I want you to find out. Study your lists, and study Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and make up your own minds how the different seeds should be treated. Then you can tell me what sort of artificial heat you want, and I'll try if I can provide it."

"What delightful work!" said Clover. "Sam, you're very good!"

"Well, wouldn't it be wiser to choose seeds that don't cost so much trouble?" said Lily.

"Every one must judge for himself," said Sam, with a smile at his mother as he rose to go. "I shan't write the order for the seeds till to-night, so you can all make what changes you please. Study Mr. Vick."

And away went Sam, leaving the three children in a pleasant state of uncertainty, excitement, and business. Lily took up the Catalogue and lounged down on the window-seat, turning the enticing leaves back and forth; Clover gave one loving look at her list, and then, folding it neatly together, laid it in her work basket, and took out her day's task of sewing; and little Primrose, bringing up a round foot-cushion to her mother's feet, sat down and rested her face on her small hand, and fell at once into a deep brown study.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

IT is strange that those who defend against all comers and at every hazard what is called the President's policy do not see that they weaken their case instead of strengthening it by claiming that it is expressly constitutional. On the contrary, the difference between its advocates and those who are unwilling to accept it is purely one of expediency. For what is the President's theory? It is simply that the condition of the country at the close of active hostilities compelled him to adopt certain measures for the resumption by the States of their local governments and of their relations in the Union, which they have accepted and are restored. But there is not a word of express warrant for these measures in the Constitution. They were what in his judgment the public safety required. They were limited, indeed, by a certain theory of the perpetuity of a State in the Union, but that theory made the measures themselves mere usurpation. If the States were never out of the Union—to use an expression which has become a cant—what right had the President of the United States to appoint a Provisional Governor? The reply can be only that the public safety required it. But if he had the right to take so radical a step as that, he had the same right to do whatever else he conceived the public safety to require. His action upon the subject has exactly the same authority that his predecessor's emancipation proclamation had, and that authority is ample, and founded in the first necessity of society and government.

If now the advocates of the general policy which he favors, and which is in many respects admirable, rested their argument upon its expediency merely as opposed to the expediency of some other policy which is founded upon a different estimate of the requirements of the public safety, there would be much less acrimony in the discussion. This is what we mean by saying that the difference in the Union party is one of method rather than of principle. The President says that the late rebel States, having assented to the conditions which he thought the public safety demanded, are entitled to resume their national relations. Those of the Union party who differ from him insist that some other conditions are essential. It is simply ridiculous to retort that his conditions are the only ones which the Constitution authorizes, for the letter of the Constitution authorizes none at all. It is a question of expediency. The President thinks that he has gone far enough. There are those who think that we ought to go farther.

Mr. SEWARD is certainly right in saying that prolonged reflection brings us all nearer to a common conclusion. Active hostilities ended so suddenly that opinions upon the questions which immediately became imperative were vague and uncertain. Doubtless golden opportunities were lost, but once gone they could not be recovered, and regret was folly. The ship of state must be trimmed to the breeze of to-day, not of yesterday nor of to-morrow. Politics is the art of expediency. Statesmanship must strive for all of the best that is possible under a fair estimate of the circumstances. Don't jump until you come to the river, said Mr. LINCOLN, and don't try to swap horses in the stream. The first duty of every man is certainly, as Dr. CHANNING says, to ask not what is expedient but what is right. But his second duty is not less clear and imperative. It is to ask in what way in the present situation he may best secure the right. Mr. BRIGHT, in England, believes in "manhood suffrage," but he supports with all his power the new Reform bill which only enfranchises some 400,000 more of the population. Can Mr. BRIGHT be fairly accused of betraying the rest of the people?

Those of us who believe as we do that the national faith is pledged to the maintenance of the equal civil rights of the freedmen, who hold that justice is the best policy, and that the interest of the Union and the prosperity of every part of it require the earliest practicable establishment of impartial suffrage as the surest security of equal rights, may honestly differ as to the wisest method of reaching that result. To charge any man with infidelity to the end because he prefers other means than ours is the very stupidity of folly. Mr. JOHNSON is not proved false because Mr. VALLANDIGHAM praises him, as Mr. LINCOLN was still true although Mr. PHILLIPS denounced him.

The prospects of a reasonable understanding among Union men seem to us fairer now than they have been for a long time. If, as now seems probable, Congress shall ask only for a constitutional amendment equalizing representation, basing it upon voters, the President can hardly oppose it, for it is his own frequent proposition. We have no doubt that Congress, as the immediate representatives of all faithful citizens who fought and won in the war, would gladly abolish all political distinction founded upon complexion. But it is plain that this result will be sought not directly but indirectly by proportionately reducing the political power of the States that maintain such distinctions. Here, again, the President has often plainly declared his sympathy with the enfranchisement of colored citizens by the States. Unless he misstates his own opinions there is really no substantial difference upon this point between the policy he favors and that which Congress is likely to adopt.

We have all so much the habit of fighting that it is hard to unlearn it, and we draw our weapons upon each other. The President reaches his conclusions by other processes than many of us pursue. Congress, elected in the midst of a civil war, represents the exalted sentiment of a nation struggling for life. But it has won. Its life is secure and its whole system purified. The very ferocity and tenacity of the struggle are the measures of the prostration of the vanquished. They do not love us, and will not. They do not profess repentance; it is idle to ask it. All we can do is to secure the future not by conscriptions, confiscations, disfranchisements, executions, the utter futility of which history witnesses and human nature explains—not by any methods of vengeance, but by those equitable, political guarantees which the truly conservative common-sense of the country and of mankind will approve.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

IT is more than half a century since there was a general war in Europe. The last one ended in the overthrow of the great NAPOLEON and the treaty of Vienna in 1815. That treaty was Tory and reactionary. England, which was the sole truly constitutional government in Europe, was chiefly represented at the Congress by Lord CASTLEREAGH, a Tory of the old school, and the distribution of Europe was made in the interest of the kings, and not of the people. "That the people are the property of certain royal families," said FRANCIS HORNER, "was to be established as a maxim in the system of Europe."

Time brings its revenges. One of the cardinal points of the settlement of 1815 was that the BONAPARTES should be forever ineligible to the French throne. In 1821 the great NAPOLEON died at St. Helena. In 1832 his son, the Duke de Reichstadt, died at Vienna. In 1866 his nephew, LOUIS NAPOLEON, is Emperor of France, with the consent of the European sovereigns, who, by acknowledging his title as NAPOLEON III., do really recognize the Duke of Reichstadt as NAPOLEON II., and, by implication, his father as NAPOLEON I.; and LOUIS NAPOLEON holds in his hand the redistribution of power in Europe.

Prussia, under the government of a despotic King and a daring Minister, has been for some time plainly intending war with Austria, upon pretense of some Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, but really with the hope of becoming the dominant power of Central Europe. Austria, composed of several nationalities, and for that reason essentially the weakest of the great powers, alarmed and trembling, looks for the support of the smaller German states, which are important only as members of a confederation which the triumph of Prussia would destroy. But Italy, blazing with patriotic enthusiasm and sustained by a vast army, sees that the hour has come for reclaiming Venice, and is all in motion. The British Government, bitterly denouncing the impending war as causeless, proclaims its neutrality. But as half the supplies of food for England come from the Continent, which would force her to look to America for them, with which she has some unsettled accounts, it is not plain that she could avoid a part in the struggle.

As for France, if LOUIS NAPOLEON could fulfill his traditional policy and push her border to the Rhine, he would incalculably aggrandize his dynasty and identify it with the glory of France. That result is impossible so long as the settlement of 1815 continues. But the war inevitably demolishes that settlement, and makes the bank of the Rhine attainable by France. Abstractly, therefore, he must favor the war; but it was unnecessary for him to speak except upon extraordinary occasion, and that was furnished in a late debate of the French Chambers.

On the 3d of May one of the French Ministers, M. ROUHER, said that the Government preferred not to discuss the question of the war. But some days afterward M. THIERS, the poet of the old Napoleonic epopee, the pet of the bourgeoisie, or the Parisian shop-keepers, and the Conservative leader of the Opposition, replied in a speech which caused such sensation that the sitting of the Chamber was suspended for an hour. In this speech THIERS asserted that the balance of power in Europe required that Germany and Italy should be composed of separate and feeble states. He said that this intention was proclaimed at the peace of Westphalia in 1648, and that it was confirmed in the next century by FREDERICK THE GREAT, and again in this century by the Congress of Vienna. But the policy of Prussia was inimical to this intention. It would found a great empire in Central Europe which would threaten France. France must therefore courteously protest against the action of Prussia, and must say plainly to Italy that, if she attacked the *statu quo* by seizing Venice and were defeated, France would not lift a finger to save her from Austrian vengeance. This speech M. THIERS called a last effort in favor of peace, of the good of his country, and the honor of his Government.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is not a fool. He heard the leader of the Conservative opposition to his Government declare that the true policy of France is the maintenance of the settlement of 1815, which excludes him from the throne upon which he sits. His Majesty, therefore, rolled smoothly with the Empress to the quiet old city of Auxerre upon the Yonne, ninety miles southwest of Paris; and when the Mayor laid the keys at his feet and told the Empress (Mademoiselle MONTIJO) that her son's ancient and loyal Auxerre would be forever at his service, LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "Thank you, your worship. You country people are the true France, and you hate as I do the treaty of Vienna." Paris swore terribly the next day; but Europe had heard from the lips of NAPOLEON'S nephew that a war directed against the settlement which dethroned and humiliated his uncle, and which he, the nephew, could guide to success, was a war with a treaty that he detested.

In any view the European settlement of 1815 is doomed. Peace seems possible only upon condition of negotiations which would annul it, and war can not leave the situation as it finds it. Peace, however, is almost impossible when vast armies in neighboring territories have been accumulated, when a war loan has been made, and when conviction, passion, and apparent interest urge the combatants forward. The European war, which seems inevitable, is the hand of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE proudly tearing the treaty of Vienna and flinging it away.

OPINION NOT TREASON.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE is reported to have said in a late public speech, that "the union of the States under the Constitution is the cornerstone of the American Government, and he who denies it, let him come from the South, East, West, or North, is a traitor." Now that the Constitution is the bond of union is an undeniable proposition. It is as unquestionable as that respiration is the condition of human life. It was scarcely worth while for Senator DOOLITTLE to make a journey to Philadelphia for the sole purpose of saying that twice two are four. But when he proceeds to declare that any other opinion is treason, he commits a foolish error, for the Constitution to which he exhorts obedience expressly defines treason to consist in levying war against the United States.

An opinion can not be treason. It may be false. It may be dangerous. It may lead to treason as the doctrine of State sovereignty did. In a time of actual war its expression may be an efficient aid to the enemy, and therefore the expression may be properly repressed. But to denounce any abstract political opinion as treason is to commit the unpardonable sin of Rome against the human mind, and strike at the liberty of thought. The Southern school of politics in this country has always held and proclaimed the theory of State sovereignty, and it has always been plain that if reduced to practice that theory would lead to civil war. But that opinion was not treason until it fired at the *Star of the West*. If it were, Senator HAYNE was as guilty as QUANTRELL. It seems to us that a Senator of the United States should be able to make so cardinal a distinction. We pay Mr. DOOLITTLE the compliment of believing that he does not consider Mr. FESSENDEN equally guilty with LOUIS WIGFALL and JAMES M. MASON.

It is very necessary that this distinction should be observed during the great debate in which we are now engaged. The question of reorganization is to be settled by argument, not by rhetorical vituperation. When Mr. STEVENS says that the late rebels deserve hell, or when Mr. COWAN informs us that they behave like saints, nothing is gained except a conviction that neither of those gentlemen are likely to give any valuable counsel in the emergency. So when Mr. DOOLITTLE declares by plain implication that those who do not agree with him are traitors, he also certifies his inability to treat the question as it should be treated. An argument which is adequately answered by saying "You're another," is not a very powerful argument.

THE LAST LESSON OF THE ACADEMY.

DURING the last sixty-eight years there have been forty-four theatres destroyed by fire in the United States. This is at the rate of one for about every eighteen months; but it is an agreeable fact that the loss of life has been very small. The most melancholy incident was the burning of the theatre in Richmond, Virginia, on the night of the 26th of December, 1811. It was crowded, and more than seventy persons perished, among them the Governor of the State. What horrors we were spared by the breaking out of the late fire at the Academy of Music at 12 o'clock at night instead of 10 we shall happily never know. But it was impossible to stand by the ruins on the morning after the fire and not shudder at the appalling peril to which the audiences in that building have been exposed.

It is shameful and incredible that any building liable to be crowded with human beings should be such a trap as the Academy evidently was, and as most theatres and public halls in this country are. There are many persons in all our cities and towns who never enter any place of public assembly because of their knowledge of the foolish risk. There are large halls in upper stories used for concerts, for theatres, and lectures, which will contain from a thousand to two thousand people, which are constantly packed with crowds, and from which, in case of alarm, the only egress is two or three doors and a staircase or two. The lives of those persons are at the mercy not only of a real peril but of a mere panic. When that peril is plainly revealed the easy public confidence is disturbed and often destroyed. Thus in Providence there was a large and handsome hall in a third story directly over a furniture warerooom, full of varnish and the most inflammable material. One night after the hall had been crowded at a lecture the building took fire and was consumed like tinder. There was good Yankee sense enough in the city not to run that dismal risk forever, and a spacious hall was built upon the ground-floor open upon three sides to the street, and so arranged with windows and doors as to be emptied in five minutes. That hall, of course, is very popular.

But the structure of buildings should be regulated by law. The law does not permit a flimsy, palpably insecure wall to be erected, and it should require just as imperatively that every building designed for the assembly of crowds should be practically fire-proof. As the spectator looked in at the ruins of the Academy there was nothing to be seen but the four brick walls, and a heap of bricks, mortar, and rubbish upon the ground, with a few charred timbers. We do not forget that a theatre is mainly vacant space; that it is only a floor and a series of galleries; but for that very reason the audience is more exposed. The smoke and flame are every where at once. It is because the scenery and the stage appointments must be of such tinder that the more care should be used in the other parts of the building.

It would be ridiculous if it were not mournful to see the ease and celerity with which fire consumes "fire-proof" stores and other buildings in the city of New York. A brick wall and an iron shutter apparently satisfy us as security against fire, when every floor and beam is of wood, and a passage for the free course of the flames is left all through the building. Some weeks since an article appeared in these columns suggesting a little more sense in building; but the matter should be regulated by law before some ghastly accident convicts us of criminal folly.

Meanwhile, if the Academy is to be rebuilt as is announced, we trust that the reporters will not merely expatiate upon the munificence and taste of the enterprising committee of superintendence, but will closely observe the structure

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and carefully inform the public whether the floors are all wood laid upon wood, and whether elaborate masses of wooden filigree are every where accumulated; whether the exit from the upper and most dangerous gallery is by a narrow door or two; and whether, in a word, the theatre is a tinder-box, which, in case of fire when full of people, would be sure to repeat, upon a fearful scale, the Richmond tragedy of 1811.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

WE speak elsewhere of the lesson of the late disastrous fire. But it laid its wasting hand not only upon our opportunities of amusement but of instruction, and it is in this way that its consequences are most serious and deplorable.

In the University Medical College, which was next to the Academy of Music, were stored the complete chemical apparatus of Dr. J. W. DRAPER, and the many exquisite and costly instruments with which for many years he has conducted his experiments. It was impossible to save them, and such a loss is incalculable to any one but a patient and exact scholar. Many unpublished notes of experiments were lost with them, and important parts of the great telescope of Dr. HENRY DRAPER. Every scientific man and student will sympathize profoundly with these gentlemen in a loss for which money can but tardily compensate.

Dr. MOTT'S Museum also, a collection of illustrations of his surgical operations for more than half a century; the Museum of the old Lyceum of Natural History; the medical and surgical collections of Drs. BEDFORD, POST, VAN BUREN, and PAINE, all are gone. The duty, as we believe it will be the pride of New York, is to replace these collections. The country as well as the city is impoverished by the late fire; but it is not according to the Yankee genius to suffer it to remain so.

FINANCIERING EXTRAORDINARY.

ABOUT three weeks ago gold, which had been for some weeks steady at 125 @ 127, jumped up to 130. The Secretary of the Treasury held at the time over $75,000,000 of gold—much more than he needed for the payment of interest of the public debt. He determined to sell a portion of this surplus; and accordingly, for some days, fed the market with two to three millions daily, at the rate of 130½ per cent. Speculators and foreign bankers, studying the state of affairs in Europe, were confident that gold would rise, and bought all the Secretary was willing to sell.

A sharply-defined contest thus arose. On the one hand, the Secretary, with $60,000,000 of gold on hand (allowing for $15,000,000 sold), was determined that gold should not rise above 130. On the other hand, the public, persuaded that gold could not be kept down by any Secretary in the world, in the face of the war prospect in Europe and the high prices of all commodities here, were as resolute buyers as he was a resolute seller. Newspaper organs of the Secretary denounced the "Gold-room speculators," and declared that the Government would sell every dollar it held rather than let gold go up. Other organs of public opinion were less clear as to the result, and trusted that Mr. M'CULLOCH would have better luck than befell his predecessor, Mr. CHASE, in his contest with the Gold-room.

Matters were in this position, when, on Monday, May 21, at 4.15 P.M., the news of the panic in London was flashed over the wires from Halifax. Any child could tell what such news portended. Every broker, and every speculator, and almost every merchant in the city rushed to the Gold-room. The Government broker—Mr. PETER M. MYERS—was there, peddling out the Government gold at 130½. Neither the unusual throng nor the astounding character of the news disturbed his calm complacency. He had his orders, and he would obey them. It had been pretty generally expected that on the receipt of the news the Government would either withdraw from the market for a time, or at least advance its rate. Nothing of the kind was done. In reply to inquiries, Mr. MYERS said he would sell at the old price, and to any amounts desired. A tumult broke out even more tempestuous than the wild scenes which were so often witnessed in the Gold-room during the war. Mr. MYERS was besieged, hustled, crushed, almost throttled by eager buyers of gold. So fierce and furious was the demand that in twenty minutes he sold, at 130½ and ½, some fifteen millions of gold—representing a sum of nearly $20,000,000 of currency. As he left the room a few minutes after five the excited buyers bid up the price to 132¼.

The question now was—which had won the fight, the Secretary or the speculators? It was clear that, after selling in all nearly $32,000,000 of gold, the Treasury had lost the control of the market. Its reserve was now reduced so low that it could not afford to sell any further amount large enough to frighten dealers. In a word, it had done what its friends had threatened it would do—poured out upon the heads of the speculators its gold by the ten and fifteen millions in a day, and the market had taken it, and the premium had advanced. Thus far, then, clearly Mr. M'CULLOCH, like Mr. CHASE, had been beaten.

But the question remained—how were the $15,000,000 in gold sold by Mr. MYERS on Monday afternoon to be paid for? Mr. MYERS had the right to deliver every dollar of this gold on Tuesday, and to demand greenbacks in payment. This was what Mr. M'CULLOCH'S friends said he would do. Had this been done, so severe a money pressure would have ensued that gold would inevitably have fallen back below 130, probably to 125, and the Treasury might at that figure have taken back some of the coin so recklessly sold on Monday afternoon at 130⅜ @ ¾. The banks were in the wildest trepidation. A renewal of the panic of April 1864 was expected. Gold speculators themselves trembled at the position in which they had got, and began to regret that they had undertaken to fight the Treasury. They entered the Gold-room on Tuesday morning feeling any thing but exultant.

But there seems to be a fatality in the operations of our Treasury Department. On Tuesday morning, before the appearance of the Government broker, gold sold at 132½. When he showed himself the premium fell to 131¼. At that price he offered fifty thousand. It was taken, and in a few minutes he had sold a million. Then his courage or the courage of his principals failed, and he fled discomfited from the room. The premium instantly leaped to 134½; and the parties who had to pay for gold, reassured by this indication of infirmity of purpose on the part of the Government, began to hope that the Treasury would not exert its right of insisting on payment that day.

The event justified their hopes. Not much over one-third of the gold sold on Monday was delivered on Tuesday; another portion of the amount was delivered on Wednesday, and the balance not till Thursday. The reason generally assigned was that the Sub-Treasurer had not certificates enough to deliver all at once. For the sake of out-of-town readers we may explain that gold is invariably delivered in the shape of gold certificates of deposit signed by the Sub-Treasurer, and of the denomination of $5000 or less. Gold, in bags or bulk, was long ago declared to be not a good delivery in consequence of the frequent disputes arising about "short count," and the dangers involved in the transmission of bags from office to office. To deliver $15,000,000 of gold 3000 certificates would be required; and it was said that the Sub-Treasurer had not so many on hand, and had not time to sign new ones in season for Tuesday's deliveries. This was lucky for the Bulls in gold, and unlucky for the Secretary. By distributing the deliveries over three days the money pressure proved much less severe than it would have been had the deliveries been all made on Tuesday, and the Secretary's victorious antagonists were enabled to hold the gold they had bought of him @ 130⅜.

But this matter of delay was not the only favor granted by the Secretary to the parties who had defeated him in the Gold-room. Lest they should experience undue difficulty in paying for their gold, the Sub-Treasurer was authorized to receive as money debt-certificates not yet due, compound interest notes at their face value with interest, and deposit certificates without notice. Of the two latter classes he did receive about $7,300,000; of debt certificates, perhaps $4,000,000. In other words, the Secretary not only sold to speculators fifteen millions of gold at 5 or 10 per cent. below the price which they would have had to pay for it had he not been bent on keeping down the premium to 130, but he actually furnished them with the means of paying for half their purchases by discounting his own paper before maturity. They naturally took advantage of such extreme complaisance, and on Thursday the premium rose to 141¼, at which price not a few of the lucky buyers realized their profits —having netted some $3,000,000 at the cost of the Government in an operation of a fortnight.

It used to be a maxim among the gamblers who thronged Wall Street and Exchange Place in Mr. CHASE'S time to "copper" him, whatever he did or said. When he tried to contract the currency the gamblers knew it was going to be expanded; when he tried to put gold down, they bought; when he predicted an advance in public stocks, they sold them. And, as a general rule, they were right. He meant well and honestly, but he could no more control events or contravene the laws of trade than King CANUTE'S courtiers could check the flow of the tide. Every time he interfered with the natural working of economical laws the effort recoiled against himself. When Mr. M'CULLOCH became Secretary better things were expected of his practical experience as a banker. But, thus far, he seems to be following pretty closely in the wake of his predecessor. He told us, at Fort Wayne and in his Treasury Report, that the currency was going to be contracted, instead of which it has been growing steadily more abundant, so that money has been cheaper this year in Wall Street than ever before, and prices are so high that we have nothing whatever to export to Europe. He undertook, with a surplus at his command much larger than the average reserve in the Bank of England, to keep gold below 130; it is nearer 140. His friends assured us that the speculators who had beaten him in the Gold-room would never be able to pay for their gold; he furnished them the money. Here is financiering with a vengeance!

THE COPPERHEAD AS A SIREN.

IF snakes could sing a Copperhead might be a very Lorelei. But Fate has forbidden them the faculty of music. They can not escape themselves, nor conceal their true character from human eyes.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who dictated the policy of the Democratic party at the last Presidential election, by preparing the famous disgrace and surrender platform of the Chicago Convention, has just opened his arms fondly to embrace the President at the Convention of his party in the State which spewed out Mr. VALLANDIGHAM by a hundred thousand majority three or four years ago. During the war Mr. V. was a bland apostle of peace, but now that peace has descended he sounds the alarm; he talks valiantly of "thrusting them [Congress] from the Capitol," and of using "the power of the purse and sword." To use those powers to save the country from armed rebels seeking to perpetuate human slavery shocked the gospel-meekness of Saint VALLANDIGHAM; but to apply them to thrusting out the representatives of the people legislating for the security of equal rights—that joyfully commends itself to his Democracy and Christian forbearance.

The President of course understands the offered embrace of Mr. V. A kiss was long ago the sign of betrayal. When ANDREW JOHNSON falls into the open arms of CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM, faithful citizens of the United States may well shudder. But while he retains as his advisers those whom Mr. LINCOLN called to befriend him and the country the Copperhead charms in vain.

At the same Convention Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON also made a speech "praising the courage and statesmanship of Mr. JOHNSON." But Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who extenuated and justified the rebels during the war, and who was nominated at Chicago as the distinctive candidate of the surrender party, has also no mercy for Congress. He denounced the "malignant councils of the radical Central Directory, whose feet were upon the throat of the Constitution even now, and who intended to throttle it." He is of opinion that the "radical majority of Congress hate the Government and desire its overthrow." The same majority he also defines as "blind and bigoted Jacobins."

Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was not always of this zealous turn. When it was not a question of loyal representatives legislating, but of armed rebels striking at the heart of the nation, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON had no hard words for them. *They* were not malignant. *They* had no feet upon the throat of the Constitution. *They* were lambs who had no intention of throttling. *They* did not hate the Government, nor desire its overthr . *They* were not blind and bigoted Jacobins! Oh no! When in January, 1864, a resolution was introduced in Congress branding the rebellion which had already flooded the land with blood to destroy the Government as "desperate, wicked, and bloody," Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON voted against it. Three years before when the conspirators were whetting their swords, butter would not have melted in the bland mouth of Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON when he spoke of them. He acknowledged the right of Secession. He begged Congress, if the rebelling States could not be conciliated, to let them depart in peace. He had no rhetoric about "malignant councils," and throttling the Constitution, and hating and overthrowing the Government. He did not roar and scold, and stand with his fist clenched and foot raised to help them go. No, no! far from it! He sighed, the tender PENDLETON! he sobbed, he wept. It was the very ecstasy of maudlin grief. "If they must leave the family mansion," he wheezed and stammered, "I would bid them farewell so tenderly that they would forever be touched by the recollection of it."

Is it strange that General JOHN A. LOGAN said: "I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON?"

Does Mr. PENDLETON suppose that the loyal people of this country have forgotten these things? Does he suppose that they have forgotten how he deserted the country in its hour of extremest peril? Does he suppose that they do not know that he was as radical a disunionist as JEFFERSON DAVIS? Does he not know that his opinion and advice upon the Constitution and the reorganization of the Union have exactly the weight that Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS'S or Mr. LOUIS WIGFALL'S would have? And if his party could not carry Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON while the event of the war was still uncertain, do they suppose they can win a race with him on one shoulder and VALLANDIGHAM on the other, now that the Union they despised is safe and the Government they spat upon is triumphant?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 22:

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was passed, 68 to 59.

May 23:

In the Senate, the Report of the Committee of Fifteen was brought up, Mr. Howard opening the debate.

In the House, an amendment was adopted to the Income-tax law, extending the amount exempted from $600 to $1000.

May 24:

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House joint resolution to prevent the introduction of cholera into the ports of the United States were concurred in, so that the joint resolution is passed by both Houses.

May 25:

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back a substitute for the Bounty bill, and immediately moved the previous question. The bill was passed by a vote of 139 to 2. It limits the payment of bounty where the soldier is dead, and there is no widow or minor children under sixteen years of age. It gives to each soldier, sailor, and marine eight and one-third dollars for each month of service, or $100 a year, deducting bounties already received for service.

VIEWS OF THE CABINET.

On the evening of May 20, Secretary Seward, at Auburn, made a speech in which he declared his views of our present political situation. The Secretary first alluded to the sudden conversion of Democratic tactics upon the accession of President Johnson.

This was caused, he said, by the loyal expression of the Southern people, who accepted "the conditions of partial amnesty and invitations to returning allegiance which were proclaimed by the Administration, all at once renounced the principles, practices, and policy of secession and disunion, tendered us a new covenant of loyalty, sealed with their oaths, and brought forward with alacrity the remains of their long-cherished institution of slavery and cheerfully threw them to be burned upon the Constitutional altar which they had so nearly destroyed. These unexpected changes in the attitude of political adversaries once so obstinate naturally excited suspicions, jealousies and apprehensions among loyal and tried Union men."

"There was doubt," said Mr. Seward, "on the part of many in the Union party whether this conversion was real. How could Democrats and rebels be converted to the support of a triumphant Union administration? This was the question every where put by the zealous leaders of the Union party. It was at that moment that I answered that question by asking others, viz.: How could Democrats and rebels avoid being converted? Is it not their conversion that you contended for, and that you now desire? I expressed the opinion that the condition of peace with its new responsibilities must thenceforth be in good faith accepted. I advised prompt and complete reconciliation, with the restoration at once of the constitutional symmetry of the Union. Rejecting the ungenerous suspicion that the rebels and their Democratic abettors were only changing their political strategy with traitorous purposes, I argued that, with few and marked exceptions, they were now to be received and accepted as fellow-citizens and brethren. I urged that this would be safely done if only the tried friends of the Administration, remaining united and harmonious, and thus retaining their justly-acquired prestige, should themselves promptly and magnanimously secure to the nation the enjoyment of ardently-desired peace and indispensably-required prosperity."

The Secretary then spoke of the rapid progress of peace and reconciliation. He said that "between the Federal Government and these restored and reorganized State governments there exists now a more complete and practical harmony than has ever before prevailed between the Union and so many of its members since it was first established."

Mr. Seward then alluded to the conflict between the President and Congress. He said that there was no serious difference between them. What the nation needs "is reconciliation, and just now it needs nothing more. It needs, moreover, a very little of this. It needs a reconciliation between the Senators of the United States who are now acting and those Senators who, being loyal and qualified for membership of the Senate, have been already or may hereafter be elected by the people of the several States which were lately involved in the rebellion. It needs a reconciliation of the same kind between the members of the House of Representatives who are now acting and loyal members already elected or to be elected by the people in the same before-mentioned States. It needs just this Congressional reconciliation, and nothing more.

"A failure of reconciliation for an indefinite period would and could be nothing less than a practical abandonment of the nation to the rebellion. It would be disunion and revolution; it would be Mexican or French anarchy."

In regard to the Civil Rights Bill, Mr. Seward said: "There is no soundness at all in our political system if the personal or civil rights of each member of the State, white or black, free-born or emancipated, native-born or naturalized, are not more secure under the administration of State government than they could be under the administration of the national government. Harmony is essential to union; but harmony is impossible to the citizens if every State is not left free from constitutional interruption in its civil rights by the Federal Government. The Civil Rights Bill inflicts on the late slaveholding States, now after slavery has ceased to exist, the very aggression which, through the Fugitive Slave Law, the slave States committed upon the free States."

The day after this speech was made by Secretary Seward there was in Washington a serenade of the President and his cabinet, and in nearly every case their political views were called forth.

Secretary Welles was brief: "You are one and all," he said, "for the Union, I suppose, and for the establishment of the rights of the States. These are my views."

Secretary Stanton spoke at length. He had at first been in favor, he said, that negro suffrage ought to be demanded of the South, but he had concluded that it was impracticable. He had advised the President to approve the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. He expressed no commendation of the Civil Rights Bill, neither did he condemn it; but he seemed to think there was reason to apprehend that military rule in the South might result in legislation unfavorable to Northern emigration to the South. He was opposed to the disfranchisement clause of the amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee.

Secretary M'Culloch's speech was a complete and hearty indorsement of President Johnson's policy in every particular. He concluded thus: I have desired and hoped for the continuation of this great Union party, with which I have ever been identified [cheers]; but if its leaders can present nothing better than the programme of the Committee, I am greatly apprehensive that its days will be numbered. I trust, fellow-citizens, that this will not be the case; that it will discard its hostility, and its attempt to continue alienation between the two sections of the country, and that it will embrace these principles, which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace. If it should do this, it will still continue to be the great and controlling party of the country, and cover itself with imperishable glory. If it does not, its days are numbered, and the epitaph that will be written it will be: "It knew how to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked the wisdom to avail itself of the benefits of victory."

Secretary Dennison feared that if the differences between the President and Congress were not adjusted the Union party would suffer dissolution. The situation was better than at the beginning of the session. There was no longer any talk of holding the Southern States as conquered provinces. "The work of restoration," he said, "calls for every concession authorized by the Constitution. I will not doubt that this concession will be made, and the results of the war by which the nation was preserved will be secured and perpetuated on the basis of peace and concord between the people of all sections of our country."

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OSSIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI, THE ENNOBLED PEASANT WHO SAVED THE CZAR'S LIFE.



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER OF PRUSSIA.
[SEE PAGE 366.]

OSSIP IVANOFF

KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI.

As the enthusiasm about the newly-made nobleman who was the means of saving the Czar's life continues in St. Petersburg, we give his portrait, and a few particulars of the man who is for the time being the idol and subject of conversation of all Russia.

OSSIP (JOSEPH) IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF, a young man of twenty-five, was born in the village of Molvitino, province of Kostroma. The village belongs to Baron KUSTER, to whom KOMMISSAROFF stands in the relation of a liberated annuity-paying serf. Having been lately allowed to go to St. Petersburg and work in a hatter's shop, he soon rose in his calling, became foreman, and married a peasant girl. The 16th April being his birthday, he went to say his prayers in the chapel near the house of PETER THE GREAT. Going to the river-side, close to the Marble Palace, he perceived that the bridge was removed and the passage temporarily interrupted. Retracing his steps, he then made his way to the Summer Garden, at the gate of which a crowd was assembling round an Imperial equipage. Knowing the carriage to be the Emperor's and longing for the happiness of beholding his Majesty, he joined the crowd waiting for the monarch's arrival. Presently there was a stir in the crowd, and he saw the Czar in an overcoat. His Majesty approached the carriage, and was putting on his cloak, when a young man, who had been standing behind KOMMISSAROFF, tried to push him aside. This individual had repeatedly attempted to penetrate through the surrounding crowd and get nearer the carriage; but KOMMISSAROFF, wishing to see the Emperor, would not suffer him to squeeze through and plant himself before him. At the moment when the Emperor was putting on his cloak the individual, pushing KOMMISSAROFF forcibly aside, made his way to the front ranks of the multitude. KOMMISSAROFF followed him closely. Hardly had the assassin got near the Emperor when, drawing a pistol from underneath his overcoat, he leveled it at the Emperor. KOMMISSAROFF, who had noticed the movement, instantly caught him by the arm, and, diverting the pistol from its aim, caused it to discharge in the air.

The family name of the Czar's deliverer has been changed into that of KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI, in memory of the province which has twice furnished saviours to the Imperial house in moments of danger. He finds himself suddenly enriched and ennobled by the favor of the grateful Czar, and he is the object of a romantic and passionate enthusiasm on the part of the loyal population of the Russian capital. Whenever he shows his face in the streets he is pounced upon and kissed by moujiks; his door in the Kirpitchnoi Pereoulok, where temporary apartments have been taken for him by the Crown until his new house shall be ready, and where he is waited on by servants in the Imperial livery, is besieged day and night by an eager crowd, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the saviour of the Czar's life; he has been enrolled honorary member of all the clubs at St. Petersburg and Moscow; his health is drunk at all entertainments, many of which are held solely for the purpose of doing him honor; his photograph and that of his wife meet the eye in every window and are hawked about at every ten steps. Besides the original grants of money and estates from the Imperial purse and the public subscriptions opened for him in all the great towns, golden swords, estates in land, given by private individuals, precious images, and every imaginable kind of present continue to pour in upon the ci-devant hatter's apprentice. His patent of hereditary nobility has been made out, and the ukase from the Emperor ALEXANDER on the subject has already appeared in the public journals. The most astounding feature in the whole business is the fact that General TODLEBEN, the talented defender of Sebastopol, has been selected, as a kind of tutor, to look after, advise, and generally educate the bewildered young man.



AUXERRE, ON THE BANKS OF THE YONNE, FRANCE—WHERE LOUIS NAPOLEON MADE HIS FAMOUS SPEECH OF THE 6TH OF MAY.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT really must not be indulged in, this tendency to loiter along the way—a tendency caused by birth and long residence under Southern skies. We must quicken our pace over these pages to keep up with events falling in rapid succession.

There is the march of the Federals upon Atlanta. The Somerville *Star* has kept all of us in Somerville fully aware of every thing relating to that. It is a thrilling narrative as told us from *Star* to *Star*. Let us think. We give up Chattanooga, a place of no use to the Federals, and the abandonment of which is a positive advantage to the Confederate cause in every way—there is a motive in it. That motive we all understand and exult in when we have the *Star* and all the bells in town triumphant over the total defeat of Rosecrans soon after, and the re-occupation of Chattanooga, capturing therein stores and munitions of war enough to supply the whole South for two years.

Captain Simmons, standing in Jem Budd's shop, is full, as Jem, in paper cap, dirty face, leathern apron, files and tinkers away at his gun-making and mending, of it. During two hours he discusses with Jem the splendid strategy of General Bragg, and its complete success; to all of which Jem says, at intervals, "As you say, Captain." "Exactly so, Sir." "Just what I say." "Precisely." "Yes, *Sir*; of that we may be sure."

Yet when, not a week after, Dr. Warner, in attendance upon poor, pale little Mrs. Budd, upon whom he is always in attendance for that matter, says to Jem, sitting in the room, by the fireside for the convenience of spitting as he smokes: "And so it turns out that the Federals were *not* driven out of Chattanooga, Mr. Budd. Having read the accounts of the way in which they had fortified themselves there, I really did not for a moment suppose that other report was true, did you?" Jem spits and replies, "Certainly not," and weaves in his habitual affirmatives to all that Dr. Warner has to say.

"Eighteen months!" the Doctor ejaculates a moment after. "People at the North wouldn't believe it. And the way you have managed to keep it close, too! I have feared a hundred times—"

"See, Doctor," breaks in Jem, taking his pipe



THE DOCTOR HAS GOOD NEWS.

from his mouth in order to lower his tone, "Alf couldn't get shet of conscription any other way. You know how we hammered at it for ever so long before we could fix it up. The cellar was Mrs. Budd's notion; we laughed at it, Alf and I, at first. Then we all thought, when Alf first hid there, the war would 'a been over long ago. He's *there*, and there's nothing else to do but *stay* there that I can see;" and Jem resumes his pipe.

"Why, he's making a fortune in shoes, man, if your wife does get the credit of it. But what preposterous letters he writes! Dr. Ginnis was giving me all the contents of that last one from New York," says Dr. Warner, with glee. "I could hardly keep it in."

"Oh, that's Alf's fun; only recreation he has, Doctor," pleads Mrs. Budd, whose whole existence is invested in Alf and Jem. "But you can't tell how comfortable he is down there. Often comes up after night. Alf's got as fair as a girl there out of the sun. But oh! if the war would *only* end! I am *so* tired, tired! And Mrs. Isaac Smith came so near finding Alf out that day. It would kill me if they was to get Alf," adds poor little Mrs. Budd. "And he won't go with the Federals now he has a chance. Says he wants to see it out here in Somerville; as if he sees any thing!"

"You too, Mrs. Budd," says Dr. Warner at last, perfectly grave as he rises to leave, "we Secessionists are pursuing a masterly policy. You will not forget to give Mrs. Budd the powders; those last bells were a little too much for her."

"And you really, really do think—" says pale little Mrs. Budd, smiling through the borders of her preposterously beruffled night-cap. With clergymen, sea-captains, and physicians women are always confidential.

"I really, really *do*, ma'am," replies Dr. Warner, with unctuous energy. "Just wait a little. Yes, a masterly policy. We are retreating toward Atlanta only to draw the Federals deeper into the country, away from their base, their gun-boats, and all that. Oh, don't let any fear of that keep you sick; we are bound to whip them. Your husband will tell you the same." And Jem Budd, with a responsive grin upon his usually sedate countenance, says, "Exactly what I say, Lucy. Oh, we'll whip 'em, we'll whip 'em!"

Only there is more smiling all around than the conversation, apart from its peculiar tone, would warrant—a degree of cordiality, too, among the parties.

"And Alice Bowles is actually teaching school?" asks Mrs. Budd as Dr. Warner is drawing on his gloves.

"Hard at it, ma'am. You mustn't think badly of her when I tell you, with her absurd raising, it was death almost to her to do it. She always was a noble girl. They are very much pressed, you know we all are now, but *very* much pressed *indeed*. The discipline she is enduring is the very thing for her, be the making of her," says the physician.

"I always thought so much of Alice," says weak little Mrs. Budd, "because she is so pretty and strong. She often comes to see me. She knows all about Alf. How she laughed when I told her! Ah me! Doctor, I never was very strong; but once, years ago, Jem there, at least he said so—"

"Thought you were very pretty, ma'am," interrupts the Doctor, "and was perfectly right, ma'am. Only wait until you get your health again, Mrs. Budd—until our glorious independence is secured, you know!"

"Just what I tell Lucy," adds her husband, with a smile. Mrs. Budd is not the only pretty girl whose beauty gives place to ill health within a very few years after marriage in southern climes—fair, frail creatures, whose day is like that of the butterfly in more respects than one.

"I tease Alice about Tim Lamum and Mr. Neely and all her other beaux," says Mrs. Budd, whom Dr. Warner's visit has greatly enlivened, "but I never dare mention Mr. Arthur to her."

"Such a traitor, you know," adds Dr. Warner. "Pity, pity!"

"Exactly so!" says Jem Budd, reflecting the Doctor's smile.

"Not much worse than Jem here, I'm afraid," puts in Mrs. Budd, with the same light upon her face. "He never says a word to me, Jem don't—not to a soul since this thing began; but I'm afraid Jem's a bad, bad man!"

"Exactly as I say!" adds Jem, following the Doctor to the door with a candle and a grin.

And there is many another among the men still left in Somerville, though none so sedate and non-committal as he. Very often have Dr. Warner, old Mr. Adams, and the like been favored with a wink and an aside smile which said as plain as words, "A good joke, ain't it?" by individuals in the very heat of jubilation amidst a crowd over foreign intervention, glorious victory, iron-plated Confederate fleet, Northern sickness of the war, and all the rest. The number of these equivocal individuals in Somerville is great, is increasing, their facetiousness becoming more undisguised every day.

And so the times roll on. We are not without news in these days in Somerville. Sure enough, the Federals *are* being drawn slowly but steadily away from Chattanooga. With unprecedented folly they persist in walking blindly, madly into the fatal trap. We whip them at Dalton, we rout them with terrible slaughter at Marietta, yet they still have enough left to follow our army, fallen back to entice them still further in. Such a series of Confederate victories we have never yet enjoyed. Full details by the column; little items, like grains of pepper, in all the corners of every paper. "The destruction of Sherman's army is more complete than had been supposed." "We have totally destroyed Sherman's line of communication with Chattanooga." "It is now well known that at Kenesaw Mountain Johnston will spring his trap, the enemy being drawn sufficiently into it."

Then follows the brilliant victory achieved by Hood, now in command, over Sherman at Atlanta; of this we have the official accounts and the—bells.



MISCEGENATION ARGUMENT.

It is just following this that Mr. Arthur, riding in to the Post-office very early one morning, goes direct from the office to Mr. Ferguson's room. So early, in fact, that he finds that gentleman still in bed. As to Mr. Arthur, he is wide awake, very ruddy and fresh.

"If you please, let me have the key of your safe," he says, in high spirits, to his friend.

"Key of my safe?" And the Scotchman, drawing on his trowsers, hands that implement to his friend, taking it from under his pillow, watching grimly the futile efforts of Mr. Arthur to unlock the safe, or even to find the keyhole when he has the key.

"I wanted to make an entry in your Scrapbook," he explains at last, with boyish eagerness.

"An entry?" And Mr. Ferguson, holding up his trowsers with his left hand, has opened the safe in a moment.

"Atlanta has fallen!" His visitor can keep



THE TEST OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

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it back no longer; beginning with enthusiasm, his voice faltering as he says it, though. "Oh, Mr. Ferguson, Atlanta has fallen at last!"

Not a syllable from Mr. Ferguson, not a smile. If possible, more grim than ever. Yet, by a singular coincidence, he remembers, doubtless merely from the safe being open before him, that he is indebted, which he is not, to Mr. Arthur, and pays him two double eagles on account upon the spot. And Mr. Ferguson spends the whole of that day upon the streets—no particular business at all. For there is this peculiarity of the Union men—that while you never see them abroad, so far as they can help it, when the news is good, as it generally is in Somerville hitherto, for the Confederacy; so sure as it is bad, which will happen in spite of the *Star* occasionally, out they all swarm from their retreats, meeting with each other, clasping warm hands and shaking doleful heads, with smiling faces, over the tidings at every turn and corner. Secessionists not unaware of it either.

The very next time Mr. Arthur rides in to the Post-office he is hailed before he can get there from the yard of Dr. Warner's house. Whenever he conveniently could Mr. Arthur rather avoided that residence. He imagined black eyes watching him through the windows, and, from mere sight of him, a terrible tongue set agoing. More than once have 'Ria and Bub, long since withdrawn from the Sunday-school, hailed him in opprobrious terms in passing, saluting him on one or two instances with *their* political sentiments in the shape of pebbles. Until he is safely past the house he is not sure but Mrs. W. may herself rush out and scourge him with her tongue. For he often hears of the frequent and various ways in which she has expressed her ardent desire that he should be disposed of. Truth is, he has a mortal terror of the lady in question.

So that when he is hailed this morning, as he rides by on his way to the Post-office, he nervously starts until he sees it is Dr. Warner. The Doctor, while shaving at the glass in his room, has spied his friend passing, and now comes out in his shirt-sleeves and the soap upon his fresh, good-humored face to say, "Don't be in such a hurry—hold on." And, leaning over the fence, Dr. Warner does not wait for an answer as to the health of Mrs. Sorel before he says, glancing behind him at the house and in a lowered tone of voice,

"Have you heard the news?"

"No. Some glorious Confederate victory? Where was it?" deeming it best to show the Doctor and himself thereby that he expects and is prepared for the strongest news of that nature.

"Mobile has fallen!" pressing still closer to the fence, and speaking in a still lower tone.

"Are you certain?" Ah, what relief and satisfaction! You at the North supposed you derived pleasure from news of Federal success—you knew nothing about it!

"Oh yes; that is, Farragut has captured the forts which defended it. Of course the city lies at his mercy. We will hear by the next mail of his occupying the place." Which they didn't, nor for long days after.

"All well?" asks his friend, for they both feel that they are standing in point-blank range of a battery, and do not care to protract the conversation.

"Yes; and, by-the-by, I will send out a barrel of sugar to Mrs. Sorel's this morning. I have been owing you"—which here, too, is not the case—"a long time. Well, good-by. Haven't got time to come in, I suppose? I'll see you on the streets in the course of the day." And, sure enough, all the Union people are abroad to-day again, swarming forth in this last burst of sunshine like bees, with scarcely subdued buzz, too, the weather is getting *so* pleasant!

"Thought I didn't see you?" is Mrs. Warner's sarcastic remark as the Doctor resumes his shaving, which the Doctor did *not* think, however. "I'll bet a thousand dollars, when I come to hear it, there's bad news for the South. Running out this cold morning like a great big boy in your shirt-sleeves and half shaved to talk to a man that never enters your house. There's some bad news—you needn't tell me! I saw you laughing when you told him; and I as good as heard him say, 'Thank God, I'm glad of it!' Humph, I know you by this time!"

Which was the solemn fact; but the Doctor, with his head fallen into its old droop, shaves on, making the soap upon his mouth the base excuse for not saying any thing in reply. But, at last, Mrs. W. has not half so much to say as of old, nor half the bitterness in saying that which she used to exhibit.

There is, in fact, this peculiarity about all Secessionists in Somerville—it is only as they are excited that they are confident; the instant they cool they become doubtful. As a large audience gathered to hear Colonel Ret Roberts or Captain Simmons, for the Captain, with a firm hold upon the desk in Brother Barker's church—"Admittance, one silver dollar for the benefit of the soldiers"—makes orations, Brother Barker opening with prayer, these days, we are enthusiastic, and positively certain of the success of the Confederacy. It is when we break up, go home, and are off to ourselves individually, that we, in the ideas if not dialect of Bob Withers, "Are not so certain of it at last. At least, for one, by George! *I* ain't!"

Of one thing we are, thank Heaven! perfectly certain as the days glide by. We do not pretend to understand what Sherman and Hood are about marching hither and thither. Davis has told us at Macon that Sherman's capture of Atlanta is to be to him a Moscow defeat at last. Leaving out of consideration the conflagration of Moscow and the Russian winter, trifling discrepancies in the historic parallel, we only wait to hear of the total destruction of Sherman in fulfillment of this official prophecy. After the first sickening sensation upon hearing of the fall of Atlanta we recuperate, confidently counting upon Sherman's great disaster as only a question of time, for Davis has said it.

Of another thing we are even more certain—the defeat of Lincoln at the approaching election. For months the Somerville *Star* has been filled with articles from Northern papers, themselves so replete with denunciation of Lincoln, so confident of his speedy fall, that we only wonder the North, in its intense and evidently unanimous hatred of Lincoln, is willing to wait until election day to hurl him headlong from his place. We know the despot will endeavor to bring the bayonet to bear upon the polls; there may be a few votes cast for him by office-holders; but there will be one universal fight at every election precinct in the North. We would prefer M'Clellan should be elected on some accounts, yet count a good deal upon neither candidate being elected, but the whole mockery of a government there being utterly broken up, exploded, totally wrecked by the convulsions sure to shake the land upon election day.

Lamum has articles, a series of them, to prove it. Captain Simmons made a description of these approaching convulsions a thrilling point in his orations, the earthquake in Lisbon being the tremendous illustration thereof, himself tottering in the stand as he spake, in a manner exceedingly emblematic. Yet as the day approaches there is a slackening of public certainty somehow.

"I have hoped M'Clellan might be elected," Dr. Warner has said to Mr. Arthur in the security of Mr. Ferguson's room.

"You have!" exclaims that gentleman, with as much surprise as pain.

"Why, yes," says Dr. Warner, rubbing the phrenological organ, whatever it is, immediately behind the ear with his forefinger. "I see no end to the war otherwise. The Democratic party might conciliate in some way, compromise, arrange the thing," continues the fat, slovenly, thoroughly excellent physician, in a vague, general, undecided manner. "Don't you?" he asks, doubtfully.

"I?" asks Mr. Arthur, with indignation. "No, Sir! May Heaven forbid! There is only one plain road: to carry the war steadily, unflinchingly on till the purpose for which it began is accomplished. The election of M'Clellan I would look upon as the election of vacillation, weakness, the success of the Confederacy, anarchy, ruin! I am really amazed that you, Doctor, could look at it any other way. Don't *you* regard it in that light, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Of course!" growls the Scotchman, in accents scarcely polite to Dr. Warner, considered as being at the moment his guest. "Not a sensible Union man North or South thinks otherwise."

And yet when we hear in Somerville that Lincoln is actually elected, no man sees more clearly by that time than Dr. Warner that the Union men have greater cause to rejoice in this than in any other victory achieved by the nation. Yes, that victory was the Waterloo of the whole war.

"If you can use it, or if you know any person—any person not a Secessionist, you know—who can use it, send out a wagon, send half a dozen wagons," old Mr. Adams says the very day we hear in town of the re-election of Lincoln, to Mr. Arthur, whom he meets, as he might and did meet every other Union man of Somerville, upon the streets. "I've plenty of rye and oats left; you or any body, any body you can recommend, is more than welcome!"

Very remarkable. Thin, and sharp, and cold as a razor is old Mr. Adams. A tough time of it Sam Peters, even Brother Barker himself had of it before the war in getting a cent for any object out of old Mr. Adams, strenuous communicant of that church as he was. All Brother Barker's communion well knew and bewailed Brother Adams's stinginess. It was as well, as proverbially, known to be Brother Adams's sin which did most easily beset him, as was lying known to be Brother Peters's weakness. Only the latter, in times of religious revival, openly confessed, and, in terms so highly colored as to show the old vice ran in the very blood, bewailed his sin, whereas Brother Adams did nothing of the kind. We all knew Brother Barker meant him in all his many hits at the penurious and close-fisted in and out of pulpit—all of us except the individual aimed at himself. Or if he knew it he only gripped his bivalves more closely together, and took it upon his crustaceous sides, like so much mere water.

But all that was before Secession. If any Secessionist obtained, otherwise than by physical force, a horse, or a bundle of fodder, or a stem of oats, or a grain of corn, or an ounce of pork from old Brother Adams, that fact is not upon record. To Union people, on the other hand, he no more thought of withholding any thing he possessed than he thought of going to hear Brother Barker or any other Secessionist preach. Long and thin, sharp, cold, and hard as he was, sour and close, old Mr. Adams had hidden among his bones, like gold among the strata, a pure, strong love of country: the vein once struck was inexhaustible. How can we tell how much it cost his friends to elect Mr. Lincoln there at the North? Millions in the way of bribes, the *Star* said. It certainly cost old Mr. Adams, when over, in pork and corn and potatoes, hundreds, to say the least.

But we have no time in Somerville to reason about the results of Lincoln's re-election, the *Star* exulting in it as the certain means—as hundreds of events have been before—of at last making the South a unit, and thoroughly arousing the people. Ah, how many, many theories were manufactured at the South during the war, each perfectly symmetrical and beautiful! Bubbles? Yes, but then we could blow them as fast as they burst, you know. Yet we have no time to discuss that question in our intense curiosity in reference to Sherman just now.

"Yes, he *has* cut loose from Atlanta," Captain Simmons demonstrates the matter, newspaper in hand, to Dr. Ginnis and Mr. Ellis collected in Jem Budd's shop out of the rain—"cut loose from Atlanta in sheer despair of getting out of Georgia by the way he came; Hood, you see, having got behind him. He is making—you see what the paper says—frantic efforts to escape by way of the Atlantic coast, his only hope left, sheer desperation."

"Oh, Lee from Richmond!" begins Dr. Ginnis, eagerly.

"And the militia of South Carolina!" adds Mr. Ellis, still more eagerly.

"Of course will close in upon him. I have no more doubt of the capture of his entire command than I have of my existence. Davis's idea of his retreat to Tennessee being cut off was good, as every thing from his consummate statesmanship is; but," continues Captain Simmons, "Sherman's case was worse than Davis supposed. Why, gentlemen, look at it, not one man, not a single gun he has but we are bound to get. It is a certainty."

"A special Providence," says good Mr. Ellis. "I love to trace the hand of Heaven in our cause."

"That's just what I say," puts in Jem Budd, as he hammers away at a gun-barrel clenched in its vice upon his work-table. "Exactly what *I* say." Consequently while we are rejoiced thereby still it is only what we expected when we soon read in all the papers of the capture of Sherman. And, to make this good news complete, the same dates give tidings of Hood's capture of Nashville.

"What I always said," Jem Budd remarks to Tim Lamum, dropped into the shop to see, in a languid way, if his revolver has all the silver mountings he has ordered for it; and who, cigar in mouth, legs hanging listlessly down as he sits on Jem's work-bench, gives him all the details of these two glorious events as they have been coming in for two weeks now.

"Seems to me," Jem Budd ventures at last, punching and hammering away, none the less, at his work, "that Brother Barker isn't as chirky as he used to be." He only says this to say something.

"—— old woman!" vituperates Tim, with prompt profanity. For Brother Barker does not occupy the position in Somerville he used to; he has in some imperceptible, incomprehensible manner dwindled and shriveled. Very few, indeed, at church these Sabbaths. Sabbath-school long since suspended.

Even grim Mr. Ferguson almost pities them, his respected fellow-citizens of the Secession persuasion, when the truth comes upon them at last! Comes upon them so suddenly, and with double blow! And herewith a fact, not altogether new but interesting in human nature, is evolved. As thus:

"Any thing new in the paper this morning?" Dr. Warner asks, the very day after Tim Lamum's conversation with Mr. Budd, of Dr. Ginnis, with whom he has professional relations.

"Why, n-n-no. Some rumors, I believe; I have not had time to look carefully over the paper yet. By-the-by, Doctor, what do you think now of that negro's wound? Not lockjaw supervening, do you think?"

"Have you the paper there, Captain Simmons? Any thing in it?" Dr. Warner—easy, good-natured Dr. Warner—frayed as to the edges of shirt bosom and collar, gone as to half-a-dozen buttons or so on vest, neckerchief and hair disheveled and scattered abroad as by gusty winds; yet we all like him in Somerville, as unanimous in opinion about him as we are in sentiment in reference to his wife; being on good terms with—except his wife—every person in town, the Doctor asks the question in an indifferent way of the Captain.

"Nothing of special interest, Doctor; nothing at all," replies the Captain, folding up the paper as he speaks and putting it in his pocket, oblivious, in a dignified manner, of the Doctor's hand extended for it. "The solemn truth is," continues the Captain, seriously, steadying himself, so to speak, by fastening his oracular and admonitory eyes upon those of his questioner, "there is no truth in the world just now. Falsehood? From my infancy have I loathed it. Lying? Next to a Yankee, my soul abhors it. Sainted parents instilled the story of Ananias and Sapphira into my earliest being. Sir," continues the Captain, "it is painful to say it, but men of my standing," holding on to the Doctor under pretense of laying a Mentor's hand upon his shoulder, "should not hesitate to utter at this awful crisis their religious convictions. You may repeat it, Sir, as from Captain Simmons, Lamum is a Yankee, and Lamum is a liar. Never had I the least faith in him or his paper. No, Sir, I was not falling. When I require your assistance to enable me to maintain an upright position I will say so. Nothing new, Sir, in the paper, save foolish rumors—nothing at all."

"Nothing new, I'm told," Dr. Warner remarks to Mr. Ferguson, into whose room he next enters. "I was up all night with one of Colonel Wright's hands who has given himself an ugly cut, or got one some way."

"Nothing at all," replies, concisely, the Scotchman, who is busy with scissors and paste at his collection, "except that Sherman is in possession of Savannah with trifling loss, and Hood's army has been utterly routed below Nashville!"

"Bless my soul! and it must be true!" exclaims the electrified Doctor, his face ablaze with satisfaction.

"I beg you will let me pay you that little amount, Doctor," Mr. Ferguson says in conclusion of their conversation, a very animated conversation.

"Not one cent, Sir; not one cent. I will be positively offended if you ever mention it again," and both offer and refusal are in strict coherence with the news; and the Doctor leaves him a happier and a wiser man.

"I tell you just what it is, gentlemen! Why not say it if a fellow thinks it, by George! You all know I'm not a bad Southern man, but we are whipped, gentlemen, whipped, by George! and well whipped." It is Bob Withers makes the remark that same day in the presence of Captain Simmons and Mr. Ellis, in the store of the latter.

"Only a few days ago, in Jem Budd's shop, I think it was, I said I was afraid about Sherman. You see I didn't see where the troops were to come from to stop him. Besides," adds Captain Simmons, "Georgia is rotten—you mark my words, rotten, gentlemen. That about Hood I don't see into. I can't believe it, and I won't. Sometimes we say of news 'It's too good to be true,' and this"—with heavy swearing—"is too bad to be true!"

"For me," says Mr. Ellis, too nervous about the news to notice with reprobation, as he ordinarily would, the profanity, "I endeavor to trace the hand of a just God in all events. It can't be we are to be subjugated, *can not* be; it would be unjust, unjust, grossest injustice in—I mean the Almighty will not permit it, should not, will not!" very much excited indeed.

"But look at it, gentlemen," reasons Bob Withers; "we've got our last men in the field, ain't we? You both know as well as I, not a soul goes to the front if he can help it; neither of you gentlemen has the least idea of going, and you don't catch *me* going, by George! Details for this, details for that, nothing but details. Then, it wouldn't do to talk this way about things before Union people, but *we* know how the soldiers are deserting, shoot them as fast as you please; but they will desert, sick of the war, want to get back to their sweet-hearts and wives. Lincoln elected for another four years, being whipped in all the fights, what's the use? they say. And it's more than enrolling officers dare to do, arresting them around here. Six enrolling officers shot down lately in my own knowledge by returned soldiers."

"Mr. Withers," begins Mr. Ellis, excitedly.

"People won't touch the paper-money except enough to pay taxes. Impressment is souring people, by George! a little too fast; they shoot them down, by George! I know *one* man won't take office as impressing officer!" Bob Withers continues.

"Mr. Withers, you really ought not," good little Mr. Ellis begins again, emphatically. Only more emphatically than he Mr. Withers proceeds:

"You hear it on every side, openly, 'I do this to keep out of the army,' 'do that to keep out of the army.' You may mow them down by whole ranks at a time for desertion, it does no good, not a bit. Then, look at the country people—returned soldiers, I suppose—breaking open people's houses by night, demanding of old men, even of women and children, their money, or blow their brains out, let alone taking every thing they can lay their hands on in open day. Then—"

"But what is the alternative, man?" Captain Simmons breaks in upon Mr. Withers, with energy enough to drown and overwhelm him. "Submission. Submission to wretched Abolitionists. Ab-o-lition-ists! gentlemen, people who make the negro our equal, actually associate with them. There is, gentlemen," adds Captain Simmons, with an air, "a new ism at the North, miscegenation," tucking a thumb in the arm-hole of his vest on each side as he speaks, "they call it, the abominable intermarriage—"

"How any man can suppose a holy God will—" vainly attempts Mr. Ellis to put in.

"Oh, shut up, Simmons!" interrupts Bob Withers, with violence in honest face and voice, triumphant over both. "Who do I see riding to water late of an evening, with a little milk-and-molasses chap on the pommel of his saddle before him? Oh, by George! Simmons, be consistent, man. Tuesday? No, it was Wednesday last—never mind what day it was. Simmons here will tell you who it was I saw driving out a-fishing in his buggy with a yellow woman—and she ain't even pretty, Simmons—dressed up as nice as you please, and that same little half-white chap—fine child, Simmons, as I ever saw—in her lap. And it's been so for years—we all know that here in Somerville—does you actual credit in some respects, man. And you know whether or no you *did* send that oldest yellow boy of yours to Oberlin before the war began. But you ain't the only man South, only you are more steady to one, Simmons—steady, by George! to one."

"I consider your licentious remarks, Sir, as personal," says Captain Simmons, reddening and swelling like a turkey-cock.

"Don't intend any offense," Bob Withers rattles on; "but I appeal to Dr. Peel, dropped in just in time. No, I won't; Dr. Peel is one of the sinners, like Simmons and myself. But here's Mr. Ellis—regular church-member and all that, now, Mr. Ellis. Look here! if a man *will* live, it's all a matter of taste; my taste ain't that way myself; but if a man will live for years—you ain't the only one, Simmons—with a negro woman, raise up a family—no ladies present, I believe—this is the point, Mr. Ellis—is it worse to do that illicitly, illegally, or legally—heh? As to this whole Secession, I always said it was only the grandest sort of a spree—a tirremendous spree, by George! Smash up in the end, see if there ain't."

"I consider, Sir, your whole strain of conversation as unworthy a Southern man," exclaims Mr. Ellis, at last. "Your sentiments are dangerous, Sir, dangerous for you to utter in this community, Sir. They will not be tolerated, Sir, not for an instant, Sir—"

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There is a nervousness, an excitability of manner, a feverish motion of hands and feet and eyelids with Mr. Ellis which attracts more attention than what he says. But Bob Withers, in the very midst of Mr. Ellis's excited speech, after contemplating him curiously for a while, utters a loud and long-continued Whew! turned violently up in its ending, and with an "Oh, by George!" walks coolly out of the store.

"Pshaw! Withers must be drunk this morning," Captain Simmons explains in a dignified manner to Dr. Peel, after Mr. Ellis's excitement can be got a little under control. "Not a bad fellow poor Withers, only he will find when too late that"—and the Captain says it with tearful pathos—"it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder."

"The association of the whites and the blacks it was he was talking about?" asks Dr. Peel, magnificent as usual in broadcloth, hair-oil, and jewelry. "Sherman and Thomas have whipped Bob into *that*, have they? By George! gentlemen, we are getting along," says Dr. Peel, in condescending imitation of the person just departed. "How any man," Dr. Peel adds at last, adjusting the gold studs upon his snowy shirt-cuffs, "can look upon an intermingling of the races without loathing unutterable, horror beyond words, I can not imagine. It is done every where else in the world, which is one of the many reasons I have for looking upon our country as the purest and noblest on earth in that it so regards—what is it?—miscegenation." And there is moral force in the solemnity of Dr. Peel's oaths in continuance of the conversation.

"Speaking of marriage," says Captain Simmons, exceedingly malapropos, "come, Dr. Peel, tell us when it is to be?" he asks; for, on the strength of his recent public speeches, with very complimentary notices of the same in the *Star*, Captain Simmons is on more familiar terms with Dr. Peel, splendid Dr. Peel, than of old.

"When what is to be?" Dr. Peel brings his full front to bear on his questioner. Yes, splendid is the word, in his fine and perfectly-fitting broadcloth, sumptuous satin vest crossed with massive links of gold, diamond pin, finest and whitest linen, superb teeth, large, authoritative eyes.

"Oh, come, come, Doctor," says Captain Simmons, not drunk enough to be sufficiently a match in dignity with Dr. Peel, "every body in Somerville knows it. We all hope General Wright won't let the war prevent his having a real, old-fashioned, grand time of it. You and he have so many personal friends, too, in all this region. A regular handsome thing of it, Doctor. I haven't sat down to a good table for four years," adds Captain Simmons—who loves eating only less than he does drinking—mournfully and with watering lips.

It was because of the delicacy of the matter. Of course it was that. It could be nothing else, you know. All men about to be married are nervous and diffident. On this occasion Dr. Peel, for a man of his mould and metal, seemed for a time remarkably teased and taken aback. But he extricates himself.

"Oh, nonsense, gentlemen," waving the matter off with a regal hand. "But I can tell you a little news worth your hearing."

Captain Simmons is wide awake in an instant. Mr. Ellis gets over his counter to be nearer the Doctor, listens to him with eager eyes. Yes, there is a pleasure. Bill Perkins finds more remuneration in that than in his five hundred Confederate dollars a month, in being the bearer of news, especially good news.

"Well, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, with tantalizing dignity, "a friend has sent me a letter in advance of the mail. No mistake this time—Bragg's official dispatch. The Federals have made an attack upon Fort Fisher by land and by sea. Fort Fisher is the outwork, you know, of Wilmington. I am happy to say they have been repulsed. The attack was under command of Beast Butler—repulsed with terrible slaughter. They won't try that game again in a hurry."

"I knew it!" exclaims Mr. Ellis, with intense delight, rubbing together his almost trembling hands. "Our reverses were only for our trial, you know. The turning-point is reached at last. You will see that we will, from this out, have an uninterrupted career of victory. The loss of Wilmington, our last important port! Why, gentlemen, it would have ruined us! Had it been closed I would have given up our glorious cause as gone. But no; if Heaven be at times against us it is not unjust. The God who rules us could not, would not permit so terrible a wrong." And Mr. Ellis's eyes glitter and roll with an excitement almost painful to behold. "No, as you say, Sir, they will not attempt that again."

"What will you bet of it?" replies Dr. Peel, suddenly, and with singular inconsistency. "Oh, pshaw! I am only joking, you know. Come, Captain Simmons, I know of course that you are not dry—you never are—but I am. Let us see if Staples has any of that whisky left. Won't you join us, Mr. Ellis? No? Ah, you don't know what is good for you! Good-morning! You will see Bragg's congratulatory address to his troops in the morning's paper. It's well that little sanctified chap don't touch liquor, Simmons," Dr. Peel remarks, with oaths, before they have well got out of the store. "If he did, he would be in the Lunatic Asylum in two months. He's the sort—he and Barker—they make raving Spiritualists, Abolitionists, Free Lovers, and the like, out of up North. Hurrah for old Bragg! he's up once more; wonder how long he'll stay so!"

But Mrs. Warner. The whirlwinds of the last few months have seized upon her, lifted her off her feet, given her the most wonderful twist that can be imagined. Even before the repulse of Banks on Red River she began to insist—inflicting that opinion upon the Doctor like a scourge—that we are whipped.

"We are whipped, Doctor Warner, whipped! and you know it as well as I, only you are too great a coward to say so. Sitting among people who are bragging about our success and all that stuff; going about with those old saddle-bags over your arm, never daring to contradict even that old fool of a Doctor Ginnis!"

The repulse of Banks quieted but did not wholly silence Mrs. Warner. If it did, the fall of Atlanta, of the Mobile forts, the re-election of Lincoln, and the capture of Savannah seized this Cassandra up again as in a Delphic blast. Poor Doctor Warner!

"We are whipped, Doctor Warner, whipped, whipped!" She insists upon it, as if perpetually contradicted by her husband therein—breakfast, dinner, supper, and upon their nuptial couch the Doctor goes to sleep almost every night to the same reiterated assertion.

So that when he ventures, the morning after Dr. Peel has electrified good Mr. Ellis with the Fort Fisher news, to read to his wife at breakfast the official tidings of the repulse of Butler from that outwork, Mrs. Warner justly regards it as a personal insult.

"It's all a lie, Doctor Warner, and you know it. You only read it to me to contradict me. Repulsed! and a man of your sense! I tell you we are whipped, whipped! and if you had half an idea of your own, or half a tongue to speak out like any other man what you really think, you would know it and say it. I've no patience with you! Even that meek, poor-spirited Mrs. Ret Roberts had energy enough to tell me so, almost in so many words, when I was there last. They do say that brute of a Roberts treats her with cruelest unkindness. I'd like to see any man try that with me. Dare not go to hear Mr. Arthur, her own minister, preach these ever so many years; afraid of her husband, poor thing! Her very boy, with his bold eyes, growing up just like his father. Yes, whipped—if you only had sense to know it!"

So that when, not three weeks afterward, Dr. Warner reads to her, over his forgotten coffee and cold steak, the news, which has burst upon Somerville, almost deranging Mr. Ellis and extorting terrific blasphemy from Dr. Peel, that Fort Fisher has been captured, suddenly, unexpectedly captured, when we in Somerville did not even know that another attack upon it was in contemplation—when the Doctor reads the news in a cheerful tone to his wife what is his reward?

"And now, Dr. Warner, from this time out, I do hope you will hold your tongue. There you sat not one week ago, arguing, disputing that we were *not* whipped, reading all sorts of ridiculous stories about the Federals being repulsed! Can you look me straight in the eyes and tell me I didn't tell you it was a lie? You know you can't. You tire my very life out with your eternal contradiction. It's enough I take one view of a thing, it's the signal for you to take the other. I tell you, once for all, we are whipped; if you persist in saying we are not, I solemnly declare, if 'Ria and Bub were not here at table—be-*have* yourself, 'Ria—I could box your ears with my own hands. There's that man Neely; you know he was goose enough to buy up confiscated property right and left. The fact is, he got his hands so full of Confederate money with his swindling contracts he couldn't get rid of it any way. Well, Mrs. Ginnis herself told me yesterday that Dr. Peel had told her that Neely was moving heaven and earth to trade off all his property of that kind. He don't care what for so he can trade it off. As if he could find any body fool enough to take him up! That old Staples, too, they tell me he was a tailor once; any body who ever saw him walking up the street could tell that by the twist in his legs, his hair sticking out in every direction—they tell me *he's* making desperate efforts to do the same thing. All the rest of them, if the truth was known. You may thank me you didn't buy any. Of course you won't remember it, you never do any thing I say; but if I said to you once, don't touch confiscated property, I told you so ten thousand times. And there's that Brother Barker, too, as they call him. The man looks as if he had seen a ghost. Not that he doesn't richly deserve it; but the way his own members treat that poor creature is shameful. But you ought to see Dr. Ginnis; you know how he swells up sometimes; the man looks—I noticed him close when I was there yesterday—flabby. Always so full of talk too; and yesterday—you know I spent the day there—he didn't have one word to say. But I did. I ain't afraid if you are. I told them we were whipped, whipped! They said Barker and all their other preachers are urging it as a reason why the South should hold out, that, if the Confederacy is whipped, it is all over with their denomination—a blessed riddance I thought, though I didn't say so. The only thing Dr. Ginnis could say was some stuff about peace negotiations going on, as if—What is that you say? Rumored that the Confederacy has been recognized by France, England, and Spain? Stuff! You may be fool enough to believe it, I am not. If we are doing so well as you say, why ain't our money worth more—heh? There was that Bob Withers—Mr. Ginnis told me about it yesterday—went and tacked up a fifty-dollar new issue note on the wall of his office, just to see, he said, if any body would steal it—stealing as they are every thing else. Left it there all night. What do you think? Next morning he finds it there still, and a one-hundred-dollar bill stuck up beside it by somebody else. Oh, hold your tongue, Dr. Warner, I tell you we are whipped! That a man of your sense—"

Ye sparkling stars! Let us run.

Dr. Warner did. At least, did not run, he is altogether too fat for that, walked away in a disheveled condition of hair and attire; but he has the appearance of being blown about rather by gales genial, though violent, than by wintry blasts. And he meets upon the streets this bracing February morning of sixty-five—who does he not meet in fact?—old Mr. Adams, who hooks his long finger into the Doctor's button-hole to tell him that he is sending a wagon with "a few things"—at least a hundred dollars' worth, by-the-by—up to help Silas Jewett's family, which Mr. Adams has had a hint are in a needy condition. Mrs. Jewett is sick, perhaps Dr. Warner will make out a little bill of such medicines to go in the wagon, as he, Dr. W., may think acceptable. Which the Doctor gladly promises to do, laughing off the earnest offer on the part of thin old Mr. Adams to pay for the same. Fact is, among the Union folks just now each lip is quivering so with Hail Columbia, each heart is so much a Star-Spangled Banner struggling so to unfold itself, that a man jumps at any way of showing his feelings.

He is still engaged with old Mr. Adams when Mrs. Smithers passes them, tall, red, savage, and cuts them both down with her eyes in passing as with a tomahawk—tut-traitors! But the Doctor happens next upon Bob Withers and Captain Simmons, Dr. Ginnis joining them while they stop to chat. Friendly? The most touching affection has sprung up toward Dr. Warner. In fact no Union man can appear on the streets now but some old Secession acquaintance is sure to stop him with a "Why, how *are* you?" and a cordial shake of the hand, as if they were friends long parted, which in a sense is nothing but the fact.

Even grim Mr. Ferguson, having posted his Scrap-book up to date, is on the streets. Mr. Arthur, himself respectfully greeted on all sides these days, can not but smile when he sees Joe Staples suddenly recognize the Scotchman with pleased surprise, and, with hands years ago solemnly dedicated by Joe to the hanging of Mr. Ferguson, actually but respectfully seize upon that individual and draw him persuasively aside to "have a little talk." A talk in which Joe takes occasion to bewail the infatuation of Dr. Ginnis, Barker, Lamum, Wright, and others in the past, and to thank his stars that though "a man in my position would not dare openly and violently to oppose them, you know, Sir, I all along regretted their folly, and kept off from the whole thing just as much as I possibly could. And now, Mr. Ferguson, if any man in Somerville, as I have said a thousand times, has hard sense, you have, when do you think this thing is going to end? in confidence, now?"

Truth is, as the scale goes down with the one side it ascends with the other. The joy of the hour thrills every Union heart in Somerville, irradiating even the cellar of Alf Morgan. If things improve at the present rate it will require more vigor than little Mrs. Budd possesses to keep Alf much longer in bounds. Do what she can, he *will* hum Hail Columbia and whistle Yankee Doodle at his subterranean shoe-making. The foolish fellow actually has a Union flag down there "to feel of," he says, for it is too dark in his hole to see it.

Mr. Arthur can not refrain from going up into Mr. Ferguson's room to have a laugh over matters; for we Union people in Somerville feel a deal more like laughing these days than we used to do. More roses in Mrs. Budd's cheeks now than for years past, as Jem says.

"Every Union man tells me the same," Mr. Arthur says, "and I know it is true of myself. People that haven't spoken to you for years, people that have cursed you, people that have been scarce restrained by the Hand that withheld Saul from the murder of David from killing you, will now hardly let you get along the streets for greetings. You notice how it is at Sunday-school and church, how they are sending back their children and coming back themselves? Others, I dare say, if shame would let them. Not Mr. Ellis though—he is grummer, gruffer, more distant than ever. I don't know how many who voted against Secession, but went into it and became the most bitter, have taken occasion to remind me, and every body else, I suppose, of their original ground; though once they bewailed having voted for the Union as the greatest of their shortcomings."

"It is only because the frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils, hail, locusts, thick darkness have come upon them, as upon the Egyptians," says the stony Scotchman. "You know as well as I in each interval of disaster these people are as infatuated as ever. I would not be surprised if the hand of God is lifted from them yet again, with the same result. Perhaps when the last plague, the very death of the first-born, has befallen, even Ellis and his like may be convinced. I never thought that under the New Testament Dispensation—so deep into it too—in such a Christian land as this also—there could be such a revival of the Mosaic Dispensation, as it were. I tell you, Mr. Arthur," continued the Scotchman, solemnly, "when I consider the awful judgments of Jehovah—the same God who sent the Deluge, who destroyed the Cities of the Plain, who slew the Canaanites, who dealt so terribly with the Hebrews, upon this land during this fearful war—I tremble while I adore. Even though He be merciful in Jesus Christ, He is a just God still. This is the new dispensation, I know; but His most terrible manifestation of wrath against sin is yet to be made—the destruction of this globe by fire. The Pope and the Turk are to fall in sixty-six, are they? The Apostle says there are many Antichrists; who knows what awful times may be in reserve for England, and Scotland even, to say nothing of other parts of the world, for who of you here had before supposed that Slavery was an Antichrist which had to go down in fire and blood and earthquake, as well as the Pope?

"Hold on a moment!" Mr. Ferguson adds, to his friend, at last rising to leave. "I want to prove to you that the universal insubordination all through the Confederacy, which all the papers are bewailing so, is an inevitable fruit of the very principle of Secession. It struck so effective a blow at the very idea of Law, Order, Government, as to kill that vital thing even for their own use. Besides, I want to show you from my Scrap-book that no two men South, however devoted to Secession, can agree on any one thing under Secession. Truth, you observe, is one; while Falsehood is as millionfold as the shifting clouds. So sure as one man advances his opinions upon foreign intervention, employment of negroes in the army—whatever it is, another is sure to start up and vehemently dispute it. It is like the contentions of infidels—"

But if Mr. Arthur can listen to such treason we can not.

"RING DOWN THE DROP, I CAN NOT PLAY."

[A painful scene recently occurred at the Terre Haute (Ind.) Theatre. Mr. M'Kean Buchanan and daughter were announced to appear in "Hamlet;" but Mrs. Buchanan was at that time lying dangerously ill with neuralgia of the heart, and it was stated to the audience that the young lady consequently could not appear. The audience, however, desired the play to proceed, omitting the part of Ophelia; but when Mr. Buchanan appeared and commenced the soliloquy—"To be or not to be," he had not proceeded half a dozen lines when his feelings overcame him, and, falling into a chair, he exclaimed: "My wife is dying. Take your money. Ring down the drop, I can not play." Mrs. Buchanan was dead before he reached the hotel.]

Oh! painted gauds and mimic scenes,
And pompous trick that nothing means!
Oh! glaring light and shouting crowd,
And love-words in derision vowed!
Oh! crowned king with starving eyes,
And dying swain who never dies!
Oh! hollow show and empty heart,
Great ministers of tragic art!

"There's that within which passeth show:"
The days they come, the days they go.
We live two lives, on either page—
The one upon the painted stage,
With all the world to hear and gaze,
And comment on each changing phase;
The other, that sad life within,
Where love may purify a sin.

Ring up the drop, the play is on;
Our hour of entrance comes anon.
Choke down the yearnings of the soul;
Weak doting fool, art thou the whole?
The stage is waiting, take thy part;
Forget to-night thou hast a heart;
Let sunshine break the gathering cloud,
And smile thou on the waiting crowd.

Hear how their plaudits fill the scene.
Is not thy greedy ear full keen?
Is not a thousand-shouts a balm
For all thy throbbing heart's alarm?
"To be or not to be"—the screed
Is listened to with breathless heed.
Oh! painter with a painted mask,
Is thy brain wandering from thy task?

Can it be true that scores of years
Do not suffice to murder tears?
Can it be true that all of art
Has failed to teach the human heart?
Can gauds, and tricks, and shout, and glare,
The deafening drum, the trumpet's blare,
With all their wild, delirious din
Not stifle this sad life within?

Pah! man, the eager people wait,
Go on with all thy studied prate.
Shall you not feed their longing eyes
Because—because a woman dies?
What cares the crowd for dying wives,
For broken hearts, or blasted lives!
They paid their money, and—they say,
Living or dead—on with the play.

What! staggering man, why, where's your art?
That stare was good; that tragic start
Would make your fortune, were it not
That it rebukes the author's plot.
"My wife is dying!" he ne'er wrote
The words that struggle in thy throat.
"Take back your money," did you say?
"Ring down the drop, I can not play."

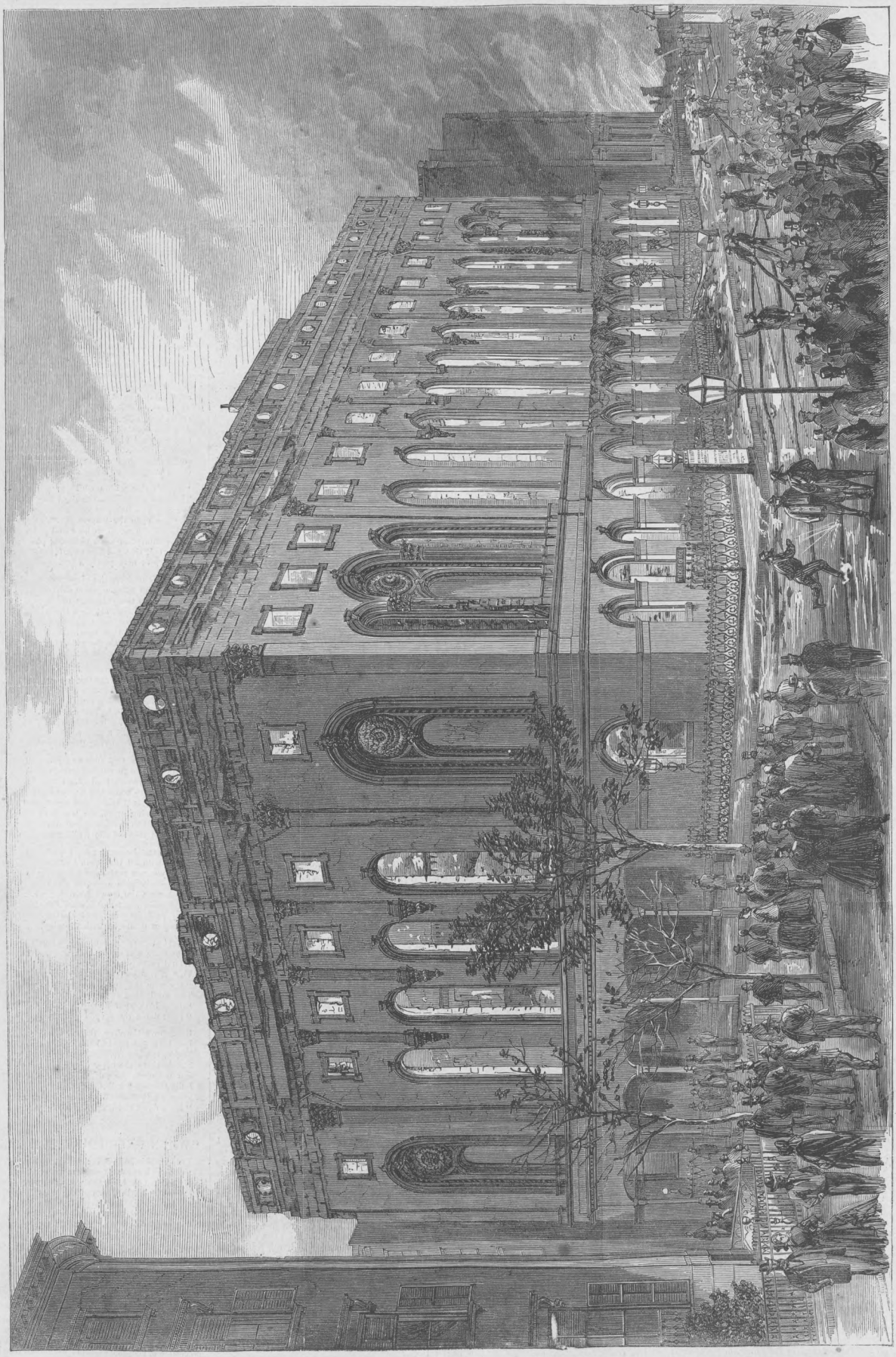
Ring down the drop, the act is o'er;
Her bark has touched the golden shore.
While, reading from life's inner page,
Stands there the actor of the stage;
But not upon the cold, white corse
Falls there a word of sad remorse
From all that crowd who heard him say,
"Ring down the drop, I can not play."

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

THIS graphic and lifelike sketch, from which the illustration on our first page is reproduced, was originally painted by J. G. BROWN, Esq., whose painting of "The Little Queen of the Woods" we illustrated last week. For the photographs from which we engraved both these spirited pictures we are indebted to Messrs. GELLATLY & LECKY, 835 Broadway, who have published these and many other interesting photographs illustrating especially works of art.

Mr. BROWN, after conceiving the design of this painting and wishing to paint the picture from life, advertised in the New York *Herald* for "two ragged boot-blacks" with their boot-blacking apparatus, offering them $2 each per day for their attendance at his studio in Broadway. On the morning when this advertisement appeared Mr. BROWN, upon arriving at his studio, found the street lined with a procession of boot-blacks, all of whom had read the New York *Herald* before breakfast and promptly responded to his advertisement.

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BURNING OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 21, 1866.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

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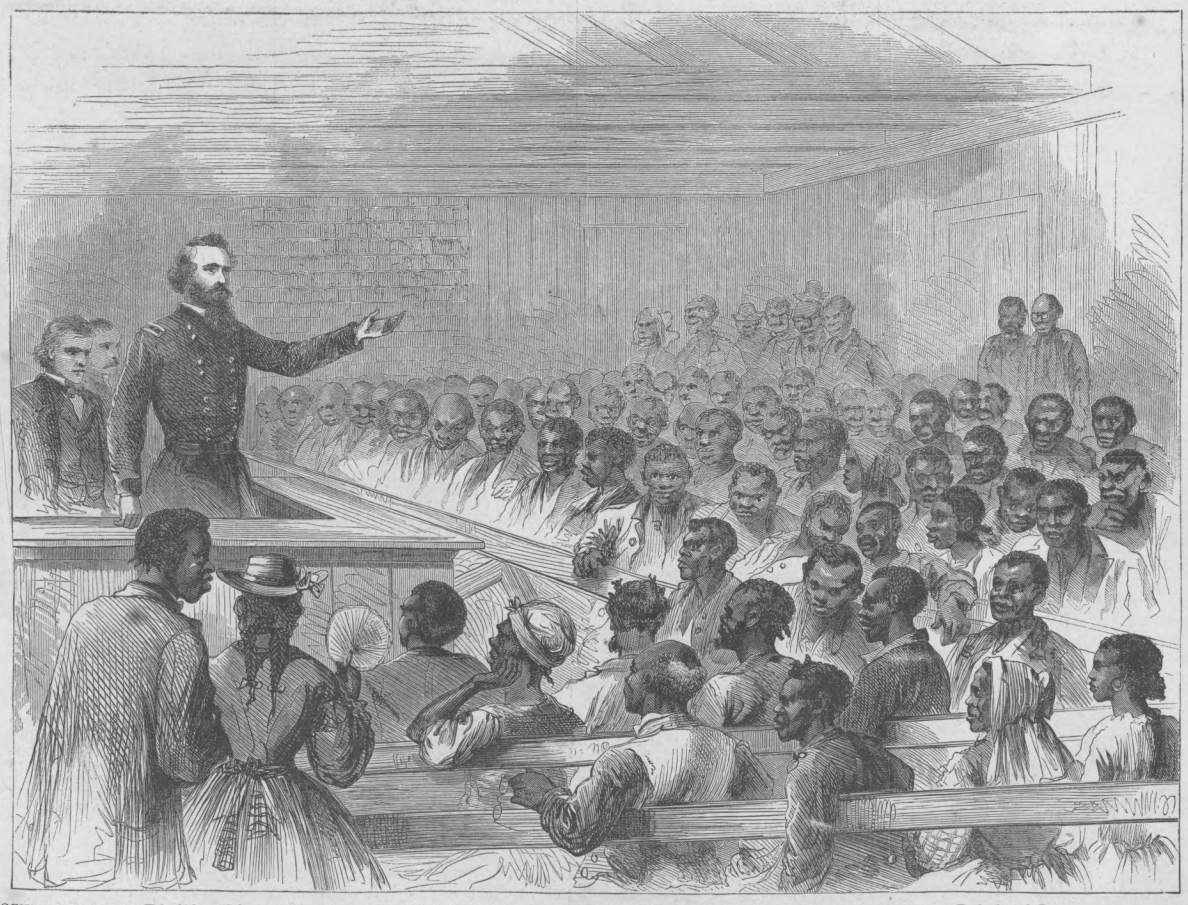
TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT, OPPOSITE NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



NEGRO HUTS AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.



GENERALS STEEDMAN AND FULLERTON CONFERRING WITH THE FREEDMEN IN THEIR CHURCH AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

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THE OLD CRADLE.

AND this was your Cradle? why, surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightfully small Pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-troubled channel:
I see you as then in your impotent strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplexed with that newly-found fardel called Life.

To hint at an infantine frailty is scandal;
Let by-gones be by-gones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a Baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—so rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your Cradle, and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know.
They guard the small nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future—Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus wags this old world, therefore stay not to ask—
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If masked, still it pleases—then raise not the mask.

Is life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
Though blossoms of promise are lost in the rose,
I still see the face of my small Pic-a-ninny
Unchanged, for these cheeks are as blooming as those.

Ay, here is your Cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's six o'clock striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"WELL, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose: trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain country farmer in a suit of home-spun gray.

"Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsey a bunnit; a real nice one; just as good a one as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's worked awful hard this spring. Times are good too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey sha'n't look as good as any body. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked off up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde mustache and setting of close brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well-brushed hat; but the clear blue eye was the same in both, and like those that were closed forever under the sod by the apple-orchard on Uncle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman. In spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand his heart was true and leal to the good friend of his boyhood, and the inquiring glances of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madame Rozette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face among the girls in attendance. Josie Mollett, radiant with smiles and—and I think a little artificial bloom, came forward with her most bewitching glances to wait upon the old farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and, fancying that she would show her superior ability by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully. Poor old man! He never was so miserable in his life. In Hoptown he would have had no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get, and her little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no bigger than a wasp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling in crimps and curls to get away from shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight at him. While the damsel held up one style after another, or tied them on coquettishly, Uncle Abel looked at John imploringly, but derived no help from him.

"Now, young woman, show me some of your best bonnets—real good ones. None of your old-fashioned poor things for my wife."

Having said this Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no farther trouble.

Miss Josie sailed about and returned with a white chip gipsy trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a red rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now this will be just what you want, I am sure; only twenty-five dollars too—so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterward that he felt quite confounded at the great price, but did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsey's old one though."

"Oh no, Sir, the fashion has changed entirely. Now this gipsy is just the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion in the town, I don't doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but could not interpret the look in his eyes; so, taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain:

"Just fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al yes, I can tell better how it looks then. Now it looks jest like a dish."

"There—it goes on in this way;" and Josie pitches the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow knot, and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?"

"Wa'al, it's kind o' purty; but it's awful queer, ain't it, John?"

John thus appealed to could only answer that he "knew nothing in the world about women's bonnets;" and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he soon found that they were amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth brown hair looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, "For shame;" and grow crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw every day.

Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks, thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see whereabouts on that dear old head any of these gipsys or fanchons would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knob at the back of her head, like a door-handle, which certainly would not harmonize with these capeless head-dresses.

Just as his brow was overcast with this thought the pale girl came toward Uncle Abel, her cheek flushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed quietly with violet ribbon.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair.

"I think that this might suit you, Sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions those bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'al now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from t'other. I want to get a nice bunnit for Betsey, and I mean to. Now jest tell me if you would like your mother to wear one like this?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see;" and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—I—am so sorry!"

"The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as she said: "I have no mother now; but if you'll trust me, Sir, I think this will suit."

She had stood hitherto just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called:

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet in Uncle Abel's hand, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught on one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and the words she spoke came so low and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and, still holding the hat in his hand, looked open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have knowed this young woman afore, didn't you?" he said; but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from rouge as she tossed her head and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Egbert and her beau."

Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed and then he said:

"I'll take this bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal, but Betsey's worth it. ain't she, John?"

John need not have started so, or said "Very," which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle Abel laughed a little to himself, and said, softly: "Oh, boys will be boys!" He was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction over twice too, and felt quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle, and looked as shy as a girl as he said, "It's all right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bonnet, and I've found a—a—an old friend!"

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a moment, without speaking, in John's face, in a wistful way; then said, looking in the young man's eyes, "She's a motherless girl, John!"

"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away, or would have done so if the detaining hand had not held him with a grasp which sixty years had not weakened. "Look here, my boy. I meant no offense. None of my blood turn villains," he added, proudly; "but you see she's young and purty and forlorn, and, maybe, if you see too much of her she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess 'twould break her heart. Shake hands with your old uncle, my boy. I meant no harm; but I promised 'Liza when she was on her dyin' bed that I would allus try to give you good advice, and the last words a'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed I do—for all your kindness; but I could not bear to think that you should misjudge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give her. I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?"

So they parted, and the passers-by little dreamed of all that hand-grasp spoke.

"Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward-bound, with a bandbox safely placed on the seat before him. "To think how near I come to gettin' one of them gipsys for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a week about it. And then to think that painted picter of a girl was making game of me all the while. And then the other one, with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid old fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would make our John a nice wife; and after Betsey and me has passed away there'll be a nice bit of property comin' to John, and that'll help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsey was, to be sure, when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How "fair and young" she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blond around her face! And how she laughed at the idea of wearing "one of them dish-covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its June glory John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the weir in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as straw and ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsey's bonnet.

A DASH INTO YORKSHIRE.

IF any body with ordinary powers of observation and description will go any where and relate what he sees and hears faithfully, he can scarcely fail to interest those who listen to him. It is when people write all out of their own heads that they are dull and incomprehensible. Human nature is always interesting to human nature. I feel confident, therefore, that I shall not bore the intelligent reader by relating faithfully what I saw, heard, and observed in my scamper through the county of York. If you put yourself in my place, which, being an imaginative reader, you will have no difficulty in doing, you will feel it quite a new sensation to be walking into a strange town with a little carpet-bag in your hand, but with no purpose in your mind, seeking adventures, and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

I can not tell how I came to entertain the notion that Leeds was rather an elegant sort of a town for a seat of commerce, but I approached Leeds with that impression. Perhaps it was owing to something that I had read in a geography-book at school, aided by a general idea that a seat of the woolen trade would naturally be soft. But the first glimpse I had of a forest of tall chimneys lifting their heads above a canopy of black smoke, was so strangely out of harmony with my ideal that I began to think I had got into the wrong carriage and been carried to Manchester. But no, it was Leeds. They didn't expect me, evidently; for there was no fly waiting to convey me in triumph through the town. Three flys were in attendance truly, but they were engaged beforehand; but there were none for chance travelers. I felt it to be entirely my own fault. I ought to have given the good people notice. I can not remember ever before this occasion emerging from a railway station with a carpet-bag in my hand without being surrounded by a mob of boys competing for the honor and profit of carrying my luggage. But here not a boy appeared. Not a single soul was on the look-out for any chance whatever. Good sign, I thought. All employed in the wool-trade. Plenty of work, good wages, no idle people. So I trudged along with my carpet-bag until it began to rain water, soot, powdered bricks, and grit, when I turned into the first hotel I came to. I went straight to the smoking-room to calm my feelings with a cigar. The room was full of smokers. They were mostly enormously big men, with large, long heads and high cheek-bones, and they all wore brown leggings and had whips. They were smoking long pipes—of a length to match themselves—in silence when I went in; but presently they began to talk. What is the matter with me? Have I relapsed? Has my comprehension left me? I do not understand a single word they say. Ah, I see now; it is the dialect. Having had long experience of it on the stage I couldn't have believed that real Yorkshiremen would speak it so ill. I listened very attentively, but I could make nothing of the conversation. If they had only mentioned the word "yell," or said "dom it," I might have felt that I was in Yorkshire; but they never said any thing so intelligible, and I didn't feel that I was in Yorkshire. I spoke to my next neighbor in real Yorkshire, which I learned from a celebrated comedian, and the ignorant yokel did not understand a word I said. I observed too, with disappointment, that their hair was not flaxen, and didn't curl; and that not a man in the room slapped his waistcoat. One man had so far outraged his county and the well-known habits of his people as to come out without a waistcoat. And without a flaxen wig that curls all over his head, and a waistcoat to slap when he says "dom it," how can a man be a Yorkshireman?

I went in search of new adventures, and wandering about for some time among high, gaunt red-brick woolen warehouses—unrelieved by a single bright shop or cheerful dwelling—I met with an adventure. I was getting very depressed, and thinking of going back to London by the very next train, when I heard somebody cry "Hoy!" I turned round and saw a stout, sturdy, ruddy-faced gentleman standing at a green gate about twenty yards off. He cried "Hoy!" again, and seeing that the signal was intended for me I went toward him. He seized me by the hand, shook it heartily, and said he was glad to see me.

"How was I?"

I said I was quite well. How was he?

"First-rate."

"And how were all friends in London?"

I ventured to say that all friends in London were in a satisfactory condition.

"And now come in," he said; "dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

Now, the reader can believe me or not, just as he likes; but I can honestly assure him that I had never seen this gentleman before in my life; but in looking at him, and listening to his voice during the above brief colloquy I came to have a notion that I had known him for a long time, that he had been expecting me, and that I should find every thing prepared for my reception. Nothing occurred to dispel that notion, but every thing to confirm it. My host introduced me to his wife. She shook hands with me, and said she was glad to see me. Would I take a glass of wine after my long journey? If I wished to change my clothes, I would find my room—right-hand door on the first landing. The cloth was already laid, and it was laid for three.

"We expected you at two," the lady said, "but as you did not come, I put the dinner back."

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," I said.

"Oh, not at all," she protested. "Would I take my pudding before my meat or after? Yorkshire fashion was to take it before the meat."

I said I would take it Yorkshire fashion, for I loved the Yorkshire fashions.

"Had I seen Polson lately?" my host asked.

"Yes, I had seen him last week."

"Still at the old shop, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "he was still at the old shop."

"And what was he doing. Still at the old game?"

"Yes," I said, "still at the old game."

And so the dinner passed pleasantly away. When we were sitting over our wine, my host said: "I have invited a few friends to meet you this evening. All people that you know. Marsh and his wife, Dawson and his wife, Partridge and his wife. Old Cockle is coming, too—you remember old Cockle, of course?"

I said that it was very kind of him, that I should be very glad to meet so many persons that I knew, and that I particularly remembered old Cockle. I firmly believed at the moment that I did know all these people, and when they came I recognized them all on the instant. Looking round the table, at the "tea fight" (which was a pleasant Yorkshire meal of tea, coffee, fish, roast fowls, and buttered cakes), every face that I saw was familiar to me, so was every voice I heard. Shutting my eyes I knew them all by their speech. I heard old Cockle incidentally mention that he had never been in London. Until this day I had never been in Leeds. Yet I knew old Cockle, and old Cockle knew me. This is not a story that begins with an indigestion and ends with that most unsatisfactory disillusive device, "a wild and troubled dream." It is a simple fact that I am relating. For two days I found myself in a strange town, which I had never visited before, in the midst of familiar faces and old friends, who entertained me hospitably, and paid me every attention. First, one old friend and then another old friend conducted me over the town to view the lions of Leeds. They are not many, and they are not imposing. They roar a good deal like sucking-doves. It is a dingy sombre town, marred by the work-house order of architecture and ugly-colored bricks. It struck me as strange that a town which produces such fine soft glossy cloth should be itself so rusty and threadbare. The town-hall is a magnificent building, perhaps the handsomest town-hall in the kingdom; but it is too fine for the town. It stands like an exquisite marble statue in the midst of a builder's lumber-yard. Briggate, the principal commercial street, is a sort of two-storied Tottenham-court-road. The woolen mills give you the wild idea of houses suffering from jaundice. All the goods sold in the shops seem to be soft goods. I wanted a penknife, and searched three streets in vain for a cutler's. I entered at last a shop that had a slight look of hardware, and when I asked for a penknife they tried to put me off with a woolen comforter. In the end the shop-boy was sent out to procure the article I wanted, and he was so long absent that I think he must have gone to Sheffield for it.

I was much struck with the paucity of public houses—good phrase that "paucity of public houses"—in Leeds. I congratulated my guide on the pleasing fact as being a testimony to the temperate habits of the people. I regret to say that he could not accept my congratulations. He led me into a secret. The public houses in Leeds are mostly situated up courts. There is no sign of them in the main streets; but if you go up the courts there you find them. And every street was pierced with these sly little courts, like rabbit-holes in a sand-bank.

The young ladies in Leeds are all in the fashion; but they overdo the thing a little. Their chignons are nearly as big as their heads, so that they appear when in the streets to have two heads, one with a hat and one without.

I found at a public office an old friend—whom I had never seen before in my life—who had made arrangements to conduct me over a woolen mill. One proprietor refused to admit me, having a strong suspicion that it was my design to take the pattern of his new machinery. Another made me welcome and showed me every thing. The history of a yard of doeskin would fill a volume, so I can not even attempt to summarize it. From the sheep's back to the final rolling of it up in a bale it goes through a score of elaborate processes, and changes its appearance every time. It is always going into a machine, or a tub, or a boiler, and coming out—like a comic entertainer—in a new form. It is torn to pieces by the "devil," and spun and twisted, and teasled, and boiled, and dyed, and pommeled, and shaved, and hot pressed, and I don't know what all. The adventures of a pair of sixteen-shilling trousers would beat the exploits of the seven-leagued boots all to nothing.

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GOVERNOR THOMAS SWANN, OF MARYLAND.



COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

GOVERNOR SWANN OF MARYLAND.

THOMAS SWANN, the present Governor of the State of Maryland, was born in the city of Alexandria in the State of Virginia. His father, THOMAS SWANN, was a lawyer of ability and distinction, and during the Presidency of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS held the office of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. His son, Governor THOMAS SWANN, the subject of this sketch, was educated at the University of Virginia, and commenced the study of the law in the office of his father in Washington. He, however, never pursued the practice of his profession, and having married a lady from Maryland, came to the city of Baltimore, where he has since resided. A gentleman of fortune and liberal education, firm and decided in his convictions, and of great promptness and energy of character, he became interested in all works of public improvement then being projected, which might in any way tend to promote the prosperity of his adopted city and State. A man of boldness and determination was required to undertake the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Mr. SWANN's election as President, in 1848, was hailed with satisfaction by the public authorities, as well as by those of his fellow-citizens who were familiar with his character and the previous services he had rendered to the Company. At once turning all his energies to the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken, and boldly contending with those difficulties that had at one time appeared so formidable, he had the satisfaction of seeing fulfilled the prediction he had made as early as 1851, of the completion of the entire road on the 1st of January, 1853. On the final completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. SWANN resigned his position as President and became the President of the North Western Virginia Railroad, whose work diverging from the Baltimore and Ohio Road in the mountains, extended itself to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, some ninety miles west of the city of Wheeling. This road also was opened for travel under his auspices, and he only retired from its management in 1857 to become Mayor of the city of Baltimore, to which office he had been elected by a large majority of his fellow-citizens.

In this position, to which he was twice chosen, Mr. SWANN did much for the advancement and prosperity of Baltimore. He proposed, and was able to carry by his paramount influence with the Councils of that city, a change from a volunteer Fire Department with all its irregularities to a paid Fire Department with all its promptness, order, and efficiency. He introduced into the city the new system of police and fire-alarm telegraph, which adds so much to the safety of persons and property, and which has since been generally adopted in all cities throughout the Union. When Mr. SWANN came into office the jail, which had been of sufficient size when the population did not exceed some fifty thousand inhabitants, had long been found totally inadequate to the requirements of a city of nearly two hundred thousand people. When he left office a noble edifice of great size and striking architecture had taken its place. The water-works by which Baltimore is supplied, at an elevation of 217 feet above tide, with pure water by natural flow, was another of the works for which that city is indebted to his administration.

The last public official act of Mr. SWANN's Mayoralty was the inauguration of the Park on the 19th October, 1860. Soon afterward the Southern States seceded and the war for the preservation of the Union began. Mr. SWANN took a firm stand on the side of the Federal Government, and advocated at all times and under all circumstances the strict maintenance of the authority of the United States. When the plan of the National Banks was developed Mr. SWANN was made President of the first bank established in the city of Baltimore. And when the Constitution abolishing slavery forever in Maryland was established in 1864, he was chosen by the people to fill the highest office in their gift, that of Governor of the State.

Notwithstanding that Mr. SWANN is still in the prime of manhood, with enlarged and liberal views, few men will be found who have identified their names with undertakings of more practical and lasting benefit to his State and people.

COLONEL W. B. THOMAS,

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS was born in Upper Marion township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, May 25, 1811. In 1843 he became a citizen of Philadelphia, where he was among the first to apply steam-power to the manufacture of flour. His business largely increased, till he now owns one of the largest manufactories in the world, using upward of 1,500,000 bushels of grain annually. Mr. THOMAS soon took an active part in all great business movements. He was one of the founders of the Corn Exchange Association, and was its first President. He is also a leading member of the Board of Trade. In early life he was a Democrat, but left that party many years ago because of his anti-slavery principles. In 1852 he voted for JOHN P. HALE, and in 1860 for the nomination of LINCOLN at Chicago. His career since the rebellion began entitles him to a place in that noble column of men whose names are written on the glorious pages of the war.

Mr. THOMAS was in Washington when the Capital was cut off from the North by the rebellion in Baltimore. He volunteered for the defense of the city, and, musket on shoulder, paced the streets during the memorable April of 1861. Those were the days when loyal men scarcely knew whom to trust. At midnight the President sent for Mr.



RELICS ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

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THOMAS, and offered him the Collectorship of the Port of Philadelphia. He accepted, but that he was never an office-seeker his manly course afterward has proved.

In 1862, after M'CLELLAN and POPE were defeated, Mr. THOMAS grew weary of merely civil duties, and in August he formed the employés of the Custom-house into two military companies, and equipped them from his private means. In September he answered the call of Governor CURTIN for troops by marching his companies to Harrisburg. Here he was given the command of a regiment, and sent at once into Maryland, where he remained till the danger was over.

In June, 1863, when LEE invaded Maryland, Colonel THOMAS at once marched his regiment, then twelve hundred strong, to Harrisburg, and was ordered to guard the Northern Central Railroad, of vital importance to the movements of the Army of the Potomac. His regiment was afterward engaged with the enemy at Wrightsville and at York, and Colonel THOMAS, in command of all the forces at the latter place, prevented the rebels from crossing the river. He then joined MEADE, to aid in the pursuit of LEE. In July, 1864, Colonel THOMAS organized a new regiment, the Hundred and ninety-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, one of the largest ever mustered in Philadelphia. He placed himself and his comman at the disposal of the Government, and was ordered garrison Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore, then to Johnson's Island, and next to guard the large military stores at Gallipolis, Ohio, then threatened by the rebels. He remained at this important post till November. Thus Colonel THOMAS, from 1862 to 1864, was engaged in four campaigns, in each of which he displayed many of the highest qualities of a soldier.

This military record would be honorable to any soldier; it is doubly so as that of a man holding a responsible civil position under the National Government. His duties as Collector of the Port would have excused Colonel THOMAS from any active part in the war, but he refused to throw off one responsibility by pleading another. His administration of the Custom-house at Philadelphia has given entire satisfaction to business men as well as to the Government, and there is no citizen of Philadelphia in whom a deeper trust is more worthily reposed by the community.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON the night of May 21 a disastrous conflagration occurred in this city, resulting in the destruction of the greater portion of the block between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, and between Irving Place and Third Avenue. The Academy of Music was laid in ruins; the New York University Medical College, including the valuable museum collected by the late DR. VALENTINE MOTT, shared the same fate, and the fire extending across the avenue burned down the St. James Lutheran Church.

The scene presented at the height of the conflagration was grand and imposing. The huge pile of buildings comprising the Academy were thrown into strong relief by the seething body of flames raging within, and the reflection of the fire was thrown over the entire city, gilding every prominent steeple in sight, and throwing every street into the glare of noonday. Two firemen who had at an early period of the fire entered the Academy failed to mak their escape in time, and perished in the flames. The loss from this fire is estimated at over a million of dollars. We hope that our principal and most valuable edifices hereafter constructed will be fire-proof buildings.

THE NEW NAVAL SLOOP "WAMPANOAG."

ON the 25th of September, 1864, the first frame of this beautiful vessel was raised at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and on the 15th of December of that year she was launched. Her dimensions are: length over all, 354 feet; extreme breadth, 45 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet 6 inches; tonnage (old), 3300 tons.

Being built for high speed she is very sharp at the ends, carrying a graceful curve from stem to stern, and having the appearance of a yacht more than of a vessel of war. In strength she can not be surpassed. She is diagonally strapped, fore and aft, with iron straps 4½ inches wide by ⅜ of an inch thick, upon the outside of the timbers, in two sets, one set crossing the other at an angle of 45°, and both riveted to a head-strap 5 inches wide by ⅜ of an inch thick. They are also riveted together where they cross each other, in an opening between the timbers. The vessel has also composition straps at the ends to take any strain she may be subject to there.

On each side of the four boiler-hatches there are two "A" truss-frames of yellow pine, built to relieve the ship as much as possible of the great weight below, and also to help support the decks at these points.

The ship's frame is of seasoned live-oak; the keel is of white oak in one depth; and the main keelson is composed of live-oak plank in five courses, each coaked to the other. On each side of the main keelson run the sister keelsons, also of live-oak. Outside of these keelsons are six more for the boilers and engines to rest on, three on each side, running as far forward and aft as the shape of the vessel will allow.

The space occupied by the boilers and engines is 164 feet in length. They were designed by Mr. ISHERWOOD, Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. The boilers, of which there are eight large, besides four superheaters, are MARTIN'S. The fire-surface is 35,000 square feet, and the grate-surface is 1175 square feet. There are four smoke-stacks—two 7 feet 8 inches in diameter, one 6 feet 6 inches, and one 6 feet 3 inches; all 56 feet high.

The engines consist of two horizontal direct action, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter and 48 inches stroke. The number of revolutions is 40 per minute. She has one propeller with four blades, a diameter of 19 feet, and a pitch of 25 feet. The engines and boilers were built at the Novelty Iron Works, New York. The coal-bunkers contain 550 tons of coal below the berth-deck, and 150 tons on the berth-deck, making 700 tons in all.

The armament of this vessel can be, if desired, twenty 9-inch guns.

The rig will be bark, and she can spread 25,000 square feet of canvas. The ward-room and steerage are on the berth-deck aft, and occupies a length of about 80 feet, and in workmanship and design the accommodations are equal to any thing of the kind ever before put into a man-of-war. On the upper or gun-deck, under the poop-deck aft, are two cabins, one for the captain of the ship and the other for the admiral. This poop-deck extends to the mizzen-mast, and is 6 feet in the clear under the beams. The forecastle extends to the foremast, and will accommodate near 100 men; the rest of the crew, about 300, will be accommodated on the berth-deck.

In building this vessel no pains were spared to make her all that could be desired; and all concerned in her construction deserve all the credit due for the workmanlike manner in which each department has carried out the plans of her constructor.

GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR.

OUR artist, Mr. DAVIS, gives the following description of illustrations on page 361:

"TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.

"The Inspection Tour of Generals STEEDMAN and FULLERTON has certainly had one good result, the removal from authority of a person named FITZ, who first came among the freedmen as a chaplain to a colored regiment, and won, by different acts of kindness, the confidence of simple-minded people, that are ever ready to believe that a man from the North is sure to be their friend.

"While at Newbern Generals STEEDMAN and FULLERTON were called upon by a delegation of 'old uncles,' and from these men we heard the story of their troubles, feeling convinced that they spoke only the truth. The day following the Generals visited the Trent River Settlement, and met the freedmen in their simple log-chapel. Here, from different colored men, we learned the story of their difficulties.

"With regard to the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, there is no doubt but that the Bureau has accomplished a vast amount of good, and is in some districts of advantage; but, in others, the management of affairs has been so bad as to occasion trouble, not only with the citizens but with the freedmen. At Salisbury all classes join in testifying to the capable and satisfactory manner in which Colonel C. A. CILLEY has conducted affairs.

At Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Newbern the case is different. The freedmen see that the Bureau agents are looking out for their welfare only so far as their pockets are benefited by so doing. If the citizens can be believed—and they seem honestly disposed—they would willingly take the charge of the freedman, and give him his rights in the courts (no laws of the State give him these as yet). The freedmen express a strong desire to have the Bureau left for their protection. 'It has been their place of refuge in the past—why not in the future?' They are afraid that the 'white people will not be kind to them if the Bureau is taken away.'

"That the freedmen can be left at present without some protection of the kind I do not believe; but that a change might be made for the better, both for the freedmen, people, and Government, is certain. At present large numbers of able-bodied men do no other labor than draw their rations from the Government, and will continue the same heavy labor until some way is devised for their removal to some position where their labor can be made available."

COUNT BISMARCK.

COUNT BISMARCK SCHONHAUSEN first became prominent in German politics when, after passing through the usual gradations of the diplomatic service, he was in 1851 dispatched as Prussian representative to the Diet at Frankfort. He had then for four years served as representative of Brandenburg in the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament, in which position he had exercised a considerable influence, and attracted to himself the attention of FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

In 1859 BISMARCK was appointed embassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained until 1862, and won for himself the esteem and confidence of the Czar, who conferred upon him the order of Saint-Alexandre-Newski. In May, 1862, he was sent as Prussian minister to Paris, and on the 1st of June was received in public audience at the Tuileries. In consequence of the conflicts occasioned in the Prussian Parliament by the budget of the army, he was made in September, 1862, Prime Minister, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs. The situation in which he was placed was one of weighty responsibility. He was unable to triumph over the resistance opposed by the Chamber of Deputies to the military organization, because the latter tended to weaken the militia for the profit of the army. In this spirit the Deputies adopted by a very strong majority propositions which the Government had declared impracticable. The House of Lords sided with BISMARCK. The Deputies declared the vote of the Upper House illegal, and the session was closed by the King. The latter had given BISMARCK on assuming the leading position in Government the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

BISMARCK brought on the Danish war, and won Austria to his support. He now boldly claims for Prussia the most material advantages derived from that war in Schleswig-Holstein. It is impossible now for Austria to avoid war with Prussia, except by a withdrawal from the Duchies.

Of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S speech at Auxerre we speak upon the editorial page.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

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TO FURNITURE DEALERS AND HOTEL KEEPERS.



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There are some truths besides those enumerated in the Declaration of Independence that are self-evident, and though they may pertain to the less vital interests of the human race, they are by no means unimportant. Among them are these: A bed, to fulfil the purposes for which it is desired, must be COMFORTABLE; it must be so constructed as to insure CLEANLINESS; it should, for easy transportation, be made PORTABLE; and, lastly, the common benefit demands that it should be both DURABLE and ECONOMICAL. All of these essential requirements centre in the spring beds invented by Hiram Tucker, and it is confidently affirmed that nothing has yet been devised for man's comfort which is at all comparable to it. A single night's repose on one of them will cure the most inveterate doubter of his skepticism. For sale wholesale by the

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New and Choice Piano Music.

AFLOAT ON THE TIDE.....*M. Keller.* 30
BE KIND TO DARLING SIS'.....*H. P. Danks.* 30
KISS ME WHILE I'M DREAMING..*Winnerstedt.* 30
I LOVE THE LITTLE RIPPLING STREAM..*Crosby.* 30
DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE....*Ackerman.* 30

One or more of these beautiful songs will be sent post-paid on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., PUBLISHERS, Boston.

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☞ THE AMERICAN WATCH SAFE COMPANY is now prepared to furnish the new, useful, and elegant PATENT WATCH SAFE to the public.

This WATCH SAFE will be found to afford the most perfect security from pickpockets.

It can be adjusted to any garment.

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WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

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Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

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HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to cures which have no parallel at the present day.

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This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (hereditary) DISEASES transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

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STRUMA, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

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Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

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Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,

Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Scalp, no remedy has ever proved its equal.

Moth Patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the Liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP will correct the secretion, and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

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Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and Science have made the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP for the benefit of all.

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Produces healthy men and women; and if the constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

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230 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers	45 to 175
263 Ladies' gold-cased engraved Lepines	40 to 125
380 Heavy solid silver cased Duplex	35 to 125
715 Heavy solid silver cased Patent Levers	30 to 125
500 Heavy solid silver cased Levers	25 to 100
478 Heavy solid silver cased Lepines	20 to 90
263 Ladies' solid cased Levers	25 to 90
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Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

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Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at

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TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, the Trustee for 40,000 Shares of the Capital Stock of the Vanceburg Petroleum and Mining Company (incorporated under the laws of the State of New York), having thoroughly investigated the valuable property of the Company, and being fully satisfied that a proper development of its immense shale beds will prove more remunerative than any enterprise before the American people, has determined upon this method of interesting the public and furthering the objects of the organization.

The merit of this plan is two-fold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a Shareholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—*a small fortune.*

One quarter of the entire amount received from sales of certificates will be paid into the treasury of the Company, thus placing $50,000 in cash as its working capital, in which sum the stockholders will be mutually interested. This sum will erect 200 retorts (as the oil is produced by distillation), which will yield, by actual demonstration on the lands of an adjoining Company, whose works are now in operation, 60 barrels of oil per day, of a lubricating quality—worth $25 per barrel, or a NET PROFIT of $400,000 per annum.

The lands of the Company consist of 1000 acres owned in fee simple. Upon these lands is an immense bed of bituminous shale, 200 feet thick, recently examined by Professor Barbour, the eminent geologist, who estimates the amount fully sufficient to supply 500 *retorts for 500 years.* This great shale formation is only 90 miles east of Cincinnati, immediately beside the Ohio River, in Lewis County, Kentucky. Professor Page and other eminent chemists have examined the oil, and pronounce it *very superior lubricating oil.* The cost of distillation is only eight cents per gallon. Any one of ordinary intelligence can not fail to see that the legitimate character of this operation, it being simply a manufacturing process, free from the hitherto purely speculative nature of oil enterprises, places this Company, beyond the question of *possibilities*, upon the high basis of practical reality—making the investment judicious in itself, as well as attractive by its gift accompaniment. The Company is officered by gentlemen of the highest respectability, doing business in the cities of New York and Cincinnati, and its affairs are at all times open to the inspection of the stockholders.

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There will be 40,000 shares and 40,000 presents, or a present to every shareholder. THEREFORE, NO BLANKS.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vanceburg Petroleum and Mining Company; and each accompanied by a card of admission (properly numbered), to the Grand Distribution, and entitling the holder to the present that may be drawn to its number on that occasion. The receipts and cards of admission can be had at the book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at $5 per share, or by inclosing the amount in a registered letter to

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

A committee of twenty prominent citizens, holding shares, will superintend the drawing in view of the assemblage. Forty thousand ballots, numbered from 1 to 40,000 (inclusive), will be placed in separate tin tubes and deposited in a wheel. A boy will be selected from the audience to draw the numbers from the wheel. After being blindfolded, he shall hand the tube to the chairman of the committee, who will announce each number to the audience as it is drawn. The first number drawn from the wheel shall be entitled to the first present, the second number drawn to the second present, and in like manner to the end. The utmost care will be taken to preserve order. Music will be furnished to add to the occasion, and a full report, with the numbers and present drawn to each, will be published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* immediately after the drawing. The presents will be delivered upon presentation of the cards of admission, at any time within three months after the drawing, at No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

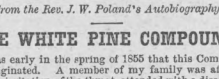
SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

1 Present,	Brown Stone House in New York City	$15,000
1 "	Frame House	5,000
1 "	do.	3,000
6 Presents,	Lots in the City of New York	9,000
1 Present,	Rosewood Piano	1,000
10 Presents,	Cabinet Organs, @ $300 each	3,000
10 "	Melodeons, @ $200 each	2,000
10 "	Gold Watches, @ $100 each	1,000
10 "	Silver Watches, @ $50 each	500
10 "	Silver Watches, @ $25 each	250
1,000 "	$20 each in Greenbacks	20,000
3,000 "	Splendid Albums, $10 each	30,000
3,000 "	Splendid Albums, $5 each	15,000
5,000 "	Gold Lockets, $4 each	20,000
5,000 "	Gold Pens, $3 each	15,000
8,000 "	Steel Engravings of General Grant, $1 each	8,000
14,940 "	Packs of Union Cards (for Parlor Amusement)	7,470
		$145,220
	Cash Present to the Company	50,000
	Expenses (estimated)	4,780
40,000 Shares to be Sold for		$200,000

Proposals will be received from weekly papers for the publication of this advertisement. Address all communications to BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Brilliant and Powerful Day and Night DOUBLE PERSPECTIVE GLASSES,

For Tourists, Sportsmen, and Theatre-Goers.



Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OPTICIAN,
669½ Broadway (under Lafarge House), N.Y.

[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

TO FARMERS.

POUDRETTE! POUDRETTE!!

The LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY (the oldest manufacturers of Fertilizers in the United States) offer their celebrated Poudrette for sale at lower prices than any other fertilizer in market.

It is made from the night soil and offal of New York City, and has been in use by thousands of farmers for over a quarter of a century: $4 will manure an Acre of Corn in the hill, and increase the yield one third.

A Pamphlet with the experience in its use on Lawns, Garden Vegetables, Corn, Potatoes, and Tobacco, of hundreds of Farmers, some of whom have used it for over 20 years, containing also price, directions for use, &c., will be sent *free* to any person applying.

LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
66 Courtlandt Street, New York.

Brandreth's Pills

A GENERAL ASSISTANT OF NATURE.

What is health? What is disease?

Health is when the supply and expenditure are equal. Disease, when the supply and expenditure are unequal.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS impart certain expulsive powers to all matters in the body whose life is below the standard of the surrounding parts, or which have remained longer than the time nature designed. So in fevers, and all that class of cases which soon run into mortification, BRANDRETH'S PILLS have marvelous curative qualities. Our bodies are continually changing, and it is by this change we live. Should matter remain in organs beyond the time nature designed, pain and inflammation set in, which is nothing more than a preparatory effort for our good. All Brandreth's Pills are supposed, from the results, to do is simply to

ASSIST THESE EFFORTS OF NATURE.

Principal office, 294 Canal Street, New York.
Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines.

DRUNKARD STOP! DR. BEERS, 61 Chauncy St., Boston, cures every case of intemperance if you will follow directions. Thousands are blessing him. Investigate, *and you will be satisfied.* Call or send stamp for a circular. It is harmless, and can be given without the knowledge of the patient.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Read the following letter from E. BOURNE, a well-known citizen of Pittsburg, Pa.

PITTSBURG, *May* 10, 1866.

MESSRS. HOSTETTER & SMITH: *Gentlemen,*—During a visit in the West last fall I contracted chills and fever, which brought me to my bed, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physically so prostrated that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health; having entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was much distressed with a reeling sensation in my head, and passed many sleepless nights—all from debility caused by my prostrate condition, brought about by the fever. At this stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Stomach Bitters; but being morally opposed to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but afterward yielded my prejudices, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, as directed, my appetite returned, and with it I am rapidly regaining my former strength and vigor. My sleep (from the loss of which I had suffered much) has never been better than it is now, and the reeling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were much constipated and irregular, are now quite natural, and in fact I am glad to say that I feel myself a new man, and tender you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable preparation, in order that others suffering as I have may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice prevented me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect your bitters had on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

Yours, very respectfully, E. BOURNE,
No. 45 Market Street.

A LADY, who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3085, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

BANKING HOUSE
OF

JAY COOKE & CO.

Corner Wall and Nassau Sts., New York.

We buy and sell at the most liberal current prices, and keep on hand, a full supply of

Government Bonds of all Issues,

SEVEN-THIRTIES,

Certificates of Indebtedness,

AND

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES,

And execute orders for the purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS, and GOLD.

JAY COOKE & CO.

NEW MUSIC.

Twilight Dreams Waltz. D'Albret. For violin 15c. Piano 35c.
Three O'Clock Galop. For violin, 15c. Piano 35c.
Mable Waltz. By D. Godfrey. For violin, 15c. Piano. 35c.
Nine-Pins Quadrille. (The set is formed the same as a plain cotillion, with an extra gent, the "Nine-Pin," in the centre.) Complete figures and music. 35c.
I can not Sing the Old Songs. Violin, 15c. Variations by B. Richards, 40c. Piano 30c.
I have Heard Sweet Music Stealing. Violin. 15c. Piano 30c.
Mailed postpaid. FREDRICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

ASTOUNDING!

$2 Timekeeper $2

And Vest Chains, $2 00.

A genuine English SOLID SILVER COMPOSITE Timekeeper, with accurate *miniature* COMPASS in the dial, in *gold or silver cases.* Beautiful and elaborate in *design*, of *exquisite workmanship*, and remarkable for its CORRECTNESS and absolute certainty as a REGULATOR, *fully warranted* for 2 years; *will not* get out of order, and will last a LIFETIME, and is a most ELEGANT and PERFECTLY RELIABLE Pocket Companion and MAGNIFICENT PRESENT for Ladies' or Gentlemens' use. Price each, small and large, with a *rich gold plated Gents' Vest Chain*, only $2. *Mailed free.* AGENTS WANTED every where. *Price list free.* Address M. A. NELLE & CO., Importers of Watches, &c., S. E. corner Broadway and Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1847.

Robinson's Cream Soda for Children.

This delicious beverage is a preventive to the many ailments to which the young are liable. For summer-complaints, worms, disordered stomach, and general weakness of the system, its gentle and effective influence is unsurpassed. Packages of four dozen can be obtained by addressing the manufacturer, ROB. ROBINSON, 402 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn.

N.B.—Bottles allowed for when returned.



Is perfection. Trusses, bandages, &c., &c., of every kind constantly on hand. Send for circular. No. 11 Ann St.

MICROSCOPIC ALBUMS, containing 6 pictures from life, $1 50 each. WM. BIRD, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PEN-KNIVES, *containing rich and rare pictures*, $1 75 each. WM. BIRD, Microscopist, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

POCKET MICROSCOPE, 70 cts. each. Best for the price ever made. WM. BIRD, 77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

5000 Agents wanted, male and female. Act's are making $20 per day. No capital required. For particulars address I. L. Garside & Co., 59 River St., Paterson, N. J.

PATENT

TOILET GLASS,

Showing both back and face at once. Adjustable in front of any mirror, and indispensable to any ladies' toilet. Send for circular to CHAPPELL & GODDEN, Peekskill, N. Y.

CHEMISTRY AND ART COMBINED.

THE MAGIC PHOTOGRAPH.

A new and wonderful discovery, by which any one, with the aid of a little clean water, can instantaneously produce permanent and beautiful photographs, suitable for the album or scrap-book.

Sent by mail every where. Price 50 cents, with full instructions. Published by FARIS, Photographist, No. 751 Broadway.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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EFFECT OF THE EXCISE LAW IN NEW YORK CITY.

"Guess'm all right—hic—for Sunday—hic. No need o' my—hic—goin' to New Jersey—hic. 'Ave a nice time t' hum wi' th' old—hic—ooman 'nd the babbies."

POSTPONEMENT.

THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,

To have been given at CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1866, will be postponed until MONDAY, JULY 9th, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.

THE POSTPONEMENT is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet unsold as the positive necessity there is for a proper registration of those already disposed of, which has been delayed in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns. We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them without delay, as we have but a limited number yet on hand. We wish most particularly to impress upon the minds of our Agents the importance of their making their returns at once, and of rectifying whatever errors may have crept into their reports heretofore. We will say to those sending for tickets that if they should all be sold at the time their order is received the money will be returned. No applications for new Agencies for the sale of tickets will be considered, as we have no more than sufficient tickets for those Agents we have already appointed. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage. We invite the particular attention of persons wishing to order tickets by mail to the following

Special Terms, or Club Rates.

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.:

WE WILL SEND

5 Tickets to one address for $4 50	30 Tickets to one address for $26 25
10 Tickets to one address for 9 00	40 Tickets to one address for 35 00
20 Tickets to one address for 17 50	50 Tickets to one address for 43 50
And 100 Tickets to one address for $85 00	

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber. Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk. All communications should be addressed to

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
(Post-Office Drawer 5913.) 133 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000: also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.

REFERENCES.—Hon. Major Dan. Mace, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. William Lefingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., importers of watches, Chicago.

Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

WATCHES, California Diamond Jewelry, and Chains at wholesale, suitable for Dealers and Speculators. Price-List sent by mail on application to LIONEL JACOBS, 177 Broadway, New York.

CEDAR CAMPHOR

Is the best and cheapest MOTH-QUELLER. All druggists sell it nowadays. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, FACTURERS, BOSTON.

Steinway & Sons'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANO-FORTES



Have taken 32 First Premiums, gold and silver medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded is abundantly proved by the FACT that Messrs. Steinway's "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS), and that their instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use whenever accessible.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their **Patent Agraffe Arrangement,** which, having been practically tested in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM, WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that ALL their patrons may reap its benefit.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers, and used in European concert-rooms.

WAREROOMS, Nos. 71 and 73 East Fourteenth Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT!

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

Stereoscopticons, Magic Lanterns, and Dissolving Views, with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting subject, made by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Priced and illustrated catalogue sent gratis.

SOMETHING NEW.

A SET OF ROCK-CRYSTAL JEWELRY, COMPRISING BREAST-PIN AND EAR-RINGS, $2 50.

A FULL SET DITTO, COMPRISING BREAST-PIN, EAR-RINGS, NECKLACE, AND BRACELETS, $5.

Forwarded to any address free on receipt of the price.

F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER,
Importers of Real Laces and Fancy Goods,
727 Broadway, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying small objects 500 *times*. MAILED FREE everywhere for 50 CENTS, OR THREE FOR $1 00.
Address P. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

UNION ADAMS,

HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

PESTACHINE

IT IS THE GERM RESTORER for the Hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. ROOT; manufactured by ORRIN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

Robinson & Ogden,

BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.



POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 672 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

Marvin's Patent

ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES

Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,



MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,

Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.

Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.

WARD'S, PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS.

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free every where.

THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

MUSICAL BOXES,



Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from $5 50 to $600 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

MERCHANTS, BANKERS.

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

I. E. WALRAVEN,

IMPORTER AND DEALER
IN
CURTAINS,

WINDOW-SHADES,
AND
LINENS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
No. 686 Broadway, New York,
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MAGIC LANTERN

AND
STEREOSCOPE.

We are now receiving the most comprehensive and finest importation of glass views ever made to America, representing scenes and objects in nearly all European cities and countries. These views are specially selected abroad by our Mr. Edward Anthony, and are adapted for the uses of either the Stereopticon or the Stereoscope.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 Broadway,
3 doors south of the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Dr. Foote's Advertisements.

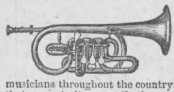
OLD EYES MADE NEW, without Spectacles, Doctor, or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED.—Sent free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.—400 pages—100 Illustrations. $1 50. Sent by mail every where postpaid. Contents Tables sent free. Address the Author, E. B. FOOTE, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

THE MAGIC PHOTOGRAPH.—New, startling, original, and delighting old and young. Price 50 cents by mail. J. C. HANEY & CO.,
No. 100 Nassau Street, New York.

GILMORE & CO.'S
CELEBRATED BAND INSTRUMENTS.
EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.



PRICES REDUCED, May 1, 1866. CIRCULARS SENT FREE by MAIL.

The general adoption of our instruments by all first-class bands and musicians throughout the country, is the best evidence of their superiority over all others now offered to the public. GILMORE & CO., Musical Instrument Manufacturers, 18 & 19 Harvard Place, Boston, Massachusetts.



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse

Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 656 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.
NEW STORE, NEW STYLES, POPULAR PRICES.

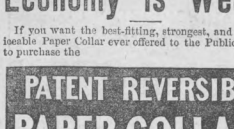
These extensive warerooms afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable high, Medium, and Plain Furniture, which will be sold at Popular Prices. ☞ Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and handsomest stock in this country. No. 656 BROADWAY, New York City.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $2500. The Press on which Harper's Weekly has been printed. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS,
331 Pearl Street, New York.

MERWIN & BRAY,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS,



Sole Agents for the Ballard Breech Loading Sporting Rifles, of different calibres, and Eagle Arms Co.'s Belt and Pocket Cartridge Revolvers. The Belt Size carries the Army size Balls, the Pocket Pistols the same size Balls as Colt's 6 in. These arms have no equal now in market. For further particulars, send for Illustrated Circular. MERWIN & BRAY, 262 Broadway, N. Y.

P.S.—We manufacture *all our own goods*; also are Sole Agents for the celebrated Colt's Model Whitney Revolvers.

Economy is Wealth.

If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the

PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR

MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS,
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

TRADE MARK



OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY,

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company No. 95 Chambers Street, New York.

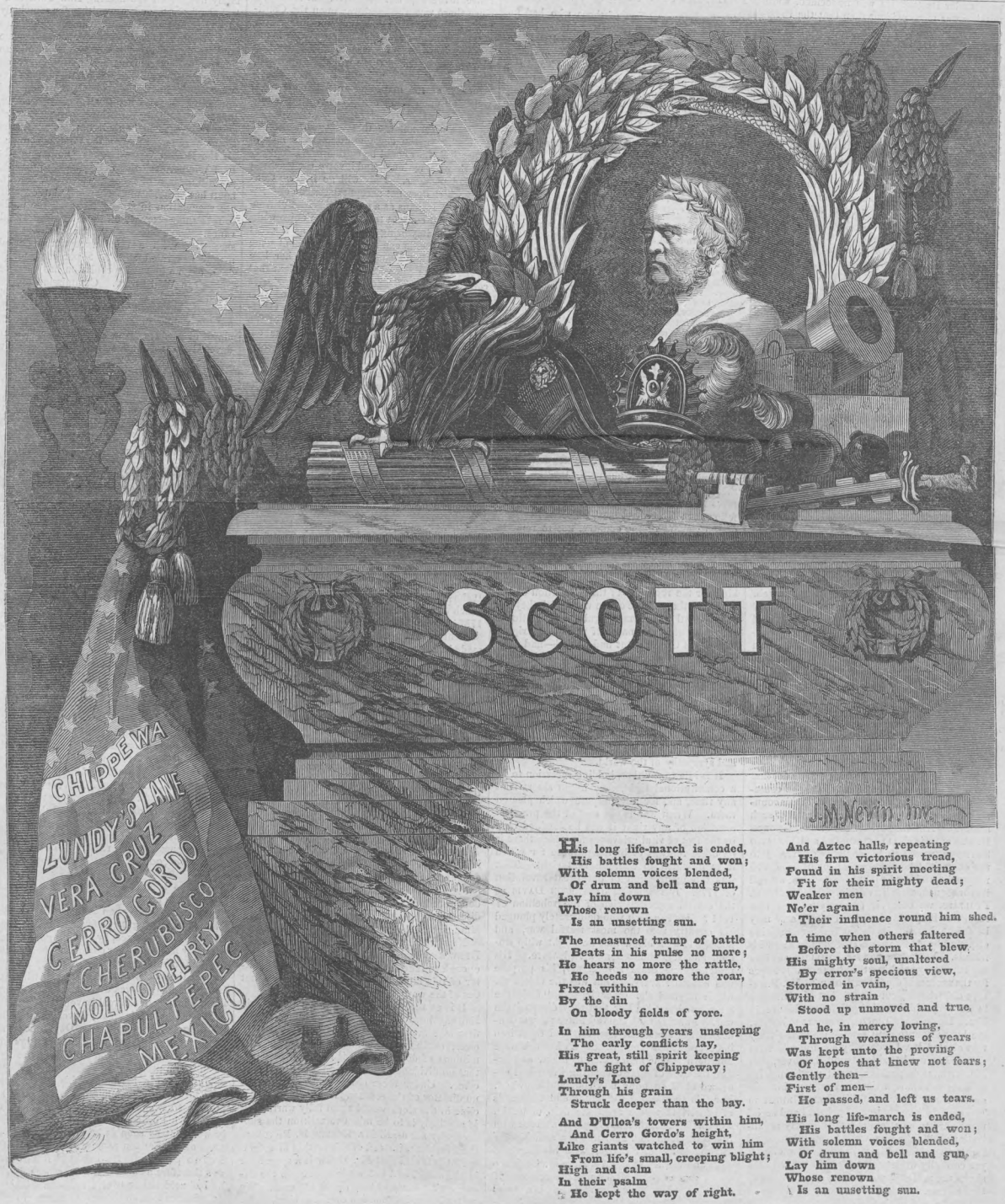
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 494.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

The measured tramp of battle
Beats in his pulse no more;
He hears no more the rattle,
He heeds no more the roar,
Fixed within
By the din
On bloody fields of yore.

In him through years unsleeping
The early conflicts lay,
His great, still spirit keeping
The fight of Chippeway;
Lundy's Lane
Through his grain
Struck deeper than the bay.

And D'Ulloa's towers within him,
And Cerro Gordo's height,
Like giants watched to win him
From life's small, creeping blight;
High and calm
In their psalm
He kept the way of right.

And Aztec halls, repeating
His firm victorious tread,
Found in his spirit meeting
Fit for their mighty dead;
Weaker men
Ne'er again
Their influence round him shed.

In time when others faltered
Before the storm that blew,
His mighty soul, unaltered
By error's specious view,
Stormed in vain,
With no strain
Stood up unmoved and true.

And he, in mercy loving,
Through weariness of years
Was kept unto the proving
Of hopes that knew not fears;
Gently then—
First of men—
He passed, and left us tears.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

THE DUTY OF UNION.

DURING the last few months there have been enthusiastic meetings and passionate speeches in support or condemnation of Congress or the President. It has been confidently asserted that the difference would be referred to the people at the autumn elections, and they would authoritatively decide between the contestants. All this has seemed to us premature, for the reason that the points of dissent were not finally established. All that is clear is, that the President holds certain theories of the situation and Congress apparently others. But what Congress intended to propose under its theories was undecided, while nothing was more evident than that the President's logic was amazingly defective—and, to use a plain phrase, that his bark was worse than his bite.

A political canvass before an election must be conducted upon certain proposed measures, and not upon theories. A bank or no bank: a tariff or no tariff: the toleration or prohibition of slavery in a Territory; it is upon such intelligible measures that every body can comprehend that the great popular debates upon the stump are held and the popular decisions are made at the polls. Now the important question is, what are the differences in proposed measures between the President and Congress upon which the country is to be asked to decide?

That both honestly wish the restoration of the Union can not be doubted. That both have a theory as to the principle which should regulate that restoration is obvious. But until we know precisely what Congress proposes how can an issue be made for an election? The decision of the Senate caucus and the debate in the Senate foreshadow, indeed, the ground which Congress probably means to occupy. But is it so clear that the President will refuse to stand with them? Suppose that Congress proposes to disqualify certain rebel leaders for certain offices until two-thirds of each House remove the disqualification, and substantially to equalize representation by basing it upon voters, is it probable that the President, who has so constantly insisted upon making treason odious, and has suggested the very same amendment, will take the unnecessary responsibility of opposing so mild and generous a settlement? In making these propositions Congress will have yielded much to the desire of harmony with the Executive. Is the Executive to yield notwithstanding that the President may refuse all accommodation. He may insist that he has required all that is needful, all that is constitutional. He may declare that he will stand or fall without moving an inch from his present position. He has indeed virtually said as much. But he said it under other circumstances. He said it when it seemed as if Congress intended to occupy a position of uncompromising hostility. He said it before the mature decision of Congress had been declared. If after that declaration—after the wise, just, and moderate proposition which it would seem that Congress is prepared to make—the President should insist that the representatives of the loyal people are to have no voice in the settlement of the victory which those people have won, then the issue will indeed be made, and the final appeal taken to the country.

But surely all those who believe as we do, that the division of the Union party, and the consequent surrender of the Government of this country to a party controlled by the counsels of such leaders as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, and HORATIO SEYMOUR, would be incalculably disastrous to the cause of true liberty and civilization, will not passionately insist that such division, with all its consequences, is inevitable. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, we observe, fervently desires that result. He prays that the Union party may be defeated. But its defeat is the resumption of power by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends. Why does not Mr. PHILLIPS put it in the other way, and say that he fervently hopes for the success of those gentlemen? Mr. PHILLIPS did what he could to defeat Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 by chilling the public confidence in him. He declared LINCOLN recreant to liberty. He hopes now to chill confidence in the party that elected Mr. LINCOLN by a similar declaration. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. PHILLIPS's position is not partisan. He is a critic of all parties, and asks nothing of any. But all men who, like JOHN BRIGHT in England, believe that great political and social results are to be attained through party organizations, will, like him, while they declare equal rights to be the ultimate aim of their efforts, yet cordially work with any great party which shows the practical power to advance nearer to that bourne.

It is to secure the gains already made; to intrust the completion of the work of restoration to the hands which defeated rebellion, that it is the imperative duty of the President, of Congress, and of all loyal men, to maintain the ascendency of the Union party until its work is accomplished. Congress has evidently yielded much to this great result; and it remains for the President to decide whether the restoration of the Union which should be accomplished by an alliance of the late rebel leaders, of the Copperhead leaders, and of such individual recruits as Senator COWAN, would not be a reactionary reconstruction, sure to plunge us into further trouble. It would not be President JOHNSON and Senator COWAN who would control that alliance, but Mr. STEPHENS, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and Mr. PENDLETON. Whoever takes the responsibility of putting this Government into such hands will have a serious account to settle with the loyal American people.

THE MARTYR OF FORT MONROE.

THE strenuous effort of those who had no word of horror for the torture and massacre of Union soldiers at Andersonville and Belle-Isle to represent JEFFERSON DAVIS as the victim of cruelty at Fort Monroe have occasioned the publication of his bill of fare for a week, which has been widely published. There are thousands of honest people all over the land, who work hard for their living, who would be very glad of half as good fare as the Martyr of Fort Monroe daily enjoys. For those of our readers who may not have seen the list we quote a specimen:

"WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*—Ham and eggs, wheat and corn-bread, butter, sugar, coffee, milk. *Dinner*—Mutton-chops, stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, apples, bread, butter, coffee.

"THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*—Beef-steak, two boiled eggs, wheat or corn-bread, butter, sugar, milk, coffee. *Dinner*—Veal-cutlets, panned oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, coffee, butter.

"FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*—Stewed oysters, mackerel, or fresh fish, wheat and corn-bread, coffee, sugar, milk, and butter. *Dinner*—Pork-steak, poached eggs, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee.

"SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*—Mutton-chops, two boiled eggs, bread, butter, milk, sugar, coffee. *Dinner*—Stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee."

This probably compares favorably with the daily bill of fare at Andersonville; but since there will undoubtedly be a persistent attempt to excite sympathy and even admiration for JEFFERSON DAVIS as a political prisoner suffering for an honest difference of opinion, it is as well to understand clearly precisely what his position is.

The odium that hangs around his name, and which will forever deepen, does not arise from the fact that he held abstractly the theory of State sovereignty and the constitutionally reserved right of secession; but that he and his fellow-conspirators, for ambitious purposes and of the welfare of the country, not to remedy injustice or oppression for which there was no legal redress, but to perpetuate the foulest system of tyranny under the sun. Had DAVIS and his confederates appealed to God and mankind for the rectitude of their intention as revealed in the purpose of the war which they invoked—had they armed against the National Government in the name of vital State rights which that Government had denied—had they risen against an arbitrary power which was grinding them and their families, and trampling upon sacred, natural, and constitutional rights for which it refused a remedy—then, indeed, the last terrible appeal to blood, which only hopeless oppression authorizes, would have been justified, and their cause, however unfortunate, would have commanded the admiration and sympathy of the world.

It is idle to say that, holding secession to be a constitutional right, they might assert it at any time, and for any purpose which pleased them. When war is the cost of the practical assertion of any right it can be justified only by the fact of vital grievance for which there is no other redress, or by the purpose for which it is intended to exercise that right. That was the justification of our great revolution of 1776. But what is JEFFERSON DAVIS as the official representative of the rebellion of 1861? He is a man who deliberately plunged his country into the most fearful war, and flooded it with blood that he might whip women and sell children at his pleasure. His pretense was State sovereignty, his purpose was human slavery. That was the object for which he and the other leaders "fired the Southern heart." For this they directed the war. For this they starved brave men at Andersonville and Belle-Isle, tortured them into idiocy, and shot them like dogs. For this were Southern Union men seized at night, and before the eyes of their despairing wives and agonized children hung and shot and drowned. For this they drove thousands and thousands of conscripts to die upon the field of battle. For this JEFFERSON DAVIS's garments reek with innocent blood, and his name is a stench.

Here is a pretty martyr, with his ham and eggs and panned oysters! Here is a Christian hero; and General MILES must be removed if he does not bow low enough! Here is a model American, who must be magnified into a Spielberg victim and sufferer of the Bastile if his muffins are not toasted, and his beef-steak is overdone! Our readers will bear us witness that we have not advocated vengeance, that we think the trial of DAVIS for treason a mistake, and that we are ready to take, with fair precautions, all the necessary and inevitable risks of the situation. But the maudlin sentimentality that would drape with the dignity of a martyr for political opinion a man who for such a purpose waged such a war we believe will disastrously recoil upon those who foster it. We have no wish to revive dead feuds or to use harsh words, but we can conceive no greater misfortune to the manhood of American youth than that they should be taught to regard BENEDICT ARNOLD as an honorable man, or JEFFERSON DAVIS as a guiltless and unfortunate patriot.

THE PAUSE IN EUROPE.

IT is natural that the great powers of Europe should pause upon the very edge of war and reflect if there be no alternative. It is so long since there was a general war upon the Continent, and every war has such inevitable horrors and so doubtful a conclusion, that it is not strange there is reluctance to strike the first blow. Once struck, there would be no recoil. Once begun, war could end only in a reconstruction of the map, and an enormous debt, weighing upon every belligerent with crushing force.

Yet we do not see that war can be easily avoided. If the considerations were merely dynastical, they could be settled in a Congress. But they are national, and involve the most absorbing passions. Italy will go into no Congress which does not accept the cession of Venice to the Italians as a preliminary. Yet Austria can not consent to relinquish Venice without fatally impairing her prestige as a great power. Prussia can not consent without some equivalent that France shall stretch her line to the Rhine; yet where is the equivalent that can be offered? The call of a Congress is wise, if only to show that no accommodation is practicable. Italy is inflamed already; GARIBALDI has been summoned to the head of the volunteers. A large loan has been taken. The people believe their cause to be sacred. It has the sympathy of the world. The eager Italians believe the long looked-for hour is already striking. How can they pause? If the ministry order GARIBALDI back to Caprera they must be ready to face an insurrection. Austria must therefore, as it seems to us, surrender the Italian portion of her empire or there must be war.

And if it comes and desolates Europe, let us learn its lesson. It is simply this, that any settlement of great political convulsions which is reactionary will very soon reverse itself upon those who make it by plunging them into deeper trouble. The English revolution of 1645 ended in the death of CROMWELL by the return of CHARLES II. and the old STUART régime. It was a reactionary settlement, and it ended eighteen years later by the menace of a vast war, which was avoided by the peaceful and "glorious" revolution of 1688 and a settlement which was not reactionary. The revolution of 1787 in France was finally composed by the settlement of 1815 which was reactionary. It was made in the interest of certain families, and not of the nations nor of the people of Europe. Consequently there have been discontents and dangers and overthrows until now, after fifty years, the settlement is to be changed either by a Congress, which is improbable, or by the sword.

In this country we are doing for the Union what the settlement of 1815 did for Europe. Let us take care that it be not reactionary like that, but in the direction of the war itself, like the glorious settlement of England in 1688

WALL STREET SQUABBLES.

A FALL in Erie stock from 96 in January last to 57 last week has led to much angry comment in newspapers which sympathize with holders of stock. Some journals have fiercely denounced Mr. DANIEL DREW, the leading director of the concern, and have tried to make him responsible for the decline.

Now we have no desire to figure as Mr. DREW's apologist. He is old enough and able enough to take care of himself. But in a matter of this kind a little common sense is not out of the way.

It is on record that the earnings of the Erie Railway have fallen off half a million in the first four months of 1866; that the concern owes, exclusive of bonded debt, nearly four millions of dollars which it can not pay; and that no dividends can be paid for some years to come. Under these circumstances, for which no director of the concern is responsible, a decline in the stock would seem fully warranted. If any body is to be taken to task on the subject, why not assail Mr. ROBERT H. BERDELL, the President, instead of this or that director?

But it is said that Mr. DREW is a speculator in the stock, and has made money on the decline. This may or may not be the case. We pretend to no information on the subject. Mr. DREW is well known as a large, bold, and generally successful operator in Wall Street. We presume he denies this to no one. As such he operates in all stocks, including the stock of the Erie Railway, of which he is a director. When he thinks it is going up he buys for the rise; when he thinks it is going down he sells for the fall. Whether he sold for the fall when the stock was 80 @ 90 no one but he and his broker know. If he did not do so, he neglected his business as a speculator. For it was clear to every one, three or four months ago, that a heavy fall in Erie was sooner or later inevitable. But to hold him responsible for that fall, simply because it is supposed that he foresaw it and acted upon his prescience, is on a par with holding an astronomer responsible for the occurrence of an eclipse.

The abuse of Mr. DREW emanates from cliques which have bought large quantities of stock for the rise, and are disgusted that the public do not step in to take them off their hands. The famous clique which bought up all the Prairie du Chien, and own it still, have lately bought all the floating New York Central at 93 @ 98, and are waiting for somebody to buy it of them at an advance. They are said to have lodged $2,500,000 with some bankers as margin on the operation, and so long as money remains easy they can go on buying stock and holding it indefinitely. Another clique has bought up all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and are holding that, waiting, like MICAWBER, for something to turn up which shall relieve them of their burden. Another clique have bought up all the Canton; another all the Boston Water-power; another all the Fort Wayne. All these cliques argue that the prevailing ease of money, which Mr. M'CULLOCH has created, must sooner or later generate speculation in stocks, and lead the public to take their property off their hands at an advance. Thus far they have met with but poor success. With a brief exceptional period, money has ruled at 4 @ 5 per cent. for 90 days, but no general speculation has been developed in Wall Street. Commission brokers are doing little or nothing. The fall in Erie naturally confirmed the unwillingness of the outside public to buy stocks, and hence the abuse of Mr. DREW in newspapers which are devoted to the interests of the overloaded cliques.

Speculation may yet break out. The brokers all desire it from natural motives, and the public may yet possibly be lured into the arena. But the signs of the times are not favorable. Mr. M'CULLOCH may play fast and loose, as he has done hitherto. But the people at large want a return to specie payments, and they will have it sooner or later. So long as that is impending speculations for the rise will be dangerous. The Opposition party will presently put a hard-money plank in their platform, and unless the Administration meets the move with a corresponding pledge, and evinces some willingness to carry it out, it will be defeated at the elections. Smart as Wall Street is, and keenly as the old heads of that meridian scan the signs of the times, it is plain as the sun at noonday that until the paper dollar be worth a dollar in gold the tendency of prices, with periodical and spasmodic exceptions, must be downward, and speculators who operate for the rise must sooner or later be overwhelmed in ruin.

A CORRESPONDENT ANSWERED.

A WALL STREET correspondent, referring to an article of last week entitled "Financiering Extraordinary," asks several questions.

1. Is it a fact, as stated in that article, that somebody made three millions out of the Government on the sales of gold?

Answer.—Mr. PETER M. MYERS, Government broker, sold $32,000,000, or thereabout, of Government gold at 130⅛ @ 130¼. All last week the price ranged at 140¼ @ 141⅛. Therefore the buyers of Government gold realized the difference between 130⅛ and say 141, which, on $32,000,000, is about $3,500,000 in currency.

2. Who bought the Government gold and realized this profit?

Answer.—Nobody can answer this question. The gold was bought chiefly in large lots, many of them a million each, by leading gold-dealers, who may have acted for customers, or may have bought for themselves. Nothing but an inspection of the books of the parties to whom the Government gold was delivered could determine the names of the real buyers.

3. Was it possible for any Government agents, knowing the purpose of the Department, and rightly construing the import of the news from Europe, to buy gold from Mr. MYERS so as to be sure of a profit?

Answer.—Mr. MYERS had his orders to sell at 130 clear of commission. He, and any persons to whom he may have imparted the secret of his orders, must have known perfectly well that as soon as he stopped selling the news of the London panic would drive gold up 5 @ 10 per cent. Buying gold from MYERS was therefore a sure operation, especially after he had sold ten or twelve millions. There is no evidence to show that any Government agent did take advantage of MYERS's orders, and speculate in gold. But there must have been sev-

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eral Government agents besides MYERS who had an opportunity on that Monday afternoon of making a fortune at the expense of the Government.

4. IS MYERS still the Government broker? and how came he to be selected for the post?

Answer.—Mr. MYERS is still, so far as we know, the Government broker. His selection for the post is understood to have arisen from his being the brother-in-law of Secretary M'CULLOCH.

THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE question of a paid Fire Department in a large city no more admits of serious discussion than that of a paid police. There is no more efficient body of firemen in the world than the Paris *pompiers*, and although great fires are infrequent there, because the houses are not built as with us so as to insure destruction if they take fire, yet the management is admirably prompt, skillful, and decisive. The treatment of fires in our inflammable cities is serious work. To be properly done there must be a body of men ready to move and act at any moment. These men must be of independent circumstances or they must be well paid. To leave the labor to chance volunteers is to create a dangerous class in the community, as was fully established by the investigation which preceded the passage of the Paid Department Bill. There may be among them daring and skillful men, as the experience of fires in New York proves; but it is idle to suppose that they would be less daring or less skillful if their services were properly appreciated and rewarded. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

For our distant friends we may state that the opposition to the paid system proceeds from that interest in the city of New York to which we owe our enormous taxation and utter misgovernment. It is that interest of wholly venal and corrupt politicians which has made the name of the city a by-word and reproach, and which keeps it politically in alliance with all that is mean and un-American. It is a conclusive argument for the paid system that this interest bitterly denounced it, as it denounced the Police Commission and the Board of Health. If a man is known by his friends, great public measures are tested by their enemies. When FERNANDO WOOD was ready to oppose by force the introduction of the Police Board there was not an intelligent citizen who did not know that the Board was absolutely essential to the protection of the city. And when the "shysters" and "bunkers" of every degree are in full cry against the Paid Fire Department, its necessity and value are fully established.

THE FENIAN RAID.

THAT Ireland has real wrongs, and that the rule of that island by England has been generally fierce and stupid, can not be denied. But there is of late years a manifest disposition to reason and reform, and in so complicated a difficulty there can be no hope except in the greatest good sense upon both sides. The total forgetfulness of this fact has occasioned the recent wild and criminal efforts at Irish rebellion, so that it is the folly of the revolutionary leaders which is responsible for the constant delays and despairs of the English friends of Ireland.

While the Fenian movement was confined to Jones's Wood and the "Moffat Mansion" it was merely amusing, except for its mad waste of the hardly-earned money of simple men and women. But when a rabble cross the border, and without artillery or supplies or trains begin to make war by murdering honest people who turn out to defend their homes, the affair ceases to be contemptible and becomes criminal, and the worst fate that should befall such offenders would excite little pity. Mr. O'MAHONY is very probably a sincere enthusiast, as fit to lead a revolution as a blind man to command a seventy-four. Mr. STEPHENS, there is no reason to doubt, is much of the same character; but many of the other managers are designing men who have fortunately disgusted many of their followers.

It is a poetic justice that Canada, which was a nest of the most malignant rebels during the late war in this country, and which smiled placidly at their forays and plots against the lives and properties of loyal American citizens, has been invaded by one of the very rebels whose confederates she so gladly harbored. The O'NEILL who figures in the late affray at the mouth of the Niagara River was a companion and friend of WIRZ at Andersonville. He raised a body of Irishmen among the prisoners he was starving, to fight against this country. Canada cheered him on; Canada was polite to O'NEILL's comrades, CLEMENT CLAY and JACOB THOMPSON; O'NEILL was bravely fighting for "his country." Points of view differ, and Canada can now comprehend exactly how her conduct seemed to loyal American citizens.

The conduct of our Government in the whole affair has been prompt and honorable. There has been no simulated neutrality. General GRANT, passing by chance through Buffalo, issued the necessary orders. The directions from Washington were decisive, and were not delayed because of any untimely colic of the legal advisers of the Government, as in the case of the British counselor, whose stomachache allowed the *Alabama* to escape.

We hope that those honest people who are anxious to redress the wrongs of Ireland will now see that the road to that redress does not lie through the blood of innocent men in Canada. They have given their money, and have received in return a foolish blunder and a monstrous crime. Men of the O'NEILL kind are leaders who would infallibly bring the noblest cause to shame and ruin.

HEAT-FOOD AND BUILDING-FOOD.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"In your issue of May 19 I find an article on 'Heat-Food and Building-Food,' to which I wish to take exception.

"The author asserts it as a fact that fat and oily food is necessary to a proper nourishment of the body, and that those who abstain from it are apt to have a flabby and blanched skin. PEREIRA, an eminent authority, says: 'Fixed oil or fat is more difficult of digestion, and more obnoxious to the stomach, than any other alimentary principle.' Is it possible for it to be 'very difficult of digestion' and so 'obnoxious,' and at the same time necessary and wholesome? Rather does not the experience of medical men (as well as our own instincts) teach us that that only is easily digestible which we relish? Comparatively few are fond of fat meat. We are speaking now of persons in good health, not of those who, in these days of dyspepsia, are subject to morbid appetites and depraved tastes. DR. BEAUMONT, in his celebrated experiments on St. MARTIN, found the gastric juice very slow in its operation on fat, and that it (fat) generally retarded the process of chymification. It is well known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin.

"It is also stated that 'laboring men require more nitrogenous food than those who lead an inactive life, for there is in them more repair necessary, and therefore more need of material for it. For this reason men that live almost wholly on such articles as potatoes or rice or plantains, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a proper mixture of meat and vegetables in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not worked will be in good condition living on hay and potatoes, but if he is worked he will lose flesh unless grain be made a part of his food.' I am unable to perceive what the last sentence has to do with eating meat. I rather think it is an argument against it. A number of instances can be cited to prove that hard-working men can subsist on vegetables alone with advantage. The mountaineers of the Tyrol may be named; and if the writer of 'Heat-Food,' etc., wishes to consult statistics, he will find not only that vegetarians are noted for longevity, but that they are able to endure much greater hardships and fatigue than flesh-eaters. Laboring men, who suffer more of the 'wear and tear' of life than those of sedantery occupations, require more 'repair,' or 'rebuilding,' and therefore more *nutriment*. Wheat and rice are among the most nutritious substances known, yet wheat contains but a little over two per cent. of nitrogen, and rice less than one. The poor Irish, who subsist almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race.

"The animals we eat are, as a general thing, herbivorous. Those which live exclusively on vegetables, and whose flesh is formed of the proximate elements of those vegetables, are most relished and sought for among civilized nations. It follows, therefore, that we actually subsist indirectly on plants. Why not, then, eat these plants in a pure and primitive state, and (to say nothing of the demoralizing influence of butchering the poor beasts by whose help we obtain much of our food, and that save us an immense amount of hard labor, besides adding to our comfort and wealth in furnishing fleece for clothing and commerce) rid ourselves of the diseases and troubles arising from dieting on flesh meat, the purity of which is always more or less influenced by the state of the animal?

"Respectfully, VEGETARIAN."

The points brought out by "Vegetarian" are easily disposed of.

As to the digestion of fatty or oily substances, it has been discovered that this is not really done in the stomach. They are merely intimately mingled there with the other contents by the churning movements of the organ, and pass unaltered into the small intestine. Here by the action of the pancreatic juice, the change is produced in them which fits them to be absorbed by the lacteals, and to be poured into the blood; in other words, here they are digested. Speaking of digestion, then, as a process which is not limited to the stomach, we say, in opposition to what is quoted from PEREIRA and BEAUMONT, that fat is not difficult of digestion. The stomach, indeed, can not digest it; and the gastric juice, instead of being "very slow in its operation on fat," as BEAUMONT says, does not operate upon it at all, but the pancreatic juice does the work, and does it easily.

"Vegetarian" objects to enjoining the use of fat meat upon those who dislike it; that what is not relished is not easily digestible. It is indeed true that the relishing of food promotes its digestion; and yet one can generally learn to eat fat meat, even though the aversion to it be very decided. But if not, a due amount of butter may be eaten to make up for the deficiency. That a considerable proportion of oily food is necessary in some form is a settled fact. A wide observation teaches it. The instincts of men as to food show it. Nature demonstrates it in the butter that it furnishes in milk, that beautiful combination containing all the requisite elements of food. It is an error to say that fat "is well known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin." An undue use of them may, it is true, sometimes produce these effects, but they come quite as often from other causes.

"Vegetarian," in thinking that what was said of the horse is an argument against eating meat, fails to perceive the point of the statement. The truth to be illustrated was that work, making wear and tear, called for a larger amount of building or nitrogenous food than was needed in the idle. And so we give to the working horse grain, which, being more nitrogenous than hay and potatoes, is to him what the nitrogenous meat is to man.

As to the statistics referred to as favoring vegetarianism, we do not believe that if fairly examined they will justify the conclusions claimed for them. We think that when good results have been ascertained to come from what is reputed to be a vegetable diet, it will be found that it was not strictly vegetable. One of the statements of "Vegetarian" shows a looseness on this very point. "The poor Irish," he says, "who subsist almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race." Is milk a vegetable article of diet? A similar mistake was once committed by a student, who, on going into the country, gave up meat, and on his return was quite loud in praise of vegetarianism, because he had gained so much flesh and strength. On inquiry it was found that milk had been the animal basis of his vegetable diet. The Irishman living almost exclusively on potatoes, or the Chinaman on rice, inevitably becomes pot-bellied and slender-limbed; but let him have in addition milk or any other articles furnishing a due proportion of both nitrogenous and oily food, and his abdomen will lessen and his limbs enlarge to their normal volume.

"Vegetarian" thinks that as the flesh we eat comes mostly from herbivorous animals, we had better eat the vegetables from which their flesh is formed rather than eat the flesh itself. The same reasoning would properly lead us a step farther, and prompt us to go to the source of the nutrition of the vegetables; or, in other words, to what they eat by their roots to make them grow, so that we should be dirt eaters instead of vegetable eaters. "Vegetarian" does not seem to recognize the order of nature in regard to nutrition. All nutriment comes at first from the mineral world, and plants are the means of transfer from minerals to animals. They gather up material from mineral substances, and put it into such forms as make it fit nutriment for animals. There are some animals that live on this vegetable food alone, and are called herbivorous; while others live on the vegetable-eating animals, and thus get their nutrition one remove farther from mother earth, and are called carnivorous. Others still eat both animal and vegetable food, and so are termed omnivorous. All animals but man are governed wholly by instinct in this matter. He is left to reason it out as well as he can, looking to the promptings of instinct, the adaptations of the digestive organs as compared with those of other animals, and the results of observation and experience. These all point to a mixed animal and vegetable diet, and not to that of the vegetarian.

HOME FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS AND WIDOWS.

GOVERNOR FLETCHER, of Missouri, and Dr. RICHARDSON, the State Surgeon-General, most warmly commend the project of the Home for Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, at St. Josephs, in that State. Missouri suffered sorely and peculiarly during the war, and the natural sympathy of other Union States has been expressed in many valuable and useful contributions. There is still room for more, and we are very confident that such a charity commends itself without a word. The trustees, now in the city, at the Lafarge House, and will receive any contributions or give any information.

LITERARY.

"Armadale" is the title of WILKIE COLLINS'S new novel, just published by the HARPERS. The characteristics of the author are as pronounced and familiar as those of any living writer. He gives us always an elaborate and original plot, worked out by persons whose characters are analyzed with a delicacy of detail entirely unsurpassed. They reveal themselves wholly to the reader, who watches every motive and act as the student of physiology follows with intense interest the play of every part of the wonderful human frame. Or he puts a microscope under our eyes through which we watch with eager curiosity the exact structure of animalculæ which are interesting solely from the distinctness with which they are revealed. This patient and persistent detail makes every one of COLLINS'S novels seem like a *cause célèbre*. His books have the reality of exciting criminal trials, and there is perhaps no novelist who so plays with and prolongs the curiosity he excites. The depravity he delineates, as in the character of Miss Gwilt in "Armadale," is startling, but he vindicates its probability, and the reader emerges from the long and dark suspense of the story upon the cheerful conclusion as the traveler, after a stormy and exciting voyage at sea, sees the placid green shores of the sunny harbor awaiting him.

"The New York Social Science Review" is a quarterly journal of Sociology, Political Economy, and Statistics, edited by SIMON STERN and J. K. H. WILLCOX. It is a work of faith and enthusiasm, proposing, "without personal or partisan feelings, to examine by the light of science the political and social evolutions of the day." It will also reprint all important State documents of the current quarter. The last number contains a valuable International Almanac, and the "Review" will doubtless be a convenient and serviceable reference, as well as a stout advocate of scientific social progress.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 29:

In the Senate, the reconstruction resolutions were then taken up. The third clause, disfranchising the rebels till the year 1870, was stricken out by a unanimous vote.—The Railroad Bill was passed, 22 to 19. This bill provides that any railroad may carry all passengers, troops, mails, Government supplies, etc., from one State to another, providing that this act shall not affect any stipulation made between the Government and any railroad company now existing.

In the House, the new Freedmen's Bureau Bill was passed, 96 to 32.

May 31:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson, from the Committee of the two Houses on the death of General Scott, reported a resolution of respect and veneration for the memory of the deceased, and that a joint committee of seven Senators and nine Representatives be appointed to represent Congress at the funeral of the late Lieutenant-General. The resolution was adopted.—The Reconstruction resolution was taken up, the pending question being a substitute for Section 3, already stricken out. It does not restrict suffrage, but shuts off all those from holding a civil or military office, either under the United States or any State, who have broken their oath of allegiance to the United States, in being guilty of insurrection or in aiding the rebellion. Mr. Doolittle opposed the section. It was adopted by a vote of 32 to 10.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House bill to facilitate commercial, postal, and military communication among the several States were taken from the Speaker's table and concurred in. The bill has, therefore, passed both Houses.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill to promote the construction of a line of railroad from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, Ohio. The bill was passed by a vote of 77 to 41.—The concurrent resolution providing for an adjournment until Monday, and for a deputation of Congress to attend the obsequies of General Scott, was agreed to unanimously.—The bill authorizing the construction of a railway between Washington and the Northwest was passed—yeas 65, nays 37.

CHOLERA IN QUARANTINE.

On the 29th of May the British steamship *Union*, from Liverpool, C. H. Palmer commanding, arrived at this port. She lost on the passage thirty, most of them by cholera. She had on board some fifteen cases, some of them very low. The number of passengers was 434. The next day the *Peruvian*, from Liverpool, arrived with 758 passengers, of whom 35 had died of cholera on the passage, 28 were on board sick.

The Board of Health, unable to obtain a lodgment for a hospital on Long Island or Staten Island, are anxious to make use of the west shore of Coney Island for this purpose.

Under date of June 2, Dr. Bissell, Deputy Health Officer, reported that 26 new cases of cholera had been received from the steamer *Peruvian* on board the hospital ships in the Lower Bay, and 12 deaths had occurred.

The Deputy Health Officer reports that "something must be done soon, or the mortality among the passengers of the *Peruvian* will exceed that of any vessel ever in this port." "The hospital," he adds, "is now much overcrowded. Every available space on the ship is occupied with dead and dying." The Quarantine officer on the *Falcon* writes: "The old *Falcon* is as full as she can be of the *worst cases of cholera* I ever saw in my life."

There are now *seven hundred persons* crowded together on these ships in our harbor, and the Health Officer states that some of them have very naturally attempted by force to break out from their floating *lazars*, and that a mutiny is liable to occur at any time. Dr. Swinburne publicly states to the Board of Health that if another ship with diseased passengers arrives he has not a place in which to put a patient!

THE FENIANS INVADE CANADA.

On the 1st of June a few hundred Fenians, of the Sweeny persuasion, crossed the border into Canada and captured Fort Erie—which is about as much of a fort as Fort Lee—a small village, located on the Niagara River, opposite Black Rock, three miles distant from Buffalo. A battle was fought at Ridgeway on the 2d. The Fenians found it impossible to hold their ground in Canada, and retreated to the United States border, where a large portion of them were captured by the United States boats guarding the river. Among those captured, it is said, are Colonel O'Neill—the leader of the invading force—with his staff.

NEWS ITEMS.

Colonel Jacques, of Illinois, having been tried on the indictment found against him in Kentucky for rape, has been triumphantly acquitted. None of the witnesses summoned on his behalf were examined, but the case was submitted on the testimony of the prosecution without a word of argument from the counsel for the defendant. The Indianapolis *Journal* says:

"The wretches who undertook to swear Colonel Jacques into the penitentiary succeeded in convincing the jury of his innocence. He was prepared to prove, by some of the best men in Illinois, that he was in that State at times when some of the witnesses testified to his presence in Louisville, and his participation in the alleged crime; and by others that he was in this city on a certain day in which it was sworn by a prosecuting witness he was in Louisville; but the proof was unnecessary."

The weekly report of Dr. Elisha Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics, shows a total of 392 deaths in the city during the week ending on Saturday, the 26th ult. This number is less than on any previous week.

Generals Steedman and Fullerton, who have been investigating the management of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, will report favorably on Tillson's administration of affairs.

The returns of the West Virginia elections indicate a majority ranging from eight to twelve thousand for the amendment to the State Constitution. The text of the amendment is as follows: "No person who, since the 1st day of June, 1861, has given or shall give voluntary aid or assistance to the rebellion against the United States, shall be a citizen of this State, or be allowed to vote at any election held therein, unless he has volunteered into the military or naval service of the United States, and has been or shall be honorably discharged therefrom."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR ON THE PLATE.

IN March, after a delay of nearly ten months, active operations were again commenced. The allied fleet, composed of about thirty vessels, including four iron-clads, left its moorings at Corrientes, and proceeding up the river, anchored in two divisions opposite the Territory of the little Republic of Paraguay. The allied army, consisting of about 50,000 men of all arms, also advanced toward the western bank of the River Parana.

In an engagement with the fort at Itapirie, a Brazilian iron-clad, about the last of March, received a serious injury, and 94 men were put *hors du combat*.

On the 10th of April the first battle was fought between Brazilian and Paraguayan soldiers. The Imperial forces alone having taken possession of a small island in front of Itapirie, and about half-way across the ford, the Paraguayans attempted to dislodge them, and having embarked a force of about 900 men in 50 canoes, paddled silently across the channel and landed a little before dawn close to a battery of nine rifled guns hastily erected by the Brazilians; the pickets, however, saw them in time, and having given the alarm, the garrison, consisting of nearly the same number of men as the enemy, were quickly formed in line of battle, and as the Paraguayans drew near the Brazilians poured a murderous volley into their ranks and following it up by a bayonet charge, drove them to the beach, killing over 600 (?) of them, taking 64 prisoners, 30 canoes, and 700 muskets. The Brazilian loss is reported at 43 killed and 106 wounded.

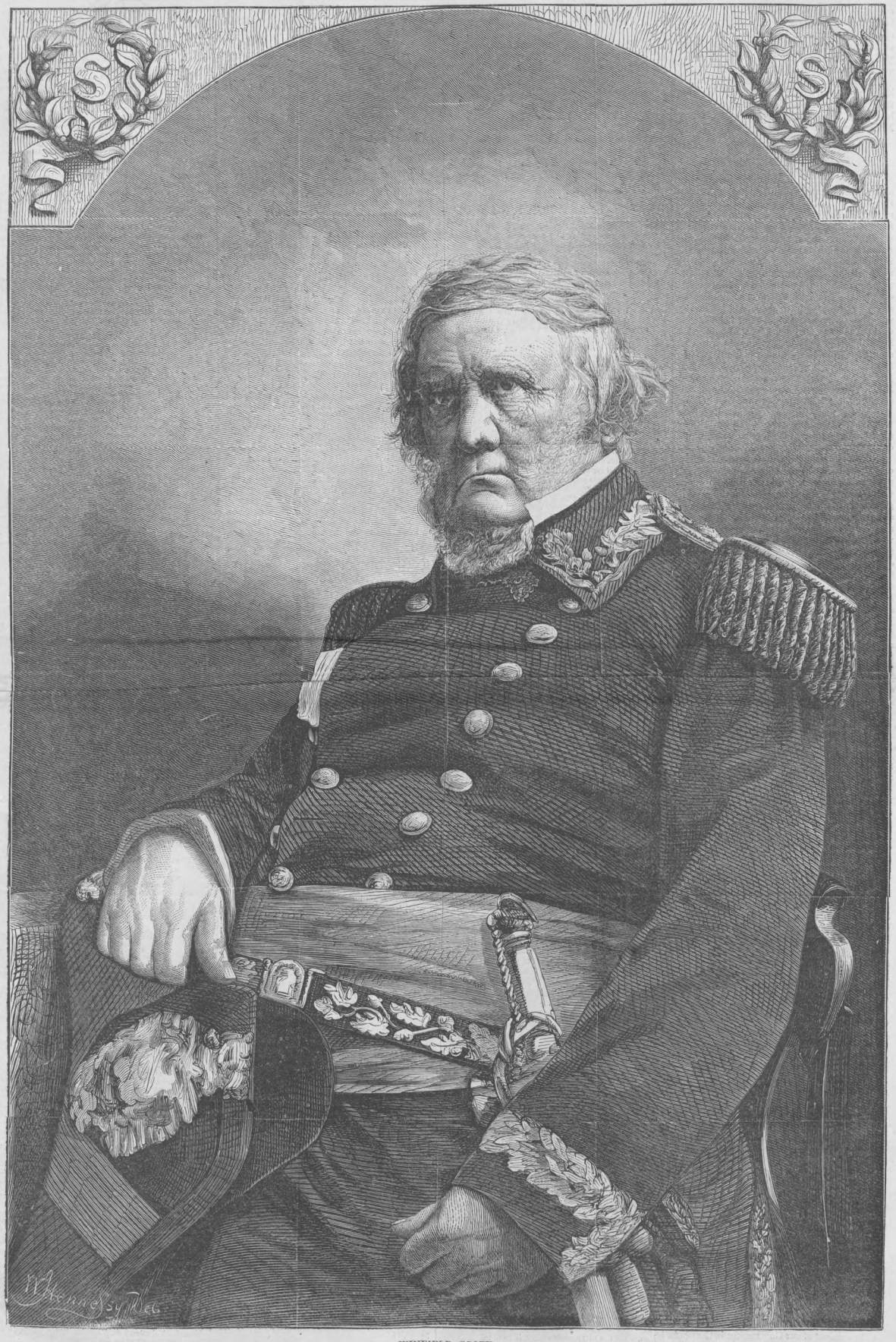
On April 17 another battle took place. The allied army, 10,000 strong, had invaded Paraguay. The Paraguayans attacked them with considerable bravery and great tenacity, as usual, but only brought 3500 men to the field, who were completely routed, losing two pieces of artillery, one flag, a great number of muskets, and about 400 men killed and wounded. The Brazilian loss was 40 killed and 120 wounded. Itapirie was then abandoned by the Paraguayans.

THE GERMAN QUARREL.

As the latest advices the German question was still unsettled, nor was any thing definite known concerning the proposed Congress. Meanwhile, peace demonstrations on a large scale were taking place in Prussia, and serious disturbances were reported, occasioned by calling out the reserves. In Italy the war spirit was enthusiastic and general. Volunteers were flocking by thousands to take their part in the war for the liberation of Venetia.

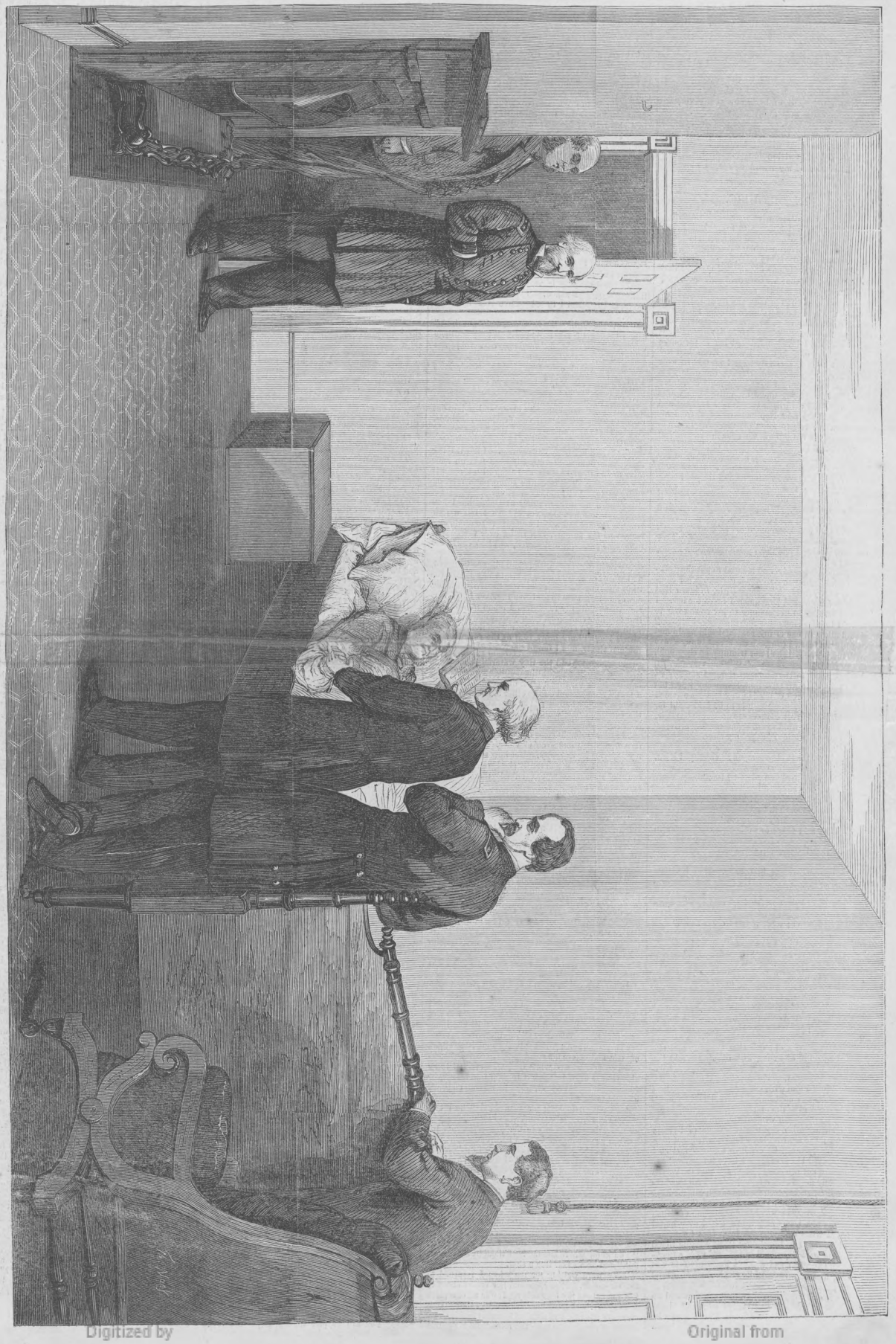
Notwithstanding recent rumors, the *Morning Post* says the marriage of Princess Helena with Prince Christian will take place on the 5th of July.

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WINFIELD SCOTT.

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SCOTT'S DEATH-BED.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]

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ODE BY A BROOKLYNITE.

SHE came like a beautiful vision
To brighten the night of my care,
Her dress was arranged with precision,
In ringlets descended her hair.

In a stage on its way to the ferry
We met, as is usual, by chance;
'Neath the spell of her glances my very
Soul sank into amorous trance.

Alas! how by rude fate are banished
Illusions we'd willingly nurse!
I started—my vision had vanished,
And so had my watch and my purse.

IN DISGUISE.

"WHAT's the matter with your hand, Cato?"

"Berry obligin' for massa to ask. Burnt um, Sah, totin a kettle o' cruller fat fer Dinah, but Miss Mira put some salve on it, done it a heap o' good. She's so berry kind to ebry body, is Miss Mira."

Yes, kind to every one but me. I thought that as I rode through the gate Cato held wide open, and, dismounting, flung him the reins; kind to the servants in the kitchen; the dog who came limping to the door; to beggar and wandering tramp; to guest, and kin, and stranger; to every body and every thing but me—to whom she should have been kindest of all; for I loved her, loved her as men love who only love once in their lives. Even then my heart was beating furiously to feel myself so near her. My step quickened, I flung the door wide open and strode in. I heard my aunt cry, "It's Paul!" I heard my uncle utter the same words pleasantly, and a furious, tumultuous barking and leaping told me that Nep had awakened from his nap upon the rug to greet his master. In a moment more the red light of the open fire had flashed upon me, and I grasped two plump old hands.

"Really we *were* anxious about you!" cried my aunt. "We expected you yesterday. How is your mother, and why didn't Nina come with you?"

Then, before I could answer, my uncle said, "Just in time for dinner, my boy. Let's talk it over at the table. Why, Mira, any one would fancy you did not see your cousin."

"I'm sure he's large enough," said Mira, counting her stitches as she sat at crochet work. "How are you, Paul? I told them you'd come back again, like a bad penny."

I nodded carelessly, and stooped to pat the fawning dog, begging mutely for a caress. Poor comfort it was, yet, after all, some little, to know that Mira never guessed how much I cared for her. I was as careless in my manner to her as she was to me. I imitated her as thoroughly as good-breeding would allow in one of my sex, and said again and again, "At least, I can take the secret to my grave with me. The girl shall not triumph, as she would, if she knew it." Then I left the room, and followed my old uncle to the dining-parlor. I suppose no one could have guessed that I was any thing but happy as I chatted of my journey and gave Nina's excuses for absence. "She is to be bridemaid for a friend," said I; "and there are dresses to be made, and I know not what to do, before the day arrives."

"Who is the bride?" asked my aunt.

"Lilla Newcome."

"And you the bridegroom, eh?" chirruped Mira.

"I?"

"Why, we heard you adored Lilla."

"I've always admired her."

"And she has jilted you?"

"Not so bad as that."

"Let me sympathize with you."

"Not at all; there are other pretty blondes in the world."

I said that because Mira was as dark as any Cuban.

"A blonde? Hear him, aunt. Had I yellow hair and blue eyes I'd have the grace to admire brunettes."

"We can't help our fancies," said I, who absolutely disliked light coloring.

"Of course not; now, if you were not fair."

"Well?"

"I'd tell you how I admire dark men."

"Don't stop for that. I shouldn't care."

Her black eyes danced. "You'll see my idea of perfection to-night," said she. "Captain Earnly."

"I *have* seen the gentleman."

"By-the-way, I promised to play something for him to-night," said Mira, "and if I don't practice I sha'n't be able to remember it. Excuse me, will you, good folks?" and away she tripped, leaving us in the midst of dessert.

Captain Earnly did call that evening, and she played for him, and sung with him. He told her stories of his prowess as a soldier, and she was wondrously interested. He mentioned his wounds, and she pitied him with voice and eyes. I thought him an affected coxcomb. She evidently considered him a hero of the first water.

I sat on the porch without the window, smoking and chatting with my uncle. Once or twice I thought of the Spartan boy's fox gnawing and tearing at his bosom. So my love tore me, and so I hid it—better to die of it than have it seen.

She was not my cousin by blood, that dark-eyed Mira—only my uncle's adopted child. No tie of relationship stood between us, for though cousins have wed I scarcely think they ever loved very truly. She was the very realization of my dream of girlish beauty. She was every thing I had ever hoped for; and when coming back from that long journey, in which I had well-nigh "put a girdle round about the world," I found her altered from a romping child to what she was. I knew my fate was sealed; and for a little while she had been so kind to me that I had been made a fool of.

It was very different now. She had bound up Cato's black hand. She sighed over the black-haired Captain's storied scratches. Yet six months before I had been wounded nearly unto death by an accident, and her first greeting on my convalescence was, "You careless wretch, the only wonder is you didn't manage to cut your arm *quite* off, and make a fright of yourself for life! I've no patience with people who can't look where they are going. You'll break your back yet, and end your days in a wheel chair."

"Let me keep the use of my feet at least, so long as I am to dwell within reach of your voice," said I; and we passed for a couple of uncourteous jesters.

Sometimes, in my character of cousin, I used to act as Mira's escort. Odd enough it was to see how tired she grew of me. How any stranger seemed better company than I. And some day, when she had been wooed and won, perhaps by the Captain bending over her at the piano, I should shake hands and utter some careless congratulation, and she would nod adieu to me, and we should part forever. Strange enough, all of it, when I remembered how I actually felt toward her.

The Captain was going. He had looked at his dainty watch. "Shocking to think how late it was—'How lightly falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers!'" and, with a quotation and a bow and a glance at Mira, the room was empty of him. It was a relief to me.

Mira had reseated herself at the piano. I sauntered in and sat near her. "Will you sing something for me?" I asked. "This sweet old thing for instance?" and I tossed "Love Not" upon the piano.

"Sweet old things are tiresome, and *I* am tired," said Mira; and if she could have read my soul she could not have blushed more deeply. Perhaps she was thinking of the Captain.

"If you could only hear Nina's friend, Miss Deane, sing that," said I, affecting to yawn.

"Another blonde?"

"A lovely one."

"Ah!" and laughing she arose, and going out upon the porch gathered two or three rose-buds. Not because she wanted them, I think, but merely in an idle mood. As she passed me afterward one dropped from her bosom at my feet. I left it lying there, but came back with slippered feet an hour after to find it, and kiss it, and sleep with it against my heart. A silly, romantic thing for a man of thirty to do. Yet I did it nevertheless.

So ended my first evening at Oakdell. I had hoped for nothing else, yet always I felt a new pang. I wondered why I came there so often, as I looked at the summer sun rising over the distant hills next morning, and vowed, as I had vowed before, never to come again.

My uncle was busy with rod and line as I entered, and we were to pass a long, bright day beside the trout streams. At four Cato was to drive the ladies down, and we were to go home together in the carriage. Despite my resolution I found myself anxious for their coming as the day wore on, and when, with the sound of wheels, my uncle cried, "That's Mira's laugh!" my heart beat at the sound of the musical ripple, and I forgot the rod I held [illegible] the mountain stream spanned by a rustic bridge beyond the tiny waterfall, amber and green where it caught the sunlight. About us mighty trees, making a nook dusky and solemn as a Druid temple, and on the other side of the bridge a white road, winding ribbon-like away, up which the carriage came, whirled toward us by two ebon horses.

They had brought some one with them. A young farmer, bearish and gruff of voice. Certainly not my superior in any way. Yet how attentive Mira was to him! How pleasantly she listened to his account of his last fishing-excursion! When he called across to me:

"Had 'ny luck?'?

She answered for me

"Of course not, cousin Paul never catches any thing or shoots any thing. Basket and game-bag are both inevitably empty."

"Haw, haw! Now that ain't true, is it?" roared the farmer.

"I sha'n't contradict a lady," said I.

"Wa'al *I* would if she said *that* to me," said the gentleman. "She couldn't though; I always *hev* luck. Haw, haw!"

I flushed scarlet. Certainly it is no crime to fail in catching a fish or shooting a bird; but no man likes to have his failings in these particulars remarked upon by a girl, who evidently despises him for them, in the hearing of a roaring lout who prides himself upon his skill, and that day my basket was empty indeed.

I flung my rod away in a few moments and wandered into the woods. Mira's laugh followed me for a long while. Now and then the coarse haw, haw! of her companion. Even to such a brute she was complacent. I ground my teeth and kicked innocent pebbles mercilessly, and was muttering savagely to myself when a jovial "Hallo, Paul!" fell upon my ear, and before me stood Ben Hillgrove. Black-eyed, merry, water-loving Ben, who seemed to be always in a boat, just going to step into a boat, or just stepped out of a boat, when he was not on board his yacht.

"I've been looking for you, Paul!" he cried. "Some of my college friends, the best fellows you ever met, are going out in the *Hetty Hillgrove* to-morrow; you must come with us. You sha'n't say no, as you always do. I'll not listen to it."

"I intend to say yes, and thank you," said I, quickly; and Ben tossed up his cap. I could have tossed mine also in my joy at being so readily provided with an excuse to run away from Mira, laughing at me with her boorish escort.

"We go on board to-night at nine, and have supper in the cabin," said Ben. "You'll be there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good-by until that time, then," said Ben. "You know where she lies? I thought so. Don't fail," and he was off like a shot.

They were waiting for me when I returned to the river-side. Miss Mira and her escort chose to tease me about my long delay. It was all of a piece with the rest. I flung her back a retort that sounded merry enough, and climbed to a seat beside Cato. It was a pleasure to take the reins from his hands and drive the horses home at their full speed. The headlong race did me good. Once there I hastily repented Ben's invitation. "But you are not going?" said my aunt. "You've but just come to us."

"I can not refuse Ben this time," I said; "indeed I can not, aunt."

"Why should you, my boy?" asked my uncle.

"Why indeed, mamma?" said Mira. "Imagine the luxury of living a week in an atmosphere of smoke and whisky, afar from civilized society!"

"Pretty high parties some o' them yachtin' ones," said the farmer. "Every one to his taste, though."

"So," say I. "I leave you to keep each other company," I answered, and left Mira and her Orson together.

At nine I was as merry as the rest in Ben Hillgrove's pretty cabin over a supper that would not have disgraced Delmonico's.

At dawn the yacht was on her way, as graceful and fair a thing as sailed the waters.

Had we too much smoke and whisky aboard? Were Ben and his crew not after all the sailors they thought themselves? I can hardly answer. I was desperate with suppressed emotion, ready for any wild excitement. The rest were reckless, merry, high-living young fellows all of them. I only remember this positively. We had three days of calm, bright weather, then a storm began to gather: we went on deck to watch it, we admired the sky and sea, and rejoiced in the excitement of the tempest. We were at supper when it was at its worst that night. Later, every man save Ben and the sailors was in his berth.

I slept soundly. I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder.

"Who's that?" I cried.

"I, Ben. The *Hetty* is sinking, Paul! Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"So can every one on board. There's a chance for us. God grant no harm may come to you! It would seem my fault. I induced you to come."

The merry fellow was serious as a deacon now. I grasped his hand and went on deck; strange, startled faces that I hardly recognized looked pale in the flickering lantern light. One, a young fellow of twenty, stood close to me.

"I don't fear death, I hope," he said, turning to me. "I'm no more a coward than most men; but there's a girl at New Haven who'll take it hard, I'm afraid, if this is the last of me—and no boat *can* live in such a sea. I'd like to see her once again;" and his voice choked into a husky whisper and he turned away.

It gave me no comfort to know that Mira would not grieve for me.

We took to the boat in a blinding, howling tempest. Half an hour after the yacht went down. I remember nothing else.

[illegible]

"Lord be praised. I thought he was gone!"

"Be ye better, Mister?"

I opened my eyes. I was lying upon the sea-sand in the light of dawning day. Some roughly-clad, weather-beaten people were beside me. One held a flask of liquor to my mouth. I remembered all in an instant, and feebly gasped, "Where are the rest?"

"Your mates?" asked a man.

"Yes—my *friends*."

"Don't tell him," whispered a woman, and I knew the worst. An hour later I saw the three who had been tossed on shore with me lying decently cared for in a fisherman's shanty. Ben, with his black eyes closed forever. The youth who had spoken of his sweet-heart, and a young Virginian who had seemed the merriest of all. I am not ashamed to say I wept as I bent over them. Those about me, used as they were to the perils of the sea, seemed to feel grieved and horror-stricken.

"They're all so young, you see," sobbed an old woman—"mother's boys, no doubt, every one of them!"

And now, as I grew stronger, I felt it my duty to hasten back to Oakdell, bearing the sad news. A train passed through the village at noon, and I availed myself of it. The moon was rising when it stopped at the familiar station, and I started on foot for my uncle's home, wondering, if some survivors had not already brought the news, how I could break it to Ben's old mother.

The house was unusually dark as I approached: no light in the parlor, none in the library. The gloom which wrapped it told me that the news had come. As I opened the gate softly I heard Cato's voice.

"Yes, Dinah, it's true 'nuff. De gemplemen knows de oder boat went down. We sha'n't nebber see Massa Paul until we goes to Glory."

Then black Dinah sobbed.

"Missus takes it berry hard, don't she?" asked Cato.

"Gone to bed—won't eat nor nuffin'," said Dinah. "She lobed Massa Paul like her own son. Oh, dis is a dreful world, Cato!"

"Can't hab no idols, Dinah," said Cato, piously. "Oh get out wid preachin'!" said Dinah. "Pears you can't hab nuffin'. *I* wonders folks was born jes for trouble."

I stole past the kitchen window and into the house. All dark and silent on the lower floor. Only at the end of the hall, in a little room called mine, I saw the glimmer of a lamp. I went toward it. I pushed the door further ajar and looked in.

In the middle of the room, upon the floor, sat Mira. Nep stood beside her, and her face was hidden in his shaggy coat. Both arms were about his neck, and she was talking to him. I listened.

"Oh, Nep!" she sobbed. "It can't be true, can it? The blue eyes shut, and the fair hair all wet and dank at the bottom of the sea? The voice dumb, and the great heart still? It's a dream, Nep! He'll come back yet! It is a wicked lie, Nep!"

The dog gave a sort of low moan. I listened still. "Oh no!" I heard her say. "It's folly to hope. You are happier than I, Nep. He loved you and he cared nothing for me. He patted you on the head when you parted. He left me with a sneer. He didn't know I loved him as well as you, Nep, though not as humbly. Oh, Paul! Paul! can you be dead? You, my life, my love, my darling!"

She sprang to her feet, wringing her hands. I pushed the door wider. The creaking of the hinges startled her; she turned and screamed,

"Oh, Paul! Paul!"

Then the red blood rushed to her face, and her voice rang out,

"You? I thought it a ghost. So you are not drowned! Reserved for another fate which shall be nameless. I hope you are content, now you've nearly frightened mamma to death. Go and report yourself at once, Sir!"

Go? Nay, no place for me but at her feet. I knelt there humbly. I caught her hand, I kissed it. Her dark face grew proud and cold.

"You shall not pretend to hate me any longer," I said. "It is useless, Mira; I've been beside the door too long."

"And heard a little play acted for your benefit," she answered. "I heard you coming, and— Yes, Sir, I *did*—don't insult me by doubting that—"

She broke down and burst into tears. She struggled passionately, but I held her tight. Humbled by her humiliation, I told her all. My love, my longing, my pain at her coldness. The anguish the belief that she cared nothing for me had given me so long. And at last the struggle ceased, the head dropped low upon my shoulder, and I held Mira to my heart, and kissed her fondly, for she was mine, and I hers until death parted us.

Then she left me to break the news of my safe return to the old people.

Those who had been saved had told of the fate of the other boat, and there was no need of my telling the truth to Ben's mother. I had only to tell her where his body lay. Those were sad days for me despite my own happiness. But they passed, and were half-forgotten, as other woes may be so quickly, before, her bridemaid duties being over, Nina came to us from the city. She saw Mira and myself walking hand in hand and smiled. An hour after, when the girls had been shut up together in their room, she came to me.

"I'm so glad, Paul!" she said.

"Thank you, darling."

"It is most for Mira's sake. I knew she loved you, Paul."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No; *she* tell! I saw it."

"And never spoke to me?"

"Paul, one woman's secret should be holy to another, and I never guessed you loved her."

And so that girl of sixteen had read the heart of the other girl aright while it was a blank to me; and the two had kept the secret that was my very life from me, not guessing mine.

And seeing each other daily we had yet only looked upon masked faces, and, taking love for hate and pride for scorn, had worked ourselves much ill, and grieved when we might have joyed for all these days, and months, and years.

I thought of that when I next took Mira's hand in mine. I thought of it when I stood with her at the altar. I think of it often now, though I have called her wife so many years that, looking out upon the lawn, I see a younger Mira walking with her lover in the twilight—a Mira who calls my Mira "mother."

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER V.

AND so the bright morning hour crept on, and for a while nobody spoke. Mrs. May stitched swiftly and silently, a glance only at the children now and then telling where her thoughts were at work; and Clover, too, broke off her thread and passed it through the eye of her needle, and wrought at her overhand seam with noiseless, patient industry. As for Lily she had quitted the subject of seeds and gardens, with the difficult questions of hardy, half-hardy, and tender; and now gave all her attention to a fringe of long icicles that hung glittering in the sun from the top of the bow-window. The outer world was very bright that morning—clear, cold, and yet with a certain mingling of the softness of spring with the splendor of winter that was very charming. Chick-a-dees whisked about among the leafless branches in utter gayety and good-humor; hopeful song-sparrows turned up their long unused voices; and the gray cat on the fence watched them both, her teeth chattering with eager desire instead of the cold. Mat, the rough Skye terrier, was also out for an airing, and sat in very contemplative mood on the gravel-walk—perhaps musing what had become of the snow.

All this while little Primrose sat still, with her head against her mother's knee, and her eyes fixed on one particular half page of the Catalogue. At last, with a long breath, she looked up.

"Mamma, if *you'd* just tell me about the tender things, and the half-hardy things, and all that, I could understand it in a minute. But it puzzles me so!"

"You're to study the Catalogue, Prim," said Lily. "Mamma, only do just look at these icicles!"

"I've been studying the Catalogue," said Primrose; "and it says: 'Hardy annuals are those that may be sown very early in the spring in the open ground.' I think I understand that. And annuals flower the first season, and these other things—biennials—don't: I understand that too. But then why won't the half-hardy ones endure frost?"

"Pussy goes and sleeps all night in the barn," said Mrs. May; "could you keep warm there?"

"No indeed, mamma."

"And suppose your aunt Kate should put her canary out to roost with the chickens?"

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"Why, I think it would freeze to death before morning," said Primrose.

"Yes, for it is tender; but the chickens are hardy. And Puss is hardy, and so is Mat. Look at him—a few minutes ago he lay here by the fire, and now he sits out there in the cold wind without even a sign of great-coat or mittens."

"Mat in mittens!" said Prim, with a laugh.

"But I think he has a great-coat—dear old Mat!" said Lily; "only it's more shaggy than any man's coat."

"It is just the same that he wore here by the fire," said Mrs. May. "But he is hardy—he can bear the cold."

"And we're half-hardy, and must be wrapped up," said Lily.

"Yes, and just so it is with plants. Some are perfectly hardy, and the frost can do them no harm."

"Those are the great strong plants, I suppose," said Lily—"the trees and bushes."

"Not always," said her mother. "Some trees will die in our Northern winter, while the little daffodil pushes its soft leaves right up through the frozen ground, in the midst of snow and ice and bitter winds. It is something in the nature of each plant, something derived from its native soil and air that makes it hardy, or half-hardy, or tender."

"What do you mean by its native soil, mamma?" said Clover, laying down her work. "Are plants of different nations too, like people?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. May; "and with strong national differences. Geraniums, for instance—the green-house pelargoniums, which we call geraniums—with their glowing colors and rich leaves, are native Africans; they grow in tropical heat, where long creeping vines make ladders up and down the cliffs for the wild monkeys."

"Geraniums and monkeys!" said Lily; "oh, splendid!"

"Mamma," cried little Primrose, "how lovely it must be!"

"Not very—the monkey part of it," said her mother, smiling. "For indeed they are many of them not true monkeys but large baboons—very ugly and very mischievous."

"How large, mamma?" said Lily, who had a great weakness for every thing like a monkey.

"Some as large as a mastiff, and much stronger—of a dark brown color, with black hands and feet, a violet-blue face, and gray whiskers."

"What objects!" said Lily, laughing.

"And the geraniums, mamma?" said Clover.

"They just help to set off the strangeness and ugliness of the monkeys. In the mountains about the Cape of Good Hope, among the heights and passes, the cliffs are covered with wild creepers; the long trailing stems and runners making a complete net-work. Not a net-work of bare stems, but all hung with rich foliage and brilliant flowers; and scattered here and there among them is a wilderness of geraniums and other superb tropical plants."

"What a nice time the baboons must have!" said little Primrose, giving a sigh to the geraniums.

"A very nice time! You can see them in troops of four or five hundred, sitting on the rocks, or climbing up and down the perpendicular cliffs by means of these 'monkeys' ladders' like so many boys in a wild school of gymnastics."

"And they're all 'tender,' I suppose," said Clover—"the geraniums and the monkeys and their ladders and all."

"All tender—not one could bear our winter climate; while, on the other hand, we and our violets and snow-drops could as little endure the fierce heat of South Africa."

"Then plants and animals are tender or hardy just according to the heat of the land they belong to," said Clover.

"Very much so. The cocoanut-tree and the palm will not grow here in the open air, nor our apples and cherries in South Africa or New Zealand. The parrots never come to our northern States, even in summer, while the little snow-bird wings its way to the very shores of the Arctic Sea and there builds its nest."

"How beautiful it is, mamma!" said Clover. "Hardy, half-hardy, and tender—the words have such a new meaning to me now. The birds that stay here all winter are hardy, and so are the evergreens, and the oaks, though they lose their leaves; and the roots of the grass, deep down in the ground. But my hyacinth beans will not bear a bit of cold, nor most of my other plants."

"Clover talks as if they were all growing already," said Lily, with a laugh. "But, after all, it's very interesting, of course, but I don't see what it has to do with our gardens, nor why Sam made such a fuss about our learning it."

"Oh, don't you?" said Clover, her eyes sparkling with pleasure and interest. "Why, Lily, we've got to *make* a climate for these tender things; it won't do to plant 'em right out in the cold ground."

"Make a climate!" said Lily, rather scornfully. "I should like to know how!"

"So should I, very much," said Clover; "but I suppose Sam can tell us."

"Well, I don't see the use of much fuss with our gardens, after all," said Lily. "I want just pleasure out of mine; and if I've got to learn first what the climate is, and then make it, for every thing, I might as well be at a geography lesson."

"Oh!" Clover exclaimed, but suddenly checked herself and went on with her sewing.

"I don't want to begin with it, any way," said Lily. "I'd rather take the fun first and the study afterward."

And silence came again, while the two needles made quick passes to and fro, and Lily watched her ice-fringe, now melting drop by drop.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, "how would you begin?"

"Begin what?"

"Our gardens, mamma."

"I suppose I should begin—as I do every thing—with asking God's help," said Mrs. May.

"Mamma, would you?" said Lily, from the window, while Clover again dropped her work. "About such little things?"

"Are they too small to need His help? I know no such things."

"But would he like to have children ask him about their gardens?" said Primrose, wonderingly.

"About any thing, dear, in which they wish for His blessing. Who can make the seeds grow? who can bring forth the flowers in their beauty?"

"And you were thinking of us, too, mamma, were you not?" said Clover, softly. "About *our* needing help?"

"Yes," said her mother, "for with every pleasure or sorrow, every success and every disappointment, some little opportunities for good, little temptations to evil; we may please God, or we may displease him. And even alone in our own little gardens of sweet flowers we have need to pray: 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'"

Mrs. May rose up and left the room, leaving the children to their thoughts.

"Temptations!" Lily repeated. "Well, I suppose I shall know 'em when they come, though I don't see where they're to come from. But I must look over my list again, to see if I want to make any changes. Let's have the Catalogue, Prim."

And the lists were made out that very evening, with some alterations, and sealed up ready for the post.

"You see I *had* to change some things, Sam," Lily explained; "for every time Jack sees me he calls out 'Snap-dragon! best and brightest varieties, mixed!' just as if he was a waiter on a steamboat. And I'm sick of the very name."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE lawyers of to-day seem not unlike those who flourished in the time of "rare Ben Jonson." For in one of his dramas he alludes to the "men of that large profession," as those

> "Who could speak
> To every cause, and things mere contraries,
> Till they were hoarse again, yet *all be law*."

Reasoning from analogy, we have no doubt that if a case were brought into court depending upon the important question "Is black white?" it would be clearly proved so to be by some skillful advocate, if not in Whately's most approved style of

> "Black is a color;
> White is a color; therefore,
> Black is white;"

the point would be established in some other equally lucid manner.

The other day the captain of a certain vessel was arrested on the charge of having violated the new law for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The complainant stated that the captain had brought a cargo of turtles from Florida, and that the turtles were confined in a very cruel manner, "having holes bored through their flesh and cords run through to secure them." It was, however, currently reported "that the prisoner's counsel would move for a discharge of his client on the ground that turtles are not animals." Quite a brilliant idea. That it would not be difficult to prove that statement from Worcester, who says that an animal is a "living, sensitive creature," etc. Now who is there who, in a pre-existent state, has *been* a turtle, and can upon oath affirm that a turtle is "*sensitive*?" It is perfectly plain that the thing can't be proved! Or, perhaps, a more conclusive argument might be, *à la* Whately:

> Some animals are sagacious;
> Turtles are not sagacious; therefore,
> Turtles are not animals.

Seriously, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will soon have their hands full of business. People are beginning to realize that many things have hitherto been allowed altogether contrary to the law of humanity. Communications come in from various quarters, indicating that the public mind is waking up upon this subject. One unfolds the horrible torture that animals—helpless victims to the cause of science—receive at the hands of surgeons. Another protests against the cruelty of some individual who "made a horse trot twenty miles in 58 minutes and 25 seconds." Another still, pleads for the dogs who are ill-treated while being trained to perform tricks; and states a case of retributive justice, which, however, occurred not in America but in Switzerland. It appears that a man brutally beat a little dog which would not obey his order, and while doing so, one of his large dogs sprang forward, seized him by the throat, and bit him so severely that he died on the following day.

In due time we shall reap the benefit of all the efforts now being made, and eyes and ears be pained less frequently than they have been hitherto.

Many who had looked forward to a summer at Saratoga will deeply regret the loss of Congress Hall. There are indications that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Can not some of these wanton criminals, who are spreading destruction abroad, be brought to justice? There is little doubt but that the destruction of the Academy of Music has made somebody guilty of arson in the first degree.

A friend sends us the following "bit:"

"Not long since, while in the country, I met a lady who had recently visited New York, and was especially interested in the Central Park. After dilating for some time upon the various objects of interest within the Park, she inquired:

"'Do you know what *Hiller* is buried there?'

"Unwilling to hurt the good woman's feelings, and yet puzzled how to reply, I hesitated; but was relieved by her saying:

"'The name was S. C. Hiller, and I thought perhaps he might be a relative of the *Hillers* in this vicinity.'

"The bust of *Schiller* had attracted her attention, but she read the name after a fashion of her own."

A somewhat similar mistake was made by a lady, who after examining the statue of the "White Captive," and scrutinizing the artist's name—"Palmer, Sc."—which was engraved in one corner, remarked:

"So Palmer is a Southerner!"

"Oh no," said a friend, "he is from Albany."

"But don't you see his name, Palmer, S. C., *South Carolina*?"

The following carries a *moral* with it:

"A married officer, on arriving at the Curragh, whither he had been ordered to join his regiment, wrote to his wife that he had 'formed a connection with a very agreeable mess, and expected to spend the summer very pleasantly.' Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the letter e in the word mess."

The moral is, *mind your dots in writing*. Some other things should be minded at the same time also, as is indicated by this notice which we clip from a city newspaper:

"If the gentleman who keeps a store in Cedar Street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Lastly, it is not amiss to cross one's "*t*s" in writing, else mistakes may occur, as in the case of the merchant who wrote to his agent, who was cruising around the coast of Africa, to send him *two monkeys*. Now the merchant was somewhat deficient in orthography, so he spelled two, "*too*:" and as he omitted to cross his "t," the agent, with some surprise, read the order, "100 *monkeys*!" At length one of the merchant's vessels came into port—the deck, masts, and rigging all alive with grinning faces. The puzzled merchant read the agent's letter with a still more puzzled brain:

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of March 10 received. I send fifty monkeys. Have found it very difficult to procure so large a number. Will endeavor to fill out the balance of your order, and forward by next ship.

"Yours truly, JOHN SMITH."

Celebrated people, especially poets, often suffer strange penalties as the price of their popularity. In the "Life Letters" of Mrs. Sigourney she speaks of the innumerable "*requests*" that came to her, and gives some quotations from a record that she attempted to keep for a while. The following are a sample:

"A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he being now well and preaching as usual."

"The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses."

"To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on a 'pain in the back of the neck.'"

"To prepare the memoir of a colored preacher, of whose character and existence I was ignorant."

"Desired to assist a servant-man, not very well able to read, in getting his Sunday-school lessons, and to 'write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time.'"

"A monody for the loss of a second wife, fortified by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first."

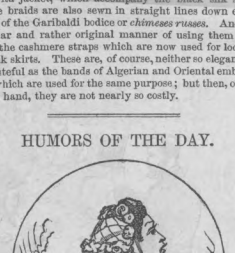
A Portland (Maine) paper says that a patent has been secured by a gentleman in that vicinity which will make a complete revolution in applying buttons to garments. By this invention buttons can be attached to any part of wearing apparel without the use of thread. The invention consists solely in making the button with a spiral wire to be inserted into the cloth like a cork-screw, and then pressed down flat so as to form a ring to hold the button in place.

A sad story was whispered in Paris not long ago. M. Moller, a Danish poet, who had lived for the last fifteen years in Paris, died suddenly at Rouen. He was poor; he had ruined his eyes reading by the gas-lights of the cafés, and writing in his chamber by candle-light, and was ordered to Normandy to rest and to breathe the country air. He was arrested in Rouen as a lunatic, and sent to a mad-house, where he died in two or three days, it is believed here, as much from loss of liberty as from any thing else.

In regard to summer fashions there is no lack of styles novel and tasteful. For the benefit of those who are preparing for the country, we would say that toilets intended for country and sea-side wear, in fact all those which are made short, are covered with embroidery, or else they are ornamented with cashmere braid. Very few dress-makers now make a separate petticoat with these costumes; they rather add round the lower half of the skirt a band, which simulates a petticoat. The skirt is cut out round the edge either in vandykes, scollops, or turrets, and these are ornamented with Mexican embroidery, executed in either gold-colored or scarlet silk. On the band of what forms the petticoat, and above the hem, there are two rows of black ribbon-velvet, and between these there is a single row of Mexican embroidery, to correspond with the skirt.

The narrow cashmere braids are found to be so effective that they are used in great profusion as trimmings. They harmonize particularly well with white, black, and blue. They are much admired for ornamenting black silk dresses which are worn over blue silk petticoats. The braid is arranged in graceful designs on the bodice, sleeves, and Senorita jacket, which accompany the black silk skirt. These braids are also sewn in straight lines down every pleat of the Garibaldi bodice or *chimeses russes*. Another popular and rather original manner of using them is to trim the cashmere straps which are now used for looping up silk skirts. These are, of course, neither so elegant nor so tasteful as the bands of Algerian and Oriental embroidery which are used for the same purpose; but then, on the other hand, they are not nearly so costly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



AS THE SUMMER ADVANCES WATERFALLS BEGIN TO DROP OFF.

An excited father called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy and exclaimed, in an excited manner: "Doctor! Doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the Doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat!"

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

What sort of a figure does Mary cut when she has left the room?—A polly-gone.

How can you describe the cordage of a vessel which has run ashore and broken up?—By a wreck-tangle.

Why should a four-decker, pierced for only a couple of cannon on each side, be built with ten angles?—Because it's a deck-a-gun.

What is higher and handsomer when the head is off?—A pillow.

A LEGAL POINT.—A correspondent wishes to know whether an action for divorce on the ground of desertion will lie against a "ship's husband" for pitching her over.

A Sunday-school teacher was relating to her class of boys, graphically and of course in the gravest manner possible, the ancient Bible incident which speaks of Joseph's going out in a chariot to meet his father Jacob, when she was interrupted by the following abrupt remark: "Ump! Joseph thought he was 'some punkins,' didn't he, riding in a chariot to meet his dad!"

A PARADOX.

As William drew his Susan near
He whispered to his bride:
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by *Sue's* side."

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I can not imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Prussia was a robber,
Austria was a thief;
Prussia and Austria
Stole a Danish fief.

Prussia said to Austria,
"Leave the swag alone."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you drop your bone."

Prussia said to Austria,
"You don't mean to go?"
Austria said to Prussia,
Out of Holstein? No."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Wherefore do you arm?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Of *you* in alarm."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I don't mean to fight."
Austria said to Prussia,
"*My* intention quite."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Drop your warlike game."
Austria said to Prussia,
"When you do the same."

Prussia said to Austria,
"What's the end to be?"
Austria said to Prussia,
"Hit me, and you'll see."

Prussia said to Austria,
"Come, this brag won't do."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Sir, the same to you."

Prussia said to Austria,
"I'll the Diet try."
Austria said to Prussia,
"Thank you, so will I."

A JOKE THAT IS RARELY GOOD.—What is the difference between the Hebrew idea of a slave and the modern notion of a wash-hand stand?—The former is stated to be "a hewer of wood and drawer of water," while the latter is "a drawer of wood and ewer of water."

CULINARY MAXIMS.

To secure light bread—put your flour into the hands of a grocer, and it will be sure to *rise*.
Ice-cream should be baked in a quick oven.
Domestic "broils" should be avoided.
Don't eat soup with a fork.
Potatoes should come to the table with their jackets off—being an exception to the general rule of etiquette.

A darkey who was sent to jail for marrying two wives excuses himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

A fellow out West being asked whether the liquor he was drinking was a good article, replied: "We'al, I don't know; I guess so. There is only one queer thing about it: whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt."

Mankind should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the shorter her horns become.

A wag having married a girl named Church, says he has experienced more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

"You are a nuisance; I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

Time is said to be money. Certainly; not a few use it in paying their debts!

A clergyman lately addressed his female auditory as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread all the sooner."

A pin has as much head as a good many authors, and a great deal more point.

Many a sweet-fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

A wicked editor says that at a church some people clasp their hands so closely in prayer that they are unable to get them open when the contribution box comes around.

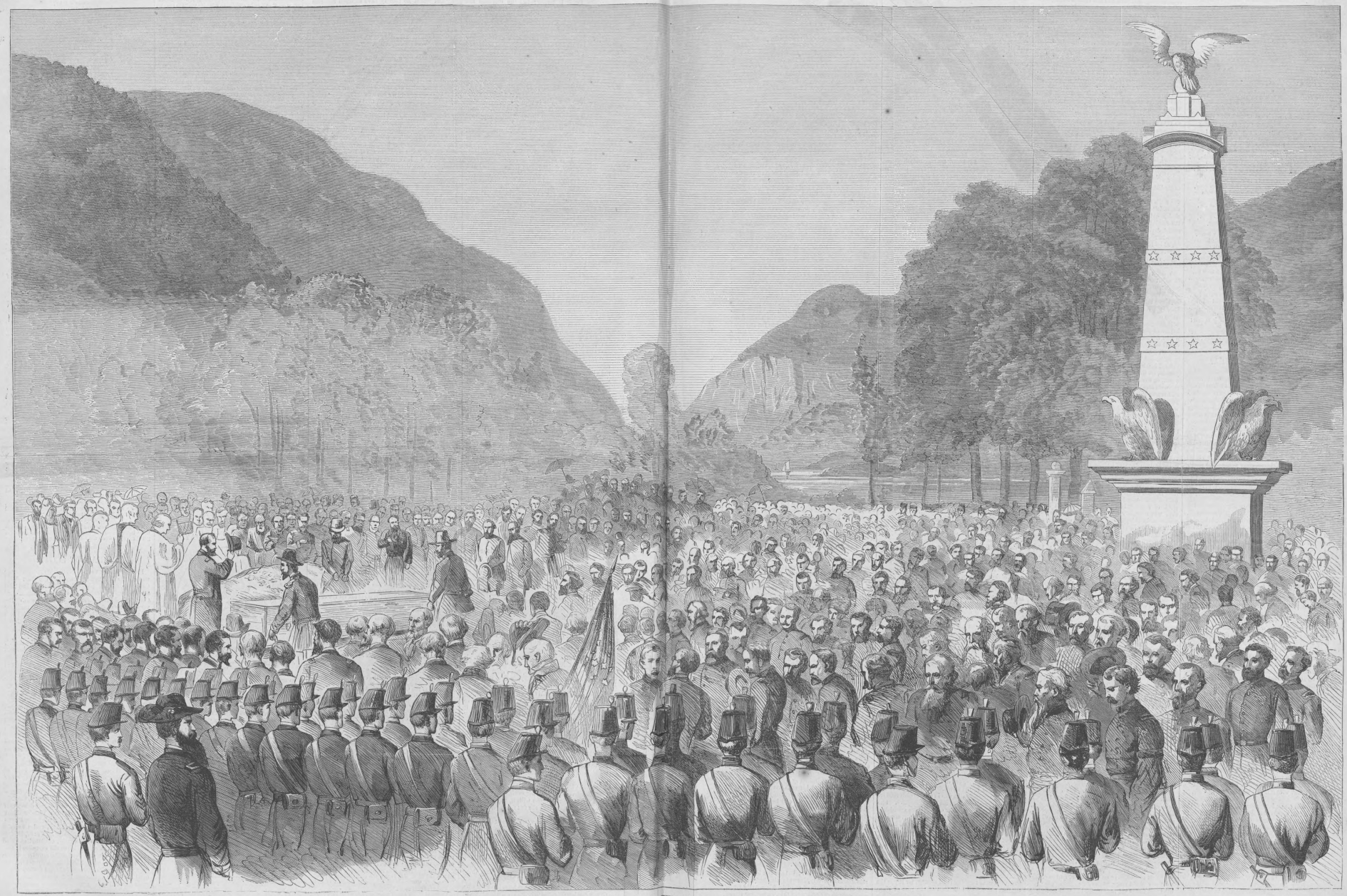
BURIAL OF SCOTT.

BREVET LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT was on the 1st instant interred in the West Point Cemetery, on the banks of the Hudson. It had been the General's intention to spend the summer at COZZENS'S Hotel, according to his custom. The very day he died preparations were being made for his removal to this house, which had been his home for many years. He died, however, at ROE'S Hotel, and here his body lay in state until the funeral, which took place in the Post Chapel.

In the morning the body was taken to the chapel, across the West Point parade, without any other retinue than the guard of honor and a dozen soldiers. The chapel within and without was deeply draped in black. The coffin, which was elevated upon a platform, was of mahogany. It had on either side three silver handles, a rim of silver borders on the covers, and was lined with satin; a silver plate over the breast was circled with a laurel wreath, while the stars of his country's flag were wrapped about the body of the chieftain. The people were then admitted to see the body. Among those who entered for this purpose were several old soldiers who had fought under SCOTT years and years ago, and who were moved to tears. This was the single touching picture connected with a funeral otherwise cold and formal.

The funeral services in the chapel, which were those usual in Episcopal burial, were held at noon. There were present at the ceremony our most prominent military characters, Lieutenant-General GRANT, Generals MEADE, HOWARD, SCHOFIELD, THOMAS, Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT, Captain WORDEN, and others. A Congressional delegation was present, among whom were Vice-President FOSTER, and Speaker COLFAX. FARRAGUT, PALMER, and RINGGOLD, of the Navy, and Generals CULLUM, TOWNSEND, SANFORD, VAN VLIET, DELAFIELD, and MEIGS, of the army, officiated as pall-bearers. On the completion of the exercises in the chapel the procession moved to the cemetery under the direction of General MEADE. Commencing at sunrise, minute-guns were fired from *Battery Knox* until after the interment had taken place. On other pages of our paper will be found an extended sketch of Lieutenant-General SCOTT'S career, with illustrations of his campaigns and of his funeral.

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BURIAL OF SCOTT—SERICES AT THE GRAVE, IN WEST POINT CEMETERY.

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"SHALL WE MEET THEM ALL THERE?"

As we raise up our eyes to yon azure expanse,
Where the great source of light sheds its beams and its heat,
Or, dimmed by the fast-fleeting clouds which enhance
The returning of what we so cheerfully greet;
A "mystical tie" seems to lead us aloft,
And our spirit, withdrawn, flies upward to where
With deep, melting thoughts, hearts mournful and soft,
We anxiously ask, "Shall we meet them all there?"

'Tis my Father revered for the care which he gave
To my earlier days when my thoughts were so wild;
When I took little note of the future to save
The fast-gliding hours which were spent as a child.
With a deep, anxious look from his oft chiding eye,
He would tell me, "Dear boy, you will soon be a man.
I shall soon leave you here—I also must die,
Pray think of my words, and so learn while you can."

'Tis my *Mother* beloved—can I add to that name?
Beloved—it scarce tells all I feel in my heart!
Could I see her once more—she still be the same
As in childhood I knew her—then with her depart!
Ah! that dear mother's face is still fresh in my sight,
Though her spirit is veiled from my weak, mortal eyes;
And I feel that the beams of yon heavenly light
Are a pathway which leads me to her in the skies.

'Tis my Sister, long since laid in peace by her side;
And oft as my thoughts wander back to that hour,
I remember her then—both the joy and the pride
Of our home, of our parents—a fresh-budding flower.
Still a child, without knowing the wiles of this life,
She was taken away to the far Spirit-land,
Where innocence reigns, free from sinning or strife,
To be one of the pure in that heavenly band.

'Tis my Brother, the eldest—the hopes of our home,
Grown up to his prime, with a proud, noble heart;
We bade him farewell when his comrades all came,
And the sound of the drum bade our sorrows depart.
But he lies far away on the side of the hill,
Where they hastily hid his remains from their foes;
Though so dear to me now is the grave which they fill,
Still I wish they were here, where our own willow grows.

'Tis a beautiful world—notwithstanding the grief
Which commingles so much in the joys of this life;
And it tells us that these are but passing and brief,
While the pleasures to come know no sorrow nor strife.
There's another, beyond us, around us, above,
Where Death never enters—there's nothing to fear;
Where that "mystical tie" will e'er bind us in love,
And we anxiously ask—"Shall we meet them all there?"

CONSTANTINOPLE, *February* 17, 1866. J. P. B.

HOME FROM THE SEA.

I.

In the second quarter of the eighteenth century Jotham Beverly resided on Nantucket Island, within a stone's-throw of the present village of Siasconset, and barely a mile from the ruined light-house on Beverly beach. At that time the inhabitants of the island were very few—numbering only a few hundred, and they were even more rude and hardy than they are at the present time. At the date of the commencement of my story the Indians, it is true, had deserted this their ancient fishing-station; but the markets for their white successors were far away, the sperm-trade was yet in its infancy—or, at least, in its early youth—the sterile soil gave response to the importunities of the husbandman only after long and patient toil; and, in fact, the inhabitants of Nantucket—all pursuing the fisheries for a livelihood—were the rudest and most primitive of Puritans.

But comparative good fortune always seemed to attend Jotham Beverly. He was a tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired, grasping Scotchman, good-hearted withal, and apparently with as much early Yankee goaheadativeness in his little finger as was contained in all of the heads of the little colony put together. Jotham's family consisted of three—his wife Margaret, his daughter Jean, and himself.

When Jotham was about forty years of age, and had lived on the island for a number of years, he conceived the project, the completion of which was the great ambition of his after-life. This project was the building of a light-house. The whale-fisheries of Nantucket already had become somewhat important. Upward of fifty whale-ships were owned by the islanders, and the principal port had become a rendezvous for vessels in the same trade from many sea-ports of the coast. Of course, the perilous nature of Nantucket shoals—to this day so carefully avoided and so frequently the cause of wreck—were even more to be dreaded in that early day, when the science of navigation was comparatively crude.

Jotham had always been a man of action. When his project was thoroughly conceived he was restless until he started the work. Obtaining some legislative recoguition and a little—very little—pecuniary assistance from the colonial government, he slowly procured the necessary tools and appliances, employed a band of laborers—many of the latter being negro slaves and Indian squaws from the main land, and, with little delay, instituted his favorite scheme.

Jotham's daughter Jean was acknowledged by all to be the sweetest and the fairest girl in all Nantucket. Certainly not one of the young fishermen ever saw little Jean trip up the hills to look out for her father's incoming sails, or saunter through the cabin garden-patch, while her mother sat spinning in the sunlight by the door, without a certain longing, and a certain faint visioning of a happy home, with a bright wife to make it cheerful within.

Jean had many lovers too. Strange to say, the most favored appeared to be a great, hulking, awkward young fellow whose name was Andrew Graef, whose mother bore the unenviable suspicion of being a witch, and whose fishing-craft usually met with the very worst of bad luck. Jean was an unconscionable little flirt. Like most pretty girls, she was fully conscious of her beauty, and, like very many of them, the admiration of her charms made her insufferably vain.

But awkward, hulking Andy Graef seemed to have found the secret to her esteem, while his handsomer compeers were compelled to be satisfied with her scorn. True, she even abused Andy shamefully. Her lover at one time risked his neck to pluck for her a wall-flower from the face of a precipitous crag, and then had the little wildling torn to pieces and thrown into his face for his pains. At another time, Miss Jean lost her amber necklace in the Devil's Griddle—a dangerous eddy that swirled between two of the inner reefs—and Andy, recovering the keepsake, and narrowly escaping drowning at the same time, was rewarded by a heartless laugh and a stinging box on the ear, because one of the miserable beads had become disengaged and irretrievably lost.

But in spite of these and a hundred similar instances of ingratitude, hulking Andy followed his sweet-heart like a great burly animal, happy enough if a little smile would reward him for days of indifference. It was, perhaps, this blind and utter devotion upon his part that mostly won upon the girl. There was more besides, however. For she was not so vain as not to know and admire the honesty and goodness of her uncouth lover's nature; and his utter contempt for death, when his services were enlisted in her behalf, was also a qualification which she must needs respect.

And so the monotony of that humble island life ebbed on in peaceful contentment, while Jotham Beverly, with his workmen and workwomen, and his derricks and mortar, went on with the rearing of his light-house. It arose but slowly. When the ice and frosts of the severe autumn put an end to the work for that season only about twenty feet of the rude but stanch tower were complete. Nevertheless old Jotham was pretty well satisfied. From the small front lattice of his cabin he could see the round, dark structure stand high up on the bar, with the wintry sea frothing and leaping madly, but vainly, at its rocky feet. All through the long winter he would sit at that lattice, looking over the inner hight, smoking his pipe thoughtfully, and examining the tower with a critical and loving eye.

When spring returned old Beverly had his laborers at work again as early as the weather would permit, and slowly, little by little, foot by foot the round, rough tower began to grow into the air.

About this time there came to Nantucket from Boston a young sea-farer who was known by the name of Seagrave. He commanded a strange craft. Seldom before had such a vessel floated in the roomy harbor of Nantucket. Unlike the clumsy whalers which frequented those waters, the *Raven*, as this vessel was called, was a model of symmetry and beauty. She was a three-masted schooner, rakishly built, and very low in the water, with her hull painted black, and a huge object, concealed by tarpaulins, on the after-deck, which might have been a gun, or something else. The crew of the stranger were also very different from the greasy whalers and coarse fishermen who hailed from the island. They were better-dressed, sprightlier sailors, and were also nearly all distinguished by wearing weapons in their belts. Seagrave himself was a great improvement on the average of the Nantucket skippers. He showed considerable refinement; his voice was sweet and gentle, and his language well chosen. He was also young, brave, and handsome; there was something almost princely about him in the eyes of these simple fishermen; and in the eyes of giddy Jean Beverly he was every thing that her fancy had conceived of all that was noble and romantic.

The strangers were evidently starting upon a long voyage, and their ostensible object in stopping at Nantucket was to make some additions to their stock of water. But they lingered much longer than was necessary for this simple purpose; the gentlemanly skipper was frequently on shore, and there were sly hints that he found a much pleasanter attraction there than the clear fountains of the island.

But old Beverly could not bring himself to like Seagrave. He could not be blind to the fact that his daughter Jean was apparently fascinated, though the stranger skipper seemed to always treat her with merely commonplace politeness. Poor Andy Graef now saw himself completely deserted by Jean, and he also, and very naturally, eyed the stranger with black mistrust. Then, as it soon transpired that the *Raven* was nothing less than a slaver, this fact increased the old man's distrust, and indeed brought the rakish schooner's crew into general disrepute among the islanders, with a majority of whom the slave-trade, though then so commonly pursued, was held in great abhorrence.

There was, however, that about Seagrave which could scarcely be resisted by a simple man like old Jotham. His manner and address were of that world-wide, cosmopolitan order which simple and lowly people can only combat with the utmost difficulty. And even before Beverly was precisely aware of any intimacy existing between the stranger and his own household, Seagrave had become a frequent visitor at the Beverly cabin, and a frequent partaker of its frugal hospitalities. There was something about this man that was strangely engaging to every one. Though still young his features bore the impress of a long, wild life by sea and shore, and the expression of his dark eyes was frequently of a hard, pitiless cast, which was something remarkable in one so young. Yet his voice was soft and musical as that of a woman. His deportment was mostly that which is the result of instinctive refinement, and his language very seldom merged into the careless idiom of the sea-farer.

But upon no one did the spell of the stranger fall so strongly as upon pretty Jean Beverly. She beheld and listened to him with silent admiration. Here at last was the hero of her dreams before her—not in the coarse-garb and with the ungainly gait of her fisher lovers, but in all the romance of adventure and ocean chivalry, and draped in the additional attraction of a mysterious past, which must have been spent among scenes even wilder and more romantic than his stories hinted of.

Poor Andy would still at times steal in upon the Beverlys in the evenings, and be permitted to watch the effect of Seagrave on Miss Jean, as the ocean-wanderer would recount the adventures of the past, the great deeds yet to be done, the gold and glory to be won on remote seas, and the fascinations of a rover's life. It galled him to the quick to perceive the extent of the influence exercised by Seagrave over Jean; for he perhaps saw more of it than her own parents.

One tempestuous night they were all sitting cozily about the fireside of Beverly's cottage. The hoarse cries of the breakers on the near beach were plainly heard in the cabin, though the fire blazed cheerfully—for the spring was still chilly with bleak winds—and all parties (except Andy) were in a pleasant mood of mind, just after finishing one of Dame Margaret's hearty suppers.

Jotham had been on the reef all day, and was now smoking his pipe in a contented frame; Seagrave had just finished a humorous sketch of tropical travel, and was merrily engaged in cutting from an old newspaper grotesque figures, with a pair of shears, for Jean's especial entertainment; Margaret was spinning; and Andy was glumly toasting his knees at the fire, without vouchsafing a word, but keeping his ears inordinately distended.

The self-satisfaction of old Beverly at last broke the brief silence which had fallen upon the party, though he rather addressed the raging elements without than any one in the company.

"Yes, ye may howl and beat and slash yourselves against the rocks of auld Nantucket, but ye'll naur disturb the basements of auld Beverly's tower. Wait till she's full-grown, my roarin' hearties—wait till her bonny lamp makes daylight through the tempest and the night, and the merry sailors will laugh at your terrors!"

Having delivered himself of this exalting apostrophé, Jotham settled himself down again, with two or three self-satisfied whiffs at his pipe, and a slow, benignant glance upon the company, as though to convey in its full force the prospective benevolence which the Beverly Light-house was to convey upon the world.

"You will indeed send gladness to many a gallant heart, Squire Beverly, when you have perfected your noble project," said Seagrave, who always called the old man "Squire," and made a rule of continually cherishing his vanity.

"Father," said Jean, very thoughtfully, "suppose I should be spirited away over the sea, would you still work at your light-house?"

She said this so earnestly that every one was surprised.

"S'leath, bairn! who in the deil's name *would* spirit you away ower the brine?"

"I didn't say any one would, you silly, darling old man," she replied, merrily; "but *suppose* they would. Suppose the Good People would, for instance?"

("Or the Bad People," grumbled Andy Graef, in a scarcely audible tone.)

"Well, child," responded the old fisherman, gayly falling in with the merry mood of his daughter, "rest assured that, whatever happens, the work o' the light-house will go on, whatever betides. And even if you should be carried ower the sea this very night, I pray that the first gleam o' the new signal will light ye home once more!"

"Amen!" said Andy Graef, in a sepulchral tone; while the rest, including Seagrave, laughed quite heartily at the old man's apt reply.

But before that reply was quite concluded the door was suddenly opened, and in walked Andy's mother, the Widow Graef, who, in spite of her poverty and her reputation as a witch, was always sure of a welcome at the broad hearth of the light-house builder. She was an old, withered, and exceedingly miserable-looking woman, and her tattered plaid cloak was now dripping from the tempest. Andy cast a deprecating, apologetic glance around, as he almost always did when his mother appeared, for her temper was a bad one, and she seldom spoke well of any one.

But Widow Graef was not to be appeased. She had caught the last portion of Jotham's speech, and now answered it, standing, as she spoke, in the centre of the room, and assuming a prophetic attitude.

"There may be more meaning in your words than you ken at the present time, Jotham Beverly," said she, with a shrewd and knowing look from her twinkling gray eyes. "I was bred in the same parish as yourse'l, Jotham, an' mind my words, when your silly child *is* spirited away, her return will be signaled by the first glint of your light-house—and return she will not till then. They tell ye I'm a witch," she continued, with an evil and lowering look at Seagrave, and indicating him by a motion of her skinny finger; "well, take a witch's advice, an' bewaur o' that man! He has the deil in his eye, an' there's little guid to the house that fosters him!"

Seagrave only laughed.

"Tush, tush, granny!" said Jotham; "you're never quiet with speaking ill o' your neighbors!"

"Bewaur o' him, I say! an' keep your eye on your chickens, or the hawk will swoop and grip his prey!" cried Granny Graef, with passionate emphasis. "An' mark my words, when your uncanny bairn is spirited away, the first glint o' your light-house, an' that alone, will signal her Home from the Sea!"

"Come home, Andy!" she cried, fiercely, at the same time seizing her son by the arm. "Waud ye wait here to see your white dove kissing the talons that's thirstin' for its bluid? Come home, darling, and let the foolish bird go flying to her fate!"

With this she pulled hulking Andy, always submissive in her grasp, out of the room, and together they vanished in the storm. The only one of the remaining company who was in nowise disturbed by the language of the old woman was Seagrave. She reminded him of a number of humorous anecdotes, the recital of which, in his inimitable way, soon restored every one to their accustomed good-humor, and the old lady and her prophecies were soon forgotten.

As the night was drawing on late, Seagrave, enveloped in his rough great-coat, took his departure for his vessel—making light of the five miles over the soft, sandy road, and steadfastly refusing to stay all night.

On the next morning (still stormy, for it was the equinox) the good fishermen of the port of Nantucket missed the rakish form of the slaver-craft from their harbor, and at the same time Jotham Beverly missed the form of his giddy daughter Jean. Jean Beverly had indeed been spirited away over the sea by Seagrave the rover.

II.

NEARLY two years had passed away, and the coveted scheme of Jotham Beverly was almost completed. It was early spring, and Jotham, sitting at the seaward-looking lattice of his cabin, glumly smoking his pipe, could see his round, rough tower rising symmetrically and to the height of over one hundred feet above the reef, the summit almost ready for the reception of the monster lantern, which, through the aid of the colonial government, he had been already able to secure from the old country.

At last the huge lantern was securely mounted, and, at the close of a bright but blustering May day, old Jotham, accompanied by Andy Graef, mounted the winding stairway of the tower to attend to the arranging of the great wicks in the crystal dome. Lime lights and calcium signals were then unknown. Huge flarers, drawing their inspiration from whale blubber, alone served to light the tempest-tossed over treacherous rock and deceitful sand.

The first illumination of Beverly Light-house was an event among the good people of Nantucket as important as the first illumination of a great city by gas. The fishermen assembled on the beach from all portions of the island, accompanied by their wives and children—many of the families bringing their evening meals with them, so as not to miss, on any account, the unprecedented spectacle.

The sun was setting in a heap of thunder-cloud as Jotham and Andy moved fitfully among the rows of wicks, trimming them carefully, and old Beverly especially eying every thing with almost fatherly love and tenderness.

He paused at one of the sides of the glass cupola and looked down upon the rude spectators, huddling together far below on the sands.

"Yes, yes," he soliloquized, with moody satisfaction in his tones, "ye can coom now and view my triumph, when ye snickered lang eno' at my wark. But it's a' the way o' greatness."

"Maister Jotham! Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy, excitedly, interrupting the man of the light-house; "there's a white scud in the sou'east! and there's anither, and anither! Ye maun hurry up your flarers if ye wud pierce a tempest, for there's a big un brewing."

Jotham turned his eyes to the direction indicated, and his experienced eye soon apprised him that the warning had not been given too soon. The south and east were heaped with wind and thunder; far away the sea could be seen leaping and flashing like a boiling caldron, and the rain was descending in sheer torrents. It was one of those swift spring squalls so prevalent on the coast, and especially perilous to vessels so unfortunate as to be caught in them.

"It is coomin' fast, Maister!" cried Andy.

"Yes," replied Jotham, "an' there's a ship in the throat o' the wharlwind, or I'm a lubber! It's black as night already. Gie me the torch, Andy. Quick! We're just in time to save her from the rocks."

An inky darkness had pervaded the atmosphere within a few moments' space. But at the application of the torch the wicks burned beautifully, shooting up thick, clear, yellow flames, and flinging a flood of radiance far over the tempest-fretted rocks, and far over the deep sea beyond. A flush of pardonable pride reddened the face of Jotham Beverly as he heard the hoarse cheers of the fishermen rising from the strand beneath. They had also been apprised of the approach of the ill-fated vessel on the dangerous shoals, and the sudden gleam of brilliancy from the cupola of the tower was an omen the beauty of which, under the circumstances, even their rude natures could comprehend and appreciate. Every thing appeared to favor the light-house builder on that eventful night. The approaching ship, the sudden blackening of the skies, the very elements themselves appeared to lend strong dramatic effects to this hour of his triumph, and the entire effect was strong and impressive in the extreme to all the islanders. The heat of the blazing jets soon rendered the interior of the lantern intolerably hot to the occupants, so that they were both glad to beat a retreat to the chamber immediately below. Here they stood looking out to sea through the open loop-holes, while the reflection of the strong light from the glistening waves rendered their countenances conspicuous to all up-gazers from the beach beneath.

But all eyes were now turned toward the approaching vessel, which was frequently revealed by flashes of lightning, and which was also, by this time, within the outer edge of the lantern's scope. The rain descended in perfect sheets, the reverberation of the thunder was almost a continuous peal, the sky was black as ink, save when seamed by the lightning gleams; and the sea, as far as could be seen, was a wilderness of gigantic waves, while the long and clamorous roar of the breakers on the outer reefs was plainly audible through the lulls of the thunder.

As the unfortunate vessel drove into the full stream of the signal all eyes watched her with breathless intentness. Her top-masts had been completely wrenched away by the violence of the whirling storm, and her sails were in tatters. It appeared that she was irrevocably doomed. But she was bravely manned, and her crew were not going to despair without a fight for life. Her rigging was black with men endeavoring to restore the shattered sails, and there were still evidences of order and discipline on her littered decks. But pretty soon a monster billow was seen to sweep her from stem to stern, and when she emerged she was evidently unmanageable, while comparatively few of the men were visible where before they had been actively at work.

"It's all up with her; but she is a brave craft!" said Jotham Beverly, between his clenched teeth.

"Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy Graef, with even more excitement than he had yet shown, "what cut o' a craft is that?"

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"Three-masted schooner, low in the hulk, sharp-prowed, and like eno' a Government cutter," replied the other, eying the doomed craft with the practiced eye of an old skipper. "Yes, and there goes her death-shriek!" he added, hastily, as a flash leaped from the stern of the wreck, immediately followed by the boom of a signal-gun.

"Do yer know the name o' that ship, maister?" continued Andy, in husky tones.

"Nonsense! you're daft, Andy! How should I know it?"

"Do yer know her skipper's name?" repeated Andy, with even greater excitement than before.

"Haud your toonge, ye crazy loon!" returned the other, pettishly.

"But *I* know 'em both, Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy, shaking his hand aloft with nervous passion. "The craft's the *Raven*, and her skipper is the pirate Seagrave! Ha! ha! my auld witch-mither waurn't a' a fool! The first glint o' your tower lights your ane bairn hame frae the sea!"

Before the thunder-stricken auditor could turn upon him Andy had vanished from the chamber, and Jotham heard him crashing down the winding staircase with break-neck leaps. Jotham leaned far out of the window, and saw the fishermen and wreckers making ready with their life-boats. He saw Andy emerge from the tower's foot and burst among them, inspiriting them with frantic gestures. He felt a strange, lost feeling come over his old breast—a wild desire to go down and also help—but he could not move. He could only look and think. The surf was tremendous at the very foot of the tower, but one life-boat was already afloat, with Andy at the stroke-oar, before the old man dared to turn his eyes seaward again. When he did so, his glance was riveted to the spot, for the white garments of a woman fluttered and gleamed at the schooner's taffrail; and now but a few rods intervened between the vessel and her fate.

The crew had apparently given themselves up for lost, for they seemed to stand motionless upon the decks, as though stupefied with fear, and their boats were evidently lost, as there nowhere appeared to be any attempt to launch one. But one brave, lithe form, which Jotham thought he recognized as Seagrave's, moved ceaselessly among the nerveless men, as though to encourage them, with now and then a cheering gesture toward the white-robed form at the taffrail.

Andy's life-boat, urged by ten stout oarsmen, had almost crossed the foaming bight toward the outer reef, when, just as a terrific peal of thunder shook the earth, followed by increased deluges of rain, the schooner made one bound, and was seen to strike a rock with fearful force. The waves receding for a moment left her almost literally poised in air, impaled upon the sharp horns of the reef.

Even then that one brave form, dauntless in the very jaws of death, was seen, axe in hand, hewing away at the remaining mast, and evidently inspiring his crew with cheery shouts. A wild huzza of admiration rose from the throngs of fishermen on the beach, and even Jotham set his teeth still harder as he gazed. But the sea was stronger than a mortal arm, however brave. Billow after billow licked the schooner down from the rocks and trampled her into fragments. Just as Andy's life-boat gained the reef, the last vestige of the schooner disappeared among the rocks and blinding spray of the further side. It was then, and not till then, that the heart-broken Beverly quitted his look-out to seek poor Margaret in the cabin near by.

The tempest continued for a few hours, and Andy's life-boat returned to the beach with the seat at the stroke-oar empty. The survivors could not explain their comrade's absence, but one of them said that he had seen the luckless fisherman spring upon a rock and make his way toward the wreck.

The next morning the beach was littered with fragments of the schooner. There were many corpses washed ashore. Some were from among the vessel's crew, but many were the nude bodies of black men with iron fetters still clasping their limbs. Two of the bodies were folded in each other's arms, and clasping each other by the throat as though they had gone down in a death-struggle. These were Andy Graef and Seagrave, the slaver captain.

But the last corpse that was found was that of giddy Jean Beverly, with her yellow hair all tangled with sea-weed, and her cheek much paler and thinner than when she left Nantucket. And thus did the first gleam of that old ruined light-house there welcome the erring one Home from the Sea.

THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on 13th June, 1786. His father, a farmer, died when he was five years old; when he was seventeen he lost his mother also. Though but little is known of his childhood, it may be inferred, from his attendance at the High School at Richmond, and subsequently at the College of William and Mary, that the death of his father had not deprived the family of a maintenance. Unlike many of our great men, there is no reason to suppose that SCOTT was compelled in early youth to work for a living. At the age of twenty, after the usual studies, he was admitted to the Virginia bar, and spent nearly two years in unsuccessful efforts to obtain practice, first in his native State, and subsequently in South Carolina. Had clients been forthcoming, the country might have lost a great soldier and gained a respectable lawyer. As it was, a natural taste for arms had time to develop in the idleness of the circuit, and was stimulated by the prospect of a new outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain. In 1808 Congress increased the army, and on SCOTT's earnest solicitation he was appointed, in May of that year, when he was barely twenty-two, a Captain of Light Artillery.

For the next three years his life was not of public interest. He was sent to Louisiana, and there, with an indiscretion not unnatural in a fiery youth, he used expressions respecting his superior officer which led to a court-martial and to his suspension from the service for a year. At the present day no officer in WILKINSON's position would prosecute a young captain for talking foolishly about him at a dinner-table. But sixty years ago public men were more sensitive, and even Senators appealed to the Senate to be protected against newspaper criticism. The suspension was a lucky accident for SCOTT. He devoted the idle year to close study of his profession at the house of his friend, B. WATKINS LEIGH, and thus fitted himself for the work he had to do.

It came soon enough. After a forbearance unparalleled in history, on 18th June, 1812, Congress declared war upon Great Britain. On 12th October following SCOTT, now Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, made a forced march through a heavy storm to Schlosser, and offered his services to General VAN RENSSELAER, who was about to attack the British works on Queenstown Heights. Whether the adventure was a wise one has been a matter of debate. Judged by the result, it was not. It may well be said that, before embarking in the enterprise, the General in command ought to have made sure both of adequate transportation and of the fidelity of his troops. But the people's heart was smarting under the disgrace of HULL's surrender, and—as before Bull Run—every one said that something must be done to sustain the morale of the army. So CHRYSTIE and VAN RENSSELAER advanced in boats, in small detached parties, and effected a landing; fought gallantly enough, against desperate odds, until one officer after another was disabled or killed, and intelligence was received that the New York militia refused to cross the river. SCOTT was on the Canadian side, and practically in command, when the fatal news came. Mounting a log in front of his troops, he briefly described the situation:

"HULL's surrender must be redeemed. Let us die with arms in our hands. There is no retreat!"

And the little band, consisting of less than 300 men, resisted the whole British army for more than two hours. At last, pressed by sheer force down the hill-side, they were driven to the water's edge, and further resistance being impossible, they surrendered. SCOTT thus began the practical study of his profession in defeat and imprisonment.

Every school-boy is familiar with the story of his interview in his prison with the two Indian warriors. The giant JACOBS, a Hercules of the forest, had so often fired at him in the course of the battle that he could not understand how the tall American still survived, and with a rude hand tried to feel for the wounds he felt sure he must have inflicted. All the gentleman's blood in SCOTT was roused.

"Off, villain!" said he, throwing the savage back: "you fired like a squaw!"

"We kill you now," was the response of the grinning savage.

And but for a swift leap to the rear, where he grasped a sword, and the timely appearance of a British officer of the guard, SCOTT's career might have been ended by the tomahawks of his visitors.

Not less familiar to all readers is his dispute with his captors about their Irish prisoners. On the deck of a transport in the port of Quebec the British officers had mustered their Queenstown prisoners, and were separating the Irishmen from the Americans. They required each prisoner to answer a question, picked out the Irishmen by their brogue, and set them in irons as traitors. As soon as he discovered what was going on, SCOTT ordered his men to keep silence, and they obeyed in spite of threats and entreaties. Out of this transaction grew the famous debate on the right of a British subject to expatriate himself. The British Government at first threatened to execute as traitors 23 Irishmen, taken prisoners at Queenstown. Our Government, through SCOTT, who was soon exchanged, set apart 23 Englishmen, prisoners of war, as hostages for the 23 Irishmen. Wild with rage, Earl BATHURST then put in close confinement 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers to answer for the 23 Englishmen. And Mr. MADISON retaliated by setting apart 46 British officers to answer for the 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers. This settled the question. The 23 Irishmen were never brought to trial, and at the close of the war were released. And though the British Parliament has never formally admitted the right of a British subject to expatriate himself—indeed, only three or four years ago that right was expressly denied by one of the highest courts of the realm—it is not likely that Great Britain will ever again attempt to enforce her peculiar views against naturalized citizens of the United States.

But little glory was won on the northern frontier in 1813; what little there was belongs to SCOTT. The only successful operation of the year was the capture of Fort George, out of which work the garrison ran almost as soon as they were attacked. It was Colonel SCOTT, who with his own hands pulled down the British flag—his "long legs" having enabled him to distance PORTER in the race, to the latter's great disgust. He subsequently commanded the advance of General WILKINSON's miserable expedition against Montreal, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and was not sorry when relieved from duty under that incapable officer.

This and other failures satisfied Colonel SCOTT that, to win victories over trained British troops, our officers and soldiers must know more than they did. Accordingly, in the winter of 1813–14, he established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, became himself drill sergeant for the officers of a brigade, and as soon as his pupils were sufficiently instructed, saw that they imparted what they had learned to the men. By dint of hard work he had succeeded by spring-time in creating a full brigade of well-disciplined troops—perhaps the best brigade in the service. On 9th March he was appointed to their command with the rank of Brigadier. He told the Government that his brigade would give a good account of themselves, and he kept his word.

On 5th July the battle of Chippewa was fought. The commander of the American army, General BROWN, was far in the rear when it began. All the instructions SCOTT received were in these words, about a couple of hours before the first fire:

"The enemy are advancing; you will have a fight."

BROWN himself freely admitted that the glory of the day was SCOTT's. The battle was won by superior generalship; SCOTT succeeded in striking the British line obliquely and doubling it up. The force on both sides was about equal—say 2000 on a side; the killed, wounded, and missing about 16 per cent. on our side, and 25 per cent. on the side of the enemy. Quite a sharp affair, small as the numbers appear by the side of the heavy figures of more recent contests.

The battle of Niagara, Lundy's Lane, or Bridgewater, as it has sometimes been called, was a still more bloody affair. It was a surprise to our side. False information had led General BROWN to believe that the enemy were moving on Schlosser, whereas the only change in their position was the arrival of some fresh troops. General SCOTT, at the head of his brigade, came unexpectedly upon the whole British army drawn up in order of battle, in a good position, at about 7 P.M. on 25th July. The crisis was one of those which try a General. Had SCOTT attempted to retreat the enemy, three or four to one, would have overwhelmed him. He could not stand still under fire. He decided instantly to attack, and at the same time sent swift aids to the rear for the remainder of the army. The ruse succeeded. The English did not suspect that there was no one in their front but General SCOTT's brigade. They moved cautiously, and stood upon the defensive. By the time they discovered their mistake BROWN had come up with the remainder of his army, and the contest was nearly equal. It ended in our driving the enemy from the ground he occupied. Beyond this there was no result. The loss on both sides was about equal—say 26 per cent. of the force engaged.

These two battles demonstrated that the youth of 26, whose tall form was so conspicuous where the fight was hottest, and who seemed utterly reckless of his personal safety, was likewise a ripe and sagacious General. Connoisseurs like WELLINGTON and KOSCIUSKO pronounced his strategy in this campaign to be of the highest order. His men were enthusiastic over his personal bravery. Warned to dispense with some of the gaudy trappings of his uniform, which, added to his great height, made him a conspicuous mark for sharp-shooters, he said, "No; if I die I will die in my robes." At Fort George he was the first in the work, though he knew that matches had been applied to the magazine. At Niagara two horses were killed under him, and he was twice wounded, once in the side, and again, at the close of the fight, very severely in the shoulder.

To a man like SCOTT, keenly sensitive to public opinion, and greedy of fame, his reward for the services he had rendered his country must have been peculiarly gratifying. Prostrated by his wound, he was carried to Batavia, and thence, as he slowly recovered, on the shoulders of friends, to Geneva. Thence he was able to ride in a carriage, and he proceeded by easy stages to Philadelphia. His journey was one continued ovation. People turned out to meet the conqueror as they had turned out to meet WASHINGTON. Mothers brought their children to look at him. At Princeton, New Jersey, he was received at Nassau Hall, glorified in an eloquent speech, and honored with a degree. At Philadelphia the Governor met him with a division of militia. At Washington the President offered him the Secretaryship of War. This he declined, but accepted the rank of Major-General—the highest in the army at that time. Congress struck a gold medal in his honor. The Legislatures of Virginia and New York voted him swords and thanks. Like NAPOLEON, he had reached the pinnacle of fame and popularity at an age when most men are only just commencing life.

The next eighteen years were usefully spent in the public service. He enriched our military literature with several works of merit, which are still used as hand-books. He devoted attention to improving the condition of the army, and spent much time at West Point. He traveled in Europe, studied foreign military systems, and borrowed what his judgment approved. His old chivalrous nature loomed up when the cholera broke out among some troops in the West. With his own hands the fearless soldier nursed the sick and soothed the dying. From his position as Commander-in-Chief, he was in constant consultation with the Presidents of the day, and with increasing years his judgment ripened, and his opinions on topics not military were frequently sought by the best minds of the country.

It is perhaps too much to say that but for him the war of rebellion would have broken out thirty years before. Certain it is, however, that a majority of the people of South Carolina were as bent on rebellion in 1832 as afterward in 1860: equally certain that his wise precautions, the careful garrisoning of the forts, the quiet gathering of strength sufficient to defeat attack, the preparations to collect duties off Fort Moultrie, and the constantly implied assertion that the Government would not hesitate to defend itself by force if assailed, had much to do with the collapse of nullification; and quite possible that similar precautions, taken in time by BUCHANAN, might have averted the civil war in 1861. He had shown so much tact and judgment in this delicate matter that the popular voice selected him to be "moderator" when the patriot war in Canada threatened to involve the country in needless hostilities. Once more he revisited the scenes of his early glories—this time to keep the peace and prevent war. He was as brave as ever. When an angry meeting of "sympathizers," furious at some violation of our territory by Canadians, threatened to invade the Province forthwith, he lectured them, and wound up with—

"You know me, and I tell you that, except over my body, you shall not cross the line."

By dint of hard work and telling speeches he succeeded in checking the sympathizers and preventing a war. A like service he rendered at a later date, when the northeastern boundary dispute threatened to involve Maine and New Brunswick in war. A still more difficult and delicate feat was performed by him in 1838, when he succeeded in removing the Cherokees from their homes in Georgia to their new reserve west of the Mississippi. To induce 15,000 people, old and young, to remove against their will from the homes of their fathers, to a new country a thousand miles away, without force, harshness, or cruelty, seems a problem pretty nearly insoluble; but SCOTT solved it, and actually won the esteem and affection of the Indians.

WINFIELD SCOTT was 60 years of age when the Mexican war broke out. With the exception of SUWAROFF, who was 65 when he defeated KOSCIUSKO at Warsaw, and MARLBOROUGH, who was nearly 60 when he won Malplaquet, but few Generals have won victories at so advanced an age. Very few indeed of the great soldiers of history accomplished any thing after they had passed fifty. SCOTT was an exception to the rule. He had placed himself among the great soldiers of the world at an age when most men are mere boys, and now he was going to prove himself a still greater soldier at an age when most men are retiring from life.

The Mexican war was begun by the Mexicans, who invaded Texas. Expelled from that State, they were pursued by TAYLOR, and driven from Monterey; but not even the victory of Buena Vista brought us nearer to a peace. General SCOTT told the Administration that peace could only be won by blows at the vital parts of Mexico: which he explained by suggesting an expedition against the city of Mexico from the base of Vera Cruz. There was at first considerable hesitation at Washington. Sound military men questioned the safety of an expedition whose objective point was some two hundred miles from its base, and there can be no question but Mr. POLK was extremely loth to add to the laurels of General SCOTT—a political opponent. But the credit of the Administration required successes, and after much delay General SCOTT was directed in November, 1847, to carry out his plans. To the Mexicans, the intelligence was not unwelcome. The castle of San Juan D'Ulloa they considered impregnable, and SANTA ANNA proclaimed that between Vera Cruz and Puebla they would find "many a Thermopylæ."

Yet they neglected obvious precautions. On 9th March, 1848, SCOTT landed his army without opposition three miles from Vera Cruz, and at once besieged the place. A fortnight afterward the bombardment commenced, and at the end of seven days the town and castle surrendered. Both foreign and domestic critics had predicted that General SCOTT would spend a year in vain attempts to reduce San Juan D'Ulloa.

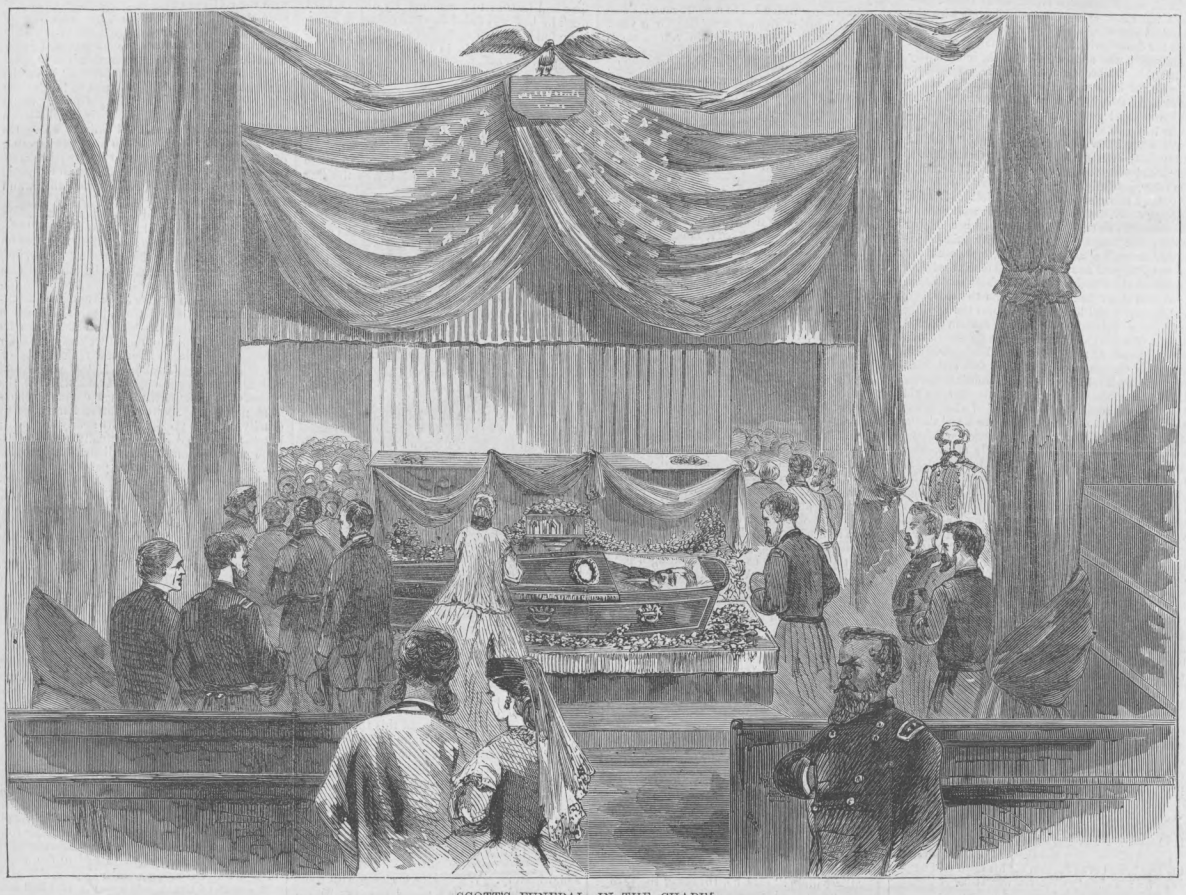
A few days were spent in landing material of war, and preparing for the long march into the interior. In the second week of April the army moved, and on 15th the advance met the Mexicans under SANTA ANNA, at the defile of Cerro Gordo—a post naturally strong, and to fortify which the Mexicans had expended their best efforts. General SCOTT's course showed that age had not diminished his early vigor.

"The enemy's whole line of intrenchments," he ordered, "will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned early in the day to-morrow, probably before 10 A.M."

It was so done. Some of the Mexican works were stormed, others were turned; three thousand Mexicans surrendered with all their artillery, and SANTA ANNA, whose first experience of a Mexican Thermopylæ must have been disheartening, mounted a mule out from his carriage, and rode rapidly toward Perote. The pursuit was vigorous. Through Jalapa and Perote, without halting or meeting an enemy, SCOTT's army pushed forward to Puebla, 115 miles from Vera Cruz, on 15th May, six weeks from the successful establishment of their base on the coast.

It was then that the real difficulties of the campaign began. To keep open a line of communications 115 miles long through a hostile country, full of defiles and mountain passes, with an army in all ten thousand strong, was a feat that has not been surpassed even in the late war. The difficulties of the situation were aggravated by lukewarm support of the General at Washington, and by querulous letters written by officers of his command to newspapers at home. SCOTT's manly soul chafed fiercely at criticisms which a man of less sensitive organization would have despised. But neither the captious sarcasms of the War Department nor the ignorant cavils of newspapers diverted him from his purpose. By strenuous exertions he kept the road open to Vera Cruz, and at length, in August, he received the supplies and reinforcements he needed. As soon as he could count upon 10,000 available men, besides the garrisons required for his base line, he moved on Mexico.

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SCOTT'S FUNERAL—IN THE CHAPEL.

It is not necessary here to recapitulate the familiar story of Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the Belen Gate. It must suffice to say that by strategy and the valor of his troops SCOTT, with ten thousand men, in the open plain, beat SANTA ANNA, with twenty thousand behind strong works, and on September 14 entered the Gran Plaza of Mexico a conqueror. The exploit deserved and elicited the warmest applause from military critics in Europe. It reminded one of NAPOLEON'S early feats in the war in Italy. Stunned by the unexpected result, the Mexicans made haste to negotiate for peace; and when it was found that the victor demanded no exorbitant terms, did not seek to alter the form of their government, would accept no reward for himself, and merely proposed a plan of accommodation which, while guarding against a recurrence of hostilities, was equally honorable to Mexico and to the United States, they actually received him with enthusiasm.

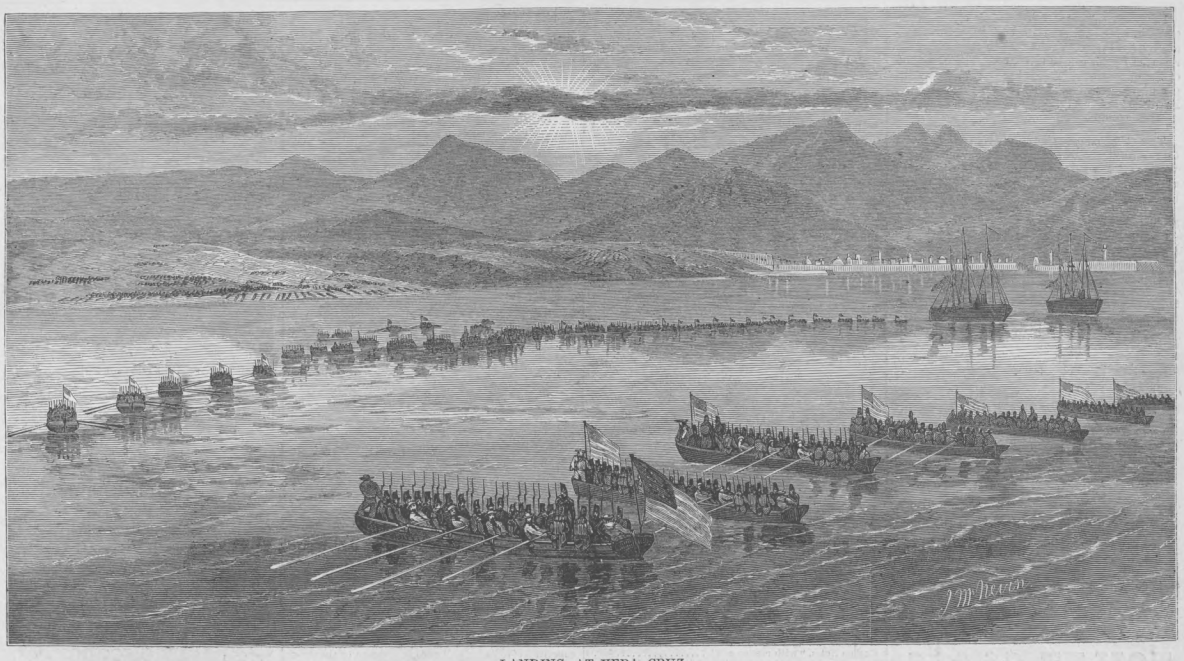
His return to the United States, which should have been triumphal, was embittered by squabbles with his officers and bickerings with the Government. As was the case in M'CLELLAN'S Army of the Potomac, many generals of the Army of Mexico thought more of their own fame than of the success of the national arms; and the Administration, blinded by partisan prejudice, could only see in the conqueror of Mexico a formidable Whig competitor for the Presidential succession. By order of the Government General SCOTT had handed over the command of his army to General BUTLER, and returned home in October, 1848, to stand his trial before a court-martial on charges preferred against him by creatures like PILLOW, and to prosecute charges against other officers. A knowledge of the weak points of SCOTT'S character—of his readiness to accept an affront from the most insignificant person, and of his sensitiveness to indignities which a more callous nature would never have noticed—enabled unworthy men in the army and in the Government to wound him beyond bearing, and to goad him, in the extremity of his suffering, to retorts which did not become his greatness.

In June, 1852, nearly four years after his return from Mexico, the Whigs nominated him for the Presidency. He was beaten by Mr. PIERCE, his record on the slavery question being less clear than that of his Democratic antagonist. His letter



BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

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LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

to T. P. ATKINSON, written in 1843, on the subject of slavery, showed clearly that he didn't like the institution, and this was enough for ripening secessionists. Mr. PIERCE, on the contrary, was understood to regard slavery as the direct work of Providence. Such a defeat, on such grounds, involved a compliment.

In October, 1860, Lieutenant-General SCOTT (Congress had given him that brevet rank) was seventy-four years of age. His body was feeble; he was lame; he suffered from a painful disease; he slept badly. But his mind was clear enough to discern the signs of the times. Ten days before the Presidential election he called Mr. BUCHANAN'S attention to the defenseless state of the Southern forts, and to the danger of their being seized by Southern rebels. With the guileless simplicity of his character, he never suspected the President of complicity with the traitors. Again and again, after the election of Mr. LINCOLN, he pressed his views on the Government; they were uniformly disregarded. His old comrade in arms, General CASS, was the only member of the Government who would listen to him, and he was too old to struggle against his colleagues. The others affected to disbelieve his warnings, or chuckled over what they called his "senile terrors."

As inauguration day drew near, and the seizure of Southern forts by rebels and the passage of pretended ordinances of secession vindicated the soundness of General SCOTT'S judgment, the traitors at Washington threw off the mask, and confessed that they regarded the Government as defunct. BUCHANAN actually countermanded the parade of the troops on WASHINGTON'S birthday—"for fear of irritating the South." General SCOTT—noble old Roman—grew stronger and sterner as other men in authority grew weaker and more disposed to temporize. He was not afraid of offending any body. His knowledge of the Southern character led him to apprehend an attempt to assassinate LINCOLN. By the aid of his detectives, he discovered the Baltimore plot about as soon as it was found out by the detectives employed by Mr. SEWARD and THURLOW WEED. This nefarious scheme baffled, his next care was to see that Mr. LINCOLN was not murdered on inauguration day.

Persons who witnessed that inauguration will remember that a large number of roofs on Pennsylvania Avenue were covered with men. Careless observers took them for spectators. They were, in reality, troops, armed with rifles. In the crowd were armed detectives, acting under SCOTT'S orders; and in buildings adjacent to the Capitol were three or four batteries of horse artillery, fully manned and equipped; the most efficient of them commanded by a gawky young lieutenant—GODFREY WEITZEL. Washington was, in fact, that day in a state of siege; though nobody, except, perhaps, the conspirators, knew it. If all passed off tranquilly, the event may, perhaps, be due to General SCOTT'S thorough precautions.

Of the remaining years of General SCOTT'S life there is little to be said. He soon became aware that at his age, and with his infirmities, he was not competent to conduct the War for the Union. Bull Run almost broke his heart; and though he lived to repent his designation of M'CLELLAN as the fittest officer to succeed him in the supreme command, it was with sincere delight that he relinquished a responsibility which he was no longer able to endure. In quiet retirement, beguiling his leisure by the composition of an autobiography, he took the interest of a true patriot in the success of our arms; followed GRANT and SHERMAN on the map with the eye of a connoisseur, and was never tired of extolling their merits to visitors. He had been sadly chastened of late. Many of his best friends had turned their backs on him. ROBERT E. LEE, his right hand, led the rebel army; another and a dearer one yet was suspected of even fouler treason; his wife's family were open rebels; his native State denounced him. With more humility and resignation than were his wont in younger days, he bowed his head to these afflictions, and clove the closer to his country as his friends departed from it.

Though he had no warning of his approaching death he was not unprepared. For some time he had expected his end; and had more than once sought religious counsel, and devoted his thoughts to a future world. He died, where he wished to die, at West Point—the place above all others which he loved, and where he will be best remembered. There are no "last words" of his to be recorded by the historian. His last act was to press, in token of approbation, the hand of the clergyman who proposed to read to him, as he lay dying, the noble service for the dead from the ritual of the Episcopal Church.



STORMING OF MOLINO DEL REY.



SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.

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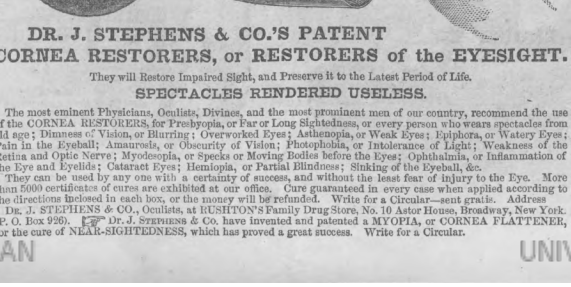
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CATARRH!—NORTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR CATARRH removes at once noises in the head, pain in the temples, offensive discharges, and extinguishes the disease at its fountain head forever. Price $1 00 a bottle. Send a stamp for a pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, 11 Ann St.

Restore Your Sight.

USE



DR. J. STEPHENS & CO.'S PATENT CORNEA RESTORERS, or RESTORERS of the EYESIGHT.

They will Restore Impaired Sight, and Preserve it to the Latest Period of Life.

SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS.

The most eminent Physicians, Oculists, Divines, and the most prominent men of our country, recommend the use of the CORNEA RESTORERS, for Presbyopia, or Far or Long Sightedness, or every person who wears spectacles from old age; Dimness of Vision, or Blurring; Overworked Eyes; Asthenopia, or Weak Eyes; Epiphora, or Watery Eyes; Pain in the Eyeball; Amaurosis, or Obscurity of Vision; Photophobia, or Intolerance of Light; Weakness of the Retina and Optic Nerve; Myodesopia, or Specks or Moving Bodies before the Eyes; Ophthalmia, or Inflammation of the Eye and Eyelids; Cataract Eyes; Hemiopia, or Partial Blindness; Sinking of the Eyeball, &c.

They can be used by any one with a certainty of success, and without the least fear of injury to the Eye. More than 5000 certificates of cures are exhibited at our office. Cure guaranteed in every case when applied according to the directions inclosed in each box, or the money will be refunded. Write for a Circular—sent gratis. Address

DR. J. STEPHENS & CO., Oculists, at BUSHNON'S Family Drug Store, No. 10 Astor House, Broadway, New York. (P. O. Box 926). ☞ DR. J. STEPHENS & Co. have invented and patented a MYOPIA, or CORNEA FLATTENER, for the cure of NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS, which has proved a great success. Write for a Circular.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

TWICE A MONTH.

THE

GALAXY,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED FORTNIGHTLY.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Among the contributors thus far are Bayard Taylor, Richard Grant White, Edmund C. Stedman, Frances Power Cobbe, John Esten Cooke, Prof. Blot, Chas. Godfrey Leland, Dr. Henry Draper, Phœbe Cary, Rose Terry, The Author of "Emily Chester," and others.

Send 25 cents for a specimen copy to

W. C. & F. P. CHURCH,
No. 39 Park Row, New York.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.

$2 MAGIC Timekeeper $2

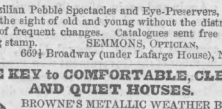
And Vest Chain, $2 00.

A genuine English SOLID GOLD or SILVER COMPOSITE Timekeeper, with accurate *miniature* COMPASS in the dial, in handsome *cases.* Beautiful and elaborate in *design,* of *exquisite workmanship,* and remarkable for its CORRECTNESS and absolute certainty as a REGULATOR, *fully warranted* for 2 years; will last a LIFETIME, and is a most ELEGANT and PERFECTLY RELIABLE Pocket Companion and MAGNIFICENT PRESENT for Ladies' or Gentlemens' use. Price each, small size, with a *rich gold plated Gents' Vest Chain,* only $2. *Mailed free.* AGENTS WANTED every where. *Price list free.* Address M. A. NEILE & CO., Importers of Watches, &c., S. E. corner Broadway and Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1847.

Brilliant and Powerful Day and Night

DOUBLE PERSPECTIVE GLASSES,

For Tourists, Sportsmen, and Theatre-Goers.



Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OPTICIAN,
669½ Broadway (under Lafarge House), N.Y.

THE KEY to COMFORTABLE, CLEAN, AND QUIET HOUSES.

BROWNE'S METALLIC WEATHER BANDS exclude DUST, NOISE, and ODOR, STOP the RATTLING OF SASHES, and are warranted good for FIVE YEARS. Principal Depot No. 644 Broadway, New York, over the Manhattan Savings-Bank.

Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.

THE WEST INDIAN HAIR CURLER.—Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO., Box 5251, New York Post-Office.

Great Freckle, Tan, & Pimple Banisher,

Now ready and for sale. It beats the world. Try it. Warranted. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING COMPANY, Box 6251, New York Post-Office.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

MALARIA EVERY WHERE.

Rarely has there been a season as fruitful as this of malarious diseases. Not only on the prairies and in the valleys of the West; not merely in all the old haunts of Fever and Ague and Bilious Remittent Fever have these prostrating diseases been unusually virulent; but they have extended to towns and cities never before infested with them, and have even ascended the mountains and attacked thousands of people supposed to have been placed by the laws of nature above their reach. Hence we are compelled to admit that a fatal element pervades the universal air this season, and should at once resort to the only approved preventive of its consequences,

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

a tonic so potent, an antiseptic so perfect, an alterative so irresistible, and a stimulant so pure, that it enables the human system to resist and baffle all the predisposing causes of disease. With the confidence that one clothed in incombustible garments might move among blazing buildings, the man who arms himself against malaria with this powerful *defensive medicine* may walk a fever-scourged district fearless of its insalubrious atmosphere. The intermittents and remittents at present so general in all parts of the country may be but the forerunners of a deadlier scourge now on its way westward from the far East. Prepare the system with

Hostetter's Bitters

for a successful battle with the mephitic causes of *all epidemics.* Be wise in time. Sold every where.—*New York World, November* 6, 1865.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $3500. The Press on which Harper's Weekly has been printed. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS,
331 Pearl Street, New York.

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THE

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following kinds from their Stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL and HYSON, best, $1 25 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. ℔ lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we will sell at the low price of 30c. ℔ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 ℔ lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City;
No. 640 Broadway, corner of Bleecker Street;
No. 503 Eighth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street;
No. 205 Fulton St., Brooklyn, corner Concord St.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small Stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of clubs can have each party's name marked on their packages as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often, while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs. And when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford.

The following letter tells its own story:

BRODHEAD, GREEN CO., WIS., *May 8, 1866.*

To The Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York City:

The package of Tea I ordered of you came safely to hand. All are highly pleased with their Teas. Your best is superior to what our merchants *call their best*, and sell for $2 to $2 50. The Oolong is far better than what they sell at $1 70. I herewith send another order, amounting to $131. I could send you a much larger one, but many of our farmers are so afraid of being humbugged. They say that if you give as good satisfaction this time as you did before, they will then "*go in.*" Send the goods by United States Express, with bill for collection, as before. Also bill by mail to myself. You will hear in a larger way from this section next time. Mark the box to my address.

Respectfully yours, W. B. MACK.

ORDER No. 2.

5 lbs.	Best Oolong	T. D. Laird. at $1 00	$5 00
5 lbs.	"	L. Simons. at 1 00	5 00
2 lbs.	"	Mrs. Howard. at 1 00	2 00
5 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	C. Lampson. at 1 00	5 00
1 lb.	Imperial	D. Gunnison. at 80	80
2 lbs.	Green Tea	James Spencer. at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Imperial	James Spencer. at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	James Spencer. at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	James Spencer. at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	J. R. Kirkpatrick. at 1 25	2 50
5 lbs.	Gunpowder	Franklin Mitchell. at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	Moses Kirkpatrick. at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	Moses Kirkpatrick. at 1 25	2 50
6 lbs.	Imperial	T. T. Cortelyou. at 1 25	7 50
4 lbs.	"	Jas. Kirkpatrick. at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs.	Gunpowder	Jas. Kirkpatrick. at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Jas. Kirkpatrick. at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	F. B. & D. Coffee	Jas. Kirkpatrick. at 30	1 20
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	Austin Cole. at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Austin Cole. at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	J. N. Davis. at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	J. N. Davis. at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Jacob Teneyck. at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Jacob Teneyck. at 1 25	1 25
5 lbs.	Young Hyson	Robert Brown. at 1 25	6 25
3 lbs.	Imperial	S. Graham. at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	S. Graham. at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	"	Dr. Springsted. at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	Dr. Springsted. at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	Wm. Hall. at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	"	Mrs. Chas. Clinton. at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Oolong	Mrs. Chas. Clinton. at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs.	Imperial	Walter Smith. at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	Walter Smith. at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	W. Mitchell. at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	W. Mitchell. at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	"	R. Colton. at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs.	"	P. Teneyck. at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	P. Teneyck. at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan (getter up of this club)	W. B. Mack. at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	R. J. Day. at 1 25	2 50
5 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	R. J. Day. at 1 25	6 25
	Total		$131 00

P. S.—Send 4 lbs. of your *best green* Java Coffee, with price, to W. B. MACK.

Our second order from Mr. R. H. Harrison, of Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Shops, fort Wayne, Ind., embraces a club-order comprising over 200 names of gentlemen engaged in the above manufacturing works.

All Manufacturing Establishments can save two thirds of the cost of their Tea by sending their orders to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York City. (Post-Office Box 5643.)



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse

Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 686 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.
NEW STORE, NEW STYLES, POPULAR PRICES.

These extensive warerooms afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable Rich, Medium, and Plain Furniture, which will be sold at Popular Prices. ☞ Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and handsomest stock in this country. No. 686 BROADWAY, New York City.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

MAMMOTH OIL ENTERPRISE AND GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

40,000 Shares of Stock to be Sold for Five Dollars each,
AND
40,000 Valuable Presents—One to each Shareholder.

$20,000 IN GREENBACKS, HOUSES, AND OTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY, TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG SHAREHOLDERS WHO INVEST $5 IN THE STOCK OF THE VANCEBURG OIL COMPANY, WHICH WILL PAY 200 PER CENT. PROFIT ANNUALLY ON THE AMOUNT OF THE INVESTMENT.

Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at
IRVING HALL, NEW YORK.

The merit of this plan is two-fold. First, each subscriber to a $5 share becomes a Stockholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—*a small fortune.*

SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

1 Present,	Brown Stone House in New York City	$15,000
1 "	Frame House	5,000
1 "	do.	3,000
6 Presents,	Lots in the City of New York	9,000
1 Present,	Rosewood Piano	1,000
10 Presents,	Cabinet Organs, @ $300 each	3,000
10 "	Melodeons, @ $300 each	3,000
10 "	Gold Watches, @ $100 each	1,000
10 "	Silver Watches, @ $50 each	500
10 "	Silver Watches, @ $25 each	250
2,000 "	$10 each in Greenbacks	20,000
3,000 "	Splendid Albums, $8 each	24,000
2,000 "	Splendid Albums, $5 each	10,000
5,000 "	Gold Lockets, $4 each	20,000
5,000 "	Gold Pens, $3 each	15,000
8,000 "	Steel Engravings of General Grant, $1 each	8,000
14,940 "	Packs of Union Cards (for Parlor Amusement)	7,470
40,000 Presents,	amounting to	$145,220
	Cash Present to the Company	50,000
	Expenses (estimated)	4,780
40,000 Shares to be Sold for		$200,000

HOW TO OBTAIN SHARES.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vanceburg Petroleum and Mining Company; and each accompanied by a card of admission (properly numbered), to the Grand Distribution, and entitling the holder to the present that may be drawn to its number on that occasion. The receipts and cards of admission can be had at book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at $5 per share, or by inclosing the amount in a registered letter to

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Agents wanted every where.

Wines and Cordials.

I will send to any address, on receipt of One Dollar, directions for making the following Wines and Cordials, so extensively used in Great Britain, viz.: Shrub, Spruce, Raspberry, Noyeau, Clover, Gingerette, Gooseberry, Currant, Ginger, Honey, Parsnip, Elderberry, and Rhubarb, equal to imported Champagnes. The cost is but trifling. Contain no alcohol. Pleasant to the taste, and exceedingly healthy. Address Thomas H. Giddings, Lancaster, Ohio.

FIVE DOLLAR

GOLD MEDAL

SEWING MACHINE,

AN ENTIRELY NEW and *Serviceable* Sewing Machine, Class 1, *especially adapted* to FAMILY USE, with *Palmer improvement.* Warranted SEWS STRONG, ELEGANT, and RAPID.

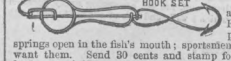
WILL NEITHER RIP NOR RAVEL.
MAKES THE STITCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES.
WILL NOT DROP A STITCH.
IS A SELF-FEEDER.

STRENGTH, ELEGANCE, SPEED, SIMPLICITY, CERTAINTY, and CHEAPNESS *in one.* Gives *perfect satisfaction* wherever introduced. ONE MACHINE, Class 1, for family use forwarded by Express *to any part* on receipt of price, $5. Address Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co., S. E. corner of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.



FISHING TACKLE,

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DEAPER, No. 53 Nassau Street, one door from Maiden Lane, New York.



Patent Snap-and-Catch-Em Fish-Hook. A perfect trap; springs open in the fish's mouth; sportsmen and boys all want them. Send 30 cents and stamp for two sample hooks, or $1 25 for one dozen, and trade-prices, to JOSEPH BRIGGS, 335 Broadway, New York. Room 36.

Remarkable Cure of Stiff Knee by

Allcock's Porous Plasters.

How many persons, from stepping on a piece of orange-peel, have been lamed for life. A case which might have been of this kind has just been brought to our notice. A gentleman, from placing the heel of his boot on a piece of orange-peel, was suddenly thrown down, and violently sprained his knee. He was six months confined to the house, though he had the best medical advice. As a last resort a very eminent physician was called in to see if any thing more could be done. After examination he said, "My opinion is, your knee will never be bent again." He recommended that the whole leg and knee should be encased in a plaster of Paris bandage, which would accelerate the permanent stiffening of the knee, and said that the sooner it was done the better. But the patient, before trying this application and having a stiff knee for life, enveloped it in our Porous Plasters, and in less than two months his knee was perfectly cured.

Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. By the yard or single plaster. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

Mosquito Nets

WITH PATENT PORTABLE FRAMES.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

"The Mammoth Informer" given away to every body. Send stamp for it. Courtship made easy. 15 cents. Bridal etiquette, 15 cents. Laws of love, 20 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

A NEW GAME.

All persons who would like to make money easily, and who have brains enough to know a "a good thing" when they see it, will write for further information to "G. S. W.," Box 653, Newark, New Jersey.

STANDARD AMERICAN



BILLIARD TABLES.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Tables manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by
PHELAN & COLLENDER, Nos. 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby Street, New York City.

I. E. WALRAVEN,

IMPORTER AND DEALER
IN
CURTAINS,

WINDOW-SHADES,
AND
LINENS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

No. 686 Broadway, New York,
719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CLOSING OUT SALE

OF THE

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

Owing to the failure and sudden closing of the works and business of the

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

A large number of fine Watches, manufactured especially for the United States, being heavy, first-class timekeepers, intended to stand hard usage and sudden changes of temperature, are left in our hands for immediate sale. As agents of the Company, we are obliged to dispose of this stock for cash in the shortest possible time. We have, therefore, decided on the plan annexed as the one that will be productive of the desired result. This plan gives every one an opportunity of obtaining first-class time-keepers at a price that all can command. As every Certificate represents a Watch, there are no blanks, and every one who invests in this sale must get a Watch at half the retail price at least; and, if at all fortunate, one to wear with pride through life.

Remittances may be made at our risk in registered letters or by express, or post-office orders and drafts payable to our order, and we guarantee a safe return. This INSURES safe delivery and sure return to every patron.

We warrant every Watch as represented, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Knowing the worth of the stock, we can give a warrantee to every purchaser. The price has been placed at the very low figure in order to insure immediate sale; and all who desire to improve the opportunity should make early application.

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York,
(Late 303 Broadway,)
AGENTS for THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF

Fine Watches and Chains,

Worth $350,000!

TO BE SOLD FOR

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

127	Gold hunting-cased Chronometers, from	$175 to $455
163	Gold hunting-cased English Pat. Levers	150 to 300
144	Gold hunting-cased Duplex	100 to 365
175	Gold hunting-cased Patent Levers	75 to 270
232	Gold hunting-cased Levers	60 to 275
240	Gold hunting-cased Lepines	50 to 265
169	Gold magic-cased Levers	90 to 270
335	Heavy gold-cased Patent Levers	75 to 295
268	Heavy gold-cased Levers	70 to 175
120	Ladies' gold hunting-cased Levers	45 to 225
273	Ladies' gold enam'd hunting-cased Levers	55 to 250
135	Ladies' gold enam'd magic-cased Levers	60 to 275
225	Ladies' gold-cased engraved Levers	45 to 175
263	Ladies' gold-cased engraved Lepines	40 to 125
280	Heavy solid silver cased Duplex	80 to 125
735	Heavy solid silver cased Patent Levers	20 to 125
500	Heavy solid silver cased Levers	25 to 100
478	Heavy solid silver cased Lepines	20 to 90
263	Ladies' solid cased Levers	25 to 90
224	Ladies' solid cased Lepines	20 to 65
500	Solid Gold Guard and Vest Chains	15 to 150
350	Solid Gold Leontine and Chatelaines	15 to 125

☞ All the above list of Watches will be sold for Ten Dollars each.

Certificates representing each and every Watch in the above list are placed in similar envelopes and sealed. Any person obtaining a Certificate, to be had at our office, or sent by mail to any address, can have the article called for on the return of the certificate, with Ten Dollars.

We charge, for forwarding certificates, 50 cents each. Five will be sent for $2, and fifteen for $5.

The certificates must in all cases be returned with and accompany the money when goods are ordered.

All orders promptly filled and forwarded by return mail or express. Address

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,
120 Broadway, New York.

5000 Agents Wanted. $5 per day and expenses. Inclose stamp for circular to Bell & Co., Springfield, Mass.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



RATHER 'CUTE.

SMALL BUT SHARP PASSENGER. "Look here! You didn't give me the Right Change just now!"

CLERK. "Too Late, Sir! You should have Spoken when you took your Ticket!"

PASSENGER. "*Should* I? Well, it's of no Consequence to me; but you gave me Five Dollars Too Much! Ta-ta!" [*Exit.*

THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,

To have been given at CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1866, will be postponed until MONDAY, JULY 9th, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.

THE POSTPONEMENT is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet unsold as the positive necessity there is for a proper registration of those already disposed of, which has been delayed in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns. We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them without delay, as we have but a limited number yet on hand. We wish most particularly to impress upon the minds of our Agents the importance of their making their returns at once, and of rectifying whatever errors may have crept into their reports heretofore. We will say to those sending for tickets that if they should all be sold at the time their order is received the money will be returned. No applications for new Agencies for the sale of tickets will be considered, as we have no more than sufficient tickets for those Agents we have already appointed. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn Street; price $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage. We invite the particular attention of persons wishing to order tickets by mail to the following

Special Terms, or Club Rates.

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.:

WE WILL SEND

5 Tickets to one address for $4 50	30 Tickets to one address for..... $26 25
10 Tickets to one address for 9 00	40 Tickets to one address for..... 35 00
20 Tickets to one address for 17 50	50 Tickets to one address for..... 43 50

And 100 Tickets to one address for..... $85 00

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber. Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk. All communications should be addressed to

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,

(Post-Office Drawer 5913.) 133 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund $2000: also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize, for the same purpose.

REFERENCES.—Hon. Major Dan. Mace, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. William Lefingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knox, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kronberg & Co., importers of watches, Chicago.

Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

SOMETHING NEW.

A SET OF ROCK-CRYSTAL JEWELRY, COMPRISING BREAST-PIN AND EAR-RINGS, $2 50.

A FULL SET DITTO, COMPRISING BREAST-PIN, EAR-RINGS, NECKLACE, AND BRACELETS, $5.

Forwarded to any address free on receipt of the price.

F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER,
Importers of Real Laces and Fancy Goods,
727 Broadway, New York.

100 SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS of Female Beauties for 25 cents. Address B. L. FOX, 34 Varick Street, New York City.

EMPLOYMENT. $2,000 A YEAR PAID AGENTS. MALE & FEMALE FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS W. G. WILSON CLEVELAND, O.

Robinson & Ogden,

BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.

ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.



POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 602 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $50 each.

Marvin's Patent

ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES

Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or mould their contents.
Sideboard and parlor safes for silverware.

MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
721 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,



MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,

For the United States Service. Also
POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Canes, Revolving Rifles,

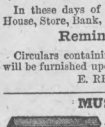
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.

Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y.

MUSICAL BOXES,



Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from $5 50 to $600 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

Stereoscopticons, Magic Lanterns, and Dissolving Views, with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting subject, made by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Priced and illustrated catalogue sent gratis.

MADAME JUMEL'S "MAMMARIAL BALM" for enlarging and beautifying the form. Mechanical appliances used when necessary. Madame Jumel's WRINKLE OBLITERATOR. Depot, 363 CANAL STREET. Orders mailed to Agent for Madame Jumel promptly attended to. Send for Circular.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

Ladies & Gentlemen

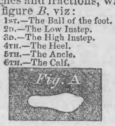
OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, Ag't,
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.

Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:

1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ancle.
6th.—The Calf.





THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

Steel Shirt Collars, "enameled, Snow-White," $1. Send "size" and "style." Billon & Foggan, 78 Nassau St., N.Y.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.



This now celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 73 Beekman Street, New York.

PESTACHINE

It is the Gem Restorer for the Hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. ROOT; manufactured by ORRIN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

UNION ADAMS,

HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

O'BRIEN'S NATIONAL PRIZE CONCERT

WILL BE HELD AT
The Rink,
Thursday, July 5th, 1866.

THIS HALL, BEING THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, WILL ACCOMMODATE ALL WHO WISH TO ATTEND. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CONCERT THE DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE,
WHEN
One Hundred Thousand Dollars
IN VALUABLE PRIZES, INCLUDING
Twenty-three Thousand Dollars in Money,
WILL BE GIVEN TO THE TICKET-HOLDERS.

ONLY 100,000 TICKETS AND 25,000 PRIZES,
Being One Chance in Four.

The First Prize is Ten Thousand Dollars in Cash.

The Drawing will positively take place at the time mentioned. The prizes are all purchased, and will be delivered immediately after the Concert; and a full statement of the drawing and list of the winning numbers will be sent to every ticket-holder. Parties whose numbers appear on the list will forward their tickets at once, with full directions for shipping goods or moneys. I have published A NEW BOOK, containing a full list of prizes, describing how the prizes will be drawn, and how parties not in the city are to send for them, and, indeed, answering every question about the Concert, besides containing much other valuable information, which I will send free of charge to every one buying a ticket and inclosing five cents to pay postage.

Inducements to Clubs:

I WILL SEND

For $ 4 50	5 Tickets.	For $26 00	30 Tickets.
For 7 00	8 Tickets.	For 35 00	40 Tickets.
For 10 50	12 Tickets.	For 43 00	50 Tickets.
For 17 50	20 Tickets.	For 85 00	100 Tickets.
For 21 50	25 Tickets.		

☞ Money can be sent at my risk by Draft, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter. Always send your full Name, State, County, and Post-Office.

ORDER TICKETS EARLY. At this time, June 1st, not over 15,000 Tickets remain unsold, and this number will soon be exhausted. Money received after the Tickets are all sold will be promptly returned.
M. O'BRIEN, 122 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

REFERENCES: William Schaus, N. Y. City; L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass.; C. Taber & Co, New Bedford, Mass.; Summer & Turpin, Rochester, N. Y.; J. M. Bradstreet & Son, Chicago and New York; Goupil & Co., New York City; L. A. Elliott & Co., Boston, Mass.; Butler, Perigo, & Way, Baltimore, Md.; Wm. M. Kohl, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rice & Allen, Chicago and Kalamazoo; Wm. B. Keen & Co, Chicago, and every editor, banker, and merchant in Chicago.

WARD'S Paper Collars AND CUFFS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Wholesale & Retail,
387 BROADWAY, N. Y.



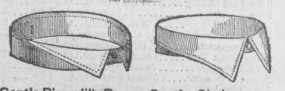
Ladies' Victoria Turn-over Paper Collar. Ladies' Empress Turn-over Paper Collar.



Ladies' English Standing Paper Collar. Ladies' American Standing Paper Collar.



Ladies French Paper Cuffs. Ladies' English Paper Cuffs.



Cent's Piccadilly Paper Collar. Cent's. Shakespeare Paper Collar.



Centlemen's Standing Paper Collar. Gentlemen's Turnover Paper Collar.



Cents. Reversible Paper Cuffs. Cents. English Paper Cuffs.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.
A wholesale price-list sent by mail.

LOCKWOOD'S

(Licensed by the Union Paper Collar Company.)

MOULDED COLLARS,
The Trade supplied with all Styles and Sizes at
93 Reade Street, N. Y. & 255 South Third St., Phila.

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as they describe her gorgeous dress, costing "at least five hundred dollars," and the "several pounds of dyed red hair upon her head?" Does he wish to see her upon the beach at Newport in "a short petticoat not reaching below the calf," or trailing half a thousand dollars' worth of silk and lace along the wet sand? Would she be beautiful to him if he saw her sweeping the gravel of a race-course with "a long train of delicate tinted lilac silk bordered with tea-roses," carrying a lilac parasol also trimmed with roses, and tripping in lilac boots "with a tea-rose on each instep?"

Such is the costume of the Parisian *monde* and *demi-monde*, and here we shall see its remote and ridiculous reproduction at the summer resorts. Is there no one to tell the truth to these pretty American women who make so ludicrous a mistake? Do they suspect how they are ridiculed? Do they know that the gilded youth who flutter around them do not spare them in their gossip? Do they reflect that no man really respects a New York woman who tries to rival the most notorious Paris women? Ah, gentle ladies, be persuaded! If you dress in the style of the *demi-monde* your morals and manners will be held to be those of the *demi-monde*. True womanly modesty still seeks a modest manner and a modest garb. Be as graceful and as tasteful as you will, but do not believe that the heroine of Longchamps or of a luscious French novel is the heroine of any clever man's sincere admiration.

The remedy of this folly lies very much in the hands of sensible people in "society." Let them steadily refuse to allow money to be made the measure of what is truly fashionable. Let them plainly discountenance the gaudy and mad extravagance of the time, and teach the spirit and taste and dress and manners of the *demi-monde* that they must not presume upon admission to "society."

JOHN BULL IN A FINANCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

NOT many weeks since a broker in Wall Street had occasion to meet a New York agent of a London Bank on business. The transaction was one which involved time; and had it been between two New York houses it would have been but customary if a 10 per cent. deposit in a Trust Company had been called on one side or the other to insure the fulfillment of the contract. Such deposits are called, as matters of business, without necessarily implying any want of confidence in the party called on. In the instance referred to the New York broker proposed a mutual deposit.

"Could not think of it, Sir. Our Bank calls, never makes deposits. You shall deposit *with us* to secure the fulfillment of your contract. We never deposit with any one."

The New York broker modestly demurred to so one-sided a contract, and suggested that as his means were here, within the grasp of attorneys and sheriffs, he ought at least to be put on a footing of equality with the agent of an institution organized, with limited liability, under foreign laws, and whose assets were all on the other side of three thousand miles of water. The indignation of the agent of the London concern was Homeric.

"Sir," said he, "if you don't know the soundness of our concern more shame for your ignorance. We are none of your fly-away New York wild-cat banks. We are a London bank. There are none of your New York banks as sound as our London limited-liability banks. We could buy them all out. And as to depositing money with any New York bank or Trust Company, to insure the fulfillment of *our* contracts, upon my soul, Sir, it would be worth as much as my agency is even to mention the suggestion to our solid, substantial, moneyed, stockholders in London!"

The New York broker was snubbed but not convinced, and did not consummate the transaction.

About the same time some faint glimmer of a coming storm was discerned on the financial horizon in England. The sagacious gentleman who conducts the financial department of the London *Times* understood it at once. He was a man of rare discernment. He had seen from the first that the war in this country must end in the triumph of the rebels, and had advised every one to buy rebel cotton bonds at 90, and had warned the Dutchmen who were buying Five-Twenties at 40 that they would be ruined by the operation. He had actually succeeded in dissuading the bulk of his countrymen from buying our securities, and in casting a temporary discredit upon Amsterdam paper. He had fixed the day for the final collapse of United States credit, and spoke encouragingly of the fortunes of British blockade-runners, nearly all of whom have failed. He had invariably denied every Federal victory, and indorsed each successive lie of REUTER'S announcing a rebel success. If he had been a stipendiary of JEFF DAVIS he could not have been more faithful to his cause, or more unscrupulous in the manner in which he prostituted his journal to its aid. When the first dark cloud of trouble began to loom up in London forty or fifty days ago, this faithful and intelligent oracle was at his post. He described the situation in a sentence. The difficulty with England was that she had been lending too much money to the United States. Those rascals of Americans had borrowed money of poor, innocent, plethoric John Bull, until they were head over ears in debt, and now they could not pay, and would probably break. In vain did merchants demonstrate, by the rule o 2 + 2 = 4, that this country did not owe money to England, but, on the contrary, that England owed money to us: these arguments only produced a knowing shake of the sagacious gentleman's head. He was good-natured, indulgent in his reply. He did not wish to be hard on this country. It had its good points. It had done better than he expected. As to the figures, figures always lie — why notice them? The fact was, as he had stated, that the merchants of the United States had got deeply into the debt of the English, and "the great danger for us (the British) is that the Americans will not be able to pay."

Meanwhile, events proceeded. The Germans prepared for war, and by way of preparation withdrew from London moneys which they had deposited there for employment. A thrill passed through the limited-liability banks, which for the most part had been doing a wild speculative business, on the basis of moneys deposited with them by these Germans and others at a low rate of interest. The day of reckoning came. On that day the banks were called upon to repay the money they had received on deposit. They could not do it. They had no money. They had Peruvian bonds, rebel cotton bonds, shares in Guatemala ranches, and in Chili copper mines, Atlantic and Great Western bonds, Turkish debentures, Indian scrip, and the like; but nothing which, in that hour of trouble, commanded cash in the London market. So they failed, one after another, toppling each other over like a row of cards set on end—Overend, Gurney, & Co., the London, the Consolidated, etc., etc. Are there any sound ones at all?

The knot, in the old classic phrase, was worthy of divine interposition, and the Government did, accordingly, interfere by granting the Bank of England power to over-issue notes. This checked the panic, but did not remedy the disease. Without large and prompt supplies of gold it was clear that almost all the banks in England must go by the board. By most extraordinary good fortune those "large and prompt supplies" were forthcoming. And they came—not from Australia, or from the cotton region, or from Peru, or India, or the other countries in which Englishmen had loved to invest their money—but from New York. In one month we sent to England thirty million dollars in gold. Not that we owed it. The money went abroad for the purchase of American securities and American cotton. We could spare it.

So the Bank of England was saved.

It will be curious to read the comments of the sagacious gentleman of the London *Times* on this event. No doubt he will demonstrate to the satisfaction of John Bull that it was, after all, our insolvency which caused the London joint-stock banks to fail, and the soundness of British credit which caused New York to remit to London thirty millions of gold in the month of May to save the Bank of England. For there is no limit to British fatuity. Every Englishman honestly believes that he was born the honestest, wisest, and most virtuous member of the human family. He prays in his church for that "pure and reformed sect to which" he "belongs," and he considers that the purity extends throughout his social and commercial life. Tell him the facts—that the British joint-stock banks on the limited-liability principle are counterparts of our State banks of 1835 and 1836, and that in the ordinary course of events they must fail—that the only sound securities in which the British have been investing money during the last five years are Five-twenty Bonds—that poor old John Bull has been blundering in his old, familiar, pig-headed way ever since the London *Times* and Earl RUSSELL began to prove that the "late United" States were dissolved—and he will smile serenely at your absurdity, with a consciousness—peculiarly his own—of superior wisdom. Such a dear old dolt must be left to develop his own end.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

IT is amusing to observe the solemn fury with which the friends of equal rights in this country are told that they are precipitating a war of races. This is vehemently asserted, too, by many who claim to be especial champions of President JOHNSON, forgetting that he has unequivocally declared himself in favor of enfranchising the colored soldiers and those who pay certain taxes. In this he follows his predecessor, President LINCOLN, who took the same ground. Do the doughty champions wish us to understand that the two Presidents were precipitating a frightful conflict of races?

And from what or whom is this conflict to proceed? Are those who have patiently endured slavery and who have fought bravely for the Government likely suddenly to make war upon those who have freed and enfranchised them? If not, it must be that the war is to be waged against this class by those who were lately fighting against the Union. But if that be so, can the civil and personal rights of the class in question be considered secure if they are left exclusively to the guardianship of those who would massacre them if they were admitted to political rights? Would the inhabitants of the cities of New York or of Albany, for instance, be very sure of fair play from the people of the State in all civil relations if those people were ready to slaughter them if they were allowed to vote?

Zeal should be tempered with discretion. If the ferocious disposition attributed to the whites of the Southern States by the awful prophets of a war of races indeed exists, those prophets establish beyond cavil the necessity of prolonged and stringent military occupation of those States to protect the civil rights of the blacks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read your articles on the late sales of gold by Mr. PETER M. MYERS. I have likewise read Mr. M'CULLOCH'S and Mr. VAN DYCK'S letters on the subject, and, in the language of the New York *Express*, I think, with all due respect to you, that they "settle the question."

There is but one point on which I wish to trouble you. Mr. M'CULLOCH (or perhaps it may be Mr. VAN DYCK) very justly observes that his brother-in-law, Mr. MYERS, had lost much valuable time in "watching the gold speculators"—ah! if the rascals had but suspected they were so closely surveyed—and that he was thus fairly entitled to his commission, which, on thirty millions of gold sold in May, was $37,500.

Now I wish to say that I will watch those rascals in the gold-room steadily, persistently, night and day, if need be, for one half the money, during the next year—say $18,750. And, being a bachelor, I am ready, if absolutely necessary to secure the salary, to become a brother-in-law of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Yours, EPHRAIM C. JONES,
226 Wall Street

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 5:

In the House, Mr. Schenck's bill to readjust the rates and system of payments in the army was taken up and passed—yeas 93, nays 36.

June 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Doolittle's substitute for the second section of the Constitutional Amendment was disagreed to—yeas 7, nays 21. The substitute was as follows: After the census be taken in the year 1870, representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included in this Union, according to the number in each State of male electors of over twenty-one years of age, qualified by the laws thereof to choose members of the most numerous branch of its Legislature, and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, according to the value of the real or personal taxable property situate in each State, not belonging to the State or to the United States.

June 7:

In the House, the League Island Bill was passed—71 to 46. The object of the bill is to provide a station for our iron-clad fleet.

June 8:

In the Senate, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed—33 to 1. As amended it reads as follows:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ART. —. *Sec.* 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any laws which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but whenever the right to vote at any election for electors of President and Vice-President, or for United States Representatives in Congress, executive or judicial officers, or the members of the Legislatures thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President or Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof, but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned; but neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

June 11:

In the House, Mr. Ancona offered a resolution that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be instructed to report a bill repealing the Neutrality Law of 1818, under the terms of which the President's Proclamation against the Fenians was issued. Mr. Schenck offered a substitute, which, with the original resolution, the House voted to refer to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The joint resolution appropriating $121,788 for negotiating treaties with certain Indian tribes, was passed. On motion of Mr. Boutwell, a resolution was adopted declaring that Jefferson Davis should be held in custody as a prisoner, and subjected to trial according to the laws of the land.

THE FINAL REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

On the 8th of June Mr. Fessenden laid before the Senate the final report of the Reconstruction Committee.

According to this report the Confederate States, at the close of the war, were in utter exhaustion and without governments. The President had no power except to execute the laws of the land as Chief Magistrate. The laws gave him no authority over the subject of reorganization. By the Constitution he was Commander-in-chief of the army and navy. It was his duty, under the law of nations and the army regulations, to restore order, to preserve property, and to protect the people against violence from any quarter, until provision should be made for their government. He might, as President, assemble Congress, and submit the whole matter to the law-making power; or he might continue military supervision and control until Congress should assemble on its regularly appointed day. As to the Governors appointed by the President it could not be contended that they possessed or could exercise any but military authority. They had no power to organize civil Governments, nor to exercise any authority except that which inhered in their persons under their commissions; neither had the President, as Commander-in-chief, any other than military power. But he was in exclusive possession of the military authority. It was for him to decide how far he would exercise it, when and on what terms he would withdraw it. He might, perhaps, permit the people to assemble and to initiate local governments, and to execute such local laws as they might choose to form, not inconsistent with nor in opposition to the laws of the United States, and, satisfied they might safely be left to themselves, he might withdraw the military force altogether and have the people of any or all of these States to govern themselves without his interference.

The Committee maintain no portion of the people of the country, whether in a State or Territory, have the right, while remaining on its soil, to withdraw from or reject the authority of the United States. They say it is quite evident, from all the facts, and, indeed, from the whole mass of testimony submitted by the President, that in no instance was any regard paid to any other consideration than obtaining immediate admission to Congress under the barren form of an election, in which no precautions were taken to secure regularity of proceedings or the assent of the people. No Constitution has been legally adopted, except, perhaps, in the State of Tennessee, and such elections as were held were without authority of law. The Committee are accordingly forced to the conclusion that the States referred to have not placed themselves in a condition to claim representation in Congress, unless all the rules which have since the foundation of the Government been deemed essential in such cases shall be disregarded. While it appears that nearly all are willing to submit, at least for the time being, to Federal authority, it is equally clear that the ruling motive is a desire to obtain the advantages which will be derived from a representation in Congress. Officers of the Union army on duty, and Northern men who go South to engage in business, are generally detested and proscribed. Southern men who adhered to the Union are bitterly hated and heartlessly persecuted.

From the time these Confederate States thus withdrew from their representation in Congress and levied war against the United States, the great mass of their people became and were insurgents and traitors, and all of them assumed and occupied the political, legal, and practical relation of enemies of the United States. They persisted in their hostility until they were utterly defeated. The burden now rests upon them, before claiming to be reinstated in their power, conditions to show that they are qualified to resume Federal relations. In order to do this they must prove that they have re-established with the consent of the peoples republican forms of government, in harmony with the Constitution and laws of the United States that all hostile purposes have ceased, and should give adequate guarantees against future treason and rebellion, which will prove satisfactory to the Government against which they rebelled, and by whose arms they were subdued. They have forfeited all civil and political rights under the Federal Constitution, and can only be restored thereto by the permission and authority of that constitutional power against which they rebelled, and by which they were subdued.

The question then before Congress is, whether these conquered enemies shall at their own pleasure participate in Congressional legislation, without acceding to such conditions as, in the opinion of Congress, the security of the country and its institutions demand. This would be only a transference of the conflict from the fields of battle to the halls of legislation.

The conclusion of the Committee, therefore, is, that the so-called Confederate States are not at present entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States; that before allowing such representation, adequate security for future peace and safety should be requested; that this can only be found in such changes of the organic laws as shall determine the civil rights and privileges of the citizens in all parts of this Republic, shall base representation on an equitable basis, shall fix a stigma upon treason, and protect the loyal people against future claims for the expenses incurred in support of the rebellion, and for manumitted slaves, together with an express grant of power in Congress to enforce these provisions. To this end, they offer a joint resolution for amending the Constitution of the United States, and the two several bills designated to carry the same into effect.

NEWS ITEMS.

The work of rebuilding the Academy of Music commenced June 11. The old walls will be used for the new building, after being reduced in height about fifteen feet. The Academy is to be ready by the 1st of November next, and is to cost about $250,000, exclusive of scenery.

There were 366 deaths in New York city for the week ending June 2.

The Metropolitan Board of Health have seized Seguine's Point, the southern extremity of Staten Island, where they have provided suitable hospitals for the quarantine patients.

Probst, the murderer of the Dearing family at Philadelphia, was executed June 8.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AUSTRIA, Prussia, and Italy still continue their formidable preparations for war.

In the Federal Diet at Frankfort the proposal of the Middle States that the Diet should request Austria, Prussia, and all the German States, which have lately increased their military establishments, to reduce them to a peace footing, was unanimously adopted.

Kossuth is trying to incite a Hungarian insurrection.

Garibaldi left Caprera on the 23d for the coast of the Adriatic. In a letter dated Caprera, May 11, he says: "It is in every way advantageous for the country that all are ready and united. It is a question of life or death for the nation, and it is for all Italy to solve the problem. I shall accept of all who are willing to oppose foreign oppression. As for instructions, apply to our friends on the Commission, especially to Benedetto Cairoli. A truce to dissensions and opinions. We must act."

The Vienna journals publish news from Paris stating that, during the late financial panic in London, Earl Cowley, by order of his Government, solicited the energetic mediation of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of peace, and received from his Majesty the following reply:

"In the years 1859 and 1864 England opposed my proposals in reference to the settlement of the Venetian and Schleswig-Holstein questions. Now England wants peace. I also desire peace; but as the most favorable opportunities have been frittered away, and as the conflicting interests have been permitted to reach a point at which they must clash, I can no longer assume the responsibility of events."

Prussia, Austria, and Italy have accepted the invitation of the three great neutral Powers—England, France, and Russia—to send representatives to the Conference soon to be held at Paris.

The note of the French Government inviting Austria to the Conference states as the object of the Conference "the maintenance of peace in Germany and Italy."

A Committee of the Federal Diet has also resolved to accept the invitation given to the German Confederation to the Conference, and has elected Baron Von Der Pfordten, the Bavarian Minister, as their representative.

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THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 396.]

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. WRIGHT AT HOME.

CHAPTER XXIII.

If ever a man was justifiable in flying to the flowing bowl to-night surely that man is Alonzo Wright. True, he has made solemn oath not to take another drop, Christmas having witnessed his last awful frolic, with the death of a favorite negro man somehow mixed up in its frantic festivities, until next Fourth of July, unless, Mr. Wright most carefully stipulates in his vow, we gain our independence before then; in which latter case he, Tim Lamum, Dr. Peel, Bob Withers, and a few other like spirits, are solemnly pledged to each other to have about the greatest time of it yet known on earth; Captain Richard Simmons moving and assisting unanimously to carry said proviso.

A dozen times has Mr. Wright assured Anne, hanging with silent importunity upon his arm on this as well as every other occasion of his leaving home for Somerville, that he will not taste, touch, smell a drop, not even go on the side of the street where the grocery is. For Mr. Wright is far from being an austere father. Anne has grown up in his eyes the fairest and loveliest and most thoroughly accomplished of women. There is a droop in her large blue eyes, a wave and fall in her fair hair, a mould of her form, an altogether indescribable sweetness in manner and tone which would attach any father in the world. In addition to her being his only child and chiefest companion, she is her dead mother over again. Very often, indeed, of evenings, when Anne sits at the piano, her fingers straying over the keys from one piece to another, singing half a song here, another half there, breaking out in some brilliant bravura, or idling through the tangles of a schottiche, does her father sit, cigar in mouth, looking at and loving her with all the admiration and love of his soul. A rather small, light-complexioned man is Mr. Wright, but your big burly people never feel most. It is in the slight-built organizations you find fire and force; leanness and ferocity are coupled in the wild-cat, vivacity and venom in viper and rattlesnake.

In fact, *this* Anne at least is "all the world to" her father. At the head of his table; her graceful form about the house all day in diligent housekeeping; persuading and remonstrating with the servants, who serve the family wondrous well under the double impulse of mortal terror of "Mas 'Lonz," on the one side, and devoted attachment to "Missanny," as they call her, on the other; even when Dr. Peel or other company are being entertained in the parlor, Mr. Wright, proudly conscious of Anne from the moment he awakes in the morning till he kicks off his boots at night, can join in whatever denunciation of the Yankees is going on between him and the gentleman with whom he is conversing, and be keenly alive all the time to the ever-varying loveliness of Anne on the other side of the room.

Why conceal these bitterest pangs of remorse which give such intensity to Mr. Wright's paternal affection? Yes, Anne is like her mother, most like that mother when at her loveliest; and there were hushed whispers in the community in which Mr. Wright lived at the time of his wife's death, vague rumors from family servants, and from friends who prepared the body for burial, of bruises and marks. Let us say no more about it where nothing certain is known. No man knows better than Mr. Wright that he is a devil incarnate in his cups, and the demoniac love of liquor which possesses the man is restrained only by his love for his daughter, and mortal dread of what he may do to her in some moment of intoxication.

And yet, reasoning with thousands of other Secessionists at the same instant, if ever a man was justifiable, every thing to the contrary notwithstanding, in drowning his sorrows in the bowl to-night that man is Alonzo Wright. As an almost universal rule, even those of the Secession leaders, in the army and out of it, who never drank before, are taking to drinking now. As to those who have drunk hard all along, these do nothing else now at all.

"Why, look at it, gentlemen," says Captain Richard Simmons, who sits to-night on the counter of the grocery, his left arm around a pillar, from which hang the fly-specked festoons of red, white, yellow, and blue paper cut into meshes adorning the ceiling, expressing, for Tim Lamum, who sits dead drunk in an adjoining armchair, and for Bob Withers, who smokes in silence, and for Dr. Peel, whose speech is exclusively oaths, and for Alonzo Wright, who is brooding over the times, seated on the card-table, his slouched hat down over his eyes, the painful feelings of all.

"Only permit your eyes to range over the situation, as Lamum says in the *Star*. A Yankee, gentlemen, Lamum is," adds Captain Simmons, impressively. "It may be a weakness inherent in my nature; I've tried to master it again and yet again. I will be frank with you; I can not. My soul abhors a Yankee. Never mind about his professed devotion to the Confederacy. A lifetime spent in fiercest ardor for it would not satisfy me. My nature revolts from a Yankee. There's old Neely—a Yankee schoolmaster! Who so loud and strong for the South? Insisting on shaking my hand every time we met over our glorious victories. I pledge you my word of honor, gentlemen, I always went straight to my room at Staples's and washed my hands with soap every time. Natural antipathies? For one, gentlemen, I loathe, abominate, detest, execrate—"

"Oh, hold your horses, Simmons, by George! who knows? You may be one yourself. Peddled tin ware for years for what we know. Very likely all your talk only a Yankee trick to throw us off."

"If it is by such buffoonery, Bob Withers, you seek to divert our minds in this dark hour of our country's distress your remarks are beneath, because doubly beneath, my notice. Charleston fallen, gentlemen!" continues Captain Simmons, dismissing Mr. Withers from existence by a slow wave of his hand. "I can not realize it. The fact is, it is a thing which can not *be* realized. I can imagine Wilmington fallen. I do not deny that Petersburg and Richmond are polluted by feet I never dreamed would tread them. That General Lee has surrendered, though it was infinitely worse than death to me, I can because I must believe. Nor do I refuse to acknowledge that Mobile is occupied; that Johnston, whom I revered next to Lee and Davis, has also surrendered. Dick Taylor's surrender smites us to-day like the hand of fate. But Charleston! From every other consideration my soul reverts to Charleston. I can *not* realize it, gentlemen. I may succeed in some degree by the time I have retired at night, but the first thing I know I find myself sitting bolt upright in bed, during the silent watches of the midnight hour, in a cold sweat, and exclaiming, 'By Him who made me, it is not, must not, shall not, can not be so! Charleston? C-h-a-r-l-es-ton! Impossible!'"

"Why not get up a theory, Simmons?" says Dr. Peel, scrupulously neat in attire, while the rest are disordered in apparel to the last degree; in the highest spirits, whether from liquor or not, though he does not show any signs of intoxication other than that, while his comrades, Bob Withers excepted, can not drink enough to float them even to ordinary water-mark. "You proved to us, Simmons, in this very room that Charleston, Wilmington, Petersburg, and Richmond, if evacuated, would only be so in pursuance of Lee's new plan of abandoning the seacoast and concentrating in the interior—a new plan, splendid plan. When Lee surrendered you were ready for that. Lee always had a reason for what he did. Lee had sent all his veterans to Johnston, and surrendered as a consummate *ruse!* Come, Captain, you have never wanted for a theory before; make haste. Where is your inventive faculty? Some brilliant scheme, if we only knew what it was, behind all this news you are wailing over." And Dr. Peel flashes his white teeth upon him, in singular spirits considering the times.

"Sir," replies Captain Simmons, with oracular dignity, "I wait to hear from President Davis. I can see deep meaning in the consummate silence of that Washington of our glorious revolution."

"You can? By George, I can't! What is the use of being a drove of geese *still*, gentlemen?"

It is Bob Withers who propounds the question, rising from his seat to do it. Very much inflamed is Bob's face these trying times, from excessive weeping, perhaps. But it is an honest, sensible, good-humored, Bacchus-like face, too.

"I always looked on the thing as a big spree, and you know I always said so. I knew it was all wrong from the start, ruinous and wrong as any thing gets to be in this world, a tremendous frolic. We all went into it. Of course I wasn't the man to stay behind. It was the wildest, most expensive, biggest spree you ever saw, and I pitched in. Yes, and would do it again to-morrow if it was to do over again; never backed out when half a dozen fellows invited me to go in. When the whole South got drunk, think I'm going to keep sober? But the smash up has come at last—it *will* come. Broken windows and crockery and tables to pay for, headache, empty purse, black eyes, men killed. But wasn't it the grandest blow out! But I knew all along it *was* a spree, always said so; they could never humbug me, by George! with their lies. No, Sir-ree, bob!"

"There is this one consolation, gentlemen," remarks Captain Simmons, more Chesterfieldian the drunker he gets, with a solemn air, and waving gracefully aside the volatility of their Mercutio—"one consolation which fills my nature in this hour of darkness with profound satisfaction—the killing of Abraham Lincoln. Had I an offspring I would have him baptized Booth Simmons. Even in my pangs of bitterest mortification at the failure, if failure it is, of our beloved Confederacy, I say to myself, 'Captain Simmons, Captain Simmons, you forget that Lincoln the tyrant is at this moment in eternal perdition. Like the balm of some place of which I was instructed by pious parents—Gilead I think is the name—the reflection soothes, at least for the moment, the anguish of my spirit."

"The last place I would think you would wish Lincoln to go to, Simmons," remarks Dr. Peel, with great surprise.

"Exactly what I was going to say, Doctor, by George!" puts in Bob Withers.

"May I request an explanation, gentlemen?" asks Captain Simmons, with his stateliest air.

"I would think you would much rather he had gone to heaven. You have hated him so much here one would suppose you would regret being associated eternally with him hereafter," replies Dr. Peel, with Mr. Withers's cordial assent.

"If there be a thing which disgusts me more than all besides with inebriety," says Captain Simmons, with slow and unspeakable scorn, "it is the reckless impiety and irreligion too often connected with it. No merit in myself, seeing my early advantages, my inculcated habit of worshiping from earliest infancy in the sanctuary. Be drunkards, gentlemen, if you must," adds Captain Simmons, with impressive solemnity, "but not scoffers—no, not scoffers. 'Tis the voice of the scoffer, I hear him complain.' Not exactly that, but something to that effect was instilled—"

"We respect your piety, Simmons," interrupts Dr. Peel. "It *is* fully equal to that of Parson Barker, at least; he told me to-day that it was not so much the hand of Booth as the hand of God. His only regret, he says, is that Booth did not kill him on the day of his inauguration. Dozens of church-members—lying Sam Peters, Dr. Ginnis, and the like—say they are glad of the assassination, regret that it failed in the case of Seward, hope the good work will go on. Even that little saint, Ellis, the sincerest and best of them all, got almost drunk with joy over it." From this statement, however, the writer of these lines distinctly withholds his belief.

Let us step out of this choice set of companions, only for a moment, to say a word as to the way in which the killing of Mr. Lincoln was received in Somerville.

There is Jem Budd. When Staples, every hair on end, rushes into Jem's shop and announces the glorious news, that dirty-faced artisan pauses long enough, with suspended file, to say, "Ah!" with genuine surprise; to add immediately after, as he continues his filing at the gun-barrel clenched in the vice before him, "Just what I always said." It is but history to record, however, that when Dr. Warner drops in a moment after to ask after Mrs. Budd's very precarious health, and to tell Jem—of course that was altogether a secondary motive—the news of the surrender of General Lee, which comes by the same mail, but which Staples has neglected to mention, the gun-smith stops altogether from his work, and, adding largely to the darkness of his nose by a long reflective rub thereof with his forefinger, has genuine joy in his eyes while he says, "Precisely so, Doctor; what I always thought."

The fact is, no sentiment, whatever it was, whether Union or Secession, has ever been advanced in Jem's hearing since the war began which has not met in Jem a ready assent. Like hundreds of thousands of others at the South during this period, Jem has but put in practice Talleyrand's famous maxim—that words were given to us to enable us to conceal our thoughts.

There is Mr. Ferguson, too. Very eagerly he pastes in the dispatch announcing the assassination, with every thing relating to it, but as the grandest of all the lies, the very blossoming and perfection of the lies of the period. Only his sincere affection for Mr. Arthur will afford him patience with the unaffected belief that gentleman gives to the news from the outset. He even condescends, the Scotchman, to argue with his friend. Mr. Lincoln would have been assassinated in Richmond if at all. How could he have been killed in a crowded theatre, and the murderer escape? Besides, it is known that Mr. Lincoln is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and consequently no attendant at theatres. Can not Mr. Arthur see that the news is manufactured to accompany and neutralize the tidings of Lee's surrender? The trick is too transparent.

A tremendous amount of evidence it took to convince us Secessionists that Vicksburg had fallen, and all the rest; we do not want to believe it, you observe, therefore we won't. Alas, we should all be descended from the same Adam! But the amount of evidence it required to satisfy us Union people that Burnside was repulsed on the Rappahannock and the like is incredible. If the heart would not get so dreadfully in the way of the head!

As wide apart as Heaven and Hades are the brutal rejoicings of red-faced Mrs. Smithers and the sincere regrets of Mrs. Bowles over the same event. Not even Mrs. Smithers's deliberate and permanent sentiment, let us hope.

"I regret it, Alice dear, even more than I would deplore the fact of General Lee's surrender, if such preposterous news should prove true,



THE OATH.

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which I can not for one instant believe. I thank God the miserable wretch who did the dreadful deed was no South Carolinian—a Yankee, I am told, or from some State bordering thereupon. For Mr. Lincoln you well know my unspeakable loathing, but I would rather be even his wife than the wife of his assassin. Read on, Alice." For Mrs. Bowles has stopped her daughter in her reading of the paper to say that much.

"Poor dear Mrs. Bowles! Heaven knows I never loved her so much in all our long, long knowledge of each other as I do now," is Mrs. Sorel's frequent remark of her to Mr. Arthur. "She has not been in my house for years, nor I in hers, lest I should distress her with my presence, as you know. She regards me with—with aversion, or rather horrified amazement, because I can not believe with her in Secession. I have no feeling for her—how could I have?—but one of love and pity. Alice told me about her when she was here last, reduced to a shadow, pale and fragile as a flower, her hair all white now with mental distress, yet quiet and refined and still. I tell you, Mr. Arthur," adds placid Mrs. Sorel, herself the counterpart of the one she is describing, and with warmth, "I am an old woman now. I once lived in as elevated though plain a circle as this country possesses, but I never saw a human being who came so near my ideal of a perfect Christian lady as Mrs. Alice Bowles. I see what you are thinking about," she adds, with a smile, to Mr. Arthur, who flushes over face and ears at her glance. "Yes, and you will be a most fortunate man, as the phrase runs, if you succeed there. Alice has something of her father's obstinacy—willfulness you would prefer having it called; is of stronger character than her mother; will have all her mother's sweetness if she has all her mother's amount of trial, discipline, sorrow."

"Do you think, Mrs. Sorel," begins Mr. Arthur, eagerly—"do you imagine there is any hope for me? Her mother has such horror of my Union opinions I no longer even enter the house. Alice, you know, has long since ceased to attend church. She is so engaged in her school, too, I never see her."

"I have never asked Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, with a smile, "but I do not think you need despair. Wait till the war is over. You two are undergoing discipline which is good for you both—"

"That abominable school," breaks in her impulsive friend. "The idea of a woman who would adorn a throne teaching! And teaching such children as we have in Somerville! Wasting her health."

"She is doing no such thing. I never saw her looking more beautiful in my life than when she was here on that last Saturday. Propriety requires that, under all the painful circumstances, painful and peculiar circumstances of the case, she should cease to attend your church. Besides, you do not realize, Sir," adds Mrs. Sorel, very gravely indeed, "how poor, how very poor Mrs. Bowles has become. Alice is doing, and doing eagerly and well, her simple duty in supporting her mother. And it is just the discipline Alice needs to qualify her for the new times before us."

"New? Yes, the bran-new, the happy, the glorious times before us!" says Mr. Arthur, with almost boyish enthusiasm. "I tell you, Mrs. Sorel, we are entering on such an epoch in the history of America as even that blessed old Bishop Berkeley never dreamed of when he prophesied of the star of empire centuries ago. Slavery and Secession forever rooted out, one glorious flag from the Arctic circle to the equator, purified by our terrible ordeal, who can tell? That poor Mr. Barker may be in part right at last—ours may be the great millennial nation! I tell you, Robby," and Mr. Arthur, excited by his national, and of course without reference to his individual prospects regarding Alice, claps that sedate young gentleman on the shoulder, "we will have grand times, won't we?"

"When Mr. Brooks is back for good? Yes," adds that sober youth, "and I know the time ain't far off. People don't ask me these days how that Abolitionist Arthur comes on, nor yell at me and throw rocks. Only last time I was in town Mr. Staples stopped me to shake hands and ask after you all. He was as kind as you please, told me just to let *him* know if his son Joe ever said a thing out of the way to me, that was all. Humph, I saw Dr. Ginnis go all the way over the street to stop Mr. Ferguson, and insisted on shaking hands, which it ain't easy to get Mr. Ferguson to do with any body; and I've heard Dr. Ginnis tell Jem Budd, long ago, that that old traitor of a Scotch Abolitionist ought to be hung high as Haman."

"That will do, Robby," interrupts his mother, checking with uplifted hand Robby's eager experiences. "I am too old for all this, Mr. Arthur. It bewilders me. Charleston and Columbia, the whole of my native State, in fact, so terribly scourged! You must excuse me—we South Carolinians can not help it. I smile at Mrs. Bowles, and am just as foolish about the State as she. I don't like to hear or talk or think about it. The Judge of all the earth will do right."

And it is just this that more than bewilders good Mrs. Bowles too. The long holding out of Charleston elevated it and South Carolina to even a degree above her already-intense idolatry of them. She regarded the arrival of Sherman at Savannah, and his setting out upon his march into South Carolina without one particle of apprehension; with joy rather. Napoleon never had, in the fullest tide of his victories, so calm, so confident, so absolutely exultant a sense of approaching success in a battle. So surely as the sun shone, so surely as South Carolina was South Carolina, would the insulting foe meet on its soil with terrible defeat. Mrs. Bowles could see the hand of God in it:

"Your dear native State, Alice, and mine began this great revolution, and will end it. Heaven has permitted a Federal army to get to the State by an unexpected military movement, by almost a miracle, for this purpose. How little does that man Sherman think it! I thank God from my soul. Who of us could have arranged, or even have imagined it all so well? People will flock for generations to South Carolina as they now do to Waterloo, or as I am told they sometimes do to Yorktown there in Virginia. That the Thermopylæ of our revolution should be there! I loved the State before; henceforth every grain of its sand, the leaves of its every tree are dear to me; every one born on its dear surface is to me dearer than relatives. Remember it, Alice—henceforth let your own South Carolina—how musical the very name!—be next with you to heaven and God!" and the thin, pale, classic face glows with enthusiasm. "You know I told you, Alice, all the two weeks during which we had those rumors of the capture of Sherman in Georgia, I knew—hoped, at least, it could not be true. South Carolina, I felt, was to be the hallowed spot."

"The people of Savannah do not seem to be as patriotic," begins Alice.

"Actually admitting the Federals without burning their cotton, receiving food at their hands. That illustrates what I am saying," Mrs. Bowles interrupts Alice, with enthusiasm; "do you not see it is as a foil to Charleston? The very contrast between Georgia and our State, between Savannah and Charleston, will show the world what South Carolina is. To think the two States are actually contiguous!"

How can Mrs. Bowles's eager expectation of the news of the great battle be described? Most seriously did Alice tremble for her mother's very mind. No other topic was on her mother's lips when they are sewing together on Saturdays and by night. No other thought in her mind while alone, Alice teaching in the little front office. Waking often during the night at every distant sound, fancying the arrival of the news in every distant cry, in every footstep passing. Even Rutledge Bowles is comparatively forgotten, though in every prayer for him—and they ascend as from an ever-burning altar—more than for his health, more than for his life even, is it her supplication that, if it please God, Rutledge Bowles may have part in the great victory. Better, far better his death on that glorious field than that he should be absent from it!

How describe the steady arrival of the news of Sherman's unopposed march across the State!

"They are gathering, concentrating the army somewhere further north in the State to make the victory complete and final!" she explains to Alice, repeating it over and over. Alice breaks the fall of Charleston to her tremblingly as she would the death of a dear friend.

"Only evacuating it, child, for a few days, so little do you understand of military matters. You see, they wish to swell the army with its garrison, so as to leave not one man of the Federal army to escape death or capture—yes, capture. I pray God our army may be merciful in the hour of its great triumph; their awful wrongs are enough to exasperate, Heaven knows; but in the moment of victory the brave are ever merciful. Only a few days, dear, and we shall hear of the reoccupation of Charleston after the victory. Let me see the map again. Columbia? Yes, Columbia—see if I am not a true prophet—Columbia is about the centre of the State. I would like the victory to be there." And Alice almost shudders at the light in her mother's eye, the spot of red in her cheek, the uncertain motion of her thin white hand about her forehead.

Ah, that wandering of the hand about the edges of the smooth white hair, rubbing the brow, with the thoughtful eyes fixed absently on book, or sewing, lying neglected in the lap. As Dr. Warner has told Alice and Mrs. Bowles herself many, very many times, the poor lady is wearing herself literally to a shadow by her intense excitement. Alice and the Doctor do all they can.

"Thank you, Dr. Warner; don't be foolish, Alice. I need no medicine or rest. I never felt better in my life; hardly ever felt so well. When it comes, Alice, bring me the accounts of the victory—that will be the best medicine in the world; next to hearing it from Rutledge Bowles I want to have it first from your lips, Alice." But the poor frail hand wanders about the forehead, and Alice clasps it in hers, and kisses her mother there, and bursts into tears.

"What a fond, foolish creature you are, Alice?" says her mother, half indignantly. "You are getting positively nervous and morbid, confining yourself so to that odious school. You sew too steadily."

"But mother, dear mamma," ventures Alice, Dr. Warner being there to back her, "suppose, after all, the Federals should not be whipped?"

"You cowardly croaker," says Mrs. Bowles, gently but pityingly. "But I don't blame you, at least in this case. There has been no battle upon the soil of South Carolina yet—a skirmish or two, perhaps, but no battle for you to judge by. I can not say," remarks Mrs. Bowles, with displeasure, "that your conduct, Alice, has at all satisfied me since this revolution began. I regret to speak so in the presence of another, but it is so. I can not, I do not understand it. It probably is your sewing too closely, the confinement in your school, the absence of Rutledge Bowles, our altered fortunes. Wait, you poor spirited thing, till our independence is secured." Her mother adds, with loving hand on her daughter's head: "If Rutledge Bowles consents we will then return to Charleston. The change will do both of us good."

Poor Alice! Only the day before, seeing from the window of her school-room Mr. Ellis going up the front walk, apparently on a visit to her mother, in the impulse of the moment she had run out and arrested his steps.

"Oh, Mr. Ellis!" she said, "how are you? And how is Mrs. Ellis and the children?"

"As well as usual, Miss Alice," replies Mr. Ellis, somewhat surprised at her manner, and perceiving that she has something more to say.

"Will you excuse me, Mr. Ellis?" she adds, the color flushing her cheek; "but mamma is very much excited and nervous. Please say nothing to confirm her in her delusion. I do not exactly mean that. Please try and prepare her for any disappointment in store for her." And, in her affection for her mother, Alice looks at him with the imploring eyes of a child.

"Delusion? Disappointment?" Mr. Ellis repeats the words, the strange light kindling in his eyes. "What can you mean?" And seeing her mother at the door, Alice can only murmur no explanation at all, and retreat to her school-room, leaving Mr. Ellis to proceed upon his visit.

It is as she expected. When she joins her mother a few hours after, it is to find her flushed with fresh certainty and enthusiasm of Confederate success, rather South Carolinian success.

"You are always croaking so, Alice," says Mrs. Bowles, with sparkling eyes, "as almost to affect my spirits. Good Mr. Ellis has spent an hour with me to-day. He confirms my utmost expectations of the speedy success of our cause. You can not tell how perfectly he has explained away all our late reverses. He has been informed beyond all question that Europe will intervene very, very soon now; by next mail we will hear. It is official, he says. Why, Alice, you know what a devotedly pious man Mr. Ellis is; and he told me that it was as impossible, if we do our duty, to defeat the Confederate cause as it was to dethrone the Almighty himself." And a vast deal more to the same effect.

Who can describe it? Steadily as the footfall of death to the dying comes the news that Sherman has swept across the State of South Carolina, is in possession of Fayetteville, North Carolina. No glorious Confederate victory in South Carolina. No serious fighting. Not the consolation even of a glorious defeat.

With positions singularly reversed, Alice watches and cares for Mrs. Bowles almost as a fond mother with an ailing child. Never more respectful and reverent to that mother than now. Mrs. Bowles has less and yet less to say with each passing day, bewildered, exhausted.

"Whatever our Heavenly Father thinks best," she says, with the hand, thinner every hour, wandering more frequently about the sunken temples, smoothing continually the hair whitening toward the hue of the garment of the saints in light. With what infinite affection does Alice minister to her wants, careful to conceal her assiduity, weeping during the watches of the night. For her mother's sake she could almost wish the Confederate cause to succeed; almost, not quite.

"Would you not like Mrs. Sorel to call and see you? She would like to so much, mamma; and you were girls together, you know," asks Alice the day she has read to her mother of the fall of Richmond. Perhaps the moment was ill chosen.

"No, my dear," replies Mrs. Bowles, decidedly though slowly, and with the trembling fingers hovering about her forehead. "We differ so widely upon the matter of deepest interest to me on earth. I love Mrs. Sorel dearly, but would rather not. I care for nothing now but Rutledge Bowles and yourself, for nothing in all the world."

And so rolls away the time with us in Somerville. As each disaster arrives, we indignantly deny and scout it as long as we possibly can; only it is pitiful, toward the last, how we only expect disastrous news, and take it with scarcely a perceptible wince, like an animal used to beating, pitiful to see.

Oh, may the God that rules the eternal hereafter as well as the present, deal out from His just bar fitting penalty to the accursed demagogues North and South who *deluded* the South into its frantic folly of Secession! At least, thanks be to God, that to each one of them will be dealt according to his deeds. Alas, may there not be an unhallowed satisfaction even in knowing and repeating the fact, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord?" Nearly five years now since we were all steeped in the gall; its bitterness is saturating the very soul.

However, if, like a swamp full of frogs, all good Secessionists in Somerville, Dr. Ginnis, as the biggest of the band, and with the deepest base, leading the croak, we are all croaking in inharmonious concert, there is this refrain in which we all fall back:

"Live under Federal rule? Stay in the country if the Yankees do subjugate it? I will go to Mexico first, live in South America, die first!" And so to the possibility, in any case, of existing as individuals under that accursed flag again, we all fall into full chorus, till earth and heaven ring again, "Never, never, never!"

"What amuses me most in you pious people, Simmons," says Dr. Peel, in continuance of his conversation with that exceedingly dignified and intoxicated gentleman, "is the desperate way you are trying—Barker, Ellis, Ginnis, Peters; in fact, all of you, good, genuine, praying Secessionists—to hold on to Christianity."

Never more carefully dressed in his life, bejeweled until some new light is perpetually flashing, with every motion, from hand and bosom, essenced until even the strong odors of the grocery are subjugated thereby, Dr. Peel's fine broadcloth and snowy linen seem radiant with his own exuberant spirits. Overflowing with life and conviviality, his remarks are almost exclusively oaths of as prolific and varied an abundance as the sparks of a fire-work, and as impossible to reproduce in any description thereof. From his heart of hearts Captain Simmons regards the Doctor as by far the most magnificent specimen of a genuine Southern man he has ever met; proud to be seen with him, never weary of quoting his brilliant speeches. And this is the very general opinion of Somerville. Bob Withers has very often remarked: "Dr. Peel? Well, yes. By George! Oh, hang it! Somehow I can't stand Dr. Peel!" And there is considerable mutual shyness between the two; but nobody minds Bob.

"Yes, hang on to their Christianity. That," says Dr. Peel, with impressive profanity, "seems to be the main business of you pious trained ones these days, Simmons. There is Mr. Ellis, insisting and insisting on the hand of God in this and the hand of God in that, over and over, nervous and trembling, like a school-boy afraid of forgetting his lesson. But Brother Barker's the man for my money. Preach! What a chance a pulpit and a Sunday gives a man, with a Bible open before him, of pitching into the Yankees! Colonel Ret Roberts is tame to Barker. But the praying! Twice every Sunday; two prayer-meetings during the week for the success of the Confederacy; opening every public meeting with prayer; to say nothing of our doings up there in the old C. C. If that poor fellow hasn't done his duty in cursing the Yankees, I'm mistaken. People have said I am a pretty hard swearer: for hard, strong, steady, desperate, raving, red-hot pouring it into the Federals in a religious fashion—blasphemy they would call it in me—I give it up to the Parson. He has got Christianity and the Confederacy so twisted together he can't separate the two to save his life. Hardly a verse in your mammy's Bible, Simmons, but these political preachers have used to prove the success of our glorious cause by. We must *not* permit the disasters of the times to discourage our belief in Christianity, brethren. Christianity is *not* dead, my hearers, Barker is repeating, I'm told, in every sermon and in every conversation, showing how desperately hard it is to believe in any part of Scripture if all it says about slavery as a divine ordinance prove false."

"Now there is Parson Arthur," begins Bob Withers, upon whom any audience to Dr. Peel's exuberant conversation has devolved, Mr. Wright being apparently asleep under his slouched hat, and Captain Simmons, half-humming, half-hiccuping, forgetful of his usual courtesy, what he can remember of a Sabbath-school hymn learned in his earliest childhood.

"Arthur!" breaks in Dr. Peel, with a sudden change of tone and manner, and even experienced Bob Withers opens his eyes at the unexpected and awful way in which his companion heaps imprecations upon that individual.

Could it have been owing to a visit made by Mr. Arthur to Dr. Peel not two hours before this? The two men had scarcely ever met. Truth to say, the minister had often seen passing along the streets, sitting on counters of stores into which he had dropped to make purchases, swearing and gesticulating in knots upon the sidewalk, the superb Southern gentleman in question. Nor did he withhold a certain admiration we all give to Health, in its full development in any thing, from the noble proportions, full chest, commanding bearing of the man. He had fancied that so Hercules was imagined by the old pagan poets—the bold protuberant brow, the massy countenance with its aureole of curly black hair and beard, and large black eyes, open and fearless. There was a full life in the man, a force and a sway; a sort of Assyrian power, even, in the costly adornments of Dr. Peel, which wonderfully arrested the attention of the minister, interested, almost fascinated, while it repelled him, himself being of so unlike a type. But never had they exchanged a syllable—Mr. Arthur doubly shy of one whom he knew to have perhaps as thoroughly denounced him on political grounds as any one—even Mrs. Smithers or Mrs. Warner—in Somerville.

It was but natural in Dr. Peel, then, that he should be surprised, on the occasion alluded to, when Mr. Arthur, with scarce a preliminary knock at the door of his room at Staples's Hotel, walked in that evening after supper.

"I have called in but for a moment," remarked the visitor, without his hat upon his head, and in a tone and with a manner totally unlike his style of address to any other gentleman in Somerville; "and but to make one syllable of remark to you."

Dr. Peel rises involuntarily from the table at which he is seated writing, the first astonishment on his bold face giving swift place under the eye and bearing of his visitor to a manner singularly like that worn by him during all his intercourse with Lieutenant Ravenel in the same apartment.

"You know me, you know my sentiments, you know my exact position," says Mr. Arthur, coldly and slowly. "I have been informed by Colonel Brooks of yours. The instant he learned fully who you were he hastened to this place at the peril of his life—peril of his life from both sides. He has left me only a moment ago. I am here now. I would have got to you to-night, wherever you were, if I had died for it. I know your case fully, exactly, completely," continues Mr. Arthur, the tone and manner conveying more meaning than the words. "I speak to you partly on behalf of Colonel Brooks. I would have spoken to you on my own behalf. I came to tell you that I know every thing. I am the only person in this region that does. I came to say to you I can not help your being here. I would give millions it were not so if I could. Under all the circumstances, I can not order you to leave. I wish I could. But, understand me perfectly, I intend keeping the closest watch upon you I possibly can. The instant you step out of your—your place, I will take necessary means to stop you. That is all. You must not understand that I do not in a certain sense—a *certain* sense," repeats Mr. Arthur, with peculiar emphasis—"pity you." The visitor is evidently touched by the indescribable

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and total change in Dr. Peel's manner as he stands before him. "That is all. You are safe up to a certain point. Take care."

And the preacher has left the room as suddenly, yet as coolly too, as he entered it, leaving Dr. Peel, who has not even attempted to speak, wilted down behind him. Yes, wilted down is the word, whatever rallying of passions there may be afterward; as if some gorgeous palm-tree were to have the life suddenly withdrawn from its towering height and tropical foliage.

Whether this were the cause or not, there is no telling how long Dr. Peel may have continued, on the occasion of Bob Withers's mention of Mr. Arthur, to have cursed him; nor how zealously Bob, risen somewhat unsteadily to his feet to do so, might have wielded his cudgels in favor of Mr. Arthur, whom never since the war began has he failed to defend on every instance of attack, and the instances are very many of Mr. Arthur's being denounced in his presence: no telling, we say, how long the altercation may have proceeded, when a singular diversion therefrom occurs.

"Dr. Peel," says Alonzo Wright, whom all had supposed asleep, suddenly rising from his seat, pushing back his slouched hat, which has all along covered his silent broodings not slumbering, drawing his revolver, cocking it, pressing it against Dr. Peel's broad chest, with his finger on the trigger—"Dr. Peel, look here: I want to know, now and here, what do you mean?"

"Mean?" Dr. Peel is of a ghastly sallow as he asks the question, not daring to stir a hair's-breadth; even Captain Simmons stops his maudlin chant, and, with Bob Withers, is silent with amazement, as much at the sudden and peculiar tone of Mr. Wright as at his action.

"Mean? In reference to what?" Dr. Peel rather gasps than articulately asks the question, quailing under the deadly light in Mr. Wright's small, half-closed eyes, as well as at that cold peculiar voice.

"In reference to her," replies that individual.

"Oh!" It is but an exclamation from Dr. Peel's parched lips; but it indicates at least partial relief. "You forget that others are present, Mr. Wright. I will speak with you alone on that point with the greatest pleasure," he adds immediately.

"Humph! That is a fact. I had forgotten they were here with us. I was thinking. Come now;" and, slipping his revolver, after uncocking it, into its leather case at his side, Mr. Wright rises.

"With pleasure. In one moment, Sir. But one word, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, pausing at the door. "You will oblige me, oblige both Mr. Wright and myself, by making no allusion whatever to this little matter. I beg your promise on your honor you will not mention it to any one, gentlemen," adds the speaker, still more anxiously, as some new thought seems to pass over his mind at the instant. "Do I have it?" he asks, with eager look at each.

"Certainly," says Bob Withers, with a good-humored nod.

"Most assuredly you may rely upon my honor," adds Captain Simmons in his genteelest tones, with a reassuring wave of his left hand, and knowing nothing at all of what is going on. "Permit me to entreat you, however, not to abandon the flowing bowl, which inebriates, though, alas! under our depressing circumstances, it fails to cheer."

But the two are gone. Nor is there any record of their conversation thereafter. Only this—an old family servant testifies to having overheard Dr. Peel remark the next afternoon to Mr. Wright in the parlor at the latter gentleman's house, a few moments before Anne comes in to give them, at her father's request, a little music. The two gentlemen had arrived from town very late the night before. Pretty much all day they had spent in riding out over the plantation in company. At dinner the servants, as well as Anne, had remarked that Mr. Wright, though pale and exhausted as he always was after an excess, was in the highest, wildest spirits, peculiarly affectionate toward his daughter. Dr. Peel, on the other hand, attracted the attention even of the dullest of the servants waiting upon the table. At times he would join in the conversation, lead it in his liveliest manner, full of anecdote and laughter. Again his countenance would fall, he would cease to converse, seem to be buried in deepest thought, sallow, drooping, drinking eagerly and frequently of the wine upon the table, and, after dinner, upon the side-board, as if to obtain a supply of animation which had been suddenly cut off from within.

The very servants waiting upon the table and about the house that and the ensuing days compared notes in the kitchen even then, as well as months afterward, upon the singularity of Dr. Peel's manner toward their young mistress. Now addressing himself to her in his easy, bold, sparkling way as of old, although by an evident effort, as if he forced himself to do so against his natural choice. Then glancing at her again furtively, fearingly, with an indescribable mixture of admiration and apprehension, not without quick side looks as of deadliest terror at Mr. Wright himself, playing the host with all the ease of the master of a household toward a favored and welcome guest.

But it was this which the old house-servant Alfred spoke of often after as having overheard Dr. Peel say to Mr. Wright, in evident pursuance of a previous conversation:

"You may rest confident, Sir, that it will not be by my fault. But I have little hope. I fear, greatly fear you are mistaken."

"Stuff, nonsense, Doctor. I will take the chances on you any how," Alfred testifies to his master's having made reply just as Anne entered the room. "Faint heart, man, never won fair lady." And surely father had never cause to be prouder of or more affectionate toward a daughter than did Mr. Wright this afternoon. No wonder he so openly manifests that pride and affection.

You may have observed, Miss, or Madam—you, Sir, certainly have—how the ladies, especially the younger ones, suddenly and surprisingly bloom out upon our planet in the early spring. It may be some cunning alteration in their dress, doing with subtle skill for themselves, in the way of adornment, what the Creator does then for bird and butterfly and flower. Or it may be that nature, in clothing at that season the plains with verdure, the lower animals with freshness of skin and plumage, forgets not to give then a softer light to the eye, a sweeter dew to the lip, a deeper bloom to the cheek, a gentler ripeness to the form in the case of woman, who is undoubtedly the dearest to her heart of all Dame Nature's numerous family. And, it may be, the eye and the imagination are themselves quickened by the stirrings of spring in us men also to view things in a brighter light. Whatever be the reason therefor the fact is so.

And never woman that May morning exemplified it more than did Anne Wright. Clothed in a modest dress of some creamy hue, her fair hair in abundant curls about face and neck, her complexion of a softer glow, and her eyes of a deeper blue, she beams upon her father and upon his guest with a beauty surpassing any thing they had either of them ever before imagined in her. Her every motion and tone even are modulated to a livelier, at the same time gentler, melody. Who knows what presentiments connected with their visitor were not moving in her blood?

When left alone together in the parlor by Mr. Wright, who has to see for a moment to the first plowing of his corn, Dr. Peel and Anne know before a word is spoken that the eventful hour of their lives has arrived. It is the man not the woman who is embarrassed. Quiet and modest and pure as she is, the whole thing is with her so much a matter known and settled as to bring no new, or intensely agitating, thought with it. During the years now of Dr. Peel's visiting at her father's house, though he has made no formal proposals, she has learned perfectly well that he loves her, and that—she loves him.

But it is strange so bold a man as Dr. Peel, one so supremely self-satisfied and independent in bearing heretofore, should seem as if smitten by an ague. His face has grown of an ashen yellow, contrasting badly with hair and eyes so dark. And there is a furtiveness about these latter, a trembling about the large and bejeweled hands, an irresolution and timidity, upon which Anne grounds her own quietness and composure. In fact, the two seem to have completely changed places, only there is something altogether indescribable in the bearing of Dr. Peel, to which even the words mean and cowardly may be given. To any other than poor little Anne he would have the aspect rather of a condemned criminal cowering under sentence than of a confident lover. The simple fact is, strange as it may seem, Dr. Peel seeks to know his fate at Anne's hands to-day, only because the alternative is to receive it in more serious shape still at the hands of her father.

"But I am anxious you should know—should not be deceived. In fact, if you knew all I know you would—I am convinced it would be useless in me to expect your favor."

It is Dr. Peel who says it, more nervous and miserable even than when, half an hour before, his conversation with Anne began. But Anne only laughs, as composed as he is the reverse, laughs a joyous and confident laugh.

"I am a poor man," continues the lover, and repeats it eagerly, as if it was a sudden and welcome thought—"a poor man, a very poor man, indeed. You may have imagined me to be rich. I confess I have given you false impressions on that point. I am extremely poor, Miss Anne; not at all able to support you as you should wish and naturally expect." And he looks at her with eager eyes.

Anne laughs more than ever. "You have told me that you love me," she says, as if she loved to repeat the assertion. "What do you think I care about whether you are rich or poor?"

Dr. Peel walks the room like a baffled man. Another thought strikes him. He eagerly seizes upon a gilded Bible lying upon the table, advances upon Anne as if to say something, then returns it in haste to the same spot as eagerly, and continues to walk the room in evident distress of mind.

"Dr. Peel," says Anne, at last, a blush burning over neck and face, "I do not understand all this. If you do not really love me, do not really wish—"

But Dr. Peel is at her feet before the words are out of her lips, in passionate accents assuring her of his affection, only there is the cowering, fearful manner over it all, hardly venturing to look her in the eyes even in his warmest protestations. "No, no, no, not that, not that, Miss Anne. I only was anxious to save you from—not to deceive you," he says, hurriedly. "You will see what proof I give of affection." And he goes to the table, gets the Bible, and seats himself beside her as with a desperate calmness. "That you may not blame me I am about to put my life in your hands. Will you swear not to reveal to any one what I tell you?"

Anne laughs, wonders a little, gazes upon the anxious face of her lover, lays her little hand upon the book, curiosity creeping uppermost. "Why, what in the world," she begins.

"What I tell you will shock you terribly. If it were known to your father he would kill me instantly, here in this room."

Anne gazes upon the agitated man with blue eyes widening with wonder, curiosity, and deeper affection for this splendid suppliant. "It will not bind me a bit more than I would have been," she says, at last. "Yes, to please you, I'll swear; and I do wish you and pa would let me do all the swearing." And she lifts the book to her lips.

"Not even to your father?" says Dr. Peel.

"Not to a living soul. Why, what on earth?"

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, in most impressive manner and with lower tones, "you and your father have been greatly mistaken in me. I am—am no Secessionist at all; I am a —a—Union man."

Anne sits looking at him with wonder, taking full note of his, to her, handsome face and form; it is as if an emperor kneeled at her feet. "A Union man! Why, Dr. Peel, who would have thought of it?" troubled, wondering, bewildered for whole minutes.

"I knew you would reject me when you knew it. And I swear to you it is so," continues Dr. Peel, watching her face with painful inquiry.

"A Union man? Why, who in the world! Oh yes," Anne adds, rapidly, half in earnest. "It's a great pity, a very great pity. Pa and I thought you the very best Southern man we ever knew. But then I'll give you pa's newspapers to read. Besides, I could convert you myself. I will tell you all how they treated us, about—wasn't it about Kansas or Nebraska? one or the other; and how they wanted to free our negroes, and what women's rights people they are, and all their terrible atrocities, and the way they have marched their soldiers over our country burning and plundering. Oh, ever so much! I am certain I could convert you"—glowing with beautiful confidence—"positively certain!"

"Never, Miss Anne. Not even you. I always have been a Union man. Will be one for ever and ever," says Dr. Peel, very slowly, and Anne sits wondering and troubled, while her lover watches her with anxiety.

"Ha! I never thought of it. Dr. Warner there in Somerville, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Brooks; there is Mr. Arthur, too—ever so many in Somerville are Union people, they say," breaks in Anne, at last, "and they are not such desperately bad people either. Besides," and the artless girl puts her fair curls from her glowing cheeks, and laughs with delight, "there is Mrs. Sorel, and the girl I love most in the world, Alice Bowles. I know she is Union; she told me so herself; or, at least, she wouldn't say she wasn't, couldn't make her do it when she was here last week. Yes," added Anne, eagerly, and with a blush, "and Alice's own mother, too, is a good Secessionist; and I needn't be Union, must I? Please not. I never thought of that. Yes," she added, with the glad haste of a child, "and then the war is over. Pa himself says we are whipped. Very soon there won't be such names as Union men and Secessionists at all, will there?" And the difficulty has passed as entirely away beneath her artless affection as a cloud before a summer's wind. "If you only say you really and truly love me," she adds, with archness and joy.

"Love you? I love you as the flowers do the light. I adore you as you adore God," breaks out Dr. Peel, with feverish energy, but with the cowering eyes, the shrinking and apprehension of manner as before. And again the baffled lover walks the room, Bible in hand, in deepest, most painful thought, while Anne wonders and —loves.

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, "I have not told you all yet. Remember your oath," and he holds up the Bible in his hand. "My life is in your hands. There is another thing I must tell you. If your father but guessed it, had the faintest suspicion of it, he would shoot me down here as sure as you are sitting there. Had I better *not* tell you? You will reject me with horror."

Anne looks at him with blue eyes opening again with wonder. But love is fast rallying all other sentiments in her heart, for it is master of all else in a woman, to its support. Here is this man, whom yesterday she loved yet so feared, the grandest and most powerful of all men she ever knew, he is at her feet, has put his utmost confidence in her, will hide nothing from her, places even his life in her hands.

"I have sworn; you need not fear me." She wonders and laughs—"Why, what on earth?"

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, coming near her and speaking in lowest tones, "I am an altogether different man from what your father and yourself have supposed me to be—totally different in every sense. I am not an officer in the service of the Confederacy. I am, really and truly, an agent, have been from the opening of the war an agent, an active secret agent of—the Federal Government. I am one this moment. I intend to be one so long as the Government wants me. There! All I ask is that you only reject me, not tell your father or any one else till I can get away." And Dr. Peel, with ashen face and cowering eyes as before, watches her lips as if for his destiny.

Poor Anne! The matter is altogether too much for such lovely curls, and blue eyes, and roseate complexion, and lithe, childish form. She is bewildered, stunned; passes her hand wearily over her brow, tries to think. Love bestirs itself in her bosom, summons all the sentiments of the soul to its aid. Romance! Anne has long dreamed of a hero of romance as her true knight; if ever woman had such a lover she now has. There is a glory and a grandeur, too, these latter days, in the very name of the Federal Government; it is something very much to be detested, but very powerful and magnificent; and all this vague grandeur now falls like a mantle around her lover. Pity, too. Yes, if my father knew it he would lay him dead on that floor. One little whisper to her father, and—she knows him well—there are the rapid cracks of a revolver, and this stately Prince of hers lies his length on that parlor floor a dead man in his blood. Her lover is in her power, and he deliberately placed himself there—such his confidence in her. Besides, it strikes her with wonderful force: what a brave man! To think of his spending years in Somerville, being here now with a sword suspended over his head—why, it is the very chivalry of romance! Love him? She never so dreamed of loving him. She loves him the more she thinks. Reject him? Reject him now she knows all this? It would be like rejecting the whole universe!

"Dr. Peel," she says at last, lifting up her eyes like those of a little child to his face, "did you say that you loved me, loved me really and truly?"

With singular contrariety between cowering eyes and impassioned words, Dr. Peel renews his protestations vehemently.

"I will marry you," she says, quietly and simply; placing, as she says it, her little hand in his.

The strong man is convulsed with emotions beyond his control. He grasps the little, soft hand, and lets it go. He groans and curses half aloud. He actually weeps. Anne notices the beads of perspiration start upon his brow. He lifts her hand to his lips, and lowers it again before touching it with them. And all through his agony it is with cowering eyes. Anne is astonished. There rises against her love a great amazement, which, like a billow, threatens to overtop and bear it down.

She follows him with alarmed as well as wondering eyes while he, again risen from her side, paces the floor in agonies of perplexity. The tears actually trickle unnoticed by him down his cheeks; he grinds his teeth, and curses under breath.

"Miss Anne," says he, at last, "I have not told you all even yet. The worst is to come, infinitely the worst. Do you think you could love me, be my wife, cleave to me whoever and whatever I am?"—but the emphasis he puts into the words can not be written. "Don't answer yet. Think. Imagine of me the worst possible thing that your imagination can frame—the very worst—the very, very, *very* worst. Stop! Do not be in a hurry. Think!" And the man ventures to look straight at her, with the look, ghastly and dreadful, of a criminal convicted of the foulest of crimes.

"Dr. Peel, I am an innocent country girl," says Anne, at last, even plaintively. "I have had no mother to guide me since I was a little child. All you have told me this morning has astonished and shocked me. I am so bewildered I can hardly think at all. But one thing I know. You have told me a thousand times this afternoon that you love me with all your heart. I can not understand what you mean by what you now say. But I know that I love you and will marry you. Is not that enough?" asks Anne, like a little child. "Though what in the world you mean—"

"Halloo, man! did ever a fellow need more than that?" It is Mr. Wright, who breaks in upon them, having opened the door unperceived by either in their excitement. "Why, Peel, you look more as if you had seen a ghost. You little rascal, Anne, I didn't know you could cow and terrify a man so, you little Tartar! Yes, I heard her, Doctor. All right! Kiss me before you go, Anne. The fact is, Dr. Peel, I have taken a fancy to you! I knew it was all stuff what you insisted about Anne's not having you. It was because you had not asked her—and no one would ever have suspected *you* of holding back!" And Mr. Wright rattles on in the highest spirits.

Before night Dr. Peel, after an interview with Anne, has arranged with Mr. Wright that the marriage is to take place almost immediately—for pressing reasons. "Meanwhile we will keep it all, of course, a profound secret. And I must leave the day of the wedding with Miss—Miss Anne: most pressing and important business," the lover says.

Dr. Peel may be a happy man, but he seems to be singularly cold and hard—with always the cowering eyes.

AT SEA.

FAR away, the flowers are growing,
And the sweet June breezes blowing,
Rich warm light on hay-fields glowing,
Sleepy cattle, homeward going,
By the leafy hedgerows lowing,
Lights and shadows waver o'er,
Lovingly, the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Here the winds are round us sighing,
And the desert waves replying,
And the sea-bird skimming, flying
Round our ship, her rough track plying,
Day and night still changing, dying
Round our course—for evermore
Passing from the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Far away dear hearts are sending
Thoughts of love, all space transcending;
Dear and honored knees are bending,
Voices sweet for us ascending,
Many a note of blessing blending—
Mighty blessings, following o'er,
Guard us to that other shore,
Far, far away.

Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sun, in golden glory steeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
Winds those liquid mountains heaping,
Light us, roll us, bear us o'er
To that other unknown shore,
Far, far away.

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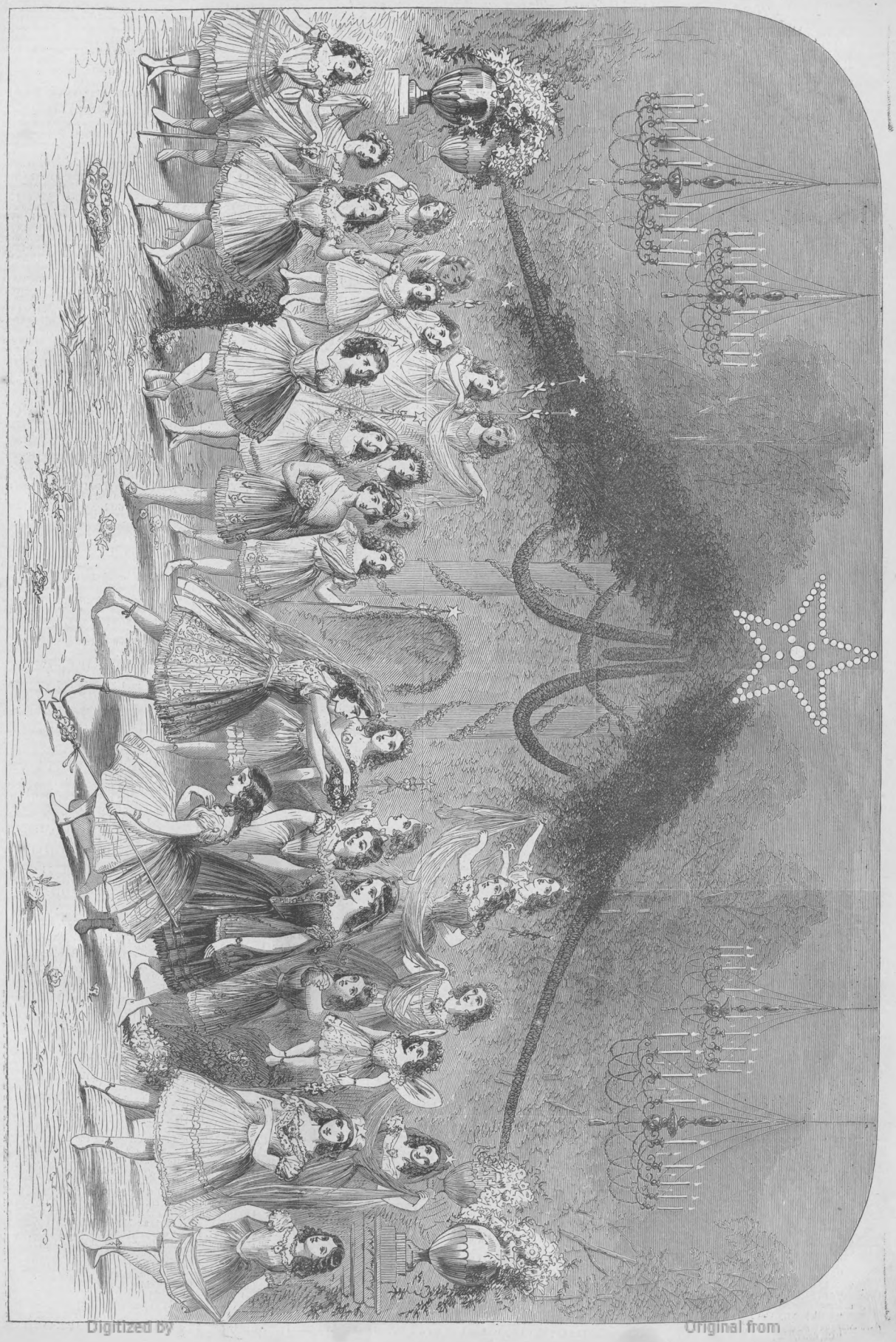


NOON AT THE PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, IN CHARGE OF MRS. GREE[illegible]N, AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

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MAY-DAY FESTIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 398.]

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BARS IN THE LANE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

AFTER the milking was over
Annie would follow the cows
Half a mile, down to the clover,
And turn them in to browse.

Neat little figure is Annie,
Handling the bars in the lane,
Letting down ever so many
Just in the sunlight's wane.

Wild-roses blooming beside her
Match not her cheeks' lovely red;
And the leaves, trying to hide her,
Dance at her musical tread.

Witching curls peep from her bonnet—
Peep like bright birds from their nest!
And her heart—oh to have won it!—
Beats with a gentle unrest.

Lips may be humming a ditty,
And faces may show unconcern;
But secrets there are—what a pity
That some are so easy to learn!

Now while the robins are nesting
Why does she wait in the lane?
Though, if white arms need a resting,
No one, of course, could complain.

Lights in the farm-house are gleaming,
And bars must be laid in their place·
But little Annie stands dreaming,
A blush on her beautiful face.

Is it late? Not that she cares now;
Ah! merry eyes, mild and brown,
Could you not tell why she wears now
Just the least mite of a frown?

Over the path by the hill-side
Some one would wander by night;
Some one who came from the mill-side,
Lured by two eyes that are bright.

Meadow and valley grow stiller
Under the earlier stars;
Would it be strange if the miller
Help Annie to put up the bars?

FLINT AND STEEL.

LOOKING at me now you can hardly realize what a gay, willful, careless girl I was in my teens, when I was Stella Martin, instead of "Grandma Flint." I was an only child, and my parents made an idol of me. Their love showed itself (the more's the pity) in letting me have my own way in every thing. Short of my running into fire or water, I do not think they ever restrained me, and unless it might have been the moon or stars, there was nothing I cried for that I did not have. When I went to school I met with resistance and discipline for the first time, but my gay temper, pretty looks, and coaxing ways made me a favorite with teachers and scholars, and I soon had my own way almost as much as ever.

When I was fourteen I declared myself tired of our quiet village life, and persuaded my parents to let the farm and remove to a large town, where I went to a fashionable school and made new and gay friends. I enjoyed myself thoroughly for nearly four years; then I met a power that no prayers or persuasions, no tears or passion of mine could move. The power of Death. It had never come near me before, but now it snatched away my dear, gentle, indulgent mother. My grief was so unreasonable and violent that my health became affected. I hated the town and its gayeties, and father gladly took me home to our quiet red farm-house on the hill, surrounded by its well-known corn-fields and pastures, and overlooking the winding river and straggling village.

There had been many changes in our absence, but the one that concerned me most was, that the Greens had moved away from the farm next ours, and it was now occupied by a family of orphan girls all younger than I, and under the care of a brother much older. Prissy Flint, the elder girl, soon came to see me and we became fast friends, for she was a tender, timid, loving little thing, always glad to be guided, and we were both mourning our mothers. We were constantly together, for our homes were only a quarter of a mile apart, and the path through father's corn-fields and along the locust-tree lane to the Flint orchard was a very pleasant walk.

The elder brother was away teaching, but Prissy had a great deal to say about him, and I soon learned that "brother Edmund" was the light and the law of her life. Every plan, every opinion, every wish had been formed by or must be referred to him. She quoted him, praised him, and referred to him till I was weary of his name and perfections. She was so unable to do any thing without his knowledge and approval that, with my hatred of control and dictation, I soon took a violent prejudice against him. It was strengthened by hearing his praises sung and his opinions deferred to by every one I met. At sewing-circles the girls would ask me: "Haven't you seen Edmund Flint yet?" "What a pity!" "You'll be sure to admire him." "But you needn't expect he'll admire you; he's as cold as ice." "Even you can't break his heart, Stella." "He hasn't any to break," said another. "Oh yes he has, but Stella isn't the kind for him. She isn't good nor steady enough."

"She won't dare to carry on in the singing seats when he gets home," said Sally Bowers.

"And why not, pray?" I retorted, losing patience at last.

"Well, you try and you'll find out—that's all," was the reply."

"Oh, don't," implored little Polly Colby—"Edmund Flint's as good as the minister. He makes us all behave."

"*I* shall not be afraid of him. I shall do just as I please."

"He won't let you go with Prissy then."

"One would think he was a king, by the way you all talk," I returned, scornfully. "I shall not bow down to him, you will see. And now do let's talk of something else."

As usual, my will prevailed. I had always been the queen and leader before I went away, and now, with my town dresses and manners, I had easily resumed my sceptre. Spring and summer passed away; I had recovered my old health and spirits; Prissy and I were more intimate than ever, and her brother was still absent. One Sunday morning I waited for her to call for me as usual on her way to church; waited till it was late, then hurried on alone, and, arriving heated and annoyed, found her in her place in the choir, and the "long prayer" begun. I was very irreverent then, and began to question her at once, but she only colored, and put her finger imploringly on her lips. Not a word would she speak till the prayer was over, and then only a hurried whisper.

"Don't, Stella, please; brother's here, and he never likes me to talk in church time."

I threw back my head scornfully, and caught a glimpse of a tall figure and a grave, brown face in the tenor row. I was careful not to look that way again. He should see that I, at least, took no interest in him, the conceited tyrant; but I couldn't help listening for his voice with great curiosity when the singing began. With all my wish to find fault I could only admire its perfect sweetness and wonderful flexibility and compass. This only irritated me the more, and I determined to plague him. If I couldn't make Prissy talk I would make her laugh, and as soon as the sermon was fairly under way I began to draw caricatures in my hymn-book and show them to her. I was very clever with my pencil, and soon had the poor girl in an agony of suppressed laughter, and could hear her brother moving uneasily.

I rejoiced, but not long, for a hand was placed on her shoulder, and a stern, handsome face bent down between us, whispered a few words that changed her laughter into remorseful tears. Not another look would she give at my sketches. I was not to be so easily put down, and soon had a new one passing around among the more reckless members of the choir. Presently Dick Price, the minister's son, a wild scamp of a boy, leaned over and said,

"Let's see the fun, Stella," and some one handed the book toward him. Hardly had he grasped it, when I heard that new voice, quick, low, and decided.

"Give it to me, Dick: are you not ashamed of yourself? If you have no reverence for God's house, you might, at least, have some regard for your father."

I felt that the book was surrendered, and an utter silence fell upon the gallery; and I knew that for that day, at least, my power had gone to my rival.

Mortified and angry, I sat through the remainder of the services, and almost hated my own voice when I found how beautifully it blended with his in the last hymn. Part of the music was arranged for two voices, and, either in mischief or in compliment to our superiority, it was left to the new-comer and me. Excitement, emulation, and defiance made my tones ring out like a bell. I knew I was doing wonderfully; but through the plaintive, minor strain, and along the old swinging fugue, and out into the burst of glad triumph at the close, went ever with mine, in perfect harmony, that clear, strong, vibrating tenor, soaring and falling and floating, strengthening, surrounding, and perfecting mine.

After it was over I remembered my anger and its cause, and, not wishing to encounter the remarks of the girls, I would not stay for Sabbath-school, but went home without even speaking to Prissy. In the afternoon I did not feel in spirits for any active mischief, but took satisfaction in pretending to sleep all through the sermon, and in avoiding Prissy's gentle attempts at conciliation.

In the evening I wandered restlessly out to walk, but had hardly left the gate when I saw Prissy and her brother coming. They were talking earnestly, and I had time to spring back and crouch behind some lilac bushes before they passed. Then I heard her soft voice pleading:

"But she is so bright and gay, so witty and pretty, and fond of me!—oh, brother!"

How my face burned as he replied:

"Beauty without gentleness, wit without reverence, intelligence without discretion. Such a character I can never admire, and I can not think her a desirable mate for my dear little sister."

I started up in angry tears and watched them as they walked away. I knew that timid little Prissy would give me up, but it was not she I watched so keenly, but her tall, manly brother, with his firm step, dark curly hair—cold, brown eyes, and resolute expression. There was nothing I could despise or ridicule. I had to acknowledge to myself that he was more attractive than any young man in town—one any girl might be proud of—and he had decided that I, the Queen of the Village, was unfit to be his sister's friend—I, who had been petted and courted all my life, in the place where he was a comparative stranger! From that moment a wild contradiction of feeling with regard to him possessed me—a determination to hate and defy, and a wild longing to gain his good opinion. "Such a character I can never admire" often rung in my ears, and stimulated now one and now the other of these feelings. "Beauty without gentleness, wit without reverence, intelligence without discretion!" Often and often, in self-humiliation, I would own it was true; and again I would passionately assure myself that he was hard and unjust.

We were constantly meeting in the choir, at singing-school, sewing circles, sleigh-rides, and all the village gatherings; but I had carefully avoided being introduced. Occasionally circumstances had compelled him to pick up my book or hand me a chair, but the civility was always coldly offered and haughtily accepted. Prissy had gone away to school.

Many weeks passed by, and my power and popularity waned, and Edmund's as steadily increased. One afternoon in November I went to help decorate the school-house for some exhibition or concert we were to have, to raise money for the church. He was not there, so I had a merry time, and, being interested, staid until all were gone except Ben and Sally Bowers. It was getting dark, and Sally ran home for another candle, our only one being low. All was done but the motto over the door, and that nearly finished, when the evergreen gave out. Ben hurried into the woods for more, leaving me alone for a few moments. I thought I would hang up the letter O we had just made; so, slinging it over my arm, and taking the candle in my hand, I climbed the ladder, and had just adjusted all to my satisfaction, when my feet somehow slipped, jerking me downward so suddenly that the sleeve of the arm I was holding above my head caught on a big nail and was held fast, while my left hand, which held the candle, was thrown against the crisp wreath, and they blazed up in an instant all around my face and fingers.

I could not free my right arm; every time I tried seemed to fix the stout sleeve more firmly, and only made the ladder tremble dangerously under me.

"Ben! Ben!" I shrieked, "Come quick! quick! I'm in trouble!" And then I heard a man's step and voice close by.

"Take the candle!" I cried, "and then get up here, somehow, and lift me down. My sleeve is caught, and I can't move, and the ladder is slipping!"

The candle was snatched in a moment, and then I heard one of the desks wrenched up, dragged below me, and some one tall springing upon it clasped my waist with strong, steady hands, lifted me, freed my sleeve, and, as the ladder fell from under my feet, held me close in his arms and jumped lightly to the floor. For one dizzy moment my head leaned against him, while the blazing wall, the dim rows of desks, and the wintry twilight landscape beyond the open door, blurred together and then were gone.

But the cold air revived me soon, and opening my eyes I looked up and found, with a start, Edmund Flint's dark face, softened and anxious, bending over me.

"Is it *you*?" I exclaimed, with ungrateful emphasis.

"Yes, it is I," he said, and his face became as cold as usual, as I straightened myself and stood alone and away from him.

For a moment we looked full and haughtily into each other's eyes, then mine fell, mastered, and I trembled as I said:

"Thank you for helping me so quickly and kindly. I don't know what I should have done. I am very much indebted to you."

He only bowed and went back to tear down and trample out the burning wreaths, while I went out and sat on the door-step waiting for Ben and Sallie, for I felt too weak to go home, and my burned hand pained me cruelly. Presently he joined me.

"You mustn't sit here; you will get cold. Take my arm, and I will go home with you."

"I prefer to wait here for Sallie and Ben."

"Then I shall stay with you." He sat beside me.

"Why didn't you drop that candle?"

"Because it would have set fire to those pine boughs and then to the ladder."

"That was very brave and thoughtful of you. Did your hand get burned much? Let me see it." His quiet, authoritative air annoyed me. I said nothing but concealed my hand under my shawl.

"Do you hate me so much that you had rather suffer than let me help you? I wonder you let me lift you down."

"I thought it was Ben."

"And were angry when you saw who it was?"

"Yes."

"You are very honest at all events. I suppose you will not deny that you dislike me?"

"No."

"Perhaps you will also tell me why?"

"If you choose to hear."

"I do."

"Because, then, you took away from me the love of the only girl I cared for. I was motherless and lonely, but you thought me unfit for her. You shamed me before all the choir, and you told Prissy I had 'beauty without gentleness, wit without reverence, intelligence without discretion.'"

He turned red and pale as I vehemently spoke.

"Did my sister tell you that?"

"No, I heard you as you passed my gate, and I have disliked you ever since."

"You had reason to," he said, gravely, "and I thank you for giving me an opportunity of saying that I am very sorry I judged you so harshly from one interview. It was wrong of me, and I beg your pardon. I have now seen you truly brave, and thoughtful, and honest. I never saw a girl before that was all of these; and you must allow me to say, now that we are speaking so frankly, that I admire you as much now as I disliked you that Sunday. I did take Prissy away because I saw she would do wrong rather than offend you, and I was afraid to have it so. I know you have thought me hard and tyrannical?" I nodded.

"We can call ourselves equal then as to first impressions; but I hope that is past now. Please let me look at your hand."

His frankness and simplicity, his apology and praise had altogether disarmed me. I was in much pain, too, and held out my hand at once. He was shocked at its appearance, and going quickly to the spring behind the school-house brought back a quantity of soft, wet moss, in which he gently wrapped it. Ben now appeared; he had lost the path, and wandered away, and was astonished and concerned at my adventure; but I saw his roguish eyes shine when I had to let Edmund pin my shawl, tie on my hood, and go home with me, while he remained to repair damages and explain to Sallie.

From that night Edmund preseveringly sought me, in spite of the coldness and rudeness my pride often led me to assume, for fear he should suspect the power he was fast gaining over me. People began to gossip about us; the village was divided. Some said it would be a match, others declared that as "Stella had never minded any body and Edmund had always been obeyed, it was impossible."

But love made it possible. Long afterward he told me that at the moment he took me in his arms, "so small and delicate" (he used to say), "but so fearless and spirited; when I felt your proud little head sink on my shoulder, I felt it shoot through my heart that you were for me, and faults and all I loved you as my own from that time."

With me it was different. I felt his power from the first, but I was too haughty and willful, impatient of control and reproof, to yield easily even to love. He was naturally imperious and stern, and had no understanding of caprice or impulse. His life was ruled by principle and religion, and I often shocked him, and he often hurt me. Many a weary discussion we had, and many a stormy interview—for we were as different as possible, and yet we loved each other dearly all the time. The boys and girls loved to get us together. "Here come Flint and Steel," they would say; "now we shall have knocks and sparks."

At last one June evening Edmund called at the door and asked me to come out to the gate a moment. I went, and there by the lilac bush where I had crouched nine months before stood Prissy, whom I had not spoken to since. She sprang into my arms and cried for joy. I gave one proud glance at her brother, which he met so imploringly that I returned her kisses and cried too. Then we had a long talk, all three, and agreed to forgive and forget and be the best of friends for ever and ever. By-and-by I walked home with Prissy, and then Edmund returned with me. The locust-trees along the lane were in bloom, and the night air was heavy with their sweetness. You know now, Annie, why I have always loved it, for it brings back to me that quiet summer evening when my true, brave lover, the noblest man I ever knew in God's earth, offered me the treasure of his love; me, the vain, undisciplined child, so little worthy to have won it. And I did not appreciate it even then; happy as it made me, proud as I was of it, I often tried it to the utmost, and gave him and myself many bitter hours before I learned the lesson that the girl *who does not love well enough to obey does not love well enough to marry.*

Of course I do not mean when points of conscience are concerned; that is another thing; but outside of that, in every engagement and every marriage questions of expediency, preference, and judgment will arise, and blessed and happy then is she who loves well enough to find submission easy. But, as I said before, I had to learn this lesson by suffering. We were engaged two years, and besides many minor quarrels, we twice came very near parting forever because of my wicked, haughty determination to do my own way and accept neither advice nor reproof.

Once when we were on the river with a party of others I persisted in going where the ice was thin because Edmund had said, in his quiet, absolute way, "You mustn't go beyond the bend, Stella." I made no answer. When he was gone I heard the girls laughing and saying I had found my master at last; and one jeeringly said I didn't dare go, and was quite as meek as Prissy now. Stung by her foolish words, I flung myself away from Prissy and slid boldly out upon the forbidden place. One moment of exultation and then the ice cracked, quivered, and, as a wild scream came from the girls, I went down into the death-cold river. Some of the boys ran after Edmund, and Ben Bowers flung himself flat near the opening and caught my cloak as I came up, and then, with fence-rails placed across, they managed to help me out; and the first thing I saw was poor Prissy flat on the ground in a faint, and Edmund running toward us whiter than she was.

You can imagine how ashamed I was. But he never reproached me by a word, and after a week of sickness and gentleness I was as gay and naughty as ever.

At another time I was invited to go on a sleighing party with Frank Prescott, a handsome, reckless fellow, an old admirer of mine. Edmund had never approved of him, and he said at once he could not allow me to go. I declared I should not consult him; he was jealous and tyrannical; and I intended to go. At last he said if I did we must part, and I said, "Very well."

I went. Frank was sober when we started; but when we stopped at the Half-way House, and had a dance and refreshments, I saw what I had to expect, but was too proud to say a word even to Prissy, who had come with her brother. When we started to return my partner was so intoxicated he could not drive. I took the reins and drove desperately fast, for I was now really frightened. Hardly had we left the other sleighs behind when Frank threw his arm around me and kissed me again and again with his hot, hateful lips. I screamed as loudly as I could, lost all control of the horse, who plunged up a bank and threw us both out into the deep snow. I scrambled up unhurt just as Edmund and Prissy overtook us, and with tears of anger and shame told my story. It was some consolation to have Edmund drag my tormentor by the collar to my feet, and make him repeat the humblest apology before he was flung back, sobered, into the drift. But all the way home, while I lay crying in Prissy's arms, I had no word or look from my lover. Stern and silent he sat. It was a terrible ride, and ended in a cold "Good-night" at my door.

I was heart-broken all the next day, and finally subdued my pride and sent a line, asking him to come to me. We had a long, sober talk. I wanted to be forgiven and petted at once, but he said No. How noble and unselfish he was! I can remember his quiet, firm, sad tone as he told me that, though he loved me better than his life, though I filled his heart, though with all my faults he loved my every look and tone and could not be happy without me, yet he feared that he was unsuited to

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me—that I did not love him well enough to bear with his stern temper, and so we had best part. I saw that he was in earnest; that he sincerely preferred my happiness to his own, and was resolute; though his face was pale with pain as he refused my caresses and coaxing. Oh, how little and poor and mean and unworthy I felt—how senseless my past willfulness!

In that moment a new and great love filled my heart; I felt a thrill of assurance that to be guided by him would make me happier than to rule a world. That under the sway of his love, controlled as it always was by high principle and wise judgment, I should be more content than if left to my own caprices.

At last I made him understand this, and then we were blessed indeed; and through the forty years of our married life there was never again more than a momentary cloud between us. Had he been of a mean or tyrannical nature we should have quarreled more and more; but he proved so noble, patient, and just that it became my pride and joy to acknowledge his authority.

When God called him from me twenty years ago, when the brave, clear voice was only a fluttering whisper, and his once strong arm could not lift the weary hand that lay so light in mine, he told me:

"Stella, you have been the great joy of my life; if I could live it over I would alter nothing in you; I would only try to serve God better and love you more." And then God's gates were opened for him and I was left desolate, only praying that I might follow soon; but the Lord willed that I should live on, long past my beloved, past all my early friends—past strength and usefulness and sight, but not past memory. That gives me still my youth, my husband, and all those happy years.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE lists went by the next day's mail. It was such a fair, soft spring afternoon, in spite of the March wind that went roaming about, peering after squirrel-cups, and alder flowers, and I know not what, that every body had gone out. Mr. May drove off soon after dinner to Hiccory Corner, the nearest village, saying nothing, like a wise man, of what he *might* find at the freight-station. Mrs. May was away on some good errand among her poor neighbors; and the children were clustered in the work-shop, watching Sam.

I'm afraid that people who are fond of yellow satin and such light trifles would not have admired this old work-shop; but the children thought it perfectly charming. It was but a room in the carriage-house, with two extremely cheerful and dusty windows, where whole generations of spiders had spun their threads and woven their tapestry unmolested, dealing out summary justice, with but short imprisonment nor even the form of a trial, to all such wasps, gnats, and blue-bottle flies as came in their way.

In the middle of the room stood a long work-bench; and the sides of the room, and every corner and window-ledge, were full of tools. Tool-chests stood on the floor, boxes of nails and screws, old pieces of iron, old hinges, lay in the window. Here hung up a saw and there a long plane, with twenty other things of which the children knew not even the name. At present their whole attention was fixed upon Sam—watching every mark of his gimlet, winking their eyes at every blow of his great hammer—so they stood in a trance of pleasure.

Sam was working away at a small box with a sloping roof, or rather with ends prepared for a sloping roof; and two other such boxes stood on the work-bench, each being roofed in with neat, close-fitting panes of glass.

"I don't see what the glass is for, after all," said Lily.

"Don't you?" said Sam. "Suppose we should break out all the glass in our windows some cold night, what then?"

"Oh, to be sure! the glass keeps the heat in. But then how does it *get* in, Sam? you can't make a fire in this little place."

"This little place would burn up pretty quick if I did," said Sam. "The heat gets in through the glass, Lily, from the sun. And it gets in better and quicker when the glass is sloped in this way toward the sun than if it were set up straight as it is in our windows."

"I wish I understood why," said Clover.

"Papa 'll tell you some day, or I will," said Sam, hammering away. "I haven't time just now."

"Here's papa this minute," said little Primrose.

"Why, so he is!" said Lily, going to one of the dusty windows. "He's left the wagon, and is coming over here with a big, big package in his hands."

Sam looked up for a moment and said, "Ah!" with an expression which proved that *he* understood the package thoroughly; and then began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and to use his hammer with great energy all at once.

"Sam likes *something*," said Primrose, with a laugh. "He always does when he whistles that."

"Sam likes several things—Primrose among the rest," said her brother, stooping down to kiss her. "But here's papa."

And Mr. May entered, bearing the great package. Such a package! with long, white handles sticking out atop, and sharp, black points and corners piercing the brown wrapping paper below: the whole tied up and bound together with "forty strings," Lily said, as if on purpose to keep curiosity at a respectful distance. The children clustered round, asking at least a question for every string; Sam stopped his whistling, indeed, out of respect to his father's presence, but there was the fullest smile of pleasure on his face as he laid down his hammer and stood still to watch the proceedings; and as for Mr. May himself, he was clearly as eager as the children, but he would not answer a single question. There he stood, untying some strings, cutting others with his knife, laughing at the children, giving their cheeks a pat or a kiss, as the case might be, but still at work on the package.

Such a package! I must say again. It was utterly bewildering and mysterious. And, like an Arabian Nights' difficulty, vanishing into another just as great, the large package presently resolved itself (when the fortieth string was cut) into *three* packages—each one wrapped up in stiff brown paper, tied round with numberless strings, out of which peeped white handles and black corners, just as before.

"There," said Mr. May, with great satisfaction, taking the three packages in hand, and measuring the respective length of the white handles, "this tallest one is for Clover, and the next for Lily; and this smallest of all must be for Primrose! In fact, it looks just like her!"

"Papa?" said Clover, doubtfully, as she took the package.

"I know! I know!" exclaimed Lily, tearing at the brown paper which shielded hers. "It's our tools! our garden tools! Oh, papa, how good you are! Oh, whatever shall I do with these strings! What *is* the use of tying things up so! Oh, Sam, I see the end of something sticking out of mine!"

And Lily tugged at the strings, and pulled, and tore the paper off, leaving the strings yet on; and finally caught up Sam's chisel, and began to work at the fastenings with that in an alarming way.

"Here, here!" said her brother. "If that is to be the style of operations, you may as well have help and a better tool." And Sam took out his knife, and quickly cut the cords, one after the other.

Clover, meanwhile, was patiently untying her knots, one by one. She had hardly spoken, had not exclaimed at all; but two pink spots in her cheeks grew very deep as she wrought with the hard, unyielding bits of twine, her fingers trembling with eagerness, though they labored on so steadily.

Little Primrose, on her part, was another picture. After one prolonged look at her package, as if to find out wherein it resembled her crimson merino and golden hair and little white ruffle, she stood at a sort of "parade rest;" the package "grounded," her small fingers clasped tight about it, and her whole attention given to Clover's knots and Lily's fingers; her eyes dancing as each fastening gave way. Then, when brown papers fell to the ground, and the bright little steel tools, with their neat white handles, came full into view, Primrose gave one long "Oh!" of wondering delight; and then, as the only other thing she *could* say, turned round to her father and held her little mouth for a kiss.

"Why, Prim, do you like them?" said Mr. May, laughing and holding her fast, package and all. "Well, young ones, be as happy as you can, I must go." And with a silent embrace from Clover, and a rather vociferous one from Lily, Mr. May departed.

"Now, Sam," said Lily, "put your work right up and tell us all about these things. Oh dear! I never was so happy in all my life!"

Sam laughed, and sitting down on the work-bench drew Primrose into his arms.

"Does not this little one want to see *her* tools?" he said.

"Oh yes!" said Primrose. "But my fingers aren't strong enough."

"Mine are," said Sam. "There, you sit up here by me on the bench, and we'll untie all these knots, and talk to Clover and Lily at the same time. What do you want to know about first, Lily?"

"*This*, I *suppose*," said Lily, displaying one of her tools, "is a spade."

"That is a spade. See what a beauty of a little one papa has got for Primrose! with a wee, wee handle just big enough for her little fingers. It's perfect."

There could be no doubt about that, from the way the little fingers took hold of it.

"But I thought you were going to dig the ground for us, Sam?" said Lily.

"So I hope to do the first time. But then there may be light digging to do afterward, and transplanting, and all that."

"And we want to learn how, any way," said Clover.

"Well, what's this?" said Lily. "Oh dear! there comes Jack. Now we'll have a bother."

"This?" said Jack, unceremoniously catching it from Lily's hand, "ha! a fine tool, I declare! *This*, young ladies, is called a rake; and it is chiefly useful for tearing your flower leaves into long strips, to make them look fringy. It adds very much to the striking effect of a flower-garden."

"You hush, Jack," said Clover, giving his shoulder a gentle tap. "I know a little about rakes, Sam, what's this?"

"A trowel."

"And trowels are used for digging up stones, and conveying them to the gravel-walk or the grass," said Jack.

"They're for transplanting," said Sam, smiling, "for digging up little obstinate weeds, for filling flower-pots, and for smoothing the ground where you want to sow seeds."

"And this," said Jack, taking up another tool, "is commonly called Neptune's trident, which you perceive it resembles. In the sea, as used by its original owner, it was excellent for spearing fish; but by the strange mutation of mortal things it is now used in gardens, to spear caterpillars, grubs, and earth-worms. This one of Prim's, you see."

"Indeed *mine* won't be used for any such thing," said Prim, indignantly. "Spear caterpillars, truly! I don't mean to have one in all my garden."

"Oh! don't you?" said Jack. "That alters the question."

"It's a weeding-fork, Prim," said her oldest brother; "and weeds, I'm afraid, you will have now and then. See, you stick the little fork in so, and it loosens the earth, and the weeds can be pulled right up by the roots."

"How nice!" said Lily. "Only I don't mean to have any weeds. Oh, I'm so happy! Come, let's go and show 'em all to mamma."

"But just wait till I gather up my strings," said Clover.

"Leave 'em here," said Lily, "you don't want 'em."

"They may be useful," said Clover, sedately.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Jack, turning a somersault in one corner of the work-shop. "Such model gardens! One will have no caterpillars, and t'other will have no weeds; and the other—I don't know, I'll keep watch about Clover's. She's as old-fashioned as a gray rock, and about as steady."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME ten years ago, at the Commencement exercises of a New England Seminary, a fanciful theme was read, entitled "A Visit to the Moon." In this theme was a description of a dinner party among the Lunaites; and we remember being struck by one fact that was stated, namely: that the inhabitants of our satellite—having reached a point of perfection that even Delmonico might envy—dispensed entirely with *waiters*. In place of them were cunning little steam-engines, conveniently fitted up, running around the dining-table on circular tracks, and distributing every imaginable delicacy to the guests. We believe, also, that there was some contrivance for conveying the viands to the mouth of each individual. We give publicity to these statements, in the hope that some enterprising person may hasten to make his fortune by appropriate inventions. We will lay no claim to the patent right. And in these days of "flying ships" nothing should be considered impossible.

There are machines for every thing nowadays. Sewing, writing, wringing, washing, laughing machines (may not *gas* so be called?), and so on *ad infinitum*. It may be mentioned, however, that as yet no *external thinking* machine has been invented; and here is a chance for somebody! The day may not be far distant when authors and editors, sitting comfy at their desks, may turn a crank, set the machinery agoing, lean back, close their eyes for a comfortable nap, and awake to find a thrilling novel or a learned editorial all ready for the press!

Speaking of machines reminds us of a little note recently found among a package of law papers in the pocket of a New York lawyer. It is without date or signature:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I'm curious to learn how you make the new washing machine go. You said you were told it would earn its price in six weeks or so. Can you wash whatever you want to? from a shirt to a pair of lace curtains? and has the waste pipe where the suds run a grating to catch all the buttons? I imagine you probably couldn't, but, however, it possibly may be—don't you think, slowly turning the crank, you could carefully wash a baby? I suppose after breakfast on Monday, as you go out to black your bootees, you stop on the way to the kitchen and do the week's washing with ease. And after a little more practice, I imagine, my versatile brother, you'll do all the washing with one hand, while you polish your boots with the other.

"Since you were the person to buy it, do you use it yourself all alone? Or sometimes let Emily try it, while you stand and laugh at the fun? Does the handle blister your hands? Do the rollers get rusty and squeak? Is the thing what it's cracked up to be? And if it's cracked say, does it leak? If it still holds its own in your mind, does it hold in the water all right? Why should a poor wash-tub be sound when its owner never was 'tight?' Excuse me once more if you will, I ask for the pleasure of knowing: Do you keep that washing-machine still, or do you keep it agoing?"

A little attention to the condition of some of the city railroad cars would not be out of the province of the Board of Health. Many of them are kept in a state of filthiness almost intolerable. The old, musty cushions, which have served the public for years and years, should be removed, and clean cane-bottomed seats be substituted.

A large milk establishment in Boston was recently examined by the authorities of that city. Four large casks, weighing probably two thousand four hundred pounds, were discovered, and they investigated the contents of one of them. It was filled with refined whiting, and on taking a sample for experiment, they found that mixing it with water gave a very good imitation of milk.

A new method of managing boarding-school young ladies has been recently adopted at a seminary in Indianapolis. The other day the principal learned that some of his pupils had packages of letters from young gentlemen in the city—tender epistles. Exasperated beyond endurance he caused the young ladies to stand up before the entire school and read the letters in full, with the names of the writers. There was a fluttering in the school.

Professor Agassiz has been presented with a large and beautiful collection of fishes by the Emperor of Brazil. A pleasant autograph note accompanied the gift.

Small as ladies' bonnets are nowadays the newspapers can't let them alone. One says:

"A lady in the country wrote to a friend in the city to purchase for her a new spring bonnet. She desired the crown to measure seven inches—just enough to cover her waterfall—and a red ribbon."

Another announces:

"A new bonnet is out—a common white handkerchief is passed over the top of the head and tied under the throat, with a wreath of roses in the shape of a horseshoe on top."

Still another:

"A new style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as 'consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price, nineteen dollars."

A Dutchman once being called upon to testify in court as a witness, exhibited a singular confusion as to his own identity. The usual question being asked, "What is your name?" he replied, "Vell, I calls mineself Fred, but maybe so—I don't know—it is Yawcup. You see, chudge, mine modder she have two little poys; one of them was me and one was my broder, or one was my broder and t'other was me—I don't know which; and I was chust so old as my broder was young, or my broder was chust as old as me—I don't know which, and mine modder she don't; and one of us vas named Fred and t'other Yawcup, or one named Yawcup and t'other Fred—I don't know which: and one of us got died, but mine modder she never could tell whether it was me or mine broder what got died; so, chudge, I does not know whether I am Fred or Yawcup, and mine modder she don't know."

Those who have hitherto failed in making for themselves a place in the "Poet's Corner" may find consolation in a bit which we cut from an exchange:

"A gentleman in Scotland has preserved an old number of the Greenock *Advertiser*, containing the following announcement:

"'*Notice to Correspondents.*—T. C.—The lines commencing "On Linden, when the sun was low," are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte.'"

These two little gems of thought are full of truth and beauty:

"The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic."

"Christian graces are like perfumes—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars, they shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear."

It is stated in the Paris journals that on the recent journey of the royal family to Auxerre the Empress was attired in the "most simple style." Her dress is described as of rich black *gros* silk, with an immensely long train, which was covered with small jet stars; a tiny *sac-paletôt*, likewise studded with jet and trimmed with guipure; and a white rice-straw bonnet of the Lamballe form, fringed with jet and tied with Mexican blue ribbon strings—such was Her Majesty's traveling costume. An anecdote is told relating to this Auxerre journey which shows how observant the Empress is, and how gracefully her remarks are responded to. Among the notabilities who came to welcome Her Imperial Majesty, M. Camille Doucet was conspicuous in his dress as counselor-general, having been generally seen during the winter in his academic robes. The Empress soon singled him out, exclaiming, "You are every where, and always in a different dress;" to which M. Doucet replied, "Yes, Madame, I do change my costume very frequently, but my sentiments never."

Among the new materials for summer dresses are the *piqués*, which are woven this season so as to look as though they were coarsely ribbed, and they are generally covered with a pattern. The patterns imitate braided arabesque guipure; there are also flowers and horseshoes, and several other designs, generally on white grounds. *Percales* are very popular for *demi-toilette*, and the newest patterns in this material are stripes of a dark color with large daisies or camel, or stars in the stripes; the ground of the dress is either white or maize color.

As a change, there is a new material called the *Sultane*. It is made of very fine wool, with satin stripes, and is something like the woolen Chambéry gauze. It is very pretty in light color, such as the new blue, pink, mauve, and sea-green. It is not expensive, and many pretty promenade toilets are made of it, trimmed with ribbon of the same color and with Thibet fringe.

It is not such a difficult matter to be well dressed in summer without spending a great deal of money, as must necessarily be the case in winter. Freshness is the great merit of a summer toilet.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY was Noah's ark like a smoke-house?—Because it had a Ham in it.

VISIBLE SPEECH.—"Taking a Sight."

DRAWING THE LONG BO-HEA.—We have just been informed, by one competent to know, that one of the most lucrative positions is that of a tea-taster. We can easily believe it is much more so than that of Postaster, but that it is worth fifty thousand pounds a year is a draught difficult to swallow; and suggests the remark that such a sum must come out of the measure so well known as a *Pekoe Lées*.

"A lot of copper ore in pigs!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eye caught an account of some smelting operations. "I don't wonder they have the scrofula and every thing else that is bad. I dare say their lard is nothing but verdigrease, for copper is very delatorious."

BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRL'S LAMENT.

Perchance I sit me down to eat,
With *hunger*, which I'm told is *fain*,
Impatient that the milk is *lait*,
And grieve to find my bread is *pain!*
My wordless woe 'tis vain to tell
When even salt becomes a *sel!*

A cabbage head is but a *chou*,
My *honey* is disguised in *miel:*
For water I must swallow *eau;*
The town I find dishes up in *vielle!*
I grumble at the *broil* I take
Like old John Rogers at his *stake*.

A word to you, my reader friends,
I'm forced to tell it *entre nous*,
No language but the French can lend
An *old* enchantment to the *vieux:*
The truest word of all their *mots*
Is, silly people are the *sots*.

"What is the future state?" said a clergyman to a sprightly little girl. "Illinois, Sir." "No, no," said the clergyman. "I mean what is the real future condition of men and women?" "Why," replied she, after some hesitation, "I suppose they are to be married."

A TISSUE OF LIES.—A forged bank-note.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

Why is a beef-steak like a locomotive?—It's not of much account without it's tender.

A Frenchman can not pronounce "ship." The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

A BAR SINISTER.—A turnpike.

At a fancy-dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen in a very low-bodied dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, Monsieur." "At low tide, then, Madame." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS."—Over the flower-beds.

JUDICIOUS SELECTION.—On Good Friday, in a town in North Wales, an elderly minister, with a bald pate, judiciously selected for his text, "My sins are greater in number than the hairs on my head."

A GOOD PLACE FOR PATENT HAIR-DYES.—Canada; for there the *hare* is always gray.

In an old family Bible in Connecticut the record of a birth is entered in this wise: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection!"

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

If a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night, and *her* old folks don't make any fuss about it, and *his* old folks don't make any fuss about it, the two young folks may be said to be engaged.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

"Wife," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I won't." "Well, then, sit up; I will be minded!"

Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spoils the nap.

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FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—VIEW OF WATERLOO, NEAR FORT ERIE, WITH BRITISH CAMPS, ETC.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MICHIGAN" WITH CAPTURED FENIANS ON A SCOW-BOAT.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—SKIRMISH ON THE 2D OF JUNE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE FENIANS.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

THE FENIAN RAID.

WE give on this page and on page 397 illustrations of the Fenian invasion of Canada. Waterloo is just a little way from Fort Erie. The following extract from the *Army and Navy Journal* gives a very good account of the raid:

On Thursday, May 31, a considerable number of Fenians had quietly gathered into Buffalo, calling themselves laborers, bound for California. At about half past two next morning they had collected at Black Rock, some three miles north of Buffalo, and here they at once crossed the Niagara River by the aid of two tugs and four canal-boats. They landed safely, under the green flag, and at once took possession of the ruins of old Fort Erie, just at the place where the lake narrows to the river. Their number was somewhere from 1000 to 1500. Their military organization consisted of four regiments, the Thirteenth, or Tennessee, the Seventeenth, or Kentucky, the Eighteenth, or Ohio, and the Seventh, or Buffalo, besides an Indiana detachment. All these had Colonels, and the whole were under Col. O'NEILL, formerly known as having enlisted a regiment for the rebels of such of our soldiers in the horrible den at Andersonville as preferred dishonor to death.

This crossing had been successfully concealed from the United States authorities. At embarking in the Fenian fleet the men received arms and ammunition, but no commissariat seems to have been organized. They at once cut the telegraph wires leading into Canada, tore up the track of the railroad near them, and advanced westward along the lake shore toward Port Colborne, at the mouth of the Welland Canal.

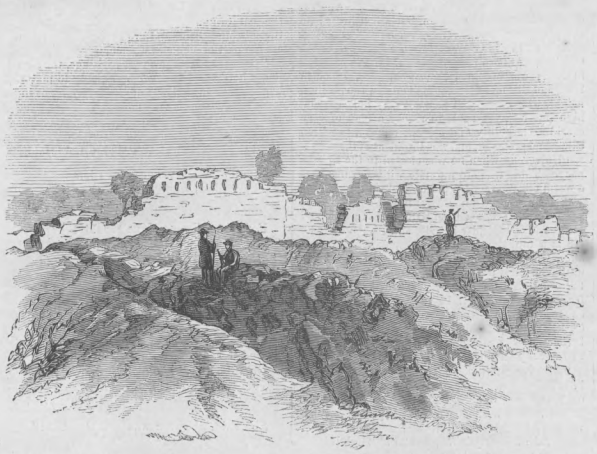
The first Canadian force to come into actual conflict with the Fort Erie Fenians was a body of about 1400 Volunteers, under Colonel BOOKER or BUCHANAN, which had hastened to Port Colborne, while another force, under Colonel PEACOCK, was advancing upon the Fenian rear, up the Niagara River, *via* Chippewa. BOOKER'S troops met O'NEILL and his Fenians about 8 A.M. on the morning of Saturday, June 2. O'NEILL was advancing westward, and now took post at Limestone Ridge, somewhat less than half-way from Fort Erie to Port Colborne. There was a sort of battle, in which —though there are various reports—the Canadians seem to have despised their adversaries, and to have advanced in pursuit of them as if already victorious, when the Fenian line was merely falling back to rectify an error. Many of the Fenians are veterans of the Rebellion, and not to be discouraged by a charge; so they charged bayonets in their turn upon the confident Canadians, and very easily dispersed them. But the losses are reported at only 6 killed and 15 wounded on the Fenian side, and 32 killed and wounded on the Canadian side.

After pursuing the beaten Canadians for some distance, the Fenians fell back toward Fort Erie. They had impressed some provisions at that place, but their supplies quickly fell short, notwithstanding what they could find in the vicinity. More Canadian troops were coming up to Port Colborne; PEACOCK'S force was approaching from Chippewa; the *Michigan* and one or two tugs had effectively closed the Niagara River to reinforcements. As the Fenians approached Fort Erie again they had a brush with a small Canadian force, but easily dispersed it; and at night, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the Fenians attempted to escape back into the United States. Their main body was promptly captured, with the tugs conveying them, by the *Michigan;* the stragglers and pickets were left on the Canadian side, and were taken by Colonel PEACOCK'S force, which went into camp at Fort Erie; and the left-flank movement of the Fenian invasion was over, and a failure, and its troops were prisoners to United States District-Attorney DAILY, though in the immediate charge of Captain BRYSON, of the *Michigan*.

The sketches on page 397 show the ruins of Fort Erie and the flag captured from the British at Ridgeway by the Fenians.

Since this failure other attempts have been made, but have not succeeded.—The Fenians made a great mistake when they began the work of emancipating Ireland with the infraction of the laws of the country of which they were the adopted citizens. The President's proclamation, and the vigilance of our military force on the frontier, will prevent an early repetition of the collisions at Fort Erie and Ridgeway.

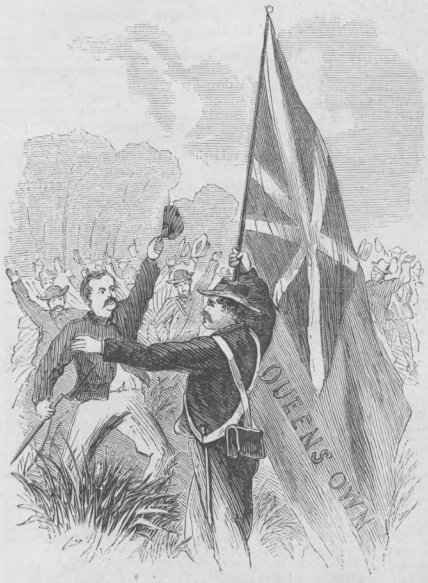
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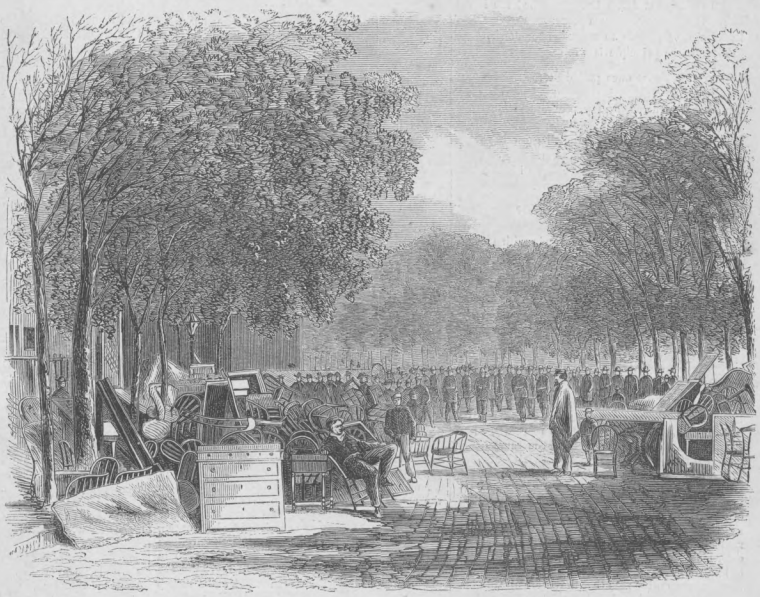
FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—RUINS OF FORT ERIE.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]



THE FENIAN RAID—BRITISH FLAG CAPTURED BY THE FENIANS.
[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

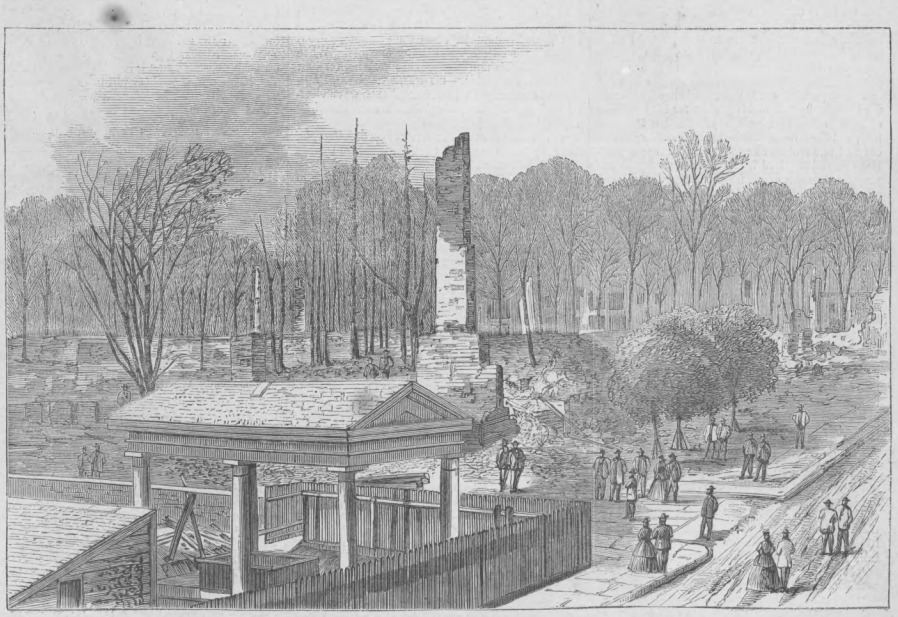


THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—BROADWAY THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]

THE FIRE IN SARATOGA.

CONGRESS HALL HOTEL in Saratoga was destroyed by fire on the morning of May 29. At twenty minutes past twelve the flames were discovered in the north wing of the building, and issuing from the apartment known as the ironing and linen room, wherein the women ironers had been at work until an unusually late hour on the night before to be in readiness for the annual opening of the house, which was to take place on the very day of the fire. The frailty of the immense structure was soon apparent in the instantaneous spread of the flames, and but little more than an hour elapsed before it was a complete and impressive heap of ruins. The glare of the fire was plainly visible in Troy, Albany, Schenectady, and throughout all the adjacent country.

The loss involved in this fire was nearly $200,000. Congress Hall was built in the year 1812 by Mr. GIDEON PUTNAM, and it was while superintending the work upon the building that he fell and injured himself, and afterward died of his wounds. The hotel was kept in the family for a number of years, when a Mr. VAN SCHOENHOVEN bought it. He left it in his will to Mr. KINSLEY, his son-in-law; and in 1850 the only surviving heir, Mr. E. V. KINSLEY, came into possession, all his relatives being burned or drowned, or both, on the ill-fated steamboat *Henry Clay*. Mr. H. H. HATHORN, the last proprietor, bought the house on the 9th of September, 1854, and had retained his right in it ever since. He has had partners with him, but he himself had been the man of the establishment. The large number of improvements which had been made in and around the hotel are too numerous to mention, but they were such as made it equal, if not superior, to any in the place. A new office had been made in the front of the building, which included the room formerly occupied as a bar-room, and extended back as far as the piazzas. The bar-room had been sent down stairs, as also several other branches of hotel appointments. Mr. HATHORN had announced his intention of opening the hotel on Monday, May 28.



THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—RUINS OF CONGRESS HALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]

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WHY SHAKE HANDS WITH NEIGHBOR JONES?

My neighbor Jones is of portly mien,
His face both smooth and bland,
And he has a terrible way—to me—
Of heartily shaking my hand.
Now there is nothing of which to complain
In a good and hearty shake,
But upon my word with my neighbor Jones
I feel as if handling a snake.

He meets me at church in the midst of a crowd,
Or sometimes he meets me alone,
And his eyes they glare with a grayish stare,
And the look of a rounded stone.
I am getting afraid of my neighbor Jones,
Of the touch of his clammy palm,
And I am afraid that his stony eyes
Have always a meaning of harm.

I know that, one day, when my pigs broke through
Into Jones's pasture field,
He kindly opened my garden gate,
Where they ruined my early yield.
I know that when Sue, my brindled cow,
Was choking in yonder lot,
That Jones sat still on his fence and watched,
But Jones to me came not.

I know that Jones, in digging a well,
Cut off the stream of mine,
And I know that Jones both chuckled and laughed,
As though the joke were fine.
And I know that Jones has threatened the law
For things not worthy a song;
But I always give in to my neighbor Jones,
Though the principle is wrong.

I know that Jones once pulled at the ear
Of Billy, my eldest born,
And that I incurred, by my peaceable way,
My Billy's utter scorn.
That Billy declares when he shall grow big
That there's death to Jones's ears,
But still I have hope he will change his mind,
Like myself—when Jones appears.

But why do I shake old Jones's hand?
It is not for love, I am sure.
Or rather, why let him shake hands with me,
When his shaking I can not endure?
I wish that the fashion of shaking hands
Would go out with the spring or fall,
And I ask, when I think of my neighbor Jones,
Why do they shake hands at all?

THE HONEST THIEF.

THERE once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole course of life was regular as clock-work. Each morning he left his modest dwelling at precisely the same hour, passed through the old-clothes market to his Bureau, and after his six hours' labor was accomplished returned home by the self-same route. His garments were shabby from long service, and the covering of his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitations of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article; and seeing some of a green color one day in a shop window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman, however, refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoken, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and if needs must I can finish another by to-morrow to take its place."

The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which elicited from his colleagues smiling congratulations upon his successful purchase.

Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the Bureau, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe the perspiration from his face, and drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of fine India foulard silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had not by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daughters.

"Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?"

His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after many random guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put in his pocket by their cousin, who spent the last Sunday with them; and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father.

On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat-tails in order to seat himself at his desk, he felt something hard in both his pockets, and putting in his hand brought out from one a gold watch and from the other a well-furnished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but after long reflection he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, and was alone in the room; he therefore determined to say nothing to them of his discovery, and as soon as the office hours were over he went directly to the Chief of the Police and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the Chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars he said:

"It is very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?"

"Never before last week."

"Have you made any change in your dress within that time?"

"No."

"Recollect!"

"Oh yes, certainly! I bought a new cap!"

"Tell me how and where you bought it."

The old man told him every thing connected with his purchase, upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a band of thieves! Do you not perceive? The twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark for recognition; and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as quickly as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice, and transferred these articles to your pockets. We are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money and buy another cap from one of the principal magazines; then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow you must not run the risk of being arrested also."

The old man went into a shop and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up the cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-office, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a costly piece of lace. He hastened to deliver this fresh booty into the hands of the Chief, who again burst into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the honest thief.

The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap; and simultaneously, at precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in durance vile.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.

THE Episcopal College of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, consists of ten Bishops, three of whom are not assigned to regular duty because of their advanced age, and four were elected and ordained at the late session of the General Conference, held in the city of New Orleans.

We present this week a representation of the whole body, with the exception of the venerable Senior Bishop, SOULE, whose feeble health detained him from the Conference at which the photograph was made from which an engraving is rendered. The subjoined sketches give an outline of the main facts in the history of each, with his distinguishing characteristics:

1. JOSHUA SOULE is a native of the State of Maine, and is now in his eighty-sixth year. He entered upon the work of the holy ministry in the last year of the last century; was ordained Deacon in 1801, Elder in 1803, and Bishop in 1824. He is a man of large build, powerful physique, and majestic appearance; has endured immense hardships in the pioneer work of the itinerant ministry, and exerted a very great influence upon the growth of Methodism on this continent. For several years he has been relieved from regular Episcopal duty, and in a serene old age is waiting his change at his simple residence, near the city of Nashville, Tennessee.

2. JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW was born in Georgia, in 1794; entered the ministry in 1812; was ordained Deacon in 1814, Elder in 1816, and Bishop in 1832. Without learning, he made his way by the natural powerful eloquence of his preaching and the pious industry of his pastoral labors. He is genial, warm-hearted, and simple. He has retired from the active Episcopacy; but in memory of his former labors, and in respect for the great purity of his character, he is warmly cherished by his Church.

3. ROBERT PAINE is a native of North Carolina; born in 1799; a Licentiate in 1818, a Deacon in 1822, his ordination having been delayed by the absence of Bishops; an Elder in 1824, and a Bishop in 1846. He is a man of high intellect, strong passions, magnanimous spirit, and considerable culture. He is represented as the philosopher of the Episcopal Bench. He seems sluggish in his movements, but is powerful when aroused. Often impetuous, he is always generous. His knowledge of law makes him an excellent presiding officer. As a preacher he is exceedingly unequal. When he succeeds his pulpit efforts are very impressive; his failures are total. He was, we believe, President of La Grange College, in Alabama, when elected Bishop. His uttered opinions have great weight in the Annual and General Conferences.

4. GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE was born in Georgia, in 1811; began to preach in 1830; ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1834, and Bishop in 1854. He is affable, careless in his manners, very handsome in face and person, with a dark eye and a remarkably charming smile. In the pulpit he has had the reputation of great brilliancy. He is still a powerful preacher. His voice is like a bugle; it stirs you from afar. Not remarkable for discrimination, he carries his measures by the force of the enthusiasm his magnetic style seems to kindle. He is a liberal thinker and a genial companion. In Georgia his influence is unrivaled.

5. JOHN EARLY was born in Virginia. He is believed to be in his eighty-second year. He was admitted to the Virginia Conference in 1807; was ordained Deacon in 1809, Elder in 1811, and Bishop in 1854. He is a man of remarkably commanding presence. In all crowds where he is a stranger his appearance attracts immediate attention. It is a combination of the Apostle and the General. He was born to command, and he does command. He has been a great worker. His energy is tireless. At his advanced age he can travel as much as any of his colleagues; and although, by reason of his multitude of years, he has been relieved from the burden of Episcopal labor, and takes his place with Bishops Andrew and Soule, his presidency at the late General Conference is said to have shown his clear head and strong hand, grasping and managing the reins to the last.

6. HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH, a native of Kentucky, was born in 1802; entered the ministry in 1823; was ordained Deacon in 1825, Elder in 1827, and Bishop in 1854. He is a hearty Christian—very simple, very discreet, slow in the chair on a point of order, very reliable upon points of law if time be given, happy, pure, peaceful, much loved and much respected. As a preacher he requires a long time to fire up, but when heated he is a pulpit engine of several-preacher-power.

7. WILLIAM MAY WIGHTMAN, a native of South Carolina, was born in 1808; entered the Conference in 1828; was ordained Deacon in 1830, Elder in 1832, and Bishop in 1866. He is below the medium height, with a head and face not very indicative of high intellect, yet he is in reality a man of very considerable ability and elegant culture, has been editor and professor, and was President of the Southern University when he was elected to the Episcopacy. Those who are intimate with him manifest a warm affection for his person and character.

8. ENOCH MATHER MARVIN was born in Missouri, in 1823; was a Licentiate in 1841; ordained Deacon in 1843, Elder in 1845, and Bishop in 1866. He is a tall, thin, cadaverous man in his appearance, wears his hair long and careless, is wholly unshaven; has a clear, blue, deep eye, a high intellectual brow, and a nose which makes his whole face look like the portraits of CALVIN. His mental endowments are lofty, his temper gentle, his spirit Christian, his preaching very superior, and his laboriousness—notwithstanding his apparent feebleness—really exemplary.

9. DAVID SETH DOGGETT was born in Virginia, in 1810; entered the Conference in 1829; was ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1833, and Bishop in 1866. He is slender, graceful, pleasant, cultivated, and eloquent. He is a good man, a scholar of considerable acquirements, and a delightful and edifying preacher. He has been editor of several periodicals and a professor.

10. HOLLAND NIMMONS M'TYEIRE was born in South Carolina, in 1824; entered the ministry in 1845; was ordained Deacon in 1848, Elder in 1849, and Bishop in 1866. He has been editor of several Church periodicals. As a preacher his matter is solid, but his delivery is slow—very slow; as a writer he is most lucid and pungent. Nothing comes from his pen which does not arrest attention. He is very vigilant and very sagacious. He never barks at what he thinks wrong; he bites, always putting his teeth into the point of the error. He is upright in person and character, has a steel-gray incisive eye, and a hard face, which is wonderfully relieved by a remarkably illuminating smile. He is a man of rare executive power, and upon this characteristic his friends base their hopes of a most useful Episcopal career for this youngest of the four Bishops called to that office by the Church at its late General Conference.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MR. A. R. W.'s sketches on pages 392 and 393, illustrating the May-day Festival at New Orleans, Louisiana, and the Freedmen's School at Vicksburg, Mississippi, are thus described by the artist:

"FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL AT VICKSBURG.

"One of the most noticeable features of these schools for freedmen is the cleanliness and good clothing of a majority of the scholars. Of course there are ragged and rough specimens, but these are not the rule. It is one of the many evidences I have found in Mississippi of the general well-being of the negroes, and their capacity to take care of themselves. These scholars, embracing all ages from the grandam down to the infant, are attentive, and master their tasks without any appearance indicating that the labor is irksome. The lady teachers, with a little tact, do almost any thing with them; and, although all teaching is a wearisome business, I should judge that these people showed the average intelligence displayed in the New York public schools. The Superintendent of the schools, Chaplain WARREN, considers that in all that pertains to language they are, perhaps, ahead of white children in quickness of apprehension. How far their capacity for education would carry them is doubtful. That these schools will vastly improve the colored people there is no room for doubt; the evidence is conclusive on that point. The school-house is a dilapidated affair, and the owner is anxious to get it into his possession again. The location of the school will have to be changed. The prejudice of the Southern people against the education of the negroes is almost universal.

"MAY FESTIVALS IN NEW ORLEANS.

"New Orleans has been the scene of a number of festivals during the present month, in honor of May and the flowers.

"The Germans have, according to time-honored custom, sweltered and guzzled lager, with additions in the shape of loud-smelling rye-bread, louder sausages, and absolutely noisy garlic and cheese; after which they danced in the hot sun, in a mob, upon a platform, perspiring happily, and causing the air to reek with recollections of the above-mentioned comestibles. The Fenians have had their little picnic (in peace), and other May picnics are in contemplation; but the prettiest festival was that of a dancing-school—patronized, I was informed, by none but the children of the 'élite' of New Orleans.

"This entertainment came off at the French Opera-house, where the little pupils resolved themselves into an amateur ballet-corps, and gave tableaux and fancy-dances, succeeded by a ball, in which the spectators were allowed to join after eleven, the hour when most of the little ones went home.

"The tableau selected for the sketch is the crowning of the May Queen of the Fairies by Morning, Night standing near by, and a little boy, personating Bacchus, ready to present a bouquet—although what in the name of goodness Bacchus has to do with the fairies deponent is unable to tell! Premature 'three-year-olds,' who might be the originators of all the jokes attributed to that age in the 'Editor's Drawer,' occupied pedestals in the character of Cupids. Gas, candles, flowers, scenery, and, above all, Blue-fire, made quite a pretty spectacle; and the children acquitted themselves with a self confidence and ease quite remarkable. The New Orleans children are much older, so to speak, than the children of the North. Those who have reached the mature age of twelve have left childhood entirely behind them, and are prepared to—and do—act the part of men and women.

"Going to school at a very early age, the climate, like a hot-house, forces them quickly to maturity; but whether the average of life is so long as in less forward countries is very doubtful."

CROONS FOR THE CRADLE.

FULL well I recollect the rhymes,
The ballads of my cradle times,
Of Nursery!

For often Emma Jane would bring
Her darning to my crib, and sing
Of—well, of almost *any thing!*
Of Nursery!

She rocked my cradle to and fro
The while she chanted soft and low,
Of Nursery!

And I remember how I hung
On all she said, on all she sung;
For I was musical, though young,
Of Nursery!

She said, "There was a little man!"
Ay, marry, thus the tale began,
Of Nursery!

"He had a little gun," she said,
"With bullets that were made of lead"
(They generally *are*, I've read),
Of Nursery!

Anon she sang about the fall
Of Humpty Dumpty from a wall,
Of Nursery!

And then her voice would sink again
To something of a softer strain—
Some exhortation to the rain,
Of Nursery!

She said that if it went away
It might return another day,
Of Nursery!

She sang to me of Jack and Jill,
Who came to grief upon a hill,
Through taking up a pail to fill,
Of Nursery!

I would I were a child again,
To hear the songs of Emma Jane,
Of Nursery!

Oh! cradle-days forever flown!
Young hopes forever overthrown!
I walk the world alone—alone!
Of Nursery!

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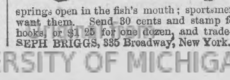
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Martyrs to Intermittent Fever, a word with you. The responsibility for your suffering rests upon yourselves. Just as surely as you shake to-day, or will shake to-morrow, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS will extinguish the disease under which you labor. Had you taken this genial tonic as a preventive, you would have no need of it as a cure, for it renders the system impervious to all miasmatic fevers. But since you neglected the precaution, rid yourselves without delay of the complaint by resorting to the only reliable remedy. Break the chills with HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, and they will return no more. This is the experience of thousands, and it will be yours. Quinine is a slow means of relief; it is nauseous to the last degree; it is more dangerous than the malady itself; in many cases it utterly fails. How different is the effect of the BITTERS. Their curative action is rapid; they are agreeable to the palate; they are not only entirely harmless, but tend inevitably to strengthen the constitution and prolong life; they *never have failed*, and it is confidently assumed that they *never can fail* in any case of Fever and Ague, however inveterate in its character. To be without HOSTETTER'S BITTERS in any region infested with Intermittent or Remittent Fever is simply to reject safety and court disease.



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			T. Pool.
5 lbs. Young Hyson	John Cravens	at $1 25	$6 25
2½ lbs. "	J. Hathaway	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs. Imperial	do	at 1 25	
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	G. W. Pool	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	G. W. Pool	at 1 00	1 00
5 lbs. Young Hyson	Jacob Booth	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs. "	F. S. Wilmer	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs. Imperial	F. S. Wilmer	at 1 25	
2 lbs.	Dr. H. A. Raney	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Uncolored Japan	do.	at 1 25	2 75
1 lb. Imperial	E. Mitchel	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	J. S. Kenner	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. "	Orion Powell	at 1 25	2 50
6 lbs. "	Samuel Butler	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs. Unc'l'ed Japan	Weldman Fuller	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	S. A. Lyon	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. "	J. J. Calder	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. "	A. P. Webber	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Uncolored Japan	Thos. Calhoun	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Geo. W. Bets	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. "	Sam'l Powell	at 1 25	2 50
2½ lbs. Imperial	B. S. Scott	at 1 25	6 25
2½ lbs. Gunpowder	B. S. Scott	at 1 25	
2 lbs. Young Hyson	A. C. Shumway	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	A. C. Shumway	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Imperial	Mrs. L. Booth	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	J. W. McCutchin	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. "	Phillip Peck	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. "	S. H. Wetmore	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	S. H. Wetmore	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	Geo. P. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	Geo. P. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	N. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	H. Chapen	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	H. Chapen	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Richard Hoadley	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	Richard Hoadley	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Theo. Stone	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Oolong	Theo. Stone	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Jobe Brown	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Ivony Butler	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Oolong	Ivony Butler	at 1 00	2 00
5 lbs. Oolong	Fred. Biggs	at 1 00	5 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	W. Hoover	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	Thos. O'Brien	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Thos. O'Brien	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Mrs. H. C. Calder	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial	C. Stowell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	C. Stowell	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Hiram Daman	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. "	Munson Hinman	at 1 25	1 25
Carried up			$126 25
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3 lbs. Young Hyson	John Scott	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs. Gunpowder	Wm. Scott	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial	A. Chandler	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	A. Chandler	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Imperial	Albert Vanpatent	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb. Young Hyson	Joel Hakes	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	Joel Hakes	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	Daniel Dolivan	at 1 25	1 25
3 lbs. Young Hyson	Jacob Clemer	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs. Imperial	Robert Will	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs. Uncolored Japan	Robert Will	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs. Young Hyson	George Will	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. "	Isaac Nurs	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs. "	Lucus Root	at 1 25	6 25
4 lbs. "	Amos Root	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs. "	E. C. Root	at 1 25	6 25
4 lbs. "	James Rowe	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. "	E. C. Stowell	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs. Imperial	E. C. Stowell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	P. W. Crady	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	John Clark	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	R. J. Nurs	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	Jessey Zink	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. "	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs. Imperial	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs. Young Hyson	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs. Oolong	P. A. Pool	at 1 00	12 00
2 lbs. Imperial	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs. Uncolored Japan	P. A. Pool	at 1 25	
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Theo Newell	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Young Hyson	O. Stowell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	B. Hamlin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	N. Hamlin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. "	A. Brewster	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	J. N. Pratt	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	Dr. S. Trimble	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Oolong	Dr. S. Trimble	at 1 00	2 00
3 lbs. Oolong	A. Powell	at 1 00	3 00
2 lbs. Uncolored Japan	J. Powell	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. "	J. Daboll	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. "	E. Reed	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial	P. Russell	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs. Young Hyson	G. Saxton	at 1 25	5 00
5 lbs. Imperial	J. B. Evans	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs. Imperial	John Jukes	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial	Jos. Cooper	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	Jos. Cooper	at 1 00	1 00
4 lbs. Imperial	Levi Hicks	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb. Imperial	Wm. Blue	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	John Colar	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	Dick Simpson	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	Dick Simpson	at 1 00	1 00
Total			$258 25

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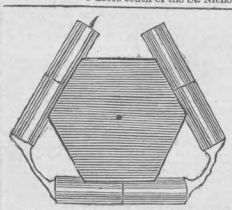
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VOL. X.—No. 496.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"THE HALT."

THIS picture, from a painting by THOMAS NAST, has lately been on exhibition in Chicago, and the Chicago *Tribune* thus speaks of it:

"A pleasant farm-house, shaded with vines; a tired soldier, leaning upon his gun, taking a cup of water from the farmer's wife—the children looking on in youthful wonder; you can not see their faces, but you know how they look. A little farther on a soldier sitting down tantalizing a dog; a splendid distance and back-ground, with a baggage-wagon and soldiers, beautifully-drawn foliage, and delicious bits of sky. Such is THOMAS NAST'S 'Soldier's Halt'—hard, perhaps, in coloring, and filled with idiosyncrasies, and yet bearing the impress of great talent. Better or more conscientiously elaborated foliage you will rarely see, and the same as to sky and atmosphere. NAST is well known to all art lovers. He is known to every body as the delineator of the splendid cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*."

LEWIS CASS.

THE HON. LEWIS CASS died at Detroit, Michigan, on the morning of June 17.

Before the late war CASS was held by our people to occupy a very large place in our history—he was looked upon, in some sort, as a monumental figure. Just that place he can never hold again in the popular estimate, simply because the war of the rebellion has, like a vast cataclysm, swept away many former political and military idols from their lofty pedestals.

The New York *Tribune* thus briefly epitomizes the life of General CASS:

LEWIS CASS was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, the 9th day of October, 1782. His father bore a commission in the Revolutionary army, and took part in the battles of Bunker's Hill, Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, etc. The young LEWIS was educated at Exeter, and studied law at Marietta. He was admitted to the Bar in 1802, and practiced with success during several years. In 1806 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature. Being placed on the committee instituted to inquire into the movements of Colonel BURR, his hand drafted the law which enabled the local authorities to arrest the men and boats engaged in that enterprise on their passage down the Ohio. He also drew up the address to Mr. JEFFERSON, embodying the views of the Ohio Legislature on the subject. In 1807 Mr. CASS was appointed Marshal of the State, a post which he filled until 1813. In the war of 1812 he volunteered to join the forces at Dayton under General HULL, and was named Colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers. Colonel CASS commanded the advanced-guard when the army crossed from Detroit into Canada, and drew up the proclamation addressed by the General to the inhabitants of that country on their arrival in it, and commanded also the detachment which dislodged the British forces posted at the bridge over the Canards.

Shortly afterward Colonel CASS was included in the capitulation which ensued on the signal defeat of the American army, and, after making his report at Washington, was appointed to the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, and, after a short interval, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General

He took part in the pursuit of General PROCTOR, and in the triumph at the Moravian towns. At the close of the campaign he was left in command of Michigan, with his head-quarters at Detroit, a command he exchanged for the post of Civil Governor over the same State in October, 1813.

In 1814 he was associated with General HARRISON in a commission to treat with the Indians, who had been hostile to the United States during the war. In 1819 he established himself permanently with his family in Michigan. From the year 1819 to 1828 General CASS was the main instrument in the various treaties concluded during these years between the United States and the different Indian tribes located along its entire frontier. In 1828 he was made President of an historical society established in Michigan, and in the following year delivered an inaugural address embodying the early history of the State, and bringing it down to the period when it became a part of the Union.

In 1830 he received the degree of LL.D. from Hamilton College, New York. In 1831 he was made Secretary of War by the then President, General JACKSON. It was during his tenure of this office that the war of the Seminole Indians broke out, a calamity which by some has been attributed to his want of judgment. In 1836 the same President appointed him Minister of the United States to France, where he published a book entitled "France, its King, Court, and Government," in which Louis Philippe and his supporters are somewhat lavishly praised.

In 1842, President TYLER having been placed in power by the death of General HARRISON, General CASS was, at his own request, recalled. From his return to America many acts of his life are felt to be perplexing, not to say irreconcilable. He now declared himself in favor of a high protective tariff, a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and of the constitutionality of a bank of the United States.

These views brought him in close alliance with Governor PORTER, of Pennsylvania, and that portion of the Locofoco party who had a leaning



THE LATE LEWIS CASS.



"THE HALT"—A SCENE IN THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.—[FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS NAST.]

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to those measures. He was afterward elected to the Senate of the United States, in which he has always held a prominent position. Being now in a position of influence he commenced bidding for the Presidency.

Accordingly, a public meeting in Kentucky was got up in 1843, when he was recommended as a candidate for the Presidency. He next espoused the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico, for additional territory in order to promote the extension and propagation of slavery.

But in these, as in some former measures, he soon became perplexed. WILMOT of Pennsylvania introduced his celebrated proviso against the extension of slavery in a free Territory. This was a Democratic measure, popular in the Free States and odious in the South. The course pursued by CASS was to make a speech for the proviso and to vote against it.

Then came the repeal of the protective tariff of 1842, which he had approved and recommended. This also was a Democratic measure: he dealt with it after the same fashion. He made a speech in favor of the tariff and voted to repeal it.

Nevertheless, in spite of this drawback, the General was able to contest the nomination to the Presidency of the United States in 1848, and, though defeated, to secure the electoral votes of half the States of the Union. During the Presidentship of General PIERCE he was a forward speaker on all great questions, and his appointment by Mr. BUCHANAN to the post of Secretary of State caused great uneasiness in England, in consequence of his aggressive tendencies and his hostility to that Power during the attempts to settle the Oregon dispute. But, as in the case of Mr. BUCHANAN, no antecedent expression of opinion was allowed to overrule public utility after his accession to power; and although uncomfortable reports respecting General CASS's bias against England got abroad during the San Juan difficulty, tranquillity was not disturbed.

General CASS has published, during his long career, several works of ability, among which we may mention "Inquiries respecting the History, Traditions, Language, etc., of the Indians living within the United States. Detroit," etc.; "Historical and Scientific Sketches of Michigan," etc. The General was a total-abstinence man, having never, it is said, tasted spirituous liquors in his life.

CASS was the father of Michigan, and might with a great degree of justice be called the patriarch of our Western territory. He made three-fourths of the treaties by which the land was acquired from the Indians. He defeated the English pretensions to a right of search of all vessels upon the high seas, and thus averted a war with England that seemed inevitable. He wrote the letter on which the compromise measures of 1850 were based. He is justly regarded as the father of the great doctrine of "squatter sovereignty" in the Territories. In the political history of this country, therefore, he has played a very prominent part. He was a man of shrewd common sense and great capacity for labor. He was genial to friends and affable to all. In his private life he was an exemplar of temperance and morality.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.

A DISHONORABLE PROPOSITION.

WE are fast depriving ourselves of the right of censuring the insincerity of British neutrality. We are imitating the conduct of General ROUSSEAU who, on Monday, disdained to become a rival blackguard with Mr. GRINNELL, and was approved by all honorable men, but on Thursday broke his cane over Mr. GRINNELL'S head and became no better than he. So the dominant British public opinion supported with the most strenuous sympathy the late rebellion designed to destroy this Government and perpetuate slavery. It wished well to every escaping privateer, and justified the British Government in relaxing its law of neutrality. We are doing virtually the same thing, and busily earning the contempt which such conduct merits.

Thus in Congress Mr. ANCONA, of Pennsylvania, introduces a resolution to repeal the neutrality laws of 1818, because they authorize the Government of the United States to prevent a mad and bloody raid upon the peaceful homes of Canada. And Congress, instead of branding the proposition as utterly base and unworthy an honorable nation, refers it to the Committee upon Foreign Affairs by a vote of 91 to 34, while the motion of Mr. HALE to lay it immediately upon the table, since he could not move to kick it under the table, was lost by a vote of 113 to 8. This is an act more disgraceful than any action taken by the British Parliament upon any similar proposition during our war. Whether the controlling consideration with Congress were the desire of treating England as she treated us, or of propitiating the Irish vote, the act was equally contemptible. If Congress wishes to fight Great Britain, let it offer a manly and honorable defiance, and not connive, in the spirit of a sneak-thief, with an attempt to transfer the horrors of the July riots of 1863 to Canada.

While this was the lamentable conduct of Congress a notorious offender against the neutrality laws was brought up for examination before Commissioner BETTS, in New York. At the opening of the examination the lawyer of the accused openly denounces the person who has given the information upon which the complaint was founded, and in the most violent manner "advertises" him to the excited Irish crowd present. The intention was plain. It was to intimidate other people by fear of personal assault from making similar complaints, and to frighten the witnesses from testifying. The Commissioner tolerated this intimidation, and the result was inevitable. Many of the witnesses *were* frightened and refused to give evidence. Others after testifying were chased through the streets, and the crowd, stimulated by the harangues of the lawyer and the silence of the Commissioner, went in a body to the residence of the informer, with what feelings and purpose may be imagined. The District-Attorney, therefore, abandoned the case in the Commissioner's court, upon the ground that neither the lives nor property of those whose evidence was essential could be considered safe if they appeared to testify. The District-Attorney, Mr. COURTNAY, in a speech of admirable temper, added that, although it was necessary to withdraw the case from the Commissioner's court, it would not be altogether abandoned, but would be prosecuted before the Grand Jury.

These are things that make every honorable American wince. They turn upon ourselves all the burning reproaches that we hurled upon England during the war. But the consolation is, that the Executive department of the Government has not hesitated to maintain our most ancient and noble traditions. Our friends in other countries, of whose sympathy we were so proud in this country during the war, may be very sure that neither the action of Congress in this matter, nor the conduct of the Commissioner and the Fenian counsel, nor the tone of the New York *Tribune*, represent the feeling of the great body of American citizens, who do not mean that British neutrality shall be a model for ours, nor that our neutrality laws shall be repealed because they happen to be coincident with the interests of social order and humanity.

THE COMING WAR IN EUROPE.

AUSTRIA declines the Conference. France and Prussia wish for territorial aggrandizement; Italy wishes to recover Venetia; England wishes for peace at any price; and they all invited Austria to come to a Congress. There could be but one result. Somebody's territory would be abridged. The somebody could be nobody but Austria: so the fly has declined the seductive invitation of the spider to walk into his pretty parlor and be sucked to death. He prefers to strike a blow or two for his life, and take the chances.

The chances, of course, are incalculable. The new popular powers that may be developed, the duration of the war, and its results—these are all hidden. It has been a favorite theory that science, which has revealed such new and fearfully destructive forces, has virtually shortened wars. But our late experience does not sustain the theory. For science works both for attack and defense. If it invents missiles which will tear stone-walled forts to pieces, it also discovers that earth-works are more serviceable in fortification. If it turns out a ball that will sink a ship in a minute, it simultaneously plates vessels with impenetrable armor. It is rather the enormous waste of life and the vast expense which are occasioned by the improvements of science that will tend to shorten wars.

The only truly legitimate cause of war which is apparent in the European complication is the forcible occupation of Northern Italy by Austria. There is not, nor has there ever been since the settlement of 1815, any sincere acquiescence of the Italian people in that occupation. Plots, conspiracies, and revolutions have been incessant, and the country will be continually agitated until Italy is possessed by the Italians. They may quarrel among themselves afterward, and the practical political unity of Italy may be deferred; but now the enthusiasm and resolution of the people are aroused. Italy is the war cry. There are reactionaries and Copperheads, indeed, but they are powerless. It seems as if the strongest blow for her freedom that Italy has ever struck were now to be delivered.

The quarrel between Prussia and Austria is really one of ambition. Prussia makes some pretense of infidelity upon the part of Austria to the treaty adjusting the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty; but that is not a matter for which she would go to war, while to extend herself along the sea-coast would be worth a struggle. France, of course, wishes the Rhine as a frontier; and it is not impossible that Austria believes herself the real military superior of Prussia, and hopes to recover Silesia, a province which FREDERICK THE GREAT captured from MARIA THERESA a century ago.

And to achieve these doubtful results—results which, except in the case of Italy, can not fairly be said to justify the dreadful last resort of nations—what desolation and bloodshed and sorrow are about to befall Europe! Already Austria has imposed a loan of 12,000,000 of florins upon Venetia, and is taking Italians forcibly from their homes by night to serve in Austrian armies against Italy. She has suspended the laws of personal liberty and established military courts for the trial of civilians; and has authorized General BENEDEK to proclaim martial law in certain contingencies. Austria has an army of 800,000. Prussia has about the same number, the largest army she ever assembled, including 321 squadrons of cavalry and 1086 field-pieces. The Bavarians are increasing their force. Baden has ordered the whole of her army upon a war footing. The army of Switzerland amounts to 200,000. There will probably be nearly 3,000,000 of men arrayed within a short time, including the French army, a large portion of whom must be engaged when actual hostilities commence.

Where the first blow will be struck can not be foreseen. But when it falls a sad and tragical chapter of history will open. The immediate effect upon us we have already seen in the upward leap of gold. But the next effect will be renewed confidence in a popular system which has successfully endured the awful strain of war, and a vast increase of immigration to our shores. Our sympathies can not fail to be with Italy against Austria, even if they are with Austria against Prussia; while we can only hope that, if war must come, it may not be as prolonged and terrible as seems almost inevitable.

WHAT HONOR DEMANDS.

THE New York *Times* justifies the assault of General ROUSSEAU upon Mr. GRINNELL in terms which would equally excuse the attack of PRESTON BROOKS upon Senator SUMNER. It says: "But neither will those who are possessed of a knowledge of human nature or those who are possessed of human nature itself, be able to see other than one of its genuine impulses finding expression through that chastising cane." Translated into English this means simply, "Served him right." General ROUSSEAU conceived himself to be insulted and so assaulted the offender. "Certainly," says the *Times*, "why not?"

That Mr. GRINNELL'S abuse of General ROUSSEAU was gross and scandalous, and that the members of the House were signally at fault in permitting such foul talk upon the floor, is true. It is no less true that General ROUSSEAU had previously grossly insulted Mr. GRINNELL, according to that gentleman's statement, by speaking of him as a little demagogue from Iowa, named GRINNELL. But such a remark should have been treated by Mr. GRINNELL with the silence it deserved, and if he retorted at all it should have been where he was not protected by privilege. If Mr. GRINNELL did retort, General ROUSSEAU should at least have reflected that he had begun the quarrel. But in any case his own conduct was utterly unpardonable. He had insulted Mr. GRINNELL, and Mr. GRINNELL had retorted; so far they were quits. Besides, if the House does not reprove a member for what he says in debate, certainly no other member has the right of calling him to account elsewhere.

The high-cockalorum view of personal honor is, that it is the most fragile and sensitive thing in nature. It is supposed to be at the mercy of every blackguard and bully. If a fellow flies out of temper, or has deep designs, and calls a gentleman a liar, the gentleman, in this view, must have a personal squabble, or he must give the fellow a chance to murder him. Now the truth is, that a gentleman can not be put upon the level of a blackguard or a bully. True honor is as pure and impervious as marble, and the sneers and insults and furies of angry people can no more affect it than sprinkled water can harm a statue.

And this is no sublimated view. It is the dictate of good sense. It is the instinct of our times and our civilization. There was no man in the country, whose opinion was respectable, who did not feel in reading of General ROUSSEAU'S conduct on Monday, when he was attacked by Mr. GRINNELL, that it was the conduct of a true gentleman. It was brave and honorable. Even the *Times* confesses that General ROUSSEAU would not have suffered in the estimation of the country if he had let the affair rest as it ended on Monday. In other words, "human nature" does *not* require that a gentleman shall feel his honorable reputation injured by the vituperation of a passionate opponent.

GOLD, AND THE PROSPECT.

GOLD has once more been nearly 170. The bullion in the banks, as reported on Monday 18th, is reduced to $11,000,000—and, as the average was a declining one, the actual sum held on Monday was probably not over $8,000,000. The Sub-Treasury is understood to hold $44,000,000; but of this $12,000,000 is represented by gold certificates, leaving only $32,000,000 available for sale or for the payment of interest on the public debt. Under these circumstances a general alarm has overtaken the commercial community, and though bankers say that gold is much too high, it is not impossible but that, under the influence of panic, it may go still higher, and, of course, carry up with it the cost of every article consumed by the poor.

We do not see that any thing is to be gained by further comment on the shocking imbecility displayed by the Treasury officials in throwing away their bullion reserve on May 22, or on the very weak letters written by Secretary M'CULLOCH and Assistant-Treasurer VAN DYCK in their attempted vindication of that great mistake. The past is gone; the question now is—what is to be done for the future? Are we to have gold 200 again? Is the currency, which stood bravely through the war, to collapse eighteen months after the restoration of peace? Is the Government aware that it is in the power of a few individuals in Wall Street, controlling twenty or thirty millions of dollars, to put gold to 250, and hold it there? If it is not, the sooner it understands the facts the better.

Owing to the superabundance of paper-money the importations of foreign goods have been excessive. For the fiscal year, which ends with this month, they will foot up at this port alone $200,000,000 against $160,000,000 during the fiscal year 1864-5. To pay for these goods we are shipping gold at a rate which has left our New York banks with only $8,000,000 on hand. Had Congress adopted frankly and resolutely the policy of contraction urged by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Annual Report importations would have fallen off, but little coin would have been required for export, and gold would not have been worth over 130 at the present time. Instead of pursuing this course Congress, under the lead of Senator JOHN SHERMAN and Representatives STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and BOUTWELL of Massachusetts, steadily set its face against contraction, absolutely forbade the Secretary from curtailing the currency, thus stimulating heavy importations from Europe and general extravagance throughout the country, and placed the public finances in such a position that—the heavy specie reserve in the Treasury lost by a blunder of the Department—the price of gold, and consequently the price of all articles consumed by the people, is at the mercy of the speculators of Wall Street.

Congress is still in session. Members can now see the result of their work. By their action they have added from 20 to 30 per cent. to the cost of living throughout the country. For laying this additional burden upon the backs of taxpayers they will have to answer to their constituents. Would it not be worth while to see if the error can not be remedied before the adjournment?

Members can not too clearly understand that the one thing needful for this country now is to reduce the volume of irredeemable paper-money until business is contracted, and paper becomes so scarce as to be worth no more than gold. This is the simplest of all the financial schemes afloat, and it is also the only scheme which is worth trying. It is opposed only by those who have other interests at heart than those of the country at large. This or that member of Congress or Senator declares solemnly that the currency is not redundant. What he really means is that contraction might injure this or that mill or manufacturing establishment in which he or his friends are interested. We have considerably more paper-money afloat now than we had when gold was 280. If we can not begin to curtail it now, when the public revenue is expected to exceed the expenditure by two hundred millions of dollars, when, pray, can the attempt be made?

A WORD WITH WOMEN.

MR. RUSKIN says in his last little book, which has the great merit of exciting the wrath of the *Saturday Review*: "The real final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles .....If the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week.....Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear *black*—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, nor evasion into prettiness. I tell you again no war would last a week." The *Saturday Review* thereupon exclaims, "If this is a mystical riddle we give it up."

It is very far from a mystical riddle. It is simply a recognition of the radical influence of woman upon the course of affairs; and this is one of the most striking facts of modern history. The sympathy of women is now the moral basis of all great popular action; and our own recent experience is full of illustrations of it. It was the devotion, the patience, the conscience of the mothers and wives and sisters which sustained the great loyal movement of the North, as it was the same enthusiastic ardor which supported the spirit of rebellion. At this moment if the women of Italy should frown upon the men who are rushing to arms and shouting the new national song of deliverance—if by word and deed they should chill and oppose the warlike spirit which inspires the peninsula—if mother and wife and sister, with tears and passionate entreaty, should dissuade husband and son and lover from the field, and every woman sit clad in mourning silent and cold in her home—then if Italy raised a hand the victory of Austria would be easy. During our war the consciousness of every soldier in the field that every loyal woman in the land was directly working for him in the Sanitary or Christian Commissions was a moral tonic, the power of which is incalculable. That absolute unity was the cardinal condition of victory.

This is an influence which is equally forcible in other directions. It is as effective in the drawing-room as in the field; and if the women

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of whom RUSKIN speaks would in this country as zealously discountenance a cruel fashion as he declares they could successfully oppose a cruel war, they would not be the less public benefactors. For any fashion is cruel which compels vast expense. Any fashion is cruel which encourages extravagance. Any fashion is cruel which debases society, and every thing which gives money the reward of merit is degrading.

The wife of Prince METTERNICH, the Austrian embassador in Paris, now dictates the fashion. The Empress is obsolete. If *l'ambassadrice* should wear cowhide boots, cowhide boots would be *de rigueur* in the choicest circles. If she should drape her pretty person in cloth of gold and throw hoops out of the window, the streets of all the great cities in the world would become impassable, and the drawing-rooms every where would glitter with splendor. What a power this lady has! For if she wore a plain straw hat and a plain dress, simplicity and economy would be the fashion. But, after all, what is her right divine? If she chooses to wear a net of old Venetian sequins on her head, why should the sylphs of Saratoga take to thatching themselves with gold dollars? If she chooses to draggle a satin train along a gravel walk, why should the dames of Newport wipe the sea beach with silk? Why does not each dainty American dame show her equality with *l'Autrichienne* by following her own sweet will and regulating it by the eternal fitness of things? To be fashionable is not necessarily to be womanly and ladylike. What if those who can effect it should resolve that only what is womanly and ladylike shall be fashionable?

FORT MONROE AND ANDERSONVILLE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is charged by the Government of the United States with complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN, and the Government can not decently parole him until it has withdrawn that charge. Should it be withdrawn he would remain a prisoner under indictment for treason, which is also a capital crime. So long, however, as he is imprisoned upon whatever charge humanity requires that he be well treated, and that there shall be no delay in his trial. There has, however, been a foolish attempt to excite sympathy for him and odium against the Government by depicting him as a martyr, a Bastile sufferer, a dignified and pathetic victim of a haughty and cruel Despotism. Yet there is no other prisoner in this or in any country charged with a capital crime who is so comfortably lodged and honorably treated as JEFFERSON DAVIS. He has a casemate properly furnished. He has a daily bill of fare such as no other prisoner in the world enjoys, and which would amply satisfy any honest man. He has the range of the ramparts upon which to breathe the ocean air, and he has books, newspapers, wife, and friends around him. He has, or had, a physician also, who apparently sat at his feet to catch the drops of wisdom that fell from his mouth; a physician who has prepared a book about the prisoner whom he calls "ex-President" and "distinguished captive."

Let us not forget that this man, for whose comfort sentries must tread softly, for whose delicate stomach the bill of fare must be daily changed, for whose gratification the recreations we have named are provided, is the same man who could see from his house in Richmond the island upon which Union prisoners were slowly starved and frozen, and who knew that thousands of his fellow-men imprisoned at Andersonville were pitilessly tortured into idiocy and death. Not the least pang of their horrible bodily suffering would we have retorted upon JEFFERSON DAVIS; not one touch of retaliation should the American people allow to be visited upon him. But when they are asked to believe that he is tortured by the authority of their Government, it is wise for them to perceive the difference between the treatment he receives from the Government which he sought to destroy and that which he countenanced in the case of those who strove to defend it. Nor will those people forget that the same papers which furiously denounce the pretended cruelty of the Government toward him were silent over the awful tragedies of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or flatly denied them.

MOSES F. ODELL.

THE name of MOSES F. ODELL, who died a few days since at his home in Brooklyn, after a long and painful illness, has been of late very conspicuous as that of a most faithful and efficient public officer, and as a leader among those Democrats whom the most stringent partisan sympathy could not seduce from the plain path of patriotism. Although he had always been a Democrat and an active party man, President of the Empire Club, Assistant-Collector of Customs under Democratic ascendency, and Democratic Representative in Congress, he devoted himself ardently at the outbreak of the rebellion to the support of the Government; served with the utmost diligence upon the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War; effectively aided the raising of troops, and was a constant, helpful, and sympathetic visitor in the camp and hospital. Strongly attached to his party name and traditions, he did not hesitate to follow his convictions, and sign the report that virtually censured M'CLELLAN; and he voted for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and for the Emancipation Amendment. Had he been still in Congress we believe that he would have declined to yield to the ignoble party policy of opposing every humane and just measure intended to secure equal rights, and would have voted for the Constitutional Amendment recently adopted.

His official career, like his private life, was spotless. Energetic and sagacious, he clearly comprehended his duty and promptly did it. It is stated, we believe without contradiction, that President LINCOLN, who saw and justly valued his worth and efficiency, offered to Mr. ODELL the office of Collector of New York. But Mr. ODELL suggested that PRESTON KING would be a more suitable officer; and Mr. KING was subsequently appointed, while Mr. ODELL was made Naval Officer. For many weeks he had been necessarily absent from his post, suffering acutely from a disease which he knew to be mortal. But in illness as in health his warm religious feeling kept his soul serene. For many years he had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and especially interested in the Sunday-school. At the annual summer festival he was always present, directing and cheering; and thoughtful of the children to the last, he asked to be carried to the window when they marched by at their late celebration, that he might see the blithe parade and show his young friends that his heart was with them in death as in life; while but an hour or two before he died he sent for some of his old Sunday-school scholars to sing to him the hymns he loved, and so peacefully sank to rest.

Mr. ODELL will be long and kindly remembered even by many who did not personally know him, but who had learned to honor his patriotic fidelity.

EXERCISE *VERSUS* DEFORMITY.

A CROOKED back is a very common thing in ladies, as every dress-maker knows; but a tailor seldom finds this deformity in gentlemen. On this point Dr. WARREN of Boston says: "Of the well-educated females within the sphere of my experience about one-half are affected with some degree of distortion of the spine." A very judicious French writer goes even farther than this, and says: "It is so common that out of twenty girls who have attained the age of fifteen years there are not two who do not present very manifest traces of it."

Whatever discrepancies there may be between the estimates of different observers, all agree that the deformity is very common, especially in females that are delicately brought up. Why is it so? Is it a necessity under the circumstances, or can it be avoided? In accounting for it much has often been said about posture in study, and pictures are introduced into some books on physiology for schools to show what are bad postures and what are good ones. It is commonly enjoined upon girls that they should sit bolt upright in order to keep the spine in a straight position, and thus prevent its becoming crooked. Though posture has much to do with producing deformity, as you will soon see, this teaching is radically wrong. This sitting steadily in one position, however straight, is directly calculated to make the spine crooked; while variety in posture, allowing the spine to be sometimes straight and at others bent this way and that, tends decidedly to prevent deformity. If it were not so we should more often find a crooked-backed boy than we now do, for boys are generally allowed this variety of posture, while girls are expected to sit up in what is deemed a very proper attitude, which is certainly a very stiff and uncomfortable one, especially if the back be permitted to have no support.

Let us look at the *rationale* of the matter. What is it that keeps the spine straight? Or, rather, what is it that enables it to assume a straight position at any time in the midst of all its bendings in one direction and another? Observe how it is built. Here is a column of twenty-four bones, with elastic cartilages between them. It is the compressibility of these cartilages that allows the spine to be bent and twisted this way and that, and it is their elasticity that enables it to assume the straight position. We have then in this column or chain of bones twenty-four joints, in each of which nature intends there shall be some motion; and nothing can be farther from her intention than to keep this column as straight and unbending as a stick. For the very purpose of bending and twisting it in its joints there is a very complicated arrangement of muscles the whole length of the back. And whenever the spine is straight it is made so by an exact balancing of action between the two sets of muscles on either side of it. The disposition, as we may say, of these muscles is to hold the spine perfectly straight in the middle line between the two halves of the body, and they do so uniformly, except when called upon to do otherwise in the various motions to which we subject it.

This disposition of these muscles is always carried out when they have their natural strength and fair play. But very commonly in the school-girl they have neither. She has not the free exercise which is necessary to give vigor to the muscular system, and weakened muscles never act regularly, and so can not maintain that balance of action needed to prevent deformity in what they hold or move. In the enfeebled girl, therefore, the muscles of the back fail to hold the spinal column firmly. At the same time the other parts of the apparatus, the cartilages and ligaments, partaking of the general feebleness, lose their usual degree of elasticity, and so fail in helping to straighten the column after its bendings. The stretched ligaments do not contract as well as usual, and the compressed cartilages remain somewhat compressed. What is the result? The column becomes deformed, and of course in directions governed by the predominant positions assumed.

But this result does not come alone from the general debility occasioned by a deficiency of exercise in the body at large. There is a local deficiency over and above this general one. The muscles of the back are less exercised than the other muscles of the body. There is a special restraint put upon them in two ways. First, custom does it. It is not considered proper for the girl to bend and twist the spine with the freedom that nature designs, and which is allowed to the boy. When she sits she must always have the erect posture, and when she moves it must be in such a way that no one could suspect that there are any joints in the spine, and it might be reasonably concluded that she has a single long back-bone, in place of the twenty-four bones with which the boys are endowed. The mode of dress also helps to secure this inaction of the muscles of the back, and the consequent stiffness of motion. As well might we put splints and ligatures on the limbs as on the trunk of the body; the result would be the same—restraint on natural motion, and consequent disease.

One thing more. The exercise which the muscles of the girl get is not only insufficient, but it is wrong in character. It is too much one thing. They are obliged to hold the spine in one position, and therefore get wearied out, just as in the old-fashioned punishment of holding a book out at arm's-length the muscles of the arm are wearied out. And many a back-ache has come from this cause, nerves being permanently injured as well as the other parts of the apparatus by this unnatural management.

We say, then, to mothers and teachers, let that beautiful and complicated apparatus for motion, the spinal column, have all the motion that the maker of it designed in girls as well as in boys. Free it from all shackles, and let it have fair play. Let it bend itself and twist itself, and it will have a straightness that no splints or supports can give it. It was made to keep itself straight, and it will do so if you will let it.

LITERARY.

"Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," by Colonel R. B. MARCY, just published by the HARPERS, is a truly valuable contribution to our knowledge of the remote West and of the Indians of the plains. Indeed, we know of no other work which so fully satisfies curiosity in regard to a race which is fast perishing; and the simple style of Colonel MARCY is admirably suited to record the results of his extensive observation. The story of his winter expedition over the Rocky Mountains is one of the most exciting chapters of Western adventure; and he does not forget the natural interest of the reader in the quaint characters and picturesque or illustrative incidents of the region. Colonel MARCY'S book will be of permanent value, and the public will be grateful to those who have persuaded him that he should not allow the rich results of his long and laborious and honorable experience to remain unrecorded.

"Lectures on the Study of History," by GOLDWIN SMITH. This is another most timely and remarkable work, also from the HARPERS. GOLDWIN SMITH is known as one of the clearest thinkers, admirable scholars, and racy, sinewy writers in England. This volume contains the lectures delivered by him upon opening his course as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and his pleasant and instructive paper upon the University itself is added. This is not the place to enter upon any discussion of the principles which are asserted and illustrated by Professor SMITH. They will be variously estimated by scholars and cultivated readers, but none will deny the power and brilliancy with which the Professor's opinions are presented. They are the results of profound familiarity with history, and of shrewd insight and reflection; and the work is that of a master, not of a tyro. Professor SMITH disputes the philosophy of history as maintained by COMTE and BUCKLE, and we do not recall a more cogent and vigorous analysis of their theory than these lectures contain. The work, which is very brief, is indispensable to every one who would understand this most interesting discussion; while the manly, sincere, and delightful style, with the essential attraction of the subject, will not fail to charm the general reader. The lecture upon the American colonies is especially interesting to us, not only from its topic, but from its revelation of the lofty cosmopolitan sympathy which makes GOLDWIN SMITH much more than an Englishman, and which invites every generous mind to strive with him for the "federation of the world."

THE COMING IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

THE moon is bleached as white as wool,
And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
And they hang wide asunder—
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
A tall shape of wonder!

I am not satisfied with sleep,
The night is not ended;
But look how the sea-ghost comes
With wan skirts extended,
Stealing up in this weird hour
When dusk and dawn are blended!

A vessel! To the old pier-end
Her happy course she's keeping;
I heard them name her yesterday—
Some were pale with weeping,
Some with their heart-hunger sighed:
She's in, and they are sleeping.

Oh now with fancied greetings blest,
They comfort their long aching;
The sea of sleep hath borne to them
What would not come with waking,
But the dreams shall most be true
In their blissful breaking.

The stars are gone, the rose bloom comes,
No blush of maid is sweeter;
The red sun half-way out of bed
Shall be the first to greet her:
None tell the news, yet sleepers wake,
And rise, and run to meet her.

Their lost they have, they hold; from pain
A keener bliss they borrow.
How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow!
For once, the best is come, that hope
Promised them "to-morrow."

JEAN INGELOW.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 12:

In the Senate, the amendment placing $160,000 at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury to increase at his discretion, under certain limitation, the salaries of the clerks in his Department, was agreed to by a vote of 18 to 17.

June 13:

In the House, the Senate amendments to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States were adopted by a vote of 120 to 32. Mr. Stevens closed the debate. He concluded thus: He could not look upon the Senate amendment as an improvement. In his judgment it endangered the Government of the country, both State and National, and might give the next Congress and President to the reconstructed rebels. With their enlarged basis of representation, and the exclusion of loyal men of color from the ballot-box, he saw no hope of safety unless in the prescription of proper enabling acts which should do justice to the freedmen and enjoin enfranchisement as a condition precedent. While he saw much good in the proposition he did not pretend to be satisfied with it. But still he was anxious for its speedy adoption, for he deprecated delay. Let us, he said in conclusion, no longer delay. Let us take what we can get now, and hope for better things in further legislation, in enabling acts or other provisions.

June 14:

In the Senate, the bill to define the number and regulate the appointment of the officers in the Navy was passed, 18 to 11. It provides that the officers of the Navy shall consist of one Admiral, one Vice-Admiral, ten Rear-Admirals, twenty-five Commodores, fifty Captains, ninety Commanders, one hundred and eighty Lieutenant-Commanders, one hundred and sixty Masters, one hundred and sixty Ensigns, and in other grades the number now allowed by law. The pay of the Admiral shall be $10,000 per annum.

June 15:

In the Senate, a veto message was received from the President, containing his objections to the bill enabling the New York and Montana Mining Company to purchase certain public lands.

In the House, a resolution was adopted appointing a Committee to investigate the late case of assault committed on Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, by Mr. Rousseau, of Kentucky. The Senate bill to regulate the appointment of Paymasters in the Navy was passed.—The joint resolution to provide for expenses of the Paris exposition was passed, 21 to 13.

NEWS ITEMS.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 363, being a decrease of 30 from the number of the previous week, and 13 less than in the corresponding week of 1865.

Professor Agassiz is delivering a course of lectures before the Imperial family and the Brazilian magnates respecting his discoveries in his recent tour up the valley of the Amazon. He won very high commendation from his royal auditors on his opening lecture, May 7.

Nebraska City papers of the 11th instant claim that the State organization has been carried, and the Union State ticket and a working Union majority in both branches of the Legislature elected. This result was scarcely expected, as so many self-expatriated rebels went to Nebraska during the war that it was feared the Territory was hopelessly in their hands. Nebraska has a population of 45,000—an increase of 17,000 since 1860.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

THE Conference at Paris has been abandoned. Austria would only be one of the members on condition that none of the Powers represented would be allowed any extension of territory.

The Chancellor of Exchequer made on June 5 the following statement in the House of Commons in answer to General Peel's question as to whether the Conference had been given up: "I am sorry to state that I must give an answer substantially in the affirmative to the question of the right honorable and gallant gentleman. The first communication made to the British Government was a telegraphic message received last night from France, stating that, in the opinion of the French Government, the Conference was at an end, in consequence of the answer from Austria imposing conditions that were regarded as impracticable. We are now in possession of the Austrian dispatch upon the subject, and the substance of it is this: She required a definite assurance that all the Powers which were to take part in the projected Conference should be ready to renounce the pursuit of any special or particular interest to the detriment of the general tranquillity; and the Austrian Government went on further to explain that sentiment by saying that, in order that the work of peace which the Cabinets had in view might be in a condition to be accomplished, it appeared to them indispensable that it should be agreed beforehand to exclude from the deliberations of the Conference any thing that would tend to give to any of the States who were then invited to the meeting any territorial augmentation or increase of power. The requirement of such an engagement beforehand was regarded by the Government of France as equivalent to the refusal of a Conference, and as rendering it impossible; and the Government of England are agreed in their view of the case with the Government of France. All prospect of the meeting of a Conference must therefore, I fear, be regarded as at an end."

War it seems must follow. Austria has three-fourths of a million of men in the field. She is, or thinks herself, a full match for all her present adversaries. Her population nearly equals theirs, and she has the Middle States of Germany, with an army of 150,000 men, favorable to her, and likely to move in her favor if the war lasts. In Italy the Austrian army, intrenched in one of the strongest positions in Europe, may allow the enemy to exhaust his strength against the Quadrilateral. In the north Field-Marshal Benedek, the ablest soldier of the empire, is at the head of an army which may strike a sudden and crushing blow. From the frontier of Bohemia he looks northward and eastward over the plains of the Prussian kingdom, and sees no invincible obstacle to the capture of Berlin or the reconquest of Silesia. Whatever may be in store for the Austrians they are at this moment convinced that the outbreak of war will give them victory and revenge, and deliver the empire forever from the designs of its enemies.

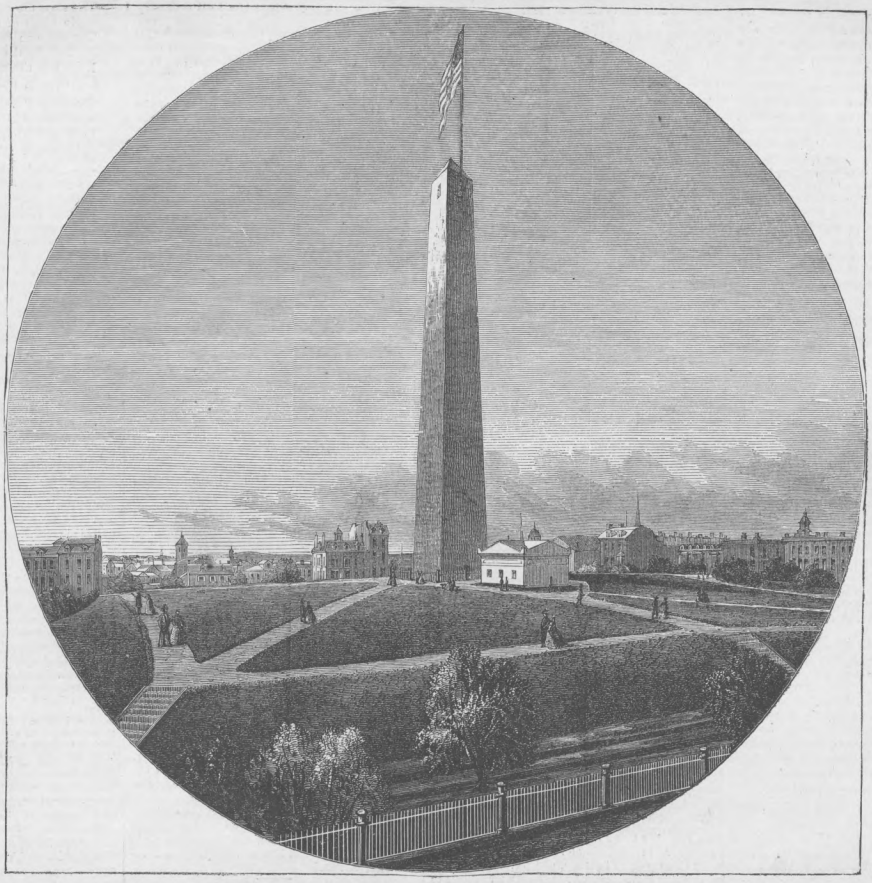
The convocation of the Holstein States by General Gablenz is looked upon by Prussia as an act of direct provocation. The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* says that the Austrian declaration to the Diet is little calculated to strengthen the peaceful hopes which the plan of a Conference had raised. The convocation of the States, as a political measure, can not be regarded otherwise than as a glaring violation of treaties, and an attack upon the sovereign rights of Prussia.

In the mean time Prussian troops have entered Holstein, and the Austrians have concentrated at Altona. Austria has instructed Gablenz to avoid an armed conflict in Holstein.

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BUNKER HILL.

BUNKER HILL is a round, smooth elevation in Charlestown, Massachusetts, 110 feet high, commanding the peninsula of Boston. It was connected by a ridge on its southern slope with a smaller elevation known as Breed's Hill, 75 feet high, the crests of the two hills being about 700 yards apart. These heights are famous for the battle fought on them between the Americans and the British, June 17, 1775. The city of Boston was at the time occupied by the British General, GAGE, who had just received large reinforcements, under Generals BURGOYNE, HOWE, and CLINTON. The American forces, with their head-quarters at Cambridge, knowing little of military discipline, and made up of independent companies of militia and volunteers, were under command of General ARTEMAS WARD, who had under him PRESCOTT, PUTNAM, GRIDLEY, STARK, and POMEROY—men who had learned the art of war in the battles with the French. This was the situation when Colonel PRESCOTT, with 1000 men, was sent to seize the hills commanding Boston. Bunker Hill was occupied first, but the position was abandoned for Breed's Hill, nearer Boston. During the 17th PRESCOTT was reinforced by PUTNAM and WARREN. Intrenchments had been thrown up, and the Americans awaited the attack, which came shortly afternoon. The British numbered about 2000 men. The attack was made in front, the British moving up to the breast-works.—But they were repulsed again and again in several charges, until at length the ammunition of the Americans gave out, and the latter were compelled to retreat. The loss of the British was over 1000 men, that of the Americans 449.—Among the killed was General WARREN.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. B. AUSTIN.]

The Monument commemorating the battle stands in the centre of the grounds included within the redoubt on Breed's Hill. It is a square shaft of Quincy granite, 221 feet in height, 31 feet square at the base, and 15 at the top. Inside the shaft is a winding staircase of 294 stone steps, which leads to a chamber just under the apex. This chamber has four windows, which command a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The corner-stone of the Monument was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825, by General LAFAYETTE, then the nation's guest, when DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced an oration to an immense audience. About forty survivors of the battle were present on that occasion. The Monument was completed in 1842, at an expense of $150,000. It was dedicated June 17, 1843, the oration being delivered by Mr. WEBSTER, and the President of the United States, with his entire Cabinet, forming a part of the vast audience.

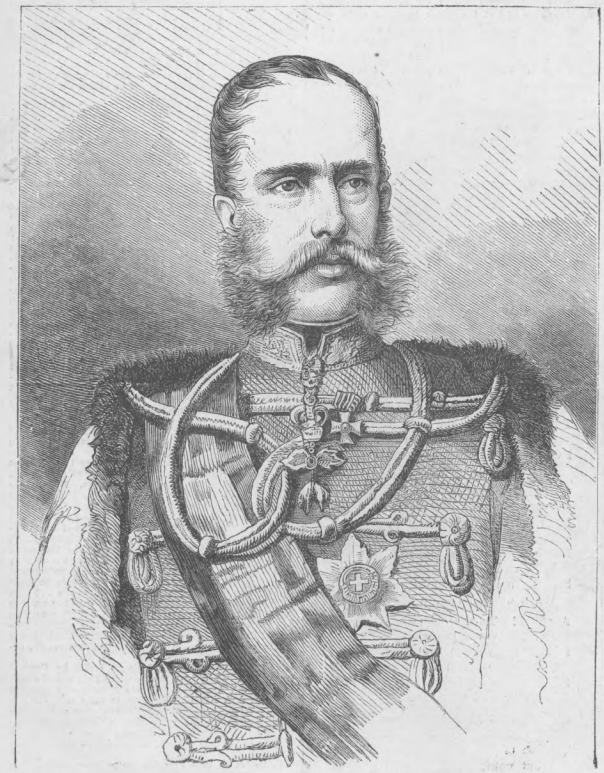
FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on the 18th of August, 1830. He is nephew of his predecessor, FERDINAND I., and eldest son of Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES and of the Princess SOPHIA, daughter of MAXIMILIAN, King of Bavaria.

The Emperor FERDINAND, tired of the cares of royalty, and the victim of disease, abdicated at Olmutz on the 2d of December, 1848. The same day his only brother, the Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES, waived his claims to the throne in favor of his son, who was declared of majority at the age of sixteen years.

The first years of his reign were disturbed by civil war. Hungary was in revolt, Sardinia had invaded the Milanese, and the Austrian empire seemed to have reached the brink of dissolution. The young Emperor had come to the throne with the promise of giving to the whole country a free, constitutional Government—a promise which he could not then, and which afterward he was not disposed to keep. The intervention of the Czar in Hungary and the victory of Novara combined to save him his throne. The reaction was terrible, and a large number of the revolutionary leaders were condemned to death.

All the efforts of the Emperor have tended to the preponderance of Austria in Germany, and, internally, to the centralization of power. On the 25th of April, 1854, he married the Princess ELIZABETH-AMELIA-EUGENIE, daughter of MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, Duke of Bava-



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



LUDWIG R. VON BENEDEK, THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.—[SEE PAGE 405.]

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ria, who has given him two daughters. During the Crimean war the Emperor of Austria openly manifested sympathy with the Allies, but gave no material support to their armies.

In 1859 the war in Italy came on. What followed—the victories of the French and Italians, the loss of Lombardy to Austria, and the compromise of Villafranca at a time when Prussia seemed on the point of forming an alliance with Austria—is well known to our readers. There was a new Hungarian agitation in 1860, and a war seemed imminent, but the imperial proclamation of October 20, and the suitable concessions made by the Emperor, prevented its occurrence.

The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has created an order which bears his own name. He has devoted himself to the military administration of affairs, and is virtually his own Minister of War. In 1850 an attempt was made against his life, and he received a trifling wound.

LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK,
THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.

THE Austrian Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, has intrusted to Field-Marshal LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK the command of the Austrian Army of the North, which lies on the borders of Saxony and Prussia.

BENEDEK is a Hungarian and a Protestant. He was born in 1804, at Oldenburg, and after the usual course of training at Neustadt, he entered the Austrian army as a cornet in 1832. He obtained the rank of Colonel in 1843. He took a prominent part in quelling the Galician insurrection in 1845; and in the memorable Italian campaign of 1848, under RADETZKY, he distinguished himself at the retreat from Milan, at Osone, and especially at the battle of Curtatone, for which he received the order of Maria Theresa. In 1849 he contributed to the reduction of Mortara and to the victory of Novara. Ten years later, in the war of Italian independence, BENEDEK was one of the few Austrian Generals who exhibited very great military capacity. He commanded the Eighth Army Corps, and especially distinguished himself at Solferino, his division being the last to leave the field.

Both among the nobility and the lower classes BENEDEK is enthusiastically admired. When, on May 12, he made his head-quarters in Vienna, he was greeted with applause by the people and the army. To the latter he said:

"Soldiers! I bring you my whole, warm, soldier's heart, my iron will, my highest confidence in you, my unwavering trust in Almighty God, and, with all these, the faith which I derive from my former success as a soldier!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"YES, Sir, the grandest sort of a spree; and, as you well know, Simmons, I always said so from the start, by George! This is the smash up, Sir, and a smash up it *is*, ain't it?"

"Mr. Withers, I have refrained so far with the very desperation of hope. I can refrain no longer. It *is* as you say; I confess it, it *is*," says Captain Simmons, lugubriously dignified. "Sir," continues he, with the solemnity of a drunken and exceedingly dilapidated Dr. Samuel Johnson, "I casually met that fellow Neely. In reply to a question of mine, he informed me that he had ceased to think at all, that there was only vacuum where once he had possessed brains. Neely is a Yankee, just now the bluest Yankee eyes ever beheld, and, being a Yankee, I can have no sentiment in common with him. But such are my feelings also. Words learned in earliest childhood—I think I once sang them in Sabbath-school—

'Something and systems into ruin hurled,
And now a nation bursts, and now a world.'

Something at least to that effect has been running in my mind day and night. I tell you, Sir, ours"—and Captain Simmons extends his right hand, and says it *oro rotundo*—"is the grandest collapse in the history of the world. Yes, Sir, the suddenest, unexpectedest, most total and complete collapse of which history, sacred and profane, has any instance."

The same phrase runs its rounds among Secessionists, with a sort of pride, too, as if there was something to soothe and console one's self with in the very magnificence of the collapse.

Yes, it is a collapse; no man in Somerville, no good Secession lady even, doubts or denies that now. There was a feeble attempt to get up a public meeting in Somerville to breathe undaunted purpose to continue the struggle; but a ghastly affair it was, very few present, tremendous resolutions presented by Lamum the editor, and passed on the ground of half a dozen yeas and no nays. Captain Simmons, Lamum, Smithers, and one or two vagrant Colonels, make speeches, in which it is well known they have no faith themselves in private circles. And Lamum publishes the proceedings of this, as of dozens of exactly similar meetings throughout the State, with all the old adjectives of enthusiastic, thronging, harmonious, unanimous, and the weary like, but not a soul now is deceived. The whole thing is worn out. Lamum prints letters from fierce zealots here and there, some sending in spoons and butter-knives for the Confederate Treasury, representing that our hope is



RECONSTRUCTION.

in the fact that the United States are disbanding their armies; that Europe must certainly intervene *now;* that a just God—Mr. Ellis writes a series of articles to that effect—can not, will not, ought not, must not, shall not, abandon a cause so manifestly His own; that if we will only hold out a little longer, a foreign war or something else may turn up for our deliverance.

People hardly even read a line of all this. For four long years they have believed with a belief passing all calculation, but even the faculty of belief is wearing out. Nobody has any regard even for Brother Barker these days; people withdraw their children from his Sabbath-school, or suffer them to stay away unreproved, and never go to church themselves; the very best members sunk, for the time, into a coldness, not to say apostasy, which language fails to express. Haggard, restless, sallow, lean Brother Barker, from the crown of his lank hair to the soles of his sorrowful feet, in countenance, apparel, and bearing breathes only desolation and despair. At times even he flares up, however.

"Never," he says to Bob Withers, taking up again the refrain of the general croak—a refrain, however, which, vigorous and unanimous at first, is fast dwindling down to the rare and solitary cry of an individual here and there—"I, for one, will never live under Federal despotism; never, Sir, never, never! I will go to Mexico, to the Sandwich Islands first. Rather," says Brother Barker, with a savage gleam in his eyes, "I will stay here and agitate."

"Do what?" asks Mr. Withers, who has taken Brother Barker in his hand and excited him up thus, exactly as a child rubs a match to see it fizz and burn blue, only for the melancholy fun of it. "Do what?"

"Agitate, Sir, agitate, agitate! Aid in getting up another revolution, if it is eight years hence."

The fact is, we good Secessionists in Somerville, having duly sown the wind, are now harvesting in our whirlwind, and the crop is terrible.

Mr. Arthur endeavors to promote a certain pity for them in his bosom by summing it up in conversation with grim Mr. Ferguson:

"You can hardly imagine a ruin more complete," he says. "Take Colonel Ret Roberts as an instance. He has proved disastrously mistaken in all upon which he staked his sagacity and judgment. He endures the agonies of defeat, utter and perpetual defeat, military and political. He has lost all his property, especially his negroes. He may not owe debts North himself; multitudes do who have paid them to the Confederacy, and now have to pay them over again. He may not have bought confiscated property; multitudes have invested largely in that, and have to disgorge. Then there is his bitter humiliation in the triumph of the Union men, upon whom he has so trampled here in Somerville; dread of terrible vengeance, even, at their hands. We Union men had, even in our darkest days, at least hope left us; these have no hope—none. He has no future. You can hardly imagine loss to a man more complete."

"Yes, I can," replies Mr. Ferguson, who has stern satisfaction in the ruin of his Secession friends painful to contemplate. "Barker, Mr. Ellis, and others like them, have, in addition, lost their very faith in their religion. In the most terrible affliction men can endure they have not even that to fly to. For the time, at least, their very belief in and use of Christianity is stunned."

"Yes," replies Mr. Arthur, even with enthusiasm; "but you will see, Sir, that in the case of the truly pious among the Secessionists—and many of the most zealous of them, in and out of the pulpit, are among the best and most devoted of Christians in the world—this defeat of the cause in which they had invested all that is dearest them on earth, this most terrible affliction and trial will, like every other chastisement in the case of a child of God, work out in each of them a deeper, more devoted piety. I do believe, Sir," Edward Arthur adds, with earnestness, "this whole thing will be as an ordeal preparing the whole church on this continent, North and South, in all its denominations, for greater devotion to God and power over men for good than we have ever yet dreamed men capable of—instruments made meet by these very times, you see, for the Master's use."

And very clearly, indeed, does this minister see it to be his duty, in and out of the pulpit, to preach conciliation, moderation, and all the kindred Christian virtues; mingling much more with men than for years past, suppressing all partisan exultation, glowing with quiet enthusiasm instead in this direction. But joy in the result? Gratitude to God for it? The feeling is a much more quiet one than he had imagined it would be in anticipating it in dark days, which seem a hundred years ago now; but ah, it is an unspeakable one!

Yet, as these eventful days of May, 1865, sweep along, a new hue of feeling suddenly colors the wide and roaring current. Union men in Somerville had dreaded the rise of a bitter feeling against them which might result in the destruction of their lives and property. They are lost sight of, or thought of only with respect, in the new feeling which suddenly and angrily flushes the surface, especially among the soldiers returning by thousands to their homes. It is a feeling of bitter wrath against their own officers, partly because of individual grievances at their hands, chiefly on account of the belief, deep-seated and universal among the army, that the officers, with scarce an exception, have been engaged all along in such systematic swindling in cotton and commissary stores as no country has ever before known. The feeling has been long growing—growing for years. Military subordination suddenly thrown off, it bursts forth with terrible vehemence. Speculators, too, outside of the army, share the deep hatred of the soldiers. The universal cry is, "While we have been enduring privations for years, suffering and without pay, these have been at home making money. At least they shall share with us!"

Suddenly officers and speculators find themselves in the very camp of enemies more to be dreaded than the Federals, and they, after a moment of bewilderment, are flying in all directions. All Government property in reach is in some instances broken into and plundered. The stores of speculators share the same fate. Demoralized by plunder, the soldiery fall next upon any supplies in reach under the same plea. No house in Somerville and throughout the State safe from their search on the least suspicion, or none at all, of secreted Government supplies. Until, at last, every man in Somerville, the officials most of all, first secretly prays for, then openly desires, ardently desires the arrival of the National forces as his only hope.

"I wish to Heaven they would come!" Dr. Ginnis does not hesitate openly to say the day the soldiers disinter twenty sacks of coffee from beneath the corn in his crib. And yet, only a week before, the portly Doctor, in acknowledging in husky voice that we are whipped, that the war is over, had darkly added, "For the present, Sir, only for the present!" with terrible intimations of glare and gesture of a guerrilla war to be waged for, at the least calculation, forty years to come.

Even after the surrender of Lee Mrs. Smithers has denounced the panic of the hour as a mere panic. Smithers has speculated, in some complicated manner, in paper-money. The postmaster Smithers is, but of course it was not Government money he used, turning the paper into specie, and that into sugar, and that into negroes. Yes, negroes. That is Smithers's weakness, negroes.

"Just as soon as this little panic is over," Smithers demonstrates to his wife, "those negroes will bring twice what I gave. Soon as the war is over, Araminty, one negro will bring more'n I paid for all."

Yet the panic increases rather. Smithers has as much as he can do to secrete about his place what valuable property he has. Colonel Ret Roberts's house is searched by the soldiers on one side of him, and Mr. Neely's on the other, and the soldiers say they are successful, too, for Government stores. Even long, red Mrs. Smithers is terrified. With a tub and cloth ready on the front porch, and a child on the look-out, whenever a squad of soldiers happen to pass, Mrs. Smithers, dropping every thing to do so, is on her knees upon the porch scrubbing the floor for dear life—the idea being to impress on the minds of the soldiers the fact that the house is inhabited only by the poorest of people. Until, at last, even Mrs. Smithers is as wrathful against the Federals for not coming as she ever was against them for coming at all.

"I must do you the justice to say so, Dr. Warner. I have never yet had an intimation, even in this dark hour, of any desire on *your* part for the Federals to come."

It is good Mr. Ellis who says it, seated in the Doctor's parlor at this critical period. Mr. Ellis has dropped in for medicine for his ailing wife, and in fact has never entirely dropped Dr. Warner on political grounds; the Doctor is so fat and easy and good-natured it is almost impossible to do so on any grounds. Very cold has been Mr. Ellis's manner to the Doctor; very crisp his "Good-mornings, Sir!" in passing; very reticent each to the other during the Doctor's professional visits upon Mrs. Ellis; but both are men too thoroughly good at heart to lose all "elective affinity" for each other.

"Of course," continues Mr. Ellis, in his nervous manner, "I regret you have not been more decidedly Southern, Dr. Warner. I disapproved of Secession as much as yourself, Sir; it was wrong. But when we of the South were actually attacked then I buried all that. Even if your brother or father is in the wrong, would you not defend them if attacked? My country right or wrong, Sir! Your upholding Mr. Arthur in his course has pained me. In fact, I do most



OH, MOTHER, MR. ARTHUR IS KILLED!"

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heartily disapprove"—Mr. Ellis always kindles as he goes—"of your lukewarm support of the Confederacy. I think it wrong, very wrong."

Mr. Ellis need not have reproached himself at all for saying that. He was not a bit to blame. Mrs. Warner only used it as a pretext; she had almost fretted herself and Sally, her two hundred pounds' weight of black cook, to death for an opportunity ever since the surrender of Dick Taylor, the last of her hopes, to say it:

"And you think Dr. Warner wrong, do you, Mr. Ellis?" she breaks in, whirling like a gust round from her sewing-machine to say it. "Wrong? Wra-ong? Ha! And you to sit there and say it, after God himself—and you a pious church-member too—has Himself shown what *He* thinks of Secession. Mr. Ellis, I've known you for years, respected you too, and you are under my roof. But this much I must say to you—you are *crazy*, as crazy as any lunatic that ever was put in a strait-jacket. And for you to believe in that lying, thieving, murdering—hold your tongue, Dr. Warner!—retreating, boasting, cheating, repudiating Confederacy, the grandest swindling concern this earth ever saw! And after it is actually gone to pieces too! I wouldn't say a word, Dr. Warner, but it is more than I *can* stand. You are wrong—wra-ong! A quiet, sensible man when it begun. A quiet, sensible man, holding your tongue in all the raging folly when you saw you could do no good, all through these—these four long, long, bad, bitter years. Standing by your minister when he only wanted to be nothing but a minister and let politics alone. Yes, I know what you would say, Mr. Ellis. I am not ashamed to confess it, now I see my error, more shame to you sticking out in what you see now is all wrong. Yes, I'm glad of the opportunity to acknowledge how wrong I've been, specially to my own husband. Not that I expect to turn angel. He married Helen Morris, and Helen Morris I'm certain I'll be till I die. But I am sick in my very stomach of Secession—sick to death. Here you've been telling Dr. Warner it wasn't the Federals whipped us, but the speculating and stealing, from the highest officers downward. Confessing with your own mouth that the whole thing was rotten, needed only a touch to make it crumble of itself like a rotten, rotten old pumpkin. And Dr. Warner is wrong—wra-ong!" intensely sarcastic, in shrillest F sharp.

"I tell you what, Dr. Warner," rising suddenly from her seat, upsetting her sewing-machine in doing so, and crossing the room rapidly to her husband. "I've been burning to say it. I'm glad Mr. Ellis has stirred me up to say it—yes, and to hear me say it sits right there. I'm proud of you, Dr. Warner. You do *not* talk out as much as I could wish; but all these four years you've had ten thousand times my sense. There, never throw it up to me I've said it, and I'll be sorry in ten minutes I told you; but it is only the solemn fact, you provoking old thing!" And Mrs. Warner throws her arms about that weather-beaten mariner's neck, as he sits with the old droop of his head lower than ever, awaiting the blowing out of this most unexpected gale, stoops down, kisses him upon his bald forehead, rises again, and confronts astonished Mr. Ellis; the canal-gates open their widest, hysterical but defiant.

And good Mr. Ellis finally leaves the house, having obtained a good deal more medicine than he came for.

Mr. Ellis, wilted, shriveled, bewildered, thrice in age what the past four years should have left him, looks up, as he walks home, to encounter the cheerful face and the hearty good-day of Mr. Arthur riding by. It is as the new era in contrast with the old. Only the minister chides himself for not having worn a soberer manner—nothing he abhors more than any even unintentional triumph over his old friend—chides himself for his aspect, under the circumstances, of cheerfulness even. But how can I help it without playing the hypocrite? he asks himself.

But he rides fast, for he has a letter from Mr. Staples's returned son for Mrs. Sorel. He thinks it must be from Frank, her long absent boy, only he does not know the writing upon the envelope, very much worn and dirtied by being brought so far in the soldier's knapsack. There is a singular fear thrilling to his heart as from the touch of the letter, taking it out of his breast-pocket when he gets out of town to look at it again—a creeping influence, a crawling cold. As he rides it gathers over him, a fear, a vague apprehension, so that he almost starts to hear himself called by some one from among the corn in a field to his left.

Drawing in his horse he sees it is a rough field-hand, who is hoeing near the fence—a savage of a negro, with his hair done up in little tails around his brow, the woolly beard in scant patches over his face. Mr. Arthur, as the negro takes off his fragment of a hat, recognizes him as Colonel Juggins's Jem.

"Good-mornin', Mass Arthur. Jest one minute. Hope all well, Sar. I want to see you. Any way, I seed you ridin' along, an' it comes upon me to tell you—" the boy says, scratching his head, shifting his hoe from hand to hand, looking eagerly at Mr. Arthur, agitated and confused. "Orange he say, you hold your tongue, you fool, none of your business. Orange is a passon like you, but somehow— Look hyar, Mass Arthur, ebery body say you mighty good man—"

"I am in a hurry, Jem."

"One minute, Sar. Case is dis. Suppose a man owe you money, keep promisin', promisin', promisin'—"

"Really, Jem, any other time. I have a letter for Mrs. Sorel from Frank," begins Mr. Arthur, touching his spur to his horse; for a leading defect in this gentleman's character is hurry and impatience.

"You *better* hear me!" It is all the boy says, but there is emphasis so peculiar in the tones, as they fall upon the rider's ears rods off, that he halts his restive horse and rides back.

"You know that man—Peel is his name—Dr. Peel? Ha! needn't tell me, Sar; I kin see you know him. I nuffin to say of him, Massa, not one word to say," adds the negro, with earnest deprecation. "He rich, big, splen-did man. Nebber saw him myself in my life. Nebber heard him say one word. Nebber spoke one word to him in my life; may Great Massa up above strike me dead in dis fence corner if I ebber did!"

"What about him?" asks the rider, with breathless eagerness.

"I hear tell he goin' to marry Miss Anne Wright, marry her dis berry mornin'—"

One instant, only one instant, the minister sits on his horse still and cold and pale as marble; the next he has gone at his horse's best speed toward Mrs. Sorel's house, but toward her house only because it is on the road to Mr. Alonzo Wright's.

Arrived there, he throws the halter of his horse over the post, and hurries in; it will take him but a moment. It is sheer force of habit which causes him thus to stop, and hurry to his bedroom to be one moment there, only one moment, upon his knees—if ever in his life surely to-day. Meeting Mrs. Sorel in the passage, he places her letter in her hand and hurries by. Before he has well closed his room door he hears her cry. That cry, peculiar to her sex, never uttered by them save when wrung from the deepest distress, he understands. Frank is dead, killed probably, dead certainly. Yet he stands trembling with impatience none the less when the white-haired mother, in the agony of her grief, casts herself upon his bosom, crying:

"Oh, Frank, Frank! I knew it was coming, but I can not, can not bear it. Help me, oh my Heavenly Father, help, help!"

How strange it seems, how cruel! Mr. Arthur has no word hardly of consolation for her, does not draw her down beside him upon her knees in even the briefest prayer in that terrible hour. With but an impassioned word, a mere syllable, in fact, of consolation, he unclasps her aged arms from about him, puts her by gently but firmly, and hastens past with cold, set face.

Fresh impediment. As he walks rapidly down the front walk, he meets a lady coming up it with hurried step. She is veiled, but he would recognize the form if it were only by the quickened beatings of his own heart. Even then it forgets for one instant all the world beside, and bounds toward her with the truest and strongest instinct it is capable of. And she recognizes him in the same moment, lifts her head bowed down upon her bosom, throws back her veil, reveals her face all discolored with weeping. She starts impulsively toward him as she does so, yet draws back even in the act itself with freshened color in her face.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, such terrible news!" she says. "Rutledge, brother Rutledge, my only brother! And I fear it will kill mamma. I was in school. They gave her the letter first. A soldier brought it. It will kill mamma. I didn't know what to do. I rode out to see if Mrs. Sorel, to see if you—"

"In there, in there—see Mrs. Sorel! Not now, Miss Alice, dear Alice! Mrs. Sorel, Mrs. Sorel!" he interrupts her, in hurried tones; and Alice, amazed even in her anguish, sees her lover unfasten his horse, hurry past her with cold, set face, mount and ride rapidly off in the direction from Somerville. The next moment she and Mrs. Sorel are weeping aloud, clasped in each other's arms.

Not two hours after Mr. Arthur rides from Mrs. Sorel's gate, Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel, and Brother Barker alight at the gate of the first-named gentleman. Mr. Wright is evidently intoxicated, Dr. Peel is dressed with unusual splendor, even Brother Barker is as bright and fresh as his best black suit can make him. But all seem hurried and heated. Brother Barker is sallow beyond all precedent, which is saying a good deal, for very ashen and yellow, indeed, has been his complexion for the last two months.

"I told you so when you wanted me to have that man come out here to-day. Devotedly as I am attached to your daughter, Sir, I tell you plainly I would rather forego her hand than have such a fellow officiate."

It is Dr. Peel who says it as they ride up to the gate.

"A Union man, Sir, a bitter Union man. As I said at the time, a regular Federal spy in our midst. A —— hypocrite!" Almost the entire stock of Dr. Peel's profanity interposed between the two words. "You did right to kill him, Sir, perfectly right. Even this clergyman could not object under the circumstances. We will ride in to-morrow and surrender ourselves. Acquit you! You will receive the thanks, Sir, of every Southern man in Somerville. Besides, as a spy, even the Federals could not touch you for shooting him."

"Look here, Peel," says Mr. Wright, seizing upon that gentleman's arm as he is about to open the gate, steadying himself with difficulty as he does so. "I told you I ought not to have drunk a drop there in town. Under the circumstances, you see. Out of respect to Anne. Dr. Peel, look here. I love my daughter. You, parson—what is it? Parker? Barker? I love that daughter of mine there in this house. I love her because I killed her mother, you see; not shot her, you know—it was with a big music-book, I believe. Besides, Anne's a good daughter; best girl, prettiest girl on earth. No, you don't," with a firmer hold upon Dr. Peel's arm, who is endeavoring to open the gate. "Wait. Champagne? How much was it? It's my impression you put something in it. I ought *not* to be drunk before Anne to-day, told you so five hundred times there in Somerville. Humph, if I only had half a thought you did, I'd—Parson Arthur? Why didn't you hit him yourself? However, I fired at him once myself in the old gin, and missed. Did you ever hear me tell about it, Mr. Parker, Marker—what *is* your name?" with great indignation at the clergyman present, and copious oaths.

"Not now, Mr. Wright," entreated Dr. Peel, in his most persuasive manner. "We've got the license, Miss Anne is waiting—"

"Think I care one cent?" interposed Mr. Wright. "Yes, I did kill that Parson Arthur, plucky fellow, though, he was. Ought to have seen him that day down there at the old gin. Kill? Why," and Mr. Wright took his revolver from its leather case at his waist, "see this? See how smooth it revolves? All you've got to do is to cock it—see?—point it at your man, one little, little touch on this trigger, and—down he goes. Arthur ain't the first man I've killed, by a long sight; nor won't be the last. Why, gentlemen," continued Mr. Wright, with an air of perfect sincerity, his eyes half closing as he looks at each in turn, and his voice in that peculiar low key which can not be described—"if either of you were to give me cause, half a cause, a shadow of a reason for it, I'd kill you here and now—kill both of you with the greatest satisfaction, rather do it than not. You see I *like* such things. Ever since that day I up with the big music-book—you see I had been drinking—"

"Mr. Wright," interposes Dr. Peel. "We have the license; here is the clergyman, Miss Anne sees us. I ask you as a father if you think it respectful to Miss Anne Wright—"

"Put it on that ground, do you? Well, let us go in. Only, wa'n't it over in a flash?" and he confronts his companions as they proceed up the walk toward the front-door. "Here we were riding along talking about—what were we talking about?—never mind. All on a sudden down upon us comes that fellow Arthur—rides well, rode well, I mean, didn't he? What was he saying? Oh yes, Colonel Wright, Colonel Wright, one word with you, Colonel Wright, wasn't that it? You says, Peel, what was it? Oh yes, Mr. Wright, you say, yonder comes a man I know to be a Yankee, a Federal spy, and my mortal foe, shoot him down! What did you turn so yellow for, Peel? your lips were white, screamed like a wild cat you did, didn't he, Mr Larker, Parker; what"—a very large oath—"*is* the reason I can't keep your name in my mind? Never mind. What was it? I said. Let's hear what the man has to say, Peel. Then you whips out your six-shooter and fired. Missed, of course. Fellow kept right on steady as steel, didn't wince or draw rein. What did he say? For God's sake, Colonel Wright, one word with you! Then over in a flash, wa'n't it? I had out my revolver and fired. I assure you, gentlemen;" and Mr. Wright brims the assurance with oaths. "It was like that day with my wife. I didn't even know I laid hold, or intended to touch that music-book—you see she was playing on the piano at the time; it was over before I knew it. Something in here," says Mr. Wright, gravely, and laying his hand on his bosom, "not myself. It wasn't there the moment before. It is gone the instant the thing is done. What you would call the devil, parson; wouldn't you? Sing out."

"Really, my dear Sir, I—it is very difficult—" Brother Barker begins, smiling feebly, rubbing his hands together, glancing for aid to Dr. Peel.

"Think I may kill you? you are a coward. Arthur wasn't. Riding steadily up. One word, Colonel Wright, for God's sake, one word! his right hand up that way. Then I fired for his left breast button, last of the row, and—down he went. Never," added Mr. Wright, impressively, "whatever you do, gentlemen, never fire merely at a man. Always aim—I always do—for some distinct something—a button, a breast-pin, something of the sort on him."

And so they turn to go, Dr. Peel foaming with impatience, but afraid to cross the man, Brother Barker wishing that he had been on some distant appointment instead of in Somerville when they came for him that morning. Nor does his dismay decrease when Mr. Wright suddenly turns upon him when they are on the steps of the portico.

"What was that you said at the time, parson? For Heaven's sake let me get down and see if he is killed, wasn't it? I says, I've brought you out to marry Anne and I'll kill you too if you—yes that was it—kill you too, if you try it. You pucker up your face and say, rolling up your eyes, as if it was a grace at table, It is the awful judgment on him of God. It's very curious," adds Mr. Wright, as they enter the door—"in these difficulties I am like a spectator looking on; know all that is done, remember every thing that is said perfectly well, a kind of two of us in the thing at the same moment, a cool one and a hot one, and which is me and which is the devil I never *can* tell."

Only all this is pale and colorless delineation of Mr. Wright's words, the crimson and fervor of his profanity being omitted. As to the facts, they were as he stated.

And the minister lies bleeding, apparently dead, in the road where he fell. His horse, startled by the shots and his rider's fall, had fled from the spot for a few hundred yards, had then stopped to graze, and so had by nightfall found his way to his stable-door, carrying fresh alarm for his owner to a household already sufficiently distressed.

Mrs. Sorel had gone to town with Alice hours before and has not returned. The servants, greatly afflicted by the loss of their "Mass Frank," doubly afflicted by this new calamity—for they are all greatly attached to Mr. Arthur—hasten to inform Robby in the house of the arrival of the riderless steed. A few hours before that sedate little boy was only "Robby," now he is "Mass Robby" with the servants. His mother, too, has clasped him to her bosom, wept over him, and kissed him as her only child. In spite of his anguish Robby is not without a new sense of importance. Sorely afflicted in regard to Mr. Arthur, to whom he is ardently attached, with tears streaming afresh down his cheeks, but with the gravity of the oldest of men, he gives charge to the household to be careful, generally, during his absence, and rides in through the darkening twilight to Somerville, meditating soberly and with a sense of having attained, during the last few hours, years of growth.

Entering at last the house of Mrs. Bowles, so well known yet so long unvisited, he steals quietly, as is his wont every where, into her chamber. But even Robby's sobriety of soul is startled at the deadly hue upon the face of that lady, lying, a mere shadow of her former self, partly in the arms of his mother, who sits upon the bed—all the alienation of the last few years utterly gone, and the two friends more to each other now by far than ever before; while Alice comes and goes silently and gently, not without a pleasure in the reconciliation of the hour, even in her deepest sorrow for her dead brother, and for her mother fast following him. Common affliction has melted every coldness between these two, made keenly alive, by and during their years of separation, to all they really are to each other. It touches Alice to observe how, in a mutual manner and tone, these two sorrow-smitten and white-haired friends are more to each other, like the schoolmates of years ago, than grown persons.

"Read it yet once more, Eliza dear; just once more, please. Not from the beginning—that passage about his being a high-toned gentleman," Mrs. Bowles is saying as Robby steals quietly in.

"'No officer in the army could have been more ardently beloved—' No, that is the wrong paragraph," Mrs. Sorel says, searching for the passage in the soiled and crumpled paper in her hand, wet with tears, and already known by heart, every line of it, to these three. "Yes, here it is," continues Mrs. Sorel, at last, reading from the letter: "'It has been my lot to be thrown with many officers from the State of our common birth, very many of all grades during the war; but among them all, I am free to say that Captain Rutledge Bowles stood pre-eminent as a high-toned gentleman and most gallant soldier. It was only after Colonel Carrington had frequently expressed his hearty approval of the killing of Lincoln that Captain Bowles spoke at all upon the subject; nor then, until Colonel Carrington had pressed Captain Bowles for an utterance of his opinion. The very strong language used by your lamented son in detestation of the crime in question was but characteristic of the man, as I have already remarked in full. Nor has Colonel Carrington even the excuse of intoxication, which the delirium of his language and conduct on the occasion would seem to indicate. Some excuse may be found for him who slew your son in the intensity of chagrin and bitterness attending the fall of Charleston. But, in the interest of truth it should be stated, so far as any exasperation on this ground should have affected any one, that individual might have better plead it in the case of Captain Bowles, he being a South Carolinian by birth, than Colonel C., who is well known to be a native of Connecticut. And this is the general rule—'"

"That will do, Eliza," and the pale sufferer places her thin hand upon the paper. "I thank God for it, Lizzie dear. I did hope, even pray, that Rutledge Bowles might fight, even if he must fall there, upon some great field of victory within South Carolina. My heavenly Father has granted my prayer, though not as I thought. He has fallen on that soil—fallen in even a nobler cause—fallen in detestation and denunciation of a dastardly crime; the nobler in him to denounce it, to die for denouncing it, as it was a crime against the man in all the world whom we both—Rutledge Bowles and myself I mean—hold in greatest dislike. An inscrutable Providence, Lizzie"—and here the wasted hand wanders feebly about the sunken temples—"has been against the South. We won't discuss it, dear. I have tried to understand it; tried, and tried. If you only knew, Eliza," said the grief-struck woman, with earnest eyes upon the friend on whose bosom she leaned, "how *hard* I've tried! I've laid awake long nights through, when Alice here slept sweetly by my side, trying to make it out—trying so very, very hard. I have gone over the whole Bible in search for light, Lizzie. I have wept and prayed so! Don't be offended with me; we won't say any thing more about it; but I can not see how South Carolina was wrong. I know God rules, dear; does nothing but what is right; but we *ought* to have succeeded, Lizzie. I always feel that—"

"Mamma, please, you know what Dr. Warner—" begins Alice, who sits beside her mother, with the humble pleading of a little child, and moistening the thin hand clasped in her own with tears.

"I was only going to speak about the terrible fall of Charleston, and about those awful scenes in Columbia—but you are right. Only I try and try"—the hand taken from her daughter's grasp, and touching the forehead here and there with fragile fingers. "I do not, I can not understand—"

"But you were speaking of Rutledge, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, mindful of the daughter's eyes, appealing to her through tears, and in gentlest tones.

"Yes, Lizzie, I know, and you know too, how foolish I have always been about Rutledge Bowles—except Alice here, all I had on earth; but I think even this moment more about South Carolina and its defeat and all than I do about him. You know how we have both been trained to that, Lizzie; it is part of my—my very heart;

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I can not help it. That Abolitionists should actually conquer us!" and again the frail hand goes to the brow, unspeakable bewilderment in her eyes.

"But I too have lost my son, Alice — my Frank. Let me read you the letter again." And in quiet tones, but with the tears trickling down her cheeks and glittering upon the white sheet as she reads, Mrs. Sorel again goes over the few words of her letter, brought in the same package with her friend's, telling of the death of her boy, after long sickness, in the hospital at Richmond. The letter is roughly written by a comrade, many words misspelled, but all to the effect that it was the death of a Christian youth fully prepared to die, his last breath filled with messages of love to his mother and Robby, and confident expectations of reunion with them in a world where war is forever unknown. Very peaceful and quiet his death, breathing quiet and peace even through the first anguish of the bereaved mother.

"And there is this too, Eliza, about Rutledge Bowles," says the pallid sufferer, returning immediately, though after deepest sympathy with her friend, to her own sorrow. "Alice will tell you I told her, when I recovered from my fainting fit it was my first thought, as it is now my consolation. It is better he should have died, Lizzie, now that South Carolina is defeated. Rutledge Bowles could not have endured to see it, dear. To live under the rule of Abolitionists would have been to him a living agony and humiliation worse than death. It is better as it is. Though why our heavenly Father should have permitted—" And as the wasted fingers seek the forehead, Robby can no longer keep silence. He has stolen silently by his mother's side, she aware of his presence there, but too absorbed in the sorrow of her friend and herself for her to notice him.

"Oh, mother, mother!" says Robby, the tears beginning to flow afresh at the sound of his own voice, "Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur!" and breaks down.

Alice is seated by the bed, gently drawing out through her hands the long white tresses of her mother, too full of sorrow to speak, but at the name she turns so sharply around even her mother can not but remark it, her lips parted, every vestige of color gone from her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, Mr. Arthur is killed! His horse—" But Robby can get no farther, for Alice has fallen forward upon the bosom of Mrs. Sorel in a faint, and all is confusion.

[To be Continued.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is somewhat curious—even if one visits a first-class restaurant on a Sunday—to notice the compulsory change of "programme" which some unthinking epicures are forced to make since the passage of the new excise law. An attentive waiter at Delmonico's arranges with care and nicety a cozy table for a gentleman who is evidently quite "at home" there. The order for dinner is given, ending with: "And bring me a bottle of Royal Rose." "No wine at all served to-day, Sir." The thoughtless gentleman looks up in surprise—manifestly he has not been to church, and apparently has not once thought of its being Sunday! "No wine?" "No, Sir, not to-day." "Ah!" responds the disappointed applicant, glancing reflectively at the occupied tables in his immediate vicinity; "well"—another investigating glance—"bring me a bottle of Champagne cider!" And this order being complied with, and the opening "*pop*" assisting his imagination, the recipient tries to fancy himself enjoying *real* Champagne.

The workings of the Excise Law are awaking free discussion on the question of temperance; and in an enlightened republic free discussion eventually results in enlarged views, and a final triumph of right principles.

A Portland paper remarks—and the suggestion is worth the attention of other cities—"The authorities ought to establish water fountains at various points about the city to meet the wants of the thirsty. People must have something to drink. It is never wise to cut off a popular and vicious indulgence without giving an innocent and healthful pleasure in its stead."

In a little town away "down East," efforts were once made to have a couple of *town pumps* for the convenience of the people. The matter was brought up at a town-meeting, but was voted down because the treasury was rather low. Whereupon an orator made the following effective speech: "There's Mr. Jones, he's gin up selling milk; you've just voted that we *can't* have any water, and the Legislature says we *sha'n't* have any liquor! We've got about two inches of snow on the ground, but when that's gone we shall be in a fix! *Then* what are we going to drink?"

Perhaps people might take to nature's pure beverage if they had a good chance to get it. It has been stated that during the summer a "jar of iced water near the door of every liquor shop will do more to diminish the rum-seller's custom than a policeman on guard." Numerous water fountains have recently been established in London, and have had a marked effect upon the beer shops. One dealer threatened legal proceedings against the authorities for allowing a drinking fountain to be opened near his house, alleging that it had diminished his returns more than twenty-five per cent.

The Parisian journals announce that an awful discovery has just been made with regard to the wholesale destruction of the feathered tribe in France. It seems that the "gigantic pyramids" of little birds which are so noticeable in French markets are killed by poison! It is asserted that tremendous quantities of *nux vomica* are sold for the purpose. The drug is boiled with grain and spread over the fields at every period of the year. This information has created not a little alarm among epicures.

It is not long since there was an extensive poisoning by lead, in Middleton, N. Y. Great numbers of people being attacked by a virulent disease, which exhibited positive indications of lead poisoning, it was found, after much investigation, that the lead was conveyed into the stomachs of the sufferers by bread and meal, manufactured at a mill in the vicinity. It appeared that some of the millstones were old, and cavities in them had been filled with common lead instead of the usual cement. Of course the friction detached particles of lead from the stone and mingled them almost imperceptibly with the flour. The lead, when fermented and subjected to the baking process, was immediately transformed into carbonate of lead, the deadliest of all lead poisons. Bread of this kind was but little better than if spread with white lead as a substitute for butter. Many died from its effects, while happily many were saved by having taken the lead in such large quantities as to produce colonic colics. But scores were deprived of health and strength. People who prepare and deal in articles of food should have sufficient knowledge to prevent such reprehensible carelessness as endangers the lives of multitudes.

Strawberries have been very abundant notwithstanding the unusually cool season; and "Ice Cream and Strawberry Festivals" have been very fashionable, as they generally are in June. These festivals are in many cases given for the pleasure or benefit of Sabbath-schools; and the little folks enjoy them vastly, to say nothing of the "children of larger growth," who are so busy selling the good things for the purpose, perchance, of replenishing the Sunday-school Library. And speaking of selling good things reminds us of an anecdote, which contains a suggestion that any charitable lady is at liberty to follow—if *she pleases!*

"A nobleman recently went to the sale of fancy articles lately held at the Ministry of War, Paris, for the benefit of the poor. He first asked the lady at the stall what was the price of a beautiful cigar-case. 'Two hundred francs,' was the reply. 'Tis nothing; I'll take it,' said the lord. 'And this jewel-case?' 'Eight hundred francs.' 'Nothing,' again said the lord, handing a note of 1000 francs. 'Do you wish for any thing else?' said the lady. 'Ah!' replied he, 'what I wish for is not to be compared with any of these articles, but fix a price.' 'What do you wish?' 'To kiss your fair hand.' The lady blushed, reflected, and replied, 'Three thousand francs.' The lord gracefully kissed the proffered hand, given with some hesitation—but what will not charitable ladies do for the poor? 'I want something else,' said the lord; 'a lock of your hair.' 'That will be six thousand francs.' 'That is nothing,' again said the lord, on receiving the lock of hair which the lady cut off for him. 'Six and three are nine,' said the noble lord, and, handing 9000 francs to the lady, his lordship departed pleased with his bargains."

There is a good moral to be deduced from a short poem which we find in an exchange. It is from the pen of William D. Morange:

THE TWO DESTROYERS.

Once on a time a pious Moslem, saying
His morning worship in their style of praying,
Just as the early sun had lit the skies,
Beheld a phantom through the mist arise—
A phantom hideous as the dream of death.
"What art thou?" said the saint, with timid breath.
"I am the Plague?"
"And whither tends thy race?"
"To slay ten thousand men in yonder place."
"Go not, I pray thee, if such prayer may be."
"In vain I am besought. 'Tis destiny!"
"Go, then, if Allah urge thy path of gloom,
Let the ten thousand know their sudden doom;
But in the prophet's name I do implore,
When thou hast slain ten thousand, slay no more!"
"To hear is to obey!"
The vision passed,
And o'er a multitude its shadow cast.
After the plague was over, at the place
And hour in which it first unveiled its face,
Again the horrid phantom marched—and now
Out spoke the holy man: "Whence comest thou?"
"From yonder place."
"How many hast thou slain?"
"Victims of mine, ten thousand strew the plain!"
"Thou liest! there are twenty thousand dead!"
"'Tis true," with feverish lips the phantom said,
"Full twenty thousand have death's power confest.
I smote ten thousand, *fear* struck down the rest."

A singular account is given in a recent Mobile paper of a youthful prisoner, about 18 years of age, confined in the city jail, but who could not be kept ironed. Six different times his limbs were placed in irons, the strongest and most intricate, but all to no purpose. Then the officer manacled him by drawing his wrists together behind his back, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of patent handcuffs. He then drew his arms close behind him and put on a pair of cuffs attached by a short chain, above his elbows. A chain was then attached to the cuffs at the wrist, which extended down to the shackles which were closely fitted and locked on his ankles. The officer then jocosely remarked to him: "Now, Boone, if you wiggle yourself out of that dress I will guarantee that the sheriff here will give you the freedom of your cell, and so long as you behave yourself you will never again be ironed in this jail." The young man declared it was a bargain, and in less than three minutes after he was left alone he stood without an iron upon him—the deed evidently being accomplished by sleight of hand. It is said that he is a native of New York city, and has graduated from the Tombs.

The London *Queen* speaks with a mixture of earnestness and sarcasm against the practice of bleaching the hair, which so many brunettes, paying reckless homage to fashion, are miserably practising. It says: "The practice is simply ruinous; one that, if followed again and again, will change once silken tresses of brown or black into something, for color, like a singed cat's back; for texture not unlike a convict's task of picked and unravelled oakum. At any rate, brunettes should be consistent. Having bleached their tresses, they should go into a chlorine bath and bleach their skins to match. The operation would be painful, but fashion does not heed pain. The result even is doubtful; but the experiment might be worth trying. We have seen a portion of a dead negro's skin bleached white; wherefore there would seem to be hope of success to a live brunette." The *Spectator* announces that there is now sold in Paris a dye which instantly changes white or flaxen hair into the most glorious gold, which is nearly instantaneous, and never fails, or can fail. It is called orpiment, is the golden sulphuret of arsenic, and has only one trifling drawback, which those who want it probably will not mind. *It kills*, just as inevitably and as swiftly as doses of arsenic would.

A very coquettish-looking vehicle is now the fashion in the Bois de Boulogne. It is hung on the finest springs, and is like the car of a water-nymph—a theatrical one. There is but room for the fair driver and her petticoat, and she fills it as completely as an oyster does its shell. There are no hangers-on, either tiger behind or lion at the side; and on account of its peculiarities it is called the Exclusive by the ladies, and the *Egoïste* by the gentlemen.

They rather out-do us in England in regard to matrimonial advertisements, judging from the following, which present the matter with unique frankness to all desiring wives:

Ada Emily Jenny, just nineteen, fair, blue eyes, and handsome, would like to be married as early as possible.

Rosebud, who is seventeen and pretty, having rich golden hair, wishes to marry a tall young man, about twenty-four years of age.

Violet wants to be married to a tall man. She is tall, and very good-looking.

Laila Rookh would dearly like to be married. She moves in first-class society, and has £500 a year. She is eighteen, tall, and strikingly handsome.

Some of the applicants put the matter rather upon the ground of duty and destiny:

Mary G., who has good looks, but does not wish to speak of them, wants to be married. She has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honor of woman. She is twenty-three.

Catherine E. B., who has dark brown hair, and soft brown eyes, with pretty features and nice figure, wishes to fulfill her woman's mission, and marry. She will have money.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon a height, it overlooks the city, the fort, and that immense horizon of the sea where nothing seems to trammel the flight of even genius itself. The house is celebrated in Guernsey, where it excites lively curiosity. Wonders are related of it, enhanced by the mystery overhanging a threshold till now never crossed by the Guernsey world; it is said to contain furniture worthy of an enchanter's palace. The apartments and galleries have been entirely constructed from designs by Victor Hugo; he passed three years in drawing them. The rarest curiosities adorn the interior; for Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a mania for antique furniture.

Hairdressers in general, and ladies in particular, will be delighted at the good news which comes from a country situated between Honduras and Nicaragua. It is stated that there is a territory inhabited by the Mosquitoes — not the flies, but human beings — who have just been discovered. The ladies and gentlemen of the tribe are very small, but their hair would rejoice the heart of a Truefitt, being excessively long and excessively beautiful, parting in the middle in the style called Tom Noddy, and descending on each side for two yards or more according to imagination. The color is even varied, and is some of it a light yellow, showing how nature adapts itself to fashion at the right moment. The officers of the frigate *Themis*, cruising on that coast, who have had the honor of discovering these sons and heirs of the Mosquito land, have sent home a large supply as locks of hair to their lady-loves—and to the merchants; and a joint-stock company (limited) will, perhaps, be immediately formed, for the shaving of the heads and collection of this useful and necessary article of commerce. The company will be called the "Chignon."

The last new thing in vegetables is really quite a startling wonder. The plant comes from Java, but we are told that it has been fairly tried in the open ground in England and succeeds perfectly well. Think of a radish, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with seed-pods about three feet long, and sometimes growing five or six inches in four-and-twenty hours. We can think of nothing like it except Jack's immortal bean-stalk, which authentically-described plant is nevertheless not spoken of as good to eat, whereas this radish is said to be as palatable as it is monstrous. The pods are its edible portion, and when half grown you may pickle them or eat them as a component part in a salad. When they are full grown you may boil them, and they taste like a combination of asparagus and green pease.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED, for ——burgh, at the Term, Plain Cook: to wash, dress, and milk a cow. Good character indispensable.—Apply at 66 —— Street.

The paper from which we extract is Scotch, and not Irish, or we should have attributed to a bull the cow that wanted washing and dressing as well as milking.

LATEST REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and take it internally to clench the roots.

THE GIFT.

TO A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

Ah! cruel was your gift, false friend,
It filled mine eyes with tears,
With pangs did this poor bosom rend,
And made me aim for sneers.

Cause of my sufferings and my woes,
Begone!—I've had enough;
You laughed to hear how loud I snoze;
'Twas you who gave the snuff!

HARD LINES ON INDIVIDUALS.—The compulsory purchase of land by a railway company is insult added to injury. The buyers take a site in the seller's face.

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking-trumpet?—One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

THE NEEDLE-WOMAN'S EXCLAMATION.—Ahem!

Why should the British Government strive to abolish the use of the shillalah in Ireland?—Because it militates against the *security of the crown*.

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects;
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my effects lost by a single cause.

A Conundrum Society awarded their annual gold medal to the author of the following specimen of harmless insanity: Why is a man cutting grass like Othello?—Because he is a *mower* (Moor).



THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPE.

In a Stock report we read, a few nights since, "Governments are a fraction better." Which governments?

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

O'Leary, gazing with astonishment upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper "What kind of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"

What commodity is always afforded at cost?—The law.

Shakspeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

What things increase the more you contract them?—Debts.

A nosegay is easily obtained. Four brandy toddies a day for a couple of months will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE CHARACTER.—Get rich.

An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck, and went ahead. "Here you have," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how much'm I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, an' what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em *goin' about Plymouth, peddlin' with a pack on his back!*"

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

REFRESHMENTS.

The best drink for a prize-fighter may be a "claret smash," although the Scotch ale would probably bring him to "the scratch" sooner. Speaking of prize-fighters, would it be inappropriate to designate a blow from an intoxicated pugilist "a rum punch?"

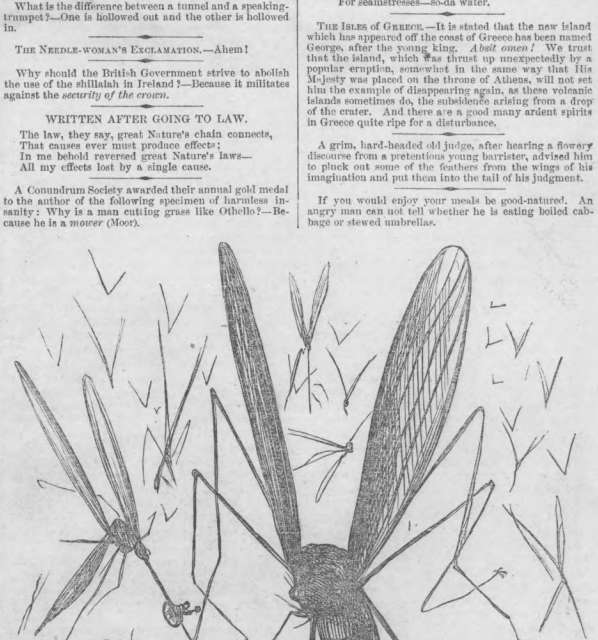
The following list of refreshments includes many *individual* drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels—

For bankers—current wine.
For stockholders—share-y wine.
For shipmasters—the old port.
For mining operators—mineral water.
For octogenarians—elder wine.
For seamstresses—so-da water.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.—It is stated that the new island which has appeared off the coast of Greece has been named George, after the young king. *A bait omen!* We trust that the island, which was thrust up unexpectedly by a popular eruption, somewhat in the same way that His Majesty was placed on the throne of Athens, will not set him the example of disappearing again, as these volcanic islands sometimes do, the subsidence arising from a drop of the crater. And there are a good many ardent spirits in Greece quite ripe for a disturbance.

A grim, hard-headed old judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them into the tail of his judgment.

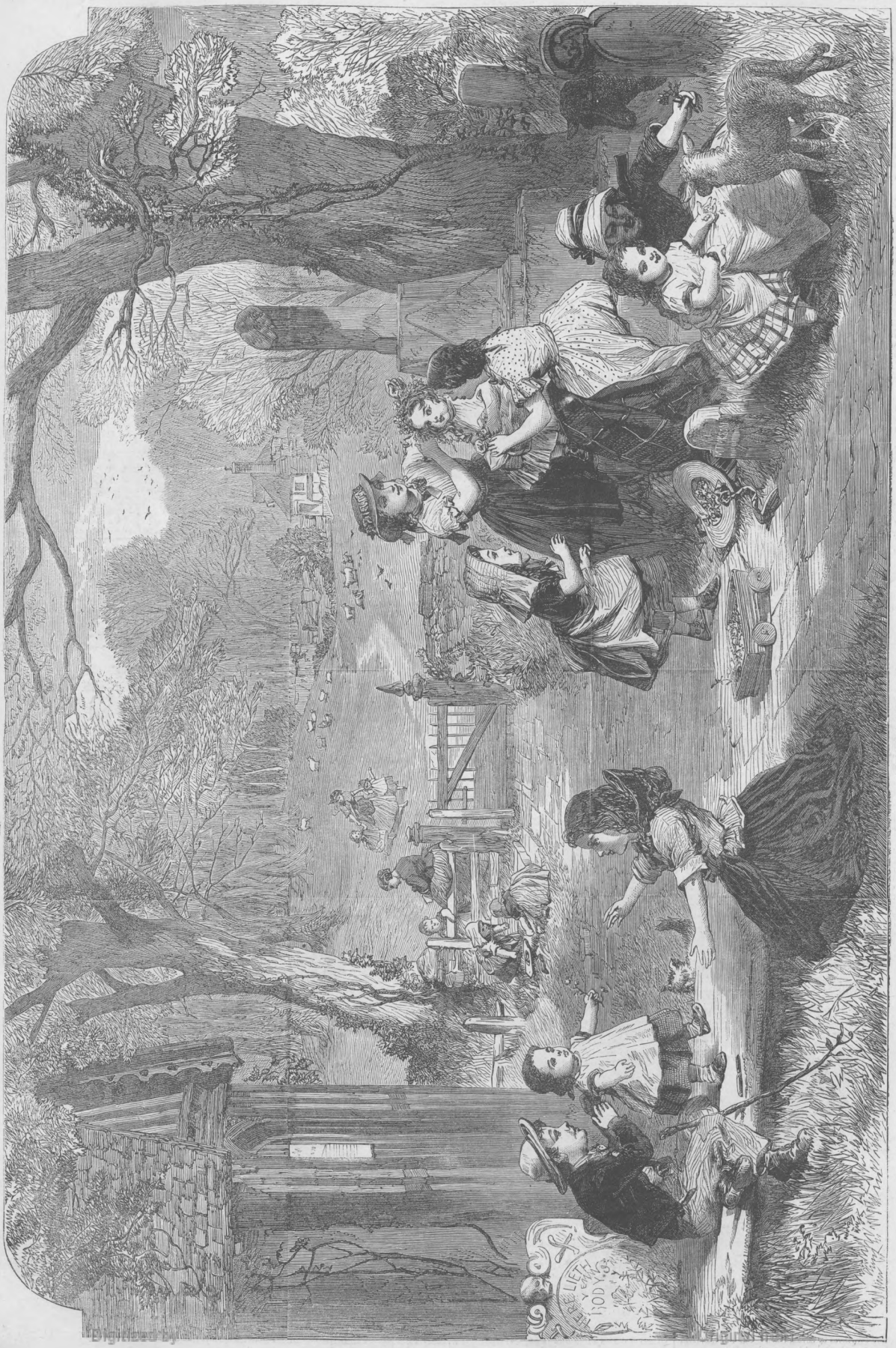
If you would enjoy your meals be good-natured. An angry man can not tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.



THE MOSQUITO.

A Plate from an Illustrated Work suppressed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, entitled "*The Insects of New Jersey.*"

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"SPRING."—[FROM A DRAWING BY A. HUNT.]

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batants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate forever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face she watched the two men coming slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overborne by his more youthful antagonist. The rapiers clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and bent and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in tierce, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off; an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dextrous stroke, which sent the Colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, divined her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow, and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—kiss—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips, she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond pressed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there for a little while, sweet, foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-crazed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, Sir," said the Colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Derwent.

"Revenge my daughter's death!" said Lomond.

"Her death was a pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before I say again—only one of us two shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols: one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel, in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his ashen face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lomond; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Fiend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded forever as a coward and a rogue!"

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow, patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Choose!" said Colonel Lomond, as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant which to pick, and Lomond smiled, grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lenore's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside in the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the Colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath; while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly brooding stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silvery bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A flash, a report, and a gush of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

"So perishes a thorough scoundrel!" said Colonel Lomond as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and showed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing in the entrance. From the movements of her hands you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Henry! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Pray, return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And Lenore," said the old lady, plaintively, "why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say good-night? Has the child gone to bed?"

"Lenore is asleep, mother," said the Colonel, in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forget me before;" and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the Colonel, falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lomond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bedroom, and wandered, half-dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghostly splendor of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent, as some vast tomb. As I stood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low, responsive sigh, came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so unutterably sad, that, with a shudder, I stepped backward and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, Sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gledhills, and never afterward; and this Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I decided that she could not endure the trial, and gave up Gledhills.

A STORY FOR GROWN PEOPLE.

BY A VERY LITTLE BOY.

"AND how would you like it yourself?" said Willie's fairy godmother, knitting away very fast on her spider's silk stockings.

Willie's mamma opened her eyes wide, under the muslin border of her night-cap. This was before the dressing bell, you understand; and the fairy godmother having slipped down the chimney, had perched herself on the bedpost, where she sat in spectacles and high-crowned cap, with her legs twisted around the post, looking more like a nightmare than a respectable fairy godmother.

And, said mamma, yawning:

"But one must have discipline, you know."

"I agree with you," said the fairy, sharply. "So to commence with, get up; you should be ashamed to hesitate and dawdle there. You ought to have the habit of springing up promptly at the first tinkle of the bell."

Now if mamma was any thing at this particular moment she was sleepy, and she put her nose down among the pillows, and gave herself a little twist, and would have liked very well not to hear the fairy godmother.

"What a perverse, unmanageable person you are!" said the fairy, disapprovingly. "If you could see now the expression of your face, and all because I require of you something that is for your good! How slow you are with your lacing! and no, mamma, not the brown dress, but the gray one, if you please!"

"But why not—"

"Do you answer me back?" cried the fairy; "the gray dress I say, and no arguments."

"But it is no—" commenced mamma, when,

"Silence!" commanded Willie's fairy godmother, with such a look in her little black eyes that mamma thought it prudent to comply, and get into the gray dress as fast as possible, though she disliked it, and only wore it on dismal occasions like washing days. It fitted ill, and she felt ill-dressed, and she was very wrathful at being twitched out of her sleep; and though she did not dare to explode, she did splash the water and twitch about the ewer; and—

"Such evidences of temper must be punished," declared the fairy, solemnly. "You will remain at home to-day in place of calling on Mrs. Greenleaf."

"But Mrs. Greenleaf sails for Europe this afternoon," cried mamma, aghast.

"Sorry to deprive you of your farewell; but as you remarked to Willie, when you kept him at home from the picnic that he had anticipated for six weeks, I do it for your good, my dear."

"She is my dearest friend, and I must see her," said mamma, resolutely. "She would never forgive my absence. Really, dame, this passes a joke."

"So Willie thought. You may remember he threw himself on the ground in a sort of despair, and that he would not be comforted; but as you very properly remarked, ill-temper must be curbed."

"But," interrupted mamma, almost beside herself, "you surely don't comprehend—"

"Did I ever say Yes when I had once said No?" asked the fairy godmother, austerely. "I am sorry for your disappointment; but—why tease? We must have discipline, you know."

Here the breakfast-bell rang, and as by this time mamma's temper was turned entirely wrong side out, she went down to the breakfast-room and seated herself with a sullen face, while the fairy godmother took her place at the head of the table with a smiling air of having been very patient in doing her duty.

"And what ails mamma this morning?" asked papa, looking at her in surprise.

"We have had a very naughty mamma here," said the fairy godmother, smiling more than ever "A very rebellious, cross little woman she has been this morning!"

All the people at the table concentrate themselves in a stare at mamma, who feels guiltier and worse than ever.

"You don't tell what made me ill-tempered," thinks mamma.

"Very sorry to hear this!" said papa, disapprovingly.

Out flies the cork of mamma's bottled wrath.

"You would be cross, too, if—"

"Mamma! mamma!" Papa and fairy godmother in full chorus, "How dare you, Madam! Go and stand in the corner!"

Mamma stood in the corner, and would have liked to have butted her head through the corner, only that was manifestly impossible. There was not a ray of light in mamma's sky. Every body disapproved of her; nobody would give her a chance to explain; and there was the intolerable disappointment about Mrs. Greenleaf! and if at any time she found herself gradually settling down to something like serenity, why there was the fairy godmother to stir her up again. She would omit an order.

"And I am afraid this is to be one of our unlucky days," says the fairy godmother, with a smile that made mamma angry in a moment. She had trouble with cook.

"You see you commenced badly," remarks the fairy, soothingly.

She was nervous with the children.

"Oh! it is of so much importance to begin the day properly," observes Willie's fairy godmother.

Do what she will, mamma can not get away from the irritating remembrance of this unlucky commencement, which is perpetually set in her way for her to stumble over; and then, this was really a day of misfortunes. There was a fine statuette of Night—mamma's perpetual delight! Papa had imported it for her. It was the one extravagance of their plain little drawing-room; and on this morning Martha, while dusting, flourished her duster a little too vigorously; and there was the statuette in pieces on the ground. Mamma sat down beside it with a face that looked like crying.

"Tut! tut!" said Willie's fairy godmother. "It is a pity, to be sure; but then, just think how many mammas have no bread and butter and shoes for their little children."

Which was true; but that did not mend the statuette, and mamma looked still more like crying.

"You are as childish as Willie," said his godmother, watching mamma from under her spectacles. "He cried for his lost box of paints, and would not be comforted by the little heathen children; and you will not be consoled by the mammas who not only have no statuettes but no shoes."

Then mamma was busy with a pudding. She baked it with her own hands; for she had made it after a recipe of the fairy godmother, and, if a success, it was to surprise papa. At the critical moment, as she was placing it in the oven, she was seized with a doubt. Something about sugar and spice was to be done to the pudding at the last moment. Query: Which last moment? Just before going into the oven, or just before coming out? She ran up stairs to ask the fairy godmother.

"Hush!" said the dame, who was counting her stitches.

"I just wish to ask—"

"I desire you to be quiet," said the fairy, severely. "Sit down in that chair, and neither presume to speak nor stir till I give you leave."

Mamma sat down. She was a grown-up mamma, to be sure, but then Willie's godmother was a fairy, and could make her over into a squash, if she chose, with one twist of her knitting-needle.

Tick! tick! five minutes by the clock; ten! Mamma's pudding standing in the oven, mamma fuming on the chair, and the fairy counting her stitches. Five minutes more, and there was a pattering and rustling in the chimney—fairy visitors for godmother. They pulled up chairs, and pulled out their knitting, and talked interminably. Mamma fidgeted, and the clock ticked off the minutes with uncomfortable rapidity.

Commenced mamma at last: "Do tell me about my pudding. It will be—"

"Hush! hush!" cried the fairy godmother, shocked. "Little mammas should be seen and not heard. Really I am quite ashamed of you;" and went on talking. And of course you know what had happened to the pudding by the time that the old ladies had tripped up chimney again. It was burned to a cinder.

Mamma was miserably vexed.

"You have as little patience as your son," calmly observed the fairy godmother. "When Hal Green offered to lend him his pony he rushed home to ask your permission for the ride; but, you remember, you were engaged with Miss Tattle, who was on one of her endless histories, and you would not permit him to speak; and so he sat counting the minutes; and when she finally took her departure it was too late for the ride. I remember you reproved him for his want of resignation."

There was no time for further pudding attempts, and finding a book mamma sat down to forget her annoyances in reading. Just as she reached the interesting chapter she heard the fairy godmother:

"Mamma! mamma!"

Away ran mamma, with "What is wanted?" and—

"I wish you would go up in the attic and hunt me some spider's webs," said Willie's godmother. "I am almost at the end of my ball of silk."

"How disagreeable!" muttered mamma, and was instantly rebuked with,

"How selfish you are! I am sorry to find you so disobliging."

Mamma found the spider's webs, tore back to her book, reached the middle of the interesting chapter, and heard the fairy godmother again.

"Mamma! mamma! I wish you would come and hold this spider's silk while I reel it."

"Tiresome old thing!" said mamma, and, giving up her book in despair, sat down at her sewing when the spider's silk was wound.

"You hold your work very awkwardly," said the fairy godmother; and presently,

"Why do you not manage better with your children? Do you hear them now?"

And ten stitches after,

"What a sulky expression you wear! It is really very unbecoming! Why are you not more pleasant and cheerful?"

And when she had nearly completed the garment,

"Mamma, put up your work," said the fairy, suddenly.

"I have only ten stitches more," urged mamma.

"But put it away at once," commanded the dame; "I require instant and perfect obedience."

Mamma folded away the frock, sticking the needle in it venomously, as if it had been the fairy.

"And how has our mamma been?" said papa, coming in just then.

The fairy shook her head.

"We have a bad report to-day, I am afraid. Mamma has been sulky, disobliging, impertinent, and rebellious. I am really pained by her perversity."

"Are you?" cried mamma. "Why then did you take such pains to bring about all these fine results? You commenced the day by a disagreeable and perfectly unnecessary restriction about my dress. Because I did not endure it with a smiling face you proceeded to inflict on me a grievous and irreparable disappointment; and not satisfied with that, you called the family attention to my ill-humor, omitting all mention of the cause, and forbidding me to explain. You have worried me through the day with ceaseless reproofs and commands, and then rebuked me because I did not look cheerful under the discipline. You spoiled an entire afternoon by refusing me a moment's attention. You broke in on my occupations on the most absurd pretexts, and then exclaim that I am irritated. You yourself have been the cause of what you so much dislike. You worry and cross and fret with a continual and vexatious supervision, that would strain to their utmost the principles and patience of a saint."

"You acknowledge, then," said the fairy, "that you, a grown woman, would be fretted out of amiability and self-control by my system; but pray, Madam, is it not your own? and when did you ever find fault with it before? When you inflicted on your son a disappointment as unbearable as the one you yourself have suffered, you never asked what caused the ill-temper, for which you punished him, or if the punishment was not too great for the offense. When you follow him about all day, with continual fault-finding about very small matters, you expect that he will bear with a smiling face and mend his ways at once; but when you are pursued in the same way you find that it only makes you cross, and stirs up the worst part of your nature; and yet he is a little boy, and you are a grown mamma. When Willie's game or project is spoiled, because little boys must not interrupt, and you will not hear him till it is too late, you are shocked that he is sulky and aggrieved; and yet how intolerable it was to sit, while your pudding was spoiling, for want of an answer to a simple question! and you are a grown mamma and he is only a little boy. You insist that he, a little boy, must leave his most delightful occupation, at the height of its interest, without even a look of dissatisfaction; and yet how hard you, a grown mamma, found it to practice what you preach! You say I am the cause of your shortcomings of to-day. If that is so, then, in a limited degree, you are the cause of much of your son's naughtiness; for I thought I could not do better than imitate the system of such an experienced and sensible mamma as yourself, and I have simply copied you to the letter; and if the system works so ill when tried on yourself, is it not just possible that, though rules and a steady and firm system of discipline are absolutely required in a family, that a system of discipline, enforced with an utter disregard of the tastes and feelings of its object, is a tyranny, even when enforced by a mamma—that a few guiding rules are as indispensable as a boundary fence; but that restrictions and regulations, thick-set all through the day, are so many traps and stumbling-blocks for unwary little Willies; and that a mamma ought not to require more patience, self-control, and fortitude of a little child than she could use herself in precisely similar circumstances?"

Papa smiled, mamma pouted; and I, Willie, having heard it all, have written it all down for the benefit of those poor grown people, who have been so busy all their lives in teaching us that they have never had any time to teach themselves.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER.

THIS wedding seemed to me somewhat remarkable, inasmuch as the bride was only thirteen, and the groom only about seventeen years old. A lady, looking at the sketch, thought the decent appearance of the party and the taste shown in the bride's apparel exaggerated for the sake of appearances. This, however, was not the case; the scene is given just as it appeared. The bridegroom was a musician, a straight, well-built young fellow in his best uniform. The bride was a light-colored woman in a dress low enough to meet the requirements of the fashionable society of New York. They listened thoughtfully to the worthy chaplain's remarks; and the whole affair was creditable to the colored folks assembled on the occasion. As we left they were all sitting down to a very fancy bridal supper; and the band—of which the new-made husband was a member—was playing outside. It was not an aristocratic mansion, but there was a fiddler ready, and it is safe to surmise that the company enjoyed themselves.

SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL AT VICKSBURG.

The scene in front of the Washington Hotel is characteristic. As you go South you notice the gradual disappearance of reading and writing rooms, and of decent sitting-rooms for the guests. Thus the sidewalk becomes the only available place for

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MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER AT VICKSBURG BY CHAPLAIN WARREN OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

loungers. Being more limited than in larger cities, when, in Vicksburg, the pavement is covered with chairs, there is not much space for passengers, especially ladies, to get by. They do not seem to mind it though, but thread their way through the *gentlemen* and the tobacco-juice with commendable fortitude. It is not agreeable to ladies in New York to have to pass the groups of loungers at the hotels. What would they do if the aforesaid loungers brought chairs out and spread themselves all over the sidewalk, smoking, spitting, wrangling, and so forth?

A. R. W.



SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

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PARISIAN TOILETS.—[SEE PAGE 414.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 414.]

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PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE rain and the east wind having at last given place to bright sunshine and moderately warm weather, ladies' toilets, which during the past month were only in course of development, now exhibit a very decided change. The most striking invention of the moment is certainly the robe *en fourreau*—jacket, skirt, and jupe being all of the same material, and all trimmed to correspond. The jacket is usually very short, and generally made so as not to fit close to the figure, in which case it is merely fastened at the neck. The skirt, which commonly has a slight trimming half-way up its seams, is looped up in festoons, to the ends of which silk tassels are sometimes suspended; while beneath it is displayed the jupe, trimmed in a most elaborate style with scollops, vandykes, rosettes, crossbars, checks, diamonds, or other geometric patterns. Occasionally the jupe, instead of being of the same material as the robe itself, and trimmed to correspond with it, is of plain silk of the exact color of the trimming of the robe, with perhaps a single or double rouleau of ribbon running round the bottom. These dresses are made in almost every variety of material.

The robes displayed by the "grand monde" recently at Longchamp, when the great race for the Grand Prix de Paris came off, were of the most magnificent description, and comprised the very latest varieties of the mode and all the colors of the rainbow—bright blue, green, puce, and rich gold-color silks—the brilliancy of the last was subdued, however, by its being covered entirely over with open black lace; striped foulards and gazes de Chambéry in rose-color, porcelain blue, violet, green, and orange, on silver gray or white grounds. Some were made *en fourreau*, and the wearers of these, with their chapeaux Lamballe, merely wanted crooks in their hands to look very like those exceedingly elegant and most artificial-looking shepherdesses which one meets with in the pictures of BOUCHER and WATTEAU. The majority of robes were, however, with trains of considerable length, and almost the whole of them were made with jackets of the same material, and commonly cut into the most fantastic forms. Thus, some had long lappets hanging down in front and still longer lappets hanging behind, looking not unlike a bird's tail; others were elaborately notched and scolloped round the edges, and many had long open sleeves that hung down almost as low as the knees. The majority were fastened with elegant bands round the waist, but, when the jacket was exceedingly short, it hung quite loose, except at the neck. These robes, when of some positive color, were trimmed with white or black lace, and, occasionally, with straw passementerie, the effect of which was extremely beautiful; while the lighter shades and the striped patterns were trimmed, for the most part, with satin ribbon. The predominating colors of the flowers in the bonnets, and also the bonnet-strings, were, almost invariably, of the precise tint of the trimming of the robe; or, where the robe was of a decided color and trimmed with lace, of the same shade as the robe itself.

If the spectacle which Longchamp presented may be regarded as any indication of the coming mode, the days of crinoline are certainly numbered. The majority of the more elegantly-dressed women seem to have entirely abandoned it. These magnificent robes, with long trains, worn with a plain white jupe, with a broad ruche at the bottom of it, certainly looked most graceful without its adventitious aid, though it must be confessed that the robe *en fourreau*, spite of the fullness of its looped-up skirt, looks somewhat scanty when worn without crinoline.

Muslins are just now coming into wear, and many of the new patterns are not only exceedingly brilliant in color, but tasteful in design. Floral patterns, consisting of large wreaths and bouquets, and long, trailing clusters of flowers, certainly predominate, though robes, with borders of delicate shawl patterns, seem likely to become most fashionable.

For evening dress something like a contest may be said to be going on between foulards and other materials of quiet tints and small patterns and striped and other foulards of the most brilliant hues. Of novelties among the former may be mentioned the *foulard oiseau*, the pattern of which is composed of flying birds in gold-color silk; secondly, a foulard, with rose-leaves, sprigs, and buds scattered indiscriminately over the ground; and, thirdly, a foulard, with feathers of different hues symmetrically arranged. Among the richer kinds of foulards may be classed those with carmine and black, or violet, or turquoise-blue stripes, alternated with clusters of flowers or simple white daisies on silver-gray grounds; and one with a pattern formed of peacocks' feathers of the most brilliant and most variegated tints elegantly disposed on a ground of pearly white. Other evening dresses are of gaze de Chambéry, striped with the gayest colors. When the corsage differs from the robe itself, it is not unfrequently composed of an entre-deux of fine lace and puffs of tulle.

Ball dresses are of white tulle, sometimes with delicate artificial flowers tastefully arranged about the skirt, in other cases with rouleaux of white or some light color satin at the bottom of the skirt, the corsage being trimmed to correspond, and occasionally of white tulle embroidered over with silver thread.

There is no particular change to be noted with regard to chapeaux, except that the tulle, or muslin, or net strings, which are now worn extremely wide, have generally a blonde edging to them; the wreath, too, when joined together at the ends, falls now as frequently over the chignon as upon the breast. Below is a description of a few chapeaux observed at Longchamp.

First, a chapeau of cerise color net partially covered with white lace, and with long glass beads hanging round the rim. In the front of the bonnet, which is depressed at the top, in the style of the Tudor caps, is a full-blown rose; a branch of rose-buds hangs at the left side. The strings are of cerise color ribbon. Next, a chapeau of rice straw, almost entirely covered on one side by a large heart's-ease, surrounded by a few leaves, and having some small heart's-eases on a puffing of net to form the front. A bunch of heart's-eases fastens the broad net strings (edged with blonde) immediately under the chin. Another bonnet was of some delicate Italian straw, having a band of scarlet velvet running round the rim about an inch from the edge, and a similar band across the crown. On these bands were arranged clusters of large purple grapes, with rich brown and green leaves frosted over with silver. Other chapeaux were wreathed with bunches of grapes formed of imitation pearls; and one had a wreath of ivy and fig leaves, with small figs hanging in clusters over the front, the whole being on white aluminium bronze.

At Longchamp most of the parasols were of white or some delicate color silk, a few of them being covered with white lace. Attempts are, however, being made to introduce parasols wreathed round the edges with artificial flowers or embroidered over with ciphers and crests, or with race-horses or bunches of flowers, all in their proper colors, on light-tinted and black grounds.

Ladies' boots are still worn very high and with tassels, as formerly. The fashionable bottines have merely the toes of leather, the remainder of the boot being of some thin, textile fabric of exceedingly minute pattern, and for which gray, with occasionally a narrow scarlet binding, appears to be the color most in favor. The heels of the boots, which are as tall as ever, are covered with the same material.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of blue lilac foulard, covered with a pattern formed of small crisillons, and ornamented at the lower part of the skirt with large crisillons in taffeta, and bordered with lace. Corselet with bands and belt of taffeta, edged with narrow lace to match the trimming on the skirt. Chemisette of white tulle, with an entre-deux of open lace.

Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Robe and casaque of white Swiss cambric, or other simple material, embroidered with guipure, with belt to match. A rouleau of ribbon round the bottom of the skirt. Chapeau of fancy straw, encircled with wreath of flowers. The strings, which are of green ribbon, are fixed to the top of the crown.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of striped taffeta, caught up in festoons so as to show a jupe of the same material. The trimming is of satin ribbon, with a narrow edging of lace and with small silver or glass buttons arranged down the centre. The chapeau Trianon is of puffed tulle, trimmed at the edge with a garland of white lilac and with pearl drops suspended from the rim, which fall upon the forehead and on the chignon. The strings are of tulle, bordered with white blonde, and are fastened together with a sprig of flowers.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Robe and casaque of gray shotted mohair, trimmed with mauve or rose-color ribbon, ornamented with a delicate passementerie. The chapeau Sianois is of yellow straw, trimmed round the edge with a ruche of taffeta, of the same color as the trimming of the robe, on which rests some large white daisies. At the top are bouclettes of taffeta, fastened by similar daisies. The double set of strings, neither of which are intended to be tied, fall loosely upon the breast.

PARISIAN TOILETS.

Fig. 1. Foulard robe, white ground, with small, red disks. Over the lower margin of the skirt is a very narrow flounce of white foulard, gathered and bound on each side by a narrow ribbon of red silk. Corsage very low, with epaulets formed by the continuation of a ruche similar to the flounce and placed on the upper margin of the corsage: a like ruche serves as a belt. Inner corsage of white mousseline, high in the neck and with long sleeves. Straw hat, "Lamballe," with coquelicots, wheat ears, black lace, and wide "*brides*" of black tulle.

Fig. 2. Blue silk robe, with "dentelés" edges, trimmed with silk ribbon of a little darker shade; above, and as a continuation of this trimming, is a ribbon which terminates in the middle of the back in two long loops and still longer ends. White straw hat, trimmed with *crevés* of blue silk, blue ribbons, and puffs of white tulle; narrow blue "*brides*;" very wide *écharpes* of white tulle serving as outer "*brides*." Blue parasol lined with white silk.

FANS.

WHEN and where was the fan invented? The beauties of old Rome were as familiar with its charms as the proud-stepping dames of modern Spain; and ladies of every clime and complexion have adopted the mischief-working weapon of coquetry, and become skilled in the mystery of flirting a fan. Copper-colored dandies, born to use the tomahawk and scalping-knife, have rejoiced in the possession of turkey-plume fans; and the clever Japanese have turned the instrument to uses undreamed of by less ingenious nations. In the alien-hating dominions of the Tycoon, the schoolmaster brings unruly urchins to book by rapping their knuckles with a fan; the fop uses it as a switch; the beggar makes it a receptacle for alms; the traveler seeks the useful information in its folds; the warrior brains a foe with its iron case; and it comes as a death-warrant to the high-born evil-doer.

The deacons of the Greek Church receive a fan upon being ordained, to remind them that they are expected to keep intrusive insects from annoying the superior priests in the performance of their public duties; and a large fan of white peacock feathers has figured in many a grand religious solemnity as part of the papal insignia.

In Shakspeare's day no lady thought of stirring abroad without her fan, the care of the toy devolving upon her gentleman-usher: even Juliet's nurse must have Peter to carry her fan; and many a poor lover, who had ravished a feather from his lady's fan, and worn it as a favor, hesitated at carrying his love to its legitimate conclusion, for fear of his ability to

> Keep a lazy waiting-man,
> And buy a load and silver-handled fan
> With forty pound.

The most fashionable fans were made of ostrich, peacock, or other flexible feathers, fastened into a metal or ivory handle. Among the unconsidered trifles snapped up by Falstaff's hungry jackals, Pistol and Nym, was the handle of a certain Mistress Bridget's fan, for which a fence of the period gave the conveyers three shillings and ninepence. When Elizabeth honored her lord-keeper by dining with him at his house at Kew, a diamond-decked fan was one among the gifts with which he acknowledged her condescension. Fans, indeed, seem to have been always acceptable to her majesty; and many such costly toys figure in the list of New-Year's gifts tendered by courtiers to their royal mistress. That terrible sea-bird, Sir Francis Drake, presented Elizabeth with a fan of white and red feathers, its gold handle enameled with one half moon of mother-of-pearl, inclosing another of diamonds and pearls, forming a jeweled frame for a miniature portrait of herself. The Countess of Bath furnished another of swan-down, "with a maze of green velvet, embroidered with seed-pearls, and a very small chain of silver gilt, and in the midst a border on both sides of seed-pearls, sparks of rubies and emeralds; and thereon a monster of gold, the head and breast of mother-of-pearl." A modest gentleman, who preferred to show his loyalty anonymously, sent the queen a fan of sundry colored feathers set in a silver-mounted agate handle. Leicester paid his court with a fan of white feathers, the gold handle ornamented with pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and bearing "a lion ramping with a white bear muzzled at his foot"—a device that may have been merely significant of his loyalty to the queen, but capable of being interpreted in a tenderer fashion by the woman. When Elizabeth died, the royal wardrobe contained no less than twenty-seven fans.

Tom Coryat was charmed with the elegance of the Italian fans. He says: "These fans both men and women of the country do carry to cool themselves withal in the time of heat, by the often fanning of their faces. Most of them are very elegant and pretty things. For whereas the fan consisteth of a painted piece of paper and a little wooden handle; the paper which is fastened into the top is on both sides most curiously adorned with excellent pictures; either of amorous things tending to dalliance, having some witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them; or of some notable Italian city, with a brief description added thereunto. These fans are of a mean price, for a man may buy one of the fairest of them for so much money as countervaileth our English groat." The Italian gentlemen did not stand alone in their effeminacy. The butterflies of the Scotch Solon's court carried fans to shield their tender faces from the rude wind as they rode to banquet or ball. "We strive to be accounted womanish," murmurs Greene, "by keeping of beauty, by curling of hair, by wearing plumes of feathers in our hands, which in wars our ancestors wore on their heads." This ridiculous custom seems to have had a long life, for Aubrey bears witness that in 1678 gentlemen were in the habit of carrying huge fans with handles half a yard long; serving not only for their protection and delectation, but coming into domestic use as instruments for correcting their grown-up daughters when troublesome or rebellious. The judges of the land were not exempt from the fan fever, and no less a man than Lord Chief-Justice Coke carried an enormous fan when going the circuit—a curious method of adding dignity to the majesty of the law!

Catharine of Braganza introduced the green shading fan into England, and it held its pride of place until the Revolution, when the folding fan came into vogue, and the old-fashioned feather fan (re-christened the matron's fan) was relegated to elderly ladies, as "more comely and civil for old persons than the former, which is shiffed with nothing but vanity;" the vanity lying in the landscapes, romantic scenes, and fanciful designs with which the folding fans were decorated. In Anne's reign the toy had lost none of its charms, nor had fashionable ladies acquired more decency, for we are assured that they only endured the intolerable fatigue of sitting out the morning-service at church by making it an occasion for displaying their fine fans, white hands, and brilliant jewelry. The fan must have made deep inroads on a fine lady's pin-money, since Sir Roger de Coverley thought the profits of a windmill should be set apart to find fans for his perverse widow, if she became Lady de Coverley.

To flirt a fan properly was an art only to be acquired with labor. Mrs. Abington, the actress, was a proficient in it:

> "ray, ladies, copy Abington;
> Observe the breeding in her air:
> There's nothing of the actress there:
> Assume her fashion if you can,
> And catch the graces of her fan.

Addison gives some amusing instructions in the use of the fan. *Handling the fan* was performed with the instrument closed, the executant first shaking it at one gentleman, then tapping her neighbor on the shoulder, next pressing her lips to the end of the fan, and finally letting her arm fall easily and gracefully by her side. This was to be learned in about a week. *Unfurling the fan* required at least a month's incessant practice; the manœuvre comprising little flirts and vibrations, gradual and deliberate openings, and voluntary fallings asunder of the fan. To *discharge fan* was to make a pop as loud as the report of a pocket-pistol. To *ground fan* was to top it gracefully upon the table with a certain air, in order to take up a pack of cards, replace a falling pin, adjust a stray curl, or perform some equally important act. All these difficulties of fan-drill surmounted, the greatest remained to be conquered; but even *flirting the fan* might, with great perseverance, be mastered by an apt pupil in three months' time. "There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flirting of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is a prude or a coquette according to the nature of the person who bears it."

When ivory, leather, wood, and paper superseded feathers in the manufacture of fans, artists were called in to add beauty to the delicate weapon that gave

> Coolness to the matchless dame,
> To every other breast a flame.

Watteau fairly fanned his way to fame; Cipriani, West, and Reynolds did not disdain to use their pencils in the service of fashion, and we can readily accept Miss Burney's assurance that the result was more delightful than can well be imagined. But the painters were not allowed to have it all their own way; the engravers entered the list with vigor and success, and catered to the love of novelty with great profit to themselves. When Sacheverell was the pet of the ladies nothing would serve for fan-mounts but representations of the church martyr at the bar. When *Gulliver's Travels* took the town by storm, every lady carried Lilliput about with her; and when the *Beggars' Opera* made Gay rich, and Rich gay, fans were covered with copies of the songs and engravings of the scenes. A correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, writing in 1753, gives a curious list of a dozen designs he saw displayed by a row of ladies kneeling at the communion in a fashionable London church. Such subjects as the "Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," and "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," being Scriptural, might pass muster with a tender critic; but "Darby and Joan," "The Taking of Porto Bello," "The Humors of Change Alley," "Silenus," "Vauxhall Gardens," "The Judgment of Paris," "Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine," and "The Prodigal Son," from the "Rake's Progress," were hardly in keeping with the occasion. The popularity of the printed fan-mounts seems, however, to have run counter to the interests of the English fan-makers, for they thought necessary to petition against the importation of them from abroad; and one of their advocates proposed the levying of a tax of sixpence and a shilling upon every paper and leather fan-mount, calculating to raise thereby a revenue of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, to the detriment only of some half-a-dozen paltry plate-engravers, who were enriching themselves and starving hundreds.

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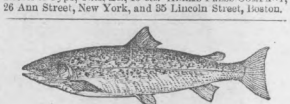
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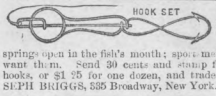
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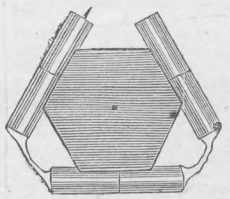
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10	Grand Pianos, $600 each		6,000
10	Grand Pianos, $500 each		5,000
100	Gents' Gold Watches, $200 each		20,000
50	Ladies' Gold Watches, $125 each		6,250
5	Grand Melodeons, $200 each		1,000
80	American Case Silver Watches, $75 each		6,000
75	Hunting Case Silver Watches, $40 each		3,000
50	Diamond Rings, $100 to $200 each		7,500
25	Diamond Pins, $100 each		2,500
40	Sewing Machines, $100 each		4,000
20	Sewing Machines, $75 each		1,500
20	Silver-Plated Tea-Sets, $75 each		1,500
50	Silver Castors, $25 each		1,250
5,000	Clocks, Albums, Jewelry, &c., $5 to $10 each		27,000
10,000	Tea and Table Spoons, &c., $2 to $5 each		25,000
10,000	Gold Pens, Sleeve Buttons, &c., $1 to $3 each		14,000
49,453	Books, Cutlery, Engravings, &c., $1 to $10 each		59,000
	Total		$250,000

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Printed lists of awards will be published and supplied to Agents and Ticket-holders. Parties having tickets will retain them until after the awards are made, and if their numbers appear in the list, they will forward their Tickets immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or deeds for the property. Tickets for sale at all the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the City, and at the Headquarters, in the Mammoth Fair Building for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors' National Orphan Home Fund, corner of Seventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. The Directors appeal to the liberality of the people to give this enterprise their kind support, and thereby assist in relieving the wants of the Orphans of our fallen comrades.
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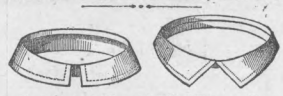
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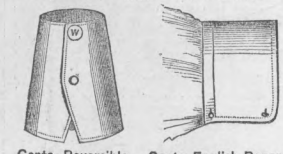
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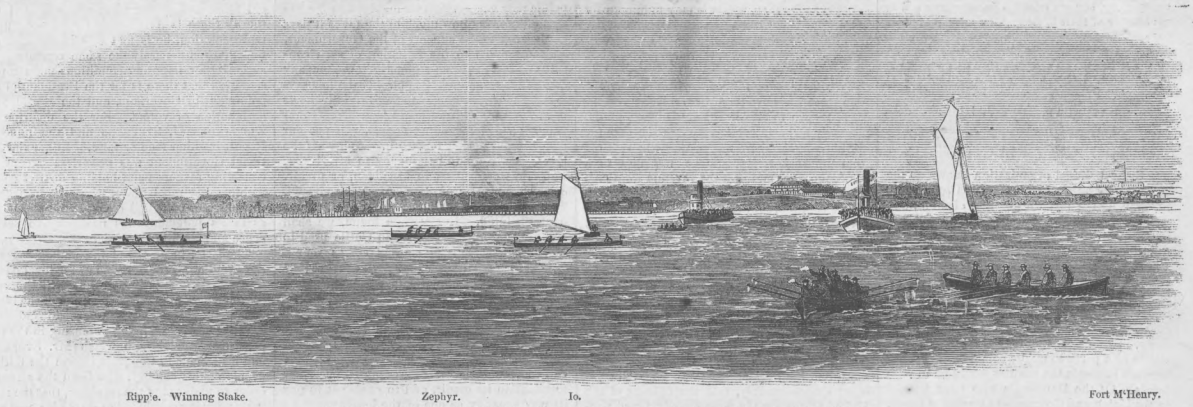
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 497.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER, BALTIMORE.]

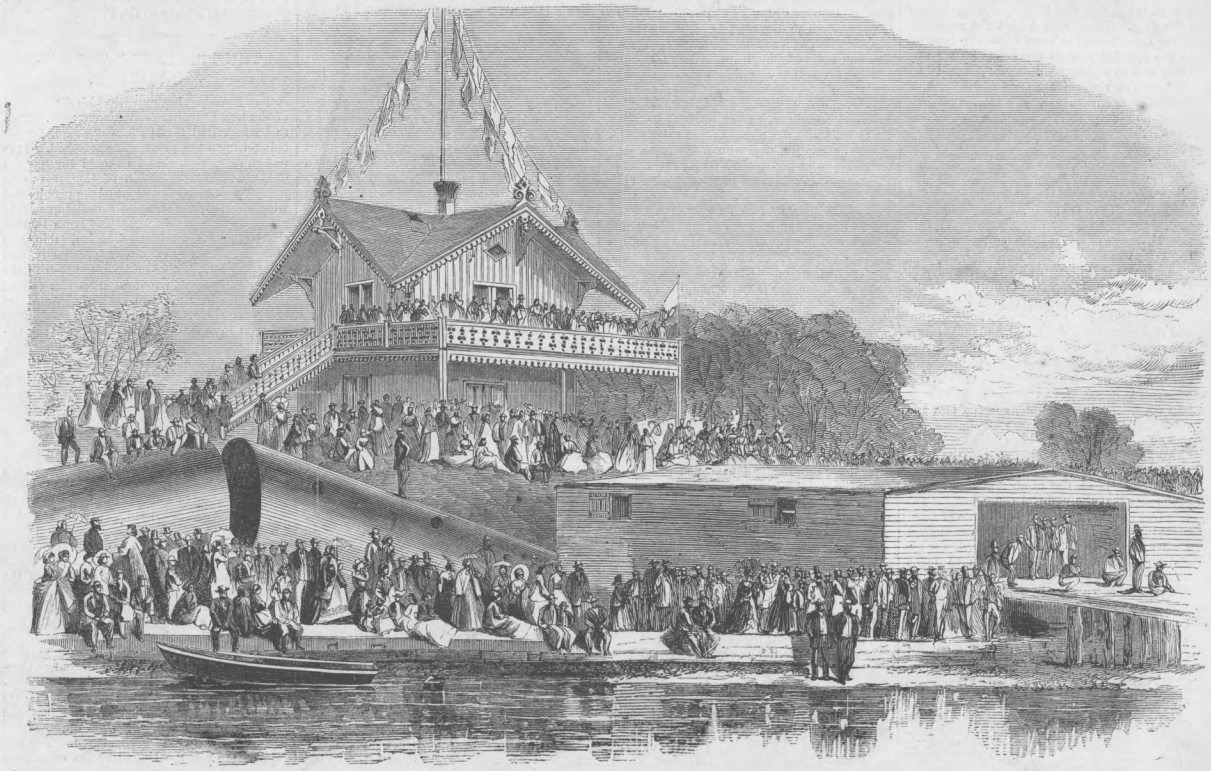
THE BALTIMORE REGATTA.

THE illustrations which we give on this page represent the June Regatta of the Baltimore Barge Clubs—Undine, Ariel, and Zephyr, which came off June 12 at Terry Bar, near the city.

Long before the hour appointed the road leading to this branch of the Patapsco was uncomfortably crowded with every description of vehicle and dust-covered pedestrians; and by five o'clock there was no point commanding a view of the race course unoccupied. The long bridge and sloping banks of Cherry Shore to the right, and the wide pier to the left of the boating grounds, afforded a fine view of the entire race, and were packed with people, while within the inclosure—reserved exclusively for the friends of the clubs—and around the boat-house and cottage, the scene was a most brilliant and animated one. The ladies gayly decked in the colors of their favorites, the members of the clubs in full uniform, the cottage covered with streamers, the soul-stirring strains of a full brass band, and the wide expanse of water, dotted with tugs, steamers, yachts, and barges—all went to make up a picture seldom surpassed in beauty and artistic effect. And the bright eyes and fair faces of those grouped along the verge of the terrace or on the verandas of the cottage, overlooking the river, grew brighter and more animated every minute.

Just before the boats of the four-oared race came up to the starting stake the six-oared shell of the Ariel club capsized, about 300 feet from shore, causing considerable excitement and some delay; but the crew bravely swam ashore with their boat, and were soon ready for the second contest. In the mean time the umpire's pistol was heard, and away from the Judges' stake (to the left of the boat-yard) shot the *Io* (Ariel club), *Zephyr* (Zephyr club), and *Ripple* (Undine club). The first and last named were old boats and rather wide, particularly the latter, which was in reality a six-oared barge—larger, wider, and heavier than either of the others, and with proportionably less chance in the contest. When about one quarter of the first mile the *Ripple* spurted ahead and steadily increased the distance to the turning stake and home, making the two miles in seventeen minutes seventeen seconds, and leading the *Zephyr* fifty-three seconds, and the *Io* a little more.

The booming of cannon, screaming of steam-whistles, and shouts of the lookers-on announced



THE BALTIMORE REGATTA—CLUB-COTTAGE AND BOAT-HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY STANTON & BUTLER.]

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the result, and the crew of the *Ripple* pulled in to receive the congratulations of their friends.

The shell *Ariel*, notwithstanding her mishap, was at the stake in time and ready to strive with the six-oared, outrigged barge *Undine* for the champion colors. It was evident, however, that the upset had shaken the men's confidence in their craft and somewhat unnerved them, while the crew of the *Undine*, encouraged by the success of their four-oared barge and eager for the fray, were in far better condition and spirits. It is hardly, then, to be wondered at that the latter led, almost from the start, and was fast leaving the shell when that unfortunate boat again went over and was towed to shore. The *Undine* continued her course and made the winning stake in 15 minutes exactly.

During this six-oared race, prior to the upset, the excitement on shore was intense, particularly among the ladies; and from the various vessels lying along the course cheer after cheer greeted the race boats as they passed. The presentation of flags to the winning crews closed the regatta; and before the "shades of evening" had fairly fallen upon shore and river, "all was again quiet along the Patapsco."

Thus ended the first regular regatta of the Patapsco navy, and we trust each season may add to the number of their boats and the interest of their contests.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

THE NEXT ELECTIONS.

AS the political organization known as the Democratic party, which was so signally rebuked at the last Presidential election, and which, with the exception of Delaware, does not control a single one of the States which were loyal during the war, is preparing for another effort to recover power, it is well that Governor MORTON, of Indiana, in a late powerful speech, has recalled its history in that State. It will be well also for every man to consider what its history has been in his own State, in order that he may truly estimate its claims as a party to public confidence, and determine how safe the country would be in such hands. Of the Democrats who were faithful to the Union and Government we do not speak. Their names are well known if they are conspicuous men; and if not, they are honorably remembered by their neighbors.

But the position of the Democratic party as a party during the war was one of the severest censure of the policy of the Government, and of constant extenuation of the rebellion. Formally and technically it usually declared for the Union, while all the measures taken for its preservation were decried, and the Administration was held responsible for the war. This was natural; for the leaders of the rebellion at the South were, without exception, also leaders of the Democratic party. On the other hand, those at the North who could not conceal their joy at the disaster of Bull Run were Democrats only. Those who denied the authority of the Government to wage war—who sneered at the possibility of its success—who tried in every way to embarrass it—who fomented and excused the riots of 1863—who finally, in a national convention, adopted a platform of disgrace and surrender, framed by VALLANDIGHAM, and appealed to the loyal American people to confess themselves conquered—all these were Democrats, and this was the action of the Democratic party.

As VALLANDIGHAM, the most notorious rebel sympathizer in the country, was the author of the Democratic platform of 1864, so ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the lieutenant of JEFFERSON DAVIS in the rebellion against the Union, who declares that his views are unchanged, and that he is still a secessionist in principle, is the author of the Democratic platform of 1866, upon which the party newspapers and senators and representatives now stand, and upon which the country will be asked to join them in the next elections.

But as the questions now before the country are most momentous, as they are indeed virtually comprised in one—whether the Government shall remain in the hands that have saved it, and whose fidelity has been tried by fire, or be confided to those who have sought its overthrow or sympathized with the effort to destroy it—it is of the utmost importance to remember that the political contest of the autumn will be one of principles and not of men. Thus the personal character of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has not been impeached, nor his ability. But his popular election to office would be an approval of the most perilous political doctrines, and justly appall every sincere friend of the Union. What is true of Mr. STEPHENS in Georgia is true in any State of any candidate of the party which adopts his views. Such a candidate may be personally an honorable and able man, but no man is so strong as his party, and no party despotism is so strict and unscrupulous as that of the Democratic party. It is not the lantern in front, however bright its light may be and burnished its metal, but the huge driving-wheel behind, which is the important part of the locomotive.

We must look through the candidates, therefore, to those who nominate them. It is not likely that in Ohio VALLANDIGHAM will be offered to the voters, nor HORATIO SEYMOUR in New York. Time and defeat have shown the necessity of cunning. The same spirit and principles which these leaders represent, the bitter hostility to the enlargement of liberty and equal rights, and the Tory reaction which calls itself Conservatism, will strive to conceal themselves in less offensive forms, and appeal for support in smoother phrases. The Democratic party in this country is the party of ignorance, of prejudice, of class privilege, of social disorder. It is the party of opposition to the fundamental American principle of equal liberty and law. For more than a generation it controlled the Government; and when the people, alarmed by its steady invasion and destruction of that principle, cast it out of power, it raised its hand to destroy the Government and ruin the country. It was a crime, says Governor MORTON, "for which history has no pardon, and the memories of men no forgetfulness."

Let such a party be judged by its history and by its necessary tendency, not by the personal merit of individuals whom it may nominate for office.

WHAT DO WE PAY TAXES FOR?

THE fiscal year 1865–66 will close by the time these lines are published. Enough is already known to enable the statisticians of the Treasury Department to estimate the revenue for the year. They report that the revenue from internal taxes will be not less than $305,000,000, and that the revenue from customs (which is payable in gold) will not be less than $155,000,000, equal to $205,000,000 in currency—estimating the gold at 132 per cent. In all they tell us that the public revenue will not be less than $510,000,000—a larger income than is enjoyed by any other government on the face of the earth.

This is not a subject for unmixed satisfaction. It is grand to think that our Government is the richest in the world. But, after all, these riches are drawn from the labor and profits of the citizens of the United States, and the proposition may just as well be put in another shape—namely, that the citizens of the United States are the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth. If the population of the country may be safely estimated at 32,000,000, we are paying this year at the rate of $15\frac{60}{100}$ per head, which is double the average rate of taxes paid in Europe. It is not quite so grand to realize that we pay man, woman, and child, white and colored, twice as much money to support our free republican government as is paid by the "downtrodden masses of Europe" (we are anticipating the orators of next week) to maintain their "worn-out, bloated despotisms." Our whistle is a good one, and sounds clear and shrill; but we are paying for it, seemingly.

These reflections are timely, in view of the final adjustment of the Tax and Tariff bills in Congress. The Revenue Commission urged the remission of a number of not very productive and decidedly inquisitorial taxes, and the reduction of others. Neither House of Congress has adopted its suggestions; and the Senate, under the lead of Senators FESSENDEN and SHERMAN, seems inclined to insist on maintaining the present scale of taxation. Sound economists urged upon Congress, both for the sake of tax-payers and for the sake of the revenue, a reduction of the exorbitant duties upon foreign goods. They seem more likely to be increased than diminished.

The most curious feature in the affair is that these important questions appear to be considered by Congress exclusively from the point of view of class-interest. When the internal revenue on tobacco is in question, committees are heard representing the tobacco-growers, the cigar-makers, and the tobacco vendors; no one represents the smokers. When the tax and duty on iron are on trial gentlemen appear who represent the mining interest, others who represent the importing interest, others who represent the rolling interest; nobody at all seems to represent consumers of iron. When the tax or duty on wool comes up delegations appear before the Committee to argue the question from the point of view of wool-growers, other delegations which look at it from the point of view of manufacturers of woolen cloths, and yet other delegations which represent importers of foreign wool and woolens; nobody seeks an audience on behalf of the great community which wears woolen clothes. Every body, it seems, has his say before the Committee and before Congress except the public. The public has no delegates and no friends. When the newspapers tell us that a hard fight is being waged in committee on the wool duty, we know that the question at issue is whether we—the poor, helpless public—shall be mulcted by the wool-growers, or by the woolen manufacturers, or by the importers. It is not a question whether or no we shall be mulcted. That is a foregone conclusion, and we are used to it. So we care very little which of the rival claimants for the plunder, of which we are sure to be bereft, wins the day.

It is a nice question how long this sort of thing will last, and how it will end. We remember, about five years ago, when the tariff was being altered, that a question arose about the duty on wood-screws. The duty under the existing tariff was nearly prohibitory; it was proposed to make it wholly so. The proposition was maintained by Senator SIMMONS, of Rhode Island, on behalf of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. There was nobody to answer him. The consumers of wood-screws hadn't a friend in Washington. A feeble protest was registered by a New York daily journal, but it had no effect. Senator SIMMONS carried his point, the duty on wood-screws was made prohibitory, and the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, is understood to have since declared dividends equal to one hundred per cent. per annum. This is only one instance among many.

The people of the United States love their Government, intend to maintain their national credit, and are able to pay taxes which would crush less prosperous nations to the earth. But the poor, purblind, stupid old tax-paying public may nevertheless be indulged to the extent of knowing how much of the taxes it pays really goes to the support of the Government, and how much to the fattening of such concerns as Mr. SIMMONS's Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island. If the law says that we must pay money to swell the dividends of Mr. SIMMONS's American Wood-Screw Company, we, as law-abiding people, will put our hands in our pocket forthwith. And so if the law says we are to pay money to Mr. SMITH, who is a wool-grower in Michigan, or to Mr. JONES, who is an iron-founder in Pennsylvania, we shall be ready with the greenbacks on the day appointed. But "when found, we shall make a note on't," as Captain Cuttle used to say. And when election-day comes round, the chances are fair that we shall draw the attention of the regular nominee to the subject, somewhat in these terms:

"Mr. BROWN or WILLIAMS (as the case may be), I calculate to vote for you as the regular nominee of the party. I expect you to support the Government of the United States, and to vote whatever taxes may be necessary to maintain its credit, and to enable it to pay its way squarely as one of the leading nations of the world. If, in order to do this, it be necessary to pay $15\frac{60}{100}$ per head, as we have paid in 1865–66, vote bravely, and we'll foot the bill. But before you vote any of my money to fill the pockets of such concerns as SIMMONS's Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, I want to know it. I who speak am a producer too. If any producers are to be fattened out of the public pouch, I claim my share and expect you to secure it. If SIMMONS's Company is to get money out of the public for making wood-screws, I claim an equal amount for raising onions. Mine are beautiful of their kind. If neighbor BROWN gets money for wool-growing, I claim an equal sum for growing potatoes. If JONES is rewarded for manufacturing cotton or woolen cloths, I demand just as much for my field of squashes, which are a credit to American agriculture. If SMITH draws money from the nation for manufacturing iron, I insist that my brother, the cobbler (who needs the money badly), receive a corresponding amount for manufacturing shoes. We don't know much about political economy down our way; but we know enough to say that if, out of the purse we make up for him each year, Uncle SAM pays any body a premium for carrying on an honest business, he ought to pay it to every one who carries on an honest business, and if you are not prepared, Mr. BROWN or WILLIAMS (as the case may be), to claim my share of the fund for my onions, potatoes, and squashes, and my brother's highlows, I guess, as soon as the reconstruction question is settled properly, I shall vote the other ticket."

Masses move slowly, and it is hard to say how much time may elapse before people generally take this view of the matter. The existing régime may go on until the contraction of the currency brings "hard times" to every door. As matters stand now, by dint of issuing money by the million a week, Government keeps up a fictitious prosperity which enables people to pay the exorbitant taxes, and nobody complains. But slowly as grind the mills of the gods they grind exceeding fine, and the day will come that the men who vote to tax the people exorbitantly for the benefit of this or that manufacturing establishment will have to look to it for their reward.

THE MINORITY REPORT.

THE Report of the minority of the Reconstruction Committee of Congress is a feeble amplification of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's opinion that, "as soon as the seceding States respectively made known their readiness to resume their former political relations with the Federal Government under the Constitution," they were to be admitted into Congress without deliberation or conditions. The minority Report asserts that certain citizens in certain States rebelled, that their rebellion has been suppressed, that the States as such were not involved, and at the moment of defeat regained every right they ever had. The Report not only denies the authority of Congress to provide for the common safety by any conditions whatever, but it demolishes the validity of the President's action. "The power to establish or modify a State Government," says the Report, "belongs exclusively to the people of the State." And unable to avoid the necessary condemnation of the President implied in the proposition, the Report meets the dilemma by saying in effect; granting that the President has usurped powers, the States concerned have acquiesced in the usurpation, and that is enough!

The one good effect of this wearisome Report, as of the testimony of STEPHENS and LEE and the Copperhead speeches in Congress and elsewhere, is to show to the people that the President and Congress, however they differ in measures, really act upon the same principle in the matter of reconstruction, and that the principle is, regard for the public safety. They differ as to what the public safety requires, but they both act from the necessity of the case. Thus when Mr. RAYMOND again falls into the old fallacy of asking what constitutional authority there is for imposing conditions upon representation, he is met by the simple truth that there is precisely the same constitutional authority for imposing conditions upon representation that there is for the Presidential appointment of Governors, and the Presidential designation of voters. For the doctrine of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the minority Report is either true or false. Either the National Government was powerless except for collecting revenues and holding district courts within every rebel State, when the insurgents surrendered, or it had exactly as much power as in its judgment was necessary to secure peace and confirm the Union.

The latter being the plain common-sense of the situation, is the doctrine of the loyal American people. It is in vain to split hairs upon the question of the exact condition of the insurgent States. It remains a pernicious abstraction. There is something amusing in the preposterous gravity with which Mr. STEPHENS and his friends in Congress inform the faithful people of this country, who freed the slaves in order to undermine the rebellion, that the rebel States, having concluded to surrender, will now by "continuous right" return to a larger share in the Government than they had before. Does Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON seriously suppose that the people who had faith enough and sense enough to suppress such a rebellion really mean that those who rebelled shall have gained political power at the expense of those who remained faithful and were victorious?

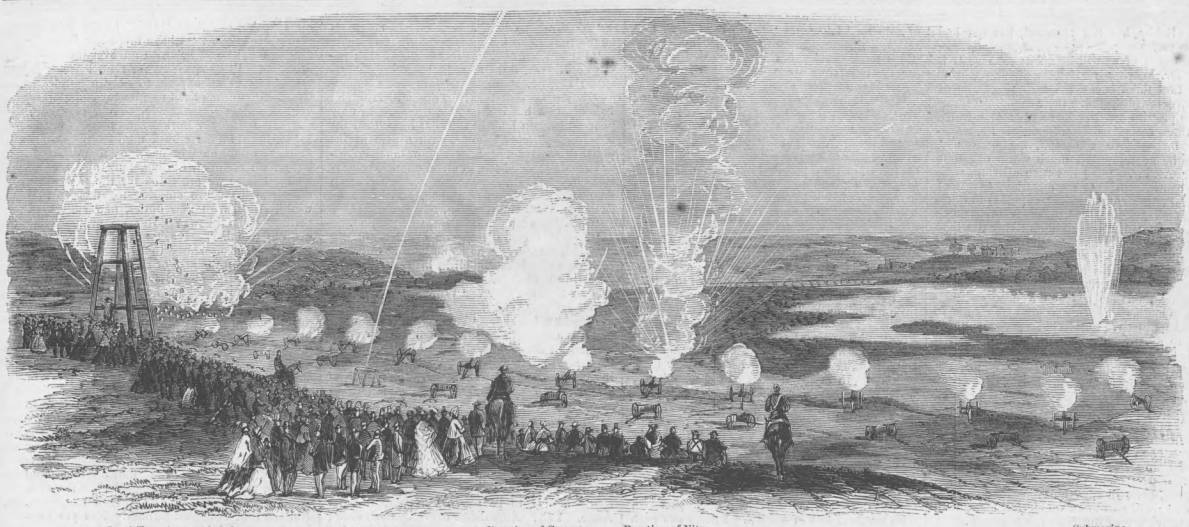
It is this issue of common-sense and not one of Constitutional hair-splitting which will go to the country in the coming elections. Nor is it a question whether loyal Representatives from any State shall be admitted, but whether any State lately in rebellion shall be represented until it has given reasonable and honorable guarantees of fidelity to the Union.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE AMENDMENT.

THE President has expressed his disapproval of the new Constitutional Amendment. It is to be regretted that he has done so, for his opinion upon the point was not asked. It is unfortunate, also, that he should suggest the doubt whether the action of Congress is in harmony with the sentiment of the people, and whether the present State Legislatures truly represent that sentiment. The truth is, that the Union Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Vermont have just spoken very distinctly, and Governor MORTON, of Indiana, has opened the Union campaign in that State. The feeling of the dominant party in each of these States is unmistakable. Their words and resolutions ring out in the true patriotic tone. They approve most heartily the proposed Amendment, and sustain the general policy of Congress.

Besides, the words of the Constitution are very plain. "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States shall call a Convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." Here is nothing requiring the approval of the President nor the election of new Legislatures. The only case in our history of the Presidential signature to a constitutional amendment was that of the Emancipation Amendment which President LINCOLN returned, saying that he thought he had no right to sign it, but as Congress had submitted it he would not refuse. But the Senate voted that it had been sent through inadvertence, and directed that the House should not be notified that the signature of the President had been affixed. The Supreme Court of the United States considered the point too clear for argument, and the Senate, in 1863, by a vote of 23 to 7, resolved that

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GUNPOWDER *vs.* NITRO-GLYCERINE—EXPERIMENTS UNDER GOVERNMENT INSPECTION, NEAR THE NAVY-YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

into fragments. Mines were similarly constructed in the earth, and on iron plates, and with these the superior power of the other compound was forcibly shown. A wrought iron shaft twelve inches in diameter, with an orifice one inch in diameter, was torn in pieces. A similar result took place with a cast iron shaft, and an experiment with powder similarly applied failed to injure the iron. Earth mines were tried, and the crater produced with powder did not exceed four feet in diameter, while the nitro-glycerine tore up the earth about twelve feet across the crater.

Colonel SHAFFNER illustrated how the San Francisco explosion occurred, by saturating saw-dust with the glycerine, and many very interesting experiments proved the extraordinary power of nitro-glycerine, and how easily it can be handled and employed without incurring the danger common to gunpowder. The Government aided Colonel SHAFFNER to make the experiments with the view of promoting science.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

AN hour passes away before, Robby having told the whole story so far as he knows it, any tranquillity is restored. Filled with the most painful apprehensions, Mrs. Sorel, nevertheless, endeavors to reassure herself, as well as her companions, by all manner of hopeful conjectures. Mr. Arthur may have merely alighted somewhere, leaving his horse standing, and it may have left him; or, he may have been thrown, though not seriously hurt. But she herself and Alice too, hovering about her mother's couch pale, cold, and silent, can not but recall the singular manner in which Mr. Arthur parted from them that morning. All through their deep grief they have both felt vague apprehensions, even painful anxieties, on his behalf. Not on political grounds, for, as they both well know, there are no men so safe just now as Union men, even if Mr. Arthur's course had not been so quiet and without positive offense, as, in spite of his thoroughly known loyalty to the Union, to leave him without one embittered enemy in the world.

But Mrs. Sorel, and Alice also, can not help, even in that anxious hour, remarking the silence and, if possible, deadlier pallor into which Mrs. Bowles has fallen.

"Blind, blind, blind," she says it more to herself than to Dr. Warner, now with her, Mrs. Sorel and Alice having gone for the moment out of the room. "You know it all, Dr. Warner, perhaps have known it for months, and for me, her own mother, never to have more than feared it."

"Feared it, Madam?" says Dr. Warner, with some indignation. "As to knowing it, there are few besides yourself but knew Mr. Arthur was attached to your daughter, has been devotedly attached, I dare say for years. A good many of us have fancied it exceedingly likely his affection was reciprocated."

"He never whispered such a thing. Alice never even hinted any thing of it to me," Mrs. Bowles says, feebly, and in a bewildered manner.

"Because he knew the aversion for him you, and her brother too, might have, Madam," remarks Dr. Warner, warmly. "He did not even know how she herself might regard him, being, as he knew she knew him to be, a thorough-going Union man. He was too honorable, Madam, to endeavor to win her affections against your wishes—too proud to desire, even, to intrude where he was not heartily welcome. Had things continued as they were, in my opinion, though most devotedly attached to Alice, he never would have taken a step as long as the world lasted."

"That so many terrible blows should fall upon me at once," moans the invalid, feebly lifting her hand to her forehead.

"You are in a weak state of health, Madam," interrupts her physician, with a good deal of firmness for him, but professional and as with a patient, "and we ought not to converse at all. Only I must say this. For all we know, Mr. Arthur is, at this moment, lying dead, either thrown from his horse or by the hand of an assassin. God forbid! But, if he lives, there is no man living I would so well be pleased to see 'Ria, if she were old enough, the wife of. A gentleman of spotless character, of good talents, of sincere piety—one who has proved himself, during all these years of madness, true as steel, through great and unceasing pressure, to what he knew was right; not a partisan in it either, calm, mild—I declare, Madam," says Dr. Warner, with more spirit than he ever dared exhibit to his wife, "I am astonished at you." And he rubs his bald head with the palm of his left hand impatiently. But Mrs. Bowles only lies with her eyes closed, pallid, silent.

"There is one thing, perhaps, I ought not to mention," says Dr. Warner, after a very long pause, and much rubbing of his brow. "Under these peculiar circumstances, however, and it is of a nature which will make it sacred with you. Mr. Ferguson might not like it—might be very angry with me," continues he, with a very plain and frightened recollection of the character of that person; "but I *know* the secret is safe with you. You will pardon me, Mrs. Bowles, I speak only this once, do it to relieve your mind. You are not as rich—pardon me—Miss Alice will not inherit—oh, forgive me—" in great confusion.

"You are not intending to remind me of our poverty." Feeble as she is, not more than barely able to speak the words, the pale sufferer abashes Dr. Warner greatly by the silent dignity of her eyes fastened with surprise on his.

"You are right, pardon me. As my wife says, I always *am* doing something I ought not," remarks the culprit, feeling himself a huge culprit to the extremities of his disarranged neckerchief in every button-hole lacking its button, and with his head sunk into its shower-bath droop. "I only meant to say that Mr. Ferguson has placed a sum of money, a very large sum indeed, he has no child or relative, you observe—nothing else on earth to do with it," the Doctor adds with a deprecatory gesture, and by way of apology for Mr. Ferguson, "out at interest in Mr. Arthur's name. He intends the papers as a wedding gift to him on his marriage. Besides, he has made a will—"

"Dr. Warner!" Nothing but that, with its accompanying look, but it cuts the physician to the bone. There is long silence, during which he looks at his watch and administers a soothing powder, rubbing his head with vexation, but having nothing more to add.

"I am bewildered, exhausted, can not sleep as you all would have me do," murmurs Mrs. Bowles at last; "but I am still in my right mind. And I never can consent that my daughter should marry, though he had every other quality under heaven, an—an Abolitionist. That Alice should have an affection for one *kills* me."

No more than that; but oh the tone in which it is said! Mrs. Bowles closes her eyes and lies as pale and cold as marble, as much beyond Dr. Warner's reach as if she were in Heaven.

He feels it, gives over rubbing his forehead, and steps quietly out of the room, as a wrecked mariner might crawl ashore out of the waves, the storm-beaten condition of the man altogether indescribable.

He finds Alice reclining on the sofa of the next room, which is the parlor, Mrs. Sorel sitting on a low stool at her head. Alice has been, is weeping, and at a glance Dr. Warner sees that these two, at least, are in fullest sympathy with each other.

Yes, he thinks Mrs. Bowles will sleep, perhaps, if left undisturbed. Nothing from Robby yet? For Robby has gone back to send the servants out in every direction to inquire—a labor of love with them—in regard to Mr. Ar-



THE LOVERS.



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

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thur. Robby has not returned, has not had time as yet.

"A dozen of us will be off as soon as it is day," Dr. Warner remarks, and proceeds to prove that there is not the least possibility of any harm having befallen their friend. "Heaven has pressing need of just such a man in the new times before us, Mrs. Sorel," is the somewhat inconclusive argument, among others, which he urges, amidst much warm eulogium of Mr. Arthur. "He has been a living, powerful contrast to that man Barker, a sort of peaceful antidote to his virulent poison in Somerville for years now." Dr. Warner dwells much upon that. "There is no man living to whom I would as proudly and gladly give our Ria as a wife," the Doctor adds for Alice's especial benefit, drooping his head the instant after in self-reproach for having spoken the words.

Meanwhile Alice has stolen once or twice into her mother's room, and pronounces her to be resting quietly. She has just persuaded Mrs. Sorel to go to her room and lie down, when a step is heard upon the front porch and a knock follows at the door. With stealthy step, lest he should disturb the invalid, yet with beating heart, Dr. Warner hastens to the door. In deepest anxiety Alice and Mrs. Sorel hear him greeted in a voice they do not recognize. There is a low but rapid conversation upon the front porch. Then Dr. Warner introduces no less a person than Mr. Bob Withers into the room, says that gentleman will explain, and is himself gone, gone in such hurry as to forget his hat, and then, still more wonderful, his saddle-bags, after each of which he has to return.

"You will forgive my intrusion, ladies, though I believe it is not yet nine o'clock," says Mr. Withers, declining a chair. "Thank you, no, I can stay but a moment. The fact is, I called at the Doctor's house and was told he was here. By-the-by, I should have told him to return by way of his own house. I fear his lady is in strong hysterics. The instant I told her Mr. Arthur was shot—I beg pardon," adds Mr. Withers, in dismay; for Mrs. Sorel, passing one arm around Alice, herself totters as she stands, while Alice rallies all her soul to her aid, and composes herself by desperate struggle.

"By George!" The exclamation bursts entirely of itself from Mr. Withers's lips. "He isn't killed, you know, on that account. I have been shot myself twice. I dare say you have heard the circumstances, in connection, I am sorry to say, with cards. There is hardly a man in all my acquaintance—in a certain circle, of course—but has been shot at some time during his life, badly cut at least. But it *is* a wonder in this case. Peel or Wright, whichever one of the two it was, evidently aimed at a coat-button on the left side; button shattered, by George!—excuse me—to shivers, only grazed his side, you see. His horse must have started at the shot, or his coat have hung off from his body, but it was enough to knock him off. He has bled, too, badly. You observe—"

Alice can now look steadily at their visitor. She has often seen him before, knows his general character as a good-natured but dissipated man, generally esteemed, somehow, in spite of his wild courses. Mr. Withers has a frank, honest face, a little too highly colored, but he glows before Alice now, beautiful as Apollo—Bacchus rather.

"In one moment, if you please, Mr. Withers," she says, and glides quietly into her mother's room. Is detained there for several minutes. "I hoped my mother was sleeping," she says, "but I found her awake. She begs that you will please come into her room, she is anxious to hear."

Excessively awkward does Mr. Withers feel as he takes a seat in the sick chamber. He is startled at the appearance of Mrs. Bowles, whom he has not seen before for a long time. It reminds him of his mother, of promises made by him to just such a pale invalid in just such a darkened chamber; promises made with passionate weeping, but, alas! how poorly kept. Mrs. Sorel has told him in a whisper of the death of Rutledge Bowles. Very quiet is Mr. Withers in his manner, having vague ideas, in addition to all else, that those present have deeper interest in Mr. Arthur than he imagined when he first came.

"You see, ladies," he says, "I was returning about noon to-day from Colonel Juggins's—been out to buy corn for my bays—in my ambulance. About a mile this side of Mr. Wright's I saw some one lying in the road—Mr. Arthur. He was waving his hand to me to make haste as far as I could see him. 'For Heaven's sake make haste, Mr. Withers!' he said, 'haste, haste!' I supposed he was anxious to get to a doctor, and placed him, as fast as I could, in the ambulance. 'Now drive for Mr. Wright's as hard as you can,' he says, 'never mind me. I am weak from loss of blood, but I can see a physician afterward. Fast, Mr. Withers, fast, fast!' he kept saying, which was unnecessary, for my bays were young; they always go when I am behind them, very fast indeed. I don't perfectly understand the thing," remarks Mr. Withers, pausing for a while, "but I will tell it all to you as it happened. As we drove along he would not say one word how he was wounded, only this: 'The instant we get to Mr. Wright's house,' he said, 'Mr. Withers, leave the ambulance with me, run in and tell Mr. Wright as he loves his daughter to come out instantly, instantly! and see me one moment. You will find Dr. Peel there; don't mind him, any thing he says or does. You are a kind-hearted man, Mr. Withers, and a brave man, do as I tell you as you ever loved mother or sister,' he said; 'excuse my repeating it.'

"'Well, but what the mischief?' I began. 'I can not explain at all,' he says, 'can not, can not. Only do as I say, and that quick, for God's sake.'

"'But you may be ill, by George! *dying* need of a doctor,' I began. 'On! on!' he only said; 'it's ten thousand times more important for me to get there in time than for me to live!'

"By that time we were at Wright's gate. There was a carriage before it. I began to suspect the thing. I dashed in and, by George! yes! There in the parlor they were! They must have gone in but that moment. Dr. Peel was on the floor, the most splendid-looking bridegroom I ever saw—broadcloth, ruffled shirt, gold chains, white satin vest, kid gloves, perfumes—in my life, big and magnificent as an emperor, handsomest fellow I ever came up with. By him was his bride, Miss Anne Wright, in a traveling dress. You know her, ladies; the least little bit of a lady, sweet and beautiful as a lily. Parson Barker had just begun when I dashed in. There was a tremendous to do, by George!" added Mr. Withers, with excitement; "it was all in a minute; I saw the couple standing there so beautiful and happy, saw Peel turn positively blue, knocked Parson Barker flat over in my hurry. I do not know how I managed it, but I had Mr. Wright out at the ambulance before he knew it. I was holding him there over Mr. Arthur lying pale as death in the bottom of the ambulance, his head on a cushion, when he seizes upon Mr. Wright's hand like a vice and waves me off, this way, with the other, serious as death.

"Wright was bewildered. Mr. Arthur drew him down and said a few quick words. Wright seemed actually frozen to the ground. I could see Mr. Arthur draw him down again and say something as rapidly and earnestly as a man could. Then he came tearing back past me, with the livid face of a devil. I never saw such a face as that before," remarked the speaker, with a shudder, "I never want to again. But Mr. Arthur beckoned me to get in. I did so. 'Now for a doctor as soon as we can. Mr. Withers, if you please,' he said; and then he added, 'I couldn't help it—he would have—God help him—what comes of it!' something like it, and fainted dead away. I put it to them bays I rather think, left him just getting out of his swoon on his bed at your house, Mrs. Sorel, came on for Dr. Warner, and that," adds Mr. Withers, passing his hand through his hair, "is all I know about it."

Without saying a word, Alice brought Mrs. Sorel her bonnet and shawl, and aided her to put them on, though with trembling hands. "I will take good care of mamma," she says, with a color in her face, a light in her eye, a tone in her voice such as sheds a new light upon Mr. Withers's mind.

First, indulging, as he eyes her, in a shrill whistle, strictly internal and inaudible, he remarks to himself: "But I don't see myself what business a preacher has with as pretty, by George! as splendid a girl as that. However, Arthur's a trump if he is a parson!" A little discontented, though.

"I am sure Mr. Withers will be kind enough to drive you home," says Alice, with beautiful eyes upon Mr. Withers.

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. Ambulance standing over at Dr. Warner's gate," replies Mr. Withers, promptly. But he lingers, with his hand upon the back of the chair upon which he has been seated. "There is one thing—I know nothing, you observe—I hope you will pardon my attending to such a matter. The fact is," says Mr. Withers at last, as by a desperate effort, "No human being ever hears about this matter from my lips. You ladies, I am sure, will never allude to it to a soul. Mr. Arthur has fixed it so the very bride, poor, poor thing! will never know the truth if her father only manages right. Mind, ladies, Mr Arthur has never whispered a syllable to me, by George! he has acted with the coolness as well as pluck of a Trojan, hasn't he? But I am satisfied, putting every thing together, perfectly satisfied that man Peel, Dr. Peel he was called, was, by George!—excuse me, it is almost impossible to believe it—was, after all, a—" The word sticks in Mr. Withers's throat. "I know the man that whispers it will be killed by Wright, as sure as I am standing here. But I am satisfied, by George!—excuse me—I *know* it now, it is the only thing that can explain it at all. Peel was a negro, a mulatto, I feel certain of it. Or *was*, I should say. If he is a living man this moment I am mistaken. At your service now, Madam." And Mr. Withers starts for the door, stands hesitating there a moment, and returns again.

"I hope you will be certain to excuse me, ladies, for mentioning such a matter before you—by far the most horrible thing I ever knew in, by George! *my* life. No other human beings besides yourselves will ever have a whisper of it from me. Fact is," continues Mr. Withers, with a furtive glance at Alice, "I thought there were those here to whom all I did know about Mr. Arthur was solemnly due. Only, mind, I don't pretend to be certain, that about Peel not positively, you know. Feel morally satisfied myself, putting all things together, but couldn't undertake to swear it, by George! Ah, excuse me. Good-evening!"

"When he come rushin' out ob de back-door," the very black Parson Orange, a sleek, rotund, exceedingly smooth-spoken and utterly unprincipled negro man, is saying, at that very moment, to Colonel Juggins's Jem, in the latter's cabin, "I thought de man was goin' to turn white, he was so pale! Dressed up!"—and Orange can only express the degree thereof by an exclamation often used by him in public prayer, and only suitable thereto. "Oh, yes, I had your Massa's blood-mare ready: it was my dream to do it, as I told you. Jest as it was in my dream—berry mare, berry spot, berry man rushin' out widout his hat, berry lips blue as I saw in my dream, Humph! Nebber laugh at my visions again, will you?—heh, heh, heh!" nodding his wise head over the memory of it with wonder on wonder.

"Well, what den?" Jem breaks in upon Orange's ruminations.

"I'll belieb in dreams from dis day out; always did. Oh, little more! 'Is dat you, Orange?' says he. 'All right'—jumps on dat mare and is gone. Jest like in a dream. Humph! I don't know but it all *was* a dream. Ef only your Massa can look at it in dat light 'bout his blood-mare," adds Orange, with a grin at his duller confederate. "Now see how much brighter I am dan you'd been, Jem. You would a hurried off. I didn't. No, Sir. Sot down flat on de ground; took off one shoe, and broke de string." With another grin.

"What dat for?" asks Jem, with respect.

"Listen, nigger: 'fore you could count one hundred, Mr. Wright he come tearing out after him, de white heat ob hell in his eyes, revolver cocked in his hands. Come upon me, happenin' dere fixin my shoes. 'Which way?' dat was all he said. 'Which way?' Man all dressed up, Massa? I asked. 'Which way?' dat is all he said, his pistol touchin' my nose, finger on de trigger, all de debbils in hell in his face. Dat way, Massa, dat way, I says, in a hurry, pinting dimetrically de wrong road. 'Tell Jack to follow me on Roan,' he says, and *he* is gone—exactly as in de dream."

"An' you told Jack," asks Jem, eagerly.

"Yes, Sar, de farder an' de faster *he* trabbel on dat road de better. Yes; I went on de place an' told Jack. But wasn't dere a muss in de house? Jack told me 'bout it while he was saddlin' Roan. Peel was on de floor to be married—actu'ly to be *married*, nigger, to Miss Anne. Yah! Ambulance drove up to de door; man jumped out, run in, carried de father out to it like a child. De instant he do it, Peel took out de back-door, knockin' ober de niggers crowded dere to see de ceremony; didn't eben stop for his hat. Parson, he run up stairs an' shut himself up; got to prayin' up dar, Jack said."

"Miss Anne?" asks Jem, with intensest interest.

"Jack say, when her father was hurried out one door, Peel run out ob de udder, she stood frightened out ob her wits. Sudden' her father came rushin' back, wild! Then she rushes for him, all in her bonnet and trabbling clothes an' hold him in her arms. Jack say she kept hollerin', 'I knew it, pa, I knew it; he didn't hide it; he told me he was a Union man. It was my fault; he wanted me to let him off if I would. I loved him, pa; don't kill him, don't kill him!' windin' herself about her pa like a snake, shrieking an' cryin'—her pa sayin' nothin', only cursin' an' tryin' to get away. 'If you kill him kill me,' she said, Jack told me, 'I'm a Union woman; I hate de Souf; I hate de Confederacy; kill me too, me too, I love the Yankees, I hate de Secession!' Jack said it was all her pa could do to break from her, she wrapped herself all 'round him so.

"But he broke away at last, leavin' her dar on de floor in her bonnet an' things in a dead faint, poor thing! like a flower struck by lightning. Dey all lubbed her mightily, dem niggers, dey was all cryin' over her, said it would kill her dead. I 'member," added Orange, reflectively, "one day 'bout two weeks before, she was at a prayer-meeting we had over at your Massa's, Jem, you mind it? she shook hands with me in de front porch. 'I hope you'll do dem some good, Orange,' she said. 'Yes; an' smiled so sweet, sayin' it. Yes," adds Orange, after farther reflection, "she was for certain de sweetest an' beautifulest work of God *I* ebber see. 'Tis mighty pity!"

But time flies very fast, even though it accomplishes the greatest events as it flies. In the compass of two weeks after Mr. Arthur's wounding, the Confederacy, more like, now it has come and gone, some awful vision of inspired prophet than a reality, has, in the surrender of the last of its armies and in the capture of its Lucifer, expired from the face of the earth, only a terrible memory henceforth and forever. It is a pleasant June evening, and Mrs. Sorel and Alice are seated in Mr. Arthur's room. He is able to sit up now in an easy-chair, pale from loss of blood, but rapidly recovering. Her great affliction has left its traces upon Mrs. Sorel, if it were only in the fuller peace which has softened into a deeper, purer quiet the lines of her mouth, the light of her eyes. And Alice, seated by her lover's side as if they had been already long married, is serene of countenance, even though its paleness is heightened by the deep mourning in which she is clothed—double mourning—for at once brother and mother.

"Yes," Mrs. Sorel is saying, while Alice is silently sewing, with downcast eyes, "there *is* indeed the hand of a Father in it. That Mr. Withers should have been able to say all that to her, and just then, how providential it was! 'I had feared, before, Mr. Arthur entertained sentiments—was one of a class whom I have been trained from infancy to regard with horror unspeakable,' she said to me when I went back to her next day. 'I have given over endeavoring to understand matters, Lizzie. I am content to leave it all in the hands of Him who doeth all things well. I withdraw now all objection in regard to Mr. Arthur. Rutledge Bowles is gone. I once regarded Mr. Arthur next to him. Though I do not, can not, in this life at least, understand matters, he must have had powerful reason for the course he pursued. You, Lizzie, and he and Alice, too, were calm and quiet while I was feverish; but we will speak no more about it,' she said, and kept repeating—you remember, Alice?—even to the end, 'He doeth all things well, doeth all things well.' You ought to love Alice very dearly, Mr. Arthur," adds Mrs. Sorel, gravely; "her mother was the truest lady I ever knew in all my life."

"God knows that I do that only too well," Mr. Arthur adds, as gravely, looking with fond-

est affection at Alice; "and," as she lifts her loving eyes to his, "I have loved her from the first moment I saw her with an ever-increasing affection. I will not speak of that, because no words can at all express it. My gratitude to God for giving me back at once my country and you, Alice, is unspeakable. And, of all the world, it is Brother Barker shall marry us! If I had been in his case I might have been—probably would have been—worse than he. We have both endured, darling, long and terrible trial. I hope we are fitted for the new world upon which we are entering together—a new world, Alice, with new duties, new sufferings, perhaps—who knows? But we are entering upon it together. I ask no more, love, than that!" Unconsciously to both of them, their hands lie upon the arm of the easy-chair, clasped in one. But at this moment Robby comes into the room soberly as he can, yet in greatest excitement.

"Mr. Brooks, oh, Mr. Brooks!" he exclaims, and holds up a warning hand—"Listen!"

Sure enough. The distant music of a military band. Very faint, yet they can hear it as they sit with suspended breath. Nearer now and louder. What is the air? Wait. Still nearer. And the lover takes the other hand in his, one there already. Nearer. Their eyes meet inquiringly. Still nearer the music sounds—music loud, clear, sweet exceedingly. Robby and his mother have turned, are looking the other way, attentive only in that direction, and the lips, too, of the lovers meet. For the tune is plain now. And it is not Hail Columbia. Nor the Star-Spangled Banner. Nor yet Yankee Doodle. It is—to these two of all tunes on earth!—Home, Sweet Home.

TO

The Men and the Women of the South,

OVERCOME,

but as the gallant ship is overcome, by the gales which smite it from God, only to bear it onward;

OVERCOME, NOT OF MAN,

but by the sublime Will of Heaven, too mighty for the mightiest to resist, compelling all things toward the highest welfare of the world;

TO YOU

this Book is dedicated by one, if the humblest, not the least sincere and devoted of your number.

THE IMPENDING EUROPEAN WAR.

WE give on pages 424 and 425 a very accurate and comprehensive Map of Middle Europe, which is valuable not only as including the entire arena of the European conflict, now fairly entered upon, but also as embodying the latest surveys of European engineers.

We purpose, in a few paragraphs, to give here a general survey of this all-important conflict which, whatever be its results, must materially change the dynastic relations of the great continental Powers of Europe. It will be necessary, in the first place, to allude briefly to

THE TREATY OF VIENNA,

which in 1815 made a disposition of the map of Europe that has been the basis of all Continental diplomacy in Europe for half a century. This treaty was based on the downfall of the Bonapartist dynasty, and one of its fundamental principles was the perpetual expulsion of that dynasty from the throne of France. Since 1852 this principle has been annulled by the existence of the Second Empire inaugurated by the *coup d'etât* of NAPOLEON III. Besides this change in principle there have also been some considerable changes made in the map of Europe, as settled by that treaty.

The Treaty of Vienna was signed by a larger number of states than had ever before united in a settlement of European affairs, including Austria, France, England, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Coming also immediately after the wide-spread shattering of old landmarks consequent upon French conquests, the rearrangement of territories amounted almost to a reconstruction. This reconstruction was based almost exclusively on dynastic considerations, the real welfare of nations and the tendencies of what are now called "nationalities" being scarcely thought of. Every where were nations, or fragments of nations, placed under foreign sovereignties. England's gain, indeed, was fully equaled by her loss in the new plan. She kept Malta, which was essential to her position in the Mediterranean, and where her rule was not unwelcome, for the sake of Europe generally she undertook the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, now got rid of, and to satisfy royal prejudices she also preserved the kingdom of Hanover, now also got rid of. In Italy, Milan and Venice were given to Austria, and Sardinia was confirmed to Piedmont; while the duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and Placentia were recognized as sham independent sovereignties, governed by collateral branches of the Austrian Hapsburg. Austria still further obtained possession of the Tyrol, Illyria, and Dalmatia. Prussia's gains were enormous, and, unlike many of the Austrian, were acquisitions of real power. With half of Saxony, nearly all Westphalia, Swedish Pomerania, and almost all the Lower Rhine Provinces, she started afresh as a rival of Austria far more formidable than before. In the North of Europe, Russia received Finland from Sweden; as a compensation for which Sweden received Norway, which was taken from Denmark, and Denmark, who was not represented at the congress, got nothing in return. As to Poland, the three great partitioners made some fresh rectification of boundaries. The innumerable small German States which had existed before the French Revolution, and which had been what diplomatists call mediatized, or, as plain people call it, swamped at the setting up of the Bonapartist Confederation

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of the Rhine—these all remained swallowed up by their powerful neighbors. Holland, having ceded her German possessions, was consoled with the Belgic provinces, and became a kingdom; and Switzerland remained much as before.

The changes which have been made in the map of Europe since 1815 have been mostly in the second and outer circles. The wars that have taken place have been distant from the centre. The wars in Turkey, Italy, and Denmark have left the great central region unvisited. The chief theatre of the great European conflicts and conquests, and changes of boundaries, and reconstruction of dynasties, of the Thirty Years' War, of the Seven Years' War, of the wars of NAPOLEON, has now had fifty years' exemption from the pressure of hostile armies, and fifty years of advancement in all that conduces to the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the people.

THE IMMEDIATE OCCASIONS OF THE PRESENT CONFLICT.

Middle Europe is decorated with two opposite peninsulas. The northernmost of these is Jutland, reaching into the North Sea; the southern is Italy, extending into the Mediterranean. The actual trouble in Europe has to do immediately with these; more indirectly, however, with the dogma of separated nationalities, which, replacing the old phantom of a balance of power, is the ruling idea of nineteenth-century diplomacy. Politically, as the ancient custom went, the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg belonged to Denmark; nationally, they belonged to Germany. Politically, Venetia belonged to Austria; nationally, it cohered with Italy. And to adjust these geographical, political, and tribal considerations, Europe has been perturbed for the last twenty years, and must at last go to war to settle them.

Schleswig and Holstein have for some hundreds of years been subject, almost invariably, to the crown of Denmark, though preserving as to each other and as to the Danes a certain independence. The treaty of Kiel, 1814, gave the two provinces territorially to Denmark, but left them members of the Germanic confederation.

A new monarch, FREDERICK VIII., coming to the Danish crown early in 1848, found the two duchies in open revolt. The German empire had just been set up, and the people of the duchies resolved to join it in name and fact. A war followed. It lasted, with varying fortunes, until 1850, when, the Danish armies becoming decisively triumphant, Prussia and Austria intervened with large bodies of troops. The revolt was subdued, and in 1851 the Great Powers sat down at London to talk over the destinies of the duchies; and it was determined, May 8, 1852, that upon the demise of the actual wearer of the Danish crown the latter should pass to CHRISTIAN, Duke of Glücksburg, and the duchies remain, as before, members of the Danish monarchy.

The demise of the Danish crown occurred in 1863; the claims of the Duke of Augustenburg were revived; a fresh conference of the Great Powers was called, for Austria and Prussia, acting in behalf of the German Confederation, had overrun the duchies with their troops, and King CHRISTIAN was on hand to secure the inheritance. The conference produced no fruit. The Danes were driven into the upper peninsula; the duchies were liberated, and forgetting the claims of the Diet, the two powers took possession of the duchies, and proceeded to dispose of them. Austria sold out her rights in Lauenburg, indefinable as they were, to Prussia, but agreed to govern the larger duchies in common with the associate power. Quarrels necessarily resulted. Prussia wanted to monopolize Kiel, an important port on the Baltic side; Austria was indisposed to this; and then, taking advantage of the extreme unpopularity of the Berlin Government in the duchies, it sought to secure a desirable influence in Northern Germany, by concessions and indulgences to the emancipated communities.

This state of conflict lasted until the summer of 1865, when, as the only alternative of war, a treaty was concluded at Gastein (August 15) by which, while neither Power gave up its eventual claims in the entire plunder, Prussia was left to domineer over Schleswig, while Austria was suffered to work its sweet will with Holstein. Austria, having tried to get back a slice of Silesia in exchange for Holstein, and been snubbed, was even disposed to consult the people of that duchy on their own affairs, and when a refugee journalist or two took advantage of Holstein hospitality to denounce the tyranny of Prussia just over the border, Austria would not surrender the offenders, or silence or punish them. So Prussia continued to menace the Austrians, until the latter some three months since saw the necessity of strengthening their northern frontier, which called for corresponding activity on the part of Berlin; and so with mutual manifestoes and useless parleyings the contending powers have urged on their armaments; and as a last resort, short of the ultimate resort of all, Austria has handed over the destinies of the duchies to the Federal Diet, and summoned the Estates of Holstein—measures which the Court of Berlin, embodied in the resolute BISMARCK, chooses to denounce as the equivalent of a declaration of war.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR.

But the Schleswig-Holstein question and the Italian question are but the proximate occasions, and not the real cause of this war. The real cause is to be found in the rivalry between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in the Germanic Confederation—or rather, for the supremacy over a united Germany.

The secondary states of Germany must very shortly sink into the embraces of either Prussia or Austria; and this vast booty is the stake for which the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are gaming. Prussia is powerful, but unpopular; Austria is extremely popular with the reigning houses, but weak in finance, and also weak in its diversity of subject races and in its Italian relations. At the present time the indications are that in the approaching conflict it is Austria that will enlist the Diet and its minor members in its favor; and that while Hanover and Saxony will affect neutrality, and submit, if need be, to be fought over, Wurtemberg and Bavaria will take the field by the side of Austria.

THE GERMAN BATTLE-FIELD.

This strife for the imperial crown of Germany must have a theatre distinctly traced by the necessities of the case. Each combatant must strike, if possible, mortally; its blow must therefore be at the heart; and he will be the victor whose blow first faces. Already we hear of an Austrian corps recalled from Holstein; there they would be beyond the chances of support, or supplies, or recall. It is along the frontier of Silesia and Saxony, under the shadow of the "Giant Mountains" which form the natural northern boundary of Bohemia, and within a day's ride by rail of Dresden, that Field Marshal BENEDEK has massed so much of the Austrian army as is to do the German campaign; in other words, the high road to Berlin is the objective point of Austrian strategy. To repel this movement, and to make good an advance upon Vienna, is the business that brings the Prussian infantry with their needle guns face to face with the Austrians.

If the Austrians make good their entrance into Saxony, and over the fertile hills and valleys of that happy kingdom, if they attain and pass the strong positions, fortified and held by Prussia on the Saxon frontier, the march to Berlin will be a parade. The narrow territories of Saxony are therefore the lists where the possibility of an Austrian occupation of Prussia is to be determined; and it is within the bounds of probability that Jena may a second time decide the fate of the Brandenburgs.

STRENGTH OF THE COMBATANTS.

The subjoined figures exhibit as clearly as figures usually do the apparent strength of the leading parties to this German quarrel:

	Area. Sq. Miles.	Population.	Army. Men.	Navy. Vessels.	Debt.
Austria	236,311	37,000,000	800,000	59	$1,500,000,000
Prussia	108,212	19,304,843	700,000	85	None.

The great majority of the Prussian population are Germans, the total number of persons of non-German nationalities being only two millions and a half. Less than one-fourth of the Austrian population is German, as will be seen from the following estimate:

Germans	8,200,000
Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaeks	3,600,000
Poles	2,200,000
Russians	2,800,000
Slavonians	1,210,000
Croats	1,350,000
Servians	1,470,000
Bulgarians	25,000
Magyars	5,650,000
Italians (inclusive of Latins and Friauls)	3,050,000
Eastern Romans	2,700,000
Members of other races	1,430,000

THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

But Austria has to contend not only against Prussia, but against Italy also. After ages of agony under Austrian rule, the Italians, encouraged by the BONAPARTE on the throne of France, arose in 1859, and with splendid gallantry began the too long-deferred task of expelling the hated "Tedeschi" from the peninsula. Before the task was completed the BONAPARTE, who had promised thorough work from the Alps to the Adriatic, paused at the Mincio, and made at Villafranca a peace with the enemy.

To acquire Venetia has been the single idea of the Italians from July, 1859, to this moment. To sell it, to exchange it for other territory, to part with a foot of it on any terms but of the direst necessity, Austria has incorrigibly refused; and its redemption has only been possible through ways of war. The Schleswig embroilment has offered the Italian King an opportunity he could not decline. Minister VON BISMARCK has not failed to stimulate the hesitating ambition of King VICTOR; the Court of Vienna asserts, and events justify the belief, that a secret treaty compels Prussia and Italy to assume the offensive simultaneously. Such has been the intense feeling of the Italians on the Venetian question that the postponement of active hostilities thus long has put the popularity of their king in peril; and to disband his enormous standing army without a blow would be to encounter the risk of a popular outbreak.

Austria has assigned some three hundred and fifty thousand men, commanded by the Archduke ALBERT, to the defense of Venetia. The Italians have about an equal number of regular troops confronting them, commanded in chief by General DELLA MARMORA, with the veteran generals CIALDINI and DURANDO as subordinates. But the most effective part of the peninsular army is the volunteer force, headed by GARIBALDI, numbering already one hundred thousand of the Italian youth, drawn from every province of the kingdom, and largely reinforced by refugees from Venetia.

The province for the freedom of which the war is to be waged lies in the northeastern angle of Italy. It is bounded westerly by the River Mincio and the Lago di Garda, northerly by the Alps, southerly by the Po, while its eastern verge rests upon the Adriatic and the Austrian territories of Trieste and Dalmatia.

To defend this outlying bit of empire Austria has established on the only approachable land side a quadrangle of fortifications, so formidable as almost to forbid access. They are the great fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Legnano, and Verona; Mantua, in the centre of a low-lying district, all of which may be flooded in periods of danger, and it is flooded at present; Peschiera, at the foot of the Lago di Garda, commanding that beautiful water, and forming the northern extremity of a chain of defenses which render the Mincio from Mantua to the Lake practicably impassable; Verona, with its fortified camp, and Legnano, in the rear of Peschiera and Mantua, forming the supports of the others, and intimately connected with the German frontier, and the ultimate base of Austrian defense, by the Venetian system of railroads, now used exclusively by government. The swamps of the Po debar an Italian advance by the way of the Romagna. To assault Venetia the fleet of the "gentleman King" may approach Venice, or threaten Pola and Trieste; the regular army of DELLA MARMORA may attack the defenses of the Mincio, from which NAPOLEON III. recoiled; and the volunteers, swarming across the Lake, or—in keeping with the intrepid tactics of GARIBALDI—turning its northern extremity—may appear on the Austrian flank.

The kingdom of Italy has an area of 98,784 English square miles, with a population, according to the last census, taken in the spring of 1864, of 21,703,710 souls. It has a seafaring population of 158,692 individuals, nearly all of whom are liable to the maritime conscription. The military organization of the kingdom is based on conscription, and the standing army consists of more than 200,000 men on a peace footing, and more than 400,000 on a war establishment. The navy of the kingdom consisted in 1865 of 98 steamers of 20,760 horse-power with 2160 guns, and 17 sailing vessels with 279 guns; altogether, 115 men-of-war with 2439 guns. Italy has a public debt of nearly eight hundred millions of dollars.

ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

The position taken by France in connection with the war is thus announced by the Emperor in a letter to M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, in which his Majesty, after detailing the efforts made in common with England and Russia to prevent an armed conflict, says:

"Had the Conference assembled my Government would have declared that France repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandizement so long as the European equilibrium remained undisturbed. France could only think of an extension of her frontiers in the event of the map of Europe being altered to the profit of a great Power, and of the bordering provinces expressing by a formal and free vote their desire for annexation. In the absence of these circumstances the French Government prefers to any territorial acquisition a good understanding with its neighbors, resulting from its respect for their independence and their nationality. We should have desired for the Germanic Confederation a position more worthy of its importance; for Prussia, better geographical boundaries; for Austria, the maintenance of her great position in Europe after the cession of Venetia to Italy in exchange for territorial compensation. The Conference has failed. Will France be led to draw the sword? The French Government thinks not. Whatever may be the result of the war which may break out, no question affecting us will be resolved without the assent of France. France, therefore, will continue to observe an attentive neutrality, confident in her right and calm in her strength."

This review of the European situation has been compiled from various sources. The best paper which has been published in this country on the subject appeared in the New York *Evening Post* for June 23. From this paper we have made extended extracts, using mainly the writer's own words without quotation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY EXPENSIVE BREACHES.—Breaches of promise.

A Scotchman being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot mon, 'gin ye wad hear *reel* music, listen to the bag-pipes!"

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the amazed questioner.

A compass is said to have thirty-two points. The compass of some men's minds has no point at all.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" was asked of a pupil.—"A birch branch, Sir: the master has used almost a whole tree."

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.—A lady made her husband a present of a silver cup with an angel at the bottom; and when she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, duckey," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom; and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked him the reason. "Why," replied he, "because I won't leave the old devil a drop."

Tom Kirkham used to tell of a friend of his dropping in about dinner-time on an old lady who invited him to draw up to the table. There was a huge pile of the pot order for dinner. The old lady helped him bountifully, and he being hungry, was doing justice to it. "Stranger," said the old lady, "you will find almost every sort of meat in this pie." "Yes, Madam," said he, "and fish too," as he drew from between his lips what he imagined was the back-bone of a red horse or sucker. "Lord have marcy," exclaimed the old woman, "if there ain't our fine-tooth comb that Billy lost two weeks ago!"

A lady was told the other day, by a traveling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "Ith it pothible?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "that if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the fullest extent. The gentleman became much alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. Job Squires says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling
Beneath her curls of jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness
Were charmingly in tone
With the color on her features,
For the hue was Nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the hair that Nature gave her
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion,
When next we met, she wore
The expression of her features
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
What should have held a brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her—
No radiant locks were there;
An unmistaken wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer!
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

"Sir, your account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied, "Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a while."

Short visits are the best, as the fly said when he alighted on a hot stove.

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, New York, was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village? She paused a while and answered, "I guess not; I didn't see it; and if it did it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

WANTED—a feather from the dovetail of a carpenter.

The late Dr. Seymour was asked if he considered tight lacing bad for consumption? "Not at all; it is what it lives on." A wise and witty reply.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for Gen. Intelligence.

Jenkins thus describes the hangings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite hyphalutin on her head, while her train was composed of transparent fol-de-rol, and her petticoat of cramdambuli, flounced with Brussels three-ply, of A No. 1."

A jovial doctor on being asked, "How do you treat the cholera?" replied, "Treat it with unmitigated contempt."

AFRAID HE COULDN'T KEEP HER.—The following advertisement appears in a Massachusetts paper:

"NOTICE—The subscriber hereby forbids any person marrying Rosalinda Pratt, she having promised to marry me. STEPHEN PHILLIPS."

Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

MRS. Whiggles expressed her disappointment the other day on taking up the paper thus: "Lor' sakes! there ain't a single living person dead that I know! It seems to me there ain't no news in this 'ere paper."

Men who fight duels generally have two seconds to live after they are dead.

TO KILL AUNTS.—Hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out in a railway accident, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages.

A recipe for instantly removing superfluous hair: Undertake to kiss a spunky woman against her will.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Because his head prevents him from going too far.



THE EUROPEAN SERENADER.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Now if there had been any unconcerned spectator in the old work-shop that afternoon, he would have seen that so much sunshine was not without its shadow; and of all places in the world it lay on the gentle face of little Prim. Quite unnoticed, however; for Clover and Lily were too full of their own joy, and Sam too busy and interested in examining the new tools, to give heed to much else, and Prim's delight had been so very evident at first, that afterward it might well be taken for granted. No eyes were brighter than hers when the great package was first brought in, none watched more eagerly to see the wrappings taken off one by one. But when Clover and Lily had untied all their tools, and Sam was hard at work upon the third little package, Prim's face began to wear a look that was more anxious than glad. With great intentness she followed every motion of Sam's fingers, as he unfolded her small tools; just glancing at hoe and rake and spade with a look that said, plainly, "*That* is not it," passing them by in a search for something else. And when, at last, the little trowel and fork appeared, Prim gave them all one more glance and turned away. Silently she stooped down and picked up the stiff brown wrapping papers, laying them one by one together in another place, and then looked down at the bare floor at her feet, where clearly there was nothing more. But nobody saw it all; and Prim stood quite still, struggling with something that swelled her little heart almost beyond control; and when Lily said, "Let's go and show mamma," Prim hurriedly gathered up her tools and followed the others into the house. If once or twice on the way Prim's little hand made a swift dash at her eyes, all that Clover and Lily knew about it was that Prim had dropped her trowel. But Mrs. May saw the whole thing in a moment; saw the slight quiver of the child's lips as she came in, and the shining under her eyelashes that was not of joy, and the listless droop of the hands that held the new tools. It was well for Prim that the other two were so full of their own glad exclamations; and she drew back behind them, and thought herself quite hid.

"Just look! mamma," cried Lily; "did you ever see any thing so perfect? See, mamma, that's a hoe."

"Yes, I know so much as that," said Mrs. May. "And this is a spade."

"This is a spade," repeated Lily; "splendid, isn't it? Just feel how light it is! Why, Sam says one could dig all day with such a spade."

"Could one?" said Mrs. May, with a very doubtful raising of her eyebrows, as her unwonted fingers took hold of the spade (the first one they had ever touched). "It looks like a very fine tool, my dear; and I dare say you will find it quite equal to my grandmother's needles."

"And, mamma, do you see these beautiful weeding forks?" said Clover. "Sam says they're so good 'for obstinate weeds.'"

"Papa needn't have got 'em for *that*," said Lily, twirling round on both toes. "There'll never be any weeds in *my* garden, obstinate or compliable."

"What a charming garden!" said Mrs. May, admiringly. "Pray is that word one of Jack's importations?"

"No, mamma—Robin's."

"I think I would let Robin keep it, if I were you," said her mother. "But where are Prim's tools?"

"Here, mamma," answered a sober little voice off in the distance.

"Oh yes, you should see them, mamma," said Clover; "they're so very pretty, so small and delicate. I think Prim's tools are almost the prettiest of all. Come and show them to mamma, dear—I didn't mean to get before you so. Prim was so delighted, mamma!"

But there was no delight on the child's face as she came forward, and her mother's ear even caught a long-drawn breath that was very near being a sob; and it was with almost an air of weary relief that Prim piled the tools on her mother's lap and stood with free hands.

"Yes, this is a dear little spade," said Mrs. May as she examined them. "I do believe I could dig with this myself."

A watery little smile gleamed out on Prim's face for a minute, but she said not a word.

"Well, are these all the tools papa got for you?" said Mrs. May. Are these enough? They seem very few to me."

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Clover.

"More than enough, *I* think," said Lily. "I don't see what we're to do with the spades myself. Sam is to dig the ground for us."

"But we want to learn how," said Clover.

No word from Primrose, but only a tight clasp of the two little hands together.

"Then I may tell papa that you are satisfied?" said Mrs. May.

"Perfectly! perfectly!" said Lily, with another twirl. "We're just as happy as it's possible to be."

"A great deal more than satisfied, mamma," said Clover, softly. "Please tell papa so."

Still little Primrose said nothing, except with that same long breath again.

"Now run off and hang up your tools in the tool house," said Mrs. May. "Prim is tired—she must stay here and rest with me a while, and then we will come out together."

"Mamma," said Lily, gathering up her tools, and dropping first the hoe and then the weeding-fork—"oh dear! mamma, what was that about your grandmother's needles?"

"Our great-grandmother's needles," corrected Clover.

"It's all the same thing," said Lily.

"But it does not sound respectful to speak as if we had nothing to do with her," said Clover.

"I'm sure *I* never had much," said Lily, "seeing she died about a hundred years before I was born. Well, mamma?"

"When I was a little girl," said Mrs. May, "I used to get into a great deal of trouble over my sewing. I never could take small stitches, and I never could finish my seam, and so on. It is not at all an uncommon case."

"Yes, I know," said Lily, hastily. "Well, mamma?"

"And when I sat sighing over my work, my grandmother used to say to me: 'Dear, what is the matter?' And I, in the deepest trouble, would answer: 'I can't ever do this, I know!' Then my grandmother would say, cheerfully, 'Oh, I must lend you one of my famous needles, that will bring it all right.' So the dear old lady would open her work-table and take out her needle-book of crimson and blue brocade—but old and faded then—and choosing from its shining store a needle that was just the proper size, she would hand it to me, saying: 'There, love, there is one of my famous needles. Now if you will put it in just right, and take it out just right, it will do every bit of the rest of the work itself.'"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Lily, quite indignantly, while Clover laughed, "I don't want my spade to be like that, I'm sure. Come, Clover, let's go hang up our tools." And away they went, leaving Primrose in her mother's lap.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, after a minute's silence, "did the needles really do as she said?"

"I think they did, when I fulfilled the conditions," said Mrs. May, smiling. "And are you quite satisfied with your new tools, dear? Shall I tell papa so?"

A little hesitation, then Primrose answered, slowly:

"They're beautiful, mamma."

"And are you perfectly satisfied?" said her mother. "Papa will be sure to ask me."

"Mamma!" said Prim, with a tone of dismay.

"I thought," said her mother, gently, "that you did not seem quite so much pleased as Clover and Lily. If any one of the tools is not just right, you know it can be changed."

"They're *beautiful*, mamma!" said Prim, looking distressed.

"Then you have not quite all that you want?" said her mother. "Is that it?"

"It's so ungrateful!" said poor Primrose, her lips trembling.

"What is it, love?" said her mother. "Oh yes, I must know. Is there something else you would like to have?"

"Mamma, it's *dreadful*," said Primrose. "Papa is so good, and took so much trouble."

"Then there is something else?"

Prim nodded her little head despairingly.

"What is it?" said her mother, smiling. "Not a plow, I suppose?"

"Oh no, mamma. Please don't mind," said Primrose. "I think I shall get over it."

"What then?" said her mother.

"Mamma—it was only—my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Oh, it's so ungrateful!"

"Not a bit," said her mother, gayly; "is that all the matter? Now listen, and learn how safe it is to tell me every thing. When papa was just going away again, after he had brought home the tools, he stepped back and said to me: 'The watering-pots did not come, after all; there has been some mistake. I forgot to speak to the children about it. But they can drive over to Hiccory Corner some day, and choose for themselves. There are any quantity there, at the tinman's.'"

"Mamma," said little Primrose, a while after, as she and her mother and the new tools went hand in hand along the walk to the tool-house; "don't you think papa is *almost* the very best person in the whole world?"

Which "almost," be it known, was put in by Primrose only to keep a place for her mother on the same platform of absolute perfection.

SUMMER BOARDING.

I HAD been spending the winter with my cousin Alice Evans, and of course had heard, every month or two, that invariable suggestion of city people: "Where *shall* we go for the summer?" And this suggestion, it seemed to me, would come at the oddest and most *unsuggestive* times; when the thermometer stood below zero, for instance, and "the wind was howling in turret and tree."

To one who lived in a country town, like myself, this desire "to get away from the bricks and mortar," as Uncle Ralph expressed it, was inexplicable. I liked the bricks and mortar, the warm, brilliant rooms, the crowd, the bustle, the shops, and the parties; and summer, to me, had always been a "waiting time" to this delightful season.

"I can't see, Alice, why it is you are in such a hurry to leave a convenient house like this for some little poky country bedroom!" I ejaculated out of my amazement one morning, as I dressed my hair by the great mirror in Alice's luxurious room, thinking all the time of the twelve inches of glass that swung over her dressing-table at Shell Beach last summer.

Alice was in the little dressing-closet, putting her pretty face through its morning ablutions. And she managed to sputter out in answer, between the dashes of water:

"That's because you—were—b-l-born—to the country. And"—splash, splash, "people—never appreciate their inheritance. I was born to—to—city—life; and I want a change—ju-ju-just as you did when you came here."

And here a final splash and a gasp, and my cousin emerged from the dressing-room toweling her face with an energy that left it as rosy as a milkmaid's.

"You want a change, Al? Well, I don't think much of your change. Why, it wasn't half as pleasant down at Shell Beach with your mosquitoes, and fleas, and little tucked-up rooms as it is here."

"Sara, you're a goose! Do you think we are going to stay all summer in these brick walls because they have, as the papers say, 'all the modern conveniences?'"

I laughed.

"But you needn't hurry off from them certainly as you did last summer, before the first roses had come. I'm sure it isn't a very pleasant change, to shiver in lodgings through those early June days."

Alice turned upon me through a bright maze of yellow hair which she was getting up *à la pompadour*.

"Sara, what a practical idiot you are! *Do* you suppose that the change I look for is simply of *things*—the bedrooms and what they contain, or don't contain? Haven't you at four-and-twenty a particle of sentiment left in you, enough to know that it is the change in faces—the people, and not the place or its things? What is that Emerson says about every new person being an event to him? That's my case exactly. Every new person is, or I expect will be"—and here she laughed archly—"an event to me. But I get tired waiting for such an event as a new person in town. I've seen the same men, or the same kind of men, for the last four winters here. They don't vary a hair. Just two types. English and Parisian. Mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache. Goodness, Sara, they are ringing the bell for the third time for us! Do put that hair-pin in for me!" And with that third bell still ringing we went down to breakfast. Uncle Ralph nodded at us over his coffee-cup. "I guess you overslept yourselves, girls," said Aunt Mary, looking up in her careless, kind way.

"So would you, mamma, if you had been kept awake by that tiresome fiddle as I was. Scrape, scrape, scrape. He was at it half the night I do believe."

"Who is *he*, pray?" asked Uncle Ralph.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It's somebody in the next house—somebody who plays every night regularly. I hate a fiddle any way all by itself. And then the tunes, or the attempts at tunes! That everlasting 'Annie Laurie.' 'Ma-ax-welton's banks are bonnie,'" drawled out Alice in such comic imitation of the usual rendering, or murdering, that we all laughed. And before the laugh was over Alice said, mischievously:

"Papa, Sara wonders we don't stay here all summer. She thinks our 'modern improvements' more than enough to compensate for country air, and all that sort of thing."

"'All that sort of thing' meaning new faces, Uncle Ralph," I broke in.

"Oh yes, Say! I know the ins and outs of this young woman," Uncle Ralph returned, in his jovial way. "I know her 'tricks and her manners.'"

Then he finished his third or fourth cup of coffee—Alice used to declare there was no end to the cups of coffee her father could drink—and deliberately drawing his napkin across his lips, leaned back with one of his great comfortable sighs, and said:

"Well, girls, I believe I have found just the place for the summer."

Alice became at once in a state of the greatest excitement.

"Where in the world is it, papa?"

"Sherman told me of it—Dick Sherman. He says it's the prettiest place he knows."

"Papa, *will* you give us the name?" cried Alice, exasperated at his cool delay.

"Oh! Mount Heron—up there by the Wilder's place, you remember."

"To be sure I remember. And haven't I begged and entreated to be taken there at least a dozen times, and didn't you always say that it was too far off. And now, when Mr. Sherman gives it a puff for the first time, you think it is of enough importance to consider it. If it had been *Mrs.* Sherman now, you wouldn't have given it a moment's thought. Papa, you are a dear old muff!"

And Alice gave "papa" a little pinch, looking at him with delighted eyes all the time.

So it was very soon settled all about Mount Heron. And it was settled, too, that instead of my returning to Eskville I should keep on with them to the mountains. I liked this very much, for I knew something about Mount Heron too; and I knew that there was something better to be had there than little poky rooms, and that never a mosquito or a flea dared to show themselves in that region.

"You horrid, practical thing!" cried Alice, as I remarked this to her. "You're always thinking of rooms and creature-comforts. Pity you couldn't take some of these 'modern conveniences' with you that you prize so much. Now you see my mind is exalted to one anticipation. The new person who is to be an event to me." She laughed gayly as she said this, resuming in a moment: "But seriously, Sara, I do think a great deal of this change in society. One really meets very little variety here. It's all 'our set,' you know; and when a new person comes, why they seem all of the same pattern. And I do like individual people, somebody out of 'our set;' and one is sure to meet them at a summer resort."

"And one must have lots of pretty things for this meeting, Alice," I returned, quietly, but with a sly look at the yards of muslin and cambric and tissue which lay upon the bed ready to be metamorphosed into becoming peignoirs and dinner-dresses.

Alice made one of her odd little grimaces at me, and went on with her memorandum—a memorandum which we filled out the next day. Mercy, what loads of things we bought! What jackets and jockeys and organdies and "sea-sides." I wonder if all city girls buy just such things, and so many of them, for these summer resorts? I asked Alice the question, and she opened her eyes at my ignorance.

"Just such things? Yes, and ten times as many. Why I'm very economical, Sara," she answered.

I have no reason to doubt her assertion, but to my country ideas it did seem, as black Martha said, "An awful heap of things."

This was in April, and the days drew on apace when we should leave the much-abused brick-and-mortar, and start for Mount Heron. Lovely days they were of sunshine and soft airs, when we could let our windows stand open for hours. This was very delightful, and we should have enjoyed it vastly if it hadn't been for one thing. That neighbor of ours who had early in the season confined his violin practice to late evening, now, moved perhaps into more musical humor by the coming of the spring, was "at it," to use Alice's exasperated expression, "morning, noon, and night."

Well, it did seem as if we never laid down for a nap after a tiresome shopping, or attempted any thing where we wanted our nerves quiet, but what that bow would set to scraping. And whatever else he played he always wound up with "Annie Laurie." One day when he came to the line, "I'd lay me down and die," Alice grated her teeth and cried out, savagely, "Well, I wish to goodness he would!" But he didn't. He lived, and certainly throve, as that industriously handled bow could have witnessed. And we lived and bore it, now with a laugh, but oftener with abuse and anathema.

"This is the fun of living in the city in blocks, Miss Sara," Alice flung out at me more than once. "Last spring it was a baby. As soon as I got my windows open in April my ears were saluted a dozen times a day by the most terrific screams you ever heard. What could I do? The thermometer kept rising until I was nearly suffocated, and up would go my window, and, presto! up would go that baby's voice. When I saw the family moving in the fall I congratulated myself. And here, in their place—in the place of that baby—is this man with his horrid fiddle!"

I began to see that there were two sides to a question; and that the "modern conveniences" might have an offset in this close proximity of quarters, especially when it was warm enough to open one's windows. But all things come to an end, even annoyances; and by the first of June we had left the fiddle behind us, and were making our way to the great hills around and about Mount Heron.

"Now, Sara, isn't this nice?" asked Alice, as she looked about our room. Yes, it was very nice. "And you can't call this poky now, can you?" No, I acknowledged that I couldn't.

It was very nice indeed, and we prepared to enjoy ourselves vastly. And it was not hard to find enjoyment at Mount Heron. There was plenty to do, plenty to see, and, it seemed, no end to the new people who were continually coming. But it was not until the beginning of July that the place was really filled with guests. And it was about this time that Alice began to enjoy herself most thoroughly. A little of a coquette was my pretty cousin, and a little self-indulgent and epicurean. Qualities which might lead her on to a selfish end, unless that "destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," had a different ordering of some great special softening for her. I thought of this more and more every day as I watched her. She was gay and brilliant and fascinating, and a little fast in her exterior—nothing more, I am sure. And though I knew she had, as she said, a taste for "individual people," "somebody out of our set," yet somehow it always happened that she waltzed and rode and croqueted with just the two types she had designated so indifferently—the men with the mutton-chop whiskers and the imperial mustache—the fashionable young fellows, in short, whom she professed to be tired of. One day I chaffed her about this, somewhat unmercifully I confess; asking her, satirically, if this was the way in which she carried out her fine ideas, etc., etc. She laughed, colored a little, and then answered, with a good deal more spirit than the occasion appeared to warrant:

"Sara, you must always stick so persistently to the letter of one's words. I *do* like individual people just as much as ever, but I don't think it is necessary for them to look unlike or seem unlike other people in society in every particular by any means. You remember how that dandy, Cureford, astonished us all by his splendid behavior in the war? And further back, Miss Sara, just think of those young heroes at Balaklava. *They* were dandies too, half of them, and yet, spite of their dandyism at home, they turned out to be very individual people, I think."

"Alice," and I bent forward and scrutinized that pink face under the round hat—"Alice, I believe, after all, that one of these dandies is turning out an 'event' to you; and you've come all the way to Mount Heron to find him when you had 'em by the dozen at home."

"He isn't a dandy—no such a thing; he only dresses like other people; and I hate that ridiculous affected reformatory artistic style, or whatever you call it, which some men assume to try to show themselves superior. I don't think it is an evidence of sense or wisdom. I believe in conformity in such matters, and I believe that any real individual person won't stop to fight fashion; they'll have something better to do!"

And completely out of breath Alice stopped. But she had run her tilt right into the enemy's camp and betrayed herself fairly.

"Oh, Alice, Alice, so the great event has arrived! Who is he? where is he?"

My cousin by this time had recovered herself sufficiently to see how useless it was for her to attempt denial; and so with a half-laugh, and a half-frown, and a very high color, she said:

"Now, Sara, you needn't make any more of it than is necessary, for I am not by any means engaged to any body yet; but—"

She ceased speaking so suddenly that I looked up from the fern-leaves I was painting for the reason, and found her bowing to some one outside with the most enchanting smile, and with a little lost look in her eyes which apprised me at once that the "event" was passing. I bent farther forward to the entire destruction of one of my ferns and my white muslin sleeve, and looked down, to see a tall young gentleman with *mutton-chop whiskers*, and the usual faultless *tout ensemble* of "*our set*." Alice did not stop to finish her explanation to me after this, but with a restless movement or two, a settling of the feather in her hat, and a glance at the glass, she was out of the room; and the next thing there she

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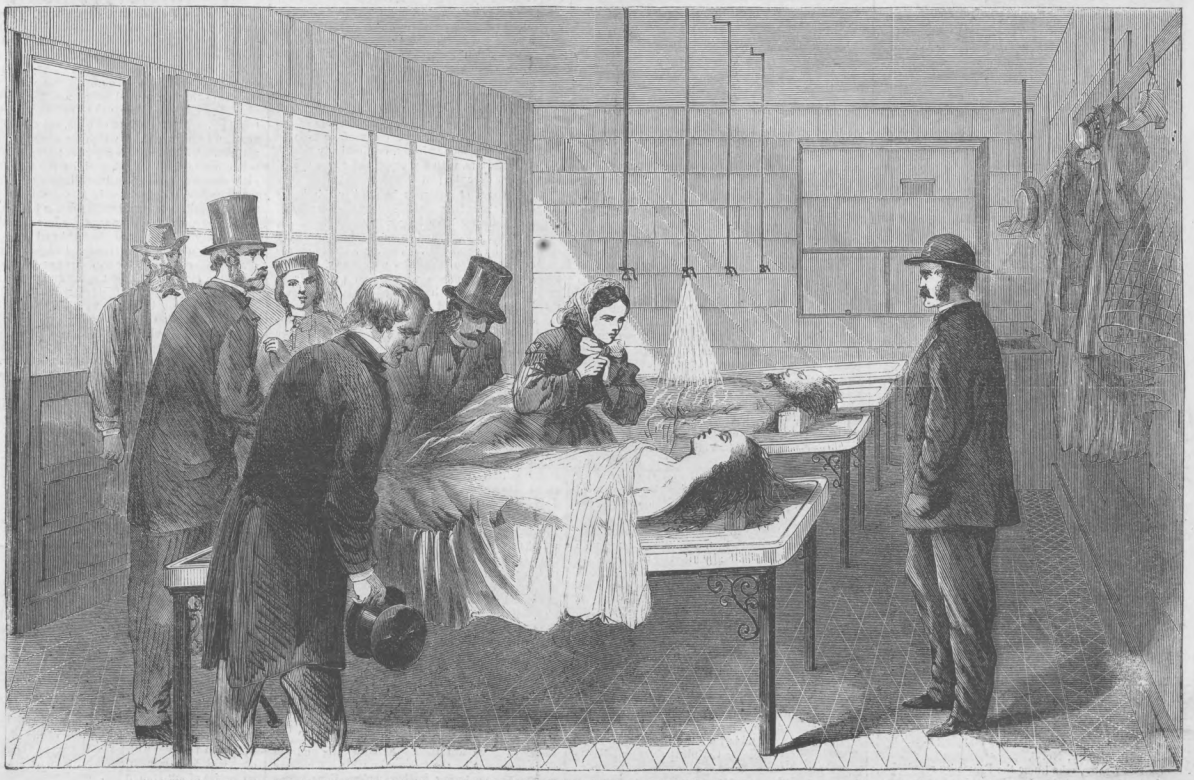


NEW YORK CITY DOG POUND, FOOT OF TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE DOG POUND.

IN the earlier years of the annual raid on dogs in this city the Pound was located at the foot of Thirty-first Street and the East River, whence it traveled to Twenty-eighth Street, from which classic locality it then departed for Twenty-sixth Street and North River, where, after a short stay of a single month, it removed to Twenty-fourth Street, East River, where it reposed in peace for three years, and then removed to its present stopping-place at the foot of Twenty-fifth Street, East River.

The Dog Law went into operation June 18. From this time for three months woe be to the unmuzzled cur found meandering our streets, unless he be blessed with prompt and loving friends of the hu-



A SCENE IN THE NEW YORK MORGUE—IDENTIFICATION OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

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man species. After seizure the dogs are confined in a rough shed, where they are tied up in such close proximity that they have ample opportunity and abundant leisure for intestine conflicts. The dogs are confined twenty-four hours each, and until four o'clock every day, when, unless redeemed, or unless there be some special reason for longer preserving his life, each prisoner must prepare to take his journey to that bourne from which no drowned cur ever returns.

The city has appropriated five thousand dollars for the purpose of disposing of this surplus dog population. This sum, or the greater part of it, is disbursed to boys and men who make a regular business of finding dogs and taking them to the Pound. Half a dollar each is paid for the delivery of each one. Be he "mongrel, puppy, whelp, or hound, or cur of low degree," his price is precisely fifty cents.

The dogs are destroyed by drowning. There is provided a large water-tight square cistern, about eight feet high, ten feet long, and six feet wide. This is furnished with a cover made with open slats, and which is capable of being bolted firmly down. The contrivance will contain from sixty to eighty dogs, without their being too crowded to die comfortably. The victims are thrown into the cistern and the cover fastened down; then, by means of a hose, water is turned on until the tank is full, and kept there until emphatically "the dog is dead."

When the Pound establishment first opens its "season" there is, for a few days, a great rush, as many as three hundred dogs having been taken in during the first two days. It is then an exciting time for the boys. Rumor has it that on the first day of the operation of the law an enterprising young gentleman, of eleven years or thereabout, residing in First Avenue, had eighteen dogs secured in his cellar, ready for the earliest market. When the canine harvest is thoroughly reaped in New York the boys not unfrequently go to sister cities, where the crop has not been so well gleaned. It is by no means unusual to have dogs brought from Jersey or from Brooklyn. Of course, if this is known, the dogs are not purchased; but the trick is seldom discovered save by the confession of the culprit himself, who is particularly careful to keep his mouth shut till he has made his bargain and got his money.

THE MORGUE.

WE give on page 429 an illustration of a scene in the room for the identification of the unknown dead, in the *Morgue*, or dead-house, which has been established by the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in conjunction with the Bellevue Hospital Buildings at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, on the Bellevue Hospital grounds. This institution takes its name from a similar one in Paris which has existed for many years.

The use of the *Morgue* is not limited, as is generally supposed, to the remains of persons unknown. Sometimes, when the name and residence of the deceased are in the possession of the authorities, the body is nevertheless taken to the *Morgue*—it may be from considerations of the public health; it may be from unwillingness on the part of the landlords to receive the body; or, it may be from consideration for the family not prepared for such a spectacle; and, finally, it may be from errors in the address of the deceased. At the *Morgue*, also, are deposited the bodies of new-born children, found in the sewers or elsewhere.

The *Morgue* supplies a want long felt in this city, and will undoubtedly be the means of restoring many unknown bodies to anxious friends or relatives. Heretofore, for want of such accommodation, bodies of persons unknown have necessarily been hurried off to Potter's Field. When once consigned to the burial trenches of that place their recovery was next to impossible.

It is astonishing how many die in this city of whom absolutely nothing is known; and it is a disgrace to the metropolis that until now no adequate provision has been made for their identification.

The coroners under whose charge such cases first come have exerted themselves to remedy the evil. Application was made by them to the State Legislature and to the Board of Supervisors for the means of advertising such persons, but without avail; and it was not until a short time since that Councilman GEORGE H. MACKAY took the matter in hand, and procured an appropriation for that purpose. Since that time (April 18), thirty-five unknown bodies have been advertised.

The *Morgue* is a large square apartment, well lighted from two sides. It has stone-walls, and the floor, which is laid with tile, is some three feet beneath the ground level. On one side are arranged four show-tables, about three by six feet in size; from each table is an India-rubber tube, terminating in a vase, through which the Croton water constantly passes, and is distributed over the table. Behind the tables, on the wall, are rows of hooks. The bodies are here exposed to view, and by the arrangement spoken of are kept constantly showered with the water. The hooks are intended to hang the clothes of the deceased persons upon. A glass partition shuts off the tables from the rest of the apartment, and prevents any odor that may arise from the bodies escaping. Connected with the *Morgue* are offices for the coroners, and a room for autopsies under their direction. There is also on the same floor an autopsy-room for the use of the hospital. The whole arrangement is admirable, and contrasts strongly with the miserably close, confined, dirty rooms before used for the same purpose.

THE DOCTOR.

A PHYSICIAN, who was well known in St. Petersburg for his eminent skill and extensive practice, was summoned one winter day by a servant to attend the wealthy Prince "Soundso," who had just arrived from Moscow, and was stopping at the first hotel in the city, No. 6.

The Doctor, who knew the Prince by reputation, instantly responded to the call, and in a few moments mounted the well-known steps and reached the door of the ante-chamber, where, having rung the bell, he was received by two lackeys in gold-laced livery, who relieved him of his fur cloak. Another servant now came forward, and, politely saluting him, requested him to be seated while he announced his visit to the Prince. He then left the room on tiptoe. A long time elapsed, until finally the Doctor became impatient and went to the door, where he listened for a moment, but hearing no sound he advanced as far as the ante-room, from which, however, the servants had disappeared. Still his suspicion was not aroused, and he proceeded to the inner apartments, which he found brilliantly lighted but unoccupied. He came at last to a back-door, which stood wide open, and retraced his steps with a heart filled with a sad presentiment. His costly fur was nowhere to be seen. He rang the bell violently and shouted with a loud voice, which soon brought up the terrified host, who declared that he knew nothing more than that the apartments had been engaged only an hour previously by three gentlemen. He lent his own cloak to the Doctor, who, being a philosopher, went home quite satisfied with his good luck in having retained his purse and watch.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Bursting from the nimbus cloud,
Spending its impetuous power
On the great tree, strong and proud.
And the great tree murmur'd loud
As it caught the summer shower—
Turn'd it to a diamond dower.
When the cloud, its passion spent,
Broke and drifted, pale and rent,
Like a king refresh'd with wine,
Shone the tree. O heart of mine!
Pass through passion's frequent stress
With a like strong steadfastness.

Down it came—the summer shower—
Rushing through the sobbing air;
Beating on the lily-flower,
Till she trembled in despair
For her blossom, white and fair.
But in silence bent the flower,
Yielding perfume through the hour,
Till the sunbeams came and shed
A new glory on her head,
On her robes, more dazzling white,
And her crown more golden bright.
Thus—my heart!—is patience tried,
Thus is meekness glorified.

Down it came—the summer rain—
Dashing through the darken'd sky,
On the green and tender grain;
Which received it with a sigh,
Quiver'd in each blade, and nigh
Bow'd unto the earth with grief.
But a whisper of the sheaf
Raised its head, and so it stood,
Swelling into bounteous food;
And ere yet the rain was o'er
Glist'ning gladder than before.
Thus—my heart!—may dire distress
But increase thy fruitfulness.

A GREAT TUSCAN HOUSE.

SEVERAL times during the summer of last year I went down by rail from Florence about thirty-five miles to visit some friends who were living in a fine old villa or castle, a portion of which had been fitted up for their accommodation. The pleasure derived from these visits was of so rare a quality, and the house itself the seat of such agreeable hospitality, is so extraordinary in its character, that I deem both worthy of a passing word of description. The house is remarkable for its size, but it is also interesting for its antiquity, its imposing architecture, and the proud vicissitudes of its history. The region in which it stands, near the confines of the ancient Duchy of Lucca, is one of the most garden-like in its rich cultivation, as well as charming on account of its varied picturesque beauty, of any in all Italy. The plain which stretches quite to the sea-coast, near which the ancient mart of Pisa stood, and upon which the modern port of Leghorn stands, is screened on the north by the bold ridges of the Apennine Chain, which, running toward the west, soon unite with the Maritime Alps. In a picturesque valley, between two spurs of this wall of mountains, lies the quiet little town of Pescia. It bears many traces of antiquity; but like many Tuscan towns, is tidy and in good repair. It is the abode of contentment, and its whole aspect is that of peace. If there is one whose heart sorrow has broken, let him come here. If there is a soul which the world has wronged, or which has wronged itself by staining itself with crime, that would escape from the frowns of the society which it had offended, and devote itself to repentance and purification, in this sanctuary among the mountains, it will find the repose for which it sighs. If two beings whom love has united would enjoy their bliss withdrawn from the profane gaze of the world, here is the spot of all others upon which Nature has bestowed congenial charms.

Before the railroad which connects Florence with Lucca was built, not many travelers ever passed through the region which I am describing. Now and then only a rich foreigner in his luxurious traveling carriage bowled along those fine roads, journeying from the maritime cities toward the Tuscan capital. On one side of the route the eye rests upon broad, fertile levels, crowded with fig, mulberry, and olive trees, and grape-vines loaded with juicy fruits sweeping in graceful festoons from one dwarf maple to another. In the opposite direction the vision is solaced with a view of the mountains, half hid under the purple and silver *brume* of an Italian atmosphere.

In this region, and but a few miles from the now favorite resort of Monte Catini, the visitor will observe across the country a pile of gray medieval buildings, with an aspect so imposing as to awaken a curiosity to learn something of its name and history. It is "*Bella Vista*," one of the mansions of the Buondelmonti and Feroni families, which, united by marriage several centuries ago, were among the richest and most powerful of the Florentine nobility. The house has the castellated solidity of warlike times. It is an irregular parallelogram of three lofty stories, stretching several hundred feet in extreme length, with a depth of well toward a hundred feet. The structure is flanked at the angles by octagonal towers, with summits carried considerably above the level of the general mass. From the second story a projecting terrace of stone is continued quite around the building, forming a walk of nearly a mile in extent. There are more than a hundred windows in the house covered with heavy bars of iron. The porches are massive and lofty, and of proportions so ample as to harmonize with the grand scale of the interior of the house to which they conduct.

The mansion has hardly been inhabited for forty years. The family which built it has long been in decay; indeed one branch, the Buondelmonti, long since became extinct. The large tracts of fertile lands which belonged to it in its day of pride, including eighty-five little *poderi*, or farms, which formed the domain around this great house, have passed into the hands of many small proprietors. The artificial terrace, or mole, upon which the house is built, is not less than four acres in extent. Under it are the vaults, constructed with great solidity, in which were stored the corn, oil, and wine produced by the many fertile acres belonging to the estate.

An American gentleman and lady from our metropolitan city, whose daughter is married in Florence, have found it pleasant to pass several years in Tuscany. One of the noblest of the ancient palaces of Florence has been their residence, and several summers have been passed at the superb old villa of *Bella Vista*. It is a retreat of refined tranquillity for which a poet-hermit might sigh, and a baronial house of such proud historic memories that the most favored son of fortune might covet it as the home of his ambitious hopes.

My American friends had seen the house in their excursions in that part of Tuscany, and, with the feelings which belong to the sumptuous life of our nation, were determined to live in it. An arrangement was made, and summer furniture was put into a sufficient number of rooms to accommodate the family, a few guests, and the domestics of a first-class city establishment. The house contains more than sixty great chambers, or *stanzoni*, as the Italians call them. The walls of most of these, though for so long a time empty and desolate, are clean and unbroken. The massive partitions, and the floors of masonry, are as well-preserved as if but a single generation, instead of several centuries, had passed since they were constructed. The frescoes on the ceilings and walls of many of the rooms are scarcely injured by the wear of time. The blended family arms, whether carved or painted, still ornament the walls. The great hall in the centre of the house rises to the full height of the roof, and its lofty doors open upon the principal porch on one side, and upon an elevated terrace on the other. The dimensions of this room are so great that in it could be placed a first-class Fifth Avenue house, that type of modern splendor and modern magnificence. Into this vast hall the suits of apartments in each of the wings open. With the great outer doors thrown wide in summer, the cool breezes from the mountains on one side, and the gentle odors of the cultivated plains on the other, refresh the inhabitants of the villa. In this great cool cloister exercise is taken at mid-day, unexposed to the heats of the sun's glare. Besides the great staircase of ceremony in the centre there are others in the four towers, leading from the foundation to the summit of the house. If there were a hundred guests it would be easy to be alone, in one of the remote silent chambers, near the roof, or hide to read or dream upon a balcony, on the shady side of one of the turrets, with a prospect before the eye of thirty miles over the plain.

What a seat of generous hospitality this house has been in the olden time! The proudest lords and ladies of Tuscany have lodged in these chambers, danced in the saloons, and eaten at tables of luxury spread in the great hall. There are traces on the walls where silken tapestries were hung, and the two state bedchambers with raised platforms in ample niches, on which stood beds elaborately decorated with carved and gilded ornaments. There is the spacious vaulted kitchen in which twenty fires blazed—fires long since gone out. But once more they are kindled at the bidding of those come from that mysterious Western World to which the Tuscan gave his name.

The lady and gentleman whose guest I was were for three summers the sole tenants of this patrician house. Except the six domestics of the city establishment, none others slept beneath the roof when no visitors were at the villa. As I wandered through the great vaulted chambers, or lingered on the grand staircase, I thought of the time when that noble roof had given shelter to scores of guests. The lords and ladies of Florence, in the proudest time of its history, had partaken of the hospitality of the munificent Buondelmonti. All the culture and social refinement of that period had had from time to time their representations there. The gay laugh of the young I could easily fancy still ringing in the tapestried chambers, in the long gallery, and the vast hall; and it seemed as if the walls might still, in gentle whispers, repeat the words which they had echoed long ago. But the gay crowd was gone, and with it the equipages and the brilliant train of attendants, and all the pomp and circumstance of wealth and luxury and pride. The great stables in which a hundred horses were fed are empty and neglected. The gardens in which bloomed flowers of all hues, whose odors filled the mansion, are a scene of picturesque decay. The terraces are crumbling, the balustrades are broken; the steps have lost their original angle, and the marble coping of the basins in which fountains played has no longer its harmonious lines. The visitor may sit down upon the base of an overthrown column, with arm resting upon a fragment of what was once a graceful statue, and muse upon the changes which time and circumstance have wrought. A feeling of sweet poetic sadness steals through the mind, and a new impression is received of the vicissitudes of human affairs and the perishableness of earthly things. How vain now seems the pursuit of wealth, or power, or honor! Into how narrow a span are rounded the enjoyments of human life! Spectator of such a scene, new lessons of wisdom are learned; and it may be for the first time a profounder conviction enters the mind that the only imperishable realities are hid in that mysterious future of which we can now only vaguely dream.

Toward nightfall it was the habit of my friends of the castle to make excursions by different roads or paths into the region surrounding this ancient patrician domain. Sometimes we went on foot through the sequestered, fragrant lanes, and sometimes we drove along the public, but always quiet and well-kept, highway. The drive would be extended ten or twelve miles from the villa, but never so far that its imposing medieval towers were not still within sight. It was the hour when the heats of the day were past, and the calm of an Italian evening was settling down upon all nature. A delicious even-tide coolness rested upon the plain, and the shadows of the neighboring mountains gave new hues to the landscape. Whichever way the eye wandered it was regaled with the bright and ever-varying tints which in these regions immediately precede and follow the day's decline. The sun shot his javelin-like rays through the gorges of the mountains, and the slant light streaming across the fertile plains gave to the leaves of the olive-trees a softer tint of silver, and to the mulberry a deeper hue of gold.

One afternoon we drove five miles to the convent, perched upon a shelf of rock overlooking the picturesque town of Pescia. The community consists of more than thirty brothers of the order of San Domenico. The edifice is a structure of the Middle Ages, built with the same massive solidity which makes most of the great religious houses of Italy possess at the same time the character of a sanctuary and a fortress—a secure retreat from the temptations of the world, as well as a shelter from its warlike strifes and persecutions. In its best days three hundred monks were lodged in this convent of Pescia. The vaulted corridors leading to long lines of cells or small chambers; the interior cloisters overlooking court, garden, or turf-covered nook; and the exterior *loggie*, from which far-extended views across the Tuscan plains are had, all go to make up this holy mansion in which centuries ago hundreds of stern devotees passed their ascetic life, and where they intoned their pious hymns and prayers, but now almost silent and deserted.

The Abbot of the monastery, who was apprised of our intended visit, came out to welcome us at the principal entrance of the mansion. After conducting us through the chapels and cloisters we were led to a *loggia*, from which the monks enjoy their finest prospects over broad plains stretching toward the sea. We were presented to some of the brothers, who received us not only with less reserve than we expected from their rigid order, but with eyes beaming with lively sympathy, and words and looks full of a genial and even gay expression. They showed us such works of art in fresco as decorate the walls of their ancient house. We inspected their store of relics—the cherished treasures of all such religious establishments—with what reverence we were able to feel. After we had wandered through the long galleries, climbed to highest terrace, and descended to deepest vault, they were sure that we needed refreshment. We were glad after our small fatigues to rest at last in the refectory. There a repast of wine, dried nuts, and figs had been spread, of which we were invited to partake. The wine was a product of plantations belonging to the convent, and its color, a lively pink tint, was unlike any I had before seen. We found its flavor as genial as its hue, and its inspiration so subtle as to linger until the sun had set, and the day's enjoyments were over. Pleased with the tranquillity of this pious retirement and the beauty of the region around, the transcendental aspirations of my earlier life were for a moment revived, and I asked the monks if I might come and pass a summer under the shelter of their sacred roof. The inquiry was accepted as made with sincerity, and the response was what I was already prepared to expect. You are welcome to become a lodger in our house for such a period as may suit your pleasure, convenience, or caprice; sharing the society, and the frugal table of our community, or be served by one of us in your own cell. I thanked the brothers for this expression of their respect and confidence, assuring them that I did not doubt that the time would come when my poetic whim would lead me back to their peaceful hermitage. Several of the brothers followed us down the mountain to the public road, where we took leave, receiving the blessing of the good Abbé, and expressing to the brothers our grateful acknowledgments for their kindness. We drove back to the villa as the evening shadows fell. That night I dreamed of cloisters, and cowl, and a monkish brotherhood.

* * * * * *

Thus was life to me in that old house a new experience. A few calm summer or autumn days passed there are so many more added to the many bright days of a prolonged sojourn in this classic land. The pleasures of the imagination are the most refined of all our enjoyments. Recollections of romantic visions inspired by breathing the atmosphere of the villa; of walks and drives through the charming region in which it stands—of tranquil evenings of sympathetic converse under the ancient porticoes, with the musical splash of the broken fountains in the ear, and glimpses of the gigantic, dilapidated statues which line the avenue before the eye, will long remain among the most agreeable memories of my Italian life.

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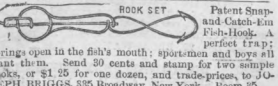
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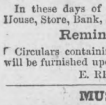
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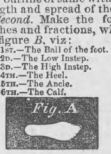


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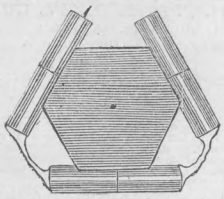
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 498.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"A PRACTICAL JOKE."

THE engraving which we give on this page is based on a story of OLIVER CROMWELL, which is thus quaintly told in OLDMIXON'S "History of England:"

"One of his (Oliver Cromwell's) domestick chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a sprightly man and a top Wit of his Court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young Lady did not discourage him; and this Piece of innocent Galantry in so religious a Court, cou'd not be carry'd on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concern'd at it, obliging the Person who told him to be on the Watch; and if he cou'd give him any substantial Proof, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punish'd. The spy followed the matter so close that he hunted Jerry White, as he was generally term'd, to the Lady's Chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this News. Oliver, in a rage, hastened thither himself, and going in hastily found Jerry on his Knees kissing the Lady's Hand, or having just kiss'd it. Cromwell, in a Fury, ask'd what was the Meaning of that Posture before his Daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of Presence of Mind, said, 'May it please your Highness, I have a long Time courted that young Gentlewoman there, my Lady's Woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young Woman, cry'd, 'What's the meaning of this, Hussey? Why do you refuse the Honour Mr. White wou'd do you? He is my Friend, and I expect you shou'd treat him as such.' My Lady's Woman, who desir'd nothing more, with a very low Courtesy reply'd, 'If Mr. White intends me that Honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Sayst thou so, my Lass,' cry'd Cromwell, 'call Goodwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the Room.' Mr. White was gone too far to go back. The Parson came. Jerry and my Lady's Woman were marry'd in Presence of the Protector, who gave her 500 Pounds for her Portion; and that,



"A PRACTICAL JOKE."—[PAINTED BY J. HAYLLAR.]

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with the Money she had sav'd before, made Mr. White easy in his Circumstances, except in one Thing, which was that he never lov'd his Wife, nor she him, tho' they liv'd together near fifty Years afterwards. I knew them both, and heard this Story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, but own'd that there was something in it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

THE President and part of the Executive Committee of the National Union Club of Washington, in concert with two Democratic Senators, have issued proposals for a new party. They invite the assembly of a Convention in Philadelphia on the 14th of August, to consult upon the state of the Union. In their call these gentlemen state several principles upon which all patriotic men agree, and they omit several which are peculiar to the Union party. The proposals for the new party are plainly hostile to the action of Congress, which was elected by an enormous majority of the Union party, and may fairly be supposed to represent its views more faithfully than Senators HENDRICKS of Indiana and NESMITH of Oregon, who opposed that party last year at the polls, and who oppose its measures in Congress.

The effort to represent this call as virtually an act of the great Union party of the country is simply dishonest. Mr. HENDRICKS and Mr. NESMITH have never assumed to belong to that party. That party, moreover, has its organization and Executive Committee, and its Conventions are legitimately called only by that Committee. The officers of the National Union Club of Washington have exactly as much right to speak for the Democratic as for the Union party; and the fact that they have hitherto acted with the Union party only shows that they now consider themselves to have withdrawn from it; for why, otherwise, should they seek separate and independent action?

It is only against false pretenses that we wish to warn our readers. The gentlemen in question have an undoubted right to their opinions upon all subjects, and an equal right to call conventions of those who sympathize with them. If they are alarmed by a prospect of "usurpation" and "centralization of power" by the National Legislature, and are indifferent to the same danger from the Executive, they may not be very wise, but they have certainly a right to hold and express that view. But if we may judge from the resolutions of Union Conventions, from the speeches of successful Union candidates, from the almost unanimous tone of the Union press, and from the impressions of private intercourse with representative Union men, Congressional usurpation is not feared by the Union party; and to represent a Convention called under such an apprehension a movement for the readjustment of that party is a gross and dangerous misrepresentation. Such a Convention can be only a bridge by which those Union men who hold with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS that a State which has been in rebellion has "a continuing right" to resume its relations with the Union without delay or condition, may pass over to the camp in which Mr. STEPHENS's principles upon that subject prevail. But can Senator DOOLITTLE, who signs the call, be supposed to speak the sentiments of the Union party in Wisconsin, whose Legislature, controlled by that party, has asked him to resign? Or does Senator DIXON speak for the Union men of Connecticut, who elected General HAWLEY Governor, and whose Legislature made General TERRY Senator, and adopted—first of all the States—the Constitutional Amendment to which all the signers of this call are opposed?

The new party, if it is ever born, can not, of course, stand upon its own legs. It will be at once taken to the breast of the party which opposed the war for the Union, and which denounced Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON as usurpers and tyrants, and it will be carried, helpless, wherever that party chooses. There will not be three parties in the coming Congressional elections; and even if the party of the Washington Club should attempt for a time to stand as a third, it could be only to the detriment of the Union party, not of the Copperheads. The contest will finally be between those who support the amendment and those who oppose it. Those who oppose it are the late rebels, not the Union men at the South, and our friends the Chicago Copperheads at the North. The members of the Washington Club party must join these, or they must vote with their old allies of the Union party. They may disable the latter, but they can not injure the former, and we should really like to know whether Mr. RANDALL and Senators DIXON and DOOLITTLE sincerely believe that union and liberty, in this country, are safer in the hands of the late rebels and the opponents of the war than in those of the Union party, however unwise some of its measures may have been, and however foolishly some of its Congressional leaders may have spoken.

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

THE great war now begun in Europe is, with the sole exception of the Italian part of it, as purely a war of political ambition as Europe has ever seen. We do not believe LOUIS NAPOLEON to be the only ambitious and able man in Europe, and therefore we do not hold him exclusively responsible. But doubtless the meeting of some months ago between BISMARCK and NAPOLEON had a very significant bearing upon the present situation. If they had not both been ready and willing to make war the peace would not have been broken.

The treaty which settled the Schleswig-Holstein war was signed at Vienna on the 30th October, 1864. Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg were ceded by that treaty to the joint protectorate of Prussia and Austria. Within the year following Austria sold to Prussia her rights in Lauenburg for 2,500,000 thalers, and by the Convention of Gastein of August 15, 1865, it was agreed that the joint occupation should cease, Austria taking possession of Holstein and Prussia of Schleswig. Prussia then began to press Austria to yield her rights in Holstein, which Austria refused, and referred the question to the Federal Diet of Germany. This Prussia denounced as a violation of the Convention of Gastein, and prepared to march troops into Holstein to resume the joint occupation. Thereupon Austria moved in the Federal Diet that the Federal army be put upon a war footing, for the purpose of resisting the designs of Prussia. Prussia protested that such a decision would be a dissolution of the German Confederation, and that she should regard all the States that voted for the proposal as her enemies; but the motion was adopted by a vote of nine, including Austria, to six, including Prussia. The Austrian vote represents a population of about 14,000,000, excluding Austria herself, and the Prussian, excluding Prussia, about 3,000,000. Prussia accordingly declared the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and the semi-official papers announce that henceforth the States formerly composing it will be called the Middle European group of States. On the 15th of June Prussia entered Hanover and Saxony, and the war virtually began.

This is simply a quarrel of precedence between Prussia and Austria, which have always been rival powers in the Confederation, and as Austria has stood upon the defensive in the quarrel, and has offered to refer the difference to the decision of the Diet, her attitude toward Prussia commands the sympathy of all who feel that the Schleswig-Holstein question is not really a *casus belli*.

But it is not so with Italy. The Congress of Vienna, which was a reactionary conclave of kings, gave Venetia to Austria. But Venetia is Italian in language, tradition, and sympathy. It has been held only by the Austrian strong hand, and that hand has never been more odious than in its clutch upon Italy. The history of that country since the settlement of 1815 is a story of incessant plots and conspiracies—of fervent hopes betrayed and of noble men sacrificed by Austria. The best expression of this undying national feeling of Italy and its profound resolution to throw off the German yoke is found in various poems of ROBERT BROWNING. Its living impersonation is JOSEPH MAZZINI. Later events have made GARIBALDI its representative and VICTOR EMANUEL its official leader. The fire and the force of Italy are now typified by these two men. To their call all the youth and ardor and hope of the peninsula respond. Under them an immense army is now organized and marshaled. Through their eyes Italy, wholly aroused, stands erect, and beholds in fervent expectation every inch of her soil freed from the foreigner. A day of such promise modern Italy has not seen. Thoroughly prepared for the struggle, she knows that Prussia and France are interested in her success, and that all generous hearts in the world wish her well. Austria is an anomalous power, the name of a most crushing despotism. From the old tradition of GESLER and TELL to the modern METTERNICH and SILVIO PELLICO she has been the enemy of liberty. She is now entering upon a vital struggle, and the hopes and wishes of constitutional freedom must be against her as Italy cries *Viva il re galantuomo! Viva Garibaldi!* and strikes for Italian independence and unity.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

As the political campaign for the Congressional elections opens it is essential to remember that the paramount question is still the reconstruction of the Union. The proposed tariff will be both vigorously attacked and defended within the lines of the Union party; but the tariff question, however vital to our prosperity when united, is necessarily secondary to that of Union itself. We have no right, therefore, to allow our feelings and convictions upon that subject to influence our action upon one which is more important. To vote for a candidate who is opposed to protection, or who is an absolute free-trader, but who thinks that Congress has no right to prescribe conditions for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full relations in the Union, is to prefer the lesser question to the greater. It is always possible to revise or repeal a tariff. But the conditions upon which reorganization is to be founded can neither be amended nor abolished.

The vital bond of the Union party is not financial but political. Those who hold with the *Tribune* for industrial protection, for instance, or with the *Evening Post* for industrial freedom, are both working together for certain great political results which can be achieved only by their faithful union. If, therefore, in any Union district the friends of the *Tribune* should say that they would vote only for a candidate who favored protection, and those of the *Post* that they would vote for a Copperhead rather than a Protectionist, they would give that district to the common enemy, and be responsible for the consequences.

Of course it is the duty of our friends in Congress to make our burdens of this kind light. They can not honorably forget that the Union party is neither a free trade nor a protective party. The heartiest Union men differ radically upon the tariff question. Whatever, therefore, by serious changes in the system, tends to excite feeling and acrimonious debate upon this subject tends to a division or paralysis of the party. Thus to increase the rate of duties so materially that they become virtually protective or prohibitive, and to pass the bill by a party vote, is, so far, to identify the policy of the Union party with protection, a policy which vast numbers of the party can not and will not support. Such an act is a stupendous political blunder.

But if Congress makes so gross a mistake it need not be repeated by the party itself. Every individual Union man should reflect that such an issue is not a party question, and while he would naturally prefer a Representative who sympathized with his views upon the subject, he must not forget that it is still better to take a candidate who is wrong upon the tariff than one who is wrong upon reconstruction. Our taxes must be high for many years to come. But we do not complain, because, we say, they are the price of our national unity. Let us then first certainly secure that unity, and then we can proceed to discuss how we may most easily pay the taxes.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THAT a proposal of the greatest public benefit should pass the Board of Councilmen of New York without a dissenting vote is a fact so astounding as to be incredible. Yet Councilman W. B. WHITE, of the Sixth District, did introduce a resolution asking for the appointment of a joint committee of the Common Council to inquire into the feasibility of establishing a free circulating library in the city, and it was passed unanimously and went to the Aldermen, where it was referred to one of the standing committees. We sincerely hope that they will report favorably at the earliest moment, and that the committee will discover that the proposition is as feasible as it is sagacious.

There are five libraries in the city already. There is the Astor, which is for special consultation at the rooms. There is the Mercantile, which is for a certain class. There is the Society, which is for subscribers. There is the Historical, which is for students. There is also, we believe, the Mechanics', which is special. But there is not yet a circulating library of standard and current literature open free to the whole public; yet it is among the most valuable of institutions.

With wise energy the Board of Health is cleansing slums and sewers, and universally washing and purifying the city. The Sewerage Board is boring and grading and building, that the foul secretions of the great metropolis may be swept away. The Board of Police are patrolling and detecting and arresting and every where enforcing order and law. They are all of them in various ways physical Sanitary Boards, and their good results are incontestible. They tend not only to lengthen life but to lower the taxes, for cleanliness and order are always good economy.

Besides this, the city freely educates its children, and undoubtedly lightens its taxes by doing so. Nothing is so expensive as ignorance and vice. The great anxiety of society is the preparation of various police arrangements to guard and punish those who have not had a fair chance for their minds and bodies. Whatever helps to provide this chance is a distinct public benefit, and after free schools nothing does this more effectually than a free library. The practical working of such an institution is not a matter of theory but of experience. The Public Library of Boston—a noble collection of miscellaneous literature, including also the choice, scholarly collection of THEODORE PARKER, is incessantly and most widely used, and with what good result may be inferred. Thousands and thousands of good books are in constant circulation. When they are worn out they are replaced. There is also a reading-room, in which the current periodicals are to be found. And this great institution is managed without serious expense and with no trouble from riotous visitors.

The argument for a free public library in New York is contained in the suggestion itself. The root of our national safety is public intelligence, and the free school and the free library are among the most palpable and efficient opportunities of public education. A library makes readers, as a railway makes travel. When once Mr. WHITE's proposition becomes an act, and the library is established, we shall all wonder that New York wanted it so long, and thank the wise Councilman for giving one redeeming grace to our municipal history.

IS OURS A VALID GOVERNMENT?

THOSE who demand that JEFFERSON DAVIS shall be tried, not for the purpose of securing his punishment but of obtaining a solemn decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of secession, do not seem to reflect that such a decision is not final. Another court acting upon another case can reverse it. Besides, there are but two questions upon the subject of secession; one of right, and the other of power. The nation, by a tremendous war, has settled both. Why should the matter be reopened before a bench of Judges?

The question of the right of secession is the question of the existence of the Union and of the Government. Does any body mean seriously to assert that the right of this Government to exist is a question for a court to decide? Is a decision of the Supreme Court the tenure of the Union? Suppose the court should solemnly decree that secession is constitutional. What then? Are we deliberately to submit to perish? Suppose it decides it to be unconstitutional. What then? Do we feel the Government to be any stronger? If it decides one way to-day, it may decide another to-morrow. Why should we fall to pieces by a decision which may be reversed? Why should we cohere subject to a decision of dissolution? In any conceivable view the judgment of a court upon a point which the nation has decided by the last resort is superfluous and impertinent.

Let the people of this country, however, once put it into the power of the Supreme Court or of any other tribunal to declare that the Constitution is a contract at will, and the Goverament will be inevitably overthrown by a judicial decision. The Supreme Court was prostituted to the basest partisan, political purpose in the Dred Scott case. Is the race of Taneys extinct? ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS frankly tells us that he and his friends believe in the right of secession. Mr. STEPHENS is a conspicuous Democratic leader. Suppose his party comes into power and the Supreme bench changed by deaths and resignations. Would it be very strange if a case were arranged so as to secure a judgment of the court favorable to the claim of State sovereignty?

There could be no more suicidal folly than to commit the decision of the validity of our national existence to any court. Is it, indeed, an open question? Did we fight only that we might discover whether we had the right to fight? Is GRANT yet to learn whether he was justified in his terrible and triumphant campaigns? Is every proud and sorrowing parent yet to hear whether his boy died in a holy or a wicked war? Yet if DAVIS be tried for treason the question must be argued and judged. He has a plea which no rebel against another Government could have—namely, that the organic law allowed him to become an alien, and consequently not liable as a traitor. Nor could his plea be overruled as irrelevant, for no student of our political history will deny that the very point which he would urge was purposely left obscure in the Constitution.

The remedy is obvious. It is not in the reversible decision of a court, but it is in the organic law as interpreted by the decision of the people. The Constitution was left purposely obscure by those who could not tell the precise strength of the dogma of State sovereignty. But that dogma has now appealed to the sword; and if the fathers doubted the children do not. They have routed that dogma and utterly destroyed it in the field. Let them now utterly destroy every pretense it may plead in the Constitution. Let the organic law declare that no State under any plea whatever shall secede, and it will matter little whether the late rebel States revoke or rescind or repeal or annul or declare void their acts of secession, or whether the Supreme Court decides that the Government has or has not a right to exist.

PLANTING FORESTS.

MORE than ninety-five per cent. of all the public domain of the United States is absolutely without trees, and the local demand will soon exhaust the groves of the new States. Yet without trees civilization stops. "Were the pine forests around the great lakes to be swept from the earth to-night, the prairie States would stop in their career of improvement as suddenly as did LOT's wife in her journey toward the mountains." So says Mr. HUTCHINSON of Kansas in his valuable and interesting

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paper read before the Association for the Promotion of Science and Art. He proposes to double the habitable and productive surface of the country by planting the treeless plains.

Mr. DONELLY, Representative in Congress from Minnesota, has brought in a bill to encourage experiments in planting. It provides that 200,000 acres of public lands shall be granted to the Ottawa Indian University of Kansas on condition that they shall, within five years, plant at least 40,000,000 forest trees over an area of not less than 10,000 acres of public lands on the Great Plains. The House Committee on Public Lands have devoted themselves earnestly to the consideration of the practicability of this plan. Judge EDMONDS, Commissioner of the Land Office, makes a long and full report, in which he professes full faith in the success of the experiment. Mr. HUTCHINSON is the business manager of the Ottawa University, and says that the work is already begun upon their grounds. The University has this year planted one bushel of apple-seed, nine bushels of Osage orange seeds—enough for 100 miles of hedge—20,000 deciduous trees, 50,000 evergreens, and many other seeds and cuttings. The Osage orange is considered the best tree with which to begin, because it grows very rapidly, is little affected by dry weather, and has a very thick top. Sycamore, elm, soft maple, and black walnut will flourish under its protection, and are, indeed, already growing somewhat 200 miles west of the Mississippi.

It is fully believed that the Great Plains were formerly covered with trees, and would be again except for that pestilent disturber and destroyer man. If he could be banished for a few years from the prairies, says Mr. HUTCHINSON, nature would soon cover them with forests. Man brings fire. He wishes to light his pipe, or boil his pot, or toast his toes, and a continent must be scourged for his accommodation. He drops a spark or a lighted match into the dry grass, and, presto! the fire is up and away for the Rocky Mountains. But where fire does not have a chance the spread and growth of trees astonish the old farmers. We wish Mr. HUTCHINSON had mentioned how the plains chanced to be treeless when they were first seen by historic men. Were they fired by pre-historic incendiaries?

The soil of the plains is deep and rich—if the grass annually decayed on the surface, the plains would be a vast nursery bed richer than any rose garden in Flushing—and it only lacks moisture. This would come with trees. To cut down the trees in a country is to dry up the springs. Mr. MARSH, from whom Mr. HUTCHINSON quotes, has amply illustrated this fact. We must have forests to regulate the climate and seasons; to improve barren soils; to shelter crops, herds, and fruits; to furnish abodes for insect-devouring birds. Earth loves the shaggy costume of the forest. If only animals, especially of the inventive and fire-bearing kind, like man, could be banished she would every where drape her smooth outline with this soft garb. Indeed, says Mr. MARSH, forests would spontaneously spring up in the deserts of Africa if animals and fire could be excluded.

Moreover, wherever the sweep of prairie fires has been limited, there is a steady increase of timber, and Sangamon County, in Illinois, is said to have more timber growing than thirty years ago. This is an illustration that the plains are not without hope. The proposition of Mr. DONELLY, so cogently and forcibly supported by Mr. HUTCHINSON, is so promising to civilization that we hope sincerely it will be adopted.

A LETTER FROM A FARMER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

MR. EDITOR,—Your last week's article on the subject of the Tariff was pretty sound, barring some sneers at the protectionists, which were in bad taste. I hold, with those great and good men, THADDEUS STEVENS and HORACE GREELEY, that the Government owes it to the country to protect domestic industry, and nothing is clearer than your proposition that if one kind of industry is entitled to protection all kinds are entitled to the same. The large sum of money which has been paid every year by the consumers of wood-screws to the stockholders of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, has been well laid out, whatever you may think, inasmuch as it has firmly established that important manufacture on our native soil, and driven foreign wood-screws out of the market. And Congress is bound, by every principle of honor and honesty, to extend to every other producer throughout the land the same reward which it so justly grants to Mr. SIMMONS'S Wood-Screw Company.

The tariff now before Congress proposes to levy an average tax of $22 per ton on foreign iron, and a largely increased duty per pound on foreign woolens. Every true patriot must approve these imposts. As Mr. STEVENS says, the pauper labor of Europe *must* be driven out of this market. With coal and iron lying side by side, and food teeming on her own soil, Pennsylvania ought, perhaps, to be able to compete with producers three thousand miles away without protection from Government. But if she is not, and her representative Mr. STEVENS says she is not, and he ought to know, I am for giving her what she asks. I am for American industry first, last, and all the time. So New England with abundant water and steam power, first-class mechanical skill, and markets at her own door, ought to be able, one would fancy, to furnish the people of the United States with woolen goods as cheaply as they can be fetched from Europe. But if she is not, and her representatives in Congress protest that she is not, I am for giving her what she asks in the way of protection. I will pay whatever may be required of me both on the iron and on the woolens which I consume, for the sake of maintaining our domestic industries against the pauper labor of Europe.

But there must be no one-sidedness in the bargain. If I pay my money to reward domestic industry in Pennsylvania and New England, the people of those sections must pay their money to reward my industry here. I am a farmer. I grow corn, potatoes, and "garden truck." I have been spending considerable money lately on manure and labor, and on the whole my farm looks well. My "peach-blows" stand three feet high from the tops of the hills; I shall have several hundred bushels for sale in September, at which time they tell me potatoes will be a drug in the market. Owing to a slight mistake of the seedsman, instead of having a couple of thousand of mush melons to sell, I shall have several barrels of cucumbers, which, if the cholera breaks out, will not command much money. My corn promises well; some, raised from Peruvian seed, imported by the Hon. E. G. SQUIER, will, I am told, grow as high as 16 or 17 feet, but *without cobs*, so that, unless I can sell the stalks as curiosities, my labor will be unrewarded unless Government should remunerate me. I had hoped to make something handsome from my "agriculturist" strawberries. But though the crop has been good, the soil of New Jersey is so much better adapted than ours for the growth of these berries, and we have eaten so many of them at home, that I doubt if I have realized the money I paid for plants, manure, and labor. On the whole, though nature has treated me fairly, and the season has been not unfavorable, I am not sure that my farm will yield me enough to pay the new taxes which are about to be levied on me for the protection of native industry in New England and Pennsylvania, unless Congress should levy corresponding taxes on the people of New England and Pennsylvania to reward me for the service I have rendered the country in raising such fine peach-blows, Peruvian corn, "agriculturist" berries, etc., etc.

I need not say that the protection I demand must not be by way of a customs duty. I fear no foreign competition. No tariff on corn or berries would put a dollar in my pocket. The only way in which I can be "protected" is by a system of bounties, and this, I think, will commend itself to the judgment of farmers throughout the country. Such a system could be easily adjusted. If we farmers pay 25 per cent. more for our woolens and our iron tools than we should pay under what HORACE GREELEY so justly calls the "British free-trade system," it is but fair that the people who get this 25 per cent. should pay us a corresponding bounty on the food we raise. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn and potatoes, 5 cents a quart on strawberries, and 50 cents a hundred on cucumbers would, my wife calculates, about make us square this season; we should lose, of course, on my friend SQUIER'S cobless Peruvian corn, but we are willing to make some sacrifices for our country. Without such a bounty we shall be robbed, and, firmly as I am wedded to the sound doctrines of the protectionists, I can't be expected to rob my family for the sake of theories.

I have written to our District Representative on the subject, and confidently expect that he will introduce into Congress a measure that will be satisfactory to us farmers. I do not want to seem to dictate to Congress as to the method in which the bounties should be paid. But the simplest plan would seem to be a new issue of legal-tender notes or National Bank currency. There is only about a thousand millions of paper-money afloat, and, as Mr. STEVENS and Mr. JOHN SHERMAN very properly observe, the country wants it all, and more too. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn would require about $80,000,000, and a corresponding bounty on other products, say, $120,000,000 more; so that a beggarly $200,000,000 a year would answer the purpose. This sum might be raised by a special tax on manufactures.

I can not refrain, Mr. Editor, from congratulating you and the nation at large upon the new and grand financial policy into which we are drifting. Blind despotisms in Europe are reducing the taxes on their people to the utmost limit consistent with the maintenance of government; we are increasing our taxes year by year, taxing each separate class for the benefit of every other, and the great public at large for the benefit of each class. Blind despotisms in Europe are either sternly keeping their currency on a par with gold, or if, like us, they have in past years got off the track, are striving to regain it; we, on the contrary, are legislating against currency contraction, and providing as elaborately against the improvement of our national credit as those blind despotisms are guarding against the depreciation of theirs. This is the way in which a young and prosperous country demonstrates its superiority to precedent, and its independence of the old-fashioned laws of political economy.

I scorn and contemn the arguments which have been urged in some quarters in favor of a reduction of taxes and a return to hard money. What the country really wants is more protection and more currency. Let every industry be protected—of course at the expense of all the others; let the issues of irredeemable paper (the most convenient currency in the world, for it never can be exported) be continued as needed and as population increases, until the rate of interest at Chicago and St. Louis falls to three per cent., and a pair of boots costs $25; and then, Sir, we shall indeed begin to realize the blessings of living under a Government administered on the plan of those great statesmen, THADDEUS STEVENS, JOHN SHERMAN, and their compeers.

Respectfully yours, DICK BROWN.

TODT HILL, STATEN ISLAND, *July 4*, 1866.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR,—I see that the New York *Times* ardently supports the call of Messrs. RANDALL and HENDRICKS for a National Convention. The Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND is editor of the *Times*, and he is also Chairman of the Union National Committee. Now does he mean us to understand that the RANDALL and HENDRICKS Convention is a Convention of our party? If so, why doesn't he say so? If not, why doesn't he say *so?*

If, as the *Times* says, the time has come for remodeling the party, does the Chairman of the National Committee advise calling in our most constant political enemies to do the job? If he does, why does he not resign? If he does not, why does he not consult with his colleagues, and call a truly National Union Convention from all the States and Territories—a Convention to which such Southern Unionists as ANDREW J. HAMILTON, of Texas, and his friends would be welcome? Or, in the judgment of the *Times*, are Governor HAMILTON and those who agree with him, and who voted against THROCKMORTON in Texas, not sound and trusty Union men?

Is the true way to enlarge and nationalize the Union party to absorb the Southern Unionists or to be absorbed by the Northern Copperheads? Yours,

A LINCOLN VOTER OF '64.

LITERARY.

"Drift: a Sea-shore Idyl, and other Poems," by GEORGE ARNOLD. (TICKNOR & FIELDS.) In one of the "Mosses from an old Manse" HAWTHORNE imagines a letter from a friend who has lost the thread of his life by occasional insanity, and who writes a letter from London, in 1845, describing grotesquely BYRON, SHELLEY, COLERIDGE, and the other noted authors of their time, as if they were still living. In the same vein he speaks of those who are still living as dead, and says of one of them: "I remember, too, a lad just from college, LONGFELLOW by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and perished, I think, of intense application at the University of Gottingen." Here, too, in this unusually beautiful little book are a handful of delicate verses scattered to the winds by a young man who, in no disordered fancy, but in sad fact, died last autumn. His friend and literary comrade, Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, in a simple and touching sketch, relates the few dates and facts of his life, which have a singular harmony with the musical melancholy of the impression that the book produces.

Mr. ARNOLD was born in the city of New York, in 1834, and at the age of three was taken by his parents to the West, and returned with them to the neighborhood of New York in 1849. In 1852 he came to New York to study painting—soon relinquished the attempt, and thenceforward, until his death, in November, 1865, was a writer for the periodical press in this city. He wrote with facility prose or verse; squib, satire, or sentiment; living by his pen, and quietly accepting all the conditions of his profession. The best known of his writings was probably the series of M'Arone letters in *Vanity Fair*, but the best of them were undoubtedly the poems which Mr. WINTER has now edited. They are full of a pensive, delicate sentiment, and a graceful music, which shows how easily and naturally his reveries and tender regrets flowed into rhyme. If the poet were a Bohemian, in the vulgar sense, there is yet no touch of Bohemia in his verses. The playful attempts at cynicism are very transparent. The real thing in them is a pathetic grace, a genuine sadness. Whether this were more than the luxury of "dreamful youth" does not appear. There are hints—not, however, in Mr. WINTER'S memoir—of some sorrow from which the young author never recovered. Mr. ARNOLD'S poetry is in no imitative strain. It is not an echo of a familiar voice, but is truly his own, and is sure to awaken a melancholy interest in the poet. We can copy but one little song, written in a sunny mood, which is a good illustration of his rare grace and felicity:

"JUBILATE.

"Gray distance hid each shining sail,
By ruthless breezes borne from me;
And, lessening, fading, faint, and pale,
My ships went forth to sea.

"Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and sorrowed hopelessly;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

"To-day, a song is on my lips;
Earth seems a Paradise to me;
For God is good, and, lo! my ships
Are coming home from sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 26:

In the Senate, after several attempts at amendment the Freedmen's Bureau bill was passed, and sent back to the House.

In the House, the Pacific Railroad bill was passed—96 to 36.

June 27:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill called up the bill introduced by Mr. Wade on the first day of the session, to grant universal suffrage in the District of Columbia. An amendment was adopted, excluding from the right of suffrage all who voluntarily left the District to go into the rebellion. An amendment to limit the franchise to such persons as can read the Constitution of the United States and write their names was rejected. Final action on the bill was not reached.

In the House, the Senate bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back amendments to the Tax bill, and proceeded to state the important features of the report. The amendments were separately voted on, and as the House refused to concur in several of them, a Committee of Conference was called for. Among those non-concurred in were the cotton, cigar, income, and Bank tax amendments.

June 28:

In the Senate, Mr. Brown offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such reorganization of the civil service, especially as to the Post-office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, as will secure appointments after proper examination, and to regulate dismissals and promotions as they are regulated in the army and navy, to the end that the patronage of these Departments may not be used as reservoirs of political power.

In the House, the Missouri contested election case was decided in favor of Mr. Kelso, the present occupant.—The Senate amendments to the House bill to continue in force and amend the act to establish the Freedmen's Bureau were taken up. On motion of Mr. Eliot the amendments were non-concurred in, and a Conference Committee was asked.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Tariff bill. Mr. Morrill addressed the House in explanation and support of the bill. He urged a higher tariff on various imported articles, especially on wool.

June 30:

In the Senate, a committee of conference was appointed on the Freedmen's Bureau bill. The points to be conferred on relate to the disposition of the Sea Island cotton-lands. The House forbids the surrender of the lands now held by the freedmen under General Sherman's order. The bill as passed by the Senate contains provisions under which the former owners may get possession of these lands, except such as have been sold for United States taxes.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dispatches from Galveston, Texas, give Mexican news to the 23d of June. Bagdad had been evacuated by the Imperialists, and occupied by the Liberals. Mejia had sent for General Escobedo to receive the surrender of Matamoras. Seven hundred Liberals occupied Huesutla, and a force was organizing to attack Tampico.

Morton, the Republican candidate, has been elected Governor of Nebraska by 145 majority. The majority in favor of making the Territory a State was 111.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, declines calling an extra session of the Legislature to act upon the Constitutional Amendment.

The "Conservatives" have carried the election in Texas, and Throckmorton is elected Governor. The Union men seem to have polled one-third of the vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE German Diet at Frankfort having, on June 14, passed the act for the mobilization of the Federal army, Prussia has declared the Confederation dissolved, and that she regards as enemies all the States voting for the act.

The vote was nine in favor to six against—eight votes, excluding Austria, in the affirmative, representing a population of 13,859,711, and contingents of 173,798 men; while the five votes (excluding Prussia) against the proposal represent a population of 2,954,980, and contingents of 35,500 men.

The members of the Confederation voting for the adoption of the proposal were, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses, with Lichtenstein, Waldeck, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Schleiz, Schaumburg-Lippe, and Lippe-Detmold; and those voting against it, Prussia, Luxemburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, Lubeck, Frankfort, Bremen, and Hamburg.

The Prussian ultimatum demanding the neutrality of Saxony in the conflict, the restoration of the Saxon army to a peace footing, and adhesion to the Prussian proposal for convoking a German parliament with the view of founding a new confederation, has been rejected by the Saxon Government. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau rejected the same ultimatum.

The *Bremen* arrived here on the 2d instant, with a budget of intelligence of the most exciting character.

Prussia and Italy each declared war against Austria on June 18. This simultaneous declaration, together with the fact that Prussia has been sending gold to Italy, confirms the hypothesis that there has been all along a secret understanding between the two Governments.

The same day that war was declared the Prussians commenced hostilities by invading Saxony from the north-east and west, occupying Dresden. The King of Saxony and the royal family fled. The people were flying into Bohemia. The Prussians were levying contributions of supplies and conscripting the able-bodied men.

The capital of Hanover has been captured by the Prussians.

In Saxony there was an engagement at Friedberg, in which a Darmstadt regiment of the Federal army was cut to pieces, and the Prussians were victorious. In a cavalry engagement with the enemy the Prussians were defeated. This was only a skirmish. A great battle was expected at Frankfort on the Oder, in Silesia.

Both the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian King have issued royal manifestoes—the former to the Austrian people, the latter to the states through which his armies may pass.

A new Italian Ministry has been organized, with Ricasoli at the head. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi have taken the field. Antonelli, the Pope's Minister, has resigned.

Turkey has announced that she will interfere in the Danubian Principalities; and France, England, and Russia have formally protested.

Russia has thrown a force on the Austrian frontier, and has given notice that in case of interference by other neutral Powers she also will interfere.

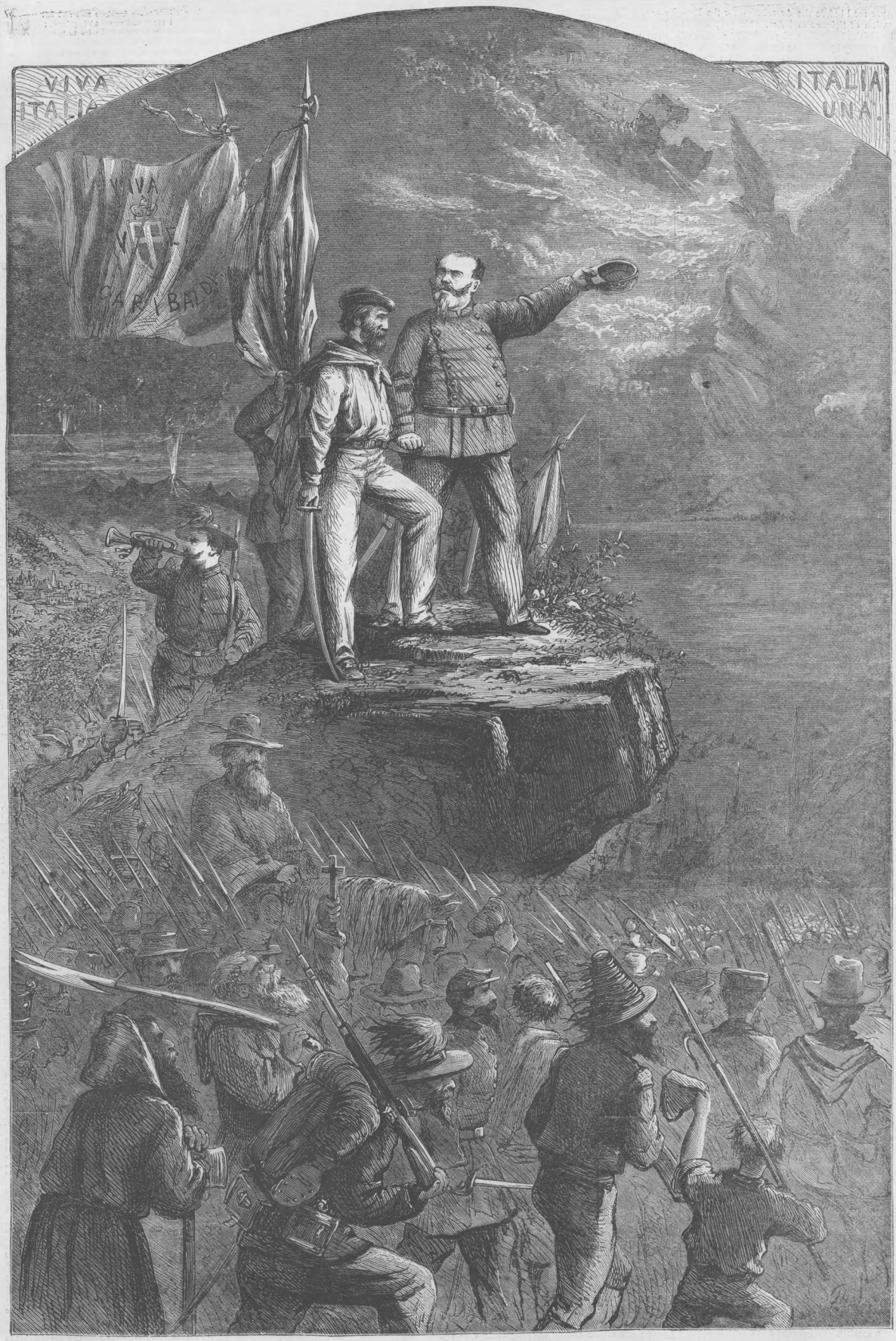
Spain has determined to withdraw from the Pacific.

The Atlantic Telegraph Expedition was to start on the 8th of July.

ENGLAND.

By advices from England of June 19 it appears that in consequence of the large majority against the Government Mr. Gladstone had put himself in connection with the Queen at Balmoral, and Parliament had adjourned until June 25.

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THE UPRISING OF ITALY.—[DRAWN BY MR. THOMAS NAST.]

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THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

WE were inconveniently situated, Phil and I. In a situation indeed that would have rendered more susceptible individuals in a state of mind quite unfit to enjoy the Christmas festivities so closely approaching.

Phil had been, I must say, awfully extravagant; and much as I sympathized with him, I could not blame the "gov'nor" for sending him a check for £50, with the information that he might right himself as he could, for that he (the "gov'nor") was sick of paying his bills and setting him going again, and was firmly resolved to wash his hands of the whole "affair."

The "affair," who happened to be seated beside my fire, with a glass of brandy-and-water near him, and a meerschaum in his mouth, folded up the check carefully and slipped it in his waistcoat pocket, and then tearing up the paternal letter, quietly relighted his meerschaum with it.

"It's shabby of the gov'nor, I must say," he said, with a patience that, compared with my indignant disappointment, was Job-like and beautiful. "But it's no use making a row about it, so there we are where we were before."

"It won't even pay your tailor's bill," I muttered; thinking selfishly to myself, "much less leave you a pound to lend me."

"Of course it won't; the gov'nor didn't intend it should. It's a Christmas-box," Phil answered, seriously, smoking away like a Turk.

I pointed to a little basket that lay beside my writing-table. "I don't know how full yours is," I said, solemnly, "but mine won't hold any more. I've about a dozen by each post from those confounded tradesmen, graduating in insolence."

"So have I, for that matter," interrupted Phil. "But I never read them. I never could stand being blackguarded, and that's what dunning's been allowed to reach in a country that prides itself on its freedom and its constitution. Why," continued Phil, warming with his subject, and gesticulating in a manner that lent additional grandeur to his sentiments, "don't we pride ourselves on the sacredness of the domestic hearth? Is not every man's house his castle? And yet, through the medium of this liberal, this enlightened Government, the post is allowed to invade its sanctuary, and pour on the pure white breakfast-cloth a heap of insults, sufficient to make the blood boil within one, and spoil one's digestion for the day!"

"There should be some law," added Phil, more quietly, and sinking back meditatively in his chair, "to prevent this intrusion on a man's privacy—some fine or even heavy punishment should be inflicted for transmitting, by such means, insults dishonoring equally to the British tradesman and British gentleman. Blackguarding's forbidden in the streets, why should it be permitted in our homes?"

"Never mind the whys and the wherefores," I answered, rather crossly, "the thing is, and there's an end of it. The question is, Phil, what are we to do? Do you know I'm deucedly hard up?"

My friend did not answer for at least twelve whiffs; then he said in his calmest manner:

"You're not of a reflective disposition unfortunately, Jack, or else I should recommend you to light your pipe and leave it to Fate to suggest some idea. With me the case is different. Provide me with a weed and a glass of grog, and if you were to perch me at the top of Mont Blanc, or plunge me in the depths of a coal mine, reflection would claim me as her own."

"I think then, my dear Phil," I replied, with the shadow of a sneer, "it is time you set your reflective powers to work. Fifty pounds won't do you much service, if I am rightly informed as to the extent of your liabilities."

"I am perfectly aware of that, and yet you see I am calm as a marble Jupiter. Such is the force of my self-reliance."

"Come, Phil, what's up!" I exclaimed, in a coaxing tone, for I knew enough of my friend's affairs to value his self-reliance at its proper worth.

Phil raised his glass to his lips, and for a moment there was silence. Then laying it down, he said, energetically, "Jack, I am disgusted with my kind! I feel almost Byronic."

"So do I," I grimly responded.

"There are times," continued Phil, again falling into those gesticulations which he had acquired at the best private theatricals, "when I feel that I could almost—" I thought he was going to say "commit suicide," and as I was contemplating entering the Church, I thought it an excellent opportunity to begin preaching; but he only added, after another communication with the glass beside him, "*Merry!*"

"Good Heavens!" I said, furiously, "At your age, Philip! Why you must be mad; besides, Blanche has not got any thing, and she's awfully extravagant, I warn you, and with not an idea of sewing even a button on a fellow's shirt. You'd better go back to the coal mine, or ascend Mont Blanc, and think again."

"Your glass must have been stiffish, Jack, you're uncommonly witty. However (not for the first time either) you're hitting a little beside the mark. I did not mean to marry Blanche, poor dear! Much as I adore her, I am perfectly aware that 'nothing a year and find yourself' would neither suit her nor me."

"Then what do you mean? I hate guessing riddles—speak out." I fear I did not speak with my usual amiability, but circumstances were trying, and so was Phil, particularly when he had on the "marble Jupiter" mood.

Instead of answering, my friend took from his pocket a small note written on delicate pink paper, and scented with the delightful odor that had once been sweeter than the rose to my senses, as pervading every article that had the felicity of belonging to Gertrude Thornly, Phil's youngest sister.

This he threw at me in a manner that, had he not been my dearest friend (and Gerty's brother), I should have quarreled with him on the spot.

Smoothing it out, for the wretch had crumpled it up in a way that he certainly would not have done Blanche's embossed notes, I cast my eyes over the dashing caligraphy, and after some difficulty, for I must say Gerty wrote with the same dash she did every thing, I made out the following:

"THORNLY HALL, *Dec.*

"MY DEAREST PHIL,—What have you been doing, you silly, extravagant boy, to put papa so horribly out of sorts? He has not spoken a civil word to any one since he got your letter; and when I asked him how you were, and what news you gave, he spirted out some very naughty words, which made the Rev. Mr. Blink, who was dining with us, use his handkerchief vigorously. Now, my dear Phil, you really should not do whatever you have been doing, and I hope you won't again. I and Blanche were talking it over last night, when we were undressing (Blanche came over to stay a day or two, yesterday), and she thinks it may be that you have been spending too much, which of course one is apt to do when things are so dear, and dress-makers so exorbitant in their prices; and papa should not expect one to buy every thing and give to charity sermons too. And Blanche says her papa is as bad, and she only wishes for your sake and her own she was a Queen of Diamonds. By-the-by, that reminds me, the Queen of Diamonds, Miss Rowney, is coming to stay with us at Christmas; and so is Captain Johnson, and Clara, and all the Holmeses; so I hope you will manage to get away too, as you do make theatricals go off so well. And now good-by.

"Your affectionate sister,

"GERTRUDE THORNLY.

"P.S.—Don't do it any more, for papa is *so* cross."

I was so interested in the perusal of that note—taking me back as it did in the presence of that being, who, to my mind, was the sweetest woman I had ever met—so engrossed with the pleasant fancy, that I again heard her gay laugh and happy fresh voice, almost indeed felt the flutter of her ribbons, as during those few days of the preceding September—that I continued gazing at the writing, and forgot that my friend was waiting my comments on it.

"Well!" at length he said.

I started.

"Well!" he repeated; "do you understand now my meaning?"

"I must confess that I do not."

Philip's lip curled contemptuously, but he was too lazy to be more violently abusive.

"I suppose you can understand that Blanche Grey is not a Queen of Diamonds, however much her devotion to me, dear angel, may make her wish it."

I did understand that perfectly, knowing that Miss Grey was the daughter of one of the greatest spendthrifts going, who never had a penny to pay cash for any thing; but what all this nonsense about queens and diamonds meant I was still as much in the dark as ever, and I said so frankly.

Phil still looked contemptuous, but he condescended to be more lucid.

"Gerty writes abominably," he said, puffing out his cigar smoke in that imperial manner that Jupiter would probably have rolled out his, had the blessing of tobacco been known on High Olympus; "but she's a sensible girl for all that, and with an eye to business, which she most certainly inherits from the paternal side. She means kindly to hint to me that if I am in difficulties I could not do better than make up to Diana Rowney. She goes rather round about, and brings in Blanche in a way I do not quite like, but she means well, I dare say."

Now, knowing as I did, that Gerty Thornly was the frankest, simplest, heartiest girl in the world, and the bosom friend of Blanche Grey, I felt this translation of her letter to fit in to the suggestion of his own mercenary thoughts malicious in the extreme, and I girded myself up (figuratively of course, for it was after dinner) for a combat in her defense.

But Phil raised himself immediately, and energetically for him. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, don't! I know all you are going to say, and I am in a mood in which it would drive me to distraction. No; let us be sensible, Jack, and talk things over without any romantic sentimentalism."

"That's what I have been wishing you to do for the last hour," I answered, crossly.

Phil waved his pipe in that calm oratorical manner which I knew prefaced a rather lengthy speech; so I lay back and made myself comfortable.

"Jack," said Phil, in the way he would have said "Mr. Speaker" in addressing the House of Commons, "Jack, we are in difficulties; I may say difficulties of an intricacy which even passes our powers of solution. Those difficulties, however, all centre in the one point, want of money; and the question is how to supply this want."

"Come, Phil, you're getting prosy," I remarked.

"It's a prosy subject. I am not a Gladstone, and finance is a subject I abhor. Why not, therefore, turn it into something more romantic? Now I know Diana Rowney is not to compare with Blanche in a robe de chambre, but in her ball dress, with all her fortune flashing about her, she is perfectly dazzling. Blanche fades to a mere shadow."

"I wish you would explain who this Diana Rowney is, and what you mean about her diamonds," I interrupted a little testily, for, truth to tell, I was beginning to fear that Phil had some prize in view which I could not share.

"Why I thought the girls had told you about her. She is the daughter of some Indian merchant who made a fortune, and then just before he died turned it all into diamonds, which he left to his daughter on the condition that she did not attempt to sell them before she married. He made her take an oath, I believe, at least so she says, and she lives moderately on £60 a year, while she keeps her fortune in her jewel casket."

"How much are they worth?" I inquired, with interest; "and what kind of a girl is she?"

"You had better come down to Thornly Hall and judge for yourself."

As he spoke, Phil fixed his eye on me in a manner that I knew had a deep meaning.

"Well," I said, "what?"

"Shall we make a bargain, Jack? We've held to each through a good deal; shall we hold on still? We both want money, we both have a fancy for—well perhaps for a prettier girl than Diana Rowney; suppose we agree to toss up who is to be the sacrifice, and agree that the other shall receive a thousand pounds on the wedding-day."

"Phil, what a horrible, almost immoral idea!" I exclaimed, virtuously.

"Well, I did not say it was agreeable, or particularly moral, did I? All I say is, it is necessary for me to get money somehow, even if I have to do something as bad as marrying an heiress. There!"

And Phil reared up his great person, gave his mustache a savage pull, and prepared to put on his great-coat.

* * * * * *

The result of that conversation was that, on the 21st of December, a couple of tall (and though I say it, who should not), good-looking fellows, took first-class tickets by the Great Western down to Bridgewater.

I must also confess that on the previous night, after having passed a dreary hour looking over my entangled accounts, Philip had also contrived to beguile me into that immoral "toss up," which was to decide whether the heiress or the thousand pounds were to be mine; and I was in uncommonly good spirits from having won the money. I could still meet Gerty Thornly with a free conscience.

Phil, I must say, bore his fate with a calmness truly philosophic; but I noticed even he avoided the subject of Blanche Grey, and if he ever mentioned love or woman, spoke of them in a Byronic manner quite painful to hear. His feelings, however, must have been rather tried when, on arriving at Bridgewater, we found a whole party from the Hall come to meet us, among whom was Miss Grey, but not the Queen of Diamonds.

They kept up the old style of things at Thornly Hall. There were plenty of servants, good table, silver plate, and Christmas festivities; and besides this there were daughters with moderate portions, timber that must not be cut, and an eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself, was not Phil. I knew all this; and I was accustomed to the ways of the place, and I went to my room to dress for dinner in a frame of mind perfectly satisfied with my own position, and indeed that of all the world.

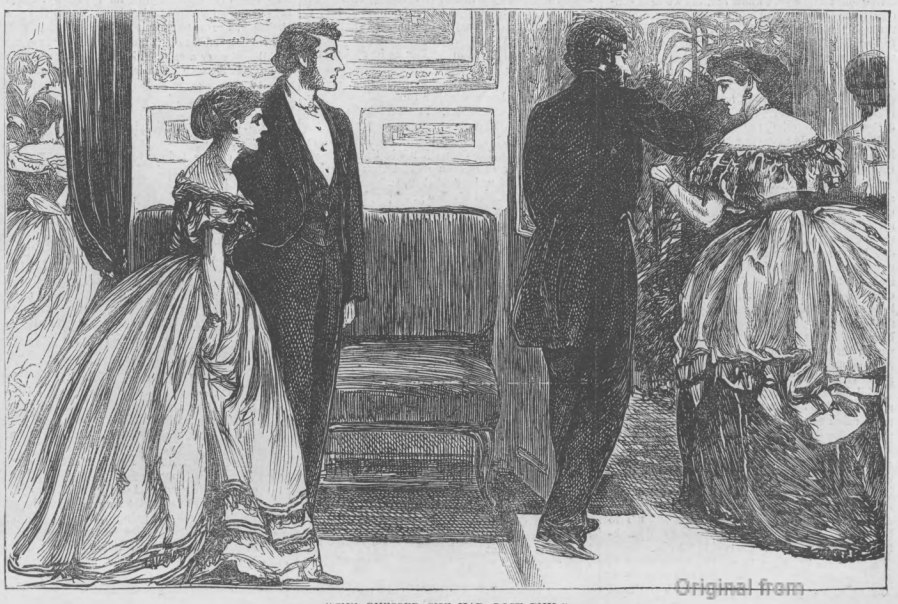
Alas for human selfishness! I must confess I was so engrossed with my own pleasant meditations, that I had quite or almost forgotten that Phil was about to be sacrificed; and when he just poked his head into my room, and growled that "he had just had a talk with the gov'nor, who was still savage as a bear, and that he must go in for her," I scarcely remembered who the "her" was. I was a little horrified when I did remember, for I must confess I had found Gerty more charming than ever (I think winter costume, especially that black-plumed hat, became her even more than airy summer muslins), and it made me almost shudder to think how I had tempted Fate.

It is astonishing what a purifying effect female society has on our brutal, male natures. Ten minutes after I had been in the company of the Misses Thornly and Blanche Grey round that blazing fire, while we waited the summons to dinner, gold had become dross in my estimation; those luxuries of bachelor life I had been accustomed to consider necessaries the most insipid vanities that a man could burden himself with debt for. I grew virtuously strong; so much so, that I blushed when I thought of the object of that Christmas visit among those unsuspecting damsels, and resolved to do my best to prevent this evil-doing, even at the cost of my thousand; but even as I determined the door opened, and in came Phil, in his most *distingué* toilet, with a lady. Well, she was not handsome, unless an overdoing of every feature she possessed gave her a title to beauty. She had a very large Roman nose, very large black eyes, very, very bushy black eyebrows, very black hair, very large white teeth, and very red lips—lips and teeth which made you shudder and call to mind the old story of Red Ridinghood.

"What large teeth you have, grandmamma!"

"All the better to eat you up, my dear!"

Somehow, whenever she opened her mouth, and



"SHE GUESSED SHE HAD LOST PHIL."

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turned her head in the snappish way which seemed peculiar to her, I fancied she was going to say that.

All the ladies made a move as they entered.

"Come and sit near the fire, Diana!" exclaimed Miss Thornly.

"Here's a cozy little corner, Di," said Gerty.

"So there is here," said Edith Holmes. "Come by me, Diana."

The Queen of Diamonds seemed a great favorite even among her own sex—that was comforting. However, Diana Rowney smiled graciously, and the butler at that moment announcing dinner, she accepted Phil's arm, and we all made a move to the dining-room.

Again I must acknowledge that the charms of my own position made me insensible to the trials of my friend; and it was only when he called to me, in rather a stern voice, to pass something at the dessert, that I observed, in spite of his smiles, Phil was looking any thing but contented.

Phil was a very fascinating fellow in his way, and had brass enough to give a dash to his soft attentions and sweet speeches, which quite distinguished him. He was handsome, too, and had a peculiarity about the eyes that pleased us men, so it was not to be wondered that the women adored him.

I watched him a little after that call, and I saw that he was going through the regular process with dark Diana, and apparently with success, for her great eyes were glowing like red-hot coals—I can't say stars—and she was laughing and talking, and paying him an attention as flattering as it was exclusive.

They grew a little noisy, too, and attracted general attention, approving I could see, from the bottom of the table, but not quite so much so from either Gerty or Blanche Grey. Indeed, the fair face of Miss Grey had looked very much puzzled ever since she had been at table; and Gerty now and then made wrong answers as a louder peal of laughter than usual came from Phil and Diana's corner.

Still, when Miss Thornly made the move, and the ladies left the room, Phil took his cambric handkerchief and passed it across his brow with a sigh, as if he had concluded some Herculean labor. He took a good deal of wine too afterward.

That evening he was very assiduous in courting dark Diana, and showed, indeed, a firmness of purpose worthy of a better cause; but whether it was that the sharp fresh air of morning cooled his ardor, or that he found Diana still less inviting with that large Roman nose protruding from under a tiny black hat, I know not; but the next morning his attention fluctuated rather, and when in the morning ride his horse fell back beside Blanche, he seemed to find it difficult to urge him forward again to the assistance of Miss Rowney, who professed to be nervous on horseback; and when we happened to loiter together in the dining-room before luncheon, he shrugged his shoulders most desperately, and whispered, "If she would but come out with them all blazing about her, it would give me courage, Jack."

Three days passed, however, and "the Queen" did not come out in the "blaze" poor Phil yearned for, as does the prisoner for sunshine. She wore a diamond brooch occasionally, which attracted our covetous gaze; but, as we both silently observed, that was not sufficiently tempting to make weight with Diana Rowney in the balance against either Gerty or Blanche.

A philosopher less interested than myself might have found a delightful combination of amusement and instruction in watching Phil's conduct those three days. He would have seen an amusing struggle between the man of the world and the man of nature; the man of wants and the man of taste. In the evening, after imbibing a certain quantity of sherry and port, Phil was Diana's slave, lounging with her in private corners, bending over her while she sang (songs which put your teeth on edge), decking her hair with camellias stolen from his sister's conservatory, and otherwise pursuing the object which brought us down to Thornly; but in the morning, somehow, he could not resist Blanche's attractions; and how, I know not, but we used constantly to fall into that same quartette, rambling through the leafless woods and roads in which we had contrived to pass so many hours of the last long vacation so satisfactorily.

I think the mornings made up to poor Blanche for all the puzzling desertion in the evening; and perhaps she believed what I heard Gerty assert one night, under cover of Diana's singing, "Phil was obliged to be attentive, to please papa, you know."

How this would have gone on—which lady would have carried the day—I know not, but I was getting rather doubtful about my thousand.

However, Christmas-eve came. There was to be a dance, and we gentlemen had gone through the usual exertion of decking the room with holly and such flowers as could be got, and we had done the usual amount of flirtation likewise. I think the day had been trying to Phil on the whole, for I must say even I thought I had never seen Blanche look prettier than she did, now peeping through dark wreaths of laurel, now bending her golden head over the shiny holly. The opportunities, too, for love-making had been very abundant, and to have to make sweet speeches to Diana, after whispering them to blushing Blanche, must have been martyrdom, more especially when connected with a guilty conscience.

Phil did seem nervous for once in his life, and I remarked that he left the society of the drawing-room much sooner than he needed to go and prepare for the dance; and on leaving myself for the same purpose half an hour afterward I saw the red spark of his cigar sauntering up and down the terrace. Now smoke in solitude proclaimed that Philip Thornly was uneasy in his mind, so I was not surprised, on descending to the ball-room some time afterward, to find that he was still absent, nor to hear from Captain Johnson that he was still smoking away like a Turk in the cold night air.

Meanwhile the room began to fill, the music to play, and the usual routine of the ball to proceed. The scene was pretty enough to please the most fastidious eye, for the decorations were perfect, the lights admirably disposed, and certainly falling on "fair women and brave men" in profusion; but it became dazzling when the door was thrown open, and Diana Rowney appeared in the blaze of all her fortune. Diamonds on her neck, diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her arms! Heavens! how she blazed beneath the lights, and how her great dark eyes shone with triumph as she saw the envious gaze fixed upon her!

Certainly, whether it was the fiend of avarice that put me on his spectacles or not I can not say; but somehow that dark woman, with her glittering jewels, *did* seem to cast the rest into the shadow. Even fair Blanche, till then the belle (except for Gerty) of the room, seemed to fade into something dim, and I must say I thought cheerfully of the thousand pounds. Why, those diamonds must be worth an immense sum!

Dark Diana was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd, but she refused all offers until Philip Thornly appeared, and then she accepted his arm and took her place in a quadrille. I do not know whether it was maliciously done or not, but she manœuvred so that for her *vis-à-vis* she had Blanche Grey.

I had watched narrowly for Phil's entrance, for I would not have lost the effect of the first view of the Queen of Diamonds upon him for the world. I should be able to judge of my chance of the thousand pounds by it.

He bore the dazzling sight, however, with admirable composure; and Diana's eyes must have been more acute than mine if she could detect either amazement, satisfaction, or admiration in the quiet glance with which he approached her and asked her to dance. Indeed, he was more careless than usual; and as he led her forward I heard him say, in an indifferent tone, "that he had a headache, and felt hardly up to dancing."

But he did dance—and with the Queen of Diamonds too—to Blanche's grievous anger and astonishment; and he took her in to supper, and plied her with Champagne, and quaffed copiously of the same himself; and then, when they came back again, they only took one waltz round the room, and retired to the conservatory.

Heavens! how that woman's eyes shone as, leaning heavily on Phil's arm, she passed through the glass door beside which I stood, with my arm round Blanche, taking breath for an instant.

"What are they going in there for?" Blanche said, quickly; and then she looked up in my face, and whether she saw any thing there ominous I know not, for I felt almost as guilty as Phil, but she drew away from me, and murmuring something about being tired, went and dropped quietly on a sofa in the corner.

I think, poor girl, she guessed all about it; and I felt quite wretched as I looked at her, watching there from her corner that fatal door. She guessed she had lost Phil.

Gerty did too, I think; for suddenly her face lost its gayety, and she went and sat down by Blanche, and wound her arm round her silently, but in a manner very protecting and sympathetic.

I was not sorry when that evening came to an end; and I must acknowledge I went to my room feeling almost as guilty as if I had abetted a Gunpowder Plot.

"Come in!" I exclaimed; and the door opened and Phil came in.

"I've done it!" he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and beginning to pull off his neckcloth as if it choked him.

"Done what?"

"Proposed to Diana Rowney: we are to be married in a month."

I was prepared for the news, and so listened silently.

"Of course," continued Phil, "it's trying—very trying; not only for poor Blanche, but for me. Champagne only could have got me through it; and I see I must send an enormous supply to wherever we fix on for the honey-moon. The honey-moon! only fancy a month of spooning on Diana, and from that to emerge into a family man! By Jove! Jack, I don't know now whether I shall have the nerve to get through it."

He took a cigar from my box as he spoke, and began to smoke vigorously.

The position was rather embarrassing, and I really scarcely knew whether to condole with my friend or congratulate him. I took a middle course—the philosophical one.

"The diamonds are magnificent, Phil, and I dare say you'll get used to domestic life in time."

"It wouldn't have been so bad with Blanche, perhaps; but Diana! And then, suppose—"

Phil hesitated, and his face grew perplexed.

"Suppose what?"

"Oh, nothing; only a ridiculous idea!" But he got up as he spoke and lit his candle, with the same expression of uncomfortable perplexity; and I knew he took himself off so hastily because he was afraid of letting out the reason of it.

He came down the next morning, though, looking very calm and composed; and neither he nor Diana displayed any of the usual embarrassment, when, in a slightly pompous manner, Mr. Thornly announced at the breakfast-table the happiness with which he contemplated adding so charming a daughter-in-law to his family circle. Certainly Blanche Grey was not there, having gone home with her father the night before; so there was no one to "forbid the bans," except Gerty, and she dared only do it by her indignant eyes.

The two went to church together, and otherwise behaved themselves like an engaged couple; and apparently all was going on in a satisfactory manner so long as I was at Thornly to keep my watch on them.

When I went back to London I left Philip still courting away firmly and philosophically, and his last words to me at the station were, "It's all right, Jack; as soon as possible, after the 14th of next month, you shall have your thousand."

I saw very little of him again till I received the important invitation. He came to my lodgings two or three times, but was always in a desperate hurry; and, beyond a hasty sentence or two that all was going on well, he seemed to avoid reference to what neither of us had much reason to be proud of. I gathered from Gerty—who I met at a friend's, to my inexpressible delight—the intelligence that, though Philip was a good deal at the Hall, Miss Rowney did not often come; she was making a round of visits among her Irish friends previous to her marriage, it was believed; but she and Phil corresponded regularly. About settlements Gerty did not know much; but she said Phil was quite satisfied, and papa had promised to allow him £300 a year.

I must say I looked forward to the 14th with some anxiety, however. In spite of things looking so easy and comfortable, I could not quite believe that the marriage would take place. That Diana Rowney would really become Philip's wife seemed impossible. But day after day passed, and I heard nothing of the affair being either broken off or delayed; and on the 12th of February I found myself traveling down to Thornly Hall to fulfill my promise of acting best man to my old friend.

The party I found gathered ready for the wedding was small, but just what it ought to have been; and, apparently, all was going a great deal smoother than the course of true love is properly supposed to do. The bridegroom elect was very attentive; the bride very calm, and not too *exigeante;* the bridemaids good-tempered, and the papa ditto. We were not quite so merry, perhaps, as at Christmas, but we were very cheerful. The only time when my spirits flagged at all was when I found the bride's great black eyes fixed on me, or when she smiled at me with her "wolf" lips. Diana did not like me. Whether she suspected any thing or not I do not know; but I felt that when Miss Rowney became Mrs. Philip Thornly, I should be allowed to see very little of their domestic felicity.

I think Phil saw this too, ah! and a few other things besides; for now and then he would retire to the terrace for the solitary smoke, so indicative of mental depression. He avoided me still; and it was therefore with some surprise that I heard his heavy quick step coming along the corridor toward my door the eve of the wedding.

"I may come and have my smoke, Jack, I suppose?" he said, poking his bearded, handsome face into the room.

"Of course, old fellow, and I shall be honored by your company. You don't often favor me now," I returned, pulling my own chair toward the fire and pointing to the arm-chair opposite.

Phil seated himself and carefully lighted his pipe, and then smoked away in silence for at least ten minutes.

"I feel, Jack," at length he said, looking unutterably wretched, "as if I were come to say the last few words before execution. I had no idea matrimony required such nerve—as much, ay, more than having a tooth drawn."

"And, unfortunately, it's not so soon over," I remarked.

"No, indeed!" And the groan that followed that remark almost brought tears to my eyes.

"Must it be, Phil? have you quite made up your mind? After all a wife's a wife, and one soon spends a fortune; and then—then suppose—"

"Suppose what?" said Phil, with a start that made me jump so I let my meerschaum fall into the fender.

"Thank Heaven it is not broken!"

"Suppose what?" reiterated Phil, inconsiderately enough.

"It's real," I began, pettishly, alluding to my pipe.

"Of course it is; she would not have given it to me unless, particularly after all the fuss I made. I don't know much about gems, but—"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" I interrupted. "Your head is quite turned by Diana's diamonds. I was talking about my pipe."

"Your pipe! tush!" Phil spoke quite viciously, and I felt so offended that I became solemnly sulky for five minutes. At length, however, Phil, who was evidently longing for sympathy, could bear it no longer. "Jack," he said, "to tell you the truth, I came to consult you."

I condescended to look more affable. "I am not a philosopher or a sage, Phil; but you're welcome to my advice, such as it is," I said, with modest dignity.

"Well, look here."

As he spoke, Philip took from his pocket a tiny morocco case, and opening it, handed it to me. It contained a diamond ring elaborately set.

I must confess I do not understand gems, and, though I tried to examine it with the air of a connoisseur, I am afraid I failed signally.

"Come, Jack, you know you know no more about diamonds than I do. Don't make faces, but just listen. This afternoon Diana gave me that ring."

"Very handsome of her, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know. We had been talking about the jewels, you see, and though I tried not to appear too much interested, I don't know that I succeeded, for she fixed her black eyes on me in an awful manner, and then, after making some excuse for keeping the best of the diamonds in her own possession, she brought me this, and begged me to accept it."

"Well!"

"Well, Jack, I must confess I do feel horribly uneasy. Ever since I have been engaged I have been haunted by an awful suspicion. Suppose, Jack, suppose those diamonds were *false!*"

He uttered this in a low, awful tone; and then, lying back, puffed away silently.

"It would be horrible," I said: "but the same idea has occurred to me."

"It has! Ah, then, that decides me! To-morrow, Jack, I shall take that ring to a jeweler at Bridgewater. I am not going to marry Diana for nothing."

As he spoke Phil rose up; and in spite of my invitation to remain a little longer, prepared to take himself off, in a mood of desperate resolution, to his own room.

"The—the ceremony doesn't take place till eleven o'clock," he said, as he gently opened the door. "I shall start early, Jack; and if I am not back before you all get to church, meet me at the western door, will you?"

"Oh, you're sure to be back; Bridgewater's not five miles off."

"I shall try, you may be sure. Good-night." And away he went.

I was prepared for some of what came to pass the next day; but not for all.

There we were, all waiting in the church; the clergyman in his surplice, the bride surrounded by her bridemaids; all waiting for the bridegroom. Phil had not appeared. A quarter of an hour lengthened into half, and still he came not; and then the three-quarters struck, and still he came not.

Mr. Thornly grew nervous, and, as usual, began to use bad language. Gerty turned pale, and the guests began to whisper. The bride alone maintained perfect composure, sitting in her pew. It was only when she caught sight of Blanche Grey (who had proudly demanded to be present at Phil's wedding) that she looked the least troubled. For my own part, I went every two minutes to the western door.

The clock had just struck the quarter to twelve when I saw a man on horseback riding quickly toward the church, and I immediately signaled the information to the rest, who thereupon placed themselves in position at the altar.

I never felt so relieved in all my life; but as I stood watching my blood grew chill. That man was not Phil Thornly!

He came up and dismounted, and then gave me a paper. I knew what it contained before I saw the words; and if the note had not been snatched from my hands by Mr. Thornly, I don't know that I should have done more than throw it down and rush off wildly.

"The ring *is* false. I am off to Paris.—P. T."

Mr. Thornly read out the words in a perfect fury. "What does he mean?—what the deuce does he mean?" he cried.

"I can explain, Sir," said Diana's voice, calmly, while a scornful smile spread itself over her pale face. "Your son imagines I have deceived him about my diamonds, and he has left me; he declines the alliance."

"But this is scandalous."

"It is a little more than I expected, certainly. However, come, Mr. Thornly, let us return to the Hall; and at any rate let me vindicate my honor. Send for a jeweler, if you please."

Diana looked really dignified for once; and I think she was the only one of the bridal party who left the church with any thing like dignity. As for Blanche, she was terribly flushed, and kept squeezing my arm, whispering, "I thought this horrid marriage would never come off; and then poor Philip was so dreadfully hard-up!" She was the only one, I believe, who felt she might rejoice in Philip's escape at all hazards.

We were soon all assembled in the old Hall, with Diana, still in her bridal dress, unlocking her jewel-casket solemnly, and pompously delivering jewel after jewel into Mr. Thornly's hand, to be passed by him to the jeweler (who had been sent for) to be examined. The silence was great, the excitement equally so; and I really scarcely knew whether to consider Philip and myself as villains or fools when, after careful testing, the jeweler pronounced Diana Rowney to be a Queen of true and excellent Diamonds!

She waited till the man was out of the room, and then, turning her great eyes triumphantly upon us all, she said:

"This is not the first time I have gone through a similar scene. I know men will court me, as Philip Thornly has, for my diamonds; and this is the test I put them to. The ring I gave Philip *was* false. This, however, has been a case of 'diamond cut diamond.'" And then, without another word, she walked out of the room, and an hour after had left Thornly in the same carriage which was to have borne her away a wife.

I telegraphed the news to Philip—whom, I believe, his father disinherited on the spot—and retired myself immediately to my own lodgings.

The Queen of Diamonds had been too much for us; and, to use Philip's words, "there we were where we were before."

Fortunately for him, two of his good aunts died a few months after all this, leaving him their savings; whereupon he returned to England, and, I believe, contemplates Blanche again. Otherwise he would be at this moment vegetating, or, as Blanche says, "pining," at Boulogne.

GEORGE PEABODY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WE give on page 444 a sketch of the Birth-place of Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, the distinguished American banker of London, whose name has become a household word in England, on account of his princely benefaction to the London poor.

The house is located in the town of South Danvers, Massachusetts, on the "old Boston road," now Washington Street. The building, although at least one hundred years old, appears like the dwelling of a thrifty farmer of about twenty-five years ago. A barn of more antiquated appearance stands near by. The house is painted white, and is a prominent object of interest both to the citizens of this thriving town and to strangers. Mr. PEABODY's first large gift was the establishment, in this his native place, of a library, to which he contributed $100,000.

As a token of her appreciation of his gift to the poor of London, QUEEN VICTORIA, a short time since, addressed to Mr. PEABODY a letter conveying her special acknowledgment of his charity, and is now sitting for a portrait to be presented to him.

Mr. PEABODY is now in this country. It is said that his residence is so besieged by beggars of every description that he has been compelled to refuse admittance to all except such familiar friends as may venture to enter without the formality of ringing the door-bell.

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FENIANA.

I.

THE O'Mahony sate in an easy-chair
At the grand Head-Quarters in Union Square,
With rumpled hair
And an air
Of care,
And a gloomy glare
In his eye's fixed stare
As he gazed into vacancy, unaware
Of the luxuries rare
That surrounded him there.
There were mirrors in plenty and some to spare,
And the furniture—none of your common mohair—
Was brocaded and gorgeous beyond compare;
And every where,
From the foot of the stair
To the top of the roof where the flag-staff upbare
The emerald ensign of Erin the fair,
The house had been put in most thorough repair,
And the larder and cellar had each its share
Of edible and potable ware:
Not ill-cooked food to produce nightmare—
Not "*vin ordinaire*"—
But such sumptuous fare
As might satisfy aldermen feasting a may'r,
Or tempt e'en the Pope from his fasting and pray'r.
Yet the President's aspect was one of despair,
And his thoughts had wandered away elsewhere;
For the Fenian affair
Was quite "*en arrière*,"
And every thing "*à tort et à travers*."
The Senate had met and had sworn a swear
His financial functions to overbear,
And to oust himself from that easy-chair.
No wonder, then, that his face should wear
A look the reverse of debonair.

"Be the worrth o' me worrud! I vow and declare,"
Said he to himself, "it's remarkably quare,
Not to say unfair,
That thim beggarly blagyards iv Sinators dare,
In spoite o' me warnin,' to plot their nefarious schames the success of our cause to impair
By impeachin' meself. Let the thraitors beware
How they rouse up the Tiger (that's me) from his lair!
Though I'm bothered intoirely how to prepare
An adequate scare
That shall make them forbear
For the future to meddle or interfare
In matthers that don't appertain to their sphare.
They *won't* be abolished, nor own my vicarious power, and render my station precarious—Stay! May I ne'er
Become glory's heir
But I'll write to Jim Stephens a letther sevare,
Indorsin' meself and their plans layin' bare,
And ax him to thry to extinguish their flare."

So he wrote a note whose contents were:
"*Tres chèr*
Confrère,—
We're a wonderful pair—
I agent *in loco*, you centre in eyre—
And we've laid a snare
For the Saxon corsair;
And we've lighted up Erin as Liberty's phare
(Or will when we've found an *embarcadere*).
But I give you my word that there's no *savoir faire*
To be found in the lot
Of the colleagues I've got
On this side the Atlantic. A malcontent faction,
Whose action
Would drive to distraction
Any less earnest and virtuous patriot—
Is making a great riot,
Theat'ning to let all the fat in the fire land,
And play the Old Boy with the fortunes of Ireland.
They've recalled all my bonds, they've denied my authority,
And asserted their own senatorial priority,
And boldly assuming a *congé d'élire*,
Have vowed to cut short my triumphant career,
And depose me from office, appointing instead
One Roberts as President over my head.
Nay, more (to such rudeness you wouldn't give credit,
Unless you'd this proof of myself having said it),
They've called on poor Killian to show his accounts,
And are raising a row over trifling amounts
Disbursed by my order for house-rent and furniture
(Why wouldn't I use the right? Didn't I earn it, sure?)
Devil a cent
That we've spent
Or lent
But the villains have something to say anent.
To be brief, they've created, in country and city, schisms,
And given the papers occasion for witticisms.
So, whenever you've leisure,
I'd like, if you please, your
Emphatic assurance that I'm quite immaculate,
And that if they don't yield to my sway the whole pack you'll hate.
Hoping that soon your injunction you'll lay on, I
Remain yours fraternally,
(*Signed*) THE O'MAHONY."

* * * * * * *

Oh! 'tis quoite impressin' to be witnessin'
The crowd that's pressin' in the dirty sthrates,
As bowldly defyin' the British Lion
The Sinators hie in and take their sates;
An', bedad! 'twould alarm ye, if it didn't charm ye,
To hear of the army an' the privateers
That Ginaral Sweeny an' some naval Fenian
Is about convenin', with guns an' spears.

But whin they mintion the Fenian dissintion,
Oh! 'tis thin you'd thrimble for to hear with grief
Thim Boanarges a-preferrin' charges
Agin O'Mahony, their warlike chief,
An' that great civilian, B. Doran Killian,
Who conthrols each million that the coffers bear
(Sure of every sou he rasayed in St. Louis,
If what they say's thrue, he tuk the best o' care).
Abuse of *they* two their tongues they lay to:
What's more, they say, too, they can bring their proof.
Wid the way they're jeerin' if ye wor in hearin'
Ye'd be aisy fearin' that they'd roise the roof.
(Ye see, O'Mahony was afther sayin' he
Desired in Ireland to create turmoil;
While the Roberts faction finds more attraction
In immayjate action on Canayjan soil.)

Want of veracity, with incapacity
And foul rapacity, is the cry they rouse, and
Their rage is kindled, and they swear they're swindled,
For the funds is dwindled to "eleven thousand."
Of O'Mah'ny's "whist, oh!" sorra word they'll list to,
Though he puts his fist to a deludherin' tale;
An' they tell poor "Barney" to hould his blarney
Or they'll up an' sind the pair of 'em to jail.

* * * * * *

II.

As in your pre-amble you showed yourself lusty,
Again let us canter,* my Pegasus trusty!
The verse you're averse to I'll, versatile, alter:
Hibernian metre's an unstable halter,
Whose short two-foot tether
Has cribbed us together.
To pen you in suchwise might make you "ride rusty."
Unshod with the brogue, be your feet featly back sent:
Our shafts need no traces of Irish broad accent.

The O'Mahony sits in his chair of state;
And he feels that he's now in a desperate strait;
And he purses his lips and he scratches his pate
In search of a feasible plan
Whereby to renew Paddy's martial excitement,
And rouse the belief that at last there's a fight meant:
For he thinks to himself, "If I can't contrive
The public confidence to revive,
And keep the sale of my bonds alive,
I'll be a ruined man."
He looks very black, for he feels very blue,
And he says to Killian, "What'll we do?
I'm afther fearin', 'twixt me and you,
That we're like two *beets* in an Irish stew,
And sorra one o' me sees the way through.
Advise me, if you can."

Then up speaks Treasurer Barney D.,
And he says to his downcast chief, says he:
"Look here, old fellow,
There's Campo Bello,
A nate little island, convaynient of access,
That nayther to Saxon nor Yankee pays taxes:
A neutral ground for our canvas tints
And aisily captured with thrifling expinse,
Sign me a commission as Lieutenant-General—
Barrin' some powdher and muskets, our men are all
Ready to start by the very next train,
And display our might on the coast of Maine!"

"Arrah! Barney, you've hit it!" O'Mah'ny responds,
"'Tis yourself is a jewel, the devil a lie in it!
Maybe 'twould sind up our Fenian bonds;
Any way, honey, there's no harrum thryin' it!"

Like the monarch of France, of whose up-hill advance
A poet has told us the story,
Bold Killian sets out on his conquering route,
To add to Ould Ireland's great glory:
But, alas! like that same king of retrograde fame,
At Eastport he right about faces,
And leaving in peace Campo Bello's police,
His course to New York he retraces.
For though with all speed he's prepared for the deed,
The British somehow get there sooner;
And the Yankees make prize of his arms and supplies,
Which were sent on by sea in a schooner.

The astounded Head Centre one morning sees enter
The mansion that's named after Moffit
A turbulent pack, who have begged their way back,
And who, failing honor, want profit.
At first he says nay to their clamor for pay,
But when Walsh shuts the door to and locks it,
And bellicose Gaynor with furious "demaynor"
Produces a pistol and cocks it,
And all of them vow that they'll murther him now,
And as "swindler" and "imbecile" flout him,
He wisely retracts 'neath "the logic of facts,"
And hands over what cash is about him.

Tare an' ages! Murther an' ouns!
All through the country—in cities and towns—
There's a growl and a howl and a mighty uproar.
Never was heard such a tumult before!
The circles meet and the circles frown,
And they curse O'Mahony up and down.
They curse him living, they curse him dead;
They curse him at board and they curse him in bed.
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
They curse him in speech, and, where spoken words fail,
They curse him by telegraph, curse him by mail:
They curse him behind his back, curse to his face;
And when he endeavors to shift the disgrace
To Killian's mismanagement (though 'tis unfair of 'em),
Doubling their fury, they curse at the pair of 'em.
Donnybrook Fair on a magnified scale
Would be a mere trifle—a sprat to a whale—
Compared with the strife that is ev'rywhere rife,
The abuse and recrimination.
Pot Killian calls Kettle O'Mahony black,
And O'Mahony flings a "*tu quoque*" back,
And the Fenian masses, who've quite a knack
In the art of vituperation,
Rave and revile in a furious style;
While to add to the tribulation,
Stephens, the Brotherhood's recognized chief,
To whom the culprits have looked for relief,
Only brings them to further grief
By fresh denunciation:
He says they've been false to "the men in the gap;"
Finds "weakness" and "crime" in the recent mishap,
And lets O'Mahony understand
That the only course worthy of Ireland's approval
Is to put in writing "out of hand"
His own resignation and Killian's removal.

Roberts and Sweeny are blithe and gay
When they hear that their rivals are out of the way;
And they marshal retainers in goodly array
And bid them prepare with all haste for the fray:
"To death or to victory! Forward in order
To frighten the Blue Noses over the border!"

Sing, Muse of Battles! in tones loud and cheery,
The wonders of valor performed at Fort Erie!
How, led by O'Neill, the great Fenian host
Disperses a sentinel guarding the post;
How the Custom-house banner is dragged to the ground;
How the hen-roosts are captured for miles around.
Shout, Goddess! exultant, in honor of Spear,
The hero whose soul is impervious to fear,
Who o'er Canada's red hoists Hibernia's green
With his gallant army of seventeen!
But let your voices to a whisper sink
When you tell how the Erians homeward slink.
Let the record be made in invisible ink
Of the bloodless defeat
And the shameful retreat
Of the Celts ere the Saxon oppressor they meet.
Pass over in silence
That dreadful stampede,
And the peace-making vilence
Of General Meade.
How the Fenians' fervor is foully repressed;
How Sweeny, caught napping, is put in arrest;
How the carpet knight, Roberts, who scorns bond or bail,
Is a self-sainted martyr in Ludlow Street jail;
How Stephens is more than suspected, they say,
Of being a spy in Britannia's pay.
These things, O Muse! are unfitting your last strophe:
Leave to Grand Jurors the final catastrophe.
Pegasus halts at the sound of woe,
And in spite of our urging no further will go.
Be the Irish Republic consigned to the courts,
And its archives preserved in police reports.

* From plagiaristic intent I so far am
That "canter," I own, is "decantered" from Barham.
Of using it fond he's
When changing from spondees
To smooth anapestic (the measure that we're in)
If his Muse, like mine, have become hard of 'Erin.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"CRIME stalks abroad in the land." Murders are every day occurrences. Not the murder, under sudden provocation, of a single individual, but a new fashion, if we may so speak, seems to prevail. Whole families are slaughtered in cold blood—tragedies of unsurpassed horror follow each other in fearfully quick succession. But among all the awful records which have crowded the newspapers, none has sent such an indignant thrill of horror through the veins as the recent report that a *Presbyterian clergyman*, in our own State, had whipped his son, *not three years old*, so severely, *because he would not say his prayers*, that the child died two hours afterward. Furthermore, the minister—much religion has such a minister!—was *two hours* whipping the boy, who was indeed little more than a baby, using a *shingle* for the purpose!

This is more shocking than the murder of the Innocents by Herod of old. No circumstances can make such an act otherwise than in the highest degree atrocious! To force a child, by punishment, to *say his prayers sinors of barbaric ages*. It is stated that several of the child's fingers were broken, to conceal which the father tied its hands behind before placing it in the coffin. While physicians were making a *post-mortem* examination, this inhuman monster sat by, coolly watching the proceedings. It is said that he justifies his horrid deed, thinking it his *duty* to punish the child until his *will was broken!* And this poor little victim of a father's wrath, had, according to report, lost his own mother; and his step-mother, to say the least, does not appear to have objected to the punishment.

There are many fathers and mothers—unworthy the name of parents—who are habitually cruel to their children. It is not often, we are thankful, that extreme cases occur among the educated classes. But, wherever and whoever they are who do not know enough to treat children humanely, they should be locked after by some society analogous to that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A few years ago it was reported that a little girl of five years old was "*kept in*" by a teacher in one of our city schools for not knowing her lesson, until she was so exhausted that she fell into a prolonged fainting fit, which ended in her death. We believe some endeavor was afterward made to establish the fact that the little creature had not been well for some time previously. Very likely. And that would have been a good reason why she should have been tenderly dealt with, instead of being "*kept in*" to study. Helpless, dependent children often suffer more from mere thoughtlessness, carelessness, and neglect than most of us imagine.

The general health of the city, notwithstanding the heat, has been remarkable. The very few cases of cholera have been promptly reported, and attended to by the Board of Health. Almost without exception they resulted from special imprudence in diet, or extraordinary fatigue. There is good reason to believe that this disease, which has been so dreaded, will not prevail in our city. The prompt and efficient measures taken by the Board of Health for keeping the city clean have served a good purpose. We suggest, however, that all is not yet accomplished. On the western side of the city, somewhere in the vicinity of Thirty-ninth Street, there are still bone or fat boiling establishments, whose nauseous odors pollute the air. Some of these hot days scarcely a breath of air is stirring; and at evening, when a breeze springs up, we sit at the window rejoicing—when, faugh! there comes a disgusting smell from some of those nuisances. It is too bad to vitiate the fresh air which we all need, and might enjoy.

The Fourth of July—our nation's universal holiday—is undoubtedly made up, like ordinary days, of twenty-four hours. But with the *boys*, the "Glorious Fourth" commences about the first of June, and lingers along into the middle of July. Weeks before the great final "fizzing" crisis one can scarcely pass through the streets without being startled by the spluttering of "fire-crackers" on the right hand or on the left; and you may be thankful if they do not chance to be directly under your feet. And long after the grand exhibitions of the Fourth "Young America" chuckles over the unexploded supplies of torpedoes and small fire-works. It is estimated that several millions of dollars' worth of fire-works are consumed every year in celebrating "Independence Day."

Prices, for the most part, "keep up" in a very unsatisfactory manner for purchasers. Many articles cost as much to-day as they did when gold was up to 250. Yet house rents have really fallen. It is said that agents have turned over a new leaf, are as complaisant and polite as could be desired, and don't even object to "*children*."

The mercury lost itself away up among the eighties and nineties last week, and couldn't find its way down for some days. But at length, one morning, in the hitherto pitiless dome above, a little cloud appeared, scarcely bigger than a man's hand at first, but all through the day growing and spreading, until, at evening, huge black pillars loomed in the western sky, and amidst lightning and thunder descended the grateful showers. Thus ended our first heated term.

One of those inexplicable cases in physiology which sometimes occur to puzzle the doctors, was recently developed in the person of an old lady living in the city, who is eighty-one years old. Two days after her last birthday anniversary she was taken ill, and had some trouble with her head, but notably with her stomach. The difficulty increasing a physician was called in, who at once discovered an unusual development of the jaw. A closer examination revealed the fact that this old lady, who has progressed much further in her life's journey than to reach the traditional threescore and ten, had cut four new front teeth!

What a delightful place must Texas be to live in! It is stated that when General Gregory went to Texas he visited a lawyer at his office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie-knife, and gave it to the General. The General carefully examined it, laid it down, and said, "I desire to look at the laws of Texas." The lawyer replied, "*That* [the bowie-knife] is the laws of Texas. A few statutes have been passed. Nobody notices them. The only law used in *this* State, the only laws *here* noticed, referred to, and used are the bowie-knife. The rule is, at night, walk in the road with cocked revolver held forth; let no person come near you; if they do, shoot, and *kill* if you can. Any other plan will insure *your own* death."

The English Reviews and Journals have been quite exercised of late upon the style and cut of ladies' dresses. Some, with no very exalted opinion of the wearers, declare that the very low *corsage* is adopted for the sole purpose of display and to attract attention, and that each individual adopting it is necessarily immodest. We would rather believe—although it may not be very complimentary to the good taste or good sense of ladies—that they, for the most part, imitate the fashion without any consideration of what is involved by following it. They blindly follow their fickle, if not blind guide, and thus—unconsciously, we hope—fall into improprieties. But since certain modes of dressing are sure to expose ladies to the charge of immodesty, would they not do well to lay aside doubtful styles?

There is much truth in the brief quotation we give below:

"What are called the great afflictions of life are easier to bear than the small worries; it is positively less painful to die by a sword-thrust through the heart than by innumerable flights of Lilliputian arrows lodged in all parts of the body. Ridiculous and contemptible sorrows require a double portion of fortitude or insensibility. They have a poisonous quality, which is most injurious to the best natures."

The clergy of Edinburgh seem to consult their people with great freedom in regard to matters of dress. The ladies of the congregation of Dr. ——, in that city, lately determined to present the Doctor with a pulpit gown. The Doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church, "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I sha'n't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The Doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, Sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown." The Doctor said (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

There are many things pretty and new among the fashions reported from Paris. One of the pet novelties of the season is the small Marie Antoinette mantle. These mantles have the most stylish effect when made of the same material as the skirt, whether it be Chambéry gauze, silk, or muslin. If they are made of silk, they are trimmed either with pinked-out frills or with floss silk fringe; if they are of gauze, they are trimmed with ruches, or with blonde insertion lined with colored ribbons; but if muslin is the material of which they are composed, then they are ornamented with *bouillonnés* and white lace. These mantles are scarcely so long as a pelerine, as they do not pass below the waist; they are worn high on the shoulders, are open in front, and are crossed over the chest; they are then tied at the back in a bow with two loops. If they are made of a light thin material the bow is a simple one, but if the material is thick the ends are generally pointed.

There is a novelty in summer dress-materials which has been christened *Oriental silk gauze*. It is extremely pretty, and is a sort of Chambéry gauze, on which is traced a brocade of silk in brilliant and divers colors. This brocade forms a band at the edge of the skirt and round the *peplum*, which is usually sold with the style of dress. When this Oriental band is embroidered by hand it is still prettier and more brilliant.

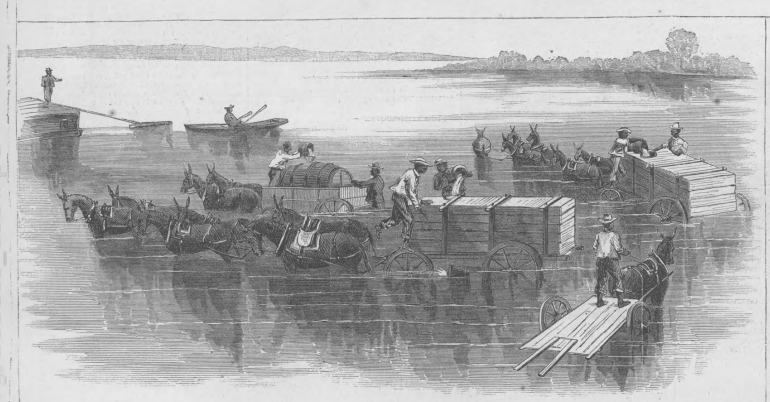
A mixture of black and white in almost every article of a lady's toilet is still very noticeable. At the present moment white paletôts are positively the order of the day in Paris, and they are invariably ornamented either with black guipure, braid, gimp, embroidery, or cross-cut bands, but always black. Petticoats are trimmed with narrow black velvet. The Empress follows the popular taste, and more frequently adopts a black and white dress than a colored one.

The French journals have been very proud of boasting of the superior humanity of the French laws over those of every other nation. Some horrible prison-houses, however, called the "Hells of the Bagne," have recently been brought to light. Hitherto the public have not known of their existence. These Hells of the Bagne consist of a number of subterranean cells hollowed out beneath the casemates of the fortifications of Toulon. They are just wide and long enough to contain the body of a full-grown man, who, if above the common height, has not sufficient room to stretch his legs. The convict is chained by the leg to a ring in the wall; his hands, crossed one over the other by a strong iron gyve above the wrist, remain in the same position during the whole time of his punishment, which extends to one, two, or three months, according to the gravity of the offense. He is forced to eat, to sleep, and act with his hands in the identical posture in which they were left by the blacksmith employed to rivet the double gyve on his entrance! No light is suffered to penetrate this "Hell," and only just sufficient air to prevent its miserable inmates from being suffocated. After a month or two of this punishment it seems that the man who has not meanwhile been conveyed either to the cemetery or the mad-house is found to have grown tractable as any sucking lamb.

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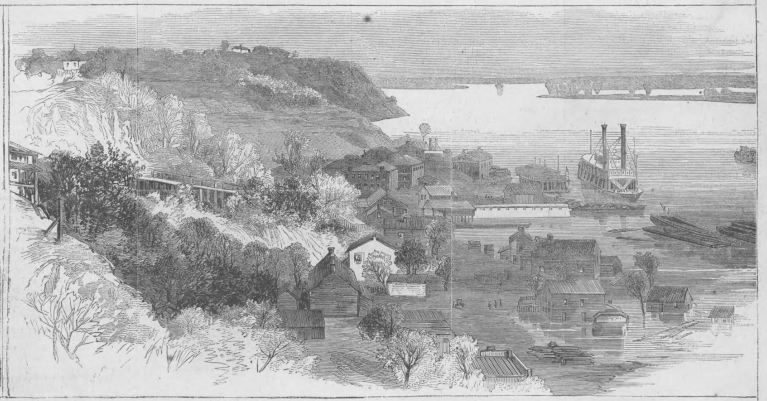
VICKSBURG, FROM THE OLD SPANISH FORT.



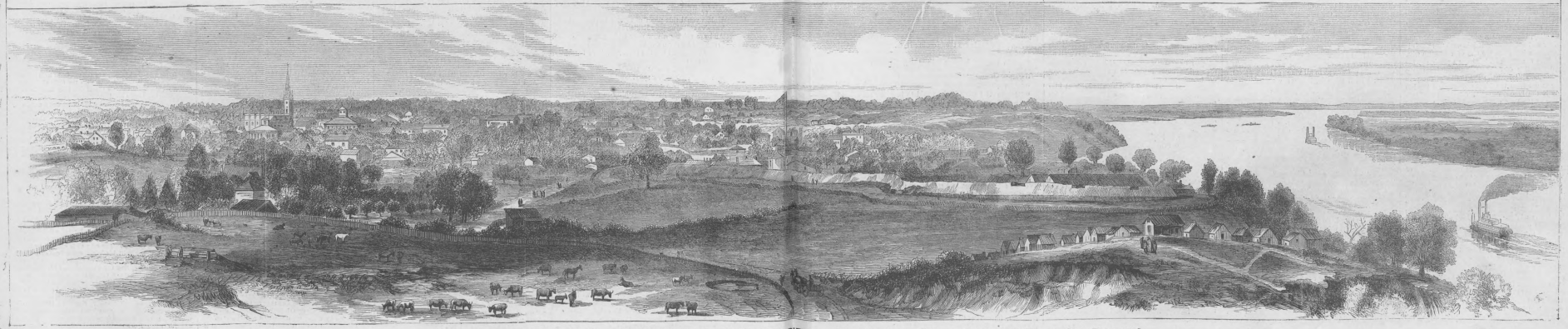
WATER-CARTS, VICKSBURG.



THE VICKSBURG MONUMENT—ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN GRANT AND PEMBERTON, JULY 4, 1863.



NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL.



NATCHEZ ON THE HILL, FROM THE MARINE HOSPITAL.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 442.]

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THE JUNE DREAM.

A garden in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt seabrine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours—
Regret her loving heart *must* bear,
But anguish has no portion there.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

VICKSBURG

is called the "City of Hills," but it would be equally appropriate to name it the City of Ravines. Built on one of the bluff formations of the Mississippi Valley, it presents a picturesque sight from the river and neighboring heights. The sketch is made from a hill once the site of a Spanish fort, and during the siege of Vicksburg a portion of the Confederate line of defenses. Prominent is the Court-house, still showing the marks of the peppering it got from the Yankees. Below the left façade is the house, formerly a bank, now headquarters of the Freedmen's Bureau. To the right is a flag-staff and a fort, the highest in the line, and where "Whistling Dick"—a gun well known to the Union army—had its eyrie. Another flag-staff, away to the left of the picture, shows the headquarters of the commander of the Department, that fine old warrior, General WOOD. Negro-huts dot the middle distance, while to the right the river stretches off into the distance, showing a little of the opposite shore, where GRANT camped a large portion of his army and tried to make a canal.

The trees and gardens of Vicksburg give it a delightful appearance. Choice flowers and shrubs flourish almost spontaneously, blossoming even through the winter. As it rained all the time I was there I can testify to the superior capabilities of the soil in the matter of mud. At other times the inhabitants say the dust is unbearable, which, indeed, is the case in all the Mississippi towns and cities. Capacious culverts are there to carry off the water, but for all that it cuts ravines through the roads, and occasionally renders the streets impassable. One block from the Washington Hotel there was a gully cut through the street by the rain, ten or twelve feet deep. The Post-office and a number of stores and houses were flooded by leaky roofs, without, however, disturbing the equanimity of the owners to any degree.

Vicksburg is governed about as badly as Memphis. The city government, like that of Memphis, is in the hands of foreigners, the police being among the worst specimens. All but one or two of the City Council are foreign-born, and so is the Mayor. The abuses of the New York city government all exist here, but upon a meaner and more ruffianly scale. Nothing is apparently too dirty or mean for these police; for instance, they are constantly arresting negroes on the plea of vagrancy, fining them, and letting them go; or, if they have no money, hiring them out till it is earned. Often, however, the colored man pays the fine and says no more about it. Good joke, when you think of it—vagrants paying fines! This is a trick which I find the police and constables every where play upon the negroes. If they suspect they have money they take them up and let them off again (often without examination), on black mail.

Of real beggars—negroes—I have seen none. There may be such; but all the beggars I have met were white. As slaves the negroes were bred to have few wants, and wages being good, they find it easy to satisfy them. Ignorant and used to forced labor, it is hardly to be wondered at that they love to indulge their ease, although it would be better for the country and themselves if they would work more. The Bureau is doing all it can in this department to attach them to regular labor, and a number of planters have acknowledged to me that it was an advantage to them. As an instance of the appreciation for it of the intelligent men of the South—those who wish to see their country prosper again—I may mention the case of a district above Vicksburg, where a previous officer of United States Volunteers has been engaged by the planters themselves, there being no agent of the Bureau there, to remain to the end of the year, they agreeing to pay him three thousand dollars for his services, under the rules of the Freedmen's Bureau, being a practical recognition of its usefulness in keeping the contracting parties to their duties. It is true, however, that this is an exceptional case. The majority of the people are bitterly opposed to the institution, many still hoping to yet establish a harsher system, if not one of actual slavery, as soon as the troops shall be withdrawn and the States in full possession of their former civil rights. If these men ever prevail it will only cause much trouble in the future; and it does appear as if the Government was moving too hastily in the withdrawal of the troops. It would have been decidedly better to let them remain till a calmer and more settled feeling ruled the inhabitants of the South.

The black soldiers in Vicksburg do not enjoy altogether amicable relations with the white soldiers, and with the police it is worse. They, being Irish, hate them. While I was in Vicksburg I saw several small *émeutes* with the police, for which they were most to blame. One evening a policeman proposed to arrest a negro soldier for being too noisy outside the theatre. The negro claimed that he had no authority. The policeman then drew a pistol and ordered the soldier to march to the station-house, and on his refusing shot him through the neck, inflicting a probably mortal wound. The white soldiers, probably a little influenced by "fire-water," occasionally undertake to push the colored volunteers off the sidewalk. This generally causes a row, in which the negroes usually get the best of it. The people are much opposed to the possession of arms by the negroes, and they have shown, as at Memphis, that they will, if made desperate by persecution, use them.

There was, during my stay in Vicksburg, a Masonic procession, several Union officers participating. A gentleman on the sidewalk audibly expressed his disgust that d——d Yankees should be permitted to join the procession.

Your artist was severely taken to task by the ladies for holding up the Southern ladies to ridicule in pictures. The only defense open to that luckless citizen being, that if all the Southern ladies had exercised that dignity to which they have laid claim there would have been less chance to exhibit them in any light compromising their pride and self-importance.

NATCHEZ.

Having already sketched Natchez under the Hill, to make sure of it before the Mississippi had washed it into its bosom, the next thing was to take the picture of the more aristocratic portion on the bluff. So numerous are the trees and gardens that it is difficult to see much of the buildings from any point. This view from the cupola of the Marine Hospital is probably the best.

The River is a prominent as well as necessary part of the picture, as in all views of cities upon its banks. Then there is the Fort, with its inclosed buildings, surrounded by a ditch and palisade; and in front of that a knoll covered with tents, occupied, I believe, by white troops. On the left the Catholic Church is most noticeable. The Market-house, the Episcopal and other churches, can also be made out by the initiated. Natchez on the Hill was always claimed to be a very aristocratic place—in fact, the most select upon the river. As far as my observation goes it is clean, healthy, and pleasant, and appears to be more orderly than towns higher up the river. There is an ordinance against the opening of stores and places of business upon Sunday—so you do not meet a flaunting saloon on every square wide open to the street, as the custom is in so many places in Louisiana. The air of Sabbath stillness in the city of Natchez was very grateful after seeing how little the decent observance of that day obtained in other places upon the river. A number of gaps exist in the streets of Natchez, where houses have been burned, giving some parts of it a ruined appearance—probably the effects of private incendiarism, as Natchez has not suffered from any battles being fought near it, although it got bombarded once by the fleet, owing to the folly of some citizens who fired upon a boat which came ashore for ice. It is needless to state that the rapscallions who perpetrated that outrage were not property-owners, and if the inhabitants had been wise they would have given them up to the commander of the naval force. It was such tricks as this which brought destruction upon so many of the finest places along the river; although, if you ask a citizen of those parts why it happened, the answer is sure to be to the effect that it was all done in wantonness. The responsibility is mainly with those high-spirited young men who staid away from the army to indulge in a little safe shooting from behind the bushes. Of course it is not to be denied by an impartial witness that many cases occurred where no excuse existed for destruction.

Along the edge of the bluff—a fine cliff of about 150 feet in height—the city of Natchez has reserved a strip of land, fenced in and planted with trees—a delicious place for a walk at sundown in the fresh breeze, and affording a fine view of the river, stretching away to the right and left till it disappears in the bends.

The river has been so high here that, on the other side, the deer have been driven from their accustomed coverts to the levee, and in one place some twenty lay rotting where they had been shot in mere wantonness.

SUNDAY DUEL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The last Sunday your artist was in New Orleans he selected several scenes illustrative of the day, the first being a duel, to which he was hurried out at four o'clock in the morning. This was fought at the Half-way House, on the usual ground, such little settlements being by no means uncommon in the Crescent City, although but seldom reported for the news columns of the daily papers. This one was not mentioned or noticed in any way, although known to a good many folks before the day was out. The challenger was the husband of an actress at the French Opera-House. She—young, pretty, and married but three weeks—had already caused him to regard with jealousy a young actor named HIPPOLYTE—hence the challenge. After the usual preparations the first shots were fired at fifteen paces, without results; the husband—who used his left hand, the right arm being disabled in some former duel—advanced a little, and another round followed with equally ungratifying (?) results. Infuriated husband approached still nearer, and at the third fire went down, shot through the leg. His opponent, clapping both hands on his head, fell insensible immediately after, as if struck through the brain; it was, however, but the effect of his horror at, as he supposed, having killed his man—the latter meanwhile declaring that he would have another round. It was sufficiently dramatic; and experts declared the men to have acquitted themselves very creditably. So the event proved an excellent topic for breakfast, and was revived with fresh interest at intervals throughout the day; the jealous husband meanwhile gnashing his teeth over his wounded leg and disappointed revenge—a beautiful instance of the utility of dueling!

A. R. W.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I *was* awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do any thing that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read any thing; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burned his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why can not he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment! Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortices, right hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh happy months when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing! My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said,

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be!"

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle any thing."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know any thing of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play any thing. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play any thing if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, force, and exactness.

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"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so too."

How I practiced, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk: it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh, that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began — harsh, inharmonious, out of tune — I know not why or how; but as it progressed a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit, seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear Madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you!"

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for any thing!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was! and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played she sang. Oh, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

UNFORGOTTEN.

SWEET Lady mine, the faded rose
Is often dearer than the flower
Fresh-gathered; so each memory grows
More precious since the parting hour:
And all Love's artist-hand can give
Of glowing tint and tender shade
Is with me, that your face may live
In colors that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,
Though all the room is lone and bare;
And oft at eventide I hear
Your phantom footstep on the stair;
A presence in the gathering gloom
Thrills all my pulses with delight,
And seems to glorify the room
With loveliness denied my sight.

And little reck I that long miles
Of smiling lands and foamy sea
Divide us; love at distance smiles,
And holds the willing winds in fee;
And every wind that racks the clouds,
Or gently moulds them in the blue,
Bears love-thoughts in tumultuous crowds,
Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT day Lily and Primrose had gone out to the work-shop to inspect the boxes and see how the new tools looked by daylight, when Clover came running out, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Now just listen! only do but listen!" she said, holding up a little sheet of pink paper. "Here's a note from Maria Jarvis, to ask us to spend a *whole* day with her—it's to be to-morrow, and mamma says we may go."

"Splendid!" cried Lily; "was that what kept you so long?"

"Yes," said Clover, "for I had to write an answer, you know; and that took me a good while."

"But you hadn't any pink paper," said Lily, taking the note.

"No; but mamma says she thinks white is quite as pretty."

"I don't," said Lily. "What a nice note! Oh, isn't it charming!"

"Yes," said Clover; "and I think we can learn so much about flowers, because they have so many. So Maria told me, that day at the Jordans."

"'Chestnut Hill,'" said Lily, studying the note.

"Yes, we've never been that way," said Clover, "because the winter road's so bad; and the family were away too. But mamma says it's a mile or two beyond Hiccory Corner, so it's at least six or eight from here. Mamma don't know exactly."

"The farther the better," said Lily. "I'd like to get *ever* so far from home, for once."

"Why, Lily!" exclaimed Primrose. "And from mamma, and all?"

"Just for once," Lily repeated. "To see how it feels. Clover, I do think we're the happiest children! There were the tools last night—our dear tools, and here's this to-day. And I dare say something will come to-morrow—our seeds, maybe."

"Oh no! *they* won't be here for several days," said Clover.

"I would not expect them for at least a week more," said Sam, who came in just then.

"But why?" said Lily.

"It takes so long for letters to go and for answers to come. And then a seedsman must serve his customers in regular order; and there might have been fifty names down in his book before yours got there, and then there would be fifty packages of seed to send off before he could send yours."

"Fifty people wanting seeds!" said little Primrose, with whom the world seemed to be all turning to gardens at once.

"Ay, and a good many fifties!" said Sam, laughing. "Never mind, Prim, the fifty-first parcel will have its turn."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "do you know we're going away to-morrow?"

"I have heard. There—that box is about finished."

"And, Sam," said little Primrose, eagerly, "if we go way beyond Hiccory Corner, don't you think we might stop just *one* minute for the watering-pots?"

"Doubtless," replied Sam, "or three minutes. Perhaps a minute for each watering-pot will not be too much. Now, young ladies, I have done my part toward your green-houses, or window-boxes, or whatever you choose to call them, you must do the rest."

"You haven't told us what to do yet," said Lily.

"These boxes," replied Sam, "have, you perceive, a sloping top made of glass. You will also observe that the panes of glass are movable. Now when the boxes are in use the sloping roof must be turned toward the sun, so as to get the light and heat. But if the heat becomes *too* great—in a very warm day, for instance—then a pane of glass can be lifted, so—or taken quite off, to give the plants fresh air."

"What a beautiful contrivance!" said Clover.

"But the seeds aren't to be planted just in the box, are they?" said Primrose.

"Ah!" said Sam, "that brings us to another branch of the subject. But you must come to another work-shop for that."

So Sam laid down his hammer and led the way to another little outhouse, which seemed to be for the express purpose of holding every thing that would not go any where else. Odds and ends of all sorts were piled up and strewed about; and among the rest there stood a great box of earth and a quantity of flower-pots.

"Learned people do say," observed Sam, "that beginners should never plant their seeds in pots; but when nothing else can be had beginners must do as best they can."

"What should they use?" said Lily.

"Shallow boxes or pans. But, as I said, these must do. Here are the pots all ready, you see, and here is the beginning of the earth you want to fill them."

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "I should think that was earth enough to fill a thousand flower-pots!"

"Yes, and more too," said Lily. "Pretty large beginning, *I* should think."

"But the thing is," said Sam, "that there isn't earth here to fill *one* flower-pot—not of the right kind. This is only sand and old sifted manure. It wants earth, common earth out of the garden, and some vegetable mould out of the woods; and we can not get either till the ground thaws a little, so it's just as well the seeds are not here."

"Sam, what is vegetable mould?" said Clover.

"The earth made by decayed leaves and wood."

"What's the use of mixing so many things together?" said Lily. "It's a great deal of trouble."

"It will be some to me, for I must get the mould from the woods myself," said Sam; "but the use is, that plants grow better, just as you would not thrive half so well upon bread alone, or one kind of meat, as you do upon meat and bread and vegetables and fruit."

"Why, do plants eat?" said little Primrose.

"Of course they do; and they're almost as different in their eating as people are. Some are called 'gross feeders,' because they eat every thing before them—'exhaust the soil,' as gardeners say; some can not grow very near other plants, because they want so much; or perhaps those other plants are 'gross feeders,' and starve them out. Some must be constantly supplied with the richest soil, others pick up a living any where and any how. Some must have sand, some demand clay; some are always thirsty, others like dry weather; and some do nothing but drink for one part of the year, and then never touch a drop all the rest."

"Oh, Sam!" said Clover, "it's perfectly delightful!"

"Then I guess I'll have to be careful with my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Because I might water something that would not like it at all!"

"Not many garden plants are so *very* particular," said Sam. "You'll see some of the notional ones in Mr. Jarvis's green-house to-morrow."

"Sam," said Clover, "are all these notions, as you call them, derived—I mean do they all come—just as the tender and hardy and half-hardy nature, from the native country of the plant?"

"*I* think," said Sam, "that it's the nature of the plant that makes its native country, or its native soil. Plants are made to be just so notional, I think, so that some one of them may grow on every spot of earth—hot or cold, wet or dry, rich or poor. We put all sorts together in a garden, and they live and flourish there after a fashion; but left to itself, each wild plant chooses its home. The seeds of water-plants will not open on the dry land, nor those of land-plants in the wet; and in the woods, where all places look so much alike to us, you will find one sort of flower blooming here and another there; and maybe not a second patch of either kind within half a mile. Now there are, for instance, two kinds of squirrel-cups—one variety chooses to grow on the north side of hills and ridges, and the other almost always on the south side.

"Oh, what are squirrel-cups?" said Primrose.

"Dear little early spring flowers—you'll see by-and-by, when we've had a little mild weather. I saw a pretty thing of that sort—talking of notions," Sam went on—"when I was at Thornbrake. There was a beautiful wild flower in the woods there, called the chimaphila; but it never grew any where but in the woods, under the pine-trees, and would not live in the garden at all. Well, three or four years before, Mr. Austin had set out a young silver pine on his lawn; and at last it was growing well. And now a little bunch of chimaphilas had suddenly come to establish themselves at the foot of this one tree, standing there on the lawn all by itself. There they grew and bloomed in its shade."

"But, Sam," *how* did they come?" said Primrose, very much interested.

"Ah! that I can't tell you," said Sam. "Some seed may have been dropped there, or have lodged in the tree roots when it was dug up. But I suppose you might have planted bushels of chimaphila seed under any other tree on the lawn, and not one would have come up."

"Sam," said Lily, suddenly, "don't you think pink note-paper is a *great* deal more elegant than white?"

"Pink note-paper!" ejaculated Sam; and by way of answer, he caught up Primrose to his shoulder, and rushed out of the old shed and along the gravel-walks at full speed to the house. Lily and Clover followed, laughing and out of breath.

"Now, Sam! what did that mean?" said Lily, when he had set Primrose down in the sitting-room at her mother's side.

"It means—Good-afternoon!" said her brother, walking off demurely.

"Well," said Lily, "I guess it's just as good he's gone, for you know, Clover, we've got to lay out our things for to-morrow. Mamma, what frocks shall we wear?"

"Mamma," said little Primrose, "if we go through Hiccory Corner, may we go just a *little* earlier, so as to get the watering-pots? Three minutes would do, Sam said."

"Did Sam say that?" asked Mrs. May, smiling; "I think he was greatly mistaken."

"No, mamma, not just that—Prim didn't understand," said Clover. "Sam said three minutes would not be too much. And oh, mamma, he's been telling us such beautiful things! where plants grow, and all that—the differences between them. Mamma, do you think King David knew a great deal about flowers?"

"His son Solomon did," said Mrs. May. "I don't know how it was with David. Why, love?"

"I thought he might," said Clover, blushing and hesitating a little. "You know, mamma, what he wrote: 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.' And Sam was telling us such wonderful things. No one could have arranged it all but God."

"'He hath made every thing beautiful in his time,'" answered her mother. "'He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains, and herbs for the food of man.' 'O Lord my God, thou art very great!'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—Jews.

THE TIME O' DAY.—An Irishman of our acquaintance, with a leaning for potheen, being asked what part of the day he liked best, answered, without hesitation, the "still" hours of night.

A witty Doctor of Divinity, whose physicians had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, demurred, on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

LIGHT AS HAIR.—A friend of ours who has a comic vein, describes the method of dyeing hair the fashionable color as the carotid art-cry.

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING HER SING A POPULAR SONG.

You "wish you were a bird!"
Pray, don't be so absurd.
A girl of your size and age
Wouldn't like to be in a cage,
And fed on canary seed—
A fine bird you'd make, indeed;
How would you like to be
Obliged to live in a tree,
Holding on by your feet,
With flies and worms to eat?
I'm sure you'd get no rest,
Tucked up in a nasty nest.
You'd never have new things,
But be always dressed in wings:
Out in all sorts of weathers,
And not even a change of feathers
How would you manage to speak,
With such a ridiculous beak?
Or to eat without ricking your neck,
Bobbing up and down for a peck?
And as for wanting to fly
Round about in the sky,
Rubbish! it's all my eye!
Do leave off being absurd,
And wishing to be a bird.

The very polite Lord Chesterfield happened to find himself in company with the Countess of Huntingdon and Mrs. Macaulay. Lady Huntingdon, with her usual zeal, endeavored to introduce the subject of serious religion, and declared herself to be a very shocking miserable sinner, which gave his Lordship the much wished-for chance of retiring. He rose, made a most profound bow, and retired with these characteristic words: "I never yet was in any room or company where I could stay and hear the excellent Lady Huntingdon abused. I am therefore under the immediate necessity of bidding your Ladyship good-morrow. Mrs. Macaulay, your most obedient."

A landlady, who had some very weak chicken broth for dinner the other day, was asked by one of her boarders if she couldn't coax that chicken to wade through that soup once more!

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—At the next Meeting of the Horticultural Society a Paper will be read "On the Coolness of the Cucumber."

WASTE PAPER.—Diplomatic Notes.

A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

"Oh! get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

The young ladies of Swamptown have passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Swamptown, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

A recent lecturer on common law says that, according to that code, "a woman when she married lost her identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam."

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as mind; but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed:

"You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

A young chap residing not far from Red River, where high-water, with loss of fences, etc., has been the latest excitement, hearing some one remark that Herod the Great reigned thirty-seven years, "Aunt Mary," he asked, "don't you reckon that raised the river?"

A justice in an Eastern town, better versed in law than Gospel, not long since married a couple in this way: "Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all—fee one dollar."

The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

A New Bedford Friend recently explained to her new domestic, that washing day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day! Not she.

An Irishman, giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me, when I got up, was two brickbats."

Sydney Smith, in writing to a friend, said, "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins—would they were once removed!"

"Do you suppose that you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply; "I have done a great many landlords."

After rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask you if you'll have a *fresh* roll for breakfast, is certainly very irritating.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as a pig remarked when contemplating the kink in his tail.

Why should there be no free seats in a church?—Because you ought not to be made *good for nothing*.

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RESIDENCE OF MRS. VAN LEW.

AMONG the many points of interest to be shown to every Union man visiting Richmond there is, perhaps, no one more deserving of notice than the one selected for illustration on this page. The late war called forth many heroic characters, whose deeds have been proclaimed through the civilized world; but there are many whose works, although unobtrusive, and hitherto unheralded, have been such as to do honor to the American name—indeed, to the human race; and of that noble band we know of none more deserving of a nation's gratitude and applause than the estimable lady and her daughter who form the subject of these remarks. As long as a FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE or a GRACE DARLING are remembered with love and respect by all possessing a human heart the names of MRS. VAN LEW and her daughter will be treasured.

Every Union soldier who has ever pined in the prisons of the Libby or Belle Isle will remember well and bless the very sight of these names; but for the benefit of the general reader it may be well to state who and what they are.



VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN VAN LEW, ON CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

MRS. VAN LEW, now an aged lady, is the widow of Mr. JOHN VAN LEW, a wealthy hardware merchant of Richmond, who died, much respected and lamented, in September, 1843, after a very long residence in that city. The estimation in which he was held in that community can best be gleaned from the following obituary notice, clipped from one of the leading Richmond papers of that day:

"He sunk to rest lamented by a large circle of friends, and will long be remembered alike for his useful and well-directed energies as a citizen, and for the goodness and charities of his heart. His good deeds had a reward here, but 'in the rising blossom promise more.'"

MRS. VAN LEW and her family, consisting of a son and a daughter, succeeded to large property by the energy and enterprise of her deceased husband. She is the descendant of an old Huguenot family, and is understood to have representatives, on both father's and mother's side, in the old Revolutionary War. She was always one of those who held the most intense—indeed, almost romantic—attachment to the Union of these States; and the principles she ever entertained toward her country have been profitably instilled into her no less zealous and enthusiastic daughter.

The situation of two ladies so situated during the war, and among a whole community entertaining opinions well known to be perfectly hostile to their own, is such as few in the North can even imagine. The few prominent Southern men which the war revealed of the stripe of ANDREW JOHNSON of Tennessee, PETIGRU of South Carolina, JOHN MINOR BOTTS of Virginia, TALLIAFERRO of Louisiana, CHARLES ANDERSON (late Governor of Ohio), and A. J. HAMILTON, both of Texas, are beacon-lights of high moral and physical courage that will go down to history as heroes. But what estimate shall be put upon the moral courage of *Woman* when subjected to similar dangers, trials, and social proscription? Perched on their quiet and ostracized homestead, on the summit of Church Hill, overlooking the turbulent sea of frenzied passions rolling beneath their feet, there were oftentimes when these brave ladies—for merely being known to be antagonistic to the destruction of their whole country, and administering to the necessities of those who had bled and suffered in its defense—were in imminent personal peril. They were the subjects of constant espionage, and the most slanderous abuse in the public papers. They were constantly receiving the most threatening anonymous letters; their friends of long years' standing deserted them as they would lepers; and "men" have been even known to shake the forefinger upbraidingly in their faces on the public street.

How far public feeling in Richmond ran against them during the war can best be seen by the one or two following extracts from the public papers, taken from a number of similar ones:

"SOUTHERN WOMEN WITH NORTHERN SYMPATHIES.—Two ladies, mother and daughter, living on Church Hill, have lately attracted public notice by their assiduous attentions to the Yankee prisoners confined in this city.... The largest human charity can find ample scope in kindness and attention to our own poor fellows who have been stricken down while battling for our country and our rights. The Yankee wounded have been put under charge of competent surgeons and provided with good nurses. This is more than they deserve and have any right to expect; and the course of these two females in providing them with delicacies, buying them books, stationery, and paper, can not but be regarded as an evidence of sympathy amounting to an indorsation of the cause and conduct of these Northern Vandals."

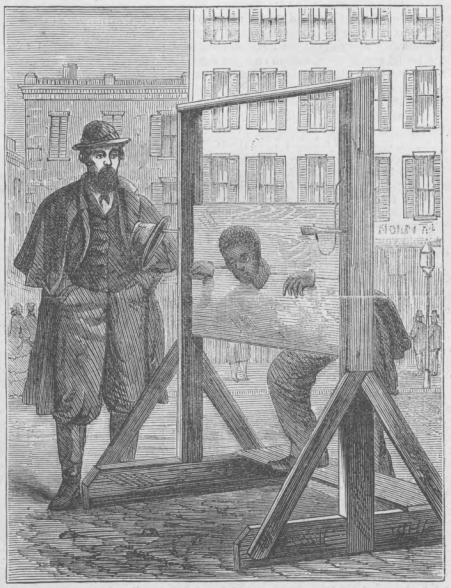
Another paper, after the grossest personal abuse of them, says:

"If such people do not wish to be exposed and dealt with as alien enemies to the country, they would do well to cut stick while they can do so with safety to their worthless carcasses."

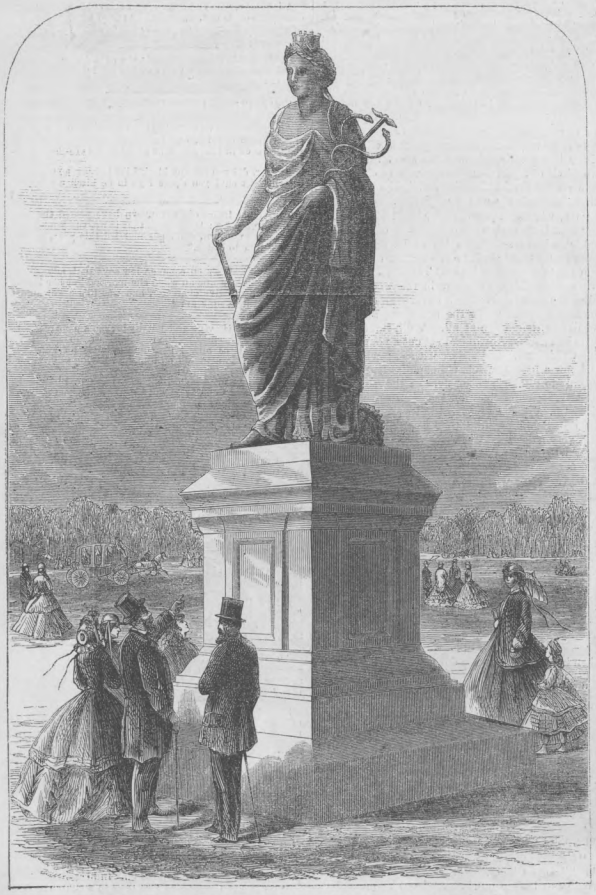
How the writers of such paragraphs, if still living, must blush at a reperusal of them in calmer and more sober moments! To them, most assuredly, can not be applied the poet's magnificent boast that they never penned

"One word which, dying, they would wish to blot."

These ladies are now living in most peaceful retirement, and spending their means—painfully reduced through the war—as they have always done, in quiet acts of individual charity. Their home is a perfect picture of rural beauty—as lovely a spot



NEGRO IN STOCKS—A SCENE IN FLORIDA.—[SEE PAGE 446.]



STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 446.]

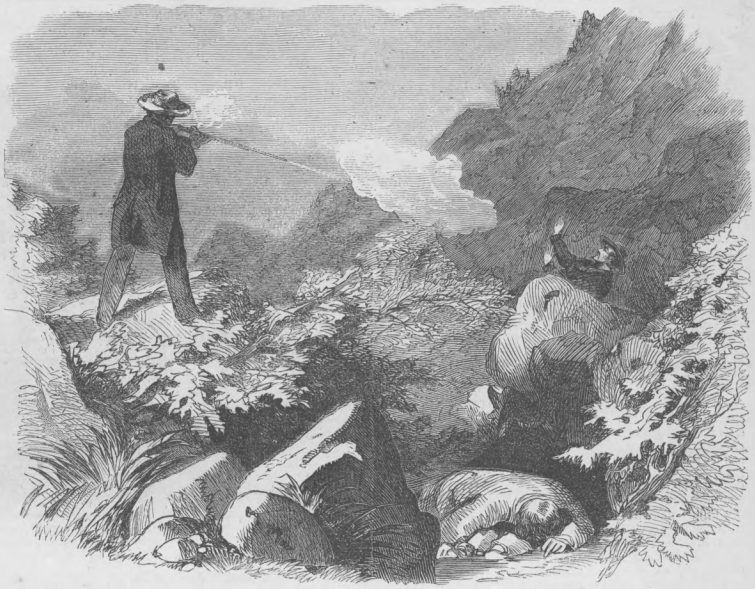


BIRTH-PLACE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY, AT SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.—SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG. [SEE PAGE 438.]

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STEPHEN VENARD, THE NEVADA DETECTIVE.



"VENARD SENT A BALL CRASHING THROUGH HIS BRAIN."

as is to be seen about Richmond, prolific as it is in beautiful sites. From its spacious gardens, exquisitely terraced along the declivity on which it is perched, a sublime and spacious view of the winding James is embraced, extending all the way to Drury's Bluff; while the magnificent shade trees, cool alcoves, and rich lawns present, in summer, one of the most tempting and delicious resorts it is possible to conceive.

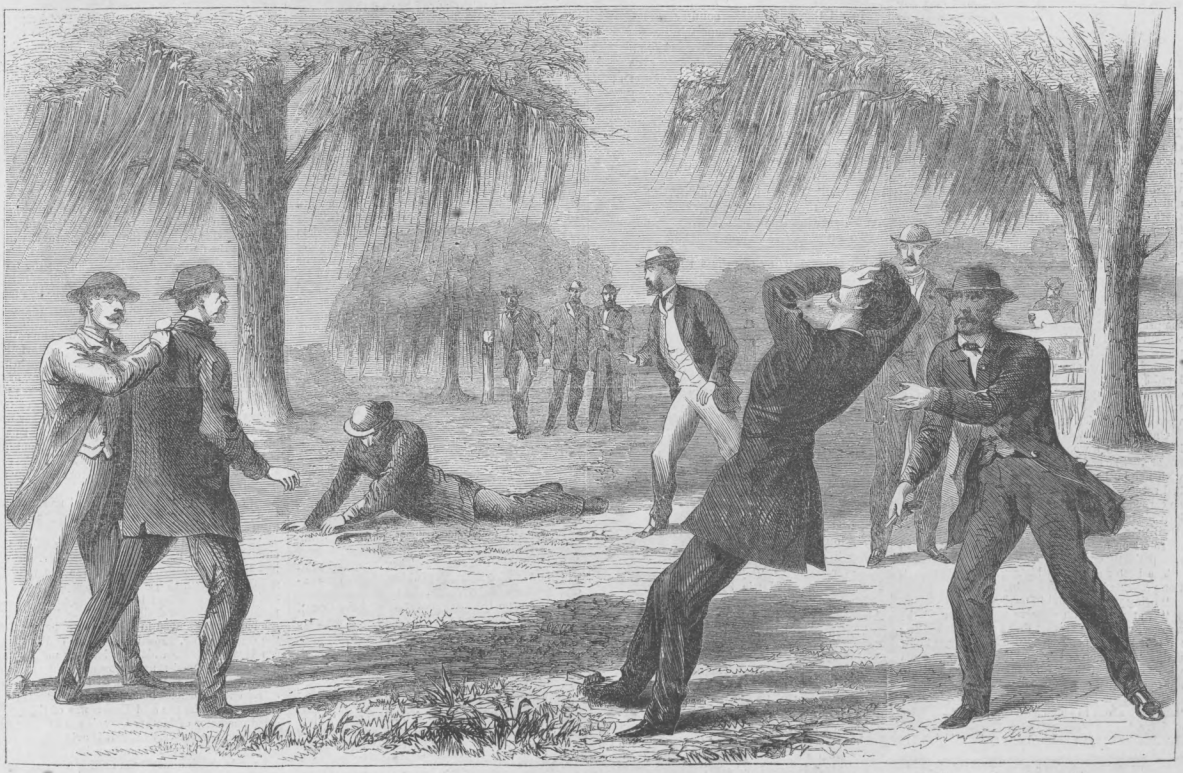
AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

THE subject of this sketch, STEPHEN VENARD, was born at Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, in 1824. He was once elected Marshal of Nevada City, California, and for several years past has been a policeman at that place, in which occupation he acquired an enviable reputation as a man of courage, nerve, and judgment in every thing pertaining to the ferreting out and capture of desperadoes, such as infest the mining localities of California. But it was on the fifteenth day of May last that VENARD succeeded in accomplishing one of the most daring exploits that have ever been recorded.

Nevada County, famous for the productiveness of its gold mines, has for years past been infested with a number of daring highwaymen, and scarcely a day passed but that the papers chronicled some robbery on travelers, and not unfrequently the stages plying between the mountain towns were stopped, and express treasure and passengers robbed of thousands of dollars. These "road agents," as they were called, collected more toll than the toll-keepers, and they made toll roads of free roads.

At four o'clock on the morning of May 15, as the San Juan stage was within five miles of Nevada, three men armed with revolvers appeared in front of the horses and ordered the driver to halt. The passengers, eight in all, were compelled to get out of the stage, searched for their arms, marched to one side of the road, and were guarded by two of the bandits who covered the party with their revolvers. WELLS, FARGO, & Co. had $8000 in treasure on board, which was in an iron safe, built in the coach under the driver's seat. This safe they attempted to break open with a sledge but failed. They then used powder, and after trying twice, succeeded in blowing the safe open. After taking out the treasure they ordered the passengers to get in and the driver to drive on. In thirty-two minutes from the time of starting the stage arrived at Nevada City, and the news of the robbery was made known. By six o'clock Sheriff GENTRY, VENARD, and four others started for the spot, which was on the down grade near Black's Bridge, on the South Yuba. The party divided in order to scour the country. VENARD, and a man named LEE, found the trail of the robbers, which seemed likely to lead to another road crossing the Yuba, about three miles below the road above-named. LEE went back to take their horses around to the other road, and give information to others of the party if he should see the robbers, and of the course they appeared to be taking. VENARD followed the trail alone till it struck the Yuba, near the mouth of Myers's Ravine. On examination he found that the robbers had not crossed the river or the ravine. The face of the country at this point was exceedingly rocky and precipitous and rapid progress was impossible. VENARD was impressed with the fact that he was in the vicinity of their retreat and proceeded cautiously. With his sixteen-shooter rifle (HERRZ's patent) in his hands cocked, he stepped a few feet above him on a rock. Huge rocks were above and around him, and smaller ones between. An opening or fissure in the latter led to the larger ones, and sitting at the base of the latter, and within 14 feet of him, he saw two of the robbers. Their eyes were upon him, their hands even grasping their revolvers. Not a second was to be lost, and to attempt to retreat was death. VENARD had no wish to retreat and no desire to die, and so he shot one of them through the heart. The second robber slipped into a cleft in the rocks, while his hand and pistol showed over the top, pointing at VENARD. The latter had his trusty rifle at his shoulder, aimed at the very spot where he anticipated the robber's head would appear in order to take aim. The instant his head came partly above the rocks VENARD sent a ball crashing through his brain. And here was another wonderful instance of coolness.

VENARD was aware that there was still another close by, and for aught he knew might be concealed behind some rocks and might fire upon him at any moment. He was alone. None of his comrades were within a mile of him. The thought flashed into his mind that if he should retreat from his position the third robber (and for aught he knew there might be half a dozen left yet) might take the treasure and escape with it, in which case he might be charged with murdering two innocent men. Acting upon this thought he went to the spot where the men were shot and found the treasure—the best evi-



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS—DUEL AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

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dence of their guilt. Taking this and their revolvers he hastily covered them with some leaves near by. He then proceeded with cautious steps up a steep point on the other side of a torrent of water that was pouring down the ravine to discover, if possible, the remaining robber. About 100 yards above he saw him clambering up the almost inaccessible side of the mountain. He fired, and the man fell for an instant, and then continued on his way. Another shot and the robber stopped his course, stared at VENARD a moment, and then his head fell, and his body rolled down the hill about forty feet.

Shortly after this Sheriff GENTRY and his party arrived, the dead bodies were visited, and the bags of money brought to Nevada and delivered to WELLS, FARGO, & Co. before one o'clock on the same day the robbery was committed. During the afternoon a coroner's jury was summoned and went to the scene of death, accompanied by a large number of citizens. A more lonely, rough, and inaccessible spot could scarcely be conceived. The bodies were carried by hand with great difficulty for three-fourths of a mile, and then brought to town in a wagon. It is needless to add that the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide, and exonerated VENARD from all legal responsibility for the commission of the act. Immediately after the robbery was made public WELLS, FARGO, & Co. offered a reward of $3000 for the recovery of the treasure, which VENARD obtains. When we consider the circumstances of VENARD'S following alone on the trail of three desperate men, fully armed, and on the alert for the avengers of the law, that they knew were on their track, tracing them to their den, miles from any human habitation, and by coolness and celerity of action saving his own life and killing these Ishmaelites of the chaparral and mountain jungle, we confess our admiration of such heroism. No romance could depict greater bravery.

The following closing notice of STEPHEN VENARD we take from a copy of the Nevada *Transcript*, published immediately after the occurrence:

"It can not be denied that this feat of STEVE VENARD'S is a splendid one, and never excelled in the State. It displays a coolness, courage, and skill of a most extraordinary character. It must live as an event in the history of our county, and the criminal history of the country. A safe is robbed at half past four in the morning by three robbers of $8000. One man follows the daring villains to their den, kills them all at four shots, and restores the money to the owners at two o'clock of the same day. If this act is not worthy of reward we know of no act that is. We hope, in addition to the reward offered by WELLS, FARGO, & Co., that the Board of Supervisors will vote a handsome sum. It is but just that those who peril life for the good of society should receive the reward of their merit."

VENARD has since received an appointment as officer on the staff of the Governor of Nevada.

STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK.

MR. STEPHEN B. GUION has presented to the Central Park Commissioners a bronze STATUE OF COMMERCE, to be placed in Central Park as soon as the pedestal is finished. This statue cost $20,000 in gold; and from what we learn is a splendid affair. It was on exhibition in Paris after it was finished, and was highly commended as a work of art. It is now at the Central Park.

MR. GUION is a native of this city, but is now one of the leading merchants in Liverpool, England—of the American house of GUION & Co. at that port—and he takes this method of testifying his devotion to the place of his nativity.

NEGRO IN STOCKS.

THE illustration shows a mode of punishment common in Florida. It is copied from a photograph taken in the streets of Apalachicola. The negro was thus punished for an assault upon a white man. The white man represented in the picture is the sheriff who is carrying out the sentence of the court, according to which the negro was to be kept in the pillory for one hour and ten minutes. Is this the way in which white people are punished for assault and battery in Florida, we wonder? If not, and there is a distinct class of penalties for black men, is it not proper that Congress, if necessary, should take measures to abrogate a distinction so manifestly unjust?

THE PASTOR.

SOME years ago the pulpit of St. Peter's, one of the principal German churches in St. Petersburg, was filled by Pastor B——f, who, like most of the preachers of that wealthy sect, had amassed a considerable fortune, and was much esteemed and beloved by his congregation. Not a day passed without numerous applications to him for assistance of various kinds, and none were sent away without a word of consolation or a more substantial gift.

One day, as he was compelled by indisposition to keep his room, a woman came and craved his interference. She had lately removed to St. Petersburg with her husband, who was a goldsmith, and who had succeeded in establishing himself so well that he earned an ample support for both of them; but he made her wretched by his persistent and outrageous ill-treatment, without the slightest provocation or retort on her part—all of which she had until now patiently endured.

The Pastor expressed his regret that indisposition prevented him from leaving the house.

"Bring your husband to me," said he.

"That will be no easy matter," returned the woman; "for if he suspect that a rebuke is waiting for him he will not come. No. He must know nothing of it beforehand. But if I tell him that you wish to buy something from him, then he will not fail to wait upon your reverence."

"That is a lucky thought!" said the Pastor, "for I am about to purchase a complete tea-service of silver."

"And he has just finished a very beautiful one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very well, then, tell him to bring it."

The next day the goldsmith came with his chest, accompanied by the woman.

The Pastor was secretly surprised to see her with him, but advanced to meet him, saying: "Aha! the silver?"

"Yes, your reverence, I have brought the service as you desired."

"Very well," said the Pastor. "Be so good as to come with me into my study."

When they were alone the good clergyman began to speak urgently upon the duty of a husband, and dwelt with impressive eloquence upon the sacredness of the vow which married partners make before the altar to each other.

His listener seemed very much astonished, and several times attempted to interrupt his discourse, but the Pastor begged him to hear him to the end. "What excuse can you make for your conduct?" asked he, in conclusion. "What is the cause of it? You look so mild and so good-tempered, my friend. How comes it that you are such a bad husband?"

"But let me say just one word, your reverence. I am—"

"I know what you mean to say. You are usually as meek as a lamb, and only impetuous at certain times; but to go so far as to beat your wife!"

"You have mistaken the person, reverend Sir; I have never beaten my wife—"

"How! do you deny it?—fie!"

"Because," continued the man, "I am not married!"

"Why, your wife is at this moment waiting in the next room!"

"Who? my wife? Your reverence is mistaken. I have no wife. That woman is your own housekeeper; she came to me with a commission from you to bring a service of silver for your inspection."

The Pastor began to feel uneasy. "She must be a mad-woman," said he—

"Or a thief!" exclaimed the goldsmith.

They went hastily into the next room—but it was empty! The woman had disappeared with the chest of silver, and all the efforts of the police to recover it were in vain.

This incident is calculated to give rise to many weighty considerations. The trick was so well devised and planned that it would have succeeded with the most prudent and circumspect. The goldsmith left the silver in the outer room under the charge of the supposed housekeeper, at the express desire of the Pastor; while the latter confided it to the keeping of the *soi-disant* wife of the former. Had the matter been brought under litigation whose would have been the loss? Fortunately the good Pastor had no thought of such an alternative. He felt compassion for the poor man, who gained a precarious living by his labor; and as he, on the contrary, was rich enough to bear the injury, he bore it alone.

THE HUSKING.

THE room is lofty, large, and wide
Where we are met to husk the ears,
And heaped in rows on either side
The yellow ripened corn appears.
The steady lamplight softly falls
On graceful forms and faces bright,
On cheeks where burns the roses red,
And eyes which do outshine the light.

The fairest maidens here are met
In all the neighboring country round,
No handsomer eyes of deepest jet,
Of brown or blue, elsewhere are found.
A lovelier girl than Mattie Price
Throughout the land you will not meet;
No statelier form than Alice May's
In all the city's crowded street.

There's Maggie Gray with golden hair,
She never was without a beau;
What stronger proof that she is fair
Than all the lads admire her so!
And Stella Vain with hair as dark
As are the shadows in her eyes,
And lips whose perfect shape seems formed
To utter Love's expressive sighs.

With giddy mirth the rafters ring,
The room resounds with shout and laugh,
Sometimes a merry song we sing,
The sparkling cider, too, we quaff,
And deftly strip the golden ears,
While speed the winged hours along,
We heed not time, so swiftly flies
The Autumn night with cheer and song.

One ear I find whose polished grains
Are tinted red instead of gold;
The envied now of all the swains,
Aloft the looked-for prize I hold.
Then from each maid I claim the boon,
And last of all from Mattie Price;
I twine my arms about her waist,
And kiss her lips once, twice, and thrice.

Oh, Mattie Price, a time will come,
Although just now you may say "No,"
When I shall fold you to my heart,
Never again to let you go—
Never again as Mattie Price!
For you shall find sweet comfort there:
Already blooms the orange flower
Which you shall twine within your hair.

THE ENGLISH EMBASSADOR.

NEW YORK is celebrated for its gangs of burglars, Paris for its pickpockets, St. Petersburg for its thieves, and London for all the three. St. Petersburg bears away the palm for comparative security from such depredations, but let it not be thought that this great city is deficient in brilliant examples of that talent which is displayed in the ingenious appropriation of other people's property.

An English embassador, some years ago, doubted the existence of this peculiar class of operators, and made a singular wager with a Russian prince upon the subject. The latter bet him a large sum of money that he should be robbed of all the orders on his breast, in the day-time, in the open street, without his perceiving it; and all that was required from him was that he should walk for three days, between the hours of twelve and one, adorned with all his decorations.

Thus warned, and resolved to avoid all suspicious contact, the nobleman commenced his promenade. Soon after setting out a laborer placed himself in his path and pointed upward to a roof, from which depended a slate tied to a string, as a sign that workmen were engaged above; and as my lord followed the gesture with his eye the man made an awkward attempt to approach him. The thought suddenly flashed upon the Embassador that this was a disguised thief, and as he hastily retreated he read plainly the disappointment of detection in the other's face. Soon after, as he was still laughing at this adventure, he was importuned by some beggar children, and just as he was giving them some coins a drunken man nearly fell upon him; but he was upon his guard and stepped quickly aside, upon which the inebriate staggered off, but soon recovered his natural and steady gait.

"Aha!" thought the Englishman; "so much for the second attempt!"

Some paces further on he saw a large crowd of people, in the midst of whom the driver of a drosky was disputing with a gentleman about a trifling difference in the fare. As he was forcing his way through the throng the latter, still venting his expletives upon the extortioner, attempted, as if by accident, to come close to him, but he thrust the stranger aside with the exclamation, "Number three!" Just then the clock struck one, his ordeal for the day was over, and he reached home safely with all his orders.

In the evening he met the Prince at the English Club, and as he laughingly related the unskilful attempts which had been made upon him, he perceived that the former was evidently embarrassed and even vexed.

"Let us see what the morrow will bring forth!" said he, as he rose to leave the house.

"I see, my lord, that it will be a difficult matter to take advantage of you," said his friend, with a serious air.

The next day he was followed and surrounded by all sorts of people. Some slunk behind him, others met him and then, suddenly turning, passed close to him. One suspicious-looking person offered him a fine handkerchief and asked politely if he had not lost it. A handsome, fair-complexioned young man urgently pressed upon his notice some remarkable English publications, which he entreated him to purchase. The Embassador was passionately fond of rare books, and fell into an ecstasy over the beautiful specimens before him; but suddenly he bethought himself of his wager, and turned away from the tempter with a smile. As he was passing a garden house a window was broken near him, and he saw a boy in imminent danger of falling out. As he was about to rush to his rescue he suddenly perceived a string (skillfully concealed behind the curtain) which was tied to the little traitor's foot, and he quickly avoided the crowd, who had gathered upon hearing the child's screams, and who would evidently have taken advantage of the opportunity.

"It was a very ingenious device!" said he, that evening, to the Prince, "and quite appropriate, for the boy was so strikingly like my own son in England that I came very near forgetting myself."

"I confess myself beaten," said his adversary, in a low voice. "My accomplices have played their last trump. They have speculated in vain upon your well-known hobby of rare books, upon your paternal tenderness. They have failed, and I will pay you the bet at once."

"By no means!" answered the Englishman. "The terms have not yet been complied with. I can not consider the wager as regularly won until I have walked once more through the streets."

On the third day he commenced his last trial; but this time he met not one single suspicious countenance. He continued his walk quietly and uninjured for an hour, and had nearly reached his own residence, when a large ladder wagon, loaded with household furniture, came lumbering out of the "porte cochère" of his neighbor, a distinguished Polish Count. The wind was high, and a bolster was so open-hearted as to shed some of its contents upon the pedestrian; upon which two liveried servants, who were standing in the doorway, immediately offered their services to brush the feathers from his dress.

"Is your master at home?" asked he.

"He is, Sir," answered they, as they proceeded with the cleansing process.

"Then I will go up!"

As he entered he found the room filled with company, among others the Russian Prince, who advanced to meet him.

"What! without your orders!" exclaimed the latter, laughing.

The Englishman looked down, and rushed impetuously to a looking-glass.

"Damn it! I have lost. They are gone! But who, how, where? Not a soul has touched me except the Count's liveried servants!"

"I have no liveried servants!" said the Count. "Do not distress yourself, my lord! They were my worthy thieves."

"With all due deference for their talent," replied the Embassador, "I must say that you managed less adroitly in the beginning, for your friends of yesterday and the day before were mere bunglers!"

"How unjust!" exclaimed the Prince. "They had strict orders to be as awkward as possible, in order to throw you off your guard, my lord!"

"I have learned a lesson," said the Embassador. "Here is your money, and I promise you that henceforth I shall hold in respectful admiration the thieves of St. Petersburg!"

"BUT IS IT RIGHT, FATHER?"

IN a pleasant suburb on the Surrey side of London there lived a married couple, whose early life had been passed in a very busy district of the borough of Southwark. They were fruiterers, and had from year to year carried on their business without ever thinking of the claims of the Sabbath. One great trouble had clouded their lives. Out of a large family only one child had survived beyond the first two years, and little Annie would most probably have laid beside her little brothers and sisters in Norwood Cemetery, but that she had been sent down to the coast of Sussex, to an aunt who lived there, and who not only had to rejoice over seeing the little sickly blossom consigned to her care grow into a blooming, active, happy child, but was successful in teaching her little charge some Divine truths, that, when received into the mind, fill it with heavenly light. Annie was, both in body and soul, a healthy child. The parents naturally pined after their darling, who was likely now to be their only treasure. Mr. Richards, the father, took a house a few miles from London, and, having established his wife there, brought his little girl, now seven years old, home to be the joy as well as treasure of the dwelling. On the very first Sunday after the child's return, she came down stairs dressed in her best, thinking that her father was going to take her with him, as her aunt had done, to church. He kissed her kindly, and, to her surprise, was going away.

"Where are you going, father?" said the child.

"Oh, I'm going to business, child."

"But it's Sunday, father."

"Yes—yes—I know that, my dear, but I'm obliged to go. I'm very sorry, but I must—now don't cry; I'll be home early, my child."

"But is it right, father?" sobbed little Annie.

"Is it right? Is it *right*, father?"

"Is what right?"

"Why, going to work on Sunday, father?"

"Right—I don't know. It's very hard, that I know; but I must go—I must go."

He kissed his little girl's wet cheek fondly, and with an uncomfortable feeling that he had never felt before, he set off toward the city.

"Is it right, father?" The words kept ringing in his ears. He could not silence them. He felt that if he had told his child yes, he would have uttered a lie—taught his innocent child a most wicked lesson. No, it was not right. Was he then to keep on doing wrong, when even his little child had, by her question, convicted him?

Was he?

For hours that day these thoughts troubled him—the words, "Is it right, father!" vibrated through him, until he was brought to say, "No, it is not right, and, God helping me, I'll give up Sabbath trading—I *will*."

He got home that evening in time to hear little Annie say her evening prayers: "Make me a good girl." "Ah, child," said Mr. Richards, interrupting her, "say, also, 'Make father a good man.'" The simple words were uttered; the loving kiss given; it was the father's turn now to wipe away the tears from his eyes. He kept his resolution. From that day he closed his shop on Sundays.

"We shall have to leave our new little country dwelling," said his timid wife. No, they had not. They prospered more than ever from that time forth.

"I like to deal with a tradesman that keeps the Sabbath," said the most respectable people of the district where the shop was, "for if he won't cheat his own conscience he won't cheat me." And he still lives to testify, as he has often done, "My little girl turned me from Sabbath-breaking when she said:

'*But is it right, father?*'"

WIDOWS.

IT can not be denied that of human afflictions the loss of a husband is one of the most severe and keenly felt. Considerations which may soften the shock of death in other cases have no weight in this. Widowhood is a trial, all the crushing force of which is felt at the first.

But is the loss irreparable? Can not the torn-down vine find other props? If such a loss befalls one late in life, it must have been more or less foreseen and expected, and the hope of a happy reunion before long assuages the grief of separation. In the case of one who becomes a widow at an earlier period of life, it may be that she finds an alleviation of her sorrow in the discharge of other duties—to her children, if there be any who need her care, or to the poor and suffering. But if her grief takes the form of morbid brooding over her loss, one of two things usually happens. She either allows her woe so entirely to overmaster and absorb her that only in its indulgence (by a sort of contradiction not uncommon in human nature, especially woman's) can she find any comfort; or, on the other hand, by an unconscious sort of analysis of the elements of her grief, and a perhaps equally unconscious ratiocinative process touching the means of cure, she decides upon taking another husband.

And this is the most rational remedy under the circumstances. For if the lamented Mr. Brown had been a very good husband—as the widow's grief would seem to testify—the acceptance of Mr. Smith is a compliment to his memory, plainly implying, as it does, a desire to renew and perpetuate the happiness enjoyed in the former union. If, on the contrary, Mr. Brown had been a bad husband (an idea which his widow's grief does not by any means exclude), what more reasonable than to seek, in a marriage with Mr. Smith, that happiness which a first unlucky choice had made her lose? If (in a third hypothesis) the said Brown was of the undecided character of Mother Goose's son Jack, "not very good nor yet very bad," it is evidently merely *as* a husband that the widow bewails him, and there can not be much difficulty in finding a successor.

We have said that this is the rational remedy. What (to find some examples from our modern literature) can be more absurd than the conduct of

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Amelia in "Vanity Fair," wearing out her days in sorrow over the death of a heartless coxcomb, while she rejects the homage and devotion of the true-hearted Dobbin? Mr. Lover's argumentative Irishman, in expostulating with his "Widow Machree," very cleverly represents to her the unbecomingness of her widow's cap, and the solitary plight of her single tea-cup, in contrast with the harmonious relations of the poker and tongs upon the hearth; and by such logic as this carries his suit to a successful issue.

The famous case of the Ephesian widow can scarcely be given as an example worthy of imitation without slight *modifications!* but the story may be *apropos* to our subject: Once upon a time a worthy lady at Ephesus had the misfortune to lose her husband—so good a husband that nothing could console her for his loss. Every day she went to the vault where his remains were deposited, there to strew his coffin with flowers, and to pour out her sorrow in tears and lamentations. One day these sounds of woe attracted the notice of a soldier who had been posted near the gate of the vault to guard the dead body of a malefactor. Lured by curiosity from his post, the sight that met the man's inquiring eyes excited other feelings. To ask the cause of so much grief, to proffer his manly sympathy, was the impulse of a moment; to find that sympathy accepted took a little more time. Finally, however, it was not rejected; and the time passed quickly by, until at length the recollection of his duty recalled the sentinel to his abandoned post. But what was his consternation to find that, in his absence, the body he had been set to guard had been stolen away! Here was a catastrophe! The soldier's life would pay forfeit for his negligence. He returned to the widow and told her of the disaster. It was a trying emergency, but woman's wit was equal to it. The corpse she had been crying over took the place of the malefactor's; and a living husband, in the person of her military comforter, was substituted for the husband she had lost.

When a widow has satisfied herself of the necessity and probable efficacy of the remedy we have been speaking of, it is wonderful how soon she succeeds in finding it. Mr. Tony Weller's apprehensiveness on the subject of "widders" is justified by observation and experience. There are numerous instances—which it would be invidious to particularize—where leading public and business men, who certainly can not be considered undesirable husbands, have offered the needed consolation in such a predicament. Abstractedly, too—though the theory may not apply to every case—the matter is intelligible enough. A man who is actively engaged in public life can not spare time for the protracted process of wooing which inexperienced young ladies consider indispensable. In such a case the experienced widow offers a safe resource. A certain amount of diplomatic caution is necessary, perhaps, but ordinarily the parties are ready to meet each other half-way. Sometimes the lady does not hesitate to pass a small fraction of even that interval, and an understanding of the most cordial character is the speedy and satisfactory result.

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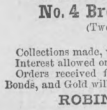
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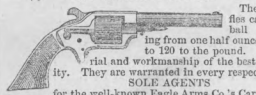


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 499.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

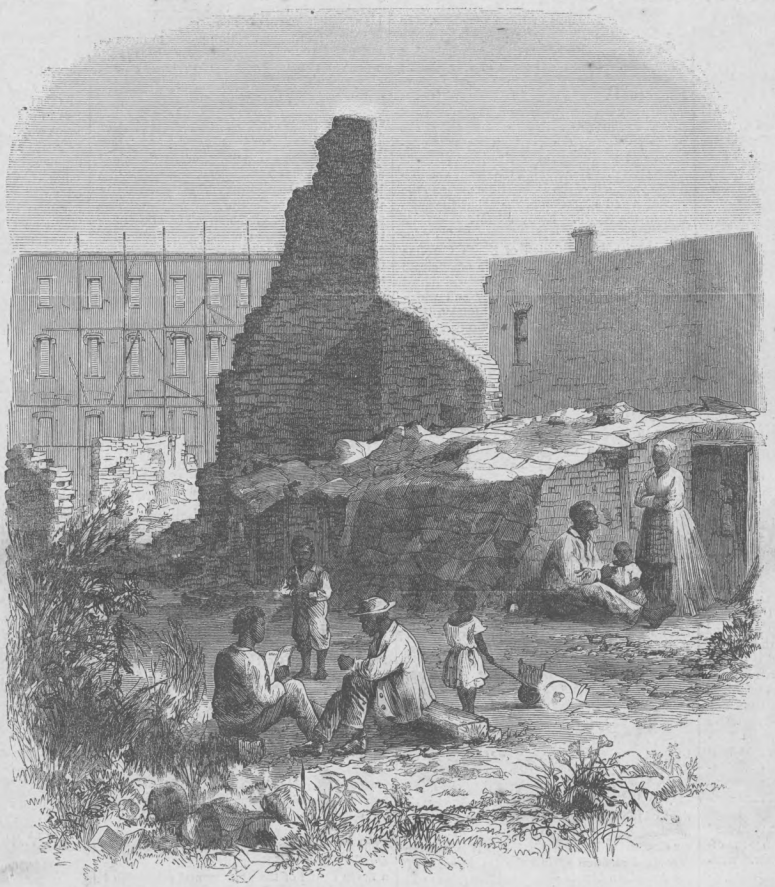
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE rapidity with which this place is being rebuilt certainly shows that there is still left in the South money and energy, with the men to remove, almost within ten years, all traces of the late struggle.

The sketch of Richardson Street, down which SHERMAN marched when he entered the city in February, 1865, is taken from a point near the ruins of the convent. A few months since one could see from this spot only the wreck which had been left by the great conflagration that took place on the night of the 17th February, 1865. Now, new buildings are going up with great rapidity. True, many of them are not so well storied as those destroyed, being roofed at one or two stories, as the owner's purse holds out.

Many of the freedmen who are laboring in this rebuilding find house rent so high that they construct for themselves, in some convenient corner, their little huts, using for their erection brick, sod, mud, and sticks, and for the roof large masses of tin, formerly the covering of some stately mansion. In these little huts large families live, all that are capable doing their portion of the labor which is to earn their scanty livelihood.—The sketch is taken near the ruins of the Court-house, in which locality there is a large number of squatters.

T. R. D.



AMONG THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Military rule having been withdrawn from the city of New Orleans the people are once more enabled to exert their ancient rights and privileges. Among these the Sunday opening of all the markets, grog-shops, places of amusement, billiard and gambling-rooms, takes a prominent place. General BUTLER, among other deeds which he enacted in that city, caused the Sabbath to be observed after Christian notions of the subject; and it is only just to the New Orleaners to say that they considered it a high-handed act, and one which they have pretty effectually reversed since.

Opposite the French Market is the Cathedral; an effort to hear the services there ended in failure, owing to the noise of a neighboring billiard saloon, and a canvas-covered show, with a big drum, to which was added the constant rattle of carriages.

After the passage of a German procession, bound out of town for a day's dancing and picnicking, it became matter of grave consideration whether the horse-races or the cockpit offered the greatest attractions for a sketch. The verdict being in favor of the latter, we were driven along Esplanade Street, and not far from BEAUREGARD'S mansion stopped at a place where, right upon the street, entrance-money was taken at a little ticket-office window before the spectator was admitted to the pit, where a fight between two game chickens was progressing fast and furious, the spectators around betting as furiously in English and French. Here full-blooded negroes and elegant mulattoes sat side by side with whites, and among the latter were Yankee merchants, Southern planters, professional gamblers, Mexicans, Cubans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards.

One of the unfortunate chickens being soon killed the business of matching and weighing others occupied a little time, which our party expended in visiting the cages where the stock of fighting cocks were kept; a special privilege, the proprietor himself accompanying us in the inspection.—These, as the reporters used to say of the army, "were all aching for a fight; fine healthy birds, with no immediate occupation other than crowing lustily. Two more fights and the sketch was finished; once in a while the attendants would pick up the bleeding roosters, sprinkle water from their lips upon them, and revive them for another round.

The afternoon is a season of comparative quiet till it is cool enough for a drive out on the Shell Road. As New Orleans during the hot weather usually has a fine breeze off the Gulf this is a very pleasant trip, and all who can raise a light wagon and a pacing horse take it; trotters are quite rare, and not at all fashionable.

For those who have not means for the above amusement there are horse cars to the Half-way House, and boats—towed by men or mules indifferently—to the lake. In the evening all the theatres are open.

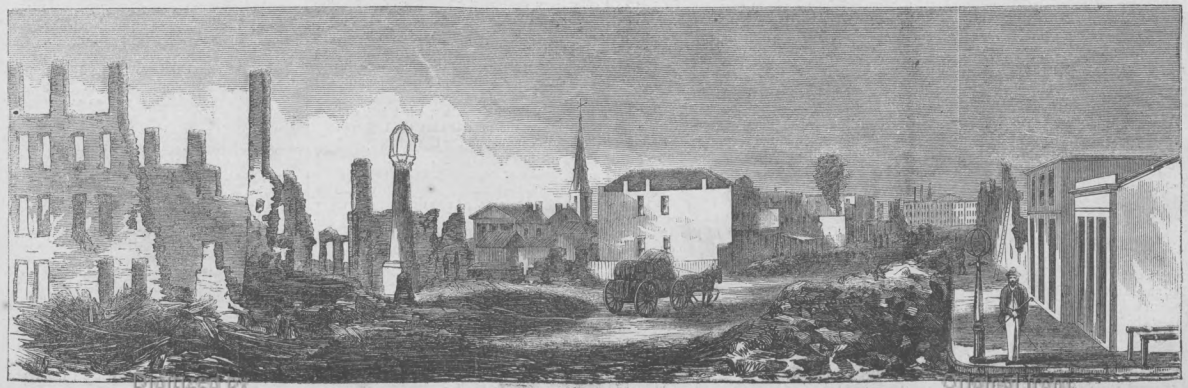
The creoles—by which is usually understood the light-colored natives speaking the French language—occasionally give a theatrical entertainment at the French opera-house, where all the actors, and the greater part of the audience, have colored blood in their veins. These and the creole balls in the winter are considered quite "distingué" affairs, and it is openly said that you will find as much or more taste in dress, as rich jewels, and as good-breeding, as in the most aristocratic circles of New Orleans.

A. R. W.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

AMONG all the bold and romantic scenery for which our country is noted, there is none more attractive than that of the Catskill Mountains, which we illustrate on pages 456 and 457. The picturesque, wild loveliness of the falls, the ever-changing beauty of the vast landscape spread out before the persevering pedestrian on the highest peaks, the profusion and variety of foliage which covers the lofty mountains, the quiet charm of the placid lakes, are all prominent objects of interest well known to our summer pleasure-seekers, and their praises have often been made the subject of pen and brush.

Our picture shows many of the most frequently visited places, some of which will be familiar to our readers—the Kauterskill and Haines Falls; Fawn's Leap in the Clove; the view from the North Mount-



THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—RICHARDSON STREET, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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ain, showing the two lakes and Mountain House in the distance; also, the view from Sunset Rock. Another view is given of the Laurel House, a hotel kept by Mr. SCHUTT; and on the road up the mountain we pass the Half-Way House and the Rip Van Winkle House. At these last-mentioned houses the weary steeds need no invitation to stop, but come to a halt of their own accord, and refresh themselves with some of the sparkling water which flows over the rocks into the little spring beneath. There are other stronger beverages to be had for the thirsty travelers also. For the last few miles the ascent is so abrupt as to make it necessary to lighten as much as possible the load of the panting horses, and those who can walk generally do so. A sudden turn of the road brings us in view of the Mountain House, kept by C. L. BEACH, and a most welcome sight it is after the toilsome journey. Our picture shows us sunrise among the mountains, that wondrous effect, when the clouds all lie in the valley beneath you; Mr. NAST has faithfully represented the appearance of that soft, rolling, billowy sea, and one vainly expects to hear the roar of the waves; but there is not a sound, the most solemn stillness reigns over all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE most earnest advocates of the proposed Philadelphia Convention announce that it is to form a new party. They assert that the Republican party was purely a sectional, and the Union merely a war party. It is now necessary, therefore, in their judgment, to assemble delegates from every State and Territory, and lay down a common national platform. This is all well. This seems very simple. But declarations of intentions have always a most artless tone. The late rebel leaders, DAVIS, TOOMBS, and their allies, always insisted upon being called "National Union Democrats," and while their mouths rang with patriotic vociferation they were plotting disunion. It is necessary, therefore, to look at the facts. Is this Convention likely to represent the true and saving union sentiment of the country? Will it be composed of those who have been proved by experience to be the most faithful, intelligent, and consistent friends of the Union? If so, every honest man will rejoice. But it is not enough to say that it will be so if such men choose to send delegates. The question is, whether the terms and circumstances of the call, and the manner in which it has been received by the country, show that it is intended and likely to include such representatives.

The first significant fact, then, is, that the call is issued by the three Senators who have separated themselves from the Union majority in Congress, by the Assistant-Postmaster-General and two or three gentlemen who approve that separation, and by two Senators who have uniformly opposed the action of the Union party, and who supported the Chicago policy of surrender to the effort to destroy the Union. The second fact is, that it is urged upon the country by the whole body of what are known, for good reasons, as the Copperhead members of Congress, excepting Senators SAULSBURY and RIDDLE of Delaware, and Representative HARRIS of Maryland, and the members from New York city. The third fact is, that it is not approved by the Union members of Congress in either House, nor by the conspicuous and representative Union journals of the country.

The Convention, therefore, will be composed of three classes; *first*, those whom, not for offense but for distinction, we may call Mr. THURLOW WEED'S party; *second*, the Democratic party of the North; and, *third*, the Democratic ex-rebels of the South. It will not represent such Union men as Senator FESSENDEN and ex-Governor ANDREW in New England; WARD HUNT and CHARLES J. FOLGER in New York; Senator SHERMAN and Chief Justice CHASE in Ohio; General LOGAN and Senator KIRKWOOD in the Northwest; Governor FLETCHER and Senator BROWN in Missouri; HORACE MAYNARD in Tennessee; Judge BOND in Maryland; AMBROSE SPENCER and the original Unionists in Georgia; ANDREW J. HAMILTON and the voters against THROCKMORTON in Texas. The question is therefore plain, Is a Convention which, by the nature of its call, excludes such men and those who sympathize with them, a representative National Union Convention? Do the three classes that we have first named, the party of Mr. WEED and the old Democratic party, compose a more truly Union party than that which is now known as such?

We say that they are excluded by the call and by its general interpretation. The call is issued in intentional disregard of the equal rights of the loyal Union colored population of the Southern States, whom it proposes to abandon to those who were lately in rebellion. It does this under profession of regard for State rights, and in defiance of the truth, now terribly demonstrated, that absolute equality of individual rights before the law is vitally essential to the harmony of the national Union. Indeed, Mr. SEWARD, who favors the Convention, in his letter to Tammany Hall, speaks with perilous and reckless rhetoric of "sovereign States." Thus the Convention proposes to prefer the rights of States to the rights of citizens of the United States; or to leave the protection of the latter solely to the States, when our experience has proved that that course is nationally disastrous. Nor can the Convention point us to the Civil Rights bill, for the callers of the Convention all opposed it and supported the veto.

Composed of such representatives and holding such views, who are likely to control the Convention? Will it be Mr. THURLOW WEED and his friends, or the allied Democrats from the North and South? The question may excite a smile, but it can not suggest a doubt. But if the Democrats control it, can the Convention have any other result than a reorganization of the Democratic party? And if by reason of that reorganization and the co-operation of Mr. WEED and his friends that party should return to power, is there any reason to suppose that its old policy of subservience to its Southern wing would be changed? Clearly not, because since the beginning of the war the only hope of that party has been the return of its Southern members, and to cement the alliance it must yield to the demands of those members. In the North the Democratic party is virtually dead as a controlling force. It has, indeed, a large vote. It disputes three or four States; but it is generally defeated in them, and always in the others. The reason is, that the Democratic party is merely a permanent reaction and protest against progress and reform, and as the public opinion of the Northern States is educated and intelligent, it instinctively distrusts and rejects it. Hence, also, the steady and uniform opposition of the Democratic party to the elevation and education of the colored population at the South. Every school-house is an outpost against the "Democracy." To educate the whole population of South Carolina and Georgia and Mississippi is to emancipate those States from the "Democracy" which held its last Conventions in Chicago, and which speaks now by the lips of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, "JACK ROGERS," HORATIO SEYMOUR, GARRETT DAVIS, the Tammany orators, and the members of Congress who approve the Philadelphia call. That Democracy, Tammany Hall itself, whenever it succeeds, succeeds by the ignorant vote. It was the slums of the city of New York that elected HORATIO SEYMOUR Governor in 1862, and which gave M'CLELLAN a local majority in 1864. Abolish the slums in the whole country, and you abolish the Democratic party.

It is a very useless folly to suppose that the spirit which has been so long dominant in our politics is destroyed. It has been routed by argument and the ballot in one part of the country. In the other it took up arms, and having been defeated, will now betake itself there also to argument and the ballot; and it remains for the intelligence and public virtue and political faith of the country to accept the battle in this form also, and complete the victory. The Democratic party could not save slavery nor the rebellion, but it can still strike a few blows for ignorance and unequal rights. It will not change its name, and it can not change its nature. In deference to Mr. WEED and his friends at Philadelphia it may call itself Union Democratic, or Democratic National; but it will still be the Democratic party. The "Last Rose of Summer" is nothing but "The Groves of Blarney" played slowly. The party may not make Mr. BEN WOOD or his virtuous brother President of the Philadelphia Convention, and may nominate Mayor HOFFMAN or Senator MURPHY for Governor of New York. But it is still the organized reaction against the development of the American doctrine of equal liberty. It will still flatter and fawn upon the ignorance of white foreigners, and still despise and curb, if it can, the aspiring intelligence of native Americans of every race. Its present opportunity is the Philadelphia Convention. It will elect the delegates and control its policy; and, like the dextrous executioner who cut off the victim's head so exquisitely that he did not know it until he moved, so it will absorb with greedy politeness those who have sought and failed to control the Union party as they likewise sought and failed to control ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S administration.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE distance between the sneering persiflage of PALMERSTON and the earnestness of GLADSTONE was too great for England to leap at once. A country which had been contented with a Prime Minister who had a VOLTAIREAN incredulity of progress could not adapt itself comfortably to the guidance of a sincere Reformer. Therefore the fall of the RUSSELL-GLADSTONE Ministry will surprise no one.

It is, however, a foolish injustice which charges Mr. GLADSTONE with reducing the liberal majority of seventy in the House of Commons to a minority of eleven. He did not do it. The present Parliament was elected upon the cry of PALMERSTON and anti-PALMERSTON, not upon any policy or principle. PALMERSTON carried the day; but he was opposed to Reform, and his policy was merely brag and inaction. He had no political convictions whatever, unless a hearty desire to maintain the existing condition can be called a principle.

The majority of seventy, therefore, was purely Palmerstonian. It represented indifference to reform and to every thing else but a disposition to drift. And when PALMERSTON died and Earl RUSSELL came in with a ministry of which Mr. GLADSTONE was the shining figure, the majority which came to scoff was invited to remain to pray, and naturally declined the unaccustomed office. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is the type of the present majority of the Commons. A sparkling sneerer, like his chief PALMERSTON, and elected as a Liberal, he will yet doubtless take office in a Tory-Conservative ministry. To accuse Mr. GLADSTONE of not having held such a majority is as if a House of Representatives elected in sympathy with Mr. THURLOW WEED were suddenly to find itself under the leadership of Governor ANDREW. If it failed to follow him he could not be accused of poor leadership, nor they of desertion of principles.

Mr. GLADSTONE is out of office, but he is not less a power in England. His temperament, his accomplishments, his powers, and his career are similar in many striking points to those of GEORGE CANNING; and GLADSTONE is as much a necessity of the English Government now as CANNING was forty-five years ago.

THE TAMMANY DOCTORS.

THE Tammany Hall orator of the Fourth of July, Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, announced that the Republic is still in peril, and can only be saved by the Democratic party. Four years ago, in the midst of the war, Mr. O'GORMAN proclaimed the same danger, and proposed the same remedy. In his judgment, every thing depended upon the election of HORATIO SEYMOUR as Governor. Two years ago, also, the country, we were told by Mr. O'GORMAN'S Tammany party, had been beaten by its enemies and ought to surrender, and Mr. O'GORMAN and his friends could think of nothing so sure to save the Republic as the election of M'CLELLAN.

The reader of Mr. O'GORMAN'S speeches, therefore, has little difficulty in discovering that it is not the Republic but the Democratic party which has been in such a perilous condition for the last five or six years; while the student of our history perceives that it was the Democratic policy that produced the rebellion, which was plotted and conducted by the Southern leaders of that party, and enjoyed the sympathy and indirect assistance of its Northern adherents, including Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN, whose furious philippics against the war measures of the Government are by no means forgotten. The Fourth of July discourse of Mr. O'GORMAN was seconded, so to speak, by Mr. S. S. Cox, a gentleman who declared, in supporting the VALLANDIGHAM platform at Chicago in 1864, that, in his opinion, "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together." Mr. Cox agrees with Mr. O'GORMAN that, unless he and his Tammany friends can return to power, the American experiment is a failure.

What, then, are the services of the Democratic party for which it should be again intrusted with the direction of the Government? The history of thirty years answers. Its service consists in having strengthened, by every appeal to passion, ignorance, and cowardice, the only aristocratic class in the United States, and an aristocracy founded upon the degradation of labor. Its service consists in a systematic debauchery of the national conscience; in a fierce denial of the fundamental principle of the Republic—the equality of rights; in an attempt, under the forms of law, and by means of blood and terror, to fasten slavery upon Kansas; and when the people, at last aroused to the fearful truth, constitutionally cast that party from power, its crowning service consists in rushing to arms, and seeking, by the most desperate and prolonged struggle, to overthrow the Government. The Democratic party, whose conspiracy against the equality of rights has been foiled both in the field and at the polls, now turns to the American people, who have been its spectators and victims, and informs them that it is the only safe and patriotic and conservative and conciliatory and Union-loving party in the land.

These being its services, what is its plea? The Democratic plea is that the Union party intends to consolidate the Government, and its argument is twofold: first, that the national authority is now more evident than ever before; and second, that the dominant party aims to destroy State rights. As to the first argument it is enough to say that the nation having been forced into a tremendous war by the party of its accusers has established a system of internal taxation to pay the cost, and that the system is necessarily complicated and requires a multitude of agents. For the second argument the simple truth is that the loyal people of the United States in Congress prefer to delay the reception of representatives from the late rebellious section until they are persuaded that they can be safely admitted; and have proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing that the late rebels shall not have gained political power by rebellion. And while these are its acts the Union party is inspired by the most earnest desire to secure equal rights before the law, and to found the Union upon the only sure basis of justice.

Such are the offenses for which the Democratic party urges that the Union party should be overthrown. It desires that citizens who rebel shall gain no political advantage by rebellion, and it wishes to defend the equal rights of all citizens of the United States. For this it is arraigned by the opponents of the war and the traducers of ABRAHAM LINCOLN; and it is to such allies that WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD gives his hand.

THE TARIFF AGAIN.

THE letter published in our last Number from "A Farmer" has induced several readers to favor us with their views on the subject of the tariff.

A New England manufacturer, following in the wake of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, pronounces the proposed new tariff "absolutely a free-trade measure," and insists that "the true interests of the country require a general further advance of 50 @ 100 per cent. in the duties, in order that every thing required by the people shall be made at home." If the views of this person should be adopted we are at a loss to discover from what source the Government would draw a revenue for the payment of interest on the public debt. If every thing required by the people be made at home nothing will be imported from abroad, there will be no customs duties, and no revenue from customs; and in addition to the indirect tax levied on the people by way of protection to native manufactures a further direct tax, yielding at least $150,000,000 in gold, or, at the present price, $225,000,000 in currency, will have to be levied in order to meet the interest on the public debt.

"A Western Schoolmaster" is somewhat dismayed at the prospect. "I understand you to intimate," says he, "that not only woolens, irons, boots and shoes, cottons, and all other manufactured articles, but likewise food and farm produce, are about to be enhanced in price by a tax levied on consumers for the benefit of producers. This may be all very well for people who produce something. If the farmer is 'protected' on his corn and potatoes, he may, perhaps, agree to 'protect' the manufacturer on his woolens and irons. But how shall I be compensated, who produce nothing, unless it be little scholars, and yet am to pay taxes for the 'protection' of every body around me?" We really can not say. As a matter of theory our schools deserve at least as much protection as our iron foundries; but how to devise a tax to meet the case we hardly see. How would it do to tax all persons of education coming here from abroad at the rate of so much a head? If it be essential to the prosperity of the United States to exclude foreign goods, it might by parity of reasoning be argued that it is equally necessary to keep out foreign learning.

"A Soldier's Widow" writes that she has five young children to feed and clothe on her scanty pittance. She has read in the papers that the new tariff proposes to double the cost of the woolen clothing which they wear, and she asks whether her pension will be increased in a corresponding ratio. We doubt it. Widows and orphans are apparently less in favor with some people at Washington than great manufacturing establishments, paying 50 @ 75 per cent. dividends, and commanding the ear of influential members. It is bad to be a widow. It is bad to have five young children who need clothing. We heartily wish that her husband were still alive, or that the children could manage with fig-leaves. Nobody out of the Bible ever heard of protecting the widow and the orphan; and wide as the protectionist mantle is being stretched by Mr. STEVENS and his friends, we don't think it will cover their case. They pay no dividends.

"An Indignant Free-trader" suggests that the very outrageousness of the demands of the manufacturers betokens their early defeat. He mentions that the French noblesse were never so arrogant as on the eve of the Revolution, nor the pro-slavery aristocracy of the South ever so insolently domineering as at the outbreak of the rebellion which destroyed them. The parallels are curious, but the inference is not strictly logical. It is quite true that the exorbitant demands of the manufacturing interest, at this session of Congress, have roused to active hostility to protection many persons who would have submitted for years to the existing high tariff; they may be said to have firmly established the free-trade party. But it does not follow that this opposition to the manufacturers is sure of success—much less of immediate success. It takes years to imbue a nation with an idea, however just it may be. See what folly is published daily on the subject of protection in the New York *Tribune*—otherwise an able and always an influential paper; before the free-traders can succeed, the bulk of the readers of the *Tribune* must be taught that the theories they now accept as sound are

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false. This will come about; but it will take time. The New York *Times*, which has opposed free trade in times past, is now feeling its way to its support. A strong free-trade sentiment is developing at the West. Even Mr. WILSON of Massachusetts shrinks appalled from the enormity of the proposed tariff, and on behalf of his section disclaims all responsibility for the proposed increase in the duties. These signs indicate the future; but the end may yet be far off.

"An Original Republican" fears that the mistakes which are being made at Washington on this tariff question will enable the Democrats to regain their old ascendency in the Government, and will ruin the Union party forever. This is, no doubt, the calculation of many Democrats both in and out of Congress. And it is not altogether without a basis. For though many good Unionists, including leading members of Congress and leading newspapers of the party, have denounced and do denounce the proposed new tariff, yet still a majority of the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Union, are voting it through, paragraph by paragraph, with disciplined steadiness. For this action the Union party will be held responsible. It is the action of a majority of the recognized representatives of the party, and the protest of the minority will not exonerate the party as a whole from the responsibility. It is the height of folly to insist that the country shall regard the Union party as committed to protection.

"A Manufacturer" inquires whether increased protection may not in reality damage the interests protected? Of course it will. All legislative interference with the freedom of trade and industry is hurtful to the objects of that interference. Trade and industry thrive best when left to themselves—nay, thrive only when left to themselves. The very boon of protection now claimed of Congress by the manufacturers will prove fatal to them. As it is, our manufactures are inferior to those of England, with the single exception of machinery, which is not protected, and the few articles which we make for export, and which, of course, enjoy no protection. In countries beyond the Cape American cottons compete successfully with the Manchester article. Why? Because they are not protected, and our manufacturers know enough to make them as well and as cheaply as the English can. As regards other articles which are consumed at home, iron and steel goods, woolens, cottons, etc., our manufacturers have no such incentive to exertion. If they can make an article one half as good as the corresponding foreign article, the law of the land will compel the consumer to pay as much for the one as for the other. Why try to excel in such a case? The reason why our manufactures of cloths, hardware, etc., are now inferior to those of England is that our manufactures have always been protected, which has tended to dull the energy and quench the ambition of the makers, while foreigners, having nothing but their own merits to rely on, have sought unremittingly to command success by superior skill. If our people had had to struggle against as many obstacles as the English our goods would now have been superior to theirs. It is the old Eastern story over again. Two men were running a race, and each relying on himself alone, was straining every nerve. Presently came the Prince, who, recognizing one of the runners as a fellow-townsman, and wishing to "protect" him, ordered his rival to carry on his shoulders a bag of sand. Exulting in this advantage the Prince's townsman, made sure of victory, ceased to exert himself, and ran carelessly. His rival, on the contrary, stung by the injustice of his treatment, made superhuman efforts, and, overladen as he was, succeeded by matchless agility in winning the race. The story may explain the accounts we read of a want of prosperity in some branches of industry which have been highly protected for a generation.

PORTLAND.

THERE were few more beautiful cities in the country than Portland, from whose heights, covered with spacious and delightful houses standing under noble trees and surrounded by green gardens, the spectator looked to the sea or landward to the "crystal hills." Its trade is prosperous; its society cultivated; its public spirit and generosity famous; and very many of its sons are universally known and honored for conspicuous services and gifts. The great calamity which has befallen the city has awakened the widest sympathy, and no American but must be honestly proud of the solid expression of that sympathy. Boston, the nearest large city, instantly sent a large sum of money. All the other large towns and cities simultaneously stretched out their hands. Providence told its mayor to ask the mayor of Portland to draw upon him at sight for ten thousand dollars; Brooklyn and Bangor did the same. Buffalo, Philadelphia, and New York did not delay. Within a week hundreds of thousands of dollars were ready for the relief of the sufferers; and not the least pleasant fact was, that among the citizens of Portland most earnest in promoting measures for the succor of the unfortunate victims of the disaster was Mr. J. B. BROWN, the head of the Sugar Works, himself by far the greatest loser of all.

The destruction of the City Hall was peculiarly a misfortune. It was one of the finest, most spacious, and convenient public buildings in New England. Its great hall was not surpassed by any in the country in all the desirable qualities of such a room. But the spirit of the noble city will not quail, we are sure, even under so dire a blow. Its prosperity was not a chance. It was the result of great natural advantages admirably improved. Those advantages and that indomitable will remain, and from them a new city will arise. *Esto perpetua!*

Our artist, who is upon the spot, has sent us a series of striking and faithful views of the great fire, which will appear in our next issue.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EXERCISE?

WHILE with the sedentary man the question is how much exercise is requisite for the maintenance of health, with the laborer it is how much can be borne without impairing the health. The danger of excess in labor is not sufficiently appreciated, and many a man does himself vital injury in this respect almost daily who does not dream of it.

Let us look at the rationale of the matter. In all muscular action there is some wear and tear, or destruction, of the muscular substance; but repair is continually made, and especially during the hours of rest. Now if the labor be too severe, or be so protracted that the intervals of rest are not sufficiently long, there must be deficiency in the repair, and a very little lost in this way every day will at length amount to a great deficiency. The man may even be thoroughly broken down long before old age comes on.

Especially is there liability to injury from excessive labor in childhood and youth, when, besides the daily repair, there is daily growth or enlargement to be provided for. Would that this were as clearly recognized in regard to children as it is in regard to young horses. So little is it realized, that it has been found necessary in some quarters to bring in the pressure of law to prevent parents from putting their children to work at too early an age, and from keeping them at work too many hours in the day.

Much has been said of late years of the number of hours that men ought to labor. Undoubtedly ten hours are enough—if one works over that time, either he overworks, or, what is perhaps more often the case, he does really no more than he would do in the ten hours. Indeed, it is probable that laborers, as a whole, accomplish more now than when they worked twelve hours. The eight-hour plan is at least doubtful as a general plan, though it is desirable that the laborer should have more time than he now has for mental improvement, provided that he would so use it. This proviso is significant, for in the present confinement of common education to the learning of words, and forms of statement, and rules and processes, that are not understood, while the study of the things, the realities, the facts, to which all these refer, is systematically neglected, there is little encouragement for mental improvement in the laboring classes of society. We hope to see a great change in this respect, and in consequence an extensive *individual* adoption of the eight-hour plan, so that time may be had for carrying out the mental cultivation properly begun in the school-room. This is the effectual way of giving dignity to labor.

When labor is all of one kind much less can be done than when there is variety. There are two reasons for this. Sameness makes labor tedious, and one soon loses heart in it. And besides, the muscles acting in one way alone soon get tired out. The gardener who digs, and hoes, and rakes, etc., will not get so tired as he would with doing one thing alone, though the amount of work may be the same in either case. So the speaker who has variety in his speaking will not tire his vocal organs as readily as the monotonous speaker, and will not be so liable to debility and disease in that quarter.

With all that has been said about the necessity of exercise for persons whose occupations are sedentary, very few of them take enough of it. This is true even of those students who are quite conscientious about the matter. Walking is the chief exercise, but this is wearisome unless some objects of interest can be connected with it; and this can not be uniformly done unless the student be to some extent, as all students should be, a naturalist. If he be, all nature will be alive with interest to him, and thought upon the phenomena which are associated with the various objects he sees, and conversation about them with the companions of his walks, will banish the tedium which is so apt to attend walking when done merely for itself. But besides this general interest there may be some particular objects, as in the gathering of plants, or animals, or minerals, or the observation of some geological formation. All this does not involve the necessity of being a thorough botanist, or zoologist, or geologist. There is an amount of knowledge on such subjects which every well-informed person ought to have, and which even common education, properly conducted, is competent to give; and this knowledge would impart an interest to the daily walks of the student, which will prompt him to be a walker all the days of his life.

The diligent student often feels that he can not spare from his studies the time required for exercise. A great mistake this. The amount accomplished in study is far from being proportioned to the time employed. Sometimes as much is learned in an hour as is at other times in several hours. How often has this happened—the student, wearied with prolonged mental effort, goes forth to his diversion or his walk, and returning refreshed, grasps at once with ease what balked him entirely before. Many a student not only fails to accomplish what he ought, but does a positive and lasting injury to his mental powers by urging the mind on in prolonged efforts, when intervals of rest and diversion would remedy the difficulty. There is real philosophy in the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The incessant digging at study is a prolific source of mental dullness.

An experiment has been lately tried quite extensively in England in connection with some factories, which bears directly on this point. A half-time system of education has been adopted—that is, children have been made to spend only half the time that is usually spent in school, while the remaining hours have been spent in work. Sometimes the division has been made by days rather than by hours, every other day being devoted to the school. Now by comparison it was uniformly found that the children under this half-time system made greater attainments than those who devoted double the time to the school-room. A significant fact this, which leads us to the conclusion that, with all our boasted improvements in education in this country, not only is too little attention paid to physical culture, but in our schools and academies and colleges generally there is too much time given to mental culture—so much as to materially lessen its efficiency. It is singular that the first grand experiment on this point should have been made in such a quarter; but now that it has been made, and its results have been so clearly developed, farther examinations and experiments should be prosecuted, that the subject may be fully investigated.

There is another result of this experiment which is of interest as showing the mutual influence of physical and mental culture. It was found that the half-time scholars were better workers, more alert and efficient, than either those who had been full-time scholars, or those who had not attended school at all. The testimony of employers was very decided and uniform on this point. How clear is the conclusion from it that with certain modifications of education there may be a great increase of intelligent labor, with a better state of health in the laboring classes!

LITERARY.

"The Union War Chart" (LORENZO DOW, New York) is of great value, especially to those who have little leisure for reading official reports, or even the elaborate histories which have grown out of the war for the Union. This chart embraces the fifty months of the war. Along the top the years and months are designated. The surface is divided into vertical columns, which represent months, and by horizontal bands, which indicate Military Departments. A continuous strip at the upper part of the map is occupied by a series of important national events (with dates), such as could not be grouped under the special Departments; another at the bottom is devoted to the grand totals from different bureaus of the War Office and to sanitary statistics. The badges of the various army corps are shown on the border. This chart has been prepared with care, and in a surface of about a dozen square feet lays before the eye the entire field of operations and the events in each department. Though it will not, of course, dispense with regular histories, it will help the reader in the understanding of these. It has been highly recommended by General GRANT, who says of it: "As a matter of reference it will be found valuable in every library, giving, as it does, at a glance, the date, place, etc., of every important event of the war."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 2:

In the Senate, report was made upon the condition of the Mississippi levees.—In answer to a resolution of inquiry and insinuation, the Secretary of the Treasury says that Mr. Elmore, newly appointed Collector at Mobile, never held office under the Confederacy, and opposed the rebellion from the start.—The Conference Committee on the Paris Exposition bill made a report, and the bill was passed.

In the House, the resolution of Mr. Clark, of Ohio, giving a *quasi* recognition of the Fenians as belligerents was lost without a division.—Majority and minority reports were made upon the Rousseau-Grinnell assault case. The majority recommends the expulsion of Gen. Rousseau and the censure of Mr. Grinnell; the minority recommends only that Gen. Rousseau be reprimanded.—Mr. Banks proposed a bill looking to the annexation of the British North American possessions and the assumption of their debts.

July 3:

In the Senate, a joint resolution for the purchase, at $5000, of the law library of the late James M. Petigru, of South Carolina, was passed.—The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, the question being on the Senate Finance Committee's amendments to attach the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The amendment was disagreed to.—An amendment was adopted giving $500,000 for the relief of the destitute Indians of the Southern Superintendency. The bill was passed, and went to the House for concurrence in the amendments.

In the House, Mr. Eliot, from the Committee of Conference on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, made a report and explained the various points of it. The report was then agreed to, so that the bill has now passed both Houses.—Mr. Raymond offered a concurrent resolution of thanks to the working-men of Lyons, France, for the flag presented by them in memory of the late President Lincoln. The resolution was adopted.—Mr. Hale offered a resolution, which was adopted, to appoint a Joint Committee on Retrenchment.

July 5:

In both Houses, the report of the Conference Committee on the Army Appropriation bill was presented and agreed to.

July 6:

In the Senate, the Commerce Committee reported favorably on the House resolution for the appointment of a Committee on Retrenchment.—The Conference Committee on the Tax bill then made a report, which was, after considerable debate, agreed to and sent to the House.

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the Internal Revenue bill was presented, and, after debate, agreed to, 71 to 57.

July 7:

In the Senate, a remonstrance was presented from the New York Chamber of Commerce against the passage of the Tariff bill, which was referred to the Finance Committee.—Considerable discussion took place on a motion made to receive the minority report of the Reconstruction Committee, submitted some days since. The report was finally adopted.—Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee a bill to regulate appointments to and removals from office. It provides as follows:

Sec. 1. That no officer of the United States appointed on the nomination of the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall be removable, except by the same agencies which concurred in his appointment; provided, that in cases of disability or misconduct, the President may suspend the disabled or defaulting officer, and designate some other to perform the duties until the Senate shall have had an opportunity of acting on it—the President to report the facts of the case to the Senate within thirty days after its next meeting.

Sec. 2. No person appointed to an office the time of which is limited by law to a fixed period, and until a successor shall be appointed and qualified, shall be permitted to hold or exercise the duties of such office exceeding sixty days after the fixed period for which he was appointed has expired; and, whenever practicable, it will be the duty of the appointing power to appoint a successor to take possession of the office at the termination of the fixed period.

Sec. 3. Provides that in case of a vacancy during the recess of the Senate, the President shall nominate a person to fill said vacancy within thirty days after the meeting of the Senate succeeding the happening of the vacancy, and no such vacancy which has been filled by granting a commission to expire at the end of the next session of the Senate shall be filled after the close of the session, except by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and the expiration of the commission as provided by the Constitution. "At the end of the session" shall not be construed as creating a new vacancy which the President is authorized to fill without the advice and consent of the Senate.

Sec. 4. Provides that the President shall not be authorized to fill vacancies during the recess of the Senate unless they happen during the recess by death, designation, expiration of term, or other casualty not depending on the will or action of the President.

In the House, the Conference Committee on the bill to further prevent smuggling made a report which was agreed to.—The bill to quiet land titles in California, which has been before the House for a long time, was then taken up and passed.—Consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, and considerable progress was made. The duty on tea was fixed at twelve and a half cents a pound, and on coffee at two and a half cents.

NEWS ITEMS.

Generals Steedman and Fullerton, now in New Orleans, report affairs in Mississippi less hopeful than in all other States they have visited combined.

General Jordon, chief editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, has challenged M. A. Galloway, of the *Avalanche*, to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted, and the parties repaired to Hernando, Mississippi, where both were arrested and placed under bonds. It is thought the parties will go to Arkansas to settle the difficulty. The challenge originated from Colonel Galloway writing a severe attack against Colonel Jordon, on account of an article written by the latter for *Harper's Magazine*, in which Jordon blamed Jeff Davis for the failure of the Confederacy.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that at Memphis, on Sunday, a colored woman was allowed to kneel at the altar of Grace Episcopal Church, between two whites, and partake of the sacrament from the same bread and wine. It created a sensation.

Austin Hopkins, a soldier, whose mind had never recovered from the effects of his life at the Andersonville Prison, committed suicide at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on Monday night, July 2.

On the evening of July 4 a fire broke out in Portland, involving, before its extinction, the destruction of half the city. The fire completely swept through the city, from the foot of High Street to North Street, on Munjoy, destroying every thing in its trace so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long, by a quarter of a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them. More than two thousand families were rendered homeless by this conflagration.

The Senate of Tennessee has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

The Hon. Thaddeus Stevens is named by the Lancaster *Express* as a candidate for United States Senator.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

IT is scarcely possible to overestimate the advantage gained by Prussia in the conquest of Hesse-Cassel, Saxony, and Hanover. The word of war was no sooner given by Bismarck than the blow was struck, and in less than forty-eight hours Prince Frederic Charles was in possession of the three States above named and his army lay on the northern border of Austria.

At the time of the declaration of war a glance over the entire field of operation seemed to disclose a situation most favorable to Austria. In the first place Austria had on her side much the larger portion of the Federal army. This army—styled the Army of the Confederation—numbers altogether half a million of men. Of this army about 340,000, or over two-thirds, were on the side of Austria. And besides this alliance, Austria was able to bring into the field nearly a million of men. She was superior in the cavalry arm of the service. It is true that she had a heavy debt while Prussia had none. It is true also that Prussia had the support of Italy; but the Italian army could only be available in a field where every advantage was in favor of the Austrians. Now the success of Prussia in this first stage of war has gone far toward neutralizing the advantages which seemed to be so entirely in favor of Austria.

This success has given Prince Frederick Charles the advantage of being able to attack the Austrians as they issue with a narrow front from the passes of the mountains, instead of being obliged to fight them on their own terms in an open country, as would have been the case had they been allowed to occupy this kingdom. At the present moment the Prussian patrols and pickets are pushed close up to the Austrian frontier, the issue of the narrow defile which the Elbe cleaves in the Erz-Gebirge is secured, the Saxony army has retired into Bohemia, and, without pulling a trigger, the Prussian army has, by the rapid action of its chief, gained as great advantages as could have been looked for from a victorious battle in this part of the theatre of war.

Hostilities have been commenced by the Prussian army corps in Silesia. Early on Friday morning, June 22, three Prussian detachments were sent out to reconnoitre toward Zuckmantel, Friedberg, and Freiwalden. The last of these detachments, between Breitenfurt and Sandhubel, came upon an Austrian regiment of hussars. The Prussian needle-gun was very effective, and enabled the Tenth Fusilier regiment to repulse the charge of the hussars. The Austrians lost eight men killed and five wounded. No casualties occurred on the Prussian side.

It is officially announced that the Prussian alliance has been accepted by all the North German states, with the exception of Saxony, Hesse, and Nassau.

The Hanoverian army, numbering about 25,000 men, is said to have capitulated to the Prussians.

The army under the command of General Benedek is in position on the Prussian frontier on the side of Silesia, in a semicircle, of which the extremities are formed by Prague, supported by the fortress of Theresienstadt, and by Cracow, which is strengthened by the intrenched camp lately formed there, while the centre of the arc is defended by three fortresses, of which two are very strong—Josephstadt and Olmütz. The Austrian Commander-in-Chief appears to have concentrated a great part of his army in front of Upper Silesia, by which he may commence an attack on Prussian Silesia.

The regular and volunteer Italian forces, at last accounts, were disposed as follows: The King and Della Marmora, with the main body, on the Mincio, before the Quadrilaterai; Cialdini at Ferrara; Garibaldi and his volunteers in the north, near Lake Garda; another force of volunteers at Bari and Barletta; and the fleet, under Admiral Persano, in the Adriatic. The Austrians, therefore, are liable to attack from all points.

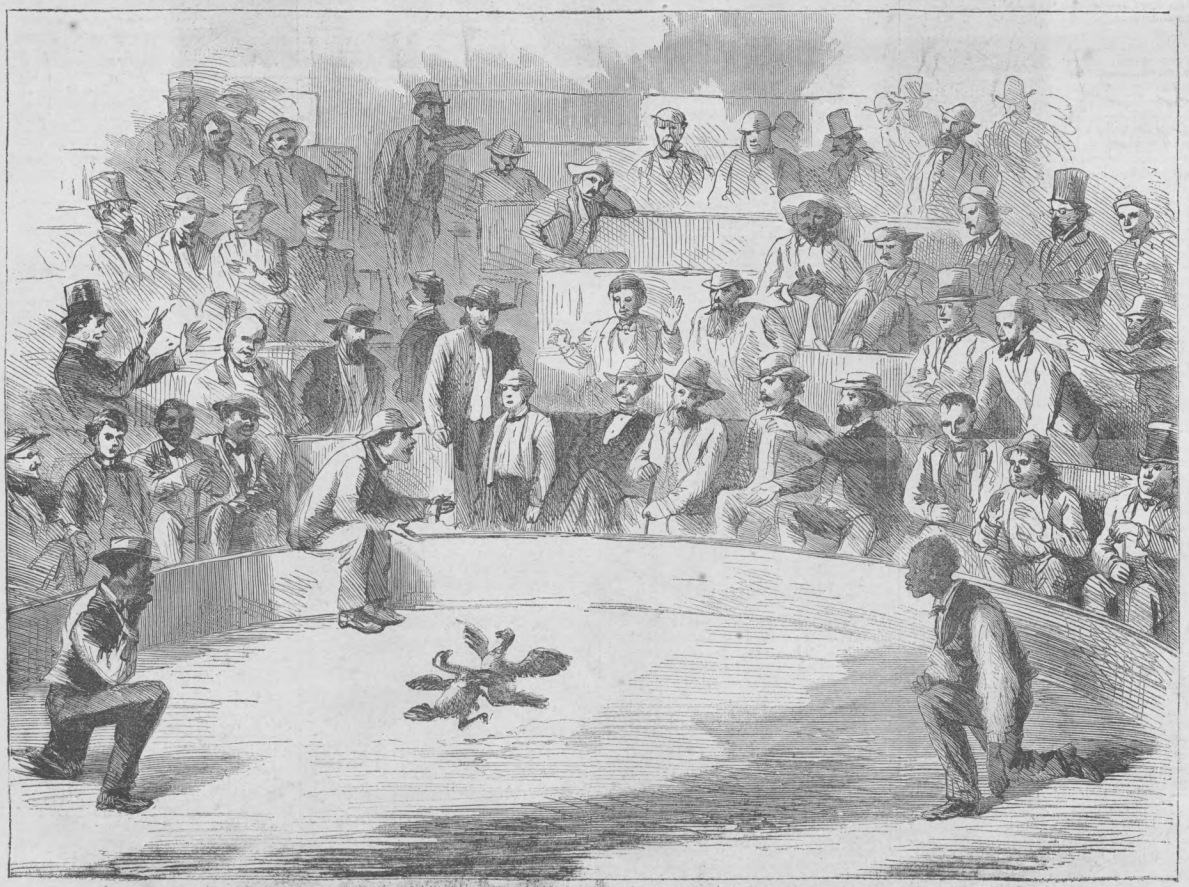
ENGLAND.

The Queen has accepted the resignation of the Ministry. The *Times* believes Lord Derby will endeavor to construct a new Ministry, with Lord Stanley for Foreign Minister, and upon so broad a basis as to include several gentlemen who have not hitherto been attached to the Conservative Party, although they have recently acted with it in opposition to the Reform Bill.

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SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—A CREOLE NIGHT AT THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS—THE COCKPIT.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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HON. JAMES H. LANE.

A FEW days ago a brief telegram told us that JAMES H. LANE had been prostrated by a paralytic stroke while sojourning in a hotel in St. Louis. Next we learned that he had arrived at his home in Leavenworth, Kansas. On the 2d inst. Representative CLARK, of Kansas, received a telegram at Washington, from Leavenworth, saying that Senator JAMES H. LANE had shot himself through the head on the Sunday night previous. Later in the day Mr. CLARK received another dispatch that Senator LANE died at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. Although a still later dispatch announced that Senator LANE was not yet dead, it gave no hope of the Senator's recovery.

The following dispatch from Leavenworth, July 2, gives the details of this melancholy event:

"Senator LANE had been acting strangely for several days, and a careful watch had been kept over him; but while riding last evening with his brother-in-law, Mr. M'CALL, and Captain ADAMS, brother of his son-in-law, got out of the wagon, which stopped at the government farm residence of Mr. M'CALL, and stepping to the rear drew a pistol and shot himself in the mouth, the ball passing out through the top of the skull. The deed was undoubtedly the result of a temporary mental derangement. This is the third member of the family who has destroyed himself. The occurrence created an unusual sadness here."

Mr. LANE was born in Indiana, and was in Congress from that State in 1853, 1854, and 1855. He went to Kansas and took a very active part in the excitements attending the settlement of that Territory. To recount his participation therein would be to rewrite almost the whole story of one of the most extraordinary periods in the history of the country. When the Territory became a State he was sent as a United States Senator for the term ending 1865. He was re-elected, and his term would have expired March 4, 1871. During the late civil war he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. He was a member of the Baltimore Convention of 1864. As a Senator, his committee labors have been chiefly in agricultural and Indian affairs, and during the present session he has been quiet to a noteworthy degree, taking the floor but seldom, and always voting with the STEVENS faction.

Senator LANE has lived for the last ten years in the midst of the most exciting events of our history. In these events he has taken a prominent part. Though not always wise in his political opinions, he has always been straightforward and honest in their expression. He leaves behind him many friends—men of his own mould, harsh, stern, and unyielding — in whose hearts his memory will long be cherished.



Photographed and Engraved by Penfield. From a Statuette by John Rogers.

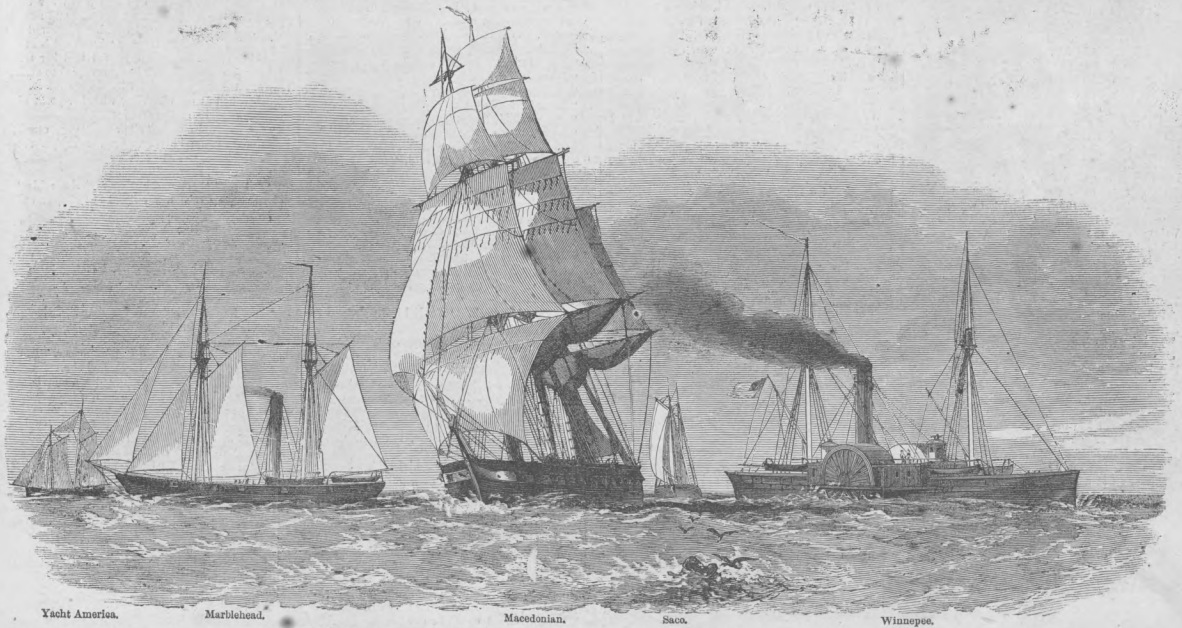
TAKING THE OATH.

THE subject of this beautiful statuette, by Mr. ROGERS, is so familiar to our readers as scarcely to need explanation. In the progress of our armies through the South supplies were freely given to such citizens as were willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. This work of art is one of the best of a large number of beautiful groups which have come from the hand of Mr. ROGERS.

THE NAVAL SCHOOL EXCURSION.

ON the 26th of June the fleet of vessels selected for the three months' summer cruise of the Naval Academy pupils left Annapolis. These vessels are the old frigates *Macedonian* and *Savannah*, the side-wheel double-ender steamer *Winnepee*, the screw propellers *Marblehead* and *Saco*, and yacht *America*. Within the past three months such of these vessels as needed repairs have undergone thorough overhauling at the Portsmouth Navy-yard; so that all are now in good condition to enter on the duties assigned them.

Scattered through the vessels constituting the fleet are the present pupils of the Naval Academy, besides the late graduating class, numbering seventy-



UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY—SUMMER PRACTICE FLEET.—[SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.]

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four members, in all some four hundred and twenty-five adolescent middies. The classes are mixed up on the various vessels, and the number on each is not uniform, but varies according to the size of the different vessels. On each ship they are arranged in divisions, for the greater convenience of instruction, and in this regard the most perfect system prevails.

The first or graduating class have decidedly the most agreeable time. Their position is that of midshipmen, and their duties those of this class of subordinate officers. They stand watch on deck, and, when on the steamers, in the engine-rooms also. On the lower classes devolves, while on the sailing vessels, the duty of going aloft and adjusting or removing the sails, and doing all the work of ordinary seamen, except cleaning the decks. Those on the steamers have to go into the fire-rooms, and, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, perform the dirty and disagreeable duty of shoveling the coal and feeding the furnaces. The theory is to familiarize all with the duties of managing sailing and steam vessels, and the fullest practical development of this theory is the paramount if not sole object of this cruise. Before the cruise terminates those now on the steamers will be transferred to the sailing vessels, and *vice versa*, so as to give all a chance to familiarize themselves with the minute details of the divers branches of navigation.

The graduating class flow into the full-fledged costume allowed them in naval regulations—that is to say, the blue jacket, with two rows of buttons, anchors on the lappels, and stars on the sleeves. Straw-hats, white vests and pants, and the white regulation gloves are largely indulged in, with variations to the blue pants and cap, as the weather may vary. The under graduates wear the "jumper" jacket or blouse worn at the Academy, the members of the various classes being distinguishable by the length and wordings of the ornamentive tape. All these sport the naval blue pants and the Scotch cap—a recent academical innovation, but, in connection with the low turn-over collar of the blouse, forming a costume as neat and jaunty as it is striking and pleasing. Of course the full-grown middies sport swords and frock-coats as occasion may require or personal pride suggest.

The command of the yacht *America* was promised to the one of the graduating class bearing away the highest honors. The recipient of these honors was S. N. Kane, of Rhode Island, and present commander of the yacht. He is a cousin of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. There are nineteen officers on the various ships, all having the rank of Lieutenant-Commanders. The fleet goes to Portland, Maine, and cruises up and down along the Atlantic coast.

A VENETIAN BRIDAL.

She is dancing in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the sullen water
Floweth silently.
She is radiant in her beauty,
Pearls her ebon ringlets twine,
Rubies glisten on her finger,
Sapphires on her bosom shine.
She is queen of every heart there,
Envy of the beauteous train;
On her looks are fiefdoms pending,
Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.
Princes for her sake are sighing;
She is fairest, first of all
Who are dancing in the palace
At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the turbid water
Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom
Beats with fierce desire:
Unrequited passion, burning
Like consuming fire.
Wherefore doth she shrink and quiver
When He breathes her name?
Wherefore is her cheek and bosom
Dyed with crimson shame?
And her eager eye turns from him,
Glancing far astray
For some absent one, regretful
Of his long delay.
Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,
Glare those baleful eyes;
Fast clench'd, by the wrist, he holds her:
"Thou art mine! My prize!
Vainly from the fowler's clutches
Would the bird take flight;
'Gainst the strong is no appealing,
Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's
Palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the cruel water
Murmurs mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes not,
Comes not, whom she loves.
Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers
Listlessly she moves.
Heard she not the heavy footsteps
Cross the bridge of doom?
Nor the iron fetters clanking,
Of the living tomb?
Hears she not a sudden splashing
In the tide beneath?
Drown'd in tones of mirth and music
Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement
O'er the dark polluted tide.
Long ere set of sun to-morrow
She will be a prince's bride.
Little weens the royal bridegroom,
Dreaming of her in his sleep,
How she watches at five-o'clock
In the dead of night, to weep.

"O thou dark and dismal channel,
Fisher's net was never cast
In thy guilty waters, shrouding
Bloody secrets of the past.
In the day of retribution,
When thy waves are backward roll'd,
What an awful revelation
Shall the startled world behold!
Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,
And my envious eyes would peer,
Through thy myst'ries, to recover
All my broken heart holds dear.
What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!
I would venture fathoms deep
To regain my stolen treasure
Which thy gloomy caverns keep.
They have made me fast, their victim!
But I scorn their utmost might.
I will break my chain, Beloved,
And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,
Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:
Wherefore does the lady tarry
From the wedding festival?
What a rare and splendid pageant!
What a scene of pomp and pride!
Nothing at the marriage festa
Wanting, but, alas! the bride.
Hearts grow sick with hope deferred;
Livid is the bridegroom's cheek;
Near and distant for the lady
High and low in vain they seek.
Bridegroom 'twixt thy dreams and waking—
Blissful dreaming of thy bride—
Heard'st thou not a splash, a ripple
Break the stillness of the tide?
She is safe forever from thee.
Wilt thou seek her in the deeps
Of the foul forbidden waters
Where thy FAVOR'D rival sleeps?

Roll on, woeful, wicked waters,
Bear them out into the sea;
Let them lie all undefiléd
In the blue immensity!

There is mourning in the palace,
In the palace on the sea;
Down, far down, the doomed waters
Throb lamentingly.

RECOMPENSE.

"Is that Oldtown church yonder, if you please, Sir?"

A girl spoke to me. I turned and looked at her. There are women of sixteen and children of sixteen. This one was a child. She wore the scantiest of cotton dresses, belted at the waist, a pair of leather boots, and a white apron. In her hand she carried a sun-bonnet, and her hair, cropped close like a boy's, curled in black rings about her head. The face was a baby's face in sweetness and in innocence, the little brown hands the hands of toil. No young lady this, yet there was nothing coarse and vulgar about her unless it were those hands.

"That is Oldtown church, my dear," I said. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, Sir, to see the wedding. Are you?"

I was, more fool I, though I did not say so to this child. The bride for whom the bells were ringing was to be mine once, would have been but for the accident which had crippled me and changed her heart. She had done nothing openly treacherous, but I saw the truth and set her free. She took her freedom gladly, and we were two. She had quite forgotten me, no doubt. I believed then I never could forget her.

I knew exactly how she would look in snowy silk and lace and coronet of pearls. I had dreamed of her in bridal robes so often.

I nodded to the little thing beside me trudging over the meadow path with the tall grass almost to her waist, and looking at me wistfully.

"I never saw a wedding," she said.

"No?"

"No, Sir. Grandfather said I might come. He didn't care himself. It's a long walk too from the tavern, and he's very old."

"Does your grandfather keep the tavern?" I asked.

"No, Sir—I wish he did!" said the child. "He has only his fiddle, and people half the time don't care for tunes. What else can *he* do though? To-night there's a dance, and he's to play for them. That's why we stopped."

A poor fiddler's untaught grandchild—as poor as decent poverty could be—yet her presence somehow cheered me. Half child, half woman, and all a child at heart. Innocent, and beautiful, and kindly. I encouraged her to linger at my side. I said to her:

"I will show you a place where you can see the bride well. It is in the gallery. Will you like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't often been to church. We pray together in lonely places, grandfather and I. Will you be there, Sir?"

"Yes."

"I know I should like it."

"Come with me then," I said, and she followed me.

I had meant to hide myself in the gallery, and see my lost love married quite unseen. This companionship had not been in my *rôle* at all. But I liked it. No friend, no relation, not my own sister, would I have had beside me; but this elfish thing was too innocent to fear. I led the way up the dark old stairs, and toward a spot quite sheltered from general view. Then I sat down and she stood leaning over the balustrade.

The church was full of bonnets. Here and there only a masculine head. The minister was in his seat reading, in a position taken for effect. He was a handsome man, and knew it perfectly well.

Girls whispered and giggled, matrons fanned themselves, and men yawned. Soon the soft roll of carriages on the gravel-path was heard, and the bridal party entered. I saw her at last. Aletta.

"Is that the bride?" half-sobbed the girl's voice at my side. "Is it a real lady? She looks like wax. Oh, how pretty, how beautiful! Look! look!"

She touched me with her little brown hand, and looked at me, her eyes sparkling:

"Did you ever see her before?" she asked. "Is she like that in everyday clothes? Oh, how pretty! how pretty!"

Men have no right to weep. I put my head down upon the cushion of the pew and hid my eyes. I felt the child creep close beside me.

"Poor thing, he's tired!" I heard her whisper, and put her little hand out and patted me softly by stealth.

Soon I looked down into the church again, and saw Grant Stanton kiss his bride.

"Is it over?" asked the girl.

"Yes, child," I said; "all over."

"Then I must go," she said. "Thank you for being so kind to me, Sir. Good-by."

"Good-by," I said, and her little leather shoes pattered over the aisle and down the stairs, and I had seen, as I thought, the last of her. When she was gone I missed her strangely.

I went home when the church was quite empty. It had not been as hard to bear as I had feared, and oddly enough I found myself thinking of that child's little gipsy head, and those beautiful long-fringed eyes. I wondered at myself, but it was so.

"I should like to see the child again," I said, and as I spoke I spied a crowd about a tavern door upon the road.

It was a poor place, and poor rough people made up the group. But it was plainly no common quarrel or drinking bout which had brought them there, for their faces were all grave and their voices suppressed. I crossed the road.

"What has happened, friend?" I asked of a tinker near by.

"Only a blind fiddler dropped dead," he said. "But there's a gal there wild about it."

And then I passed him and went in. An old man lay upon the floor, and across his body a girl had flung herself. I knew the gipsy hair and the brown neck, the scant cotton dress and the sun-bonnet, flung with a handful of wild flowers upon the floor; and I bent over her, touching her little despairing head.

"My child," I said, "he is happier than we are." And she looked up.

"He was all I had," she said; "all, all!"

So had I thought when Aletta gave me back our betrothal ring. My heart ached for her. I said no other word, but I led her to an inner room, while two men bore the dead man up stairs. She wept wildly, but my presence seemed to comfort her.

After a while she drew closer to me, and, sitting on a low stool, leaned her forehead on my knee. Soon my hand rested on it, and in an hour she had sobbed herself to sleep.

I said a few words to the landlady when I arose to leave; and she promised to attend to my orders, enforced by the contents of my pocket-book.

"The girl sha'n't go until I hear from you, Sir," she said. "Indeed, I don't know where she would go. She seems friendless, and such a child for her age. Thank you, Sir!"

And I went on my way again, thinking not of Aletta, but of the dead fiddler's grandchild. This sun-browned waif, so simple and so ignorant, so friendless and alone.

I was young yet—not five-and-twenty—a bachelor, and likely to be one my life long. I had no proper home to take her to, and no friend to aid me. At last, in my extremity, I thought of Betty—old Betty, who had once been my nurse, and who loved me as she might her own son—and in the gloaming I made my way to her poor home. I found her trimming her vines in the bit of garden-ground, and had my usual kiss across the fence even before the gate was opened.

"I've been thinking of you," she said. "I knew it was you as soon as I heard some one coming. 'Tisn't every young gentleman would weary himself to see an old body like me. Sit down, honey, and rest."

"I came to ask a favor, Betty," I said.

"Just name it, Master Bertie."

"Will you take a boarder, Betty?"

"Bless me! In my two rooms?"

"Only a child, Betty."

"A child!—Master Albert!"

I told her of the fiddler's death, and of the girl. "I have money enough," I said, "but no female relatives. I can only come to you."

"You always were kind-hearted from a boy," she said. "I'll take the little girl, Master Bertie."

Then she put both hands on my shoulders.

"You haven't fretted, have you?" she asked.

"Fretted?" I asked. "Why?"

"Nay, why indeed?" said old Betty. "Better fish in the sea than ever were caught yet." Then in a moment more she added: "I've been to see the wedding."

I felt my face flush. "Shall I bring the girl to-morrow after her grandfather's funeral?" I asked.

"When you please," said Betty. "But, Master Albert, what do you mean to do with her? You are doing all this in a hurry. Just think a bit."

"I mean to adopt the child," I said. "It will make me happy to have a young thing to care for."

Betty laughed. "You'll have young things of your own, please God, some day," she said. "Why, at your age life is before you."

"I shall never marry, Betty," I said.

She caught my fingers in a close clasp with her horny hard-working hand.

"I wish you was back again a baby on my knee, Master Bertie," she said. "I'd like to sing you to sleep as I did then. Ah! it's a grief to us old women to see the young we've nursed grow up so tall and old, with their troubles so shut up in their own hearts that we can't comfort them. Going? Well, then, good-night! I'm ready for the child when you will. I'm ready for any thing that will cheer you, Master Bertie. I ought to say Master Albert always now, I suppose; but the old times do come back so!"

I left her leaning over her gate looking wistfully after me, knowing as a mother might the grief which I had buried in my heart. And if her words had given me a pang, it was like some ointment which makes the wound smart in its very healing. It was something to be loved so even by my old nurse.

Late the next day I led my young charge from her grandfather's grave to Betty's cottage. She kept my hand upon the road as a little child might. I had no thought but that she was one, until old Betty's cry of "Goodness, Master Bertie, I thought you said a young child! Why, *this* is a grown girl!" startled me into consciousness.

"It doesn't matter, does it, Betty?" I asked. She turned to the girl.

"Take off your bonnet," she said, a little grimly. "I want to look at you. What is your name?"

The girl obeyed. "I'm only Nelly Hay," she said, and stood to be looked at. Betty looked sternly at first, then pityingly.

"La, no! Master Bertie, it *don't* matter," she said. "I don't see any harm in her. There's a peg behind the door, child. You can hang your bonnet on that." And I left the two together.

Not long, though; every day found some new errand to take me to the cottage. I put on elderly airs, and gave advice. I had her sent to school, and went through grave examinations on Saturday afternoons. I told old Betty that when I was a man of middle age I should take my little daughter home, and she should keep house for us. And I began to fancy, very soon, that there could be no such happiness as that a parent felt. The girl was growing tall, it is true, and I was only ten years older than she was; but when she checked her light tread to keep pace with me, when the childish laugh bubbled and rippled at something which could only make me smile, I felt that years are not the only things which age us.

I was working hard at my profession too. I had hands and heart full. In a year I found that I could pass Aletta on her husband's arm without a pang. In a year more I wondered whether she had really changed, or whether I fancied black curls more than I did golden bands, for I found myself thinking my little daughter much the prettiest.

In the sultry summer evenings I used to leave red tape and parchment and go out to Betty's cottage to have tea with her and my adopted child. Then, while she polished up the cups, Nellie Hay and I used to walk down to the river side. Tall as she was growing, I had a way of holding her hand still; and we had such pleasant talks! such odd, unworldly chatter! Those walks and simple tea-drinkings rested the brain, wearied with law business, quarrels, and quibbles, and stratagems, more than I can tell.

The rough hands had grown softer now, the waist taper, the bust full. The sweep of woman's robes, the tread of woman's lightly-shod feet had taken the place of clumping leather boots and scant cotton skirts.

I knew this, but Nellie was a child to me all the same. Was I not by adoption her father? Had not my early grief and the staff on which I leaned aged me before my time? Of course she always would be young to me; and why I felt so angry if by chance some gay young farmer chatted with her over the fence, or some neighbor saw her home from church, I could not tell. "An old man's temper, I suppose," I said, and sighed like a young one.

So three years passed. At the end of that time Aletta's husband died. They had quarreled, and she had made him woefully jealous, it was said; and all his property, save a mere pittance, was willed to strangers.

One day a lady in black walked into my office; when she lifted her veil I saw Aletta Stanton's face, closer to me than it had been since we parted. My heart gave no wild throb. I felt as though I were a mere stranger.

Courteously and quite calmly I heard her business. She intended to contest the will and needed advice. I gave her what I could. I referred her to a brother-lawyer as the one who would best espouse her cause. As for myself I told her truly that my time was too completely occupied to undertake any thing more, and I wished her success.

She looked at me wistfully, with her great blue eyes full of tears, as she arose to go.

"It was cruel of him," she said, "very cruel to leave me so poor; but he was never kind, never—not in the honey-moon even."

"I regret to hear it," I said.

"I could expect nothing more," she said; "I did not love him—I never loved but one, and that one—"

She paused and looked at me.

"That one I love still," she said.

And Heaven knows no feeling of revenge or petty triumph was in my heart when I looked in Aletta Stanton's eyes as if I did not understand her and courteously bowed her out.

"Did I ever care for that woman?" I thought, "or is it all a dream?"

I took my adopted child to the theatre that night and we saw the Lady of Lyons together. It was her first play-going experience, and she enjoyed it immensely. She wore a white dress and bonnet and the coral drops I had fastened a few days before in her little ears. I was very proud of her. I could not help looking into her eyes, touching her hand with mine. When I left her I kissed her.

"Good-night, my child," I said.

And she answered, "Good-night," with a cheek dyed on the instant deeper scarlet, and ran away as Betty came out to chat with me.

From that night I dated an odd change. My adopted child seemed shy of letting me keep her hand—shy even of chatting as she did. She was graver, more womanly. I fancied she did not care for me as she did. Perhaps some of those farmers who leaned over the gate at sunset, some of those young fellows who so often escorted her home from church, had won her from me. I grew a little moody. I found myself in brown studies when I should have been at work. At last I determined to discover whether I was really to lose my child,

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and went down to the cottage. I found her there sitting at work with Betty.

After all, it was no easy task. I could not do it as I had hoped. I tried jesting, and spoke of one and of the other of the young fellows near. "We shall have Nellie stolen from us, I suppose?" I said. "There is nothing so easily lost from a family as a pretty daughter. But who is to have you, Nellie?"

She looked at me as children look before they burst into tears—her chin quivering, her throat swelling—then she dropped her work, and stole from the room without answering me.

"What ails the child, Betty?" I asked. "Have I offended her?"

Old Betty stood before me sturdy and stern—a look in her face I had never yet seen there.

"Master Albert," she said, "whatever she was when she came here, Nellie is no child now. Oh, Master Albert, I can't believe you've done it on purpose! You couldn't—such a sweet, innocent thing!—but it's done. All I can say is, go away, or let her go, and maybe the wound will heal. I ought to have spoken in time. I was an old fool. Oh, how could you, Master Albert?—how could you?"

"What have I done?" I cried. "I would rather die than harm her."

"And yet you've made her love you," said Betty, sternly. "You who knew you never would love her. You've been very selfish, Master Albert."

A new light dawned upon me, a radiance brilliant beyond my hopes.

"Betty," said I, "you are dreaming. She must think me old enough to be a grandfather, with my long face and bald crown and this crutch. I've had one dream broken: don't set me dreaming again for Heaven's sake!"

Old Betty looked at me; then caught my face in both hands and kissed me.

"Master Bertie," said she, "I sha'n't tell you a word more. The child is under the grape-vine out yonder; go and find out what you want to know for yourself. You silly, handsome, good-for-nothing fellow!"

I found my child under the grape-vine, her face wet with tears. I sat down by her and put my arm about her waist.

"Nellie," said I, "don't shrink from me. I am your true friend. Your friend, whatever answer you may give me now. I am older than you. I am not vain enough to think myself a young girl's beau-ideal. But I love you dearly, Nelly. Can you love me enough to be my wife? If you can not, if another claims your heart, do not say yes from gratitude. Tell me the truth, and still retain a father's, a brother's, a friend's affection. Nellie?"

I bent over her, and my life seemed in her keeping. Until that moment I had not known myself. I loved her madly. I felt it now better, far better, than in my youth I had loved Aletta Stanton.

She spake no word.

"Nellie?" I said, "Nellie?" and a brown hand was laid of its own accord in mine, and beneath my gaze the dark eyes dare not lift themselves, but hid their sweetness on my breast. Nellie was mine.

I sat with her beating heart so near my own, and thought it all over. I remembered the child in her cotton gown standing in the gallery of the church on that wedding morn. I remembered the child whom I had taught; the girl with whom I had passed such happy hours. And I felt that this living love, sprung, phœnix like, from the ashes of the dead one, was the purest feeling of my life.

So my old fancy of keeping house with my child came true at last; only when she crossed the threshold of my home with me I called her wife. And still the touch of her brown hand brings comfort with it; still her sweet voice is better to me than all the music in the world. And, as in my youth I fancied myself old, surely in my age I shall believe myself young, for while we love and are beloved youth can never die, and while we live I and my Nellie must love each other.

HALF A BREATH.

AT an upper window of a beetle-browed building, in a certain manufacturing town, there is, or there was, a man of solemn and unwinking look, perched on a platform before a desk; a man of more than Roman integrity, not to be seduced by the clamor of the street below, to so much as the blink of an eye, aside from the ledger, in which he eternally wrote, through all hours of the day and night; a wooden St. Simeon Stylites, in cutaway coat and lank trowsers; object of much childish speculation on my part; subject, also, of a current legend, which though no one was ever to be caught in telling, yet in some mysterious way was perfectly known to all our townsfolk.

The legend is of two wooden men. One, the Stylites just described; the other walked about on two legs that could bend, and did; and if you had poked him, I have no doubt your finger would have dented his flesh; a most respectable man also, as our townsfolk will assure you when I name I. T. Minor; and yet, I maintain, a man of wood. He lived in the nineteenth century, and behaved in it like Gail Hamilton's goose on the track. After an entire train had passed over her, sitting between the rails, "she arose, looked over her shoulder, as who should say, seems to me I heard something, and waddled off with placid but evident contempt for all such flummery." He used his little shred of life as the Chinese tailor did the new trowsers, which he patched precisely where the old ones were patched. Wooden! why if the legend be true, the Stylites was infinitely the most impressionable of the two. I say if the legend be true, for I vouch only for my two men of wood.

One night, lying in his bed, I. T. Minor heard himself loudly called—I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! It was not an hour at which people are apt to be called; half past twelve by the little clock on the mantle; and the voice sounded from without; within the house was silent; besides the night was wild with rain and wind, coming with voices that clamored, and voices that wailed, and bursting against the house with a wet rush, like waves and breaking surf; and yet I. T. Minor felt himself irresistibly compelled to get up out of his warm bed and peep, shivering, out into the wet street; and as he stood at the window came the voice again: I. T. Minor! I. T. Minor! more loudly and imperatively than before; and though Mr. Minor certainly intended to get back to bed at once he got into his boots instead; and though assuredly he would never venture out on such a night and at such an hour, he found himself pulling on his trowsers, and urged by the terrible voice, and in spite of himself, he buttoned his great-coat and took down his hat, though groaning all the time,

"Oh dear! I wish it would stop. I shall be obliged to go! I can't stop myself! Oh dear! what will the neighbors think, hearing my name shouted all over town? And why *don't* somebody wake up?"

As if people ever waked when wanted, and the wife of your bosom, or friend of your heart, did not always snore straight through your visitations of toothache and ghosts! The voice rang out on the night like the heavy stroke of a fire-alarm, yet nobody stirred. No windows were opened on the opposite side; no night-capped heads peeped out after Mr. I. T. Minor as he unwillingly stepped from his door into the street; but then, inconsistently enough, from shame and confusion, at the public nature of this mysterious summons, he fell to wishing that they would look out and stop him if they could. He remembered certain garroting legends, and looked suspiciously at areas and alley-ways, inky head-quarters of the blackness about him. He observed to himself that it was at once disgraceful and ridiculous for a respectable man of regular habits to be prowling about after midnight of the worst night of the season. Also, that an incredulous world, not to mention Mrs. Minor, would lend a doubting ear to stories of ghostly voices and irresistible impulses; finally, that he was going back at once—in spite of all which he went steadily forward.

To his astonishment he presently discovered that he was not alone. Familiar front-doors opened, one after the other, and familiar great-coats came tramping heavily down the steps: Codger and Screwsby, Box and Cox, almost every man in the row, in fact. I. T. Minor rubbed his eyes with

"Why, where the deuce are you going, Codger?"

"Don't you hear it?" returned Codger, with an air of listening. "I thought it would wake the whole town with its David Codger! David Codger! Hillo, Screwsby! what brings you out?"

"Don't you hear it:" cried Screwsby, with the same air of listening. "Tom Screwsby! Tom Screwsby! I tried to stay in bed but I couldn't, so here I am!"

And they marched on together, while Minor stared incredulously after them, doubting his senses, all the time more front-doors opening, more people crowding into the street, till Minor was hustled and jostled on all sides by a crowd, for which I must use capital letters to express how Utterly and Entirely Respectable they were, made up of the very Best Men, speaking after Mammon, each and all answering, when questioned, as Codger and Screwsby had done, each wrapped in himself and unconscious of his neighbor, with the same air of listening clearly to his own call, and deaf to the others, as Minor heard only and continually I. T. Minor, above all the stir; and all, urged by the same mysterious impulse, pressing onward—where?

Minor was asking himself that with some perturbation, when he found himself in front of his own warehouse, at whose upper window stood the Wooden Man at his desk. How it was that he could see distinctly in that pitchy darkness; how it was that the Wooden Man had raised his head and stood looking straight at the crowd; how it was that he no longer wrote in his ledger but held up a hand as if in appeal with the pen still clasped between its painted fingers, or what brought that pale girl there on the platform beside him, I. T. Minor did not even ask. He accepted it all as in sleep we do the unnatural conditions of a dream, and understood that here was a court of inquiry: that here in the ledger was a record against him; that here, in the pale girl, was a witness against him and the other highly respectable gentlemen on trial with him. What he did not comprehend was of what he and they could have been guilty. He glanced at his neighbors, but Codger, Screwsby, and the rest, were intent on the pale girl about to speak. A half recognition stirred in I. T. Minor's mind. Where had he seen her?

"I am sorry," commenced the girl, nervously. "I do not desire to complain. I did not come here of free-will, and I hope gentlemen will not remember it against me, for though my salary is small I should not like to lose it. I have a bed-ridden brother and a mother to support; and though teaching five days out of seven is certainly wearing work, yet I have continual reason to be thankful that I am in possession of such a resource; and I quite believed the gentlemen when they told us at the end of the quarter that there was positively no money in the treasury, and they were sorry to make us wait. But it was a bitter disappointment to those not so poor as we; and to us, who have always to struggle so—gentlemen who are not obliged to think three times over every penny can hardly tell how bitter!" continued the girl, warmly. "I have ninety-three dollars a quarter, out of which I lay aside so much for rent, and so much for fire. With the rest we buy of course just flour enough, just oil, just sugar, just every thing enough to last till relief comes again, that is, next pay-day, and patch, and watch our shoes, and dresses, and fuel, and flour, and lights, lest any thing should give out before; so you understand how it is that every thing runs out together just before pay-day. There is no more medicine for the sick one, you are half-way down your last pail of coal, you have kneaded your last quart of flour, you are at the bottom of your oil can, you have promised to pay back the money you borrowed to-morrow, and to settle certain bills, and can hardly, perhaps, keep the old shoes on your feet in which you go for the money that you have earned by three months' hard work; and—the city has built a new hall, or a tower, or the proper appropriation has not been made, and gentlemen give us drafts, payable in—what matter does it make to the eager, anxious ones at home how many months, when they have already strained endurance to its utmost tension and can wait no longer? Gentlemen will cash our drafts at a discount—that means seven, or ten, or fifteen dollars off, as the case may be; but when it is hardly possible to keep alive on ninety-three dollars, all told, how is it possible to do it on seven or ten dollars less? Shall we wait, then, till the promised pay-day, and live on credit? That means, gentlemen, getting behindhand every day a little and a little more. Impossible to economize, and use discretion and dis——"

"And if it is," burst in I. T. Minor, who with deep indignation had recognized in the girl a teacher in a school of whose board he was a member, "a pretty cause for which to rout men like us out of their beds at midnight! What can we do about it? Is it our fault if the proper appropriations are not made?"

"We are very sorry—"

"Yes, very sorry," echoed Codger & Co.; "but what can we do?"

"Do!" cried the Wooden Man. "What would you have done, if in your salaried days—for I take it, most of you, at one time or other, have been glad enough to receive a salary—I say what would you have done if, after three months' faithful labor, your employer had softly said he was 'very sorry,' as he presented you with a draft, due three months from date, because he really would not have the money before? How if your employer was 'very sorry' in this manner, once and again, sometimes for three quarters running, as has happened to this girl and hundreds of men and women in similar positions—and what you would have done for yourselves, is it not your duty, Christian men, to do for your brothers, and still more for those who, being women, especially appeal to you, as weaker than yourselves? If the laborer *is* worthy of his hire, then, when he fails to get it, there is a wrong somewhere, and it is your duty to find it out; and that the girl has spoken within the bounds of truth I bear witness; for here, as I stand above your heads, I write down, day after day, the sighs, the struggles, the patience, the disappointments, the suspense, of men and women in positions like hers; and the dullness, blindness, hardness, and stupidity toward them of men like you. Rouse you out of your beds, indeed! Why, it has roused a Wooden Man to speech. I protest I am heartily glad of the condemnation that has come upon you!"

At the word "condemnation," Codger, Screwsby, I. T. Minor, and the rest, looked blankly at each other, while the pale girl made a deprecating motion, instantly checked by the Wooden Man.

"There has been lately," he went on, in his dry, hard voice, "a deficit of air unparalleled since the earliest days of the world. Of the cause I am unable to speak, but I can confidently assure you that the deficiency will be supplied in three days' time at the least. Meantime, by accurate computation, it has been discovered that there is not sufficient air about the globe to supply each individual with his usual quota, and it has been decided, for very evident reasons, that the atmospheric dearth shall fall principally on you gentlemen here assembled."

Here there was a murmur and commotion in the crowd, quickly silenced by the Wooden Man, who continued with an unpleasant chuckle:

"We are aware that you are fully entitled to as much air as will sufficiently inflate your lungs at every breath; but what can the Board of Winds and Currents do? We have not the air on hand; and we can only pledge you our honor that in three days' time matters will return to their usual course. Meantime you will receive but half the usual amount of air at each breath. You will, also, occasionally find yourself entirely without any breath at all, and will then be obliged to borrow of some more fortunate neighbor—say, some teller of interminable stories, or an incurable scold. We are very sorry, but really, gentlemen, we are doing for you the best we can."

"Shameful!" commenced I. T. Minor, indignantly; but his protest was cut short by a new and disagreeable sensation—not precisely that of choking, but a continual impression and apprehension that he should shortly come to that. He inflated his chest to its utmost, opened his mouth at its widest, but the result was quite as unsatisfactory as before. He looked about on his neighbors; they were gasping like himself. He glanced appealingly at the Wooden Man, but he was again as stolidly intent on his ledger as ever.

Day was breaking when Minor reached his home, but nobody had observed his absence; neither did any one at breakfast perceive that he was in a half-strangled condition. Going down-town at business-hours, from force of habit, he found no one sharper-sighted than at home, till suddenly, while talking prices in his warehouse, as the Wooden Man had warned him, he lost breath entirely.

"Heart alive, man! what is the matter with you?" cried old Brown, who was talking with him, jumping backward in a fright.

"Give—give—" gurgled Minor; but not another word could he get out till, catching a chance breath of his alarmed companion, he recovered as suddenly as he had been seized.

"Singular attacks—very!" remarked old Brown, suspiciously.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing—subject to it—hereditary, you know!" explained Minor, confusedly; but a few moments after he was seized again—breath entirely gone, and black in the face. Men ran on all sides to find remedies and a physician.

"No; air—air!" gasped Minor, faintly.

"Yes, yes; give him air," said every body, getting away from him, and so removing from the unlucky man all chance of borrowing a breath, and he kicked and struggled in a frenzy of despair. Just then Codger passed by, but, as Minor looked imploringly at him, shook his head—had not breath enough for himself, poor fellow! and if it had not been for a friendly puff of wind the next paragraph would have been I. T. Minor's obituary. As it was, he lost his bargain, his wealthy customer not having time to wait, and gained the desirable reputation of being subject to fits.

"I shall be ruined—ruined and dead before the three days are half over," said Minor, mournfully, to himself, trying to make half a breath answer for a whole one, and quaking in anticipation of no breath at all, when he felt himself seized by the shoulder, and heard Mrs. Minor's voice:

"Why, I. T., wake up! wake up, I say! What are you groaning about?"

At least that is the way in which friends of the family try to blunt the point of the story: rather call it nightmare, you see, than admit, as some say, that I. T. Minor was actually wandering abroad all night, and came home at daybreak, haggard and nearly dead, declaring that he had lived three horrible days in one night. To this ending I incline, but, as an impartial historian, give both versions. Take your choice. I vouch but for two things—and those, as I said in the beginning, my two wooden men. For two things? No. For three: for the sad truth of that pale girl's trembling story also.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POLICE "INTELLIGENCE."—There isn't any!

Why are the ladies of the Ballet very kind to their relations?—Because they are so fond of their grand-*pas*.

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

Milton was asked, "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the next meeting of the Zoological Society a Paper will be read "On the Pace of the Snail," with a rider "On its Gallop."

At an extraordinary meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society a Paper will be read "On an Infusion of New Blood."

The last dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussel one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued to fight and whipped the other dog.

STICKING TO THE LAST.—The cobblers of Nantes have recently been on strike because the name of their patron saint, Crispin, was not included in the *Almanac Nantais*. The authorities, out of regard for the soles of the people, corrected the calendar, and the pride of the craft was heel'd. The disturbance was thus allayed, and the cobblers, who threatened to come to blows, returned to their wax.

KISSING.

"Oh, quit—get out—now don't you—
I really wish you wouldn't!
Oh, quit—will you?—get out!
You know you ought to shouldn't.

"There, now, you've got it—oh, be still!
You sha'n't have any more;
You've got—oh, take away your face!—
What no man got before.

"Once more?—there—that'll do—don't,
You've rumpled up my hair;
If you'll but quit, I'll give you one—
Now take it—there—there—there!"

NEW TAXES.

For each curl on a lady's head above ten, five cents.
For wearing a low-necked dress, one dollar.
For wearing hoops larger than eight feet in diameter, eight cents for each hoop.
For sleeping in church, ten dollars.
Seeing a lady home from church, twenty cents.
For every flirtation, ten cents.
For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.
Each pretty lady to be taxed from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty.
Old bachelors over thirty are taxed ten dollars, and sentenced to banishment to Utah.

A wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes; the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't; I always sing the latter."

When are two potatoes precisely alike?—When they're pared.

The best of men are but men at the best.

BREWERS' LANGUAGE.—He brew.

A PARTING INJUNCTION.—A decree in the Divorce Court.

You needn't have such reverence for truth as always to stand at an awful distance from it.

A MAN MOST OPEN TO CONVICTION.—The prisoner at the bar.

—A petroleum family has lately started in fashionable life, whose parlor is said to be so brilliantly furnished that they look at it only once a month, and then they do it through smoked glass.

Man, says the anatomist, changes entirely every seven years; "therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1858—I am not the same person—hence I owe him nothing."

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah, Sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think what I *didn't* say."

"Why do you drive such a pitiful-looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him, Pat?" "A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

"Who's there?" said Robinson, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street-door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste of yours, sh'n it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

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A TALE FOR THE TIME.

Two dogs, one day, adown the street
Were trotting, holding converse meet;
For dogs, whatever man may teach,
Have wondrous faculty of speech,
And tell each other many a story
Not too much to their masters' glory—
Two bull-dogs, a good-natured race,
When man their nature don't debase.

Says Bob, "I heard them say last night
They've made a match, and we're to fight.
Quiet beneath old Scroggins' chair
And stretch'd out with a sleepy air,
I lay, while they with pipes and gin
Belch'd smoke and suck'd the poison in:
And first they talk'd about our weight,
And then our pluck; and long debate
They held about our several ways
Of 'going in' with just such praise
As, if we were such fools as they,
Might make us vain of what they say."

Quoth Tom, "I'm sorry, Bob, to hear it:
A bite or so, mind, I don't fear it;
If any stranger dog should come
Lurking about my place at home,
Thinking to cut me out with Rose,
Or snatch my bone before my nose,
I'd pitch into him with a will,
And prove I have both pluck and skill.
But you and I, old Bob, are friends;
Each in a quarrel always lends
T'other his help, and when we rally
Foes best be off—we'll clear the alley."

"What can we do, Tom? 'tis our trade;
High bets upon 'the event' are laid:
My master 's now sleek as a beagle,
Clears all before him at the Eagle;
Yours is not quite in such high feather,
But, Tom, when they pit us together
Both cash and credit will be flowing,
Though where cash comes from there's no knowing,
As if they got no end of toddies
And grub out of our mangled bodies."

"I tell you, Bob," says Tom, "they're brewing
Fun for themselves, but our undoing.
Why, boy, when once we're set to win
Nor you nor I shall e'er give in;
Wherever once we fix our teeth
We hold as long as we have breath:
Of one of us the death is sure,
The other maim'd beyond all cure,
And all because these two-legged brutes
Live of our sufferings on the fruits.
Now look you, Bob, if I and you
Were only to each other true
We'd read these varmints such a lesson
They'd never find the sense to guess on."

"What would you do?"

"What would I do?
Serve them as they'd make me serve you—
Show them your teeth. Don't look dismay'd,
You say you're not of death afraid;
The worst can happen is to die,
And let them kill you, Bob, not I."

What happen'd after this converse
It might be irksome to rehearse.
But out of a low hovel rush'd
One eve, a crowd together crush'd,
Following amain with sticks and staves
Two dogs, and furiously raves
One ruffian, "Why, the curs are mad!
Kill 'em!" Each passing man and lad
Joins in the cry, "Mad dog! mad dog!"
One brains the foremost with a log,
The other, maimed with many blows,
Lays by his old friend's ear his nose,
And just growls out, "So let 'em think.
To us who're just upon death's brink,
A word is naught; but 'mad dog's' bite
Shall haunt our slayers day and night,
And those who'd kill us in this sort
Learn not to madden us for sport."
With that he lick'd his comrade's face
And died—with bull-dog hero's grace.

THREE OF THEM.

EVERY thing in this world goes by comparison. Amidst the dead level of the prairies it would take a very little mole-hill to make a mountain; and it would require a different girl to dazzle in New York society from the one who finds it no task to be queen of hearts in a country village. Hetty May was quite a belle in Danbury. She was just a piece of pink and white prettiness. Her father and mother had been charmed by this same prettiness from her babyhood, and had unconsciously done homage to it all their lives. Her two older sisters, Hannah and Huldah, had never been too good to help their mother with the housework. They had baked and brewed, scoured floors and washed milk-pans, and been healthy and happy and womanly in spite of it.

Hannah married first, and Huldah two years afterward. Then the neighbors thought Hetty would have, as they expressed it, "to come into it." But Deacon May and his wife had other views. They hired a stout woman in the kitchen; for Mrs. May said she "wasn't so strong as she used ter be, and she needed somethin' more'n a gel;" and then they sent fifteen-years'-old Miss Hetty away to boarding-school. In two years' time she finished her education. I use this term advisedly, for Hetty was not one of those to whom life is a continual schoolmaster. She would remain, mentally, very much as those two years left her. In them she had learned to paint flowers, and work worsted, and embroider collars and cuffs. This, besides acquiring a certain amount of taste in dress, was about all. She had recited lessons, to be sure, in botany and history, and some of the ologies, but they had passed into one of her pretty pink ears and out at the other, and left her the same empty-headed little Hetty after all.

But her parents saw no lack. To them, at least, she was

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

And not to them only. Every unmarried man in Danbury was in love with her. Phil Rawson, the clerk in the dry-goods store, always grew sentimental when she bought a calico dress of him; and when the purchase was a pair of boots, and he was permitted to try them on, his emotions transcended expression, and his expressions transcended description. Mr. Nichols, the singing-master, thought her voice the divinest music in the world, though she always sharped a little, and quite often sang out of tune. Tom Mansfield, who owned his own farm and drove a stylish pair of horses, wanted nothing so much as to see her mistress of all; and, indeed, Tom was a good fellow, and she might have done very much worse. Sam Reeves, also, worshiped her from afar, with silent devotion; as indeed he ought, for he was the village blacksmith, and there was an aristocracy even in Danbury.

No wonder Hetty's pretty, foolish, little golden head was almost turned. If the little heart had not been tender and loyal, in spite of its lightness and vanity, she would have been unendurable. As it was, somehow, every one loved her, even the rest of the girls in the village, though she charmed their lovers away, and had so many beaux to her string that she amused herself by counting them, as she might have counted the beads on her rosary, if she had been a devout little Romanist, caring no more for one of them than another. Her parents were in no hurry, either, to have her make her choice. She was but young, as they often said to each other, and it did them good to see her round. She didn't do much, to be sure, but somehow the house would be a different place without her pretty face, her bits of worsted work here, her vases there, with a sprig of honey-suckle in one, a bunch of violets in another. Sage matrons grumbled and gossiped about the idle ways in which "Miss May" let her daughter go on; but for my part, considering that the Deacon had money enough, and was quite able to afford the indulgence of something pleasant just to look at, I really think the aforesaid pink and white prettiness of Hetty's was worth more to him than any thing she could have done with her hands. Do we complain of a rosebush because it does not bear gooseberries, or a lily because it is not a pumpkin vine?

Just at this juncture a new minister was settled in Danbury. He was a single man, and therefore, as was but natural, he came to the Deacon's to board. Hetty had never seen quite the like of this Reverend Walter Calthorpe. He was not at all after the Danbury pattern. She saw him first at supper in her father's house; for she had not been well, and so had missed being at church when he preached his trial sermon. She had a little vague dread of ministers—an association of dullness and stiffness and severity. Perhaps it was with the intention of disarming this one that she made a ravishing toilet before she appeared in his presence; and came down, sylph-like and bewitching, in the daintiest of delicate muslins, with ribbons as blue as her eyes at her throat and in her bright hair. Her cheeks crimsoned with blushes beneath Mr. Calthorpe's admiring gaze, and he thought he had never seen any thing so pretty in his life.

It was the first of May when the new minister came, and his acquaintance with Hetty progressed rapidly. It grew with the flowers, and blossomed with the roses; or, at least, by the time the Reverend Walter had put the first one in her hair he thought himself very deeply in love with her indeed. He probably would have told her so if he had not been a minister; but he had a sort of creed that ministers must be above the hasty impulses of ordinary humanity; and he said to himself that it behooved him to wait until he had considered the matter a little more thoroughly. I do not know, however, how long this resolution would have been likely to hold out if another actor had not appeared upon the scene of affairs.

About the middle of June Deacon May received a letter from Mrs. Vandervere, his only sister. She had married quite out of the Deacon's sphere. She seldom came to Danbury, and had not even written to him for nearly two years. This letter, therefore, was something of an event. The Deacon brought it home from the post-office unopened, and did not take it from his pocket until supper was over, and Hetty and Mr. Calthorpe had wandered into the porch, as usual, and sat there enjoying the balmy beauty and stillness of the summer night. Then the good man drew his chair close to his wife and the lamp, put on his spectacles, carefully broke the seal of his sister's epistle, and read it aloud. It contained a request that they would receive, for July and August, her youngest daughter. Violet, she said, was not well—a little tired with the past winter, in which she had been out a great deal—and wanted to go into the country to recruit, and thought she could not be so happy any where else as with her nearest relatives. Violet Vandervere would have smiled, at least, over that passage in her mother's letter. It was certainly an embellishment, but then Mrs. Vandervere was given to embellishments of all kinds. Good Mistress May listened with some discomposure as her husband read. At last she said, rather ruefully,

"I s'pose there ain't no way but ter let her come?"

"Why *should* there be any other way?" the Deacon asked, with surprise in his tone. "'Tain't like you, Huldy, not to hev a welcome ready for enny of my friends."

"'Tain't that, you know it ain't, Abijah. I was only thinkin' about the minister."

"Wa'al, he won't interfere. We've got more rooms than one in the house. She needn't disturb him."

"No," with a doubtful pause; "but you see I do think he's beginnin' to like our Hetty, and seems ter me she's just fit for him. There ain't nobody else in Danbury that she *is* fit for, any way."

If one thing vexed Deacon May's righteous soul more than another it was the slightest approach to match-making. It was almost enough to make him cross, even to his wife; but he was determined to bring out her idea more fully. So he only uttered, after the manner of a true Yankee, an interrogative—

"Wa'al?"

"Wa'al, I've heerd that Violet Vandervere is a regular high-flier, and mighty hansum to boot."

"All the more reason she should come here, then," the Deacon said, with Jove-like solemnity, and a scowl in his forehead which his wife understood. "If the minister can't like Hetty with Violet Vandervere beside her, *I* don't want him to like her at all. If he has enny notion o' Hetty, I look on it as a kind o' special providence that t'other one's comin' jest now. For my part I ain't in enny hurry to lose my one gel."

Mrs. May knew that there was nothing more to be said; so, like a woman both meek and wise, she held her peace while her husband answered his sister's letter.

Just as he was finishing it Hetty—out on the porch looking at the moon with Mr. Calthorpe—was saying:

"It's curious how different you are from all the other ministers that I ever saw."

"And it's stranger still how different you are from all the other girls that *I* ever saw," the minister answered, with a trace both of gallantry and of tenderness in his manner.

He might have said something yet more particular if the Deacon, being through with his letter, had not fancied it to be bedtime, and appeared in the doorway as a hint that he was ready for family prayers.

Two weeks after that Miss Vandervere came. Mr. Calthorpe saw from his study window a tall, graceful figure, clad in gray, get out of the stage-coach; but the face was so wrapped in blue veil that he could catch no glimpse of it, and he went back to his sermon with a feeling of half vexation that he should not have Hetty to himself any more. Habit is so much; and he had got quite used to enjoying her pretty, coaxing ways, and depending on her for his entertainment.

It was at tea that Miss Vandervere first dawned on him, as Hetty had done before—a very different dawning this, however—one of Church's tropic scenes, full of mysterious splendors, after one of Bellows's cool, spring landscapes. Some people said Miss Vandervere had been called violet in a spirit of prophecy. I do not agree with them. Nothing could be more unlike than was this stately, radiant Violet to her simple namesakes of the woodland, in all except the one item of the color of her eyes. *They* were a deep, dark, purplish blue—just violet. She *wore* the same color, too, as if she meant to make her name seem symbolical, and always there hung about her a faint breath of that sweetest of sweet odors which every one knows who has ever held in his hand a bunch of freshly-gathered English violets.

She did not say much this first night—she impressed rather by silence than by speech, by manner than by demonstration. But Reverend Walter Calthorpe caught himself watching the languid grace of her motions; listening eagerly for her few words—merely the necessary answers to the compliments of the table, and the inquiries made about her journey—as, with all the impression he thought Hetty had made upon him, he had certainly never watched and listened to her.

"I did not know there *were* such women in the world," he said to himself that night.

"I fancy I can get through the two months." This was Miss Vandervere's thought after Hetty had left her alone. "This country parson will do excellently to keep me in practice. I guess he and Hetty have been imagining themselves in love, and it would be too bad to take him away from her, especially since I don't want him myself, only that I know they would make each other utterly miserable. When he got satisfied with looking at her pretty face, and expected to find a companion in her, he would see his mistake, and she would break her heart with trying in vain to come up to his standard. So I shall do them a good turn by breaking it all up, if there is any thing to break."

Satisfied in her own mind, by this reasoning, of the complete rectitude and harmlessness of her intentions, she slept the sleep of the just. Nor was she far wrong in her estimates—the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Calthorpe tried to go back to his unfinished sermon, but somehow it was hard work—yesterday's zeal and inspiration seemed to have left him. He heard Hetty laughing and talking gayly below, and now and then another voice, not Hetty's, but one which, low as it was, stole very clearly to his ear. He could not descant to his own satisfaction upon predestination. Was *he* predestined to fall in love, he asked himself, and then was unutterably shocked at the irreverence of his own thoughts. He got up, unlocked a box, and looked over the two years' sermons he had preached at his other parish. Hitherto, ever since he came to Danbury, he had preached a new sermon every Sunday. Hetty's fascinations had been of the mild kind, and had never interfered with his regular duties. Milk and water he called her now in his thoughts; and then he wondered if the other were not more like the potent draught which the Easterns call bhang—was she going to intoxicate him against his will?

The fresh air would do him good, maybe. At any rate why shouldn't he give himself a summer vacation, since his parish had made no such generous arrangement? He might preach old sermons for the next two months, and no one would be any the wiser. Without doubt the old ones would be a great deal better, and do more good, than any he could write now, with those summer heats oppressing him. So he went down stairs, and there the two girls were in the entry. Of course that was why he had heard their voices so plainly—no wonder he couldn't write.

"Are you afraid of rattlesnakes, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, as she got up from the lower stair to let him pass.

For a moment, as he met her glittering, dangerous eyes, with a strange, subtle ray in them, he wondered if she were talking in metaphor; but she quietly explained herself.

"Because I wanted to climb Blue Hill—it looks so lovely in the distance—and Hetty is afraid. She says a man went there once and saw a rattlesnake, and she was just telling me whether the man killed the snake or the snake ate the man—which was it, Hetty?"

"The man killed the snake," Hetty answered, simply, quite innocent of all comprehension of badinage; "but I believe the snake would have bitten him, only his boots were so thick—cowhide."

"Have *you* any cowhide boots, Mr. Calthorpe?" Miss Vandervere asked, looking so gravely into his face that he felt the corners of his mouth quivering in spite of himself with laughter.

"No, but I have a stout cane, and no fear of snakes before my eyes just now. Shall we go to Blue Hill?"

"'My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure!'"

Miss Vandervere quoted; then she looked at him again, flashing a subtle, magnetic ray from under her long lashes. "Yes, Mr. Calthorpe, we will go to Blue Hill."

"And Hetty?" Mr. Calthorpe questioned, turning to her with a smile which brightened the girl's day, though she hardly knew it.

"*I* must keep far enough off from the snakes," she answered, laughingly. "I will go with you, though, to the meadow, and wait at the foot of the hill with my tatting till you come down."

"And *we* will climb the Hill Difficulty," said Miss Vandervere, her eyes kindling a little. "Come, Sir Knight!"

So little Hetty sat contentedly at the hill's foot, and Mr. Calthorpe went up into the clouds with Violet Vandervere. Into the clouds, indeed; and I think in the enchanted air his head grew dizzy, and he scarcely knew where he was. They stood on the summit of Blue Hill, and Miss Vandervere took off her hat and let the sunbeams glitter in her bronze hair and the winds toss it. Her great eyes kindled with a sort of inspiration; for—and herein, I think, was the secret of her power—underneath all the coquetry and recklessness of her moods lay an inborn, passionate worship of the beautiful and the true. Mr. Calthorpe *felt* this in her—understood it without any words. He would never have cared to stand on the hill-top with Hetty, but it was a revelation to stand there with Miss Vandervere. It seemed that earth and air and sky had new meanings; and yet he looked at none of them so earnestly as at her eyes, with the great waves of light flooding them like the sea, her parted, tremulous lips, the color coming and going in her cheek.

"Let us go," she said at last. "One does not care to feel like this too long."

So they went down to Hetty and her tatting. Could Walter Calthorpe help it if he felt that it was going down in more senses than one?

My story is almost too simple to tell; and yet it must be worth something for its truth. There was not even the excitement of rivalry. Very soon Mr. Calthorpe ceased to think of Hetty at all. Violet Vandervere dazzled her out of sight—just as when the sun shines you can see no star in all the heavens. She talked, she sang, she walked, she sat still, she was silent—each phase, glorified by some mysterious grace, seemed more bewildering than the other. It was well that he had those two years of old sermons to fall back upon, for I do not think he could have written one that summer. Miss Vandervere was not hypocritical. She really liked him—liked to talk to him, and read to him, and sing with him; and all the while he did not *ask* her to love him. He was waiting—afraid, perhaps, to try his fate.

Hetty saw it all, understood it all, but her heart did not break. She afforded me no chance to turn my unvarnished tale into a tragedy. She was not romantic. She would be a true wife and tender mother by-and-by, doubtless; but she had not imagination enough to be in danger of any sentimental maladies. Her mother watched her with silent solicitude; but when she saw that she relished her meals as well as ever—showing, as usual, a decided preference for dainties—and that she came down in the morning looking cool and fresh, as if she had risen from untroubled slumbers, good Mrs. May ceased to alarm herself.

The bright July passed, and "all the hay was down." August followed with its sultry splendors; and it was the last day of summer—Violet Vandervere's last day in Danbury also.

She spent the afternoon in the parlor with Mr. Calthorpe. Hetty had offered to pack up for her, for somehow all the household had fallen into the way of doing her service. So she sat and read a little, talked a little, sang a snatch or two now and then, in that voice whose siren sweetness would haunt the Reverend Walter for many a day. Overhead, moving to and fro, they heard Hetty's light, quick steps. They were quite alone. He looked at her with a vague wonder whether he should ever sit beside her thus again. She was dressed in violet, as he had seen her first. Some slight shade—was it because they were to part—veiled the brightness of her dangerous beauty. She had never looked so sweet, so tender. *Did* she love him? He could hear his own heart beat. He moved a little nearer to her, and asked her suddenly, in so many words—

"Do you, *could* you love me, Miss Vandervere?"

There was, after all, a curious honesty in the girl. Bring her straight to the point, and she never deceived you. She returned his look for a silent moment. He was good and chivalrous; he had more tastes like her own than any man she had ever met; he had made her short summer happy; but there must be winters as well as summers. She never could love him well enough to share the life he had marked out for himself, and she had too much conscience, in spite of her coquetries, to try to wean him from it. A trace of sadness darkened her eyes and trembled in her voice as she answered him.

"As *you* mean love, no; I never could. I don't

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think I could ever care enough for any one to marry for love alone—and yet I do like you, so very much. You have made for me such a pleasant summer."

"A pleasant summer!" Was that, then, all it meant to her? He wished he had only kissed her just once before he asked her that question. No matter if she had been angry, it would have been a memory to keep for all his life. And now she would be nothing to him any more. What was life worth? She seemed to read his thoughts. She said, with a strange, sad gentleness:

"It is best as it is, Mr. Calthorpe—believe it. If I had loved you with all my heart I should only have hindered you in your work. I am not good enough to be your wife."

Then she gave him her hand, and he *did* kiss that—held it for one wild, swift moment, trembling with his own emotion. Then she drew it away, and went up stairs to Hetty.

The next Sunday the Reverend Mr. Calthorpe preached a sermon from the text, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." In it the anguish through which he had passed found its sole utterance to human ears. At the power of his words all the congregation wondered—only Hetty comprehended its source, and pitied him with a gentle pity.

Pity him also—but gently. It was a lesson that would not be lost; and yet he did not have to pay for it too dear a price. His fancy had been touched by pretty Hetty. Miss Vandervere had gone deeper, and captivated his imagination, roused all the romance and poetry of his nature. But the strong, full love of his manhood—a love which must satisfy soul as well as sense—will awake some day, and find its own queen. Her kingdom will not be the less worthy because once a usurper reigned over it in a summer holiday.

Tom Mansfield began, after the grain harvest was finished, to come and take Hetty to drive behind his splendid horses. She learned soon that she could satisfy *him*, without effort, and entirely. Her nature was fine enough, poetical enough, romantic enough—just right, in short, for this lover. She found it a very pleasant thing to receive absolute worship; and before the autumn leaves had fallen she came to the conclusion that, grand as it might have been to marry the minister, it would be a good deal more comfortable to marry Tom; so all the wounds in her kind little heart were healed without so much as a scar.

I think Miss Vandervere was, perhaps, the most to be pitied of the three. She had, after all, a nature which fashion and frivolity would never quite satisfy; and I think there will come now and then, all through her life, lonely hours when she will remember Danbury, and a true heart she held once in her hand.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NOTHING could be more perfect than the drive to Hiccory Corner, with such double pleasure at the end of it. The day was as fine as possible, the roads fast getting into good spring order, and the horses trotted along admirably, their bright harness sparkling in the sun. Even the dark face of Hannibal on the box shone with satisfaction, and the three children were in a bounding state of delight. Lily, to be sure, was most entranced with the thought of spending a day with Maria Jarvis; while Prim's whole heart was in her watering-pot; and Clover, as usual, brought business and pleasure into a very happy combination. She even found time (which the two others scarce did) to notice the dainty fringes of green grass that began to show themselves here and there, and to see the bluebirds, and the rich tint of the uncovered earth, and the last patch of snow lingering on the hills—thinking between-whiles very earnestly of the proposed work at the tinman's, and of great possible advantage from the floral instructions of Maria Jarvis. Sam was of the party, to see the children safe to Chestnut Hill; but on the express understanding that he was in no way to interfere with their purchases at Hiccory Corner.

"It's so delightful to do it all ourselves!" said Lily. "You know, Sam, you are not even to advise us."

"Not I!" said Sam. "I have no such stock of good advice on hand that I can afford to waste it. I shall take myself off to the shoemaker's the minute I have set you down among the pint-cups!"

"Does the tinman have pint-cups too?" said Primrose.

"Pint-cups, and quart-cups, and all sorts of things. So if you change your mind, and want a nutmeg-grater instead of a watering-pot, you can have it!"

"I guess *I* sha'n't!" said Primrose, with one of her gladsome laughs. "But, oh! Sam, would you get a blue watering-pot—or a pink one?"

"Upon my word," replied Sam, doing his best to keep a grave face, "I don't know. It's a wonderfully puzzling question. I think, just for the novelty of the thing, I should choose a pink one—if I could find it! Unless, indeed, I should be fortunate enough to discover one of a delicate sky-blue!"

"Now, Sam, you are advising," said Lily.

"Truly I am not," honestly replied Sam. "As far from it as possible."

"Yes, blue would be beautiful!" said little Primrose, with such a grave, contemplative air that her brother laughed outright; and stooping down to kiss her, bade Hannibal drive to the tinman's just as fast as he could go.

"Fraid little Missy won't find 'em *there*," said Hannibal, touching up his horses. "Missy can try—but tink de oder place best."

"What other place?" said Lily.

"De green-house, Miss Lily—old Scipio's green-house. Every body at Hiccory Corner know old Scip. But here's de tin-shop; mebbe little Missy find all she want here."

Not *all* she wanted. To do that one must needs go about the world with far more moderate visions than those of pink and sky-blue watering-pots. Red ones, indeed, the tinman had—a dark brick red—and others of a dull lead color; but Prim turned away from both in great disgust.

"Let's go to the other place," she whispered to Sam, who, forgetting all about the shoemaker's, stood silently looking on. "*These* won't do at all."

"But wait one minute, please," said Clover, examining the tinman's shelves with her eyes. "Will you let me see that one with the *very* long spout, Sir?"

"This 'ere long-nosed feller?" said the tinman, handing it down. "Well, I guess you might as well take it; nobody else don't seem to. 'Tain't of a kind nobody wants."

"Why, Clover, what *would* you do with such a looking thing?" cried Lily.

Clover took the queer watering-pot in her hand and surveyed it. It was not very large, just a nice size, the pot itself; but the nose, or spout, was as long as three or four common ones put together; stretching itself out into the air, for no imaginable purpose but to see the world and be in the way. And as if that were not enough, just at the end, close by the rose, the long spout took a sudden sharp bend quite at right angles with the rest of its course; as if having set out to see the sky, it had suddenly resolved to study the earth first. There was so much spout, altogether, that as Clover held the pot in her hand it weighed quite down, and touched the floor.

"Sam, it wouldn't do that if it was full of water, would it?" said Clover, looking up at him.

"No, then the pot itself would be heavy, and so balance the nose."

"Wouldn't it be convenient for watering distant plants, so that one needn't step on the beds?" said Clover, with her face of grave consideration.

"Couldn't say whether 'twould or not," said the man. "That's what it's made for; and it's a first-rate article."

"I think I'll take it," said Clover.

"That lead-colored thing!" said Lily, "with its long nose." And just look how fine the holes are in the end. Why, it would take the water a week to come out."

"Those fine holes are excellent," said Sam; "they can hardly be too fine!"

"Well, I don't think so," said Lily. "*I* don't want to be all day watering one plant. And the nose is all bent too."

"That's a purpose," said the tinman. "Saves water. When 'tain't bent you just go pourin' it round between things."

"Prim, I see a blue one off there in the corner," said Lily. "How would you like that?"

"Tain't hardly a blue," said the tinman, bringing it forward; "leastways not a sky color. And 'tain't much of a pot neither. Spout's too big and holes too coarse."

"Now I like that," said Lily, handling the blue watering-pot; the color of which was indeed rather dark and heavy for the hue of truth. "The water'll come out all the quicker, and then one would get done. I guess I'll have this. It's the nicest we've seen."

"One likes a gentle shower, and t'other a pourin' rain," said the tinman, nodding at the two children. "Suit yourselves, and that'll suit me."

Sam paid for the watering-pots in silence; and as he stood waiting for the change, little Prim's hand crept softly into his.

"Sam," she whispered, "do you think that'll be the *only* blue one?"

Sam lifted her up in his arms and bore her away to the carriage.

"This is not a very pretty blue, Prim," he whispered, in return. "And if yours isn't blue—and you want it blue—I'll paint it blue myself!"

And away they drove in triumph to old Scip's, the long nose of Clover's watering-pot making constant endeavors to break through the brown paper and carry out its search after knowledge.

"To go visiting with such a thing in the carriage!" said Lily; "what will Maria Jarvis think!"

"I don't know," said Clover, merrily; "but I dare say she'll tell me!"

Which was as near being a severe speech as often came from the gentle lips of Clover.

"And you're all suited but me!" said Primrose, her eyes beaming with thoughts of the pleasure to come, as they drew up before the little house that was half a green-house as well.

"All suited but you," said her brother, lifting her down; "so you can march in and ask for what you like."

"I think we won't get out," said Lily; "please don't, Clover! It takes so much time." And Clover yielded her own "please!" to Lily's without a word.

Primrose waited no urging, but walked straight up to the door and knocked, and became at once forgetful of all sublimary concerns. This was not the house-door with its brass knockers, but the sash-door of the green-house, through which green leaves and plants beckoned her lovingly. And as the door did not fly open with the sudden speed of Ali Baba's famous entrance, Prim began to gaze up at the leaves in turn, and at once, as I have said, lost remembrance of every thing else in the pretty sight. Soft geranium-leaves, and the tall white flowers of a Calla and brilliant red blossoms of some other plant, were fairly entrancing; and Prim looked and looked, nor even heard Lily call to her to make haste. Then presently the sash-door stirred and opened, and Prim saw instead of the geranium-leaves the figure of a little gray-headed black man—very black, and the hair very gray, but every dark wrinkle on the old face full of gentle pleasure. He bowed low to Sam, standing behind the child; but then all his attention came back to her.

"Little lady," he said, "come to see old Scip? What de little lady like to have? Jes' come right in and see."

And in Prim went, and the old man shut the door and limped slowly along his green-house walk past the beautiful flowers.

"Dere," he said, with a sweeping gesture of his hand, and turning round once more to Primrose, "little lady only say what she like, dat's all."

"Please, Sir," said Primrose, gravely, "have you got any watering-pots? Hannibal said so. And I can't find one."

"Little lady can't find a watering-pot?" said old Scipio, with a broad smile. "Guess she can here—don't know, but see." And once more he limped off and opened a door into a sort of outer room, where he kept his empty flower-pots, and then began to rummage behind this thing and under that, bringing forth every now and then some fresh tin specimen for Prim to see.

"How dis do now? little lady want it for de wash'woman, to sprinkle de clothes, hey?"

"Oh no!" said Primrose, "we've got one for that. It's for myself."

"Little lady gwine to have a garden?" inquired the old man.

"Yes, Sir," said Primrose, lifting the last specimen with great difficulty, "and I'm afraid this is too large. I'm going to have a garden, and a great many flowers."

"Little lady want to water de flowers all herself?" said the old man, with one of his gentle smiles.

"Oh yes! all myself," said Primrose, "won't it be lovely? And you see, Sir, I can hardly lift this."

"Little white blossom!" said old Scipio to himself as he moved away, "ain't got noting small enough for de child, no how! Guess I'll jes' give her Tidy's. Make anoder chile happy, dat's all—better so den rust." And with a smothered sigh he opened a cupboard in the wall, and brought out to view the very smallest and prettiest little watering-pot that Primrose had ever seen, even in her dreams—a little fairy concern, that would hold about a pint of water; and, of all things in the world, it was painted pink on the inside, but without was a bright green.

Primrose was in a state of rapture, hugging the watering-pot up in her arms, and exclaiming in her soft way, and looking up at old Scipio with eyes too full of joy to see the drops that shone in his.

"Dere—dere!" he muttered to himself, turning hastily away, "she wid de Lord—what need to cry 'bout dat?"

Prim did not hear the words, but her heart felt something of the tone, and she was grave in a minute.

"Can you spare it, Sir?" she said. "Have you got any more like it?"

"Yes, yes, dear! I'll spare it; no, dere ain't one like it in all de world. I'll spare it for de little white blossom. Never thought I could before. Better so den rust," he repeated, softly.

Prim held out her hand to the old gardener, making her lowest courtesy, and thanking him with her face yet more than her words, and then ran away to the carriage to show her treasure, leaving Sam to finish the business. But it soon appeared that there was nothing for him to do.

"No, I couldn't; 'scuse me, Sir, but I *couldn't* take noting for dat ere watering-pot," said Scipio, "noting but de joy of seein' her once'n a while. *Couldn't* take money for Tidy's watering-pot. She jes' like my Tidy. Yes," repeated old Scipio, looking tenderly after the carriage from which Prim waved her little hand to him, "she *jes'* like Tidy! Both de souls white!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"ONLY once a year!" was a consoling thought to the unfortunate possessors of nerves on the late "Glorious Fourth," for about the hour of noon they found their patriotism waning. They began to long for some quiet nook where they might hear no more the ceaseless crack and bang of squibs and crackers, which for thirty-six hours had performed their mission with untiring vigor. But where was the spot within the city limits, or without, secure from torpedoes and pistols? The Central Park alone suggested itself, though a crowd was surging thither. To be sure the clouds, fancying it was a Saturday, began, as usual on that day, to gather round the appointed hour for music; but they suddenly recollected themselves, and withheld their favors for the nonce.

The eager throng drinking in the lively strains which heralded the flight of Professor Lowe's balloon was not so attractive as the picturesque groups that dotted the Mall and Terrace. Not the fashionable butterflies of a Saturday afternoon, but bronzed faces, gloveless hands, and sundry *et ceteras*, indicated the laboring classes, to whom it was a rare treat to luxuriate in the beautiful Park. If elegant toilets and punctilious etiquette were absent, genuine good-nature, intelligent appreciation, and natural grace were not wanting. The seats overflowed. The soft grass was a more enjoyable carpet than the richest tapestry to fathers, mothers, and children, who flung themselves upon it with an easy *abandon* which many a devotee of fashion might envy. The clouds served admirably instead of parasols; but while the band was playing some favorite national airs they grew ominously dark. And if there were some spotted ribbons and muddy skirts, every body was pretty good-natured—for "the Fourth of July don't come but once a year!"

To those who were crushed and jammed within an inch of their lives in the vain attempt to see the fire-works we would suggest a more excellent way—*for the next Fourth*. If you can—without jimmies or skeleton keys—obtain access to some house on high ground, in the upper part of the city, go to the third or fourth story, and seat yourself comfortably in an arm-chair by the open window. True, you can not see the most elaborate fire-works, but the whole scene is fine. The dark sky forms a splendid background, and from all sides spring up rockets piercing the heavens with their long, fiery trails, and bursting into brilliant globules, Roman candles with their various colors, and sundry luminous bodies of unknown names. Nobody's bonnet or baby is in your way; nobody is stepping on your cherished corn, or sticking elbows into your sides. The horizon is clear before you, and comets and meteors of earthly origin are dashing across the dark sky as if for your sole benefit. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, and if you can not see every thing you can thoroughly enjoy what you do see.

The celebration of our great national day usually brings a train of accidents and calamities. This year it is rendered sadly memorable to the inhabitants of Portland, Maine, by the destruction of a large portion of their beautiful city. On the morning of the Fourth the Portland newspapers announced that "the display of fire-works to come off in the evening would be the most brilliant ever exhibited in Maine." Alas! too true. Even before the time announced for the exhibition a dense volume of lurid flame and black smoke was mounting heavenward, and spreading its remorseless arms, the raging element encircled thousands of buildings, devouring the beauty and pride of the city. And all this because a thoughtless boy threw a lighted fire-cracker among some shavings!

It seems passing strange that in a city like New York such reckless use of fire-arms should at any time be allowed. On the evening of the Fourth of July, as a gentleman was writing in his library, in the second story rear room of his house in Thirty-seventh Street, a musket-ball crashed through the half-open blinds and fell directly before him in the centre of the room. A Minié ball, fired from a small cannon by a boy, passed through the sill of a house and lodged in the back of a woman.

And there were numerous instances of a like nature, many resulting in death or shocking mutilation. Strict rules should be enforced, so that there may be a moderate degree of safety at home and in the streets.

Mons. Auguste Buislay, the skillful gymnast, made a balloon ascension from Elm Park on the afternoon of the Fourth notwithstanding the threatened shower. The balloon, after reaching a height of about 7000 feet, began to descend rapidly in consequence of the dampness of the atmosphere. The storm drove it over the surface of the Hudson River, and Mons. Buislay, having lost all control of his apparatus, and fearing the balloon would strike the water and entangle him in its meshes, he, when sixty feet in the air, sprang from the *trapeze*, on which he had been performing wonderful feats, cleaving the air like a rocket in his descent, and striking the water feet foremost disappeared beneath the surface. He was nearly exhausted, between flying and swimming, when he was rescued by a friendly boat.

The inhuman wretch who whipped his child to death in Orleans County has fled to Canada to save his life. After having given bail for the sum of $10,000 he returned home, but the indignation excited against him was so great that he feared to remain in the neighborhood and fled to Canada.

What has become of the inch-worms which usually hang gracefully pendent above our heads in June and July? Have they, like others, been frightened into the country through fear of the cholera? Certain it is, that from some cause or other we have, in great measure, escaped their very annoying presence this year. We sincerely hope they have migrated permanently, and that there will never more be occasion to walk in the middle of the street to avoid their webs, nor to see ladies' bonnets ornamented with the ugly creatures.

Not long since a young woman was walking in the streets of the city with her betrothed. They met an officer, as he was patrolling his beat. The officer noticed that they appeared to be engaged in a controversy, when suddenly the woman said to him, "Don't you want to arrest a thief?" Rather startled by such an unexpected question, the officer inquired what she meant, when she replied that if the gentleman with whom she was walking was arrested plenty of burglars' tools would be found upon him. And sure enough, on examination, about twenty skeleton keys were found in his possession. It seems that the affectionate young woman was jealous of another girl to whom her intended husband had paid some unnecessary attentions, and she thus revenged herself.

The following lines, translated from the Hungarian poet Petöfi, strike us as very beautiful and original:

O youth! thou art a whirlwind! Thou,
In thy swift circling dance,
Droppest a flowery garland on our brow,
Which shines in the sun's glance;
And suddenly there comes another gust,
Which, with unfriendly breath,
Carries away the wreath,
And leaves no trace upon the forehead-bust:
We feel that forehead, cold and blank and bare,
Inquiring, "Was the garland ever there?"

The Parisians amuse themselves by telling wonderful stories about the Americans. One is to the effect that, not satisfied with discarding linen around their throats, the inhabitants of the Great Republic now wear paper shirts and stockings to the intense disgust of the washer-women. They also affirm that steel collars have taken the place of paper ones; but that the inventor of this last innovation, in stooping to enter a Broadway stage, cut his throat from ear to ear, and is not expected to recover!

There is also (according to Paris gossip) a wonderful Yankee machine so constructed that it immediately stops a speaker the moment he commences to tire his hearers. Quite a useful contrivance that must be!

A new method of inducing *indisposed* young men to attend church has been adopted in some sections of the country, as the following indicates: A nice young man, a little worldly-minded, walked to church once with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church-door, worldly-minded young man declined entering. Whereupon, pious young lady seized his hat, and, placing it under her cloak, sailed into church, leaving the worldly-minded young man standing at the door minus his hat. The last heard of worldly-minded young man, he was seen wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.

A most curious and interesting point of law has recently furnished matter for trial in the French courts. A lady in good position in society had long been legally separated from her husband; but she resolved to improve the separation which the law had pronounced entire by making it eternal. Accordingly, she sent her husband in early spring, as from an unknown hand, a little basket containing all kinds of rare and delicate hot-house fruits; among others, seven superb strawberries. The husband, never thinking the gift came from his wife, devoured a part of the fruit, when he was suddenly taken violently ill. The residue of the strawberries being analyzed, was found to contain oil of croton tiglium. Accordingly the lady was arrested. The basket was proved to have been dispatched by her. She was duly tried, and, of course, acquitted of the charge of an attempt to murder. But the husband drags her once more before the tribunals, determined to have her condemned for something, and charges her with the administering of noxious drugs calculated to cause disease and danger. The lady having been already tried for the murder and acquitted, her advocate must now prove that she administered poison in sufficient quantity to cause death, or she will certainly be condemned for the serious offense above mentioned. Debates run high. A maximum is fixed, and it is declared that the administering of one gramme of oil of croton tiglium may constitute murder. It is estimated that the seven strawberries contained one gramme and forty centigrammes over. So the intent to murder being fully proved, the lady is acquitted, and goes on her way rejoicing.

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ANDERSONVILLE RELICS.

WHATEVER relates to the Andersonville dead is not likely soon to become void of interest, at least not to the loyal North. That bit of history is just now especially suggestive when a certain school of politicians are trying to create sympathy for "the noble martyr" at Fortress Monroe. Any whining about the variety and delicacy of "the martyr's" food inevitably suggests the grim horrors of the slow starvation of the immortal twelve thousand, coolly planned and remorselessly carried out by those whom "the great martyr" controlled. If the sentinel's footfall so hurt a sensitive ear as Dr. CRAVEN suggests, it is a great pity and wonder so sensitive an organ could not have caught something of the unpitied groans of those thousands, tortured with deliberate intent forever to disable or slowly murder.

The nation, perhaps, ought not to act from the savage precedents of these same rebels toward Union men in their hands, or from the swift, terrible retribution of the English on the Sepoys, or, perhaps, to fall short of Mr. BEECHER'S idea of magnanimity. But ought treason to be honored—ought it to be so much honored as to sanctify other horrible crimes done in its name and to carry out its designs?

If, as seems likely, we are about to give treason special impunity from the risks attending other crimes, can we quite afford to allow even treason to gloss over Andersonville, Salisbury, Libby, and Belle Isle?—We thought of such questions as we stood before the Andersonville Relics at the National Fair now going forward at Washington.

These Relics vividly suggest the extremity of suffering, the despair, the hoping against hope, the fertility of pitiful helplessness during those awful days. Andersonville is a word of horror to the civilized world to-day; but a sight of these poor mementoes, that suggest the facts as no words can do, will give definite form and substance to what before was in many cases vague. One needs to examine them slowly and in detail to get the full purport and significance of each implement and the use it was intended to subserve.

Here is a number of pig troughs in miniature, dug out of little blocks with some hard, dull implement, and made to hold soup or mush.—Here is a piece of the "dead-line" [illegible] which was death. Here a bit of tin punched full of holes to sift the corn-cob meal a little. Near by is a bit of metal bent up for a spoon; the shell of a little turtle scooped out for an enviable soup bowl; pudding sticks and wooden spoons; a wooden mail box; a checker-board, and gourds and horns, and wattled flat basket-work for plates; water-buckets; soup bones, etc.

We could wish to see the culinary arrangements of "the martyr" at Fortress Monroe photographed by the side of these pitiful memorials of twelve thousand true Union men, dead victims of this man now imprisoned at the mouth of the Chesapeake.

The authenticity of these relics is placed beyond question by the source from which they come to this fair. To the forethought and care and rare good womanly sense, tenderness, and tireless activity of Miss CLARA BARTON the American people owe very much, as they will learn some day more fully. These relics were, of course, part of her care at Andersonville last summer when her expedition visited the stockade to mark the graves of the Union dead, and were collected by her then and there. She herself is near them in the Fair, and we would, if we dared, give the great American people, who so love and cherish her, a slight sketch of her appearance. It seems that as one is born with a gift for poetry, or music, or beautiful activity, so others seem born to be photographed. To this latter class our noble friend does not belong, at least we have seen no photograph that does her any justice. Sitting here this moment it *seems* as if we could, with a few words, make any one see her better than any photograph does. Crowning a firm, symmetrical figure, rather over than under medium size, are a large head and full face to which your attention is drawn by the *positive character* they betoken. A sweet smile that easily ripples into laughter lights up a face marked by rather prominent cheek-bones; she has large dark eyes that seem the smaller by not being prominent, and a mouth rather large and filled with fine teeth. Positive character—large capability, reticence, quiet, self-reliance, good health, and a tenderness that is at once womanly and strong—all specially manifest and all give assurance that she will do well and beautifully whatever she undertakes, and that she will readily undertake whatever needs to be done. The soldiers know and honor her most, for they recognize her as their efficient, persevering, and most unselfish friend.

The Congress of the United States never have done a more



THE ARCHDUKE ALBERT, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN ITALY.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



MISS CLARA BARTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

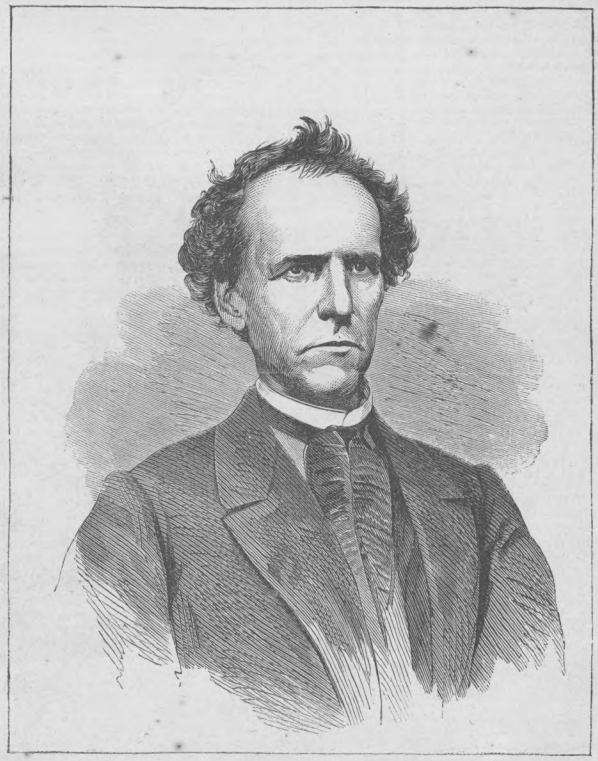


RELICS OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

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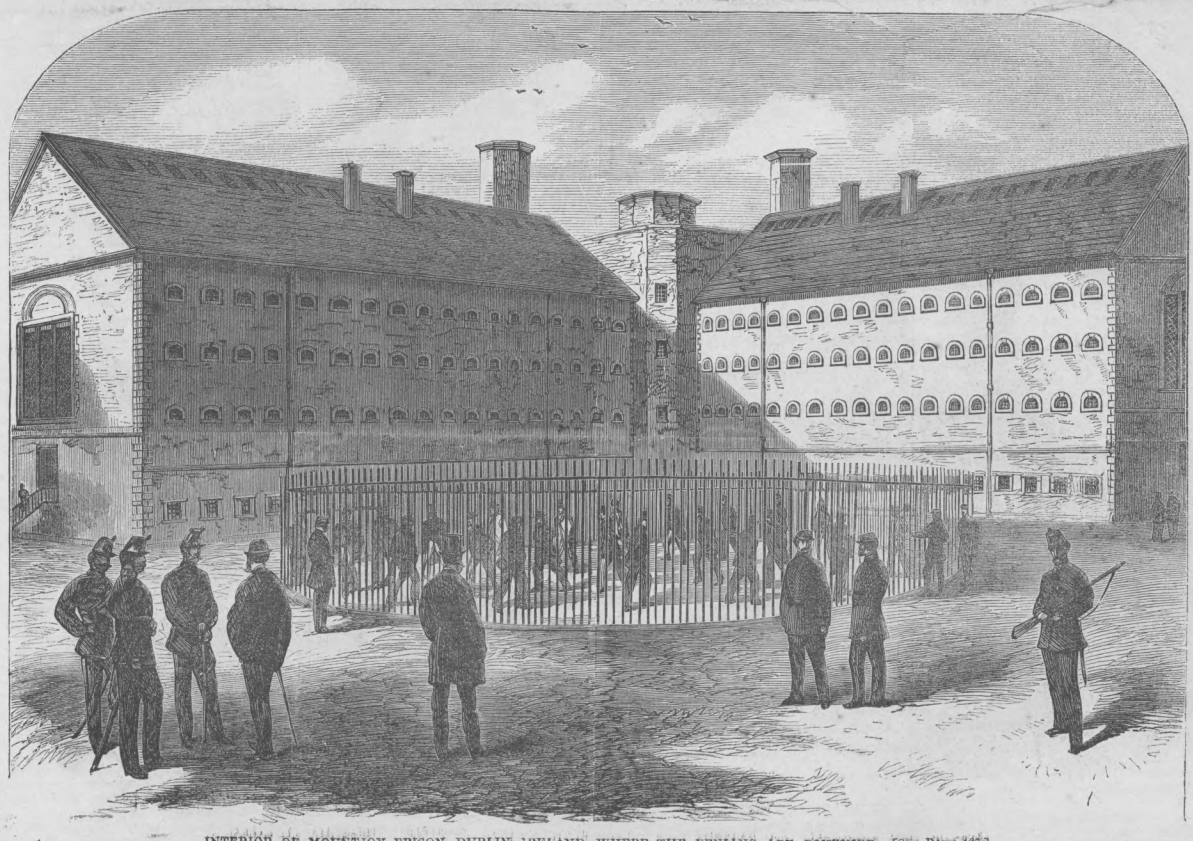
KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



HON. JAMES H. LANE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 453.]

worthy, wise, or beneficent thing than when, unanimously and without one word of remonstrance or unfavorable comment from any source, that body granted her $15,000 to continue her present work of searching for the missing men of the army. In carrying out her beneficent plans of gathering up from surviving comrades the news of these men she had spent many thousands of dollars of her own funds. The number of these missing men is prodigious, and the work of searching for them has been very great; but the methodical, sagacious, and patient Miss BARTON has filled large ledgers with her laborious researches in which thousands in the nation are vitally interested.

One thing we must not forget to mention in connection with the Andersonville relics. It is the original copy of the death register at Andersonville, made by DORRENCE ATWATER of Perryville, Connecticut, when he was confined there as a prisoner of war. This copy contains over 12,000 names of those dead, and furnished the first authentic intelligence our Government received of their fate. The public are getting a little familiar with the story of his making this copy at great personal peril, and of his bringing it through the lines to the Government; of his being dealt with in a most miserable, captious spirit by certain subordinates of the War Department; of his trial by court-martial for *theft*, in keeping these rolls which he had made and with the property in which he had never parted; and, finally, of his being found guilty, and of his being sent to Auburn State Prison, and of his detention there at hard labor for about three months—forming, in its full particulars, a record of peculiar cruelty and hardship, to which the attention of Congress may be profitably turned before its adjournment. Justice, though late, can not be forever delayed, even though the victim be a young soldier and the real malefactors hold official positions in the War Department.



INTERIOR OF MOUNTJOY PRISON, DUBLIN, IRELAND, WHERE THE FENIANS ARE CONFINED.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

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KING JOHN OF SAXONY.

WE give on page 461 a portrait of KING JOHN OF SAXONY, who, by reason of the Prussian invasion of his realm, is now an exile from his throne. He was born December 2, 1801, and was the son of King MAXIMILIAN, who died in 1838, and of Princess CAROLINE of Parma. At the age of twenty, entering upon the duties of a Minister of Finance, he was President of the Council until 1831, when he retired to take a military command. As a member of the Upper Chamber he took an important part in the debates in the SAXON Diet, especially during the discussion of the Constitution, in 1831. He is a distinguished scholar, and in 1824 became President of the Society of Antiquaries of Saxony. He has twice visited Italy, and has published, under the pseudonym of PHILALETHES, a German translation of DANTE's Divina Commedia. He ascended the throne on the death of his brother, FREDERIC AUGUSTUS. He has three children—FREDERIC AUGUSTUS ALBERT, born in 1828; MARIE ELISABETH, born in 1830; and FREDERIC AUGUSTUS GEORGE, born in 1838.

CAGED FENIANS IN DUBLIN.

WE give on page 461 a view of the interior of Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, where the Fenian conspirators who were arrested, by way of precaution, under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant at the time of the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, are still kept in confinement. The railed inclosure, like an iron cage, in the centre of the yard, is the place where they are allowed to walk for exercise. They are obliged, even here, to keep at a certain distance from each other, and must not speak, but they contrive to make signs or talk on their fingers. A guard of two officers and thirty-six soldiers, besides the prison officials, is always on duty, so that the prisoners have no chance of breaking out by force. They are permitted to see their friends once a week, in the presence of two officials of the prison. The number of Fenians at present in Mountjoy Prison is 160, who will probably be discharged at the expiration of six months from the date of their arrest.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

ARCHDUKE ALBERT, whose portrait we give on page 460, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in Venetia. He has an army under him which numbers upward of 300,000 men—an army which bears the same relation to Italy which that under BENEDEK bears to Prussia, with, perhaps, this exception, that the former will, for the most part, maintain a defensive attitude. The Archduke has taken military possession of Verona, where he and his staff are directing the movements of the troops destined to defend the possessions of the "Tedesco" in Italy. This old town, so famous in story as to be classical, is one of the loveliest spots in Italy, and is celebrated no less for its magnificent public buildings than for the beauty of its environs, so that it is no unenviable place to be quartered in, and the Austrians may well object to be turned out of it. Sixty-three miles west from Venice, with which it is connected by railway, Verona is situated where the last slopes of the Alps merge into the plains of Lombardy on both sides of the Adige, which traverses the town in a rapid torrent, and is crossed by four noble bridges. The fortifications, constructed by SANMICHELLI, were of great strength until dismantled by the French after the Treaty of Luneville; but others have taken their places, and the town is surrounded by lofty walls flanked with towers and bastions, and is entered by five gates remarkable for solidity and beauty.

Archduke ALBERT FREDERIC RUDOLPH, the eldest son of Archduke CHARLES and the Princess HENRIETTA of Nassau, was born on the 3d of August, 1817. Like all his peers, he received a complete scientific and military education, and, entering the army at an early age, he advanced during years of peace, grade by grade, to the rank of a Major-General, and was at one time the commander of Upper and Lower Austria and Salzburg. He came into collision with a mob, which led to bloodshed. He gave orders to a portion of his infantry to disperse the crowd; the soldiers were attacked with clubs, and it is asserted by some and denied by others that he gave orders to his command to fire into the mob. At any rate, the affair became the occasion of so much ill-feeling that the Archduke resigned his command.

At a later period Archduke ALBERT joined the Italian army and accepted a division under RADETZKY, although he was entitled to a much higher rank. He fought with great distinction at Mortara, where he came at an opportune moment to BENEDEK's relief, and prevented the latter from being surrounded; also at Novara, where his cool circumspection contributed materially to the glorious victory of the Imperial arms. After this latter battle RADETZKY recommended that the Archduke be made a Knight of the Order of Maria Theresa. In the course of the same year the Archduke was appointed Governor of Mentz, military commander in Bohemia, and a General of cavalry; and two years later he became Military Governor of Hungary. In this latter and most unenviable position he suited no party. The Magyars found fault with his strictness, and on the other hand he was blamed for want of promptness in suppressing the insurrectionary movement which, beginning in 1858, the next year grew into a formidable affair. In 1860 the Archduke retired from his Hungarian Governorship. In the mean while he had been engaged in diplomatic service at Berlin.

In the war of 1859 the Archduke took no part. He has lived since 1860 in Vienna, or in the castle of Wellburg at Baden. For two years he has been a Field-Marshal. In 1848 he married Princess HILDEGARD, daughter of LOUIS, the Bavarian king; but his wife died April 2, 1864, and grief on account of his loss has so altered the Archduke ALBERT that he looks like a man of more than forty-eight years of age.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

SCARCELY a week had elapsed after the declaration of war by the two allied Powers against Austria, when, on the 24th of June, the Italian army, under VICTOR EMANUEL, ventured upon a general battle with the Austrian army in Venetia. The battle was fought on Sunday. The movement of the Italians was bold in the extreme; but it was just what every body expected, and the result also has been just that which might have been certainly predicted as inevitable under the circumstances. The Italians suffered a terrible defeat.

The Italian army, divided into three corps and a reserve—making up a force of from 80,000 to 90,000 combatants—after crossing the Mincio at Goito and other points on Saturday afternoon, and sending reconnoitring parties toward Peschiera and Verona, encamped for the night at some place beyond Roverbella, equidistant from the two fortresses. On the ensuing morning an attempt was made upon those high positions of Sona, Somma Campagna, and Santa Giustina, which commands the fifteen miles' railway line joining the two strongholds, positions which played a conspicuous part in the campaign of 1848. The object of the Italians was evidently to take possession of the railway, so as to isolate Peschiera and secure a basis of operations against Verona.

The Austrians, however, who were massed in great force at Verona, sallied forth from the place at daybreak, and, anticipating the Italian movements, took up their position upon those hills, which are now every where bristling with bastions and redoubts, and may be looked upon as mere outworks of the two citadels, extending from the gates of one to those of the other. After a severe and bloody, or, as the Italians describe it, "desperate" struggle, which lasted nearly the whole day—that longest of summer days—the Imperial army was victorious along the whole line. They stormed the summit of Montevento, where the Italians held out the longest, and at the close of the engagement, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, they also carried the position of Custozza, a spot fatal to Italian arms in their encounter with RADETZKY in July, 1848. The victors captured several guns and about 2000 prisoners, and behaved, as the Archduke ALBERT's bulletin assures us, and as we may readily believe, with even more than their ordinary bravery and endurance.

On the same evening the Italian army was obliged to recross the Mincio, where it took up a position behind Goito, at Volta, Cavriana, and Solferino, on Lombard ground. CIALDINI had not crossed the Po up to the latest accounts, and the intelligence of the disaster at Custozza will almost certainly induce him to abandon his projected advance into Venetia.

On the Alps, while the Austrians have secured possession of the Stelvio Pass, and come down upon Bormio, in the Valtellina, the Garibaldians have pushed forward from Brescia to the Bridge of Caffaro and Lodrone, on that mountain pass, whence two roads branch off to Trento, and Riva on the Lake of Garda. At Lodrone they have driven the Austrians from their positions, not without bloodshed. This Alpine warfare can, however, only be accessory to the movements of the main armies in the plain, and these must be for some time paralyzed by the heavy blow with which the inconsiderate haste of the Italians has been visited, and by the reluctance of Austria to act otherwise than on the defensive.

In the battle of Custozza the Italians had several of their Generals wounded, among others the King's second son, Prince AMADEUS, who has arrived at Brescia.

"An advance across the Mincio," says the London *Times*, "right into the heart of the Quadrilateral, is an enterprise which no other European army would, under such circumstances, have ventured upon, but a frenzy to do something seems to have possessed the whole Italian nation; and the men in command could think of nothing better than dashing their heads against those formidable stonewalls. There may be bravery in so desperate an attempt to take the bull by the horns; but we believe it would be impossible for the King or LA MARMORA to say what results they expected from their ill-conceived and worse-executed attempt. It was a battle in which they staked the very existence of their army, while their enemies in the worst event ran no other risk than that of a safe and leisurely retreat behind the shelter of their bastions. The least that may be said of it is, that, like the Balaklava charge, 'It is very magnificent, but it is not war.' Ever since 1848 and 1849 the Austrians have strained every nerve to strengthen those four citadels, and have extended their outworks so that the line between Peschiera and Verona especially is a vast intrenched camp. There is every probability, also, that the Italians were on this occasion outnumbered by their enemies; for the Austrians have from 200,000 to 250,000 men in Venetia, and as they had in their hands that most formidable of all engines of modern warfare, the railway, they had probably massed three-fourths at least of their troops in Verona, ready for the long-expected Italian inroad. The Archduke's bulletins, in fact, never speak of garrisons, but tell us that the 'Imperial army' was in the field. The King of Italy has fallen back behind the Mincio, where he is not likely to be pursued; but neither, perhaps, will the condition of his shattered army enable him to resume the offensive for some time to come. We have Austrian official assurance that CIALDINI crossed the Po at Polesella on the 23d. The tidings of the King's retreat, however, ought to disconcert all the plans of the commander of the Fourth Corps, as he would at Padua, or any where else on the line between Verona and Venice, fall in with forces with which his 60,000 men would be unable to contend. The Italian fleet, we learn from Florence, steamed from Taranto on the 23d; but if its destination be Venice, PERSANO is not likely to find any one to co-operate with him on the main land. The failure of the King on the Mincio will probably break down the whole enterprise."

The same journal indulges in the following comments on the situation:

"If there ever was a chance for diplomacy to step in with good effect between the ranks of the combatants it will be afforded now by this inevitable pause in military operations. The idea of an eventual, however remote and conditional, cession of Venetia has been entertained by the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, and it has found an utterance in the moderate and dignified notes and manifestoes which have won so many partisans to the Austrian cause. Austria, we understood her to say, would not yield to threats; she would stand up in vindication of her rights; she would maintain the prestige of her military power. It was only after a battle and a victory that she could afford to be magnanimous. All this has come to pass much sooner than could be expected. Three days have barely elapsed since the declaration of hostilities, and Austria has already fought her battle and won her victory. Enough has been done to gratify her pride; enough to soften her heart toward those Italians whom she has found upon experience to be no contemptible enemies, and whom, she must be aware, it is always in her power to turn into very stanch and very valuable friends. By merely opening negotiations for the cession of Venetia, Austria would detach Italy from the Prussian alliance, and be enabled at once to move from south to north 200,000 of her best German troops, with an immense amount of *matériel*. All the successes achieved by Prussia in Northern Germany during the last week would be more than counterbalanced by this sudden and enormous accession of strength to her already powerful adversary. Indeed, Prussia would at once find herself in the presence of such fearful odds that it may be questioned whether she would any longer feel equal to the contest.

"The settlement of the difference between two of the belligerents would of necessity bring the third to terms. Prussia and Italy only ventured on hostilities on the assurance of each other's co-operation, and pacification with Italy would not only free Austria from the necessity of fighting in the South, but even of maintaining an army or a fleet there. The squadron of the Adriatic would be thrown into the scale against her adversary, and Prussia's career of conquest in the Baltic would suffer a check. Whatever leaning the German people may show toward one or the other of the two great Powers, however staunch to the Bund they may be in the South, or partial to BISMARCK'S scheme of a national Parliament in the North, one feeling has been hitherto universally evinced by them all, and that is their unqualified abhorrence for this fratricidal war. And the war has hardly begun; hardly one drop of German blood has been spilt; nothing has been done that may be considered irretrievable. Should an armistice, with a view to peace, between Austria and Italy convince Prussia of the hopelessness of a single-handed struggle, nothing would be easier than to settle the German question on the *uti possidetis* principle. The vicissitudes of the brief and hitherto bloodless contest have brought the two contending Powers to that point at which they might have arrived after a seven years' struggle, to that frontier of the Main which will in all probability forever divide the North from the South of the Fatherland. Germany is too vast a country, and with all the Austrian dependences too powerful, ever to be one; and it will be a happy day for her and for Europe when the dualism which has for more than a century distracted her counsels and neutralized her power comes to be established, once and forever, on a sound and intelligent basis. Let Prussia have the North, and her ambition will be at peace; let Austria have the South, and her compensation for Venice will be as ample as the most loyal Austrian can desire."

Whether these speculations of the London *Times* will be justified by subsequent events, or whether, instead of a magnanimous disposition to cede Venitia, Austria will exhibit a stronger determination than before her victory to humble both her enemies, it is idle to conjecture. Before this meets the eye of our readers the matter will probably have been already decided.

THE BROTHERS.

NOT far from Geneva there stands a fine old château, long in the occupation of a strange, morose, misanthropic man, who mixed in no society, though, at the same time, he appeared to derive little pleasure from the exquisite gardens and other amenities with which, with a most lavish hand, his beautifully situated mansion had been surrounded. It was at length offered for sale, and, much to the surprise of those who knew its value, passed—at a very moderate price—into the hands of a jeweler, well known to many an English tourist, resident in Geneva.

Delighted at his bargain, Monsieur G. lost no time in making every arrangement for adapting the château to the taste of some "milord Anglais," who was certain to covet so lovely a spot for his summer residence.

He was right in his anticipation. A gentleman, with his wife and two daughters, soon established themselves at the Belle D., taking the place not for the summer only, but by the year.

A few weeks elapsed, and they had begun to feel themselves at home in their pleasant dwelling, when, one evening Mr. M., while reading aloud to his family, encountered a difficult phrase, which it was necessary to elucidate by means of the dictionary, and the younger sister, Emily, hastened to the library to procure that work.

She was gone rather longer than was expected, and, when she did return, looked so pale and agitated that her mother anxiously inquired the cause.

"Well," was the reply, "I have had a sort of adventure; but my ghost (for I have certainly seen one) was by no means terrible, and I don't know why I should feel so flurried. It was a very handsome young man!"

Pressed for details, the young lady related that she had seen nothing in her way to the library, but that on her return, just as she was descending the first step of the stair, she heard a noise behind her, and, looking round, observed a young and handsome man in a naval uniform. He looked sadly at her for some seconds, during which she never removed her eyes from his face, pointing with his finger to the side of the corridor, and vanished, as it were, into the wall!

This story was received, as the majority of such are destined to be, with some incredulity. Nevertheless, so much impressed was Mr. M. with what he had heard, that, when their daughters had retired, he and his wife rediscussed the matter, and came to the resolution that Mr. M. should visit the "haunted" corridor about the same hour, and see if any similar appearance would be vouchsafed to *him*.

Accordingly, on the following evening, he mounted guard, and walked to and fro for a considerable time without result. Tired at last of his vigil, he was wheeling round to commence what he had resolved should be his last turn, when he almost ran into the arms of a young naval officer, precisely answering the description given by his daughter. The figure pointed to the wall, and, before Mr. M. had fully regained his self-possession, disappeared.

Mr. M.'s countenance, on entering the drawing-room, sufficiently denoted that his search had been successful, but he declined to say what he had actually seen, and requested his family, for the present, to control their curiosity.

Early next morning he proceeded to Geneva, and called upon his landlord.

"I have come, Sir," he said, "to ask your permission to remove a portion of the wall in the corridor of the château." And finding the proprietor hesitate, he at once related the double apparition, adding that, unless his proposal were complied with, he must decline to continue a tenant of the mansion.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, extended his palms, and, deciding within himself that this was but a new example of that English eccentricity which it is equally impossible to comprehend and resist, gave the permission required.

Some persons being sent for, the work at once begun. As it proceeded Mr. M. was much struck by the singular manner of the master mason, who, having first discouraged the idea of disturbing the wall at all, threw every imaginable obstacle in the way, and subsequently, when his men had actually set to work, watched their proceedings with a fixed stare, and a face gradually becoming deadly pale.

An hour, however, elapsed before any discoveries were made. But at the end of that time there was turned forth to the light the upright skeleton of a man, which, as the wall was removed, fell toppling forward among the workers. At this sight the master mason reeled, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

Restoratives were administered, and the man was conveyed to Mr. M.'s study, where the latter, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, questioned him as to the agitation he had displayed, hinting that, in the event of his not relating all he had previously known concerning the bricking-up of the body, the gravest suspicions might attach to his own share in the business.

Under the influence of such arguments the man related, in a confused and agitated manner, the circumstances here given in a more connected form.

A former possessor of the château—Monsieur Frémont—resided there with his wife. They had no children.

One day Monsieur F. received a communication from the curé of a neighboring parish to the effect that his (Monsieur F.'s) brother had died suddenly, and that in his last moments he had expressed an earnest hope that his brother would assume the charge of his two sons.

A reply was forwarded, requesting that the boys might immediately repair to their uncle's house. In due course they arrived. The elder was a fine handsome youth, with frank, engaging manners; the younger, though handsome also, was reserved and unsociable, and the regards of the whole household were quickly centred in the former, whose gayety soon dissipated the gloom of the château.

The younger brother, François, saw, with concealed jealousy, the decided preference felt by his uncle and aunt for his elder; nor was this sentiment likely to have been lessened by a fact that, before they had resided a year at the château, had by some means come to his knowledge—viz. that the whole of the property had been left to his brother, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to start him (François) in any profession he might select in which to earn his bread.

To the great regret of Monsieur and Madame Frémont, Cécile, the elder, conceived a passion for the naval service, and, carrying his point, quitted the château, taking with him all the light and mirth it contained.

At first his letters were frequent, teeming with affection and merriment; then long intervals of silence would excite the apprehensions of his loving friends. The second winter after his departure was unusually severe, and the health of the old people began to fail.

One sad morning François, entering with a countenance of assumed grief, communicated the heartrending tidings, received, he said, through a shipmate of his brother's, that Cécile had died at sea. Already weakened by illness, the shock was too much for the kind old people. Madame Frémont died within a few weeks; and before the close of the year her husband rejoined her in the grave, having previously settled all he possessed upon his surviving nephew.

The latter, now at the height of his ambition, lorded it grandly over his dependents; and profound was the regret that the kind, mirthful Cécile had not lived to occupy the master's position.

One evening François was sitting alone, moody and out of sorts, sipping his solitary wine, when he was startled by a voice speaking without the window, which looked upon the garden.

Advancing with caution, François demanded who was there.

"It is I, François!" replied a voice that blanched the hearer's cheek; but with trembling hands he opened the window, and his brother, radiant with health and happiness, bounded into the room. He had intended a surprise for his relations, of whom (François having intercepted the correspondence on both sides) he had not heard for many months.

In one instant François comprehended his position and took his resolution. To his brother's eager inquiries he answered that their uncle and aunt, not being quite well, had dined up stairs, whither, after Cécile had refreshed himself, they would presently proceed.

Contriving, while Cécile was divesting himself of his over-coat, to secure the door, François returned to his brother, and, affecting the greatest joy at his arrival, encouraged him to drink and talk until, wearied with excitement and his journey, the latter sunk into a temporary doze.

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It should be mentioned that at this time some confusion reigned at the château on account of alterations that were making in the house, and which necessitated the removal of a portion of the wall of the corridor. During this operation most of the domestics were quartered in an outbuilding some distance off.

No human eye witnessed the manner in which this true descendant of him that did the first murder completed what was in his mind. He presently quitted the room, locking the door, and desiring that he might be disturbed no more that night.

When all was still he crept forth and made his way to the lodging of the master mason. What passed between them was never exactly known, but on the following morning, the mason, assisted by his tempter, contrived to wall up the remains of the victim, where they were subsequently discovered.

Tormented by remorse, the form of his brother ever before him, the wretched criminal at length dismissed his household, sold the château, and proceeded to Paris, hoping in that lively city to drown the remembrance of his flagrant guilt. But vengeance "suffered him not to live." A quarrel with the Comte de C. in a gaming-house led to a meeting next day in the Bois de Boulogne, in which François was killed. Singularly enough, among his papers was found a confession of the murder, though bearing his assumed name.

The remains of poor Cécile were decently interred in the cemetery at Geneva. The M. family continued their residence at Belle D., and certainly, up to the time when I (the narrator) made their acquaintance nothing extraordinary had ever again disturbed their tranquillity.

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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Fig. A



Fig. B

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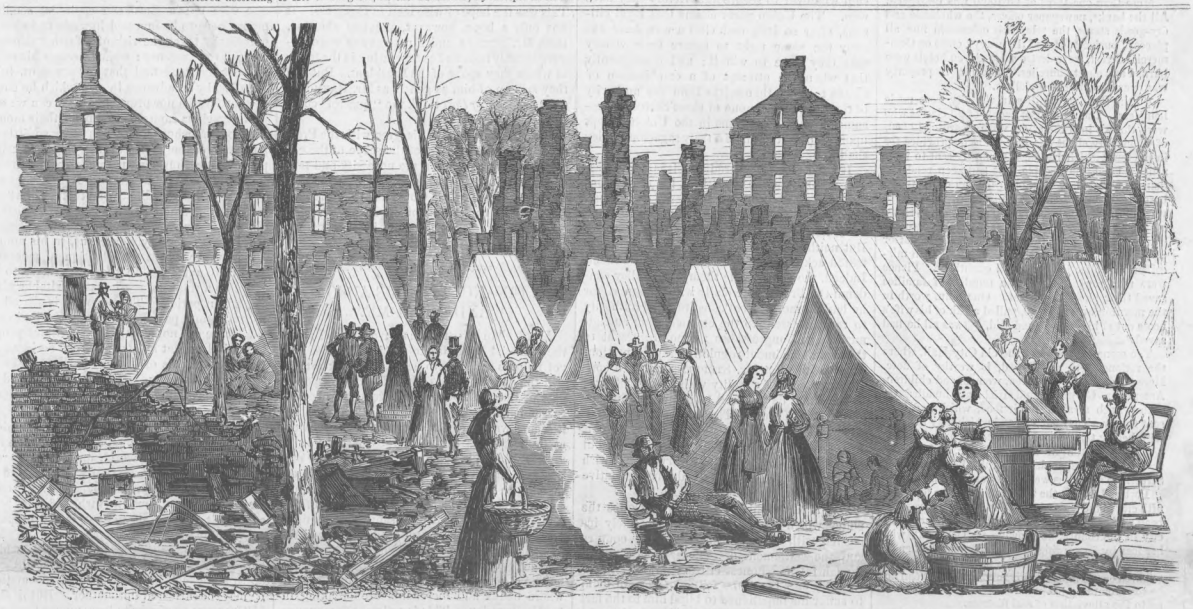
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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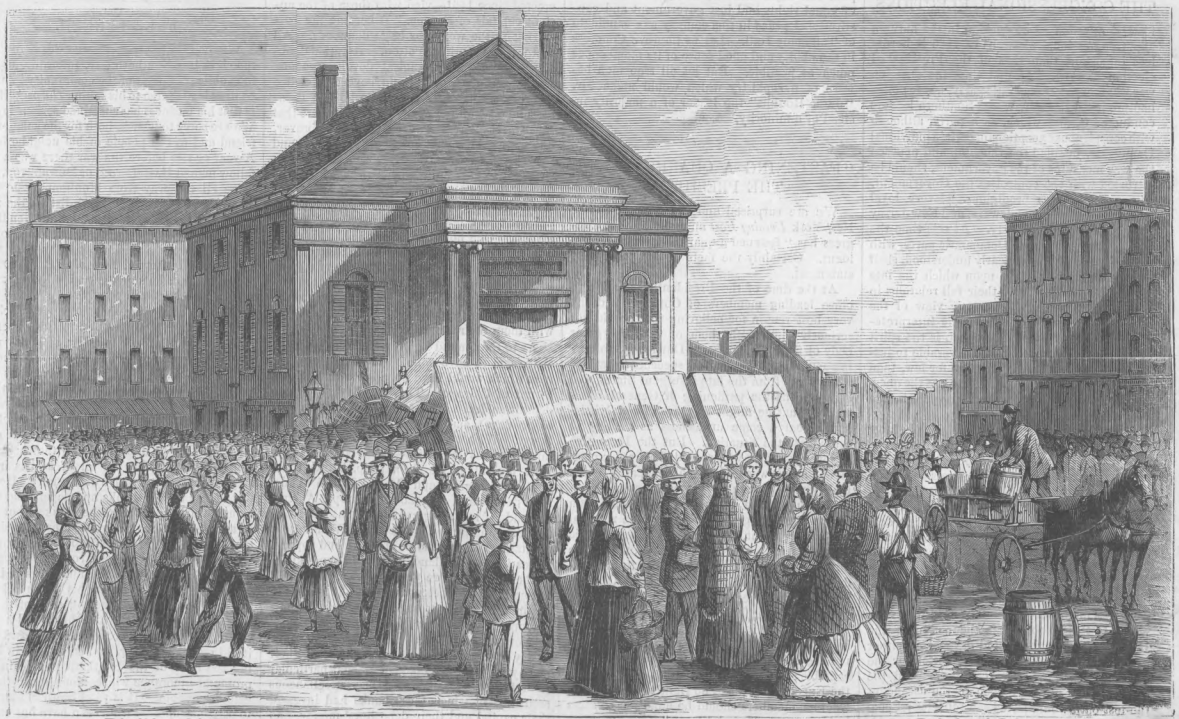


GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—TENTS AMONG THE RUINS.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

No fire which has ever been inflicted upon an American town has been so ruinous, in its proportion of loss to the wealth of the city, as that which, beginning in Portland on the evening of July 4, raged with unabated fury for over twenty-four hours, destroying before its close one-third of the city. When the morning papers of this great seaport announced on the morning of the 4th that the pyrotechnic display of that evening would be of unusual magnificence, they did not foresee in what direful sense their prediction would be fulfilled before the day closed.

The fire began, it seems, in a small boat-builder's shop between Commercial and Fore Streets. It



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—DISTRIBUTING FOOD TO THE CITIZENS AT THE OLD CITY HALL.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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spread to UPHAM'S flouring mill, and thence to the sugar-house of JOHN B. BROWN & SONS. Then the flames were caught by some Irish huts at GRAHAM'S corner. Short work was made of these; and the fire, fed by a gale from the south, marched on, fighting its way through the principal retail business houses of the town to the new City Hall. Every thing in its path was reduced to a smoking ruin.

The City Hall, a magnificent structure with a depth of 275 feet, and with a façade of Nova Scotia freestone 175 feet long, was supposed to be fire-proof, and furniture to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars had been stored in it to secure it against destruction. But this fine building was almost entirely destroyed, only the front walls being left standing.

The fire swept completely through the city from High Street to North Street on Munjoy, destroying every thing on its way so completely that the lines of the streets can hardly be traced, and a space of one and a half miles long, by a quarter of a mile wide, appears like a forest of chimneys, with fragments of walls attached to them.

More than one-third of Portland was destroyed. All the banks, newspaper offices, the wholesale and dry-goods stores, the telegraph offices—in fine, all places of business, except the heavy houses on Commercial Street, were destroyed. Seven hotels were burned and eight churches. The loss in property was over ten millions of dollars.

All the German families in the city were made homeless. The number of people of all classes who were thrown into the street was upward of 12,000, of whom only about one half could be provided for in the tents which had been promptly sent to their relief. On Friday people that had been rendered homeless were in houses, open fields, and in tents, barns, and any where that offered them space to watch their little stock of goods. Some had saved a hoop skirt and a stove; other a tin dipper and a couple of chairs, a tea-kettle and a pair of parlor pictures, a washstand and boots, and all such miscellaneous collections in small quantities. Pianos were numerous, and quite a number of families saved their piano and a cat. One man, worth in the morning over $50,000, pulled a pair of his wife's boots out of his pocket, and said, "'twas all he had saved."

The scene presented at the old City Hall, where the rations were distributed, is worthy of note. Here all day long were men, women, and children, Americans, Germans, and Irish, all huddled together, each awaiting their food, which had been sent from various quarters, and which they received with hearty thanks and joyful countenances.

ZEBIRA CHICKERING, a truckman, and his mother, were burned to death in their house on Larch Street. The bodies were discovered on the 9th.

Portland, before the fire, ranked as the fourth or fifth city in the Union in exports. Her progress has been rapid for the last twenty years. Every great city in the country is showing its sympathy with her loss by forwarding contributions for the benefit of the homeless. Montreal, in Canada, has contributed over $40,000. These contributions can not be too prompt or too generous. Every dollar will go to the alleviation of real distress.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

THE question to be decided in the autumn Congressional elections of 1866 is hardly less important than that of the Presidential election of 1864. At that time the question was whether the Democratic party, whose policy had produced the war, whose Southern leaders conducted it, and which, as a party, although with conspicuous exceptions of certain individual Democrats, justified the rebellion and opposed the war measures of the government, should be intrusted with the control of the Government. The response was prodigious. Every loyal State but Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey sustained the Union party. At this time the question is whether the Democratic party, with its tendency and policy clearly understood, shall determine the conditions upon which the late rebel States shall resume their full relations in the Union. Is the Democratic view of the situation truer, is the Democratic interpretation of the Constitution more just, is the spirit of the Democratic party more favorable to justice, equal liberty, and reverence for law, than those of the Union party. These are the questions which must determine our votes in the coming elections.

It may be true—indeed for ourselves we have not hesitated to say that it is true—that many foolish words have been spoken and some unwise measures adopted by Congress. Nor do we care to recriminate and urge that this Congress has been more fiercely vituperated than any of its predecessors. We have not to deal at the elections with the politeness or tact either of Congress or the Executive, nor indeed with the uniform wisdom of the Congressional measures. The point is a fundamental principle. Granting that the action of Congress might have been improved in certain ways, is it probable that the action of the Democratic minority would have been, either in detail or in general policy, better for the peace and union of the country? Had the party of that minority been in the ascendent the test oath would have been repealed; Senators and Representatives like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON would have been admitted; the Civil Rights Bill would have failed; and in a word, the men who, supported by their States, five years ago resigned and withdrew from Congress, and engaged in the rebellion, would have returned by the "continuous right" of those States, and those who had tried to destroy the Government and still declared their right to do so, would have voted upon every measure proposed for the future security of the Union and country against the logical consequences of their doctrines.

Would this have been a wise policy or safe for the country? Yet this is the policy upon which the autumn elections are to pronounce. The Democratic party holds that, having laid down their arms, the States lately in rebellion are exactly where they were before. The consequences of such a doctrine are plain. It assumes that a combination of States may attempt to destroy the Union by war, and that the people of the loyal States who defeat the conspiracy in the field can rightfully take no further step whatever to secure the victory they have won. The Union party claims that loyal citizens, after so long and vital a war, have exactly the same right to secure their victory that they have to win it; and consequently that when the attempt of a combination of States to wrest themselves from the authority of the Union fails, none of those States can resume their full functions in the Union except upon such conditions as a truly sagacious policy shall determine.

It must be remembered that it is not a question of more or less conditions, but of any condition whatever. The Democratic orators and papers ask indeed whether the late insurgents have not complied with certain conditions. But neither they nor those who have been defeated acknowledge the right to impose them. Indeed, the Democratic theory and policy condemn the President equally with Congress, for he had no more verbal constitutional authority to require assent to the emancipation amendment than Congress has to require assent to the new amendment regulating representation. States with what Mr. STEPHENS calls "a continuous right" of equality with all other States can no more be required to adopt one amendment than another. The present co-operation of the Democratic party with the President, therefore, does not spring from love of him but from hate of Congress, and a very natural wish of our opposition party to divide the Executive and Legislative powers.

Can a party which holds and proclaims the policy which we have described be safely intrusted with the government of the country and the settlement of the war? Ought any thoughtful and honest citizen, however impatient he may be of the follies of certain men, to suffer his impatience to blind him to the fact that the elections are to decide whether the friends and the spirit of ABRAHAM LINCOLN shall reorganize the Union, or the friends and spirit of HORATIO SEYMOUR and VALLANDIGHAM. There are not two parties—there can not be. Under the circumstances a Philadelphia candidate must be as fatal to the cause of equal rights and just government and constitutional peace in this country as a candidate of Tammany Hall. Let us improve Congress in the ability and good sense of its members as much as possible. But let all true men beware of a sophistry which would make Mr. "JACK ROGERS" the leader of a majority instead of a minority.

"FASTENING A QUARREL" UPON THE PRESIDENT.

WE are surprised and sorry to see in the New York *Evening Post* an assertion that Congress has "fastened a quarrel" upon the President. Certainly the facts do not justify the statement.

At the time of the President's accession to office leading members of Congress had the very best reason for believing that he did not seriously differ with them or with the great body of the Union party. During the following summer the President's speeches to various committees from the late insurgent States, and such acts as the pardoning of General HUMPHREYS that he might be Governor of Mississippi, created some uneasiness as tending to complicate the situation. But the Executive action altogether was regarded as an experiment; and it was undoubtedly supposed by the Union party that the whole question of the resumption of their full relations in the Union by the late insurgent States would be referred by the President to Congress, in accordance with the views of President LINCOLN, whose mild wisdom and generous fidelity to the fundamental principle of the American Government it was hoped and believed his successor would follow. "I distinctly stated," said President LINCOLN, in his last public speech, alluding to his action in Louisiana, "that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States."

It was not until Congress assembled and immediately proceeded to act upon the subject, that the unpleasant probability of a difference and division between the Executive and Legislative branches became apparent. It then gradually appeared that the President considered the case to be virtually closed; that he thought he had a right to require conditions, but that Congress had not; that he was of opinion either that no security for the future could be taken, or that he had taken all that was necessary; and that Congress was only competent to require of representatives claiming seats from South Carolina, as it did of those appearing from Iowa or New York, that they should take the oath. Until this was perfectly evident, this paper certainly counseled forbearance and a determination of co-operation upon the part of Congress. The harmony of the two branches of the Government was a point of so great importance as to be worth a strong effort, even to the surrender of unimportant details. Differing in theory, we still hoped that some common ground of action satisfactory to the saving Union sentiment of the country might be found. This was the hope of wise men in Congress. It was only a hope, however, and was abortive. Both Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS were unquestionably rude and exasperating in the terms in which they spoke of the President. But had they spoken of him as gently as Mr. RAYMOND, does the *Evening Post* think the "quarrel" could have been avoided?

Unless, therefore, to disagree with the President upon the question of the scope of the executive power, and upon the necessity and true constitutional policy of the situation—in a word, unless the refusal of Congress to surrender its views to the wishes of the President be to "fasten a quarrel" upon him, it is impossible to sustain the charge of the *Post*.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS ABROAD—AND AT HOME.

MORE than two months have elapsed since the financial crisis broke out in England, and yet failures continue to occur, the bank-rate is still ten per cent., and New York correspondents of London houses are urgently requested to remit as largely as possible. The trouble, it seems, was more deeply seated than appeared at first. Overtrading, in the first place; a system of banking which reminds one of our wild-cat banks of the West; and a series of mercantile and financial operations based upon a prevailing belief in the final disruption of the United States, seem to have sapped the foundations of British credit, and gradually created a state of things so rotten as to be almost without parallel.

The chief trouble now comes from Bombay, where banks and merchants are breaking in rapid succession. This is a direct consequence of the termination of our war. Bombay rose from a third to a first class place of trade in consequence of the cessation of cotton exports from this country. Merchants accumulated immense fortunes in a single year. The town grew like magic. Its public buildings — all erected since 1861—vied with those of the ancient capitals of Europe. It became the best market in the world for large diamonds. All this was the work of cotton. A rational observer, noting this magical development of wealth and its cause, would have expected a reaction. Not so the English, who own Bombay and control its trade. They were sure that the American cotton trade was done forever, or at all events for a generation or two, and they invested their money in Indian plantations, mercantile houses, banks, public improvements, etc., in Bombay, without stint or condition. The consequence, when cotton fell 50 per cent. in a few weeks, can be readily imagined. One house is mentioned, which lost £15 a bale on 30,000 bales—a bagatelle of $2,250,000 in gold. One after another the great houses and banks which grew up on the outbreak of our war are going down upon the suppression of the rebellion, and are carrying down with them their British correspondents.

As to the limited liability banks of London, they seem to have done business with a looseness which would have horrified even GEORGE SMITH of Chicago. They received money on deposit subject to call after a given notice (10 to 30 days), and allowed 3 @ 5 per cent. interest. With this money they speculated in miscellaneous securities—rebel cotton bonds, Peruvian mines, Mexican scrip, Turkish debentures, Atlantic and Great Western bonds, Erie debentures, railroads in Europe, Australia, and Africa, telegraphs in India, blockade-runners running to Charleston or Wilmington, plantations on the Rio de la Plata, and copper-mines in New Zealand. Nothing came amiss to them. The more prudent among them did not actually buy these securities, but lent money on them—which, as the case turned out, amounted to the same thing. Any bank clerk in New York could have foretold the result. A day came when the depositors wanted their money. As always happens, at that particular time there was no market for the miscellaneous securities in which these banks had invested their capital and their depositors' money, and they went down one after another. If such a thing had happened here what homilies our British friends would read us on the unsoundness of American banking, and the criminal misappropriation of other people's money!

A banker in Paris writes to a friend on this side to say that the recent bank failures in London have checked the flow of Continental capital to that centre, and that were our finances on a sounder basis much money would come here. We commend the observation to the notice of the Secretary of the Treasury. Were a United States dollar at the present time really worth a dollar, instead of sixty-five cents, we should now be receiving a steady flow of capital from Europe, and the movement would have begun which, sooner or later, will render New York the financial centre of the world. But how can we expect capital to come here when we not only take no measures to rehabilitate our depreciated currency, but actually prohibit by statute the only process by which it can be restored to its full value? It would be folly for Europeans to send money here just now. What is money with them is merchandise with us; a European capitalist sending money here to be invested in trade or industry necessarily takes the risk of a further depreciation of the currency; when he wants his money back he may find that 25 per cent. have been lost by an advance in gold which he could neither foresee nor prevent. How can we expect sagacious capitalists to invest their money in a country whose legislators know so little of political economy that they try to check importations by imposing heavy duties on foreign manufactures, and at the same time offer every facility for inordinate bank expansion?

A careful study of the commercial crisis in Europe may not be without profit. The Secretary of the Treasury warned us, in his annual report, that without the adoption of measures which do not seem in the least likely to be adopted, a financial crash was inevitable within a given period. That opinion is shared by all reflecting persons in commercial circles. And there are not wanting superstitious people to remind us that by some strange accident we have had a crisis of late in this country every ten years: in 1827, in 1837, in 1847, and in 1857. These fatalists warn us to set our houses in order for the coming year—1867.

The prediction is entitled to more weight than Mr. MILLER'S announcements of the approaching end of the world, for the simple reason that every body sees that we can not go on trading and speculating on a paper currency basis for many years without a crash. If every body expects it to come off next year and prepares accordingly, it will be postponed. If Mr. M'CULLOCH uses the powers invested in him, and locks up currency enough to bring gold down and check importations and speculation, it may be arrested altogether. But if Mr. M'CULLOCH continues to keep money easy, and people generally act as though the crisis were a thing in the distant future, it is quite likely that the commercial history of the coming year may prove as momentous and as full of disaster as that of any of the past ill-omened "sevens."

FREE SPEECH.

WE have a letter from an esteemed correspondent in a Southern city, informing us that the public sentiment of the community in which he lives is so averse to his selling *Harper's Weekly* that his business has sustained serious injury. We are sorry to hear it, both for the sake of our friend and of the people of his neighborhood. A year or two before the war there was a silly fellow named HAMBLETON, or BUMBLETON, who came all the way from Montgomery to New York to put down on a black-list all the merchants in this city who were not friendly to "the South"—meaning those who did not believe in slavery and support it by their votes and acts. Is there a race of HAMBLETONS or BUMBLETONS who suppose such folly can result advantageously for any body?

We do not suppose that the views which are advocated by pencil and pen in this paper are approved by all who buy and read it any more than we approve the opinions or the method or the tone of scores of papers that reach us from the South, West, and East. But what then? We ask any sensible Southern man, however heartily he may have supported the rebellion, and however sincerely he may detest our opinions, whether he does not know that henceforward the only safety for all of us lies in the amplest and most positive discussion? He may not choose to read books and papers and magazines whose sentiments he dislikes, but does he seriously believe it advisable that they should be suppressed? Is it safe for him or for any one that only a literature favorable to what are called "Southern" interests and views and prejudices shall be known in his neighborhood? This policy is but a lingering relic of the old despotism of slavery, which hung and burned and tarred and feathered those who said what it did not like to hear, and succeeded in keeping the mass of the Southern people in that profound ignorance which alone made the rebellion possible. It is the absurd old attempt to ostracize opinion which can have but one result, and that is general disaster.

There are very profound differences of opin-

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ion in this country upon the most important questions. We have our own convictions, and we are very sure that our fellow-citizens at the South and elsewhere have theirs. When we differ, we propose to use every honorable means at our command to expose the weakness or the danger of our adversary's opinion. By squib, satire, argument, ridicule, and appeal — by faithful picture and allegory and caricature we intend to bombard and harass whatever seems to us opposed to the public welfare. And we expect and invite an equal opposition, which we have not failed steadily to receive for a twelvemonth past from those who do not like our views or our methods of enforcing them. But what could be more exquisitely ludicrous than for us gravely to advise our friends not to buy the *Avalanche*, or the *Examiner*, or the *New Era*, or whatever the paper may be, which abuses us and the "North," and to invite all loyal Union people not to buy their books of Mr. JONES or Mr. SMITH, for instance, because they sell those naughty papers?

If those at the South who do not like certain views refuse to have them discussed, they will be beaten again and again, and remain forever impotent and ridiculous. Wake up, gentlemen! It is no longer yesterday. Read the papers. Find out what people are thinking of and talking about. Stand your ground bravely. Don't give us who oppose you a triumph by trying to gag instead of argue. Let every man among you at the South, as here at the North, say and hear and write and read what he will, and we shall all be the gainers. But make up your minds, once for all, that the questions which divide us are to be settled, and to be settled only by the most serious and intense discussion. You have never had it in your part of the country. No man dared to call his soul his own, for instance, in talking about slavery. Those who went from other quarters to discuss the subject you shot, or hung, or rode on rails, or tarred and feathered, or sent off by Vigilance Committees. You had it your own way. You stopped free speech upon the point most vital to your own interests and to ours. And you have learned, what will be always true in this country wherever a similar experiment is tried, that you were merely sitting on the safety-valve. It is a process which may postpone the explosion, but it can not prevent it, and it multiplies the havoc a thousandfold. Don't feel that you are insulted because injustice and a false political philosophy are zealously attacked, and by every kind of weapon. If you think the attack unfair, prove it to be so. If you think the philosophy true, defend it. Stand to your guns! But don't pout and sulk and spite yourselves, like foolish children.

THE OTHER PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE importance of the call of a Convention of Southern loyal Union men issued by General A. J. HAMILTON of Texas and others can not be overlooked. It is one of the most promising signs of the times, for it reveals the existence of two parties in that region. It shows that there is a body of citizens there who intend to contest the political supremacy of the late rebel chiefs, who, since the surrender of LEE, have controled political action in their States.

Thus this manly and heroic call, which is a clear voice from the ancient dominion of slavery in favor of equal rights, is not only full of hope in itself, but it immediately defines the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Philadelphia Convention to be merely a movement, as we stated last week, for the reorganization of the Democratic party. Governor ORR, an old Democratic and Secession leader of South Carolina, Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, who, on the Fourth of July, called the Declaration of Independence a lie, and other gentlemen of the same principles and sympathy, will be represented in that Convention. But those whom neither Governor ORR nor Mayor MONROE nor Judge SEMMES nor Governor HUMPHREYS could seduce into secession—those whose properties were destroyed, whose families were hunted, whose friends and neighbors and children were hung and shot and tortured and exiled by the followers of ORR, MONROE, SEMMES, and HUMPHREYS—these are the men who will be represented in the other Convention.

And it is with them and their friends, with the voters against THROCKMORTON in Texas, and the supporters of free papers in the Southern States, that the political alliance of the Union party must be made, so that the party may have an efficient organization in every State. Whether the Republican party has done its work or not, it is very clear that the Union party has not. For it must not be forgotten that those who will send delegates from the late rebel States to the RANDALL-HENDRICKS Convention—that is to say, the Southern and the controlling wing of the Democratic party—still maintain the sovereignty of States, and the consequent constitutional right of secession. Whatever individuals may have said, the evidence conclusively proves that, while the mass acquiesce in the superior power, they deny the superior right of the Union. Indeed, they ask, and their friends echo, whether we suppose they have changed their views?

Certainly we do not; and certainly men who have not changed the views which, in their minds, justified what we hold to be so causeless a war upon the Union can not wisely be trusted with the control of the Union. The very arguments they use incontestibly prove that the most stringent political opposition to them is essential to the national welfare. We hope, therefore, that the Union National Committee will take every step necessary to secure the active organized co-operation of that large body of American citizens who will be represented in the Convention of the Southern loyal Unionists.

THE CASE OF THE "METEOR."

THE decision of Judge BETTS condemning the *Meteor* is a declaration that United States ship-owners can not sell them to belligerents with whom we are at peace. The Neutrality Laws of 1818 denounce the "fitting out and arming" vessels in our ports against such powers. But do they, by implication, for they certainly do not expressly, forbid such trade? This is the point which Mr. BOUTWELL of Massachusetts proposes shall be made perfectly plain in our laws.

The *Meteor* was seized on the 21st of January last on the charge of being "fitted out" in defiance of law. It was not alleged that this was being done directly by the owners or agents, but that there was an understanding between them and certain Chilian agents that the ship should be set to Panama and there transferred. Of this intention no evidence was offered at the trial; but even had it been conclusively proved, is it agreeable to law, to precedent, and good policy that such traffic with belligerents should condemn the ship?

The earlier decisions did not deny the legality of the trade. The Supreme Court of the United States in 1822 declared, in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*, "There is nothing in our laws or in the law of nations that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation," of course, by one of the belligerents. As lately as 1854 President Pierce, in his annual Message, said, "The laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent powers articles contraband of war, or to take munitions of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation." If this be lawful, can the law be infringed by selling to either of them a ship before it is fully armed or equipped?

Judge BETTS reverses the decision of Judge STORY in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*. Doubtless the reversal is agreeable to the Department, which may wish to urge in an *Alabama* controversy our neutral superiority. But the strength of that unquestioned superiority lies in our long traditions, and it can only be weakened by manufactured precedents. It is, however, clearly desirable that the point shall no longer be left in doubt. Let Congress determine whether an American citizen may sell a ship adaptable to war to a belligerent with whom we are at peace.

The fullest and much the ablest review of the case of the *Meteor* was lately communicated to the Boston *Advertiser* by GEORGE BEMIS, one of our most accomplished and patient students of international law.

A DANGEROUS ARGUMENT.

IN his closing speech upon the tariff we observe that Mr. MORRILL spoke of "hired hack writers" as "particularly active in defaming this matter." We are sorry that Mr. MORRILL should choose so to describe the papers which support free trade; and why "hired hack writers?" Suppose that we should say that the hired hack representatives in Congress were particularly active in defaming the advocates of free trade. It would be following a very bad example, but it would surely be a very poor argument.

A writer who expresses the conclusions of the most acute thinkers upon political economy, because his observation and reflection approve them, and who has no pecuniary interest which could affect his views, ought surely to be safe from aspersion of his motives. Such a writer might be tempted to retort. If the question were of "hired" advocacy, he might inquire whether Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS or Mr. GRISWOLD were interested in the iron manufacture, whether Mr. GRINNELL were a wool-grower, whether Mr. RICE were interested in paper, and whether Mr. MORRILL held any stock in marble quarries or works. This kind of argument is a two-edged sword. It cuts before and behind. It is quite as likely to wound the assailant as the assailed.

In the same style the tariff papers call the free trade journals "hired presses," "purchased journalists," "political liars," "paltry pettifoggers in the importing interest," "dumb dogs of free trade," while the free traders retaliate by calling the tariff "monstrous," "plunder," "robbery," "swindling compromise," "atrocious swindle." This is absurd. The impression conveyed by each side is that the other is venal, and the argument is consequently incalculably weakened. We have no doubt that Mr. MORRILL is sincerely persuaded that protection is the true policy for this country. But if, upon that abstract question, this journal or any other disagrees with him, is it necessarily because the writers are "hired hacks," or "paltry pettifoggers," or "liars," or "dogs?" May it not be because they are just as competent to have and able to maintain an opinion as Mr. MORRILL? Good manners never hurt a good cause.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull called up the House bill fixing the number of Judges of the Supreme Court and changing the judicial districts, and moved an amendment, which was agreed to, reducing the number of associate judges to six. The bill provides:

Sec. 1. That hereafter the Supreme Court of the United States shall consist of one Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices.

Sec. 2. That the First and Second Circuits shall remain as now constituted; that the districts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware shall constitute the Third circuit; that the districts of Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina shall constitute the Fourth circuit; that the districts of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas shall constitute the Fifth circuit; that the districts of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee shall constitute the Sixth circuit; that the districts of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin shall constitute the Seventh circuit; that the districts of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas shall constitute the Eighth circuit; and the districts of California, Oregon, and Nevada shall constitute the Ninth circuit.

The amendment which Mr. Trumbull was instructed by the Judicial Committee to offer provides: "That no vacancy in the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court shall be filled by appointment until the number of associate justices shall be reduced to six, and hereafter the said Supreme Court shall consist of the Chief Justice of the United States and six associate justices, any four of whom shall constitute a quorum, and the said court shall hold one term annually at the seat of government, and such adjourned or special terms as they may find necessary for the dispatch of business." Mr. Trumbull called up the bill for enlarging the public grounds surrounding the Capitol, which was passed. Its provisions are as follows:

That the public grounds surrounding the Capitol shall be enlarged according to the plan approved by the Committee on Public Buildings of the Senate and House of Representatives respectively, which plan is hereby directed to be deposited in the custody of the Secretary of the Interior, by extension between First Street East and First Street West, in the following manner: Northward, to the south side of North B Street, and southwardly to the north side of South B Street, including, in addition to so much of the reservations, avenues, and streets as are necessary for such extension, the two squares designated on the plan of the City of Washington as Nos. 687 and 688 respectively.

Sec. 2 Provides that it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to purchase from the owner or owners as may be mutually agreed or directed or ascertained by such owner or owners, and not exceeding the appraisal made by the commission of nine in their report to Robert Ould, United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, on the twenty-first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, such private property as may be necessary for carrying this act into effect, the value of the property so purchased to be paid to the owner or owners thereof out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, on the requisition of said Secretary. Provided that before such payment shall be made the owner or owners of the property purchased shall, by good and sufficient deed or deeds, in due form of law, and approved by the Attorney-General of the United States, fully release and convey to the United States all their and each of their several and respective rights in said titles to such lands and property so purchased.

The third section authorizes the appraisement of such property, if the Secretary of the Interior and the owners shall be unable to agree as to price.

The seventh section appropriates fifty thousand dollars for filling up and enlarging the public grounds as proposed.

In the House, the Tariff bill was passed, 94 to 53.

July 11:

In the Senate, the bill regulating the time and manner of electing United States Senators was passed, 25 to 11. The bill does away with voting by ballot, and requires an open or viva voce vote in all cases.—A resolution vesting the right and privileges and exclusive use of the Atlantic telegraph cable in the American Atlantic Company of New York was passed.

July 12:

In the Senate, the Tariff bill was received from the House, and was referred to the Committee on Finance, to report next December.

July 13:

In the Senate, the Niagara Ship Canal bill was postponed until December next by a vote of 24 against 13.

In the House, the bill making appropriations for the civil expenses of the government was taken up. Among other amendments passed was one appropriating $10,000 for additional station-houses and life-boats along the coast of New Jersey, between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor, and $5000 for repairing and lighting the light-house at Tucker's Beach, on the coast of New Jersey. The bill was then passed by the House.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a new tariff bill, which is a partial revision of the one lately recommitted.—The Pennsylvania contested election case being under consideration, a resolution retaining Mr. Dawson in his seat was adopted.

July 14:

In the Senate, the House resolution to appoint a joint committee on the subject of retrenchment, to sit during the recess, was adopted with amendments so as to apply to the military and naval as well as civil service, and charging the committee to inquire into the expediency of changing the method of appointment to civil office so that it can not be used for party purposes.

In the House, the bill authorizing the construction of bridges across the Mississippi was passed.

July 16:

In both Houses, the President's Message, vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, was read, and with most precipitate haste the bill was passed over the veto: in the House by 104 to 33; in the Senate, 33 to 12.

RUPTURE IN THE CABINET.

Postmaster-General Dennison resigned his position in the Cabinet July 11. Three days afterward his resignation was accepted, and the First Assistant-Postmaster, A. W. Randall, was nominated to succeed him. Attorney-General Speed has followed Dennison's example. The following is the correspondence between Mr. Dennison and the President:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 11, 1866.

"SIR,—I have the honor to tender you herewith my resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, to take effect upon your notifying me of its acceptance. In thus withdrawing from the Cabinet it is proper to say that I do so chiefly because of the difference of opinion between us in regard to the proposed amendment of the Constitution, which I approve, and the movement for the Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 14th proximo, to which I am opposed. My confidence in the patriotism of the Union Republican Party, and conviction that upon its permanent control of the Government depend, in a large measure, the peace and happiness of the country, will not permit of my holding an equivocal attitude in respect to it.

"Assuring you of my personal regard and appreciation of the uniform courtesy I have received from you, I am,

"Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

"W. DENNISON.

"To the President."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 14, 1866.

"SIR,—Your resignation of the office of Postmaster-General, tendered in your letter of the 11th inst., is hereby accepted. Fully appreciating your kind assurances of personal regard, I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSON.

"To Hon. William Dennison, Washington, D. C."

NEWS ITEMS.

General Dix has written a letter to Senator Doolittle, fully indorsing the Philadelphia Convention.

The vote in West Virginia on the amendment to the State Constitution has been officially declared as follows: For ratification, 22,294; for rejection, 15,302—majority for the amendment, 6992.

Generals Steadman and Fullerton were to leave Galveston on the 12th for New Orleans. They have visited portions of the interior of Texas, and express satisfaction with the former and present management of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Southern papers exhibit a very general disposition on the part of the people to respond to the address for the Philadelphia Convention. State and District Conventions have been called in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina.

Senator-elect Patterson, and Representatives-elect Cooper, Campbell, Leftwich, Taylor, and Thomas have issued an address to the people of Tennessee, urging them to send delegates to the National Union Convention to assemble in Philadelphia on the 14th of August.

The Savannah Board of Aldermen has adopted an ordinance prohibiting colored persons from entering the public Park, unless nurses having white children with them. Policemen at the gates will enforce the order.

The army raised in the Revolution, from 1775 to 1783, amounted to 231,791, the militia adding one-half that force, and the navy consisted of four vessels. In 1812 the regulars numbered 32,360, the volunteers 6000, the militia 30,000, and the navy consisted of 8 frigates and 170 gunboats. In 1815 we had 276 vessels, with 1636 guns. In March, 1865, we had 684 ships-of-war, with 4477 guns; and the aggregate number of men raised for the Union armies, to put down the rebellion, was 2,688,000. If to the above be added the quotas constituting the Confederate armies, it will be found that the grand aggregate reached 4,000,000 of men at arms—the largest force ever yet put on a war footing in any one country, in any age of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN GERMANY.

THE Prussians on the 3d of July gained a signal and decisive victory over the Austrian army at Sudowa. During the last three days of June there appears to have been some pretty severe fighting between the two armies in the northeastern corner of Bohemia in the neighborhood of Skalitz and Trautenau. The Crown Prince, with the advance of the Prussian army, invaded Bohemia on the 23d of June. The Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, co-operated. Steadily the Prussians gained ground, forcing Benedek back from the frontier toward Prague. The following official dispatch from the Crown Prince bears date of July 1:

"The result of the three days' fighting in which the flighty Saxons have been engaged can not be too fifth Austrian Corps, under General Rammingen. A letter was found addressed by the latter to General Benedek, in Josephstadt, which affords complete proof that the forces under his command were thoroughly exhausted. He therein requested General Benedek to send him two fresh Brigades in order that his troops might bivouac under their protection, and acknowledged that they would not be able to fight on the following day. The Fifth Prussian Corps was therefore opposed on the 28th and 29th by the Corps of the Archduke Leopold and General Testetics.

"The fighting on these two days extended over a much greater line than on the 27th. The Austrian Corps under General Gablenz was completely broken up. Besides innumerable prisoners, 20 guns, five colors, and two standards belonging to the Corps of General Gablenz, fell into the hands of the Prussian troops."

On the 29th of June the Prussians stormed the town of Gitschin, and compelled the Austrians to fall back to Josephstadt and Königgrätz. This victory secured the junction of the two Prussian armies, against which Benedek concentrated the whole of the Austrian and the Saxon forces. Four days afterward, on the 3d of July, a great and decisive battle was fought at Sudowa, in which the Austrians were totally defeated, losing no less than 14,000 prisoners. Before this great battle the Austrian loss was estimated at 40,000 men. Austria, after this crushing defeat, agreed to cede Venetia to the Emperor of France, asking his mediation. Napoleon at once communicated with the belligerents, and proposed an armistice. The replies of Italy and Prussia to this proposition have not yet been received.

The London *Times*, before it had the news of the battle at Sudowa, writes as follows: "The war in Bohemia is awful work. The Austrians, we are told, lost 15,000 men in their various encounters with the army under the Crown Prince of Prussia: they had 25,000 put *hors de combat* in their vain attempts to arrest the progress of the army under Prince Frederic Charles — altogether 40,000 men in five days. The prisoners are computed at 15,000, leaving 25,000 for the dead and wounded. Whole battalions have been annihilated; whole corps—the Clam-Gallas, the Gablenz, and the Saxon corps, no less than the Kalick Brigade—are so utterly broken up as to be unable to reappear in action for some time. Benedek's army has fallen back behind the Elbe, taking up its position between the fortresses of Josephstadt and Königgrätz, greatly disheartened and disorganized, according to the account of Austrian officers prisoners in Prussian hands. The desertion of Italian soldiers from the Austrian ranks is on the increase."

ENGLAND.

The new ministry under Lord Derby has been formed, which is constituted as follows:

Premier—Lord Derby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Disraeli.
Foreign Secretary—Lord Stanley.
Home Secretary—Mr. Walpole.
Colonial Secretary—Lord Carnarvon.
Secretary for India—Lord Cranborne.
Secretary of War—General Peel.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Sir John Pakington.
President of the Council—Duke of Buckingham
Privy Seal—Lord Malmesbury.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Chelmsford.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—Marquis of Abercorn.
President of the Board of Trade—Sir Stafford Northcote.
President of Poor Law Board—Mr. Hardy.

The Princess Helena was married on the 5th instant.

SPAIN.

The late insurrection in Madrid was unusually extensive and sanguinary. The soldiers massacred their officers, and distributed arms to the people, who threw up barricades. Several officers of high rank were wounded —many of a lower grade were killed. There was artillery firing in the streets for several hours. The killed and wounded are said to have amounted to 1000 or 1200. Then came the trials by drum-head court-martial, and the shooting of the leaders in the insurrection. Thirty or more non-commissioned officers were shot the first day, and thirty or forty more, including some of the more active of the populace, were to follow. The Progressive papers have been suppressed.

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GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—THE POST-OFFICE AND SURROUNDING RUINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING, PORTLAND, MAINE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—RUINS OF THE CITY HALL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. F. KING.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERIC WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, the Crown Prince and heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, is the son of King WILLIAM I., who ascended the throne in 1861, succeeding his insane brother FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. The present King was born in 1797, and is consequently 69 years old. The Crown Prince is 35 years old, having been born in 1831. At the age of 17 he was sent to the University of Bonn. His University career being ended, he was recalled to Berlin and commenced his military career as a private in the Guards. The Prussian princes must serve from the pike up. He soon received the command of a company. After a while he was sent on his travels, and spent some time in Italy. Going to England, he married the Princess Royal in 1858. About this time King FREDERIC WILLIAM having become incapacitated, the father of the Crown Prince became Regent. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince made the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, but was not engaged in any action. He, however, shared in all the hardships of his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved in consequence a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. Upon the conclusion of this war he returned to his post as Stadtholder of Pomerania. When the present war was determined upon he was appointed General and Governor of Silesia, and commander of the Second Army Corps.

ITALIAN GENERALS.

WE give on this page portraits of the principal Italian Generals belonging to the army under the more immediate supervision of King VICTOR EMANUEL.

General DURANDO commands the First Corps, which did the fighting at the battle of Custozza. This army corps is composed of the first division, commanded by the Piedmontese General CERALE; of the second, by General PIANELLE, a Neapolitan, of great military skill, and the last Minister of War of FRANCIS II. The third division is commanded by General BRIGNONE (head-quarters at Castiglione della Stiviere). BRIGNONE is a member of the Italian Parliament, and has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the ablest Generals in this army. The fourth division is under the leadership of a famous Garibaldian General—famous, because he was a Roman Catholic priest, and still more so for the courage he displayed in the defense of Venice in 1848–49, and in the Neapolitan campaign of 1860. DURANDO was a comrade of CIALDINI in Portugal and Spain.

The Second Corps is commanded by General CUCCHIARI, whose portrait is not given.

General DELLA ROCCA commands the Third Corps. He is a man of great military and scientific talents. Four divisions belong to this army corps: The seventh, under the command of BIXIO, the well-known and audacious General of GARIBALDI; the eighth, under General CUGIA, formerly Minister of the Marine in MINGHETTI's Cabinet; the ninth, under GOYONE, the able General who was the negotiator of the Prussian-Italian treaty at Berlin; and the sixteenth and last division, under the leadership of Prince HUMBERT of Savoy, the eldest son of VICTOR EMANUEL.

The strongest and most powerful Corps of all is the Fourth, under the command of CIALDINI. This corps seems destined to accomplish great deeds, and it may be almost considered as an independent one. CIALDINI is to the regular army what GARIBALDI is to the volunteers. General PIOLA, a very able officer indeed, acts as CIALDINI's chief of the staff; while Prince COLONNA, Count MOSTI D'ESTE, Count SERRISTORI, Count MICHEL, and Count BORROMEO—five of the most illustrious noblemen of Italy—are among his staff-officers and aids-de-camp. Five divisions, and perhaps the most brilliant, form this corps. They are the eleventh, under General Count CASANOVA; the twelfth, commanded by General RICIOTTI, undoubtedly one of the most distinguished artillery generals of Europe; the thirteenth, under General MEZZACAPO, a Neapolitan; the fourteenth, under General CHIABRERA; the fifteenth, under MEDICI, a Garibaldian General of great repute. General Count MAURICE DE SONNAX, the hero of Montebello, commands the reserve of cavalry, and General MATTEI that of the artillery.

The following detailed sketch of General DELLA MARMORA, VICTOR EMANUEL's chief of staff, is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 27:

"ALPHONSE FERRERO DELLA MARMORA, whose family belongs to the Piedmontese branch of the ACCIAJUOLI of Florence, is the youngest but one of the sixteen children of the Marquis CELUSTUI DELLA MARMORA, whose wife was a Mdlle. DE BERZE. He was born in November, 1804, and is now in his sixty-second year. At twelve years of age, an orphan, he entered the military school of Turin, left it in 1823 as commissioned officer in the artillery; in 1831 he became Captain, and soon afterward Major, and from that time began zealously to work in the remodeling and reconstruction of the branch of the service to which he belonged. He visited most of the European and other military schools, and returned to Piedmont to give a decisive and profitable impulse to reform in the Sardinian army. In 1848 he proved himself an able and trust-worthy officer. CHARLES ALBERT dispatched him to Venice in order to support MANIN, but between the latter and LA MARMORA there was but small cordiality and confidence, and the Sardinian soldier was recalled to command a division under DURANDO, and was replaced at Venice by General PEPE. On the heights of Pastrengo, April 2, 1848, he attacked very unexpectedly the Austrian rear-guard, and by this happy stroke enabled the Piedmontese to recover themselves. This latter feat brought him some favor with CHARLES ALBERT, who up to that time had been rather bored, and even irritated, by the unremitting exertions of this military reformer. After the reverses of the Piedmontese arms the revulsion of feeling at Milan evinced by an excitable populace was very great. The King's person was in danger; he was, as it were, a prisoner in the Palazzo Greppi, and it is not too much to say that the agitation was chiefly conquered by the faithful and resolute courage displayed on that occasion by LA MARMORA. He was immediately made Brigadier-General and chief of the staff under CHRZANOWSKI, who was then under the King and commanded the army.

"LA MARMORA soon resigned, and while on a mission in Tuscany received intelligence of the disasters in Lombardy, with orders to return instantly. He arrived too late to witness Novaro. The abdication of CHARLES ALBERT quickly followed, and as soon as VICTOR EMANUEL succeeded he made LA MARMORA Lieutenant-General and Minister of the War Department. The latter post he had already twice filled, the first time for about three weeks, the second for about as many days; and now he saw before him a task which nature had qualified him to perform well. The army was literally almost demolished, and what remained of it was by no means the best part. It was necessary to purge it of all that swarm of refugees who, poor, discontented, and in debt, resorted to the army from the least creditable of motives. The Hungarian, Polish, and French soldiers formed an extremely explosive and untrustworthy element, and in time of peace demoralized the regular troops not a little. Discipline was lax, and habits of irregularity, insubordination, and a great confusion of ideas on the subject of property prevailed; the men were ill clothed, ill armed, and there was little money with which to mend matters. All this did not deter LA MARMORA; he performed his work with a severity, resolution, and industry which was expected from him, but also with a patience and caution in giving needless offense which had hardly been hoped for. As soon as Piedmont embarked in the Crimean war LA MARMORA enjoyed the legitimate fruits of his labor. He resigned his port-folio and received the command of the contingent forces. His services at that period will be recent in the public mind, as also his exploits, which were not less considerable, in 1859. It is somewhat suggestive that LA MARMORA was in 1861 charged with a special mission to Berlin as embassador extraordinary, and was immediately afterward selected to notify the proclamation of [illegible] Court of the Czar. He afterward took the command of the 2d corps of the army, but he and General FANTI could not come to an amicable understanding on military matters, and LA MARMORA abruptly resigned. It was not without much difficulty that he was prevailed on to become Prefect of Naples, the population of which was at that time in a state of transition so-called, but in reality utter disorder, anarchy, and reactionary conspiracies. His best friends do not accuse him of a too suave, easy, and politic temper; it can not be said that he was successful in this office, and to judge by results his two years there were a distinct failure. The camp and the barracks, not the town, are the proper field for his capabilities. He assisted in the repression of the riots in September, 1864, which arose on account of the change of capital to Florence, and has since then generally held a place in the Italian Cabinet. He has now once more resigned his post to follow his king to battle. He is understood to be a sincere admirer of LOUIS NAPOLEON, to whom his appointment was ascertained to be acceptable. M. RICASOLI, who replaces him in the Ministry, is supposed to have more English tendencies. In person General MARMORA is tall and slight, remarkably florid for an Italian in complexion.

GENERAL CIALDINI.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.



GENERAL DURANDO.



GENERAL DELLA ROCCA.

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FAR AT SEA.

I.

"AH!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face;" and as I said that, feeling quite heart-sick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving—perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad, with all the lines of sorrow marked in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life—plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folk should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in our hearts, for though the bitterness was gone I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all around.

"Won't do, my lad!" I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try and make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor things were in a most miserable state. Some was ill, some down-hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome. Then there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was any thing but a cheering prospect for the night—for, as you may say, we weren't shook down into shape yet.

"Good time coming!" I says, cheerily; and having no young ones of my own, I set to to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver—about two and a half, I should think—and he was a-letting go right away, as if he'd got all the trouble in the ship in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regularly mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 'tisn't a very pleasant life in the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and so we found it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before so it was—there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash, wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I couldn't help thinking what a little there was between us and death; and somehow of other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it—for they don't count time as we do ashore—when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle up on deck, where all through the watches of the night every thing is mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro; and I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up, and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realize it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words on board ship:

"*Fire! fire! fire!*"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it: all my bitter feelings of being ill-used came back, and I says to myself:

"Your usual luck, mate; wouldn't be you if you weren't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice—fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketches myself such a thump in the chest, and rolls up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts; "and fetch a dozen more up!"

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from among the crying women; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was furthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out; besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at first; but they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and every where, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then, when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky, quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, every thing seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was teemed into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and sputtered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the captain. "Don't be afraid; we sha'n't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good—not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will;" and then we cheered again; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all as he did—a brave fellow—and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like looking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's squirts; but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ought to do; and though I'd have liked to have been aside the wife to comfort her, my duty was to stand there a pouring in that there water till I couldn't do it no longer; and the more it didn't seem no good, the more I warmed up—obstinate like—and meant to try; for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks, while the look as I got now and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping, and one shouts out:

"Tain't no good, mates. Boats out!"

But he hadn't hardly said it before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares!" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dutch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work too, a-saying they'd be hanged if they'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked it would be all over with us; and then there'd a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand—I've often laughed since—and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head; as to t'other—he was a little chap, and I'm six foot and pretty strong—I gets hold of him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trowsers, and afore he knew where he was I had him up in the air and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then—I ain't much given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped; and then up comes the captain, for he'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore he'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it on; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad again, and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This didn't take above five minutes; but I believe it lost us the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful; so that do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now there was a regular roar, and the wind set toward the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I wouldn't give much for it, Sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads!"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept trying on a cheer; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the ship must go, for the flames darted up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the tarry things blazed furiously, right up to the mainmast-head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or cissing into the sea; while for far enough off, out into the dark night, the great flaky sparks went flying along, for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they must have burned it, "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for life saving!"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be out of the way; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out:

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily to me; and I says, "No water!"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over toward where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right toward the boat.

II.

THAT was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast which had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any fire-work I ever saw; while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were tearing along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing rope, spars, and blocks fell red-hot and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying among the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set toward the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind; but then, how it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then the cruel forky tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking every thing up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. I didn't go down on my knees to pray; but—I don't know—I *think* I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the lurch; so I say to myself:

"Be a man, too, Phil;" and I did try to, any how.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing toward us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizenmast—over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering-wheel, and had run up toward the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burned." And then the captain's hand—the one as held the pistol—fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up?" I says. "Can I do?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more; and as he did it, she just changed round again; but while all this had been going on the mizen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right; hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burned every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes or that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the cabin himself; and water, which they did sling in, but dropped one little cask overboard. But, one way or another, he got them at last to take in a good many things such as they'd want, and a compass; and then, with three more men, he rushed down to the cabin again for more food—biscuit bags—saying as the other boats would want more, and that we must supply 'em. And then up they came staggering and shaking, one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side o' bacon, and two men with bags o' biscuit; and they goes to the side, and I wished my job was done as I saw 'em go.

All at once one of the men gives a yell, throws down his bag, and leaps bang overboard, and the others, running after him, did so too; and then I could see that the cowardly beggars had pushed off—for they lay close under the side, where I couldn't see 'em before, and now they were rowing hard to get away, and I could see that the boat was so full that the least thing must make her fill and sink.

It was pitiful to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as was left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and it was pitiful to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that gently rose and fell seemed waves of blood—glowing blood—with golden crests as they softly broke. But though one man swam so fast that he got up to the boat, they pushed him off with the oars; and then I saw him cling to them, and one man pulled out a knife to stab at him if he came nearer, while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this, he just turned round, and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up toward the sky, he gave one wild, bitter shriek, and he went under; and this time I tried to say, "God help him!" but it was only my lips that moved.

There was the other, though, a fine, lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three; and manfully he swam for it, raising himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessening the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see quite plain some one holding out his hands to him, and he was took aboard the boat.

Now all this took place in a very few minutes; and, in spite of the danger, we, the two last on board, could not help stopping to gaze at the terrible incident; but now the captain comes up and takes my hand, and says:

"Brother, it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action; and I don't know but what I'd rather die with a brave man than live with curs."

I know my hand shook, but I don't think my voice did, though I thought of life being sweet as I said to him,

"Is it very hard to die, captain?"

"Yes," he says, "I believe it is, to a strong man; and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why we must finish it by trying to save two more."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then, again, "But it don't matter—she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl-coops and a grating to the side, and he tied them together—lashed them, he called it—in no time; then we shoved them overboard; and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out o' sight o' the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and, as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pieces of woodwork and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hutch thing and tarpaulin into the water by me; slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes, with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin and bits of wood and things in the centre in the handiest way possible—same as only a sailor could. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship, and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still further and further off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says; "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of being sucked down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now;" and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing, even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set toward the ship; but we got further and further away, and were some distance off when the mizen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel

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he breeze; and at length, panting and exhausted, he hung on motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats now further away from us, and the blazing ship seeming to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Every where else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our raft.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice:

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says: "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better;" and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learned kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil" he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till toward evening, when we found that the boat was coming toward us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry:

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down toward us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow since then things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER X.

I THINK it will not do to follow the three children to Chestnut Hill on this occasion—another day, perhaps; but really the season is running on at such a rate that it is more than time our seeds were in the ground.

It was so late when the carriage reached home that night that Mrs. May would not let the children sit up to table a bit, but sent them all off to bed at once; and even the watering-pots were left tied up till morning. But as soon as the birds were fairly astir, and the sunbeams gleaming across the brown fields and rail-fences, the house, too, was filled with a little hum of business and pleasure. Not too quiet a hum either; for it does now and then happen that wide-awake children forget other people's slumbers; and Lily and Clover and Primrose ran about the hall, and laughed and talked and sang, in happy unconsciousness that there was such a thing as sleep in the whole world. It was a pleasant disturbance after all; Mrs. May found no fault with it up stairs; and though the door stood open into the breakfast-room, where Sam sat with his books, nobody got up to shut it. Indeed, you could even see upon the student's face now and then a smile which was certainly called forth by no treatise on astronomy that ever was printed.

Jack was in the hall, helping the confusion, and making himself, as Lily said, "generally useless;" though, indeed, there was little to do but unpack the watering-pots and scatter the packing-paper about in every direction.

"So you had a grand time yesterday?" said Jack, looking critically with one eye through the long nose of Clover's watering-pot.

"Splendid!" said Lily. "Only I wish we had gone there before we sent for our seeds, then we could have got something worth while—air-plants and things."

"But those air-plants wouldn't grow in our gardens," said Clover.

"Yes, they would; they *must* like fresh air, child. The wonder is, how they can live in that close place. It almost smothered *me*."

"I didn't mind it," said Clover, "it was so very interesting. I suppose that was meant for the natural climate of the plants."

"I'm sure I don't know what it was meant for, but I know it was suffocating," said Lily. "Jack, just think—Maria Jarvis's sister has a gold bracelet made just like a snake, with green enamel scales and two diamond eyes."

"Has she, indeed?" said Jack. "Ha!"

"Yes," said Lily, "and you needn't say 'ha!' either, for you never saw any thing so splendid."

"Haven't I, though?" said Jack. "Why, I've seen the real thing."

"What's the real thing?" said Lily, slightly offended.

"You just tell Maria Jarvis, with my compliments," said Jack, screwing up his eyes as before, "that next summer you'll beat her sister all to nothing; for you'll have *real* snakes in your garden."

"Jack! how horrid!" said Lily. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, put down my watering-pot, and talk and look like a rational boy," said Clover. "What *do* you mean?"

"Just that," said Jack, coolly. "Real snakes, with real scales, and shining eyes, and a tongue that'll run out and in at you so—!" And Jack made his little unruly member play about in a way that was very unruly indeed. The three children stood aghast!

"Then there'll be earth-worms," continued Jack, seeing the impression he had made; "long, slimy, wriggling red things, coming right up out of the ground before you know where you are. And it's no sort of use to cut 'em in two with your spade, for each piece just grows out into a new earth-worm, and so you only double the quantity."

There was another minute of dismayed silence, and then Primrose darted away up stairs to her mother.

"Jack," said Clover, "you ought not to frighten Primrose. She's such a little thing! and you know she can't bear even the sight of a caterpillar."

"She'd better quit gardening, then, before she begins," said Jack, decisively. "I say, Clove, how much did you give a yard for the nose of this watering-pot?"

"Ah, here's mamma!" said Lily. "Mamma, I was only telling Jack about Sarah Jarvis's beautiful bracelet — made *just* like a snake, mamma, with scales and all!"

"I am glad it is not mine," said Mrs. May, with a slight shiver. "And was Jack quite lost in admiration?"

"No, indeed, mamma," said Clover; "but he told us some very unpleasant things about what we should have in our gardens next summer."

"Snakes, mamma!" said little Primrose, clasping her mother's hand, and looking up appealingly. "And earth-worms!"

"They are not very pretty things, certainly, to my eyes," said Mrs. May, with a smile, as she sat down and took the little girl on her lap; "but to a robin, Prim, the earth-worms are extremely attractive—quite as much so as oysters are to you! And the worst thing they will ever do in your garden will be to eat up a leaf now and then. You can bear that, I hope?"

"Yes, mamma," said Prim, with a long sigh; "but I didn't want to have any thing in my garden that wasn't *beautiful*."

"Beautiful they are, in one sense," said her mother, "with the beauty of perfect fitness for their life—the wonderful make and adjusting of every part."

"And the snakes, mamma?" said Prim.

"They have that same perfection and finish, like every one of God's creatures," said Mrs. May, "and they have often, too, great beauty of color. Still, I do not like snakes, Prim, I must confess; but I would much rather see a real one than wear such a snake bracelet on my arm, if that is any comfort."

"Mamma, mamma!" said Lily.

"Jack, what have you been telling these children?" said his mother.

"A little possible truth, mamma—slightly high-colored."

"Ah, please to tell them nothing but positive truth for the future; and remember, young eyes are not skilled in colors."

"I don't believe there'll be a snake seen in your garden all summer," said Sam, coming out of the breakfast-room; "and if there is, I'll show you how fast he can run!"

"Oh, have they got feet?" said Primrose.

"You'll see, if one comes," said her brother. "And then we can study it all out, and learn how a snake moves *without* feet. The earth-worms too; why, Prim, they're ten times as curious as your Chinese puzzle. I dare say we shall see some of them to-day, for I mean to begin digging this very morning."

"In our gardens?" cried Lily.

"To be sure. I've tried the ground, and it will work."

There was nothing to do after that but dispatch breakfast as soon as possible, to be ready for digging; and all disturbed thoughts were brushed away. Sam went off to the tool-house and came back with a great spade on his shoulder nearly as big as the three little spades put together, and Lily followed, dragging a rake of corresponding size.

"Why *don't* you take our tools, Sam," she said, "and not these great ugly things? These aren't pleasant."

"Yes, and suppose I came against a stone and broke one of them," said Sam, "how pleasant *that* would be! I don't know what's in this ground yet; I haven't proved it."

And Sam threw off his coat as if he meant the proving should be an earnest one.

"You'll catch cold," said Clover.

"Not I! What with exploring the ground, and giving you a lecture on digging, I shall be warm enough. But where am I to begin?"

"I think you had better begin with mine," said Lily, promptly. "It's the largest, you know, and so you can give us a good long lecture."

Sam laughed a little, and shook his head.

"It's high time your garden was dug, Lily," he said; "that hedge wants planting badly!"

But he strode away down the hill toward Lily's patch as he spoke, with his spade on his shoulder, and the young ones trooped after him. Jack mounted the fence, and the others stood here and there on the gravel-walk to listen and look, and Sam began his work and his lecture together.

"The object of digging the ground, young ladies," he said, "is to bring it all to a fine, soft state, free from lumps and hard places, so that the light and air can make their way down into it, and the smallest roots of your plants can wander just which way they like best."

"Do roots wander?" said Clover.

"They're the greatest travelers *I* know, for their size," said Sam; "finding their way all about, after water, and food, and whatever else the pretty plant above ground may need. But then you must give them a fair chance, for each likes to go its own road."

"What queer things you do talk!" said Lily.

"All true," said her brother, measuring off the little patch and dividing it carefully in two. "Some roots, for instance, like to grow straight down into the ground; these are called tap-roots. And unless the ground is dug *very* deep, they have a poor time of it. The tap-root sets off on its travels and presently comes to a stone; well, it either crooks round the stone, or else it forks and goes both sides of it. But its strength is divided too, and its beauty is gone. I have seen radishes that were shaped as much like a breakfast-fork as any thing. The poor root wanders on again, and by and by meets a great clod of unbroken earth, and then it gives up, discouraged. No use to try any further, no use to think of growing any more; it just stands still till the end of the season, and comes out of the ground at last a little, ugly, crooked thing, and good for nothing. Just because the ground was not half dug."

"I guess *ours* will be dug!" said Prim.

"Sam, what do you divide the patch so for?" said Lily.

"I'll tell you presently," said Sam, going on with his measuring. "Then other roots are fibrous, like a bunch of little delicate threads; and they like to creep all about, near the surface but out of sight; and if you wall them in with stones or hard ground the plant will be sickly and miserable all its life, or else die outright. Just as Prim would if I should put her in a cage and never let her stir more than three inches from home."

Prim twisted herself about as if the very idea was uncomfortable.

"I'd like to dig too," she said.

"And so you shall," said her brother. "I'll go over the three gardens first, to break up the ground once thoroughly, and then whoever likes may dig it after me. And now to begin."

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"SWEET flower of Love, garden and field adorning,
What mak'st thou of those dewy tears of morning
That on thy glistening leaves repose?"
So spake the Tomb, and thus replied the Rose:
"What makest thou, O ever-yawning Tomb!
Of all that falls into thy gulf of gloom?
I of those tears can fabricate a scent
Of sweetest odors all together blent;
But *thou*"—"Reproach me not, O plaintive Flower!
But learn that, by a deep mysterious power,
The forms which hastening to my charge are given,
I change to glorious angels, meet for Heaven."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BRIEF "BAGS."—Short trowsers.

MARVELOUS.—We do not believe in spiritualism or magic (except sleight of hand and so forth), but what are we to say to a fact such as this?—"The other day a veracious witness actually saw a young man *turn into a public house*."—Transformation extraordinary! Further evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join a temperance society.

A man who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire the other day, pleaded in excuse for and extenuation of his conduct, that he had been in the country but a few days, and *hadn't learned the rules*.

MODELS.—People never improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

RATHER PRETTY.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little dream,
A pretty little wedding was its pretty little theme,
A pretty little bachelor to win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be his pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes, and a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances from the pretty little eye,
With a pretty little face behind a pretty little fan,
She smiled on the proposals of this pretty little man.

Some pretty little "loves," and some pretty little "dears,"
Some pretty little smiles, and some pretty little tears,
Some pretty little presents, and some pretty little kiss,
Were the pretty little preludes to some pretty little bliss.

This pretty little lady and her pretty little spark
Met the pretty little parson and his pretty little clerk;
A pretty little wedding-ring united them for life,
A pretty little husband and a pretty little wife.

The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the minister of the parish; but instead of spelling and pointing it properly, viz.: "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," she spelled and pointed it as follows: "A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call for dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper.

RECIPE FOR CHOOSING A GOOD WIFE.

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as claims protection;
A docile mind subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and reflection,
And every passion kept in due subjection,
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

In reasoning, if you wish inferences that will not follow, *draw them*.

Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

EPITAPH ON A MINER.

Beneath this crooked stump is laid
A whilom wielder of the spade,
Called J. A. Minor, from Bankside;
He lived a miner till he died.
Provoked one day, Death, in a rage,
At fifty stopped the miner's age;
With chills and fever made him sick,
Called at the camp and took his pick.

A masonic dignitary of great eminence in the order lately left Edinburgh to attend a celebration of the laying of a corner-stone, forgetting his cocked-hat. He discovered his omission presently, and telegraphed from the first station, "Send my cocked-hat by express to-morrow." His disgust may be imagined on receiving the next day a parcel containing *cooked ham*, on account of the operators having made a mistake in two of the letters of his message.

A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, astounds us with the assertion, "A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one!"

When is a guinea not a guinea? When it's one pound won—at whist!

The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

VERY LIKELY.—The *Carlow Sentinel* reports an inquest on a girl, the verdict being that she died from eating orange-peel. The Orange has caused many dangerous disorders in Ireland; and we know the PEEL did not agree with the people, in fact it is not considered wholesome in England. But we never expected such fatal effects.

Cholera bullets—green apples.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

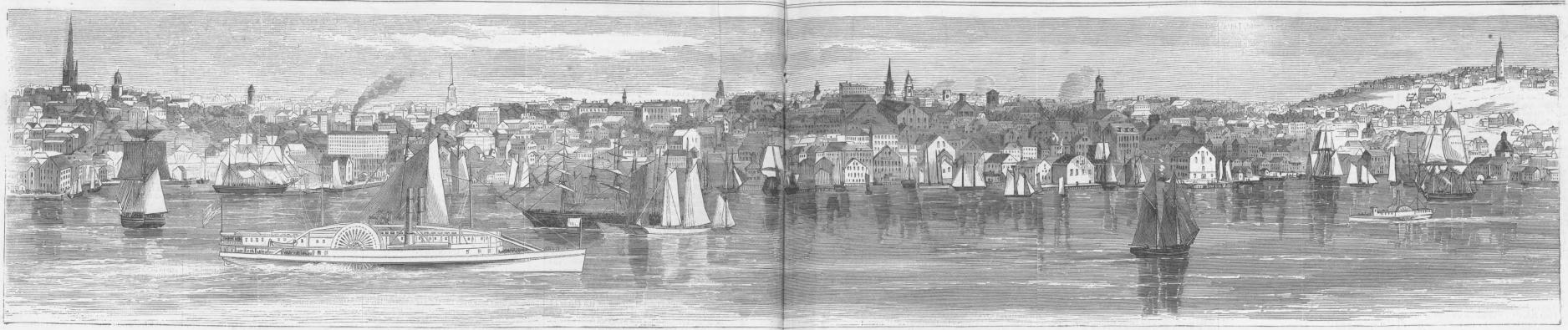
"Pray what is lighter than a feather?"
"Dust, my friend, in driest weather."
"What's lighter than the dust, I pray?"
"The wind which wafts it far away."
"Pray what is lighter than the wind?"
"The lightness of a woman's mind."
"And what is lighter than the last?"
"Nay, now, my friend, you have me fast."



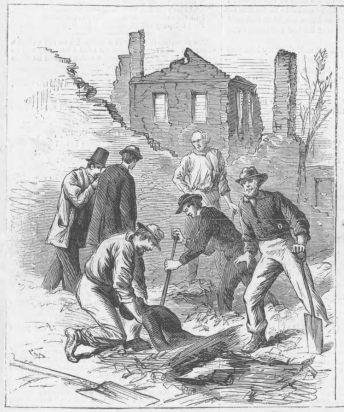
MAKING THEM LOOK SHEEPISH.

WAITER (*shouting down Pipe*). "Now then, when are them Pease coming for these two Lambs?"

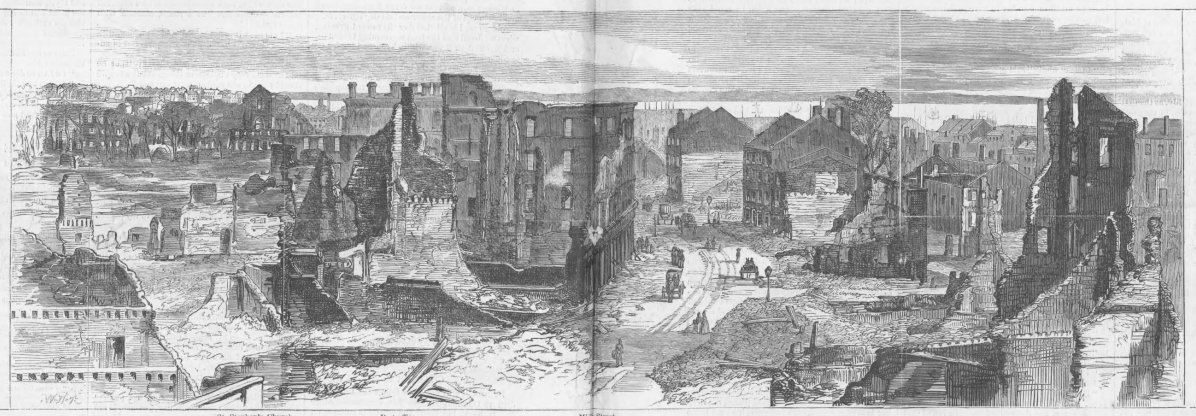
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GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—VIEW OF THE DISTRICT DESTROYED.



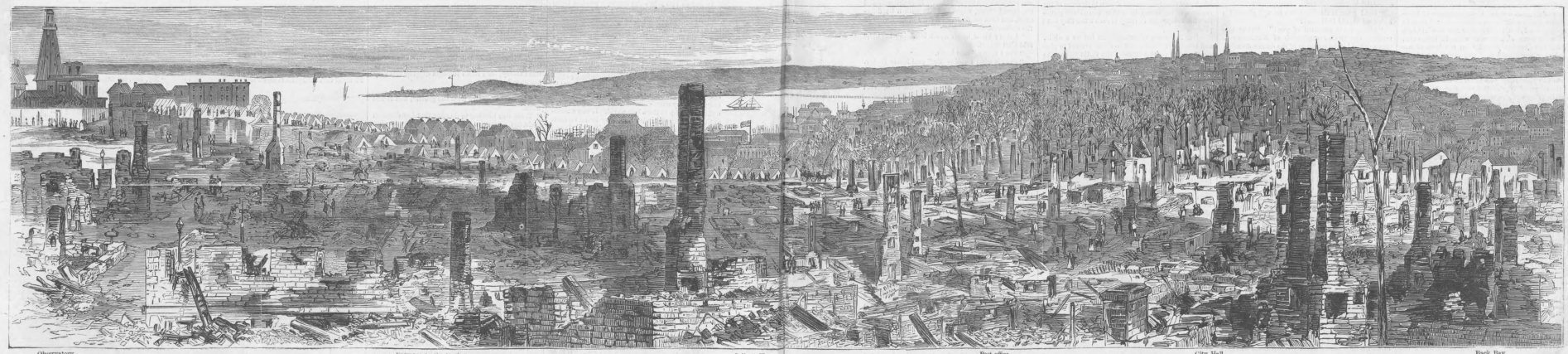
DISCOVERING DEAD BODIES.



THE RUINS FROM THE JUNCTION OF FORE AND MIDDLE STREETS LOOKING TOWARD THE POST-OFFICE.—[Photographed by B. F. Smith & Son, Portland, Maine.]



WORKING-PARTY IN THE RUINS.



GREAT FIRE IN PORTLAND, MAINE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS FROM MUNJOY HILL.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See First Page.]

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LOTTA SCHMIDT.

On an evening of September, when there was still something left of daylight at eight o'clock, two girls were walking together in the Burgplatz in Vienna, a large open space which lies between the city palace of the Emperor and the gate which passes thence from the old town out to the new town. Here at present stand two bronze equestrian statues, one of the Archduke Charles, and the other of Prince Eugene. And they were standing there also, both of them, when these two girls were walking round them; but that of the Prince had not as yet been uncovered for the public. There was coming a great gala day in the city. Emperors and empresses, archdukes and grand-dukes, with their archduchesses and grand-duchesses, and princes and ministers were to be there, and the new statue of Prince Eugene was to be submitted to the art critics of the world. There was very much thought at Vienna of the statue in those days. Well; since that the statue has been submitted to the art critics, and henceforward it will be thought of as little as any other huge bronze figure of a prince on horseback. A very ponderous prince is poised in an impossible position on an enormous dray horse. But yet the thing is grand, and Vienna is so far a finer city in that it possesses the new equestrian statue of Prince Eugene.

"There will be such a crowd, Lotta," said the elder of the two girls, "that I will not attempt it. Besides, we shall have plenty of time for seeing it afterward."

"Oh yes," said the younger girl, whose name was Lotta Schmidt; "of course we shall all have enough of the old prince for the rest of our lives; but I should like to see the grand people sitting up there on the benches; and there will be something nice in seeing the canopy drawn up. I think I shall come. Herr Crippel has said that he would bring me, and get me a place."

"I thought, Lotta, you had determined to have nothing more to say to Herr Crippel."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I like Herr Crippel very much, and he plays beautifully. Surely a girl may know a man old enough to be her father without having him thrown in her teeth as her lover."

"Not when the man old enough to be her father has asked her to be his wife twenty times, as Herr Crippel has asked you. Herr Crippel would not give up his holiday afternoon to you if he thought it was to be for nothing."

"There I think you are wrong, Marie. I believe Herr Crippel likes to have me with him simply because every gentleman likes to have a lady on such a day as that. Of course it is better than being alone. I don't suppose he will say a word to me except to tell me who the people are, and to give me a glass of beer when it is over."

It may be as well to explain at once, before we go any further, that Herr Crippel was a player on the violin, and that he led the musicians in the orchestra of the great beer-hall in the Volksgarten. Let it not be thought that because Herr Crippel exercised his art in a beer-hall therefore he was a musician of no account. No one will think so who has once gone to a Vienna beer-hall and listened to such music as is there provided for the visitors.

The two girls, Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, belonged to an establishment in which gloves were sold in the Graben, and now, having completed their work for the day—and indeed their work for the week, for it was Saturday evening—had come out for such recreation as the evening might afford them.

Marie Weber was older, and not so tall, and less attractive than her friend; but as her lot in life was fixed, and as she was engaged to marry a cutter of diamonds, I will not endeavor to interest the reader specially in her personal appearance. Lotta Schmidt was essentially a Viennese pretty girl of the special Viennese type. She was tall and slender, but still had none of that appearance of feminine weakness which is so common among us with girls who are tall and slim. Her hair was jet black and very plentiful, and was worn in long curls, which were brought round from the back of her head over her shoulders. Her eyes were blue—dark blue—and were clear and deep rather than bright. Her nose was well-formed, but somewhat prominent, and made you think at the first glance of the tribes of Israel. But yet no observer of the physiognomy of races would believe for half a moment that Lotta Schmidt was a Jewess. But, overriding every thing in her personal appearance, in her form, countenance, and gait, was that singular fierceness of independence, as though she were constantly asserting that she would never submit herself to the inconvenience of feminine softness. And yet Lotta Schmidt was a simple girl, with a girl's heart, looking forward to find all that she was to have of human happiness in the love of some man, and expecting and hoping to do her duty in life as a married woman and the mother of a family.

When the two girls had walked twice round the hoarding within which stood all those tons of bronze which were intended to represent Prince Eugene, they crossed over the centre of the Burgplatz, passed under the other equestrian statue, and came to the gate leading into the Volksgarten. There, just at the entrance, they were overtaken by a man with a fiddle-case under his arm, who raised his hat to them and then shook hands with both of them.

"Ladies," he said, "are you coming in to hear a little music? We will do our best."

"Herr Crippel always does well," said Marie Weber. "There is never any doubt when one comes to hear him."

"Marie, why do you flatter him?" said Lotta.

"I do not say half to his face that you said just now behind his back," said Marie.

"And what did she say of me behind my back?" said Herr Crippel. He smiled as he asked the question, or attempted to smile, but it was easy to see that he was much in earnest. He blushed up to his eyes, and there was a slight trembling motion in his hands as he stood with one of them pressed upon the other.

As Marie did not answer at the moment, Lotta replied for her.

"I will tell you what I said behind your back. I said that Herr Crippel had the firmest hand upon a bow, and the surest fingers among the strings in all Vienna—when his mind was not wool-gathering. Marie, is not that true?"

"I do not remember any thing about the wool-gathering," said Marie.

"I hope I shall not be wool-gathering to-night; but I shall doubtless—I shall doubtless—for I shall be thinking of your judgment. Shall I get you seats at once? There; you are just before me. You see I am not coward enough to fly from my critics." And he placed them to sit at a little marble table, not far from the front of the low orchestra in the foremost place in which he would have to take his stand.

"Many thanks, Herr Crippel," said Lotta. "I will make sure of a third chair, as a friend is coming."

"Oh, a friend!" said he; and he looked sad, and all his sprightliness was gone.

"Marie's friend," said Lotta, laughing. "Do you not know Carl Stobel?"

Then the musician became bright and happy again. "I would have got two more chairs if you would have let me; one for the fraulein's sake, and one for his own. And I will come down presently, and you shall present me, if you will be so very kind."

Marie Weber smiled and thanked him, and declared that she should be very proud—and the leader of the band went up into his place.

"I wish he had not placed us here," said Lotta.

"And why not?"

"Because Fritz is coming."

"No!"

"But he is."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Because I did not wish to be speaking of him. Of course you understand why I did not tell you. I would rather it should seem that he came of his own account—with Carl. Ha, ha!" Carl Stobel was the diamond-cutter to whom Marie Weber was betrothed. "I should not have told you now—only that I am disarranged by what Herr Crippel has done."

Then the music began, and, suddenly, as the first note of a fiddle was heard, every voice in the great beer-hall of the Volksgarten became silent. Men sat smoking, with their long beer-glasses before them, and women sat knitting, with their beer-glasses also before them, but not a word was spoken. The waiters went about with silent feet, but even orders for beer were not given, and money was not received. Herr Crippel did his best, working with his wand as carefully—and I may say as accurately—as a leader in a fashionable opera-house in London or Paris. But every now and then, in the course of the piece, he would place his fiddle to his shoulder and join in the performance. There was hardly one then in the hall, man or woman, boy or girl, who did not know, from personal knowledge and judgment, that Herr Crippel was doing his work very well.

"Excellent, was it not?" said Marie.

"Yes; he is a musician. Is it not a pity he should be so bald?" said Lotta.

"He is not so very bald," said Marie.

"I should not mind his being bald so much, if he did not try to cover his old head with the side hairs. If he would cut off those loose, straggling locks, and declare himself to be bald at once, he would be ever so much better. He would look to be fifty then. He looks sixty now."

"What matters his age? He is forty-five, just; for I know. And he is a good man."

"What has his goodness to do with it?"

"A good deal. His old mother wants for nothing, and he makes two hundred florins a month. He has two shares in the summer theatre. I know it."

"Bah! what is all that when he will plaster his hair over his old bald head?"

"Lotta, I am ashamed of you!" But at this moment the further expression of Marie's anger was stopped by the entrance of the diamond-cutter, and as he was alone both the girls received him very pleasantly. We must give Lotta her due, and declare that, as things had gone, she would much prefer now that Fritz should stay away, though Fritz Planken was as handsome a young fellow as there was in Vienna, and one who dressed with the best taste, and danced so that no one could surpass him, and could speak French, and was confidential clerk at one of the largest hotels in Vienna, and was a young man acknowledged to be of much general importance—and had, moreover, in plain language declared his love for Lotta Schmidt. But Lotta would not willingly give unnecessary pain to Herr Crippel, and she was generously glad when Carl Stobel, the diamond-cutter, came by himself. Then there was a second and third piece played, and after that Herr Crippel came down, according to promise, and was presented to Marie's lover.

"Ladies," said he, "I hope I have not gathered wool."

"You have surpassed yourself," said Lotta.

"At wool-gathering?" said Herr Crippel.

"At sending us out of this world into another," said Lotta.

"Ah! go into no other world but this," said Herr Crippel, "lest I should not be able to follow you." And then he went away again to his post.

Before another piece had been commenced Lotta saw Fritz Planken enter the door. He stood for a moment gazing round the hall, with his cane in his hand and his hat on his head, looking for the party which he intended to join. Lotta did not say a word, nor would she turn her eyes toward him. She would not recognize him if it were possible to avoid it. But he soon saw her, and came up to the table at which they were sitting. When Lotta was getting the third chair for Marie's lover Herr Crippel, in his gallantry, had brought a fourth, and now Fritz occupied the chair which the musician had placed there. Lotta, as she perceived this, was sorry that it should be so. She could not even dare to look up to see what effect this new arrival would have upon the leader of the band.

The new-comer was certainly a handsome young man—such a one as inflicts unutterable agonies on the hearts of the Herr Crippels of the world. His boots shone like mirrors, and fitted his feet like gloves. There was something in the make and sit of his trowsers which Herr Crippel, looking at them as he could not help looking at them, was quite unable to understand. Even twenty years ago Herr Crippel's trowsers, as Herr Crippel very well knew, had never looked like that. And Fritz Planken wore a blue frock-coat with silk lining to the breast, which seemed to have come from some tailor among the gods. And he had on primrose gloves, and round his neck a bright pink satin handkerchief, joined by a ring, which gave a richness of coloring to the whole thing which nearly killed Herr Crippel, because he could not but acknowledge that the coloring was good. And then the hat! And when the hat was taken off for a moment, then the hair—perfectly black, and silky as a raven's wing, just waving with one curl! And when Fritz put up his hand, and ran his fingers through his locks, their richness and plenty and beauty were conspicuous to all beholders. Herr Crippel, as he saw it, involuntarily dashed his hand up to his own pate, and scratched his straggling lanky hairs from off his head.

"You are coming to Sperl's to-morrow, of course?" said Fritz to Lotta. Now Sperl's is a great establishment for dancing in the Leopoldstadt, which is always open of a Sunday evening, and which Lotta Schmidt was in the habit of attending with much regularity. It was here she had become acquainted with Fritz. And certainly to dance with Fritz was to dance indeed! Lotta too was a beautiful dancer. To a Viennese such as Lotta Schmidt dancing is a thing of serious importance. It was a misfortune to her to have to dance with a bad dancer, as it is to a great whist-player among us to sit down with a bad partner. Oh, what she had suffered more than once when Herr Cripple had induced her to stand up with him!

"Yes; I shall go. Marie, you will go?"

"I do not know," said Marie.

"You will make her go, Carl, will you not?" said Lotta.

"She promised me yesterday, as I understood," said Carl.

"Of course we will all be there," said Fritz, somewhat grandly; "and I will give a supper for four."

Then the music began again, and the eyes of all of them became fixed upon Herr Crippel. It was unfortunate that they should have been placed so fully before him, as it was impossible that he should avoid seeing them. As he stood up with his violin to his shoulders his eyes were fixed on Fritz Planken, and Fritz Planken's boots, and coat, and hat, and hair. And as he drew his bow over the strings he was thinking of his own boots and of his own hair. Fritz was sitting, leaning forward in his chair, so that he could look up into Lotta's face, and he was playing with a little amber-headed cane, and every now and then he whispered a word. Herr Crippel could hardly play a note. In very truth he was wool-gathering. His hand became unsteady, and every instrument was more or less astray.

"Your old friend is making a mess of it to-night," said Fritz to Lotta. "I hope he has not taken a glass too much of schnaps."

"He never does any thing of the kind!" said Lotta, angrily. "He never did such a thing in his life!"

"He is playing awful badly," said Fritz.

"I never heard him play better in my life than he has played to-night!" said Lotta.

"His hand is tired. He is getting old," said Fritz. Then Lotta moved her chair and drew herself back, and was determined that Marie and Carl should see that she was angry with her young lover. In the mean time the piece of music had been finished, and the audience had shown their sense of the performers' inferiority by withdrawing those plaudits which they were so ready to give when they were pleased.

After this some other musician led for a while, and then Herr Crippel had to come forward to play a solo. And on this occasion the violin was not to be his instrument. He was a great favorite among the lovers of music in Vienna, not only because he was good at the fiddle and because with his bow in his hand he could keep a band of musicians together, but also as a player on the zither. It was not often nowadays that he would take his zither to the music-hall in the Volksgarten; for he would say that he had given up that instrument; that he now played it only in private; that it was not fit for a large hall, as a single voice, the scraping of a foot, would destroy its music. And Herr Crippel was a man who had his fancies and his fantasies, and would not always yield to entreaty. But occasionally he would send his zither down to the public hall; and in the programme for this evening it had been put forth that Herr Crippel's zither would be there, and that Herr Crippel would perform. And now the zither was brought forward, and a chair was put for the zitherist, and Herr Crippel stood for a moment behind his chair and bowed. Lotta glanced up at him and could see that he was very pale. She could even see that the perspiration stood upon his brow. She knew that he was trembling, and that he would have given almost his zither itself to be quit of his promised performance for that night. But she knew also that he would make the attempt.

"What, the zither?" said Fritz. "He will break down as sure as he is a living man."

"Let us hope not," said Carl Stobel.

"I love to hear him play the zither better than any thing," said Lotta.

"It used to be very good," said Fritz; "but every body says he has lost his touch. When a man has the slightest feeling of nervousness he is done for the zither."

"H—sh; let him have his chance at any rate," said Marie.

Reader, did you ever hear the zither? When played, as it is sometimes played in Vienna, it combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love, and then wails to you of disappointed love, till it fills you with a melancholy from which there is no escaping, from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fullness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realization of the mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. While the notes are living, while the music is still in the air, the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce, so that the slightest extraneous sound becomes an offense. The notes sink and sink so low and low, with their soft sad wail of delicious woe, that the listener dreads that something will be lost in the struggle of listening. There seems to come some lethargy on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, lowest, sweetest strain, the very pearl of the music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. And then the zither is silent, and there remains a fond memory together with a deep regret.

Herr Crippel seated himself on his stool and looked once or twice round about upon the room almost with dismay. Then he struck his zither, uncertainly, weakly, and commenced the prelude of his piece. But Lotta thought that she had never heard so sweet a sound. When he paused after a few strokes there was a sound of applause in the room—of applause intended to encourage by commemorating past triumphs. The musician looked again away from his music to his audience, and his eyes caught the eyes of the girl he loved; and his gaze fell also upon the face of the handsome, well-dressed young Adonis who was by her side. He, Herr Crippel the musician, could never make himself look like that; he could make no slightest approach to that outward triumph. But then, he could play the zither, and Fritz Planken could only play with his cane! He would do what he could! He would play his best! He had once almost resolved to get up and declare that he was too tired that evening to do justice to his instrument. But there was an insolence of success about his rival's hat and trowsers which spirited him on to the fight. He struck his zither again, and they who understood him and his zither knew that he was in earnest.

The old men who had listened to him for the last twenty years declared that he had never played as he played on that night. At first he was somewhat bolder, somewhat louder than was his wont; as though he were resolved to go out of his accustomed track; but, after a while, he gave that up; that was simply the effect of nervousness, and was continued only while the timidity remained present with him. But he soon forgot every thing but his zither and his desire to do it justice. The attention of all present soon became so close that you might have heard a pin fall. Even Fritz sat perfectly still, with his mouth open, and forgot to play with his cane. Lotta's eyes were quickly full of tears, and before long they were rolling down her cheeks. Herr Crippel, though he did not know that he looked at her, was aware that it was so. Then came upon them all there an ecstasy of delicious sadness. As I have said above, every ear was struggling that no softest sound might escape unheard. And then at last the zither was silent, and no one could have marked the moment when it had ceased to sing.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the ringing bravos, the striking of glasses, his own name repeated from all parts of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of woman's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. Herr Crippel stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being too old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the violin, it is more doubtful."

"He is excellent with both—with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"Oh no. It was pretty good, was it? With the zither it depends mostly on the atmosphere; whether it is hot, or cold, or wet, or dry, or on I know not what. It is an accident if one plays well. Good-night to you. Good-night, Lotta! Good-night Sir!" And he took off his hat, and bowed—bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz Planken.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel, will you meet me at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No. I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to-night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you, or did not tell you. Herr Crippel, will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Planken will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there. He is always there. I can not help that."

"No, Lotta; I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty—over sixty, I am sure."

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"They are men different in their ways of life from me, my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Stobel and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's-to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you—that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Planken," said Lotta, drawing herself a little away from him; if a friend of mine is not welcome at your little party I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel wishes of you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me that I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"Oh yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"Oh, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her?"

"You can do as you please, Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Bruhl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Nor I. I, too, am fond of dancing—very. I delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Bruhl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela you will not dance with me again—either then or ever." And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet, within ten minutes afterward, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Planken had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him—as he told himself, and she would hardly put in matters to extremities. At any rate he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Bruhl at Sperl's.

At about half past ten the next evening Marie and Lotta entered Sperl's dancing-saloon, and paid their kreutzers, and sat themselves down on seats in the further saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz had come as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Bruhl to dance with any one who came at ten o'clock, but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz, as he passed across the end of the first saloon, spoke a word or two to Adela. Lotta saw this, but determined that she would take no offense at so small a matter. Within two minutes Carl and Marie were dancing, and Fritz had asked Lotta to stand up.

"I will wait a little," said she; "I never like to begin much before eleven."

"As you please," said Fritz; and he sat down in the chair which Marie had occupied. Then he played with his cane, and as he did so his eyes followed the steps of Adela Bruhl.

"She dances very well," said Lotta.

"H—m—m, yes." Fritz did not choose to bestow any strong praise on Adela's dancing.

"Yes, Fritz, she does dance well—very well indeed. And she is never tired. If you ask me whether I like her style I can not quite say that I do. It is not what we do here—not exactly."

"She has lived in Vienna since she was a child."

"It is in the blood, then, I suppose. Look at her fair hair, all blowing about. She is not like one of us."

"Oh no, she is not."

"That she is very pretty I quite admit," said Lotta. "Those soft gray eyes are delicious. Is it not a pity she has no eyebrows?"

"But she has eyebrows."

"Ah, you have been closer than I, and you have seen them. I have never danced with her, and I can not see them. Of course they are there—more or less."

After a while the dancing ceased, and Adela Bruhl came up into the supper-room, passing the seats on which Fritz and Lotta were sitting.

"Are you not going to dance, Fritz?" she said, with a smile, as she passed them.

"Go, go," said Lotta; "why do you not go? She has invited you."

"No; she has not invited me. She spoke to us both."

"She did not speak to me, for my name is not Fritz. I do not see how you can help going when she asked you so prettily."

"I shall be in plenty of time presently. Will you dance now, Lotta? They are going to begin a waltz, and we will have a quadrille afterward."

"No, Herr Planken, I will not dance just now."

"Herr Planken, is it? You want to quarrel with me then, Lotta."

"I do not want to be one of two. I will not be one of two. Adela Bruhl is very pretty, and I advise you to go to her. I was told only yesterday her father can give her fifteen hundred florins of fortune! For me—I have no father."

"But you may have a husband to-morrow."

"Yes, that is true, and a good one. Oh, such a good one!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You go and dance with Adela Bruhl and you shall see what I mean."

Fritz had some idea in his own mind, more or less clearly developed, that his fate, as regarded Lotta Schmidt, now lay in his own hands. He undoubtedly desired to have Lotta for his own. He would have married her there and then—at that moment, had it been possible. He had quite made up his mind that he preferred her much to Adela Bruhl, though Adela Bruhl had fifteen hundred florins. But he did not like to endure tyranny, even from Lotta, and he did not know how to escape the tyranny otherwise than by dancing with Adela. He paused a moment, swinging his cane, endeavoring to think how he might best assert his manhood and yet not offend the girl he loved. But he found that to assert his manhood was now his first duty.

"Well, Lotta," he said, "since you are so cross with me, I will ask Adela to dance." And in two minutes he was spinning round the room with Adela Bruhl in his arms.

"Certainly she dances very well," said Lotta, smiling, to Marie, who had now come back to her seat.

"Very well," said Marie, who was out of breath.

"And so does he."

"Beautifully," said Marie.

"Is it not a pity that I should have lost such a partner forever?"

"Lotta!"

"It is true. Look here, Marie, there is my hand upon it. I will never dance with him again—never—never—never. Why was he so hard upon Herr Crippel last night?"

"Was he hard upon Herr Crippel?"

"He said that Herr Crippel was too old to play the zither; too old! Some people are too young to understand. I shall go home, I shall not stay to sup with you to-night."

"Lotta, you must stay for supper."

"I will not sup at his table. I have quarreled with him. It is all over. Fritz Planken is as free as the air for me."

"Lotta, do not say any thing in a hurry. At any rate do not do any thing in a hurry."

"I do not mean to do any thing at all. It is simply this—I do not care very much for Fritz after all. I don't think I ever did. It is all very well to wear your clothes nicely, but if that is all, what does it come to? If he could play the zither, now!"

"There are other things except playing the zither. They say he is a good book-keeper."

"I don't like book-keeping. He has to be at his hotel from eight in the morning till eleven at night."

"You know best."

"I am not so sure of that. I wish I did know best. But I never saw such a girl as you are. How you change! It was only yesterday you scolded me because I did not wish to be the wife of your dear friend Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man."

"You go away with your good man! you have got a good man of your own. He is standing there waiting for you like a gander on one leg. He wants you to dance; go away." Then Marie did go away, and Lotta was left alone by herself. At last Fritz returned to her and bade her come to supper. He was resolved to see how far his mode of casting off tyranny might be successful, so he approached her with a smile, and offered to take her to his table as though nothing had happened.

"My friend," she said, "your table is laid for four, and the places will all be filled."

"The table is laid for five," said Fritz.

"It is one too many. I shall sup with my friend, Herr Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is not here."

"Is he not? Ah me! then I shall be alone, and I must go to bed supperless. Thank you, no, Herr Planken."

"And what will Marie say?"

"I hope she will enjoy the nice dainties you will give her. Marie is all right. Marie's fortune is made. Woe is me! my fortune is to seek. There is one thing certain, it is not to be found here in this room."

Then Fritz turned on his heel and went away; and as he went Lotta saw the figure of a man, as he made his way slowly and hesitatingly into the saloon from the outer passage. He was dressed in a close frock-coat, and had on a hat of which she knew the shape as well as she did the make of her own gloves. "If he has not come after all!" she said to herself. Then she turned herself a little round, and drew her chair somewhat into an archway, so that Herr Crippel should not see her readily.

The other four had settled themselves at their table, Marie having said a word of reproach to Lotta as she passed. Now, on a sudden, she got up from her seat and crossed to her friend.

"Herr Crippel is here," she said.

"Of course he is here," said Lotta.

"But you did not expect him?"

"Ask Fritz if I did not say I would sup with Herr Crippel. You ask him. But I shall not all the same. Do not say a word. I shall steal away when nobody is looking."

The musician came wandering up the room, and had looked into every corner before he had even found the supper-table at which the four were sitting. And then he did not see Lotta. He took off his hat as he addressed Marie, and asked some question as to the absent one.

"She is waiting for you somewhere, Herr Crippel," said Fritz as he filled Adela's glass with wine.

"For me?" said Herr Crippel, as he looked round. "No, she does not expect me." And in the mean time Lotta had left her seat and was hurrying away to the door.

"There! there!" said Marie; "you will be too late if you do not run." Then Herr Crippel did run, and caught Lotta as she was taking her hat from the old woman who had the girls' hats and shawls in charge near the door.

"What, Herr Crippel, you at Sperl's? When you told me expressly, in so many words, that you would not come! That is not behaving well to me, certainly."

"What, my coming? Is that behaving bad?"

"No; but why did you say you would not come when I asked you? You have come to meet some one. Who is it?"

"You, Lotta, you."

"And yet you refused me when I asked you! Well, and now you are here, what are you going to do? You will not dance."

"I will dance with you if you will put up with me."

"No, I will not dance. I am too old. I have given it up. I shall come to Sperl's no more after this. Dancing is a folly."

"Lotta, you are laughing at me now."

"Very well; if you like you may have it so." By this time he had brought her back into the room, and was walking up and down the length of the saloon with her. "But it is no use our walking about here," she said. "I was just going home; and now, if you please, I will go."

"Not yet, Lotta."

"Yes; now, if you please."

"But why are you not supping with them?"

"Because it did not suit me. You see there are four. Five is a foolish number for a supper-party."

"Will you sup with me, Lotta?" She did not answer him at once. "Lotta," he said, "if you sup with me now you must sup with me always. How shall it be?"

"Always? no. I am very hungry now, but I do not want supper always. I can not sup with you always, Herr Crippel."

"But you will to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Then it shall be always." And the musician marched up to a table, and threw his hat down, and ordered such a supper that Lotta Schmidt was frightened. And when presently Carl Stobel and Marie Weber came up to their table—for Fritz Planken did not come near them again that evening—Herr Crippel bowed courteously to the diamond-cutter, and asked him when he was to be married.

"Marie says it shall be next Sunday," said Carl.

"And I will be married the Sunday afterward," said Herr Crippel. "Yes; and there is my wife." And he pointed across the table with both his hands to Lotta Schmidt.

"Herr Crippel, how can you say that?" said Lotta.

"Is it not true, my dear?"

"In fourteen days! no, certainly not. It is out of the question." But nevertheless what Herr Crippel said came true, and on the next Sunday but one he took Lotta Schmidt home to his house as his wife.

"It was all because of the zither," Lotta said to her old mother-in-law. "If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY summer the weather—as if it were an impertinent intruder on this mundane sphere—is the stoical recipient of the most vituperative abuse. Every summer brings an excess of heat to which there has hitherto been no approximation—according to complainants. *So many* "degrees hotter than has been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant!" The mercury is declared to have gone up out of sight; and eighty-seven degrees of Fahrenheit, following some more "fearful temperature," is pronounced quite "wintry." "Fierce," "fervid," "awful," "terrible," "infernal," are the terms used, and language is exhausted, and new epithets coined, in the apparently vain attempt to depict the sufferings of dissolving humanity.

In truth, we have had a couple or so of excessively hot "heated terms;" and, according to reliable records, the quicksilver *has* shot up higher than in many years before. Consequently there has been much suffering, especially among the laboring classes, who are exposed to the intense rays of the sun, and among the poor, who live in low, oven-like shanties. But those who have shelter in large, high, comparatively airy rooms, would do well to hush their complaints, and think of those who have no such accommodations. The truth is, that half the discomfort we experience in hot weather is self-inflicted. We fret, and fume, and worry, and scold, and fan ourselves, until the hot blood boils! The only way to endure a hot day is to *keep cool!* "Keep cool!" somebody sarcastically remarks, "and how, pray? Shall we take a berth in an ice-house?" Yes, keep cool—*mentally*, we mean. It is not always possible to keep the body down to temperate heat; but those who are able to prevent their feelings from rising higher will be astonished to find what a difference it makes in one's comfort. *Thinking* all the time that it is *unendurably* hot will make one steam. Don't devote yourself unreservedly to eating ices, plying a palm-leaf fan, watching the thermometer, and anathematizing the weather; but whether you have any need to work or not, engage in some moderate, and, if possible, interesting employment. Take it easy, do not hurry, but keep busy; and you will be surprised to find that the fervid heat becomes less oppressive, and that you are comparatively comfortable. Try the recipe, and see if it is not a good one.

Outside of our own feelings it brings a sort of cooling breeze to hear that a short time ago there was a fall of snow three feet deep on the mountains in Utah, covering them down to their base. The snow-storm was preceded by a terrific hail-storm in the lowlands.

It also has a wonderfully refrigerating effect to read the recent announcement of an "Excursion among the Icebergs" in the vicinity of "Labrador," even down to, "For particulars address Franklin *Snow* & Co.," etc.

A happy individual writing from Savannah, Georgia, a short time since, declares that "for ten days past outside winter clothing has been comfortable, and at night a blanket;" and he goes into rhapsodies about the "delightful sea-breeze frolicking through his windows." However, we do not think that even this will tempt many to exchange New York for Georgia just now.

Saratoga in the olden time was quite a contrast to the Saratoga of our day. A visitor to that place in 1797 gives the following account:

"We mounted our horses one day and rode seven or eight miles through the pine forest, with its delightful fragrance, and arrived at a place where they said there were some mineral springs. There was not even a village, but only two or three log-houses standing among the pine-trees. The people were civil, and provided hay for our horses, and for ourselves bacon and eggs. They piloted us into a morass where Nature was unsubdued, and stepping cautiously from bog to bog, we soon arrived at a spring which they called the Congress Spring, which tasted as it does now."

Now the resident population is numbered by thousands, to say nothing of the annual throng that deluge the place in the months of July and August. The "season" there is now fully inaugurated, and thirsty mortals are freely quaffing from the fountains of health. A new spring has been discovered this season near the "High Rock," and the old ones have not lost their sparkle. Many will be interested to know that a movement has been made toward the rebuilding of Congress Hall, with the intention of having it in readiness for the next season. It is expected that at least $100,000 will be secured at Saratoga. Assurances are given that large subscriptions will be made in New York, Boston, and other cities, among those who were patrons of that hotel.

There is something exceedingly pleasant in the substantial and cordial way in which New York, Boston, and all the larger cities have rendered aid to Portland in her hour of need. But it is really touching to hear of little towns in Maine and other States—towns that have no wealthy men with pockets full of money—calling meetings, and with earnest sympathy contributing their mite for the sufferers. It is good to see the hearts of people opening to such a call on their benevolence and sympathy.

There are thousands all over the country interested in the prosperity of Amherst College who will be glad to know that it is the intention of the trustees to erect immediately a new Chapel, for which purpose a son of President Stearns, a wealthy merchant of Bombay, has donated thirty thousand dollars. Also there is to be erected a new Library building, for which nearly twenty thousand dollars has been subscribed; and a new building to be devoted to the Mathematical and Philosophical department. This latter will be the finest building, and will cost two hundred thousand dollars, a gift from Dr. Walker, late of Newport, and who during his life gave to the College another hundred thousand dollars. The necessities of the College demand that these buildings should be erected at once. It is intended to convert the present Library building into an Art Gallery, for which it is admirably adapted, and friends of the College have already promised valuable contributions to it.

Not many months ago sundry communications appeared in the columns of an English journal to the effect that, in English schools, girls, and even young ladies, were frequently subjected to disgraceful corporeal punishment. The facts were evident, and a good deal of indignation was manifested in regard to the matter. But recently our own community has been shocked by a brutal occurrence in one of our most enlightened New England cities. In one of the public schools of the city of Cambridge, it appears—we wish, indeed, the report were false—that a young lady, now in her seventeenth year, was detected in whispering, and was called up for punishment by one of the assistant-teachers. To this she refused to submit. The principal was consulted, and it was determined to whip the delinquent. Two assistants undertook to administer the blows. A struggle ensued, and the principal came to the aid of his subordinates. The young lady was held until a dozen or twenty blows were inflicted upon her person with a leather strap. The parents of the young lady referred to the School Committee, but they sustained the course of the teachers; and the case has been laid before the Grand Jury of the county. Undoubtedly lawful authority should be maintained in schools; but if a young lady of sixteen does not yield to it willingly, she better be expelled. Such disgraceful occurrences as this stain the noble system of public education in America.

A Richmond paper warms with indignation because a large number of colored ladies and gentlemen were recently seen, on a Sunday, riding in all the style that the livery stables could furnish, and especially because white drivers were upon the box and the negroes upon the cushions behind—a strange reversal of former situations.

The following quaint words of old Robert Southwell are worthy of being committed to memory:

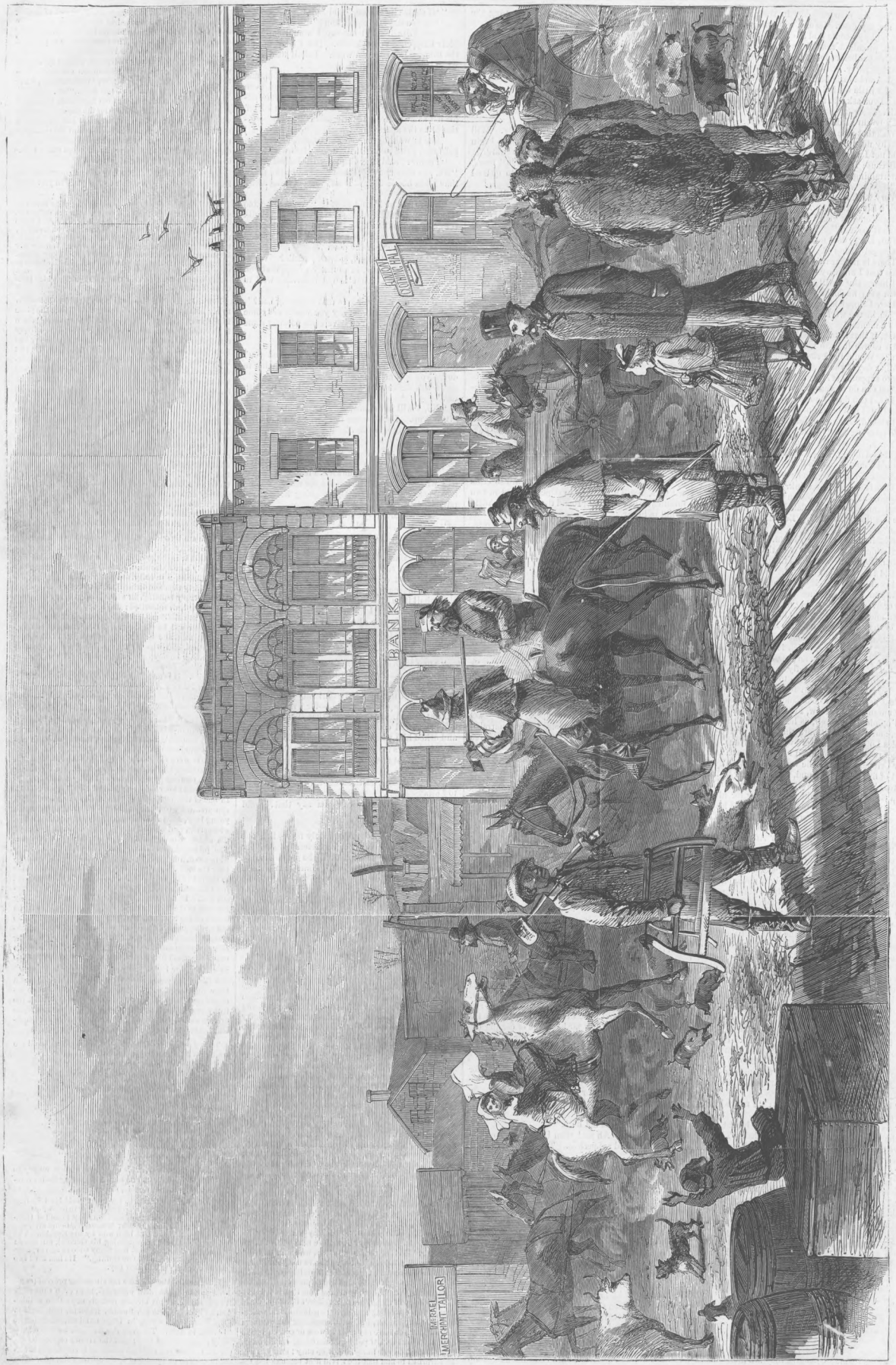
"Shun delays, they breed remorse:
Take thy time, while time is lent thee.
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to nought.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last—
Wind and tide stay no man's pleasure.
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought;
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought."

The European war, which will cause such misery to thousands who have had no hand in bringing it about, reminds us of a little anecdote, old, but good.

"What are you thinking, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier, who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered: "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired two hundred rounds of ball that day.

It seems that the war does not altogether prevent people resorting to the German watering-places even thus early in the season. Ems already reckons more than a thousand visitors—Germans, Swedes, Russians, and English. The French will arrive in large numbers, according to custom, in July. The *luxe des toilettes*, we are told, is very conspicuous at Ems; and the rivalry carried on between the fair sex from all countries is something astonishing. The elegancies of *les vaincues Parisiennes* at this fashionable watering-place will not fail to claim their full share of admiration.

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COMMERCIAL STREET, ATCHISON, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.—[SEE PAGE 477.]

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THE HEROINE OF FREDERICK.

WHEN "STONEWALL" JACKSON invaded Maryland in 1862 there was found in Frederick, through which his troops marched, one fearless Unionist, an aged lady, whose name was BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Faithful among the faithless she held out the "Stars and Stripes" from her window in the very faces of the rebel raiders. The story is well told in WHITTIER'S beautiful poem, which we have taken the liberty of copying below. The portrait is from a photograph sent us by Mr. BRADY of Washington, to whom we were indebted for the photograph from which "The Andersonville Relics," given in our last Number, was engraved.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

A CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

THE letter which we give below is from a gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, who sends us the photograph from which our illustration is engraved. The case stands on unquestionable authority, and the time is now gone by when things of this nature are to be hidden from the public:

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *July* 3, 1866.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Inclosed I send you a photograph showing in part the effects of a punishment by a hot iron on the back of a negro girl about 13 years of age, inflicted by a virago by the name of MRS. A——, living in King William County in this State, a few weeks ago. The case is at present under investigation by the Freedmen's Bureau of this Department. The negroes who lived on the place all testify to the cruelty and fiendishness of this woman while they were her slaves and since they were liberated. This girl was locked up in a private room, for some trivial offense, and kept in there over a week, during which time the burning was inflicted upon her. Her screams were frequently heard by the servants. Live coals were laid upon her back and the back of her head, and the flesh on her back and limbs was burned so that when she was released she could scarcely stand and was nearly crazy. The case was reported, the girl brought to this city, and Mrs. A—— arrested.

"The papers of this city all with one accord sang out against the Bureau for its interference, and Mrs. A—— instead of the fiend that she is, was a martyred and chivalrous Southern lady. She was required to give bail in $5000. All the counsel of the city tendered her their services. The Judge-Advocate of this Department, Captain LAYTON, Eleventh United States Infantry, conducted the examination. If the evidence were all published it would present one of the most cruel and heartless episodes of history that have disgraced civilization."

A BATHING COSTUME.

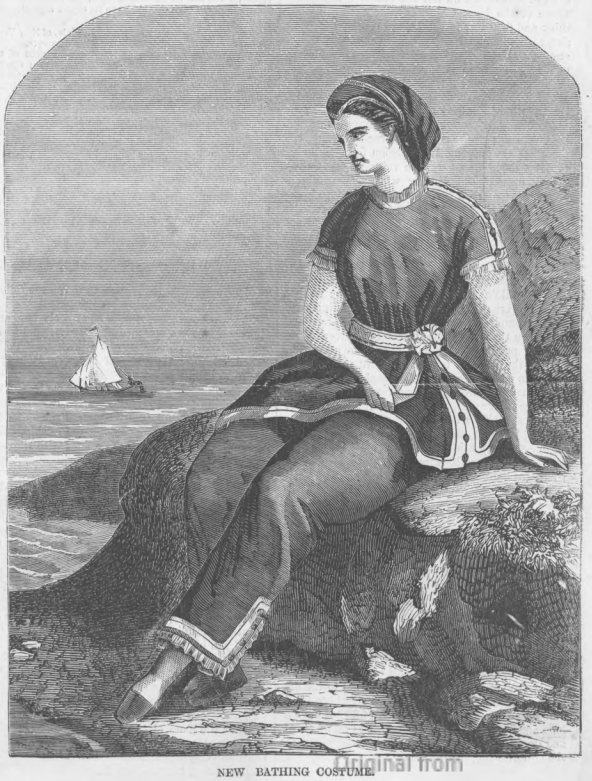
HAPPILY the days have gone by when lady bathers made frights of themselves when enjoying that most healthful and invigorating of recreations—a dip in salt water. Ugly blue flannel gowns, cut so scantily that it was difficult to squeeze into them, and which never fulfilled the object for which they were intended, as they generally rose to the surface of the water directly after their wearers plunged into it—these ungraceful garments, with the hideous oilskin cap which crowned them, may now be looked upon as things of the past. They have been succeeded by a far superior style of dress, which, in fact, is a picturesque costume, consisting of tunic and knickerbockers. We give an illustration of one of the most approved and convenient forms of bathing dress which has yet been introduced. It answers its mission, for it conceals the figure without impeding in the slightest degree the actions of its wearer when either bathing or swimming, and, added to these advantages, it looks well. The tunic fastens at the left side, and the knickerbockers in front. There are various opinions as to the best material for bathing costumes. For summer wear we recommend the stout brown holland. This does not cling to the figure when wetted, neither does it hold the water, as flannel, and so become cumbersome and heavy. It should be trimmed, as in our illustration, with scarlet worsted braid of two sizes. The binding of the knickerbockers and tunic, and the trimming on the shoulder seam, consist of strips of brown holland cut on the cross, and two rows of narrow scarlet braid run upon them; the box pleatings round the arm-holes and ankles are of scarlet worsted braid, from an inch to one inch and a half in width. The waistband and sash are likewise of brown holland bound with broad braid, two waved lines of narrow braid being added as an ornamentation. The buttons are black horn. The cap is black oilskin, bound with scarlet. French ladies wear small black glazed hats to protect their complexions when swimming, as they do not deem it imperative to dip their heads under water when they bathe. Dark blue serge, similar to that worn by sailors in the British navy, we also recommend as a suitable material for this costume. It likewise can be trimmed with either white or scarlet worsted braid, according to our engraving.

STREET SCENE IN ATCHISON.

THE picture which we give on page 476 illustrates an everyday scene in Atchison, Kan. The locality which our artist has chosen is Commercial Street, and he has faithfully depicted the style of buildings in the business part of the city. These buildings are a medley of brick structures and cotton-wood shanties. The figures are drawn from life. Here in the fore-ground we have a Kan-



MARKS OF PUNISHMENT INFLICTED UPON A COLORED SERVANT IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



NEW BATHING COSTUME.

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sas farmer; the shaggy cronies on horseback are returning to their homes in Missouri after a hunt, which it would seem has not been very successful. The woman and girl riding "double" is a common sight, though to Eastern eyes it may appear strange and somewhat ludicrous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

PORTLAND, *July* 16, 1866.

YOU would like "a stereoscopic view of the burned district." Well, to see the burned district you had better come in at the Boston dépôt—at least that is what I did—and take a walk. The fire broke out not far from the point where we start and burned over a broad swath, as the mowers say, diagonally across the city. How it caught, how it burned, and how it stopped, you will have learned from the papers of the time. How it looks to-day is what is best learned now. *The extent of the fire* is the first thing that impresses the mind. It is not what we often see in New York—a few burned buildings—nor is it a good many burned buildings merely; but a long, broad track of ruined chimneys, demolished walls, and rubbish—buried streets.

The *thoroughness* of the burning is what you next notice. Several things illustrate this. First, the buildings are entirely in ruins. They are not standing in shape, with blackened windows and charred interiors, as is commonly the case when a house is burned—but demolished. As a rule the chimney stands; but the walls of each building have fallen entirely in, so that only a vague notion of the general ground plan is all that one can form respecting the edifice. In a two-hours' walk through the district we find, perhaps, ten spots where the walls show something of the size, shape, architecture, and uses of what has been destroyed. But these are the rare exceptions: far more frequently we can not guess whether the buildings, by whose ruins we are passing, were high or low, round or square, old or new, big or little, many or few.

Then again, all wood and wood-work is destroyed, excepting here and there large beams have left a fragment of charcoal. There is nothing left any where of boards or rafters for the owner to save for rebuilding; nothing even for ragged children to carry away for fire-wood. Then, again, there is no trace any where of any goods, wares, merchandise, or furniture saved. What the affrighted inhabitants may have snatched away from the advance of the flame we can not tell from any thing we see to-day; but the fire has left them nothing of all they left to it. Iron safes have preserved their shape, and, we can see, their contents. Ironware, pipes, rods, kettles, tools of various kinds, can be distinguished, half melted, half twisted up, wholly ruined, in the ashes; but of nothing else do we see characteristic traces. Yes, here is one thing saved! One stock of goods has resisted the fire and remains in shape and substance. In the very heart of the burned district was an ice-house. The wooden shell was burned away; the thick heap of straw beneath was singed and burned outside, but workmen are digging through the blackened top, and underneath they find and cart away great blocks of ice, as good as new. In all our two hours' walk we see nothing unspoiled but this. Still more we realize the thoroughness of this fire when we observe how the green trees were burned. In all the region over which the fire spread we do not see one tree left alive. Those of the largest size, elms of twenty inches thick and fifty feet in height, are standing in their shape, smoked and shriveled, dead but not destroyed. But trees of the second size are burned to a short charcoal stump. Leaves, boughs, and branches are gone; a few feet of the substance of the stem, with perhaps stubs of the main branches surmounting it, only remain.

The activity of the Portlanders impresses the mind before one advances far up the burned district. On the outskirts, and in all the region formerly occupied by dwelling-houses, the ruins remain as yet mostly untouched. But in what were business streets are many signs of energy and activity in repair. On many lots workmen are picking out the unbroken brick, chipping the calcined mortar from them, and piling them up for use. Carts and wagons are threading their embarrassed way through the choked streets, carrying off rubbish, or bringing on materials for new erections. Here and there wooden buildings are being rapidly put up; so that already there are some of good size standing with frames completed, and partly boarded. Here and there—on the site of what was once a silversmith's shop, or perchance a bank, a knot of men are digging in the ashes for melted fragments of metal, or trying to open the safe. Additional to the numerous squads of workmen, are throngs of persons strolling back and forth to see what they can see; and these heighten the apparent activity of the scene. Working our way gradually through this region—turning aside to see a ruined church here, to avoid an impassable street there—we come upon what was a region of dwellings, and where reconstruction is less advanced; and beyond this we come upon a camp.

Destitution and suffering have now been measurably relieved. The outward tokens of them, to the casual visitor, are chiefly gathered at this spot. We are at the northeasterly end of the city, where there lies a broad slope of land ascending somewhat sharply, and culminating in a bold terrace or brow of land. Upon this terrace are many substantial buildings, but on the slope below very few, and at this slope the fire stopped for want of fuel. On this slope are thickly scattered the tents, which are the temporary homes of many houseless families.

That Portland is not quite all burned is what we see at the very last; for now, returning to the dépôt, and turning aside from burned streets to avail ourselves of unobstructed ones, we find we have a long and weary walk through streets of intact shops and dwellings, beyond all sight and suggestion of the GREAT FIRE.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUSES.

ON the evening of July 11 a caucus of the Republican members of Congress was held in the hall of the House of Representatives. General Banks was elected chairman. Only eight Senators were present. Mr. Hotchkiss, of New York, said that the meeting was called at the request of himself and others, and its object was to have an interchange of views as to the best course to be pursued in regard to the rumored removal of office-holders by the President. He had no doubt that such removal was intended as soon as Congress should adjourn. He deemed it the duty of Congress to stand by its friends, and to make any sacrifice necessary to keep them in office. He thought Congress should remain in session so as to prevent removals.

Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, offered a resolution, declaring that Congress would remain in session until December. He said that any party that would not stand by its friends ought to go down, and we must stand by the men now in office. He thought, too, it might be necessary for Congress to take other action before next session to prevent the accomplishment of schemes to restore the rebels to power. He believed the President was a traitor to the party and the country, and that he was ready for any measure, however desperate, which would put the Government into the hands of the rebels.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, indorsed what had been said about the treachery of the President, and the necessity of adopting some measures of prevention. But he thought it important that members should go home and fight out the battle before the people. The Cabinet, he was happy to say, was already broken up. He was glad to announce that Postmaster-Gene. l Dennison had resigned, and would have nothing more to do with the Administration, and he hoped that other members of the Cabinet would follow his example. He thought they should strip to the waist and fight the battle out on this line.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, denounced President Johnson as a traitor—a madman—in league with rebels and Copperheads, and insisted on measures of prevention against his schemes.

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, denounced the Philadelphia Convention as a conspiracy of traitors, and said he believed the President had got it up for the purpose of destroying the Union party, and of putting rebels and Copperheads into power. The rebel newspapers North and South were in favor of it for that reason. The New York *News* and *World* advocated it as a means of destroying the Union party and restoring the rebels to power, and the New York *Times*, although it had not yet gone quite so far as this, also upheld and favored the Convention. The President, as is well known, regards every bill passed by Congress, while eleven States are unrepresented, as null and void, so that nothing short of the admission of the rebel members will satisfy him.

Mr. Raymond, of New York, said Mr. Kelley had not the shadow of a right to attribute to the *Times* any such purpose or motive as breaking up the Union party. His insinuation to that effect was utterly untrue, and was the most unmanly way of making an injurious and unjust charge. He had his own views of the objects to be accomplished by the Convention, and he had not, thus far, concurred in the views expressed by those around him. He believed that, properly managed, the Convention would strengthen the Union party, instead of destroying it. So long as he had reason to think so, he should continue to advocate it. Whenever he saw reason to believe that it was to be used to destroy the Union party, neither the *Times* nor its editor would support it.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution declaring it to be the duty of every Union man to denounce the Philadelphia Convention and render it odious to the people.

Mr. Bromwell, of Illinois, followed in favor of this resolution—denouncing the President, and saying we ought to revise all the laws under which offices were created which the President can fill—and that salaries should be abolished, and other means taken to render the power of appointment useless in his hands. Congress could sit all all summer—we were paid by the year, and it made no odds to us.

Mr. Hale, of New York, objected to the resolution as unjust to true Union men.

Mr. Raymond again took the floor. When the Philadelphia Convention was first summoned he believed it would have a good effect in nationalizing the Union party, and in placing its action upon a broader and safer basis. He had never concealed his conviction that, unless the party was thus nationalized and liberalized, it would be short-lived, and power would pass from its hands to those of its opponents; and he had therefore looked with favor on the call for the Convention. Whenever he saw reason to change his opinion as to its object and effect he should act accordingly.

The resolution was then adopted, Mr. Hale, of New York, voting against it. Mr. Raymond declined to vote.

Gen. Banks then announced the appointment of the Committee of Nine—Senators Morrill, of Maine; Chandler, of Michigan; Nye, of Nevada; and Representatives Colfax, of Indiana; Farnsworth, of Illinois; Hotchkiss, of New York; Stevens, of Pennsylvania; Garfield, of Ohio; Boutwell, of Massachusetts.

Governor Hamilton, of Texas, then addressed the meeting, by its invitation, on motion of Mr. Stevens, after which the caucus adjourned, to meet at the call of the Committee.

A second caucus was held on the evening of the 14th. The proceedings of this evening were in striking contrast to those of the first caucus.

The report of the Committee, in spite of the efforts of Speaker Colfax, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Hotchkiss, and others, was summarily set aside, and the caucus resolved, by a vote of 64 to 40, to adjourn on the 23d.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

MY friend, Mrs. H., recounted to me the following remarkable incident in her life:

She was married at a somewhat early age, and, shortly thereafter, accompanied her husband to India, where she remained until delicate health compelled her, after the birth of her second child, to return to England.

A deep despondency seized her at the idea of the approaching painful separation from her husband; but there was no alternative, and, at the appointed time, the latter accompanied her to the ship, doing his utmost to cheer and reassure her with the hope of a happy reunion.

"It is in vain, William," was her persistent rejoinder. "I feel convinced that, in this world, I shall never see you again."

"You *shall* see me, love," replied H. "I feel that I can make you that promise. Nothing—no, not death itself—shall prevent your seeing me again. Be comforted with that assurance."

On her arrival in England, Mrs. H. joined her father and sisters at Brighton, where the salubrious air quickly restored her health and strength. A twelvemonth elapsed, during which period the accounts from India were regular and satisfactory, and Mr. H., in his later letters, expressed his joy at her recovery, and his hope that she would return to him at the first moment her health permitted.

Her father was an early riser, and somewhat imperative on that subject with his household. His daughters, consequently, were sometimes compelled to defer the more elaborate touches of their toilet until after the matutinal meal, and it was upon one of these occasions that all three had returned to their dressing-rooms—Mrs. H. and one of her sisters in a large apartment looking to the front, the other lady in a room adjoining.

Mrs. H., in her dressing-robe, was walking about, brushing her hair, when she happened to approach the window. The house was situated in the crescent of Kemp-town, and, facing the sea, commanded both approaches—right and left. Her eye fell upon a mail-phaeton, rapidly approaching, that seemed to rivet her attention. It contained no one but the driver—a gentleman. As he came nearer she uttered a cry of delight that brought her sisters to her side.

"It is William! It is William!" was all she could say.

Her sisters recognized the familiar face as well as herself. Mr. H., as the carriage drew near, looked up at the window, inclined his head, and smiled. Much excited at this sudden arrival, his wife hurriedly completed her dressing, and ran down stairs into the drawing-room. Her father was there alone.

"Why—where is he? Where is William?" she hastily asked.

"William!" repeated her father. "Why, in India, my dear. Where should he be?"

"No, no; he's come! He is here! We have seen him! Perhaps he has gone round to the stables. He might have spoken to me first," sobbed the disappointed wife.

After remaining silent, in pique, for a minute or two, she could brook the delay no longer, and, ringing the bell, desired a servant to run round to the stables and bring word who was there.

The messenger returned. Nobody had been seen. On further inquiry, the policeman and road-sweeper in the crescent both denied that any private carriage had passed through that morning.

A note was made of the exact time the three sisters had seen Mr. H.; and the news which, shortly after, reached them of his death proved that he had expired at the same time—his latest words expressing an intense desire to see once more the face of the wife he loved so well.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN and childhood have been surrounded with an atmosphere of poetry, and have been invested with all the charms of poetic fancy:

"Angels are talking to them in their dreams—
Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear."

They are supposed to hold some intercourse with the world of spirits, and their very smiles are interpreted to mean communion with a world unseen. Their gestures, tones, and language are the constant theme of poets, and moralists take them for their text. For ordinary mortals like ourselves they possess a wondrous charm; and they are a relaxation to the man of business or the student, who can unbend to them, when to all the world besides they are unapproachable. The painter makes them his study, and they have been among his most successful works, for infancy appeals and pleads to all alike. When they are tricked out in muslin and silk, and toddle in after dinner, every eye lights up, and they become the centre of all attraction, and later on their lispings and their sayings become household words, and their elders learn to speak a language which they have caught from infant lips. They are, in their early years, a source of the greatest amusement and interest. The old grow young again in their presence. They are to them like the green shoots of a second summer. Even they who profess dislike or indifference toward them have been known to fondle their own children by stealth, almost ashamed of a weakness to which nature has prompted them. The affection of a little child is almost the only thing which a suspicious nature does not distrust. There is something in the simple, untutored, spontaneous return with which a child meets its overtures that disarms it at once of that reserve with which more or less it surrounds itself in all its intercourse with the world. But there is another side of the question which, in all fairness, ought not to be attributed so much to the children themselves as to those who are their natural guardians. Who does not know what is meant by an *enfant terrible?* and who that has suffered from it can be blamed for railing against children as a nuisance? A child of quick intelligence and much observation, who has a certain faculty of putting one and one together—who hears and listens attentively to all that is passing around, both in the nursery and in the drawing-room—who is suffered to live on too familiar terms with its elders—who has but little tact and less self-control—who blurts out all that comes into its little mind without regard to time or place, and says the most *mal-apropos* things that can be imagined—whose pert sayings are retailed as cleverness by ill-judging parents and servants in its presence, till it has learned to value them as having some merit in them—who is allowed to engross all the attention with its stories and its prattle, to the evident annoyance of those who see no charm in it—such a child is indeed one of the greatest pests of society.

But it is, we repeat, more the fault of others than of the child. Amused by the smartness of its sayings, or by the quickness of its perceptions, parents encourage it for their own amusement, and laugh at it; while in the nursery it finds favor, because it is one of the means by which nurses and nursery-maids learn what is going on in the drawing-room. But this is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, for if it reveals the tactics of the drawing-room, those of the nursery and housekeeper's-room do not escape. With eyes and ears well open, a ready tongue, and a retentive memory, children become dangerous to friend and foe. What is more detestable than a child divested of every particle of *mauvaise honte*, who obtrudes its remarks and its nursery news upon every one, and forces itself upon all people alike? It hears perhaps in the nursery some comments that have been made upon a flirtation that has been carried on between Aunt Jane and her cousin, who have, in the innocence of their hearts, imagined that it had escaped detection, and who have no particular wish that the attention of the authorities should be directed to it at that moment. The *enfant terrible* announces, in its own sweet way, to her dear grandmamma, in the hearing of her grandpapa, that her aunt and cousin are fond of each other, and, with a certain amount of self-importance, attracts attention to the existing state of things. The mine has been sprung—the murder is out—and Aunt Jane and her cousin are severely reprimanded, while the latter is dismissed, and the former is never suffered to stir beyond the watchful eyes of a grim Cerberus who is placed on guard. It is vain to hope that, in the presence of such inquisitors, any thing can remain secret or escape being proclaimed from the housetop. The house-maid and her "follower" suffer equally from the same penetrating eye, listening ear, and garrulous tongue; and "mamma" is duly informed of the conversation which took place between the under nursemaid and the young man on the other side of the stile. Such watchdogs pay to those who care to know the minutest details of their household, and therefore they are not corrected.

No bland amenities can be successful while one of these "sweet little pets" is at hand with its revelations, its explanations, and its glosses, for it is sure to remember how mamma said she was glad to hear that Mrs. So-and-so was going away. An amusing story is told of a lady who once pressed a friend to visit her in the country. On his arrival at ——, he was at once shown to his room, the dressing-bell, as he was informed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl, elegantly dressed, who, as the event proved, was quite up the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, and, for a time, they got on very well together, when she presently bethought herself that she would like to know the name of her new friend. He at once complied with her request, and told her his name, to which she instantly replied, with the utmost *naïveté:*—"Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has sung himself into society!" Pleasant announcement in the first moments of an arrival at a strange house! especially when it suddenly flashed across our friend's mind that it had been a special proviso in the invitation that he should bring all his music with him. But there is no end to the stories which almost every one has to tell of the *mal-apropos* sayings of these blessed little pests. If a friend is pressed to stay, and regrets his inability to do so, the *enfant terrible* is sure to say it is glad of it. It is in vain to hope to dissemble your love or your aversion, if, in some unguarded moment, no secret has been made of either. "Little pitchers have long ears," and people are apt to forget this when they talk over the things which most deeply interest them, forgetful that the tongue of the young and old alike is an unruly member. Precocious children, who have not been kept in their proper place, and whose tongues have been allowed to run on *ad libitum*, have not unfrequently been the disturbers of domestic happiness. Tale-bearing is an odious habit, whether in the old or young, and no fireside is safe against its attacks. An amusing instance occurred, within our memory, of a petted child who was suffered to accompany her father in a round of visits which he proposed to make. His visits being made, he brought her back to her mother, with the evident expectation of some praise for his punctuality. Mamma, in her gladness, drew the child toward her, gave her a kiss, and was on the point of expressing a hope that she had been amused, when she was cut short by the "sweet child" saying, "Ah, that is just what papa did to Mrs. ——." It was impossible for her unfortunate father to contradict or explain. There he stood, convicted.

We think that, in connection with this subject, the duty to children is twofold. First, that they should be taught from their earliest childhood that it is both dishonorable and wrong to repeat what they hear; and secondly, that care should be taken not to place upon them a burden too heavy to bear, by talking too openly and indiscriminately before them of things which we do not wish to hear repeated again. If their elders are imprudent enough to talk rashly before them, let them be taught the virtue of that reserve which prevents tale-bearing; but let it be remembered that it is cruel and wrong to try the temper of children by forcing upon them a habit which is opposed to the free nature of childhood.

THE WORD OF AN EMPEROR.

ONE day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. was excessively indignant with one of his officers, who was not a good horseman.

"Cashier him and send him to his estate!" said he to the commanding general.

"Pardon me, Sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man and has no estate!"

"Datj jesnit!"—(Then give him one!) exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away.

This answer was not only original, but imperial, for having once been uttered the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer therefore was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

IT is seldom that those who have passed through a campaign can show more than one or two "honorable scars," but there is now in this city an Italian, named Frederick Guscetti, who fought bravely on the Union side during the rebellion, and received no less than twenty-four wounds, several of them of the most dangerous character. The head, sides, and neck of this unfortunate young man are literally seamed with scars. Besides these certificates of his devotion to the Union cause, he bears written ones from Surgeons Parkhurst, Sloan, Moore, and Pinkham, and also from Major-General Ferrero. Broken down in health, and unable to earn a living in this country, he desires to return to his native land, but lacks the means to do so.

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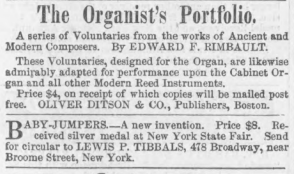
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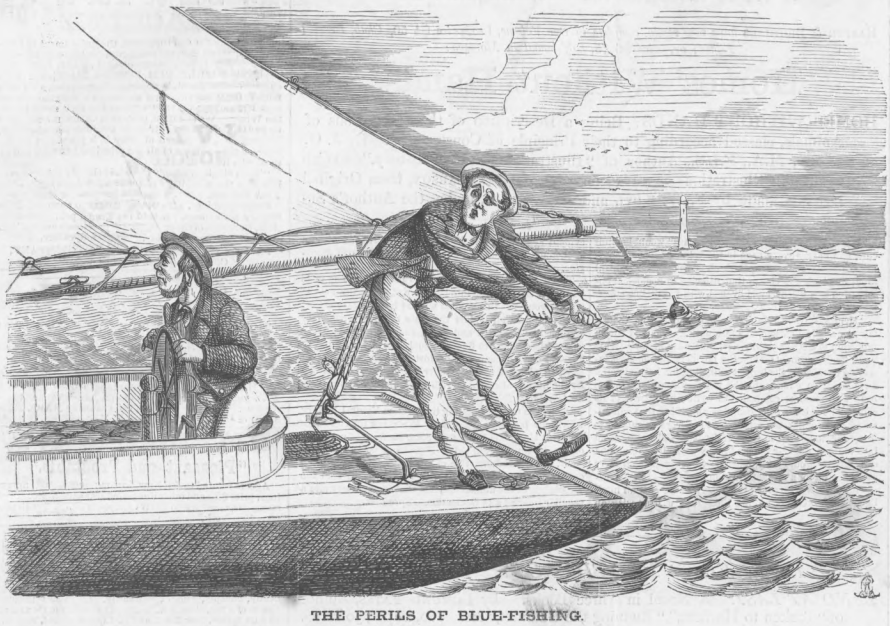
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866.

THE CASE STATED.

THE rupture between the President and Congress is lamentable, but it is decided. As his policy failed to command the approval of the Union party, and it can not be denied that it has, his only alternative was to relinquish it or to await other support. That could come from one quarter only, from the Democratic party. It was not to be expected that the President would relinquish what he deemed the sole constitutional and sagacious policy; and therefore the elected candidate of the Union party of 1864 has no other party support than that of the Democracy.

Regrets and recriminations are equally vain. It is too late to wonder whether, had the wise and patient LINCOLN lived, the party which sustained him and the war would not have settled without serious opposition the great question of reunion. It is vain also to blame the President or to asperse him. Men act from mixed motives, and it is both unmanly and unwise to traduce those with whom we profoundly differ, and whom we most steadfastly oppose. The welfare of the country, through the triumph of the fundamental American principle, which Mr. SPEED well defines in his letter of resignation as "the political liberty and equality of mankind under the law," this is the end which every thoughtful citizen will constantly bear in mind, and it is therefore of very little importance whether the President is influenced by the desire of re-election; by the wish to live his future years peacefully in Tennessee; by an ineradicable "Southern" proclivity; by an inextinguishable hostility to what is called "Radicalism;" by incapacity to comprehend the situation, or by the most conscientious desire to do his duty faithfully. It is vain to turn upon him the fire of his own words when he was military Governor of Tennessee, or when he succeeded to the Presidency; for a man of ardent temperament and of utterly undisciplined mind says many things under extraordinary excitement for which he can not fairly be held responsible. Whatever the President's motives may be, he has distinctly declared his policy. That policy will be sustained by the Democratic party, and must be estimated not by his personal character, but by its own merits and by the necessities of action which the new coalition will impose upon him.

This is true also of the policy of Congress. Our judgment must be determined not by our opinion of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, or of Mr. INGERSOLL, or of any other ardent or unwise declaimer; not by the ill-humor of debates, or by the occasional folly of certain acts. Neither is it of present importance whether Congress has been too slow or too fast in arriving at its conclusions. Congress has been maligned, derided, and denounced as the President has been. It is enough that each has declared its policy of reunion. Upon those policies the country will decide at the autumn elections; and every sensible man will weigh them well.

The exact point, then, is this: The President holds that the States lately in rebellion, having accepted certain conditions which he has imposed without consultation with the representatives of the people, have now the right to be admitted to Congress upon the same terms as the other States. Congress holds that the Legislative and not the Executive department of the Government is the rightful judge of the situation, and that the public safety requires another condition as the necessary complement of those already accepted, and opposes admitting any late insurgent State to an equal share in the Government until it adopts the amendment proportioning representation to voters, and excluding from office at the pleasure of Congress certain conspicuous offenders. The object of this amendment is of vital importance. To state it is to prove it; for it proposes merely that no State which has tried to destroy the Government shall, as a result of its abortive effort, gain increased power in the Government.

There is thus no difference of *principle* between the President and Congress, although there is that difference between him and the Democratic party which denies the right to impose any conditions whatever. But the President has done it. It was the necessity of the case, and he could not help it. Either South Carolina had the right to demand to resume her old share in the Government without accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or revoking her act of secession, or repudiating her rebel debt, or she has no right to demand it until she has satisfied any other condition which the Government may require for the same purpose of security to the Union. The President, indeed, claims that his conditions are the only constitutional terms that can be asked. But that is merely his opinion. Nobody denies that every State enjoying equal rights in the Union is entitled to representation. But the very issue is, when and upon what terms a State which has just failed in a conspiracy to destroy the Union may safely resume its equality of rights within it. The President insists that his terms are a sufficient security. Congress insists that something more is necessary to make them secure. The country will decide between them.

We believe that Congress will be overwhelmingly supported; we do not doubt that the country feels its proposition to be wiser, and knows that the renewed ascendency of the Democratic party would be an incalculable disaster. It is neither extravagant, nor unfriendly, nor dangerous, nor impolitic, to insist that no State engaged in the late rebellion shall resume its national relations until care is taken that it shall not have gained political power by the rebellion. If any such State refuse to accede to a condition so intrinsically just and so unprecedently moderate, can it fairly accuse the loyal Union men of the country of wickedly excluding it from Congress and dangerously delaying reunion? The almost universal testimony of the best witnesses of the condition of the late insurgent section—the tone of its leading and popular newspapers and addresses—the evidence of conspicuous insurgent leaders before Congress—their frank, private avowals and conduct, and the result of the local elections, all show that the hostility to the Union, in which the Southern citizens of this generation were bred, has not—and it is not surprising that it has not—been torn out of them by a terrible war which has devastated their homes and ruined their properties. Justice, policy, humanity, every wise and generous consideration, demand that they be not, therefore, harshly repelled and denied the fellowship of the Union. But the same conclusive reasons certainly require that they shall not have gained increased power in the Union. They and their purposes and policy are not new to the country. They are devoted, wily, audacious. A great party stands ready organized and eager to act with them. They are, indeed, for the moment prostrate, but they are not powerless; and as the Union takes them into its bosom again to renew their life, it is not unkind nor unwise if it seeks to guard against their sting.

THE TREASURY REBUS.

THE administration of the Treasury Department under Secretary M'CULLOCH reminds one of the rebuses which appear in certain ambitious periodicals, with the provoking note—"Solution in our next." It is a perpetual rebus, which keeps us all guessing wildly day and night, until the appearance of the next monthly exhibit from the Department puts us out of our pain by furnishing the solution.

Every body guessed the rebus for May. The blunder of the Department was so enormous that nobody needed to wait for the June statement to learn that thirty millions of gold had been thrown away at 15 @ 20 per cent. below the market, and that somebody had thereby realized a neat little profit of three or four millions.

The July statement has been delayed, but it will probably show that twenty millions of Seven-Thirty notes have been privately exchanged for Five-Twenty bonds. We defy any one to have guessed this rebus. Every thing was kept perfectly quiet. An inquiry for Seven-Thirties, which put them at least 3 per cent. higher than they were ever expected to go, did certainly excite remark. But no one could learn whence the inquiry came, or what it meant. It is now reported that Mr. M'CULLOCH had made a secret bargain with the New York house of JAY COOKE & Co., by which he agreed to furnish them with new Five-Twenties in exchange for Seven-Thirty notes—on what terms and conditions is only known to the contracting parties; and that, in pursuance of this bargain, some twenty millions of Seven-Thirties were bought, and as many Five-Twenties sold, by the house in question. If JAY COOKE & Co. merely charged the usual commission for transacting the business, they only got $50,000 for a fortnight's work. Rumor, however, credits them with a much fatter bonus on the transaction. Rival houses, jealous of such windfalls, are asking why JAY COOKE & Co. should be selected as the recipients of such favors; and want to know whether they, too, are brothers-in-law of the Secretary? They say that Mr. VAN DYCK could have sold his Five-Twenty bonds and bought his Seven-Thirties much more cheaply than JAY COOKE & Co. were willing to do the work. Perfectly competent men could have been hired to do the job at one-tenth of JAY COOKE & Co.'s rates.

This is a matter for Mr. M'CULLOCH to settle with Congress when he makes up his next annual report. If he has squandered the public money, we presume he can be held personally responsible. He is understood to be rich. As to JAY COOKE & Co., they can not be blamed for making as much money out of Government as the Government officials allow them to make.

JAY COOKE himself was a banker in the smallest kind of way in Ohio when Mr. CHASE inaugurated his system of finance. One of the first men to realize the necessities of the occasion, and to discern the practical methods by which money could be raised for the prosecution of the war, was JAY COOKE. He went to Philadelphia, and opened a little bank there. By degrees he won the confidence of the Secretary, became a subscriber for public loans, bought and sold the various classes of securities issued by Government at the beginning of the war, was frequently, by reason of his early information, enabled to operate without risk in bonds and stocks, and in the course of a couple of years won for himself such a position that he obtained the office of agent for the Five-Twenty and then for the Seven-Thirty loan. This made his fortune. How much he realized from it no one knows; probably not less than five—perhaps ten million dollars. Every body connected with him became rich. As for himself, he was enabled to buy islands, to run churches, to support colleges, to live in a style which extinguished even the ASTORS. And, after all, he deserved his reward. Mr. FESSENDEN tried to negotiate the second series of Seven-Thirties without him, and failed miserably; JAY COOKE took up the moribund scheme, breathed life into it, and it succeeded instantly. Any body might make the egg stand when they learned how; but, you see, nobody chanced to have learned how at the right time except JAY COOKE.

But now that the war is over, and no further emergency embarrasses the Treasury Department, it seems to be pretty generally felt, even among those who justify JAY COOKE's sudden wealth, that his house ought not to enjoy advantages over other banking houses, or, at all events, that the Treasury officials ought not to throw money into the hands of JAY COOKE & Co. when there is no necessity for throwing money into any one's hands. If the Government desires to exchange Five-Twenties for Seven-Thirties, Mr. VAN DYCK can do it, without commission, if the market will justify the exchange; if the market will not justify the exchange, Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co. can not accomplish it. Within the next two years some $800,000,000 of these Seven-Thirty notes will have to be exchanged or disposed of in some way or other. The mercantile community and tax payers generally are not prepared to pay Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co. a commission on effecting this exchange, and if Secretary M'CULLOCH contemplates throwing this business into their hands, he will not find it easy to justify himself before Congress and the country.

Senator SHERMAN's bill prohibiting further secret sales of gold is a fair indication of the public temper. Mr. SHERMAN is a friend of the Secretary, and the last man in Congress to object, willingly, to any policy which affords well-informed people a fair chance of making a little money. But the public disgust at the blunder of May last was too unmistakable to be disregarded. People are tired of secret negotiations, which are always suggestive of fraud. They want the operations of the Treasury Department to be as open and as public as those of the Quarter-master's Department, or the Navy Supply agency.

Nothing is ever gained, in the long-run, by secrecy, in the conduct of large negotiations. The idea that the Government could not sell its gold or its bonds if it were generally known to be a seller, is a fallacy which experience contradicts and nothing sustains but the private opinion of the brokers whose commissions depend on the continuance of secret sales. Suppose Mr. VAN DYCK had, on 22d May, advertised $30,000,000 of gold for sale to the highest bidder. Is it not clear he would have got nearer 140 than 130 for it? Certain Treasury officials, in a recently published correspondence, expressed the opinion that if the purposes of Government were known Wall Street would combine to defeat them. This childish nonsense deceives no one. Every adult of sound intellect can see that Government requires to convert $800,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes within two years. From this time out every banker will watch the Seven-Thirty market, and any secret operations which the Government may attempt through JAY COOKE & Co. or any one else, will be detected at once, and telegraphed throughout the country before sundown, just as the Government sales of gold were detected and telegraphed. It is such secret operations as these which beget hostile combinations. Let Mr. M'CULLOCH openly advertise that he will give Five-Twenty Bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, on such conditions as he may deem fair and the market may justify—not through this or that pet banking house, but at his own office; and he may rely upon it he need fear no hostile combinations. If the market be in a favorable condition he will succeed in effecting the exchange without paying any share; if it be not in a favorable condition he will fare no worse than he would have fared had he placed himself in the hands of one of his pet bankers. If the Five-Twenty Bonds command a premium when the Seven-Thirties mature every one will convert, without the least effort by Government, if they are at a discount every one will want his money, and all the JAY COOKE arguments in the world will not avail to alter one single mind.

We speak of the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes, because we have no idea that Congress will adopt or the Supreme Court justify the repudiating scheme of Senator JOHN SHERMAN, by which holders of Seven-Thirties would be compelled to elect four months before the maturity of their notes whether they proposed to demand money or bonds. Whatever straits may await the Treasury Department, we are not yet prepared to believe that the Government is going to cheat its creditors, either in the rate of interest on its obligations, or the period of time which its options have to run.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE result of the first campaign in the European war is prodigious, but, upon reflection, not surprising. It has been evident for many months that BISMARCK meant to fight. He had privately consulted LOUIS NAPOLEON in Paris, and had come to an understanding with VICTOR EMANUEL. His object was the overthrow of the imperial power of Austria, and his means were all the resources of an opulent military monarchy. Of course he had not resolved without the most careful information of the available military force of his enemy, a knowledge of his financial condition, and of the disposition of other Powers. The stake was enormous: the risk was that of all wars, and therefore incalculable. But the event shows how masterly was the comprehension of the situation and circumstances, and with what marvelous skill the combinations of the campaign were drawn.

Europe has been so long destitute of a truly efficient and audacious genius that there was no mental preparation for its appearance. It was undoubtedly the general expectation that diplomacy would shrug and grimace indefinitely; that Prussia was blustering and bragging to force results by fright; that LOUIS NAPOLEON had said at Auxerre nothing more than he had always said; and that, by-and-by, somewhere and somehow, the business might be bungled into a war. But that BISMARCK clearly saw that the knot could only be cut and not untied, and that his sword was not only sharpened but raised, was a fact not easily believed.

But being fully prepared BISMARCK forced the moves throughout. On the 14th of June he brought the cumbrous Diet to a vote which he anticipated. On the 18th he declared war, and occupied Saxony and Hanover. Paralyzing the Federal army with one hand, he pushed his own force through Dresden and into Bohemia with the other. Within the week he struck the astonished enemy wherever he found him. Steadily advancing, taking point after point, driving the enemy backward and drawing his two hands together, on the 3d of July he clasped them and crushed the great army of BENEDEK, extinguishing in a moment the fame of the chief Austrian General, and causing the empire itself to quiver to its extremity and surrender the prey it had so long held in Italy. It was on the battle-ground of FREDERICK THE GREAT, but FREDERICK himself never struck so tremendous a blow for Prussia.

The result of this first campaign is the tearing of the treaties of 1815. It abolishes the German Confederation. It restores Italy to the Italians. Does it also abolish the Austrian empire? That a campaign of a fortnight should achieve such results and provoke such a question is almost incredible. In the presence of such facts it is idle to speculate. Will France go to the Rhine, and Germany become a vast confederated empire? Can Russia permit it, or will Great Britain wish it? Will the great victory of Sadowa, revealing to the people of the various German States the immediate possibility of a Germany in fact as well as in name, inspire them with the resistless conviction that it is a war for national deliverance? Or will the hatred between Austrians and Prussians prove to be so intense and vital as to lead to a prolonged and exterminating struggle, to be settled only by external interference?

These and other questions are inevitable, but they are unanswerable. We can see no present reason for supposing that the war is over.

CIVIL WAR.

THE Danville *Times*, the Richmond *Whig*, the Richmond *Enquirer*, the Charleston *News*, the Macon *Telegraph*, the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, and we know not how many other Democratic newspapers in the late disaffected section, have been suggesting for some months that the President should call together the Representatives elected from that part of the country, who would be joined by "Conservatives" from the North, recognize them as the House, and defend himself by force of arms. The Democratic Senator GARRETT DAVIS, of Kentucky, suggested the same thing. The Democratic Chicago *Times* urged him to clear out Congress by military force. A Democratic Representative elected in Virginia, Mr. A. H. H. STUART, in an address before a college some weeks since, informed his audience that "we were on the eve of another bloody revolution." Mr. S. S. COX, formerly a Democratic Representative from Ohio, then a delegate to the Chicago Convention, where he said that in his judgment "LINCOLN and DAVIS

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ought to be brought to the same block together," and now an eminent "Conservative" of Tammany Hall, announced upon the 4th of July that unless moderate and judicious statesmanship should intervene, by which he meant unless Representatives from the late rebel States were promptly admitted, there will be civil war more terrible and atrocious than that just ended. The Democratic New York *World*, two or three weeks ago, declared that if the votes of the late rebel States for President in 1868 should be refused by the Congress of the United States, when, if admitted, they would elect the Democratic candidate, "his right would be asserted by arms."

And when, after this plain declaration from all parts of the Democratic party, that in a certain contingency they meant to begin a worse war than that which they have just waged against the Government, Mr. BOUTWELL said a few days since that the loyal country ought to be warned and prepare for the emergency, Mr. HENRY J. RAYMOND announces that the Radicals are plotting civil war; and the New York *World* piously thanks the gentleman, whom it had said a day or two before had lost all consideration and influence whatever, for the startling information, and begs the President to "stop these revolutionists in their hellish work!"

Is it this declared warlike intention of the Democratic party or the resistance to it which Mr. RAYMOND disapproves? If the open declaration of the *World* and other Democratic authorities that, in a certain contingency, force should be invoked did not alarm him, why is he so appalled by the assertion that such force ought to be resisted?

As for the *World*, it holds that the late rebel States have never lost any rights in the Union. They had then the same right to vote for President in 1864 that they have until Congress recognizes that right now. And if the Southern Democrats had stopped fighting loyal men long enough to vote for their most friendly foe, M'CLELLAN, are we to understand that, if enough Democratic votes could have been added in the North to elect him, his right would have been asserted by arms?

The only civil war which this country has ever known was waged against the Government by the Southern wing of the Democratic party, supported, as MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND informed us in a recent speech, by the Northern wing. To save slavery the Democracy plunged the country into war. To save the spirit of slavery they would sink it into Mexican anarchy. They threaten that if they can not have their way in the coming elections there will be war. But they threaten a people who have not shown themselves afraid either of war or the rumor of war—a people who for the last ten years have seen the Democratic party in every light of infamy; who have placed their heel upon its copper head, and will keep it there until the last feeble hiss escapes.

A VERMONT SENATOR.

VERMONT has many sons who would serve her well in the United States Senate; but there is one honorably known to the whole country for varied public service; for remarkable and universal scholarship; for the utmost modesty and purity of life and character; for peculiar familiarity with our political history, and for the soundest and most truly American political principles. He would bring to the Senate knowledge, experience, conviction, and character worthy and representative of the true liberal conservatism of his State; and his presence there at this time, and for the impending questions, would be hailed with sincere pleasure by the most liberal citizens of every State. We speak, of course, of the Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH, now minister to Italy.

INFLUENCE OF MENTAL EXERCISE ON HEALTH.

IT is a common idea that it is no matter how little the mind is exercised so far as health is concerned, and many go so far as to think that the nearer a man comes to being a boor in intellect the better is his chance on the whole for long life. For it is supposed that mental culture is always at the expense of the physical, and that there must be in education a sacrifice more or less of the development of the lower nature for the benefit of the higher. That there is such a sacrifice very commonly in education we admit, but we do not admit the necessity of it. On the contrary, we contend that education, that is, mental exercise, may and should be so managed, even in the case of the hard student, as to contribute to physical development—that better health, or, in other words, a better condition of the system, may be obtained with an active and cultivated mind than with a boorish one.

Let us be understood on this point. We do not say that the more active the mind is the better will be the physical condition. But we do say, as we said in relation to muscular exercise in a previous article, that a certain amount of mental exercise is necessary to the best condition of the system, that is, to its highest and most confirmed health, and then, beyond this, the exercise can be extended in the case of the student, as with muscular exercise in the case of the laborer, to an amount which will not be inconsistent with the best condition of the system.

This is the natural and rational view of the matter. The Creator could never have designed that the soul, which he has so intimately connected with the body, should, in its legitimate activities, do damage to that body. On the other hand, it is in consonance with what we ordinarily see of the works of the Deity that mind and body should be of mutual benefit. Indeed we have abundant evidence that they do exert genial influences upon each other.

This is true in regard to the influence of the mind upon the body, not only of what directly concerns sentiment and feeling, but also of what may be called purely intellectual operations; for there is a satisfaction in intellectual acquisition, and this will, like the more positive emotions, exert an influence upon the body. And if the knowledge acquired be connected directly with the labor which is performed, it will strip that of its character of drudgery, and therefore substitute an enlivening in place of a depressing influence. Even that knowledge which has not this connection will lighten labor, by the food which it supplies for thought, and also by the consciousness of elevation of mind which it gives.

Suppose here are a hundred farmers who have but little mental cultivation, and who therefore have not an iota of scientific knowledge of their business. The only satisfaction which they can have in their labor comes from its results and the anticipation of them, and the labor, therefore, must be for the most part mere drudgery. Suppose another hundred, who work in the same way that the first do, but who, from the education which they have had, understand to some good extent natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, zoology, and vegetable physiology. They are interested in something else besides results—the processes by which these are reached and the influence of fertilizers upon them are subjects of constant interest as they watch the progress of the vegetation under their care. Their employment furnishes them with continual food for thought; and their labor, thus dignified and rendered interesting, is not wearisome, monotonous drudgery, as it is when performed with little thought beyond that which is absolutely necessary to its performance.

This latter company of farmers would on an average live longer lives and have better health than the first company, simply because their labor would be performed under more genial and sustaining influences. Indeed, they would do a greater amount of labor than the uncultivated and unthinking, for there is less wear and tear of the system when it works cheerily than when it performs an unwelcome task.

Suppose farther, that the wife and daughters of an intelligent farmer understand all the chemistry concerned in the dairy, the composition of milk, its character as nutriment—capable of supplying material for all the different organs of the body, and, besides this, the phenomena of vegetation, and other allied subjects, in common with the farmer himself, how would their labor be lightened, and how would the consciousness of intellectual pleasure produce a genial influence which could not fail of promoting health! And in the rest of evening, after the labors of the day are over, how would the intelligent conversation of such a family add to the benefit of that rest by giving it the character of an agreeable diversion!

What we have said of farming is true also of the mechanic arts. If the mechanic understand the principles that lie at the basis of his art he has an interest in his work which the mere drudge has not. His work is not simply skillful manipulation—the mind does not merely think enough to guide the hand, but is busy with thought either on the principles involved in the work, or on some other subject, and this agreeable occupation of the mind lightens the toil. Then too, if mechanics generally were properly educated, and their families also, how much would the consequent intelligent conversation of the family and the social circle add to the enjoyment of life, and therefore benefit their physical as well as mental and moral condition!

The education which we have supposed is far from being an impossibility. It is within the range of our common schools. If the time which is now absolutely lost in loading the memory with words and forms of expression and processes, that are not understood, were spent in teaching about the common things with which the pupil will have to do most in after-life, such as air, water, light, heat, mechanics, chemical changes, vegetation, etc., just such mechanics and farmers as we have spoken of would abound in the community, and this change in education would, we have not a doubt, add to the health of these classes and to their average length of life.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

THE beautiful poem by WHITTIER which we copied last week to accompany the portrait of BARBARA FRIETCHIE was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and should have been credited to that periodical.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 18:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman called up the bill to fund the public debt. The first and second sections, giving the Secretary of the Treasury authority to issue five per cent. bonds were stricken out.—The death of Senator Lane was announced.

In the House, the contested election case of Koontz and Coffroth, from the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania, was called up and decided in favor of the former.—The revised Tariff bill was considered and passed under the operation of the previous question by a large majority—yeas 88, nays 34. The 25th of July was fixed for the adjournment of Congress.

July 19:

In the Senate, a bill directing the President to place $50,000 at the disposal of the Governor of Maine, for the relief of the sufferers by the late terrible fire at Portland, was passed, 22 to 18.—The bill for the funding of the public debt was passed.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution to recognize the State Government of Tennessee, and announced that the Legislature of that State had just ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland in Oregon was passed.—Mr. Shellaberger called up the report of the Select Committee on the charges made by Hon. Roscoe Conkling, in his place, against Provost Marshal General Fry and his Bureau. The report wholly exonerates Mr. Conkling, and severely condemns Mr. Fry. It was adopted with only four dissenting votes.

July 20:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the report of the Conference Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, which was agreed to, after considerable debate on the provision that no compensation be given for the ensuing year to the United States Minister at Lisbon, Portugal.

In the House, the joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee was adopted, 125 to 12. The following members voted nay—Alley, Benjamin, Boutwell, Eliot, Higby, Jenckes, Julian, Kelley, Loan, M'Clurg, Paine, Williams.

July 21:

In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary reported back the House joint resolution declaring Tennessee entitled to representation in Congress with an amendment in the form of a substitute which briefly alluded to the several steps taken by that State toward reconstruction, and which had paved the way for its restoration. Mr. Sherman objected to the substitute, saying it would probably be vetoed by the President. Mr. Trumbull supported the substitute. After debate the substituted preamble was rejected, but a change was made in the body of the resolution which will send it back to the House. The vote was 28 to 4, Messrs. Sumner, Brown, Buckalew, and M'Dougall voting against it.

In the House, the Rousseau case being under discussion, that gentleman made a protest against the spirit which he said had been manifested toward him in debate. He attempted to justify his conduct toward Mr. Grinnell, and said that he had sent to the Governor of Kentucky his resignation as a member of the House. He was then called before the bar of the House and reprimanded by the Speaker.—A resolution that when the House adjourn it be to the 24 of October, and then, if not otherwise ordered, to adjourn to the 1st of December, was adopted.

July 23:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill being taken up, the amendment directing the Secretary of War to pay out of the commutation draft fund, for every slave belonging to loyal men enlisted, not to exceed $300 each, was adopted. An amendment increasing the pay of clerks in the State Department twenty per cent. was adopted. An amendment abolishing the mission to Greece was adopted.

NEWS ITEMS.

Cholera has broken out on the steamer *San Salvador*, which arrived at Savannah on the 18th of July with 500 recruits for the Seventh Regulars. There were 28 cases among them and 3 deaths during the voyage. One death occurred after arriving at Tybee bar, and one or two after the troops had landed at Tybee Island. There was no sickness among the cabin passengers, but the steamer was ordered to remain in quarantine 15 days.

Some emigrants from Texas reached St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 16th, and report considerable disorder in society there, because of the increasing predominance of the rebel element. Loyal citizens find it difficult to live in peace.

In the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature the Constitutional Amendment was ratified, July 19, by a vote of 43 to 18. Governor Brownlow sent the following telegraphic dispatch to Washington:

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *Thursday, July* 19—12 M.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

My compliments to the President. We have carried the Constitutional Amendment in the House. Vote 43 to 18, two of his tools refusing to vote.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Senator Lane having died, and Senator Pomeroy's term expiring with the present session, the next Kansas Legislature must elect two Senators to fill their places.

A dispatch received from the Governor of Kansas announces that Major T. G. Ross, editor of the Lawrence *Tribune*, has been elected United States Senator for that State, in the place of the late James H. Lane.

The *Commonwealth* newspaper announces that George Peabody intends to bestow $50,000 each upon Harvard, Amherst, and Williams Colleges of Massachusetts, and the sum of $1,000,000 upon Boston for homes for the poor.

The death record last week ran up to 1128, as noted in the Burial Permit Book in the office of the Registrar of Vital Statistics.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

THE London *Times* special correspondent gives a graphic account of the great battle of Sadowa as seen from the tower of Königgrätz. The Prussians evidently risked more than the Austrians, for they incurred the chance of being annihilated if they failed, as they never could succeed in withdrawing their army in the face of the enemy through the mountain passes and defiles by which they had entered Bohemia. Benedek, on the other hand, had a safe retreat open behind him when the worst came, and, thanks to his splendid cavalry, was able to avail himself of it. Dr. Russell's narrative is sufficient to show that the density of the smoke did not obscure the whole field of action in such a way as to account for the Prussians turning the Austrian flank without being seen. Between 11.30 and 12 o'clock the Austrians were, to all intents, successful on the centre and on its flanks, although the fury of the cannonade and the incessant rattle of musketry all along the front from the front of Nechanitz to the plateau beyond Klum attested the severity of the struggle and the obstinate resistance of the Prussians. At one o'clock the Prussians, however, recovered some of the ground on the right. Then as the Austrian left and centre gained ground the right yielded, and column after column of Prussians came upon the ridge firing as they advanced, while their guns on the flanks swept the slowly retreating but not disorderly Austrians with shrapnel and shell.

"It was now near two o'clock. On the left and centre there could be no hesitation in declaring that the Prussians were all but beaten. It seemed as if a charge *en masse* of the horse deployed for miles on the plateau could roll up their centre on their left, or crumple the left into pieces. The Prussians in the centre made another grand effort. The movements of the Austrians from the right centre to oppose the last effort of the Prussians increased the open interval between the centre and the extreme right retiring on the lower ground near the river, but the Austrians did not perceive it, or if they did could not prevent the advance of the enemy along the plateau by the big tree toward Klum. The Austrian right and reserves become more unsteady, but their artillery contests every foot of ground. Suddenly a spattering of musketry breaks out of the trees and houses of Klum right down on the Austrian gunners and on the columns of infantry drawn up on the slopes below. The gunners fall on all sides—their horses are disabled—the fire increases in intensity—the Prussians on the ridge press on over the plateau: this is an awful catastrophe—two columns of Austrians are led against the village, but they can not stand the fire, and after three attempts to carry it retreat, leaving the hillside covered with the fallen. It is a terrible moment! The Prussians see their advantage; they here get into the very centre of the position. In vain the staff-officers fly to the reserves and hasten to get back some of the artillery from the front. The dark-blue regiments multiply on all sides, and from their edges roll perpetually sparkling musketry. Their guns hurry up, and from the slope take both the Austrians on the extreme right and the reserves in flank. They spread away to the woods near the Prague road and fire into the rear of the Austrian gunners. Thus a wedge growing broader and driven in more deeply every instant was forced into the very body of the Austrian army, separating it at the heart and dividing its left and centre from the right. The troops in the centre and left are dismayed at hearing the enemy's guns in their rear, and are soon exposed to the fire which most of all destroys the *morale* of soldiers already shaken by surprise. The right, previously broken up and discomfited, hurry toward the Prague road in something like confusion, and spread alarm among the reserves of the centre and left. The regular lines of the columns below are gradually bulging out, and are at last swallowed up in disordered multitude. Officers gallop about trying to restore order. Some regiments hold together, though they are losing men in heaps every instant. The left wing is arrested in its onward progress. The Prussian generals in front of them and on the centre, seeing their enemy waver, throw their battalions against them and encourage their artillery to fresh efforts, but the formidable Austrian cavalry prevents any hasty or enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Prussian right, whom long-continued fighting and heavy losses must have somewhat enervated."

Even then Dr. Russell (and in this opinion the military correspondent of the *Times* concurs) thinks that a dashing charge of Austrian cavalry might have turned the fortune of the day; but the cavalry were not called on for this service, and were used merely to prevent the retreat from becoming a rout. A combination of recklessness and slowness on the part of the Austrians, too much reliance on the weakness of the Prussian left, neglect to protect Klum, and the disadvantage of generals having to carry out orders of which they did not understand the scope and import, Benedek having confided his plans only to the chief of his staff, seem to have been among the sources of Austrian weakness. It appears also that they really were outnumbered by the Prussians, and the rapid advance of the Silesian army to the support of the Prussian army of the Elbe was the decisive stroke of the day.

It appears from Dr. Russell's account that the needle-gun was of very little avail in the battle, the country not being favorable to its use. About 250,000 troops were engaged on the Prussian side, and the Austrians are supposed to have had almost an equal number. It is estimated that nearly 1500 guns were in action, of which 750 were Prussian. The Prussians say that eight of the enemy fell for every man they lost; but each side must have suffered terribly. The woods offered shelter to the Austrians, and saved them, in some degree, from the needle-gun, while at the same time the Austrian artillery told very severely on the Prussians. The Thirty-seventh Prussian Regiment went into the wood above Sadowa nearly 3000 strong, with ninety officers, and came out on the further side with only two officers and between 300 and 400 men standing; all the rest were killed or wounded.

It still remains doubtful whether Napoleon's mediation will be successful in preventing the continuance of the war. In spite of Napoleon's intimation that Venetia, being now French territory, could no longer be used by the Italians as a base of operations against Austria, Cialdini crossed the Po July 8, and the entire Italian army is pushing forward against the Austrian positions. Austria has evacuated Venetia, but still retains her garrisons in the fortresses.

A Florence telegram of July 10, evening, says: "In consequence of the passage of the Po, and the successive movements made by General Cialdini's army, the Austrians abandoned Rovigo last night. They previously blew up all the works and fortifications defending the town, and the Tete de Pont on the Adige, and also burned the bridges. The next morning the Austrians made a reconnoissance in strong force, with artillery, in the direction of Lendone. They were driven back with the bayonets by the Garibaldians as far as the La Azzo, which place was occupied by the volunteers. Garibaldi was present, but had to remain in a carriage in consequence of his wound. Garibaldi had been wounded in an attack on Monte Suello, July 3. The chief doctor of the volunteer staff reports that it is "a perforating wound by a small ball at the upper extremity of the left thigh." The distance between the points at which the ball entered and passed out is about four inches.

The negotiations for an armistice have not arrested the advance of the Prussians into Austria. The army of the Crown Prince, which forms the *tête-d'armée* of the invading force, is, according to the Prussian telegrams, already far beyond Pardubitz, and within a short distance of Vienna.

The *Times* gives the following as the conditions attached by the Italian Government to the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon:

First, If Venetia is ceded to the Emperor Napoleon the final transfer must be made by Austria, hampered by no conditions with regard to Rome.

Second, That the question of the District of Trent should be recognized as one to be discussed.

The Prussian conditions contained in the letter of Prince Reuss are stated to be as follows:

The exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation.

The exclusive command of the military and naval forces of the Confederation by Prussia.

The diplomatic representation of Germany abroad, and the annexation to Prussia of the Duchies and part of the territory already occupied.

The following are the basis of the negotiations suggested by France, and communicated to Count von Goltz and Prince Metternich, by whom they have been transmitted to Berlin and Vienna:

The Germanic Confederation to be dissolved and another confederation to be established, of which neither Prussia nor Austria should form a part.

No territorial cession to be demanded of Austria.

The abandonment by the latter of her rights on the Duchies, and to replace the war indemnity at first demanded by Prussia.

Prussia to incorporate Schleswig-Holstein, Hesse Cassel, Hesse Darmstadt, and Brunswick. The population of the Prussian Kingdom would thereby be raised to 25,000,000 —the Rhine to constitute the western frontier of Prussia, and the Province between the Rhine and Meuse to serve as an indemnity to the sovereigns dispossessed by the war.

An exchange of territory to take place between Baden and Bavaria, which would give the former nearly the whole of the Rhenish Palatinate; Saxony, Hanover, and the Duchies of Saxe, to conclude military conventions with Prussia. The inhabitants of Landau to choose whether they shall belong to France or Baden, and population of the Valley of the Sarre to choose between France and the new Rhenish sovereigns.

The Florence journals of the 10th assert that Prussia had declined the proposed armistice.

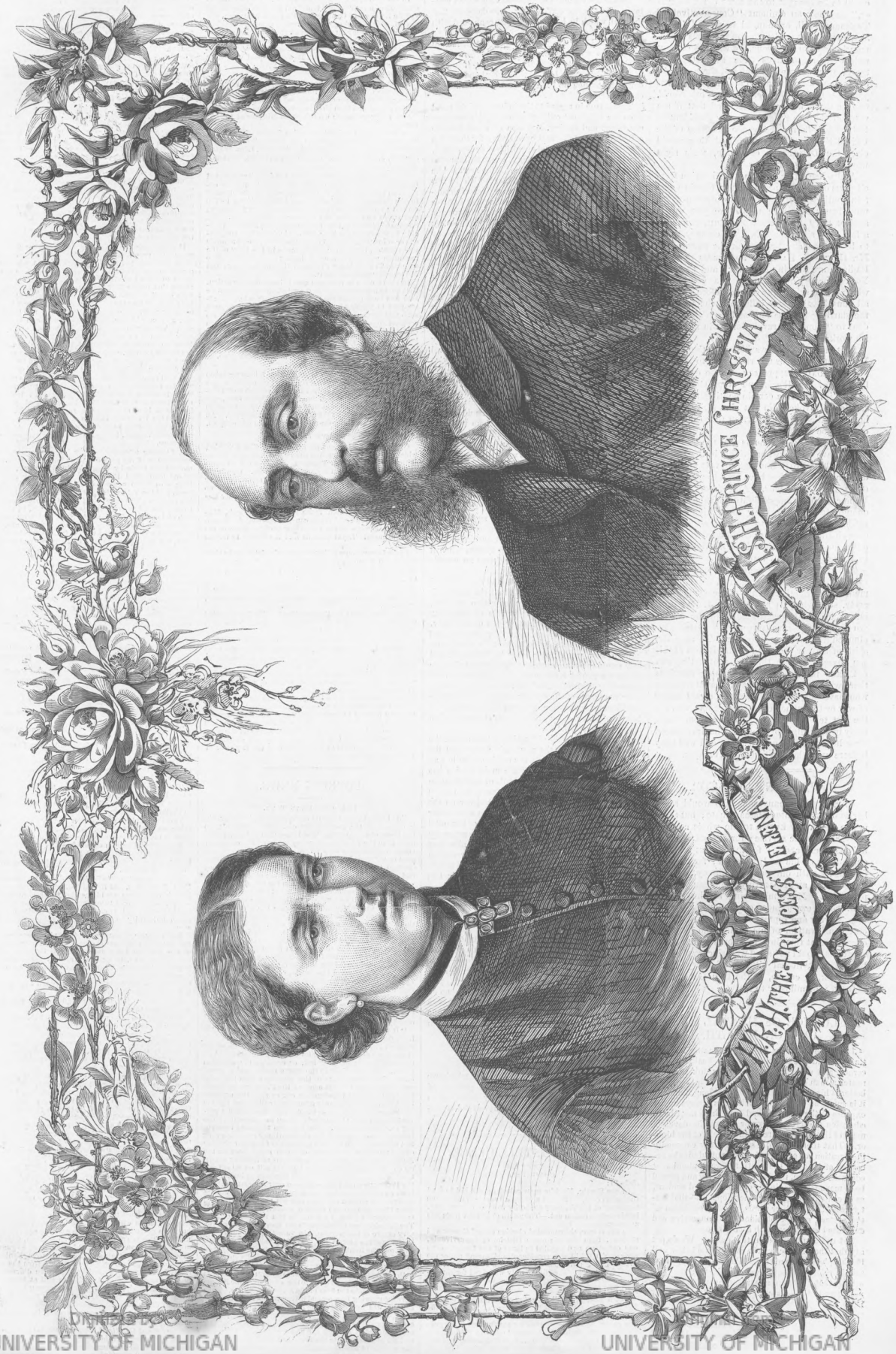
The same journals announce that the Prussian Government has officially declared to the Italian Cabinet that Italy can not accept an armistice which, being based upon the cession of Venetia, would be tantamount to a separately concluded peace, and would disengage to the detriment of Prussia and to the advantage of Austria the 150,000 men stationed in Venetia.

It seems that the Austrians are not so morally prostrate after the battle of Sadowa as was expected. We hear from Vienna that they still hope to conquer the Prussians if the negotiations for an armistice should fail, and that the Government is quite determined not to make any humiliating concessions. The Emperor has declared that "he must be driven back as far as Belgrade before he will consent to make peace with the Prussians so long as they remain on Austrian soil," and this feeling is shared by a very large and influential section of the population in the provinces of Austria and Bohemia. Nor is the confidence of the Austrians quite ungrounded, for they have still a very formidable force at their disposal. The army of the North, diminished as it is, still consists of 150,000 men, including some splendid cavalry regiments which have not suffered at all. Then there are the troops now employed on garrison duty, which number 50,000 men, and the reserves, constituting 100,000 more. From Italy the following force will become available now that Venetia has been given up: 40,000 men and 300 guns from Verona, 25,000 men and 150 guns from Mantua, 20,000 men and 50 guns from Legnago, 10,000 men and 50 guns from Peschiera, 12,000 men and 100 guns from Venice, and 60,000 men and some hundreds of guns from the various small fortresses and intrenched camps in different parts of the country. Thus Austria has still at least 400,000 troops, well equipped, provided with strong reserves, and with an artillery twice as strong as is necessary for an army of that size.

General Benedek has been superseded in the chief command by the Archduke Albert.

The *Official Gazette* of Florence reports the losses at the battle of Custozza on the 24th ultimo: Officers, 69 killed, 293 wounded, 33 prisoners, 20 missing. Total, 415. Men, 951 killed, 2910 wounded, and 1952 prisoners and missing.

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SECRET MEETING OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.]

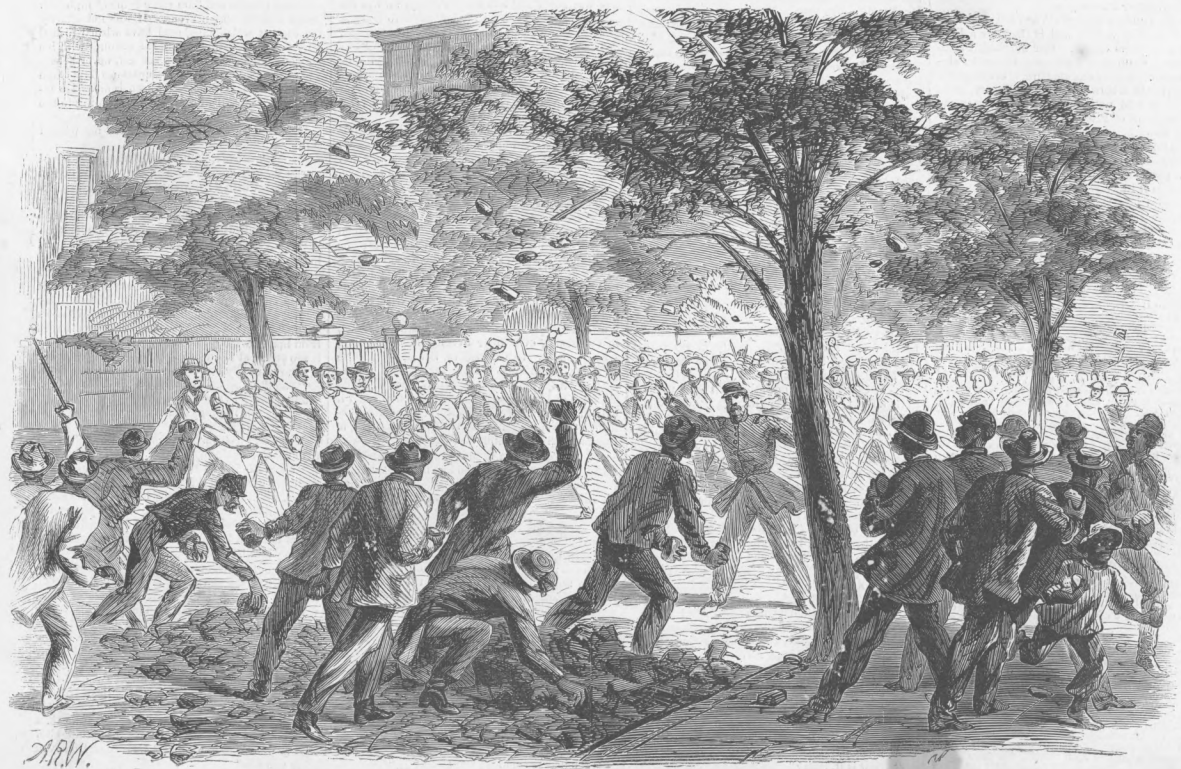
PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MEETING OF UNION MEN.

THE Union men of Louisiana say: "The Government has deserted us; WELLS, our Governor, has crushed us, and General CANBY has helped him to do it. When the armies of the United States occupied our State we were encouraged to come forward and proclaim ourselves; needful elections were held, and the general result good and faithful civil officers.

"The people found themselves free to vote as they pleased; a privilege seldom exercised in this section; and we rejoiced in the absence of the fearful power of the rebellion, par excellence the poor man's enemy. Now the progress of reconciliation has returned the power to the hands of the old dominant slave-owning class, the same that has always kept the poor white man ignorant and useless. And now they vote as Major this or Colonel t'other tells them to. As for the Union men they are proscribed, outlawed; if the Confederacy had succeeded, JEFFERSON DAVIS could not have done worse for them. And in thus sacrificing the interests of Union men the Government has not attracted an atom of devotion or loyalty from those who were lately rebels. Conciliation here means neither the improvement of the black nor white race, but simply the placing means of mischief in the hands of the old domineering class which produced the rebellion, and is now only abiding the time when it may once more have the power to do the country an injury."

It was with astonishment that I found how complete is the re-establishment of the old "Reign of Terror" for Southern Union men, the wistful glance at strangers, the constraint upon their speech —for none dare to speak out who wish to live in the South — with the exception of those who live in large cities, where numbers make men bold. These, and an air of depression and suffering, are the present characteristics of the "native Unionists." In some places, where they are few in number, employment is kept from them, and covert insult—sometimes more—is heaped upon them. Being invited to attend a meeting of them—for obvious reasons I need not state the precise spot—I entered a little house, where the accommodations were very limited, and a look-out was kept in case any chiv-



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT"—CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 24, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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abric folks might be in the neighborhood to repeat the little trick of letting off their pistols through the thin boards of the house, and then running away in the dark; the accidental discharge of fire-arms at night being a thing no one can count on—not if he is a Union man, certainly.

The sketch gives but a faint idea of the air of secrecy and distrust with which these good fellows met. As for the business which brought them together, it was simply benevolent and self-protective; but, being Union men, they could not meet openly without increasing the hatred against them, and becoming objects for further persecution.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

In nearly all the cities of the South such scenes as this are of occasional occurrence, only failing to assume the proportions of the Memphis slaughter by the action of the military authorities.

This affair commenced on the afternoon of Sunday, upon the battery at Charleston, where large numbers of both whites and blacks were promenading. Some colored men and boys, on the top of a mound, being boisterous, were ordered away by the police. A one-armed man among them was abusive, he was arrested, and, for showing resistance, beaten till he was covered with blood. This led to excited remarks from the populace, and in a short time to the throwing of brickbats; the favorite weapon in these little skirmishes. The Provost Marshal—Captain Fields—threw himself between the combatants, and begging them to desist, called upon them not to disgrace Charleston by making it the scene of a Memphis riot. The whites professed to heed him till he turned to address the retreating negroes, when they again commenced to throw brickbats. "Take care, you will hit the Captain!" said one. "That's the man *I* want to hit," answered another. "Kill the Yankee son of a b—h." The police arriving on the double quick came right upon the leaders of the white mob in the act of throwing, but made no effort to arrest *one;* pushing through them they endeavored to reach the negroes, and some were arrested. Now in Charleston and its vicinity there are some very bad characters among the blacks. A number of these turbulent fellows were in the crowd, but it is equally true that the whites were quite as bad, and very desirous of battle with the "inferior race." As it was, one of the white men died of his injuries. And the Charleston papers insinuated that the matter was aggravated by the action of the Provost Marshal. I, who was a spectator, know better; with much risk to himself, he succeeded in stopping the emeute till the police came up, and the resort to fire-arms, the usual result of these brickbat fights, was prevented.

As stated before this is not an isolated occurrence, but a characteristic incident; and it requires but little reflection to consider in what condition the South would be if the military influence should be too speedily withdrawn. A. R. W.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND PRINCESS HELENA.

WE give on page 484 portraits of her Royal Highness the Princess HELENA, third daughter of Queen VICTORIA, and of Prince CHRISTIAN of Augustenburg. These two royal personages were united in marriage on the 5th of July, instant, in the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle.

Princess HELENA AUGUSTA VICTORIA was born on the 25th of May, 1846, and is therefore a little over twenty years of age. Her husband, Prince FREDERICK CHRISTIAN CHARLES, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, is considerably older, having been born on the 22d of January, 1831. He holds, or held until lately, a captaincy in the Third Regiment of Prussian Uhlans of the Guard. He will now, however, probably retire from the Prussian service, if he has not already done so, as it is understood that the Princess and her husband are to reside permanently in England. The Prince has had the title of Royal Highness conferred upon him, and has also been made a Major-General in the British Army.

The following description of the marriage is taken from the London *Times:*

There were few persons in the chapel whose position enabled them to command a view of the regal train as it swept through the long corridor, but those who were so fortunate enjoyed a spectacle of great magnificence. The corridor runs from end to end of the building, giving access to all the apartments along its route, and forming a means of communication with the distant Round Tower. This lengthened approach, lined by the Gentlemen-at-arms, with their ricily-faced uniforms, white plumes, and tall battle-axes, formed a splendid avenue for the procession, which moved onward to the notes of BEETHOVEN'S Triumphal March.

On the first entry of the royal party there was a slight hesitation as to places, caused, no doubt, by the absence of his Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE through an attack of gout, but this was speedily rectified. Lords SYDNEY and CASTLEROSSE, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, employed the interval in proceeding to the Red Room, from which they returned with the procession of the bridegroom. MENDELSSOHN'S march from "Athalie" was played as they entered the chapel. His Royal Highness PRINCE CHRISTIAN wore the uniform of a Major-General in the British service, the only member of his suite in a foreign uniform being the Count RANTZAU, hi gentleman of honor.

Advancing to the altar-rails and making tw slight inclinations, right and left, to the Bishops seated within, his Royal Highness knelt for a few seconds in prayer, and then, rising, was presented to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. The photographs, as usual, convey but an inaccurate idea of the bridegroom. He is a tall, military-looking man, apparently between 35 and 40 years of age, with a good forehead, but the lower part of his face covered by a beard—such portions of the features as are visible wearing a calm, determined expression that never forsakes them, but appears to enter into and influence all his actions.

There was a pause of nearly ten minutes before the procession of the bride made its appearance, also heralded by a stately march, this time taken from HANDEL'S "Scipione." All present rose as the Princess, supported by the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, entered the chapel; and the members of the different processions, which now completely occupied the standing-room in the centre of the apartment, proceeded to take up new positions.

The bride on entering the chapel was visibly agitated, but regained composure upon reaching her place at the left hand side of the altar, and subsequently made the necessary responses with a clearness and audibility calling to mind the charm of speeches from the throne in days when these were read by the sovereign in person.

The bridal robe, made of black moire antique trimmed with Honiton point lace, and trimmed with bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle, under a white satin train, lined with white glace and trimmed round with Honiton lace, mixed with cordons of orange blossom and myrtle. Wedding-wreath of orange blossom and myrtle under a splendid veil of Honiton lace. The pattern of the lace was an elegant design in ivy, rose, and myrtle.

The service was performed by the Lord Primate. The Queen, in person, gave away the bride, responding to the inquiry made by the Primate with a gesture full of dignity and determination.

The ceremony over, the bride was warmly embraced by Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales; and, leaning upon the arm of her husband, her Royal Highness was then conducted to the White Drawing-room, the royal procession accompanying and attending them, and in presence of the dignitaries of the church the registry of the marriage was attested in due form.

HONEY.

CHEEKS as brown as chestnuts could not blush, of course. At least not visibly, but as Honey stood there, her kinky head dropped down, two dimples framing her full mouth, and her eyes just glimmering under their veiling fringes, it was as plain that she blushed as if you could have seen her do it. She tugged at the corner of her white apron first, and then chewed it; she wriggled her fat shoulders and tried to get away, but Sam held her fast.

"Can't go jes yet, Honey; couldn't let ye. Dere ain't no time like de present. Dere's a question I want to ask ye."

"Dunno what it kin be," said Honey, knowing well.

"Jes only whether you don't like me a little, Honey?"

"Dere now! No, of course not!"

"Don't b'lieve it, Honey."

"Dunno why you should presumptionate I do."

"Well, Honey, 'cause *I'm* so berry fond o' *you.*" Honey relented a little.

"You see," said Sam, holding her fast still, "Massa telled me some time ago to pick out a gal I liked, and dere an't no gal I like but you. You's jes de purtiest and smartest in dese parts, and ef you'll marry me you sha'n't nebber repent it; far as I kin I'll make you happy, Honey."

And then his voice fell a little, for at that instant it crossed the chattel's mind that a man who did not even own *himself*, who never *could* own even his children, might find it a little hard to make his wife happy under some circumstances.

Honey just then only thought of him. She lifted her great seal-brown eyes and gave him a look and dropped them again. Sam put his arm a little further around her waist.

"Honey, if you *will*, Massa'll give us a reg'lar weddin'. He said he would, and you dunno how glad I'll be. 'Pears like I shouldn't take no heart in nuthin' ef you liked Bill best."

"I don't like Bill a bit," said Honey.

"Then you'll like me?"

"Oh, go way!" said Honey, "'spect I'll hab to say so jes to be shet of ye!"

And then Sam kissed her, and Honey tried to laugh, and made a little open-palmed slap at him, and ended by hiding her head in his dandy waist-coast and crying there like a baby. She hardly knew why herself.

The next minute a bell rung, a voice was heard, and both flew to answer the summons. Sam was Mr. Brusle's own man. Honey, old Mrs. Brusle's waiting-woman. Both had been pampered and petted. Both possessed extensive wardrobes, both were as handsome as they could be, being black. Taking a fashionable view of matters one might have said that Sam was an exceedingly desirable *parti*, and that, on the whole, Honey could not have done better. Some jest of this kind passed from mother to son when the matter was spoken of at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Brusle gave Honey a white dress. Young Mr. Brusle tossed Sam a suit which had graced a fashionable ball-room with its presence.

The Rev. Oliver Huile was invited to dine for the purpose of performing the ceremony, and afterward there were congratulations and feasting in the kitchen.

"Those Northerners talk of our cruelty to our slaves," said Mrs. Brusle, as she waved her gorgeous fan softly to and fro, sitting between her son and the divine, on the veranda; "but I fancy *they* don't trouble themselves about their servants as *we* do. I've really exerted myself to please Honey." And the Rev. Huile patted his lips with his cambric kerchief and laughed softly, partly in sympathy with the lady, partly in derision of the fancies of the North.

"The Chinese, you know, think all other nations barbarians, my dear lady," he said, "and we humor their fancies and buy their fans. Let us have the same charity for the Yankees and their absurdities!" and he sipped his lemonade. Young Brusle taking his cigar from his lips to say:

"They should ask the niggers themselves whether we are bad masters. Hark to that! You don't hear any thing like it in a Yankee factory."

And in the pause a great chorus of laughter swept across the court-yard from the kitchen.

Just then, certainly, it would have been a safe question to put. Ole Missus seemed to her slaves a piece of pure perfection; Massa Charles the best master on earth. Work was light, food good, nobody had been sold for years—and here was a wedding and a feast, and dancing and a fiddle!

Honey thought of nothing further; Sam had a kind of vague, troubled remembrance that Honey was not as entirely his as a freeman's wife would have been, but he danced it off in a double shuffle, and refused to believe that he was not perfectly content.

"As happy as a clam, Massa, t'ank you!" he said, when questioned by that gentleman. "Nebber 'spec to be no happier toder side o' Jordan! Jes wish one t'ing, Massa Charlie!"

"What is it, Sam?"

Sam was two years Massa Charlie's senior, and, as his own man, privileged.

"I wish," he said, brushing his master's hair artistically, and stepping back to get a better view of the general effect, "dat young Massa would find out some purty young lady fur to be his lady, and be jes as happy as me—wid all respec to de difference o' de persition."

"Perhaps I shall some day, Sam," said Massa Charlie, "if your connubial bliss continues, and you assure me of the fact."

And Sam, still brushing, made his best bow, and treasured the expression, "connubial bliss," as a very fine one, to be repeated on the first suitable occasion.

Meanwhile Massa Charlie had his own little affair under consideration. It was a troublesome one, too. There were rivals to fear, and parents to win over. Grace Gordon was an heiress and a beauty—such a beauty as one does not often meet; and though the Brusles were rich in land and "niggers," the Gordons boasted far more bank-stock, and were altogether better off. Then, years before, two great-grandfathers had quarreled, and the quarrel had flung its shadow down even to the present day; so that young Oakum had actually booked a bet, laid with young Carman, that Brusle would have to give up marrying Grace Gordon; while Charlie's mother, between her pride and her love for her son, outwardly opposed and secretly abetted the union.

But Charlie had one important personage in his favor—the girl herself. His great black eyes and brown cheek, where a flush of scarlet lay when he spoke to her; his voice, very musical and mellow, and a certain frank way, all his own, had won the blonde belle's heart. She tormented him a while; then, seeing him grieve, relented; then coquetted again; and finally, entrapped into a moonlight walk and a sentimental mood, yielded to Charlie's wooing, and promised to be his—his, as a free man's wife may be, owned so entirely that only *God* has any greater right than he to the woman on whose finger he has placed the wedding-ring.

And at last, after some opposition, the course of true love began to run as smoothly as possible. Mrs. Brusle called on Mrs. Gordon, and the two families dined together. The betrothal was a settled thing.

A great difference, of course, between a well-bred gentleman of good old family and an exquisitely lovely lady fitted for his mate and "a couple of niggers." But when Honey, in the idle time of twilight, found herself with Sam, his arm about her waist, his eyes looking into hers, she used to ask:

"Sam, do you reckon Massa Charlie and Miss Grace is jes as happy as we is?"

And Sam would say, "I reckon," keeping to himself that thought, "She belongs to him. He owns himself and her. There's no danger—" But there even the thought stopped. Sam would not allow it to go farther. "Love, Honey? No; *that* couldn't be."

Ten months his wife, and he loved her better than ever. She was lovelier, more bewitching. She grew fonder and fonder of him. A glint, jewel-bright, came into her eye when it rested on him. She thought of him night and day. She talked less, and fell into a quiet, gentle brooding over her work when he was not near her.

Grace Gordon called her the prettiest creature the Brusles owned, though, indulgent as they were, their well-fed, well-dressed slaves were *all* good-looking.

It never entered Massa Charlie's mind that Sam's love was any thing like his. Perhaps he was not quite sure how near a "nigger" came to being a man. They were doubtful of it once down South. But he humored his piece of ebony, gave him "lots of time" and handfuls of small silver. So he tossed bones to his dog, and sugar to his mother's pet canary. He never whipped either horse or nigger unnecessarily, and prided himself on his good-nature, especially to Sam.

But now, as the time of his own marriage drew near, there were important things to think of. Ready money was wanted and not easy to raise. As yet he had made no costly present to Grace, and that was one of the great necessities.

For pride's sake Mrs. Brusle must make her offering also to the bride, and how it was to be done without selling land or "niggers" neither could guess. The first was not to be thought of; the world would know it. But who would miss a darkey or so? Ned and Jack might go, and those heroes Julius Cæsar and Pompey also, and no one be the wiser. In fact, as Ned had tried to run away one day, *that* was excuse enough for selling him in any eyes. So talked the mother and son, in confidence, over their evening meal one day, when, *apropos* of their resolve, Satan, or his embassador, "came also among them." A rough-coated, burly man, with a general air of being ashamed of himself, and daring any one to find it out, was ushered in with the surprising announcement, "A gempleman, Massa;" and stood, trying to look as nearly as possible like the description.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said; and being asked to take a seat, sucked at his cane-handle in silence a while, and then, despairing of introducing the subject neatly, fell into it with a splash, as into a pond.

A gentleman, a friend of his, name not to be known at present, *but* a gentleman, wanted a gal of theirs, by name Honey. He knew it was a favor to ask; but he made an offer worth something, and he named a sum which made the mother dart a quick glance at her son. "Not the thing to do when a gentleman had not spoken of parting with his people, but he hoped no offense. There was the offer—so much for the gal Honey. That was what brought him, and there he was. Well now?"

The mother looked at her son, the son at her. "We must talk it over," he said. "Excuse us a moment;" then the two left the room together. Neither spoke until they had quitted the door of a little room upon them; then Mrs. Brusle broke the silence:

"It's just the sum we want, I'm afraid."

"Yes; but *can* we?"

"I shall miss Honey—she's a capital maid."

"Sam will be furious," said Mamma Charlie.

"It's a wonderful offer. Who is it? I can't imagine."

The anonymous buyer was Rev. Oliver Huile, who had had a call to South Carolina, and was fitly ordering his household.

"She's a girl who would command a price," said Charlie; "but I never thought of selling her. You see, Sam is a pet of mine, and he hasn't been used to thwarting. I wonder whether he wouldn't take a notion to Fan if this one was sold? I reckon we'll have to do it;" and he put the sum offered into words again.

They made Madame Brusle's eyes glisten.

"We *must*," she said; "we've humored our niggers too much," and they went back to the trader arm in arm.

A few more words—then money chinked upon the table—a receipt was signed—"the girl Honey" was made over to the unknown buyer through his agent, and the deed was done.

"Take her this afternoon as quietly as you can," said Massa Charlie. "The fact is"—and he felt just one little pang at his heart—"she has a husband on the place, and I want to get him out of the way. It won't inconvenience you to wait, I hope?"

"Not a bit," said the man. "But you *are* tender with your niggers. He'll have another in a week."

Massa Charlie was not so sure of that as he appeared to be. He gave the trader a cigar, took one himself, and lounged away. In the hall he met Sam.

"Get yourself ready Sam," he said. "I'm going over to V——, and want you." Sam bowed.

"Soon, Massa Charlie?"

"Immediately."

Sam's light step was on the stairs in a moment; but before he reached his own sleeping-place, where his wardrobe was stored, he passed Honey at work in her lady's room on tiny, secret, white work of her own, and stopped and kissed her.

She looked up with a tear in her eye.

"I wonder what I'd do ef ther warn't no you," she said. "Dere me to be suthin before I knowed ye! Now there ain't nuthin only you."

"It's curus. It's so with me too," said Sam; and the haunting terror fell on him again—the terror born of the fact that "a nigger" couldn't even own his wife.

He whistled it off and dressed and went down to his master, a dandy of the first water. Honey peeped at him from a window. Over the veranda the trader looked at him also.

"A likely fellow," he said.

"Yes," said Madame Brusle; "Honey's husband."

"Oh, the gal, eh?" Then the trader laughed, as at a rich joke. "Got him out o' the way nicely, I say; he's not the kind to make a great row. I know 'em, I do. No, this here 'll take it cool."

An hour afterward there was a cry heard. A cry, wild and fearful, that froze the listener's blood; then sobbing words:

"Sam, Sam, help me, Sam! You couldn't take me if Sam was here. I'm his wife. Sam, Sam!" Then the voice was smothered down, and those clustered at the kitchen-door saw Honey dragged toward a carriage, which, with windows closely shut, was driven rapidly away. It passed the Gordons on the road.

Massa Charlie and Sam came home at nightfall. Massa Charlie was nervous. It was not exactly the time at which he should have wished to find Miss Grace Gordon spending the evening with his mother; but he was glad to see her, nevertheless. Soon, in her society, he forgot, or almost forgot Sam and the "scene" which must soon come. He remembered it again when Sam came bowing to the door.

"Excuse me, Missus; can you tell me whar I shill find Honey?"

"Indeed I can't, Sam," said Mrs. Brusle, afraid to say more. Sam went away. He returned in ten minutes with a frightened face. "Missus," he said, "I can't find Honey." The three looked at each other. Miss Gordon knew that a girl had been sold, and guessed the rest. Nobody answered.

"Whar's Honey?" asked Sam, speaking fast and loud. Then trying to laugh, "Seems me, ladies and Massa," he said, "fac' is, dem no 'count niggers in de kitchen has been tryin' to skeer me. Tink it fun, I s'pose, not understandin' how folks feel. Dey told me—law now—dem niggers—dey say—Honey's—sold." And the last words were only gasps, forced from lips on which white froth had gathered as the negro stared at his master.

Charles Brusle began to guess what he had done.

"Sam," he said, "don't take it hard. I've been kind to you. I've—"

"She's sold!" gasped Sam.

"Yes, Sam, she's sold."

Sam was black no longer. His skin had taken the hue of smouldering ashes.

"I knowed it," he said, in a kind of crushed despair. "Kep' a thinkin', arter all she don't b'long to me. Nuthin' don't b'long to a nigger. But I didn't know Massa could do it. Massa jest gwine to hab a wife hisself. What's dat de minister said? 'Dem dat God has jined let no man put asunder.' Dem's words for white folks, not for niggers."

Then out of the calm, as from the lull of a tornado, rushed the storm. The passionate nature of his white father, the barbaric fierceness of those who were his black mother's ancestors, blazed together in his eyes, as, turning on his master, he cursed him with curses horrible as those of the Popish excommunication. "Dere's One dat's your Massa, Massa Charles," he panted at the end—"One dat kin take dem you love as you've took Honey. And He'll do it, Massa Charles—He'll do it. Black skins don't make no difference, Massa Charles, only p'raps Honey was more to me than any body kin be to you, for I hadn't nothin' else. And as you've took her He'll take some from you afore you die."

Then a wild sob came like the breaking of a wave upon the shore, and he had flung himself upon the ground, writhing with the agony of his awful woe.

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Grace Gordon stood over him, Charles Brusle knelt beside him. He understood now. "Sam," he cried, "Sam! I didn't know you felt so. The trader isn't gone. I'll have her back, Sam—I swear it!" And his betrothed turned toward him.

"I hold you to your oath," she said. "Restore this man's wife to him or *I* will never be yours."

And there, humbled in the dust, kissing his master's feet and the hem of the lady's robe, knelt the slave man.

The little carriage was at the door, the horses harnessed by fingers trembling with eagerness. Massa Charles and Grace sat within, and Sam begged to drive.

"I'll drive faster than any body else," he said. "Least I shill think so, and think Honey knows it." And the whirling wheels flung the dust on high, and half hid the horses in a gray cloud. Soon dusky in the moonlight loomed the trader's house.

They could see the lights in its windows, hear voices within. Alighting at the veranda they saw a figure upon it—to their surprise the Rev. Oliver Huile. He only gave them a gloomy bow. Then the door opened, and they faced the trader.

"The girl—Honey—you have her yet?" asked Charles Brusle, in a breath.

The trader nodded.

"That was a good spec of yours, Sir," he said. "You're one for luck, I reckon. 'Tan't on *my* hands, though, that's a blessin'."

And filling them with an undefinable terror, he opened another door and ushered them in. An old negress sat crouched upon a low stool. A light burned dimly. By its ray they saw a cot with a coarse check covering, and a woman lying upon it with a new-born infant at her breast. Sam gave a scream of joy. He rushed forward; he flung aside the drapery and bent over the cot, looking into the faces of the wife he loved and the child he had not yet seen.

He bent lower. He looked closer. He stood motionless as an ebon statue of Despair; for under his passionate gaze, unheeding and unanswering, Honey lay dead, with her dead babe upon her bosom.

"She took it in her arms when it come," crooned the old negress from her seat; "and say she, 'We 'longs to Sam,' say she, 'and no one else sha'n't hev us but de Lord!' and shet her eyes, and died like goin' off asleep. Dem's her las' words—'We 'longs to Sam, and nobody sha'n't hev us but de Lord.'"

To-day there are no slaves beneath the Stars and Stripes, thank God! but long before the reign of Slavery was over Charles Brusle and his wife had washed their hands of the black shame. From Honey's grave, from the crushed life of that black chattel, Sam, conscience fled stung to her very soul, and poverty and the sneers of those who watched them were as nothing to her wounds. Each man, woman, and child who called them master and mistress they set free, and spending their wealth to aid them, ended their lives in Northern homes, where Heaven blessed them with health and love and the meed of honest, earnest industry.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,

Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now don't ask too many questions," said Sam, as he struck his spade into the ground, "but look on and learn. See if you can not find out for yourselves why I divide the ground into two parts."

"It's a great deal easier to have you tell us," said Lily.

"And a great deal easier for you to forget, if I do," said Sam. "No, I will not answer any questions until I have dug at least one square yard."

And with that he began to work in earnest, but in a way that seemed very mysterious. All across the end of one of his two divisions Sam dug a sort of trench, taking out each spadeful of earth and laying it neatly on the end of the other division so as to form a ridge. Then leaving division number two to take care of itself for a while he went back to the line of earth next his trench and dug that up—turning each spadeful quite over into the trench, breaking the lumps with his spade, and bringing it to a fine smoothness; and leaving also a new trench to receive the next line of earth. But all this time the other division was left to itself, with the ridge of earth at one end.

"Why don't you dig straight across?" said Lily, when trench after trench had been filled with the pulverized earth. "There you've left all that ridge. What will you ever do with it?"

"What should I do without it?" said Sam, digging on.

"I know, I know!" said Clover, joyfully. "Sam, please stop a minute and listen. Isn't this the way? You'll dig down quite to the end of this division, and then to fill the last trench you'll take earth from across the lower end of this *other* division. And then you'll begin to dig that one down there, and dig on and on back to the top again. And then when you come to the last trench of all there'll be the ridge of earth to fill it. Isn't that right?"

"Right as a glove," said Sam, looking pleased. "You'll make a gardener yet."

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "if you were digging a great field you'd have to carry the earth clear across to make the ridge."

"Not so, little sister," said Sam. "I should never be digging a great field; fields are always plowed, Prim; but if it were a large piece of ground instead of a small one, I should divide it into many parts instead of two—only taking care always to have an even number. Two divisions, you see, take care of each other; but if I had a third or a fifth or a seventh all by itself, there would be no place to lay the earth from my first trench, and all I could do would be to carry or wheel each spadeful round to the other end."

"It's quite beautiful!" said Clover, looking lovingly at the brown earth.

"Well, I didn't know digging was so very easy," said Lily. "I don't see why people ever have lumps in their gardens. The earth seems to crumble right up when you touch it."

"Appearances are peculiar things," said her brother, with a smile. "Don't you want to try how much they are worth?"

"What do you mean now?" said Lily.

"Get your spade and help me dig."

"May I?" cried Lily, eagerly.

"Certainly; it is your garden."

Away flies Lily after her spade. Sam set his in the ground and stopped to rest.

"In this way of dividing off the ground, Clover," he said, "you must be careful of two things: first, to dig your trenches straight; and secondly, to make quite sure that the edge of one division is dug quite into the edge of another, else you will have a balk all across your bed."

"What *is* a balk?" said Clover.

"That is what some gardeners call a bit of undug ground left in the midst of that which has been dug."

"It balks the plants so they can't grow," put in Jack.

"Isn't Jack smart?" said Clover, softly, to Sam. "But, Sam, if you are not too tired, will you just dig one more row across quietly before Lily comes? I understand about the trenches, but there's something else I want to see."

"I'm not a bit tired," said her brother; and away he went across the strip of earth again, while Clover looked on more intently than before, watching what Lily had thought so "easy." She saw that the earth by no means "crumbled right up" of its own accord; on the contrary, some of it was very obstinate. Sam's spade went into it, and through it, and into it again, with a light skill before which most of the lumps presently gave way, but now and then there was one so hard that nothing but a good sound tap from the flat of the spade reduced it to order, and every large stone that showed its head was picked out and thrown aside.

"Sam," said Clover, suddenly, "why do you turn every spadeful of earth quite over, so that the top goes to the bottom?"

"Why, just to bring the bottom to the top," said Sam, pushing back his hat. "Then all the soil by turns gets the benefit of the sun and air, and it grows mellow, and more fit for the plants."

"Here comes Lily!" shouted Jack. "Now there'll be sights!" And Jack settled himself on the fence with renewed satisfaction as Lily came rushing down the hill, spade and rake in hand.

"No bonnet, Lily?" said her brother, looking at the uncovered head.

"Oh! I guess I dropped it in the tool-house," said Lily. "Never mind; I don't care for the sun."

"And no shoes nor gloves, and a light pink frock," remarked Jack from the fence.

"Be quiet," said Lily. "I've got shoes."

"But not our garden-shoes, you know, Lily," said little Primrose.

"*Our* garden-shoes!" said Lily. "I wonder how many pair I can wear at once! Where shall I begin, Sam?"

"Choose your place," said her brother, stepping aside.

"I suppose I may as well begin right here where you left off," said Lily, plunging right across the soft bed with more zeal than prudence, and covering her bright house-boots with soil. Clover gave a little cry of dismay.

"You should never walk across newly-dug ground if it is possible to help it," remarked Sam; "for it packs the earth again, and you lose your labor."

"Does it? Never mind, I can dig it up again. Now for it!" And Lily struck her spade vehemently into the ground, but with such a glancing slope that all the effect was to pare off a handful of earth and throw it high into the air.

"Splendid! first-rate!" exclaimed Jack, clapping his hands. "Quite a superb display!"

Sam did not laugh, but stood by to give counsel.

"If you set your spade straight down, Lily," he said, "instead of at such an angle, and put your foot on the cross-piece and press it down, and then draw the handle down toward you—so—and lift the spade gently up, the earth will come up smoothly with it, instead of flying off at a tangent. Don't try to take up too much at first."

Which wise advice Lily disregarded; measuring off for herself a spadeful of such extra size that she could not stir it, and was obliged to pull her spade ignominiously out, with no load at all.

"Easy, isn't it?" said Jack from the fence. "Gets along so fast!"

"Take time," said Sam, kindly; "and take a little at a time. There—that is better; now turn it well over into the trench." And Lily, stimulated by the cheerful tone, really contrived to get up a small spadeful of earth and overset it into the trench. She was much elated.

"I do believe I can do it all myself now," she said. "And I'd much rather do it myself. So you may go, Sam—you needn't dig any more for me."

A queer little incredulous smile shone in Sam's eyes, but he took his coat and began to put it on.

"Very good for me," he said, looking at his watch. "I have something to do in the house. Jack, so have you. And as for you, little Prim, your only chance of a ride on my shoulders before dinner is the present occasion—so come."

"Yes, you may all go," said Lily, whose next venture, to say truth, had been much less successful. "You had better not wait, Clover, because it'll take me a little while to finish this bed, and you may get tired standing."

Such extreme consideration and competency was too much for Clover; she went away without a word or a suggestion; and Jack tumbled up the slope in a state of exhilaration that could find no other sufficient outlet.

Left alone to herself in the brisk spring wind, Lily went through a variety of experiments in digging that can not even be described. Every possible way to do it—or rather *not* to do it—she tried, except only that slow and patient way which Sam had enjoined. Sometimes pushing the spade down by main force, quite neglecting the help of her foot on the cross-piece; sometimes trying for great spadefuls that she could not stir, then shoveling off small ones that were worth nothing; scraping, chopping, pounding—there was hardly any thing Lily did not make her spade do, except dig. And the result was quite in keeping. Sam's work lay there, smooth and neat; even Lily's hasty footsteps had not destroyed its pretty appearance. But beyond that! The trench had disappeared entirely, and the line of digging was now as crooked as a rail fence, but far less regular, while no words can tell the roughness of the ground. An army of stones seemed to have started up out of ambush, and the earth to have all turned into lumps; while the ups and downs of the surface would have made a severe kind of hill country for any small race of creatures.

"I guess I can rake it smooth," Lily said to herself, surveying the lumps and hollows. But as she came back with the rake from where it had lain on the grass a new thought struck her. Had she really dug only *that?* In the heat of the work she had scarcely stopped to notice her progress—it would take her a little while, she had said—and now the whole she had done, bad as it was, looked like but a few inches by Sam's broad, smooth strip. And there, at this very minute, was the dressing-bell for dinner.

"Never mind," was her first thought, "my frock's clean, I guess it'll do for dinner to-day, and I just want to do a little bit more." But a single glance showed her part at least of the state of affairs. The "light pink dress," as Jack had truly called it, had mud stains enough for a plowman's frock; the neat morocco boots were covered and clogged with earth; the stockings above showed a happy blending of all possible shades of brown, and as to her hands, if they were to be scrubbed clean even by tea-time, it was best to begin without much delay. Lily stood silent and still, remembering even in the midst of her discomfort Sam's kindness in keeping Jack away. Slowly and soberly she went along the walk to the tool-house, and then rather hastily up to her room; but the dinner-bell had rung, and every one else was helped before Lily came to the table; her face and neck and hands burned with the sunbeams, but reddened yet more just then with the thought of her first day's work in her garden.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF ever poor, weary, fainting humanity felt grateful it was last week, when, after seven days of overpowering and unparalleled heat, there came a day when mercury fell and cooling breezes rose. Oh the luxury of that time when it was possible to breathe without the exertion deluging one in perspiration! When it was possible to lie down for a nap, and not be wakened by the fancy that you had mistaken the red-hot kitchen range for your bed! When it was possible to eat even something *besides* ice-creams with enjoyment, to go out of doors with safety, and, in short, to do any thing you pleased with satisfaction. Friends met each other with a genial smile, and thankful words quivered on many lips. The poor invalid, who for weary days and nights had lain panting on her heated bed, in a close and stifling room, breathed forth an earnest prayer of thankfulness; and the pale, helpless child, slowly wasting to death, looked up and smiled a glad smile of relief. Ah! there were many silently grateful hearts, and many outspoken thanks for that cool day!

There has been nothing known for years like the intense heat of this July. Hundreds have died from sun-stroke, or from the effects of the prostration occasioned by the extreme hot weather. Those who were exposed to the direct rays of the sun often were overcome by *coup de soliel* before they were aware of any real danger. The Sanitary Committee have published a paragraph concerning the premonitory symptoms and treatment of sun-stroke, which we quote, as being information valuable for every one:

"SYMPTOMS.—A feeling of constriction, as if by a tight band about the head. A sensation of fullness and burning about the eyes, accompanied with dizziness and faintness.

"The person affected should be immediately placed in the shade in a lying position, with the head somewhat raised. The head should either be bathed with cold water, or a quantity of crushed ice, wrapped in a towel, should be applied, and a physician at once sent for. All clothing should be loosened, especially about the neck and waist."

A physician also states that a sudden checking of perspiration is one of the earliest symptoms. It is said that laborers and others obliged to be in the sun, would in great measure secure themselves against danger by putting green leaves in the top of the hat. It is certainly a simple preventive, and well worth trying.

There were many incidents, both pathetic and ludicrous, connected with the great conflagration at Portland. One man, seeing the flames spreading toward his own dwelling, rushed home to rescue his household goods. He was so excited that he mistook the house of a neighbor for his own, and, with a few friends, moved almost every thing it contained into a place of safety. When he had nearly completed his work the real owner entered, and a few moments after he saw, with grief, his own house and all it contained rapidly swept away.—A cat was found in the oven of a cooking stove, amidst the ruins, the morning after the fire; she came out with her fur only a little singed.—One extremely old woman, shaking with the palsy of age, clung frantically to an infant, at the risk of smothering it, refusing to let any one take it, because, as she said, it was her boy's baby, and the only grandchild she ever had.—It was reported that an infant was thrown from a two-story window by its frantic mother, and the men who stood below failing to catch the little one, its brains were dashed out on the pavement. The mother jumped afterward and was caught uninjured.—The gas was cut off by the fire for a time, and all the light one fashionable boarding-house up-town could muster was a single candle placed on the front stairs.—One man, who had moved his furniture into the street, was unsuccessful in getting a team to take them to a place of safety, and, with a few friends, set to work digging a trench, into which he pitched the whole lot, and then covered them with earth. They were found next day in a slightly damaged condition.—A drunken man was asleep in the lock-up all the night of the fire while the City building was burning over his head; the building was destroyed, but the lock-up was uninjured, and in the morning he came out bright and sober.—A lady who has lived in one locality for thirty-five years couldn't recognize the spot the day after the fire.

Those visiting Portland will find that the best point from which to view the ruins is the top of the Observatory on Munjoy Hill.

Our markets are flooded with fruits of all kinds—both foreign and domestic. Oranges, lemons, pine-apples, bananas, cherries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, etc. Fruit-stands are at almost every corner; and peddlers, with their overflowing carts or baskets, visit every street, making known their errand by their familiar cry. It is a fine thing to have plenty of fruit, which is especially grateful to the palate in warm weather. And eaten with due moderation, it is seldom injurious. But care should be taken to purchase of honest, reliable dealers, who will not deceive as to the quality of what they offer you. Nothing is more unwholesome than stale, or partially decayed fruit. Yet a large business is systematically carried on by mixing berries which are just on the verge of decay with what are fresh, and thus disposing of the whole. The tolerably honest market-man has a way of setting before his morning customers yesterday's fruit, and keeping out of sight his freshest and best until the old stock is disposed of. So keep your eyes open when you go to market, search out the unopened boxes, and if you can obtain fruit from them, you will be repaid for the trouble.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes somewhat sarcastically of the "rats, mice, frizzes, rods, curls, ringlets, earlets, eyelets, beau-catchers, false pieces, side pieces, back pieces, front pieces, other side pieces, bulges, full bloods, mops, horse tails, sweeps, feathers, puffs, Africaines, and shiners" which are sported by a class of very *outré* feminines at Newport, who seem to have a great deal of money and time, both of which they invest very decidedly in hair. He furthermore appends a brief *hair* dictionary for the use of the ignorant, being as follows:

Rats—Big wads.
Mice—Little wads.
Earlets—Curls in front of the ear.
Bulges—Double Rats—Huge wads of paper, hair, any thing to make a roll which looks like a burlesque on a Bologna sausage.
Full Bloods—Queer little triangular pyramids.
Horse Tails—Long bunches of hair.
Africaines—A kind of wig that crinkles exactly like a negro's wool.

The death of a Mormon bishop is thus pathetically announced:

"He was 87 years old, and leaves an interesting family of *eleven wives* and forty-seven small children to mourn his loss."

Some many weeks ago a ragged little urchin called upon a prominent merchant in Milwaukee and asked for the loan of fifty cents, for which he promised to give his note bearing interest at ten per cent. The novel proposition so interested the merchant that he gave the money and took the note. About a month afterward he was surprised to see the little fellow walk into the store and ask to redeem the note. The boy, who was an orphan, had invested the money in newspapers and oranges, and had made about forty dollars, which he wished to place in the savings' bank. That boy will make his way in the world without difficulty.

Somebody says: "Destruction is the principal object of a ball as of a battle. Ladies come attired in gossamer dresses many inches too long for them, in order to give the sport fair play, and being necessarily precluded by certain invisible and rotund arrangements from taking an active share in it themselves, the part of destroyer devolves commonly upon the gentlemen, who are in general equal to the emergency. Lancers and quadrilles afford the best opportunities for gaining distinction in this office, though a 'rattling gallop' is not without its advantages, and the staircase on the way down to supper is obstinately preferred by some."

A foreign paper relates the following double drama:

"Simpson, the actor, whose health was always failing, invariably refused to take the medicine furnished by his physician, and the latter was compelled to use different stratagems to make him swallow them. There is a drama, in which the leading-man, a prisoner, is condemned to take poison. Simpson was playing this part on a certain night, and had given the property-man instructions to fill the goblet with port-wine. When night came on he was preparing to swallow the poison, and, to his horror, discovered that his port-wine was senna! There was no chance of escape, and he could not throw it away, for he was compelled to swallow it in the presence of his persecutors, and to show there was no poison left in the cup. With the air of a martyr Simpson swallowed the horrible drug, slowly and calmly, and the audience applauded loudly; but he never forgave his physician the infamous practical joke, and died without ever paying his bill."

Those of our lady readers who are at the sea-side will be interested in the following description of the veritable morning toilet for the sea-side—what is called in France a *toilette de pécheuse*. A white woolen petticoat, trimmed with three bands of coral-colored cashmere; a skirt with wide white and coral stripes, and looped up in a peculiar manner. The front and back are looped up with separate drawings; the front is all drawn up in the usual manner, but the back is tied up in two parts only, so that it falls on the petticoat as though it were the two wide ends of a sash. This style of fastening up the skirt at the back does not look ungraceful, although the description reads as if it did. Afternoon toilets are sometimes looped up in this fashion. With the *toilette de pécheuse* the *chemise russe* is worn, made of the same material as the petticoat.

White dresses which are intended to be worn on dressy occasions are mostly trimmed with cross-cut bands of colored silk. Thus, a white muslin dress, cut out in vandykes round the edge of the skirt and worn over a muslin petticoat with several tucks, would be trimmed with cross-cut bands of blue silk bordered with narrow guipure edging. Between every vandyke there is a blue ribbon rosette: the casaque describes the same vandykes, and is ornamented likewise with rosettes.

A white muslin dress looks very ladylike when it is cut in the *redingote* form and trimmed round the lower part of the skirt with narrow pleatings of some light-colored silk. Five of these pleatings are usually sewn round the skirt, and they ascend to the top of the front breadth, and likewise on the bodice. When the dress is low a *berthe*, composed of alternate muslin *bouillonnés* and silk pleatings, is added round the shoulders. This same trimming is also used upon white *piqué* dresses, but then the silk is a bright, dark color instead of a light shade; black silk arranged in this manner especially produces a good effect.

But *appliques* of black velvet are the prettiest trimmings for white *piqué*. Black braid is also used very much for trimming, and has the advantage of being easily washed.

Some outdoor coverings have been introduced of a most original character. They are *peplums* of white cloth, with long, pointed sleeves, and are edged all round with wide gold braid and gold fringe, and bedizened all over with gold *soutache*. These extraordinary garments will be worn during the day at watering-places, but in reality they are only fit for opera mantles. The same shape is also made in black cashmere, and the wider the gold braid and gold *soutache* are the more character is the *peplum* considered to possess. The cashmere paletôts covered all over with beads, and even with gold beads, appear uncommonly simple by the side of these later introductions.

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ST. PETER'S, ROME.—[See Page 494.]

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JULY.

THROUGHOUT the house a dreamy stillness stole,
The watch-dog slept, scarce buzz'd the lazy fly;
The clock tick'd on with solemn measured tone,
Counting the drowsy moments of July.

Through quaint-shaped panes the mellow light crept in,
And traced rare brown-gold shadows on the floor;
The air was heavy with the scent that hung
Around the clematis that framed the door.

Through the clipp'd arches of the olden yew
I pass'd, and very silence reign'd around;
As though the earth by some enchanter's spell
In magic sleep were bound.

The peaches slumber'd on the garden-wall,
The dew upon their crimson cheeks was wet;
The red-ripe strawberries gleam'd amid their leaves
Like rubies in a ducal coronet.

The feathery wheat stood still as fairy spears,
Borne by a million transfix'd sentinels;
The harebell was asleep, nor woke to ring,
In honor of July, her tiny bells.

The flame-tongued nightshade droop'd her purple pride,
Yet held entranced the hedges where she clung;
And wearied there her trails of blossoms white
The wild convolvulus flung.

The river with its waveless waters lay
All motionless, as a pure crystal sea;
Another landscape painted on its tide,
With spire, and sail, and tree.

Close by the rush-grown bank a boat was moor'd,
So still, it stirred not on the river's breast;
The world was hush'd, and Nature at my feet
Lay wrapp'd in perfect rest.

Like to the princess in the story old,
She in her beauty slept—oh, sight of bliss!
Waiting until some poet-heart should come
And wake her with his kiss.

O wake! O wake! and breathe into my soul
Thy soul, that rightly I of thee may sing;
Or—sleep forever, in thy beauty veil'd,
'Neath July's wing.

THE PARTY IN SPECTACLES.

I.

"THERE he is! That's the very man!"

"Where? Which man?"

"That party—don't look while I point—that party in spectacles."

I cast my eye discreetly in the direction indicated by my companion, and beheld a stout, rosy, smooth-shaven gentleman, apparently turned of threescore, with curly gray—almost silver—hair, a fine Roman nose, a rather large, sensuous mouth, white teeth, and blue spectacles.

After a moment's quiet inspection of the "party" I shook my head confidently and replied:

"Pshaw! not a bit of it. What! he—*he* then—?"

"Hush! I tell you it is. Wait till the passengers settle down a little. I'll introduce you, and you'll see."

"But—but you don't know him yourself."

"Pooh! that isn't of any consequence," said my friend, laughing. "I know who he is, and that's enough. Public characters, you know, always flattered by such recognition when discreetly shown. And our object being serious—oh, never fear, it will be all right."

"But he's all alone. No one else seems to recognize him; whereas, if he really were— I'm sure you're mistaken, and we shall "sell" ourselves neatly."

"Nonsense! I can't be mistaken. And as to his being alone and unknown, don't you see the blue spectacles? He's incog."

"Infiddlesticks! Why should he—if it be he—travel 'incog.,' as you call it? It's absurd. I tell you—"

"I tell you it's all right," interrupted my friend, dictatorially. "I'll take the responsibility. There, he's by himself now, looking at the capstan. Come along; we'll join him, as it were, accidentally."

Let me open a parenthesis, before we go further, to explain the scene and characters of the foregoing dialogue.

We—that is, my friend Sam Chellis and *his* friend Will Wyndon, *videlicet* myself—were upon the deck of a certain steamer, which was gallantly stemming the tide of a well-known river (by name neither Potomac nor Mississippi) between two populous cities within the territories of the Re-United States of America.

Mr. Chellis was (and is) a rising member of the bar.

Mr. Wyndon was (and is) simply a youngish gentleman of leisure, and your very humble servant.

Both were traveling in pursuit of health, happiness, and other illusive phantoms unnecessary to detail.

Both were enthusiastic admirers of true greatness, and anxious ever to approach and hold commune with the good, the noble, and the wise among their fellow-men.

Mr. Chellis's enthusiasm, indeed, was apt to outrun his caution occasionally, and, without being at all a celebrity-hunter in the vulgar meaning of the term, he still was prone to seize every possible, or even apparently impossible, occasion of profiting by the intercourse, no matter how limited or unusual its character or opportunity, of the celebrated personages that chance threw in his way. Not infrequently had this surely praiseworthy proclivity of his subjected him to embarrassment, and even to temporary mortification. But nothing had ever damped his ardor, or lessened his righteous confidence in himself.

It was not long before this that Chellis, reading aloud a grateful and richly-deserved tribute, in a great English journal, to a certain noble-hearted fellow-countryman of ours, whose name is an honor to humanity, exclaimed to me:

"By Heaven! Wyndon, I'd give my left hand to meet that man! If I could only say three words to him and shake him by the hand—you know how somebody once shattered the glass that a certain illustrious personage had just drunk from, saying it should never be touched by less worthy lips? Well, Will, upon my life, I should feel like keeping the hand that had clasped that man's noble palm inviolate from human touch ever afterward!"

"The sentiment, though slightly exaggerated, does you credit, Sam," I replied. "But there will be little difficulty in your gratifying your wish to meet him. He is over here now, you know, and will doubtless be the subject of much public attention. You can easily pay your court to him. We'll subscribe to his first public dinner, or—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. At least I shall not. I would not give a copper to meet him in such a 'bunkum' way. None of your public flummery for me. I want no formal introduction, no 'set form of speech,' and all that sort of bosh. I wish to meet him just casually, by chance—off his guard, as it were—and have him to myself for five minutes. In the street, for instance, or at the barber-shop, or in a rail-car—any where in an undress sort of way, you know. I've seen his portrait in the papers, and though, of course, it's an execrable wood-cut, I'm sure I'd recognize the original at once."

"Perhaps so. But you remember your little mistake with reference to Garibaldi. And how you took the—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Chellis, testily. "What of that? Mistakes may happen to any man, especially when the likeness—besides it was at night when I met—that is, when I thought I met Garibaldi. At all events, I shouldn't be mistaken in this case, as you will find if it should ever be my good fortune to obtain the opportunity I long for. That isn't probable, however, for I doubt if he will ever visit our town, and I've no time to go hunting after him, even if I had the inclination—which I haven't—for such toadyism."

As I agreed with my friend as to the improbability of the accidental meeting he referred to, I said nothing in reply, and the matter was, so far at least as I was concerned, forgotten.

A short time afterward, however, Chellis found himself unexpectedly at leisure for a fortnight, and eagerly accepted my invitation to take a passing glimpse of nature and art (especially of *art*) at a few of the so-called "fashionable watering-places."

"By George, Will!" cried he, "we *may* meet *him* after all! In fact I have a presentiment that we shall. So keep a sharp look-out, my boy, and be sure I shall do the same."

In this disposition we had been loitering by rail and river, from "spa" to "spa" (to use an English term) for ten days in a desultory way, but without encountering any adventure whatever, in the celebrity line or otherwise, when Chellis, who was constantly on the *qui vive* for a lucky chance to turn up in accordance with one of his several presentiments, suddenly startled me by the exclamation, quoted at the commencement of this chapter, on board the steamer as above described, and caused the dialogue that ensued, which we will now resume at the point where we left it—in chapter

II.

"COME along," said Chellis, seizing me by the arm; "we'll 'loaf' up to him, so to speak, and do the thing genteelly. It's a glorious chance, isn't it?"

"Certainly a very pleasant opportunity," said I, suffering myself to be led onward half-reluctantly by Sam; that is, if the gentleman really should be the—"

"Confound your skepticism, Wyndon! to say nothing of your insult to my perspicacity. But I shall expect an ample apology, mind! when it's over, and gratitude besides. Now, then, old fellow!"

We slowly neared the solitary traveler in blue spectacles. He was leaning against the capstan, apparently in rapt contemplation of something in the distant perspective.

Chellis followed the direction of his gaze a moment, then, in a respectfully cordial tone:

"A glorious outlook, Sir!" said he: "a splendid sight, Sir, that broad horizon, with the many towers of a great commercial city, and the myriad spars of her vast commercial navy looming through the blue expanse. We are, without vulgar vanity, Sir, a very great nation."

The stranger started slightly as Chellis accosted him, and looked keenly upon my friend through his spectacles while he was speaking. When Sam paused interrogatively, the old gentleman gave himself a sort of shake as though to resettle his wandering thoughts, and, smiling blandly:

"Immense! immense!" he exclaimed. Then a sudden gravity overspread his rubicund countenance, and drawing himself up slightly, "Excuse me," he added, quickly, "but I really have not the pleasure—I—I do not recollect—you have the advantage of me—"

"Certainly!" interrupted Chellis, with enthusiasm: "I have, indeed, a very great advantage of you; the advantage of having the proud honor to know by sight, as well as by his world-wide fame, the large-hearted, the philanthropic, the munificent, the princely Mr. ——."

At the moment I am about to write the name which my friend Sam Chellis pronounced with such unction I am suddenly withheld by a perplexing scruple of delicacy. This name, in fact, is the personal property of a modest private gentleman; although by his noble character and actions a household word of honor and gratitude on millions of earnest lips, in millions of prayerful hearts, still, a private gentleman's name, not to be lightly used for selfish purposes by an author of "unconsidered trifles" like myself. What shall I do? Though the tale I tell be true, will its truth justify me for placing a veritable personage, by his actual name, by the side of others whose identity is concealed by fictitious description and nomenclature? Though what I say of this personage be—what else could it by any possibility be?—the simple and familiar truth, and therefore honorable to himself, as it is pleasant to me that say it, will this be sufficient extenuation for the liberty I take?

I positively can not take the responsibility of a decision.

Under these circumstances I see but one resource, and that is, to seek such refuge as I may find under the, perhaps transparent, shelter of a simple initial.

This much indiscretion will, I humbly trust, be forgiven me.

"—The princely Mr. P.," concluded Chellis, raising his hat with respectful courtesy.

The gentleman in blue spectacles started back, and "blushed celestial rosy red." Then, plunging both hands in the capacious pockets of his linen overall, he started forward again, and ejaculated: "Ha! Mr. P., Sir? ha!" in a hoarse whisper, like the "aside" of the stage villain.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Chellis, hastily. "I have no intention of intruding—of interrupting you. I respect your privacy, Sir, your modest desire to be unrecognized; believe me, Mr. P., I simply desire to pay my tribute of admiration, and to have the honor of shaking hands with you, in the quietest way, I and my friend, Sir, Mr. Wyndon. Mr. P., my own name is Chellis, Sir, permit me"—he grasped the old gentleman's hand—"permit me to express the proud satisfaction I feel in thus taking by the hand a fellow-countryman whose noble philanthropy has done honor to two hemispheres, and made the name of American synonymous with—"

"Hush! h—ush!" interrupted the traveler, casting an uneasy glance around him. "Don't—*don't* speak so loud, my good Sir!"

"Certainly not; excuse me!" murmured my friend, sinking his voice immediately. "But I see a vacant bench over there, in the shade. Pray, Mr. P., do us the honor to take a seat, and indulge us with a few moments' quiet conversation, if perfectly agreeable to yourself."

"Oh, with pleasure!" replied our companion, amiably—and led the way himself to the unoccupied bench.

We seated ourselves, one on either side of the illustrious stranger, and waited a moment for him to lead the conversation. He seemed in deep thought, his glance wandering from one to the other of us abstractedly; but in an instant or two he suddenly smiled, laughed a quick, low laugh, and in a brusque, though cheerful tone:

"How did you find me out, ha?" said he.

"By having seen your portrait, Sir," replied Chellis. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken, though my skeptical friend here would have it that you were not Mr. P. Aha! Wyndon, what do you say now?"

"Yes, ha! what do you say *now*, Mr. Wyndon?" echoed Mr. P., laughing, and giving me a slight tap on the waistcoat with his forefinger.

Of course I abjured my infidelity pleasantly, and expressed myself charmed at this unexpected opportunity of informal converse with a gentleman so widely and justly renowned for his many princely acts of charity and benevolence; while I added at the same time that I was delighted, though not surprised, to find him so affable and familiar—so unreserved and even jovial of manner.

"Not surprised, certainly not!" said Chellis, sententiously. Cheerfulness and affability are the true indices of a good heart and approving conscience. And these Mr. P. must possess in an eminent degree, if it be true that virtue is its own sufficient reward. Ah, Sir, what a magnificent monument you have erected—a pyramid of Good Works which shall endure when that of Cheops has long mouldered into the sands of the desert!"

Mr. P. looked at Sam, then at me, and laughed again.

"You flatter me, gentlemen," said he. "But I—yes, I'll tell you a secret!—will you keep it, ha?"

"Of course," said I, somewhat surprised, but still more pleased by such an unexpected mark of confidence.

"Sacredly, sacredly, my dear Sir!" exclaimed Chellis, looking as if he were ready to take a solemn oath of secrecy on the spot.

"Well, then, Mr. Wyndon and Mr. Chellis," said Mr. P., giving each of us a tap with his forefinger as he named us, "listen! I've done something, as you say, for my fellow-men. But what I have done, Sirs, is nothing—the veriest trifle—to that which I am going to do. The most insignificant trifle in the world, I assure you, ha!"—and as he said "ha!" cheerily, he leaned back and looked at us with the brightest of smiles, as if he were hugely enjoying our unfeigned astonishment. Chellis first recovered himself.

"Excuse me," said he; "but though I am prepared for any conceivable amount of humanitarian munificence on the part of—on your part, Sir, still I can not for an instant consent to regard your already unprecedented liberalities to your suffering fellow-mortals in the light of trifles. My dear Mr. P., they are gigantic, simply gigantic, in their scope and influence!"

"Ha! but only by comparison; only by comparison, you know," retorted Mr. P., archly. "Now, Sir, when you shall hear what I am about to do—hush! here comes some one! Pray don't say a word—don't mention my name, I beg of you, gentlemen!"

"Of course not—certainly not!" we both hastened to assure him, as we perceived his evident nervousness at the idea of being a centre of public curiosity or attention at such a moment.

The intruders were two in number: one a slender, bright-eyed, sharp-featured gentleman of middle age; the other a short, muscular man, with a broad, good-humored face, and a pair of bushy flaxen whiskers. This person had the air and dress of an intelligent mechanic, or perhaps a sort of confidential servant or attendant upon a professional gentleman, such as his companion was at once decided to be by both Chellis and myself.

"He has a doctor's eye," said Sam, *sotto voce*, as the pair halted a few paces off, and seemed to return, though not at all offensively, our scrutiny.

"A lawyer's, rather," I retorted, for I had studied—or, more properly, had *not* studied medicine, but had lounged through a couple of courses at a Medical University, some years before, for want of other occupation.

"A doctor, for ducats!" muttered Chellis.

"A lawyer, for any thing you like!" I responded.

"Champagne?" queried Sam.

"Done!" said I.

"But how shall we find out? Perhaps Mr. P. will be good enough to—"

At this moment the subject of our wager made an almost imperceptible sign with his head toward our distinguished companion, and smiled pleasantly.

"Ah! you know the gentleman, my dear Sir," said Chellis. "Pray, then, tell us if—"

"I—yes—that is—a casual acquaintance—never saw him before in my—I mean I never saw him but once before, you know, ha!" exclaimed Mr. P. in his stage-whisper, at the same time modestly avoiding the stranger's eye.

The short man said something to the sharp-featured gentleman in an under-tone; the other nodded and smiled again, and both walked slowly away.

"At all events you know his profession, I hope?" resumed Sam.

"His profession?" Ha! I—I believe he—he's an undertaker—yes, I know he's an undertaker: measures dead people and buries them, you know—horrible!" and Mr. P. fairly shuddered.

"It *is* a repulsive trade!" said Chellis. "But you, at least, can have no fears of death, Sir. The great and good deeds of your life most assuredly entitle you, Sir, to the blessed reward—"

"Hush! hush! Don't talk of death; pray don't," interrupted Mr. P., earnestly. "I don't intend to die; I really don't, indeed." Saying this Mr. P. once more applied his forefinger to our waistcoats, and laughed in his quick, low manner.

I own that I was considerably surprised by the increasing eccentricity of our famous fellow-traveler; but, thought I, if any man has a right to be odd, that man is surely the great and good Samaritan before me.

Chellis, however, did not seem to notice these little peculiarities; his whole mind was absorbed in the problem of what stupendous enterprise of benevolence Mr. P. was about to engage that could possibly eclipse the splendor of his recent achievements in this line.

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. P.," said he, in a moment; "but you were about to honor us by confiding to our admiration and discretion a project for the still more extended amelioration of mankind—a work that should cause your previous princely efforts to appear—but that is not possible. However, as I remarked, you were good enough to propose—"

"Ha! yes; so I was, so I was, my dear friends; but—but—you see—that confounded undertaker has driven it all out of my head—all, upon my soul! Singular, isn't it? Ha!" And Mr. P. looked from one to the other of us in ludicrously counterfeited perplexity.

I could not forbear laughing for the life of me, and Chellis joined in my hearty cachinnation, though scarcely with an equal unaffectedness.

But what was our surprise—our amazement—our confusion, when Mr. P. suddenly sprang up from the bench, his face violently flushed, and frowning severely upon us, exclaimed: "Laughing, ha! laughing at me, ha! You will find it no laughing matter, Sirs!" and before we could recover our presence of mind sufficiently to utter a word of apology he strode swiftly away, and was lost in the crowd at the further end of the boat.

For some minutes we sat in the silence of abashed astonishment. What Chellis was thinking of I can not say; but my mortification speedily gave place to resentment, and I exclaimed:

"Confound his stupidity! Though he were Mr. P., or any other man, great or little, he is a most insufferable old muff, and if he were twenty years younger—"

"Pshaw! Wyndon. It certainly was very disrespectful in you to laugh. It was natural that Mr. P. should fancy you were laughing at him; equally so, that he should be sensitive as to his memory; and more so still, as to his evident prejudice against undertakers, which he is, no doubt, conscious of as a weakness. You were very wrong to laugh."

"Why, hang it, Chellis, you laughed too," cried I, rather nettled at his putting all the blame on me.

"I know I did, but it was only an echo; your merriment was so confoundedly catching. But seriously, what do you think he will do? He threatened we should find it no laughing matter, you know."

"I neither know nor care," replied I, tartly. "Nothing, probably, except cut our acquaintance. What can he do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Sam, moodily.

"Well, Sam," said I, my good humor returning, "you'll admit that the great philanthropist is a very different sort of man from the idea you had formed of him. Such a cranky, queer old fellow I never met out of a mad-house before. However, as you said, he is traveling *incog.*, and perhaps his strange manners are a part of the disguise, eh? At any rate, we've had the fun of meeting and talking with him. You've shaken his 'noble palm,' too, Sam; so I trust you're satisfied whatever comes of it."

Just as Chellis was going to answer, probably to rebuke my irony, the alarm sounded for dinner.

"Come along," said I, "I'm hungry. No doubt we shall see our distinguished fellow-voyager at table. We'll sit near him, if we can, just to see what he will do, and have it over."

"I hope he will accept an apology," said Sam, walking with me into the dining-saloon.

III.

THE tables were nearly full. There were but five seats vacant; three together on one side of the board, and two others directly opposite, but separated by a pillar. We advanced toward the unoccupied triad of chairs.

"'Scuse me, gen'l'men, these seats is engaged," objected the polite African of American descent who officiated as chief waiter. "Take them two opp'site, if you please!" he added, pointing to the vacant twain on either side the column.

We obeyed, and seated ourselves.

While we were tasting our soup the expected

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occupants of the opposite chairs came in. They proved to be the sharp-featured gentleman and his muscular companion, and — yes — our susceptible friend, the great philanthropist.

He came forward first, alone, and swiftly, and took the centre seat without looking at us, or, apparently, at any one else. The other two followed, and placed themselves one on either side of him. Neither of them paid any attention to Mr. P., nor did he seem to notice them, save by a slight, and, as it were, involuntary shrinking, as they sat down.

"Poor gentleman," whispered Chellis; "he'll never be able to eat with that undertaker beside him. I've half a mind to offer to change seats with him. Perhaps he'd take it as an *amende honorable*, eh?"

"Don't do any thing of the sort," said I, earnestly. "It would surely offend his neighbors and be ridiculous besides. Keep quiet, and don't annoy him by observation."

I added this caution, for I just then caught his eyes fixed for an instant upon us, and its expression (he had pushed his blue spectacles up on his forehead at the moment) was by no means amicable. As soon as he saw that I noticed him he dropped his glasses quickly over his eyes again, and began playing with his table-spoon while waiting for his soup.

The soup was brought, and he fell to with apparent appetite.

In another moment I heard a clatter and an exclamation of impatience, and, looking up, saw that Mr. P.'s blue spectacles had fallen into his soup-plate, from which he was nervously fishing them out.

Chellis also perceived it, and, resting his glance for an instant on the old gentleman's fishing operation, he smiled sympathetically at the disaster.

At the same moment Mr. P. looked up his eyes and those of Chellis met, and, quick as lightning, he caught the soup-plate up and flung it, soup, spectacles, and all across the table at poor Sam's head, exclaiming at the same time in a gleeful tone:

"Ha! laugh, will you? take that!" and was proceeding to follow up his volley with his tumbler, when his arm was suddenly arrested by the muscular man beside him, who snatched the tumbler away, saying, in a stern voice, "None of that, Sir, or we'll put 'em on again!" At the same time the person whom we supposed to be an undertaker looked steadily at the excited old gentleman, and said, very quietly but firmly:

"Calm yourself, my dear Sir. I entreat you, I *command* you to be calm!"

The flush passed away as if by magic from Mr. P.'s face; he held down his head, and waited, like a shamefaced school-boy, till his spectacles were restored and another plate of soup set before him, when he resumed his meal in the meekest and most decorous manner possible.

Fortunately the irate old gentleman's aim had been less deadly than his intention, and Chellis got off with a sprinkling of soup on his garments and the table-spoon in his lap.

But fancy, if you can, his feelings, and the expression of his countenance as well as my own, to say nothing of the varied effects produced by this extraordinary explosion upon the other guests at the table. Fancy the scene if you can, for it is beyond my power to give you an intelligent idea of it.

As soon as order was restored the sharp-featured gentleman rose and made a brief apology for his "unfortunate friend," as he called him. He said that his friend was unhappily afflicted with a malady—here he smiled, and slightly touched his forehead—which caused him at times, but not often, to lose momentary control of his temper; that he was extremely sensitive—foolishly so, he might say, without offense to his friend—to ridicule; that he could not bear to be laughed at—few men could, for that matter—but that his friend was apt to fancy that people were laughing at him when in truth they had no such intention. That such had been no doubt his friend's belief when he saw the gentleman opposite smile at the little accident of the spectacles; but that now, when he was assured that no such incivility had been intended, his friend would be most anxious to apologize, he knew, and he trusted the apology would be accepted. Here he sat down and looked at his "friend," who had listened intently to this speech with his table-spoon balanced across his forefinger. The old gentleman no sooner caught his friend's eye than he dropped the spoon, and said, in an unsteady voice: "Yes! ha! certainly—most sorry—did not mean—of course—hoped it was all right—ha!" and quickly picking up the spoon again went at the soup more eagerly than ever.

After dinner Chellis and I went upon the upper deck to smoke our cigars. To us presently came the sharp-featured gentleman, and spoke as follows:

"I am exceedingly sorry that my patient's violence has caused you annoyance. He is generally a most harmless, and in many respects a pleasant and entertaining person. Nothing ever moves him but laughter which he supposes to be aimed at himself. I trust you were not hurt, Sir?"

"Oh no, not in the least," replied Chellis, who looked very wobegone and chop-fallen. "But—do you mean to say that that gentleman is not—I mean that he is a—a—an insane person?"

"A mild monomaniac, Sir, nothing worse, I assure you; but incurable, I fear. I saw him talking pleasantly to you before dinner, and did not interrupt you. I always forbear to restrain his liberty, or to mortify him uselessly by my authority or recognition when we are traveling. By-the-way, what was he telling you? How did you scrape acquaintance?"

I was about to give the Doctor (for such he evidently was) a brief account of Chellis's comical mistake and its strange consequences, for I thought it, after all, a pretty good joke. But Sam frowned and winked at me savagely, and I stopped.

"Oh!" said Chellis, in as off-handish a way as he could assume, "it was merely a chance word or two, you know, something about the view or the weather, that brought us together—travelers' ordinary chat—"

"Though your friend," interrupted I, a little maliciously, "your patient, Doctor, seemed to think we took him for some one else; and I rather think we—or at least Mr. Chellis here—encouraged him somewhat in this fancy, for—"

"The fact is," said Sam, cutting me short in time, as he supposed, to prevent my betraying his secret —"the fact is, Sir, that your friend certainly did imagine we mistook him for a distinguished philanthropist of our acquaintance—I would say, whom we were desirous of becoming acquainted with."

"Ah! ah! I understand!" exclaimed the sharp Doctor, smiling. "Pray, who—what distinguished person did you—that is, did he conceive himself to resemble?"

Sam hesitated rather sheepishly.

"To the renowned Mr. P.," said I.

"Oh! ha! ha! ha! capital!" cried the Doctor.

"Wasn't it? ha! ha! ha!" echoed I.

"Really! And you took him—I would say—he fancied you took him, for our honored countryman, the famous Mr. P.?" repeated the bright-eyed Doctor. "Well, there *is* a sort of likeness now, isn't there?" This to Chellis.

"I—can't say I see it!" growled Sam.

"I do," said I, with mock gravity. "I think your patient looks very like Mr. P., or, rather, very much as Mr. P. might look if he were traveling *incog.* disguised in blue spectacles, you know—eh, Chellis?"

Sam walked off, muttering something that sounded horribly like "D—n the blue spectacles!"

We didn't see the bogus Mr. P. again, nor have either of us yet had the pleasure of meeting his illustrious reality. But whenever Sam suggests the possibility of some passing stranger's being any celebrated personage I pleasantly remark, "Remember the party in spectacles!" and my friend's enthusiasm oozes away, like Bob Acre's courage, instantly.

A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.

LADIES, when making a great merit of offering their tears as a precious gift to man, accompanied or not by other indications of sympathy and emotion as the case may be, forget to draw attention to the luxury which is to be found in a "good cry," and the readiness with which the charming sex has invariably indulged in its favorite enjoyment in every age, and in all parts of the world. As it was in the days of the Old Testament writers, and of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all make mention not only of emotion publicly expressed, but of professional "howlers," ready to provide tears, sighs, groans, and shrieks, wholesale, retail, and for exportation; so, happily for all of us—for a woman without sympathy is a garden without flowers —it is in many parts of the world to this very day. We need not stir out of the enlightened kingdom of Great Britain for instances of professional cryings by the side of tears of a warmer nature; and if we take the trouble to survey mankind "from China to Peru," or from the London Docks to our Antipodes, which will, perhaps, answer our purpose as well, we shall find that woman relishes her "good cry" as keenly and cultivates it just as assiduously in a settlement of savages when squatting, wrapped in a dirty blanket, over the smoke of a wood-fire kindled in a hole in the ground, as in a delicious boudoir in London or Paris, with eau de Cologne and sal volatile ad libitum. When, therefore, one sweet summer's afternoon I rode into a peaceful little native village in New Zealand, and found all the female inhabitants engaged in a "Tangi," or weeping concert, preparatory to a grand banquet of ceremony, I need have discovered nothing singular therein, though it seemed at once to carry the spirit back for nearly four thousand years, to the days of the patriarchs, when Jacob "kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," as he rolled away the stone from the well's mouth to water her flock. The scenery around, and the air, like a bath of liquid gold, with the murmur of the adjacent forest, all fostered a feeling that time had stood still, and that we were all patriarchs together, performing an everyday observance.

A chief, a fine looking fellow with aquiline features and the appearance of a ruler of men, who was a personage of rank among the northern tribes, having just returned from a long absence, was being welcomed on his arrival by the customary "Tangi," indicative of affectionate joy, performed by the ladies of his settlement, while the gentlemen expressed their sentiments by rubbing their noses against his.

The ceremony may be described as follows: Upon the death of a relative or friend, or his serious illness or misfortune; or upon any occasion of rejoicing similar to the one in question, the old women of a tribe assemble for an affectionate "Tangi," or cry together. What a cup of tea is to some ladies, or what a friendly glass of gin is to others in different circumstances, and what a "good cry" is to all the sex, is the "Tangi" to elderly Maoris of the feminine gender, soothing to the spirits, a cure for spasms or little tempers—and, in fact, a general clearer of the air. One may see, on entering a settlement, a number of women sitting on the ground in a circle, some with their face wrapped in the blanket with which they are draped shawl-fashion, some carefully exhibiting with ostentatious vanity great circular head-dresses of turkey's feathers or dogs' hair. They appear to be bowing their brows together at intervals, at the same time raising their hands and dropping them on their laps with gestures of hopelessness, great grief, or weariness. On a nearer approach they are heard to be keeping up a kind of wailing chant of a dreary repetition of three notes in a minor key, sung in chorus. Every now and then, at a particularly affecting part of the impromptu recitation, they will bring all their faces together, and, pressing nose to nose, maintain that attitude for nearly ten minutes, while they continue the wailing in a murmur. One old woman may generally be perceived taking the lead, who is evidently the most experienced "blubberer," knowing exactly where to bring in the nose business with the greatest effect, and able to keep it up longer than any one else; she will be making the most tremendous and fearful contortions of the face that can be imagined, as an accompaniment to the act of weeping, if that be not a word suggesting too deep a feeling to be used here. With her head raised, her mouth drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes squeezed up and swollen with tears, she lets out a howl that would discomfit a dog at the full of the moon, only stopping to—in point of fact "se moucher," in the primitive manner of patriarchal times—wipe her eyes with her blanket, and expectorate freely and noisily previous to beginning over again with renewed vigor, the whole party seeming to think it a point of honor to produce the most disgusting amount of grimacing ever witnessed out of a nightmare. At another moment one woman perhaps may be sitting with her head bent forward and inclined to one side, her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped over her knees, silently sighing, the very picture of quiet, absorbed, heart-broken misery; while next to her an old lady will be nodding, winking, and exchanging facetious remarks with a friend for a minute's interval, after which she will take up her crying again with tenfold violence.

The "Tangi" never interferes with business; any of the party will at any time leave off the work to sell a basket of peaches, or take a turn at peeling and boiling the potatoes for her lord's dinner, afterward rejoin her circle of friends, and will screw up her features into their former grimace, and continue her performance precisely where she left off. Real grief or feeling, of course, should be respected and sympathized with, but the "Tangi" is no more real than the polite condolence of the world of London. It is only a ceremony, a required indulgence in the luxury of sham, and it can no more be relied upon as an evidence of the warm or affectionate nature of the Maoris than the first funeral met with in London can be accepted as a proof of the ardent tenderness of English undertakers. In fact, a Maori would no more hesitate to knock out the brains of a man with whom he had previously rubbed noses and wept in a "Tangi" than, in former times, he would have felt compunction about serving up a fricassee of his grandmother as a choice dinner for a favored guest. And so, on the present occasion, dinner and business both being pressing, the "Tangi" was not allowed to occupy too much time. Enough having been done to satisfy the most accomplished and punctilious of formalists, the ostensible cause of the meeting was introduced, the head-dresses laid aside, the countenances of the ladies smoothed and composed into their customary beauty, and decorated each with a short pipe, the sorrow of all the world was assuaged and the tears dried, till they should be again ordered and paid for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN English married lady has consulted her lawyer on the question whether, having married her husband for his money, and that money being all spent, she is not a widow and at liberty to marry again. Decision reserved.

The other day a member of Congress wishing to say, in fine English, that a friend of his had died, told the House of Representatives that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to its Maker."

A REVERSE.

When the defeated Austrian flies
Across the Alpine ridge,
Fair Venice, with her Bridge o' Sighs,
Will soon her sighs abridge.

It is stated that a man in Indiana obtained a divorce from his wife because she went skating against his wishes. He concluded to "let her slide."

CONDITIONS OF SAIL.—Wind and tide permitting.

A gentleman from the country on the Fourth of July took eight glasses of soda-water, waiting a while with each one for the "scum to settle."

A VERY STRONG ONION.—At the Police Court, the other day, one William Onion was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been previously convicted eight times for assaults on the police. Mr. Onion was described as "a tall and strong-looking man." Onions generally are strong. This Onion appears to be absolutely insufferable.

A young mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

"Bring me some cold cream," said a gentleman to a stupid waiter at a fashionable restaurant.

"Some cold cream?" repeated the man. "Oh! some *ice* cream?"

"No, some cold cream, for this," pointing to the coffee.

"Ah!" returned the enlightened waiter; "some *milk* cream?"

"No," persisted the gentleman, rather sarcastically, "some *cow cream*."

What word is that in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a man—the three first a woman—the four first a great man—and the whole a great woman?—Heroine.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.—The parson's glebe.

MISTAKEN.

One summer's morn, while yet the dew
Lay glittering on the lawn,
I spied a maiden fresh and fair,
Come tripping like a fawn
Across the hawthorn-scented meads
With steps so light and airy,
You really might have fancied her
A wood-nymph or a fairy.

"Sweet girl!" I cried, all powerless
To check my admiration,
As she, with winning smiles, return'd
My morning salutation.
"Sweet girl! of all the lovely flowers
In Flora's diadem,
Thou, with thy wealth of glowing charms,
Art the most brilliant gem.

"Surely the Queen of Beauty nursed
Thee while her nymphs bedeck'd her!
And fed thee on Olympian food—
Ambrosia and nectar!"
"Bother!" she laughingly replied,
"Owd lad, thee beest mistaken;
Aw lives on good strang whoam-brew'd yell,
Wi' lots o' beans an' bacon!"

HOW TO MAKE THE HOURS GO FAST.—Use the "spur of the moment."

PURSE-PICK-EOUS.—We have seen some good-sized purses in our time, but we never had the luck to see so pursy a porte-monnaie as the one described in the following sentence, clipped from a police report in an English paper:

"Ruth Jones, of a yard in Hawley-croft, said she left her house and locked the door on Friday afternoon, and was away about an hour. On her return she missed a purse containing *four pawn tickets and a clothes brush*."

REFLECTION BY AN IRISH LOVER.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweet-heart with you.

What is the best flower for a doctor to cultivate? Cyclamen (sickly men).

"Here's a riddle for you," said Joe to Jack,
"Be quick, and let's have the reply:
Why are you just like your father's nose?
Give it up? You're under his eye."

A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a gunpowder magazine by the sentinel on the ground that he was a *spark*.

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where he used to say one could get any thing that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Any thing, Sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue."

"Wa'al," said the Yankee, eying Rowe, "guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

"Well, we've got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em."

The Yankee thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

RAILROAD LYRIC.

If an engine meet an engine
"Coming round a curve,"
If they smash track, train, and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny's paid to any,
So far as we observe,
But all acquit the engineer,
When "coming round the curve."

If an engine meet a steamer
"Coming through the draw,"
If they crush or drown the public,
Need we go to law?
If the engineer was careless—
P'rhaps he's rather raw—
They don't discharge an honest fellow,
"Coming through the draw."

If a steamer chase a steamer,
"Running up to time,"
If they burst their pipes and boiler,
Where's the mighty crime?
Should a jury in a fury
Make them pay one dime,
Or send the officers to prison,
"Running up to time?"

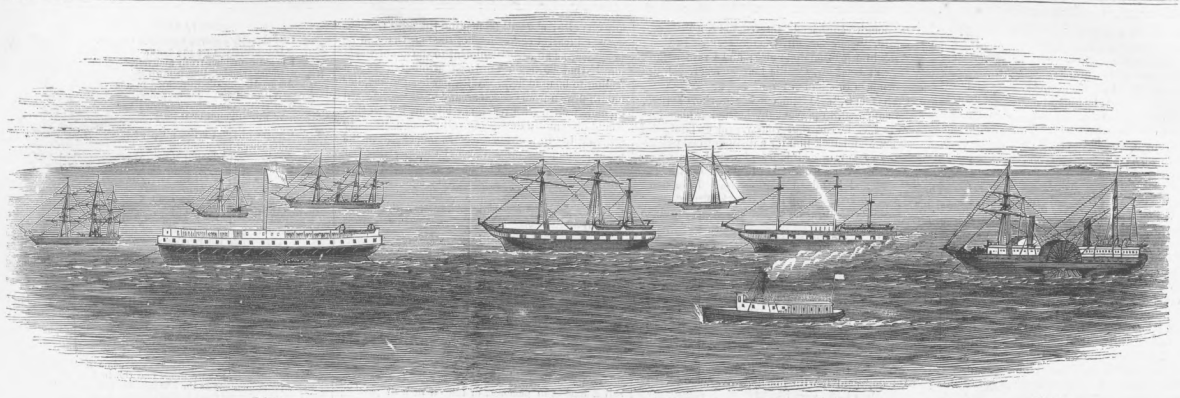
If they maim or kill a body,
Or a body's wife,
Need a body sue a body,
For baggage, limb, or life?
If you sue for damages,
For pay for what you lost,
You get a broken neck or leg,
And have to meet the cost.



DENMARK AVENGED.

Denmark. "FIGHT IT OUT, GENTLEMEN! I'VE THE PLEASURE TO LOOK ON!"

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HOSPITAL SHIPS AT THE LOWER QUARANTINE, NEW YORK BAY.—[SKETCHED BY B. S. OSBON.]

HOSPITAL SHIPS IN QUARANTINE.

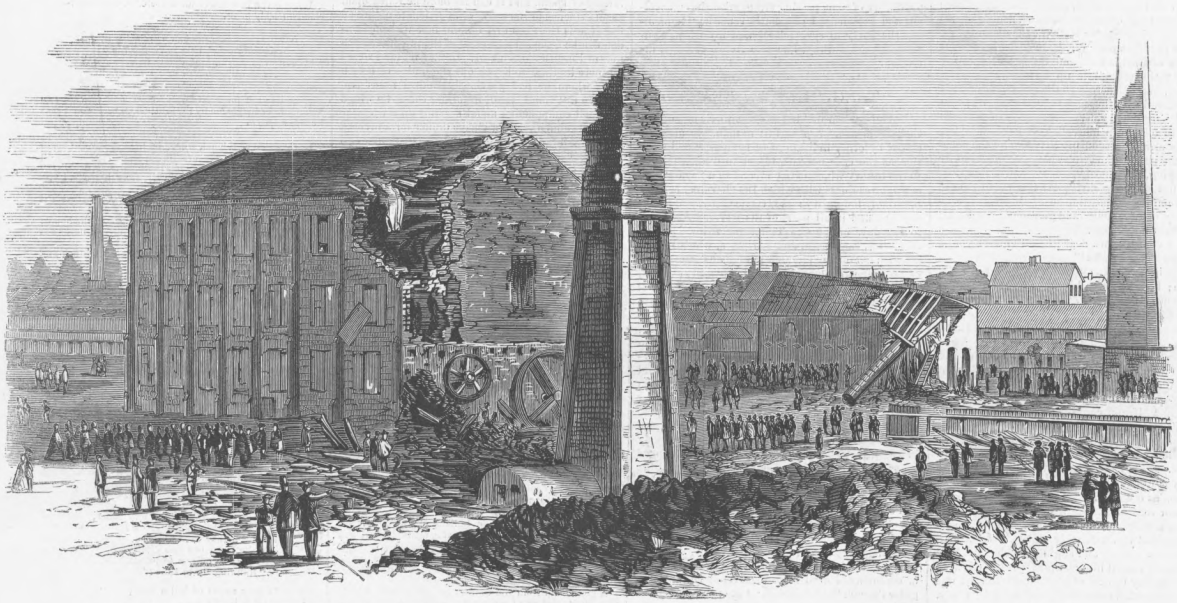
THE expulsion of the Quarantine Commissioners from Seguine's Point has again left them without any adequate accommodation for their patients. They are therefore compelled to resort to Hospital Ships. We give on this page an illustration representing the Hospital Ships at the Lower Quarantine.

The side-wheel steamer *Illinois*, 2040 tons, was built by SMITH and DIMON. The engines were constructed by the Allaire Works of this city, in 1851. She was employed in the California trade, between New York and Aspinwall, till the late war broke out. In the war she became a transport in the service of the Government.

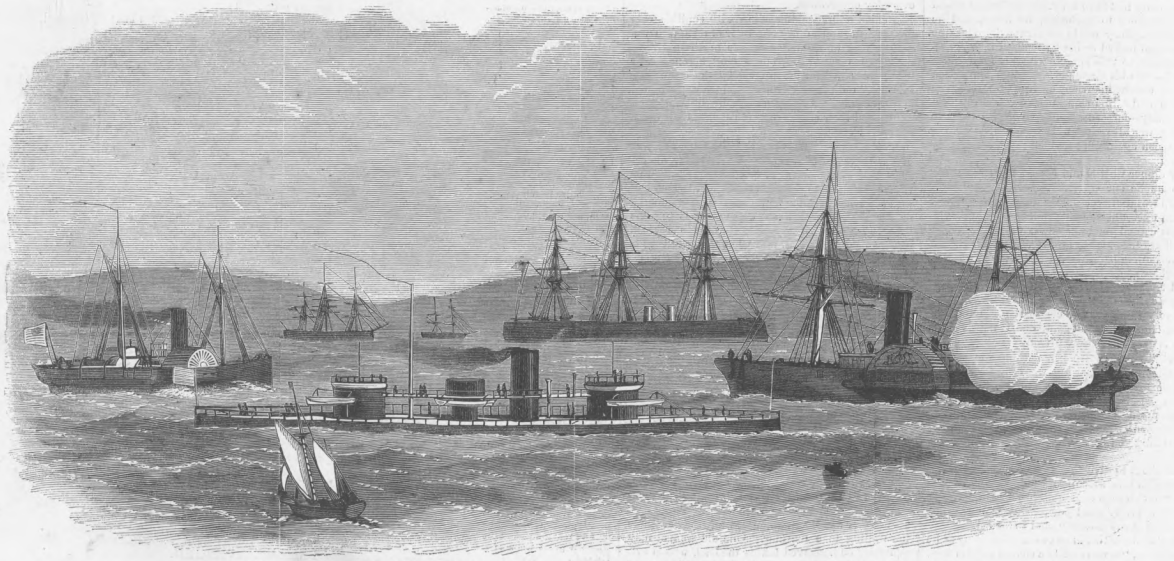
The *Saratoga*, 22 guns, was built in 1842. She has been attached to almost every one of our squadrons. In the war she belonged to the South Atlantic Squadron. Since the war she was employed as an ordnance vessel till she passed into the hands of the Quarantine Commissioners.

The *Portsmouth*, 20 guns, was built at Portsmouth in 1843. She was attached to FARRAGUT's fleet in the attack on the forts below New Orleans. She lay at New Orleans for a long time as receiving-ship and temporary flag-ship, and has been lately used as an ordnance vessel at the port of New York

The *Falcon*, formerly a steamer of 878 tons, was built in 1848. She was not a good sea-boat, and after making a few voyages was condemned. When purchased by the Commissioners she was named the



EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG, JULY 18, 1866—RUINS OF LAWRENCE & SONS' CORDAGE FACTORY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 493.]



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH" OFF QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 493.]

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Florence Nightingale, and fitted up as a hospital ship. She has excellent accommodations for a limited number of patients.

EXPLOSION IN WILLIAMSBURG.

DURING the violent thunder-storm of July 18, a singular accident occurred in Williamsburg, Long Island, which we illustrate on page 492. The New York *Tribune* gives the following account of the affair:

On Bushwick Avenue, between McKibben Avenue and Boerum Street, is located the rope factory of HENRY LAWRENCE & SONS, a firm doing business in this city. The factory consisted of one three-story building, and a one-story building, in which were four boilers and engine. At one end of this boiler-room was a large chimney 75 or 80 feet in height. This chimney was the cause of all the mischief. The lightning struck the chimney, completely demolishing it, and then ran down the interior of it into the engine-room, striking in its course the supply pipes, which at once caused the boilers to explode with a fearful crash.

At least this is the theory, but the precise facts will never be known, as the engineer, the only person who could possibly throw any light upon the matter, was instantaneously killed. At the moment of explosion there was a loud and tremendous peal of thunder—indeed, so appalling was the crash that many persons living in the immediate vicinity of the disaster were not aware that a boiler explosion had taken place till some time afterward.

Two of the boilers were driven with frightful velocity through a brick wall to a distance of 600 feet, snapping in their course large and stalwart trees like so many twigs. The other two boilers took an opposite direction, being hurled across the street, and through a brick stable, which they completely destroyed, finally burying themselves in the rope-walk of Messrs. WALL & SONS.

To add to the terror of the scene, the buildings caught on fire, but owing to the prompt arrival of Hose Carriage No. 2 the flames were quickly subdued without doing any further amount of damage.

Captain SULLIN, of the Forty-sixth Precinct, with a squad of men was quickly upon the ground, and he found Engineer WILLIAM BOYLE lying upon the sidewalk, outside the building, face downward, with a heavy plate of iron resting upon his back; before raising him he was found quite dead. His left leg had been cut off just below the knee, and both arms were shattered, hanging to his body by mere shreds of skin.

Deceased was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife and four children, the eldest not more than 10 years of age, to mourn his untimely death. The grief of these little ones and their mother was heart-rending to behold, and it was a relief when some kindly-disposed neighbors led them from the scene.

It is a matter of wonderment that no more casualties occurred, for in the factory proper, the roof of which was torn completely off, there were over 300 people employed, all of whom escaped without the slightest injury.

Coroner SMITH held an inquest during the afternoon, and from the testimony elicited it was shown that the deceased, WILLIAM BOYLE, was not killed by the explosion of the boilers, but by lightning, and a verdict to that effect was rendered.

The damage done to the building and those in the immediate vicinity is estimated at about $20,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THERE are but few changes in fashion to chronicle this month. As the weather has grown warmer, dresses lighter and brighter in color and of lighter materials have become more generally worn; but, with this exception, there is little else to notice. Muslins, of course, are greatly in fashion, chiefly, though, for indoor wear; not merely those elegant printed robes with deep borders of flowers and extremely rich shawl patterns, but plain white muslins trimmed with sky-blue or rose color taffeta ribbon, up the centre of which some running pattern is embroidered, and the edges of which are bordered with Valenciennes lace. The "peplum," the new capuchin-shaped jacket, with long pointed ends falling frequently in front as well as behind, is generally worn with robes of this description; and, when so, is invariably made to match the robe itself. Taffeta robes with long trains and jupes cut *fourreau*, and with casaques of the same material or of white lace, are very commonly worn on grand occasions, those of a delicate green tint shotted with violet appearing to have the preference. One observes, too, in the Bois de Boulogne, numerous robes of gaze de Chambéry of rich pale tints or embroidered over with Lamballe blue, mauve, rose, or amber-color spots, or perhaps of maize-color, with watered ground, all having casaques to match; these casaques being frequently trimmed with long pearl drops. The above-mentioned robes are all made without pleats and are worn without crinolines, the jupon being of white cambric muslin, with one or two small flounces or plaited at the bottom, and having an *entre-deux* of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux; indeed, so endless is the variety at this moment in vogue that it would seem almost impossible to introduce any novelty that was not in too striking contrast to the present mode to stand the least chance of being adopted. Chapeaux of black straw, with yellow straw trimming that more than partially covers them, and occasionally a single flower or small bunch of fruit at the side, have just been introduced. They are evidently intended for country or sea-side wear.



"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Casaque and robe cut *fourreau* of fine gray mohair, the jupon ornamented at the bottom with a row of "patties" of light porcelain blue taffeta fastened with small buttons. The robe is raised by a band of blue taffeta, which catches it up at regular distances and gives the idea of a tunic. The casaque is ornamented in the same style as the jupon. The chapeau is of rice straw, bordered with plaits of pink taffeta, and with strings to correspond; at the side is a cluster of roses. Parasol covered with imitation algæ.

Fig. 2. Robe, with casaque and double skirt en suite of violet silk trimmed with white lace or a straw-colored passementerie. The chapeau is of goffered tulle of the same shade of color as the robe.

Fig. 3. Robe and peplum of striped foulard (green on a white ground), ornamented with guipure Cluny. Chapeau Lamballe of fancy straw, with a large bow of green satin ribbon bordered with black lace placed in the centre of the crown; green satin strings.

Fig. 4. Robe of blue taffeta with a double row of straw-color chenille fringe at the lower part of the skirt. Paletôt-sac of the same material as the robe and trimmed to correspond. Chapeau of straw with rows of blue ribbon diverging star-shape from the centre of the crown, and on which are arranged single ears of corn that take the same diverging form.

THE "MIANTONOMOH."

THE Monitor *Miantonomoh*, with a paddle war vessel called the *Asheulot*, and the sloop of war *Augusta*, arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, June 16. They came from St. Johns, Newfoundland, whence they sailed on the morning of the 6th inst., having thus made the voyage across the Atlantic in ten days and a few hours. The *Miantonomoh* is a new ship, built in the naval dock-yard, New York, in 1865, and, though never tried in any engagement, is considered to be superior to any other vessel of the kind constructed for the late war, both as a seagoing and a fighting ship. Her hull is in shape like any ordinary vessel, but from a distance is scarcely perceptible above the water, and resembles nothing more than a huge raft of timber, with two immense turrets and a funnel. The armament consists of four Dahlgren 480 lb. guns and one 12 lb. howitzer. The crew numbers 160 men. The *Miantonomoh* proved herself a first-rate ship in her ocean passage. She brought as passengers Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Department of the United States Government, and an Attaché of the English Embassy at Washington. The *Asheulot*, which accompanies the *Miantonomoh*, is a paddle-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1866.

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steamer, capable of steering from either end. She was built at Boston in 1865, and is of 700-horse power. The armament consists of ten 48-inch shell guns, two 60 lb. rifles, two 20 lb. rifles, two 24 lb. howitzers. The *Augusta* is employed as tender to the *Miantonomoh*, and, previously to being purchased by the United States Government, was a passenger-ship from Charleston to New Orleans. During the civil war she rendered good service in watching blockade-runners, having captured property to the value of over a million of dollars. The American ships were visited in the harbor of Queenstown by frequent and large parties of excursionists, greatly to the profit of the railway and steamer companies.

The *Miantonomoh* has two turrets, 18 feet in diameter, in each of which are two 15-inch guns. Each turret carries, as a second story, a pilot-house. The sides of the turret consist of eleven inch-thick plates of iron laid upon each other. On the withdrawal of the guns the port-holes can be instantaneously closed by large masses of iron. The armor-plating of the ship extends vertically from her deck downward about 9 feet, and is composed of six inch-thick plates bolted together, and backed with a total solid thickness of 3 feet of oak. The iron plating overhangs the general line of the hull fore and aft. The hull is of timber, 3 feet thick. The upper deck is planked with 3-inch deal, under which are iron plates $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches in thickness, resting on 18 inches of beams and wooden backing. The general dimensions of the *Miantonomoh* are as follow: Length over all, 259 feet; breadth, 57 feet; depth of hold, 19 feet; tonnage, 1560. The *Miantonomoh* has two screws, one under each quarter, of 10 feet 6 inches diameter and 15 feet pitch. She has no less than seventeen separate engines to work her screws, turrets, ventilating-fans, steering-gear, and capstans. Her speed may be safely stated at $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots, though in fair weather and under favorable circumstances she has made $11\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

The presence of this Monitor in a British port has occasioned a great deal of excitement, and the vessel has created an almost universal admiration. The general impression made was that the American iron-clads and their armaments were superior to those of the British Navy. On the other hand, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking exception to the general opinion, speaks thus of the guns of the *Miantonomoh*:

"Without attempting to pronounce offhand an opinion as to the respective offensive and defensive powers of the *Miantonomoh* and our own ships of war, we may say emphatically, and with all confidence, that, if the artillery equipments of the two were to change places, we should certainly have much sounder grounds for uneasiness and alarm than exist at present. The *Miantonomoh*'s guns are cast iron, superior, it is probable, to our own cast-iron guns, but infinitely inferior, there is little doubt, to the system of wrought-iron ordnance which we have elaborated at so much care and expense. They are also smooth-bore guns, whereas, for sound technical reasons, not to be detailed within the scope of a short article, we have discarded smooth bores and adopted for the best and most advanced type of our heavy naval guns a very efficient system of rifled ordnance. Further, these American guns fire only spherical cast-iron shot and shell—a description of projectile which our experiments have shown to be comparatively useless for penetrative purposes, and for which we have wisely substituted 'chilled' iron shot and steel shell. Finally, the velocity with which the 450-lb. shot of the *Miantonomoh* are capable of being projected by the comparatively low charges used is very much below what is necessary to secure *penetration*—except perhaps at the very shortest ranges; and although we are told that the Americans advocate the theory of heavy weights and low striking velocities, in opposition to direct penetration, it should be borne in mind that this theory had at one time many able supporters in this country, that the experiments which were made upon the subject were considered to have exploded it; and lastly, that its retention by the Americans is probably rather a consequence than a cause of the system of heavy artillery which they have adopted.

"It is not unreasonable to conjecture that the history of this system is somewhat as follows: Powerful ship-guns were required when the means of production in America were seriously hampered, and when there was little time for experiment. Huge cast-iron guns which would project huge cast-iron shot with moderate charges recommended themselves on account of the comparative facility with which they could be produced; and for the present this system, with its attendant theory, prevails in America. But with such a system the results of our experiments would not have allowed us to rest content; and there is now no reason to doubt that that which we have deliberately adopted is the more efficient and satisfactory of the two. Be this, however, as it may, and conceding that each presents certain points of advantage, it is desirable to point out that we have not been taken by surprise in this matter; that our acquaintance with American fifteen-inch guns does not date from the arrival of the *Miantonomoh*; and that unless further experience should contradict that which we have so laboriously acquired it would be unreasonable to express anxiety as to the comparative efficiency of our own system of heavy ordnance."

ST. PETER'S.

IT has been said that perhaps no city in the world abounds with such a number of churches as Rome, or with fewer handsome ones as respects their architecture. Seven of the earliest churches of Rome are still called Basilicas, and enjoy a metropolitan rank. Four of them are within the walls—St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, Sante Croce in Gierusalemme; and three outside the walls—S. Paolo, S. Sebastiano, and S. Lorenzo.

Foremost among them all is St. Peter's, which GIBBON styles "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." It occupies the site of a Basilica built by CONSTANTINE in 306, but has nothing except the name in common with the ancient style of buildings. Of the present church the foundation was laid by JULIUS II. in 1506, and the building was dedicated by URBAN VIII. in 1626, its erection having been spread over the reigns of twenty Popes, and carried on by twelve different architects, the most celebrated of who were BRAMANTE, who planned the building in the form of a Greek cross, with a hexastyle portico and a cupola in the centre, and erected the piers and arches that support the dome; RAPHAEL, who changed the plan from a Greek to a Latin cross; MICHAEL ANGELO, who returned to the former, and designed the dome; GIACOMO DELLA PORTA, who completed the dome; and MADERNO, who returned to the Latin cross plan, and added the *façade*. Of all the parts of the building the work of the last architect is the most open to criticism; for the front, as seen from the piazza, is so prominent and almost to hide the dome; whereas, had BRAMANTE and MICHAEL ANGELO's plan of a Greek cross and a *façade* like that of the Pantheon been followed, the whole dome would have been seen from the piazza. The situation, too, of the building is singularly unfortunate, in a hollow surrounded on three sides with hills, so that the exterior view does not show the church to advantage. But the interior is unrivaled for grandeur and beauty. Its immense size is not perceived on account of the exquisite proportions of the whole, and the colossal dimensions of the statues in the niches and the mosaics on the dome.

The stupendous dome, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, is altogether unrivaled, and has justly been pronounced the triumph of modern architecture. The ascent to the top of the church is so gradual as to be accessible to persons on horseback; from thence the dome is reached by a succession of ingeniously-contrived staircases. From the top an extensive prospect may be obtained of the beautiful amphitheatre of hills which incloses the Campagna on all but the western side; the summits of the loftier Apennines behind, wreathed with snow; the Tiber in its sinuous windings through the district; in the distance the blue waters of the Mediterranean gleaming in the sunbeams; and, far beneath, Rome, with her churches, her palaces, her dark and distant ruins, the rich verdure and golden fruit of the orange-gardens of her convents, contrasting with the deep shade of their mournful cypresses. Beneath the dome stands the high altar, under a canopy of solid bronze, covered with the richest ornaments. The monuments are for the most part unworthy of the church; but to an English visitor there is a singular interest in CANOVA'S monument of the last of the infatuated and unfortunate race of STUART. The principal dimensions of St. Peter's are as follows: Length in the interior, 613 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles, including the pilasters that divide them, $197\frac{1}{4}$ feet; height of the nave, 152 feet; length of the transepts, $446\frac{1}{2}$ feet; diameter of the dome, including the walls, 195 feet, or nearly 2 feet more than that of the Pantheon; diameter of the dome in the interior, 139 feet, or 3 feet less than that of the Pantheon; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet; to the summit of the cross outside, 448 feet. Thus the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral in London might stand within the shell of St. Peter's, and yet leave $46\frac{1}{2}$ feet at either end, 25 feet all round the cupola, and 64 feet above the dome. The semicircular colonnades on each side of the piazza in front of the church form, along with the covered galleries that extend from them to the portico, a magnificent approach to St. Peter's.

LORD DERBY'S STATEMENT.

On the evening of July 9, on the occasion of Lord Derby's inaugural statement, the House of Lords presented an unusually brilliant and animated scene. The area was filled with peers. All the members of the new and of the late Government having seats in the Upper House were present, with scarcely an exception, and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge joined the neutrals on the cross benches, the Princess of Wales being up stairs. As many members of the other House as could find room thronged the space at the bar and before the throne, as well as the corner galleries. The gorgeous hues of the golden chamber, glowing in the sunshine, were enhanced by the flush of bright color along the ladies' gallery on either side, and by contrast with the dark crowd below. Lord Derby's eloquence, and the peculiar circumstances of his third accession to office as the Chief Minister of the Crown, added to the interest with which the proclamation of the policy of a new Government was naturally received.

Lord Derby began by expressing his personal reluctance, on account of his years and health, to return to public life, and the sense of duty under which he had undertaken the task to which he was invited by the Queen. He referred to the errors by which the late Government had fallen in pledging themselves to Reform before they had time to feel the pulse of the new Parliament, by miscalculating their party strength, and in producing a hasty, crude, and fragmentary bill. Lord Derby was at some pains to explain that in his offers of office to Lord Clarendon, the Duke of Somerset, the late Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grosvenor, and others who did not belong to his own party, he had in view not a coalition, but a Government on an enlarged basis, which was a very different thing. He had felt bound to undertake the construction of a Conservative Government, lest his refusal to do so should be construed as an avowal of the dissolution of that great party. After describing the difficulty of distributing offices, of placing some forty or fifty gentlemen each in the position most accordant with his own wishes and at the same time consistent with the public interest, "of putting three times the number of candidates into one-third the number of available places," Lord Derby broadly sketched the principles of his Government on the two great questions of Foreign Policy and Parliamentary Reform. On the former subject he said:

"My earnest desire is that the Foreign Office should contribute to the preservation of the peace of this country and of the world. I hold that it is the duty of the Government of this country, placed as this country is with respect to geographical position, to keep itself upon terms of good-will with all surrounding nations, but not to entangle itself with any single or monopolizing alliance with any one of them; above all, to endeavor not to interfere needlessly and vexatiously with the internal affairs of any foreign country, nor to volunteer to them unasked advice with regard to the conduct of their affairs, looking at them from our point of view, and not considering how different are the views and feelings of those whom we address. Above all, I hold that it is the duty of a Government to abstain from menace if they do not intend to follow that menace by action.... The policy of the Government with regard to such a war as that now raging is studiously to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality between all the contending parties, only ready at any time to offer their good offices, if there appeared the slightest gleam of hope that, combined with those of other neutral Powers, such as France and Russia, they might lead to a termination of this bloody struggle and to the restoration of peace. And I believe that influence would not be less efficaciously exercised because it was attended with no menace and by no needlessone desire to give unasked advice, because we could have no selfish policy and no desire of reaping any advantage for ourselves, except that one inestimable advantage of staying the effusion of blood and restoring to Europe the blessings of prosperity and peace."

A friendly allusion to the United States, the expression of a hope that the federation of our American colonies might soon be accomplished, and a congratulation on the way in which Fenianism had been met were included in this part of the speech. As to Reform, Lord Derby declared himself perfectly free and unpledged. He adopted Lord Russell's rule that no Government was justified in bringing in a Reform Bill without having a reasonable prospect of carrying it, and Lord Grey's opinion that a settlement could be effected only by a mutual understanding between the two great parties in the country. He added:

"Nothing certainly would give me greater pleasure than to see a very large increase in the number of electors, and a very considerable portion of the class now excluded admitted to the franchise. On the other hand, I am afraid that those who are most clamorous for the passing of a Reform Bill are not those who would be satisfied with any measure such as could be approved by the two great political parties of the country. I greatly fear that any measure of a moderate character which would be introduced—I do not mean to say it is an argument against introducing it—would not put a stop to the agitation which prevails, and would only be made a stepping-stone for further organic changes. As I said before, I reserve to myself the most entire liberty, and after what has passed it is not an unreasonable reservation. Of this I am quite sure, that if there is no reasonable prospect of passing a sound and satisfactory measure, it is of infinite disadvantage to the country that session after session should be lost, and that measures of useful legislation should be put a stop to by continual contests over Reform Bills which, after occupying the whole session, fail in passing, and only leave the session barren of practical results."

Lord Derby promised that attention should be given to the bankruptcy law, the poor law, and especially the treatment of the poor in work-houses, and the condition of Ireland with a view to the repeal of exceptional legislation. In conclusion, he spoke of the prospect which he hoped before long to see realized, of a new arrangement of parties which would place on the one side those who were in favor of dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution, and on the other side all those who, while they would not resist safe legislative progress, were determined to adhere to the Constitution and to those institutions under which the country had so long been loyal, prosperous, and happy.

THE REASON.

LADY, I see your eyes that glance my way;
I mark your radiant beauty as you move;
I know that at a word which I might say,
Love would be met by love.

Why is it that I leave that word unsaid?
Why am I gravest to your brightest smiles?
And wherefore do I turn a listless head
Deaf to your queenly wiles?

I know how many seek you, whom the spell
Of your fair face draws all resistless on:
How your soft-syllabled "No" has oft to tell
You are not lightly won.

I know that these you chill, and me you seek—
Me, not more worthy: me, so stern and still;
Nor am I silent from a fear to speak,
Or from divided will.

Nor deem it is in malice that I wait
Until that it might please me to repay
Love with the largess of myself—so late
From willing proud delay.

No, no. 'Twere basest treason even in thought,
To thy high soul, that should not stoop to sue;
To thee, to whom all lowly I have sought
To render homage due.

Lady, I have no love to give. Ere now
'Tis given, to one with face as fair as thine:
Few years had pass'd upon her ivory brow
When all her heart was mine.

Do I not claim her? *She is claim'd:* and I
Am happy, though sometimes mine eyes be dim—
She whom God lent of His great charity
Hath now return'd to Him.

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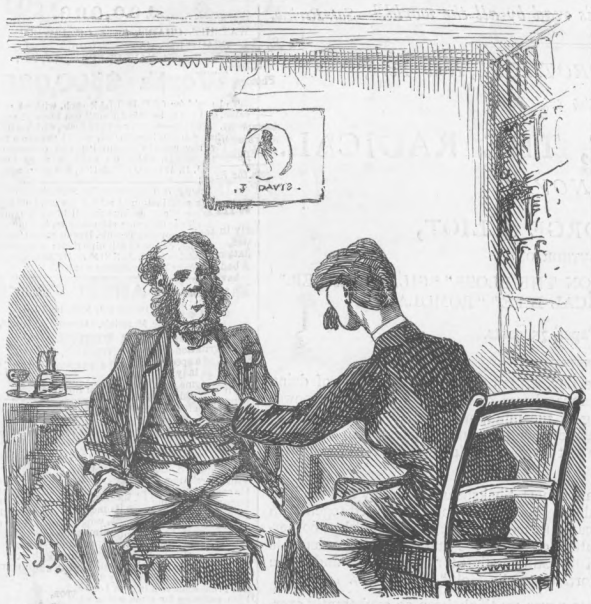
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THE CONSISTENT DEMOCRAT.

MANAGING MAN. "You must be a Delegate to this Philadelphia Convention!"

CONSISTENT DEMOCRAT. "Is it on the basis of the Constitution as it was?"

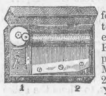
MANAGING MAN. "Yes, and on the principle of love and cherish your enemies; and, what's more, BEN WOOD and VALLANDIGHAM will be there."

CONSISTENT DEMOCRAT. "Then I am with you!"

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Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz.:
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2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ankle.
6th.—The Calf.





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TREASURER: J. B. HUTCHINSON, Cashier National Bank of the Metropolis.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 502.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE REVIEW AT LONG BRANCH.

THE review of the New Jersey Militia by Governor WARD, on the 26th of July, was not an ordinary parade. The occasion made the day one of very great interest to the whole State. Long Branch was thronged with the beauty and fashion of New Jersey. It was also announced that General MEADE, who has been spending a few days at this popular place of summer resort, would honor the troops with his presence and criticisms. But owing to other engagements General MEADE was not present. For several days Major-General RUNYON's Brigade of New Jersey Militia have been enjoying at Long Branch their annual encampment. The encampment is pleasantly located a short distance from the beach, and presents a clean, neat, and most creditable appearance. The officers preserve excellent discipline, and drill their men regularly. We did not hear a complaint made by any of the citizens of the conduct of the men. The men look brown and sun-burnt, but, notwithstanding their exposure to the sun and their hard drills, seem to enjoy the sport very much. The encampment is visited daily by the ladies stopping at the Branch, and the dress parades in the evening have become an attractive feature in the daily programme. Two good brass bands belong to the Brigade, and contribute greatly to the entertainment of visitors.

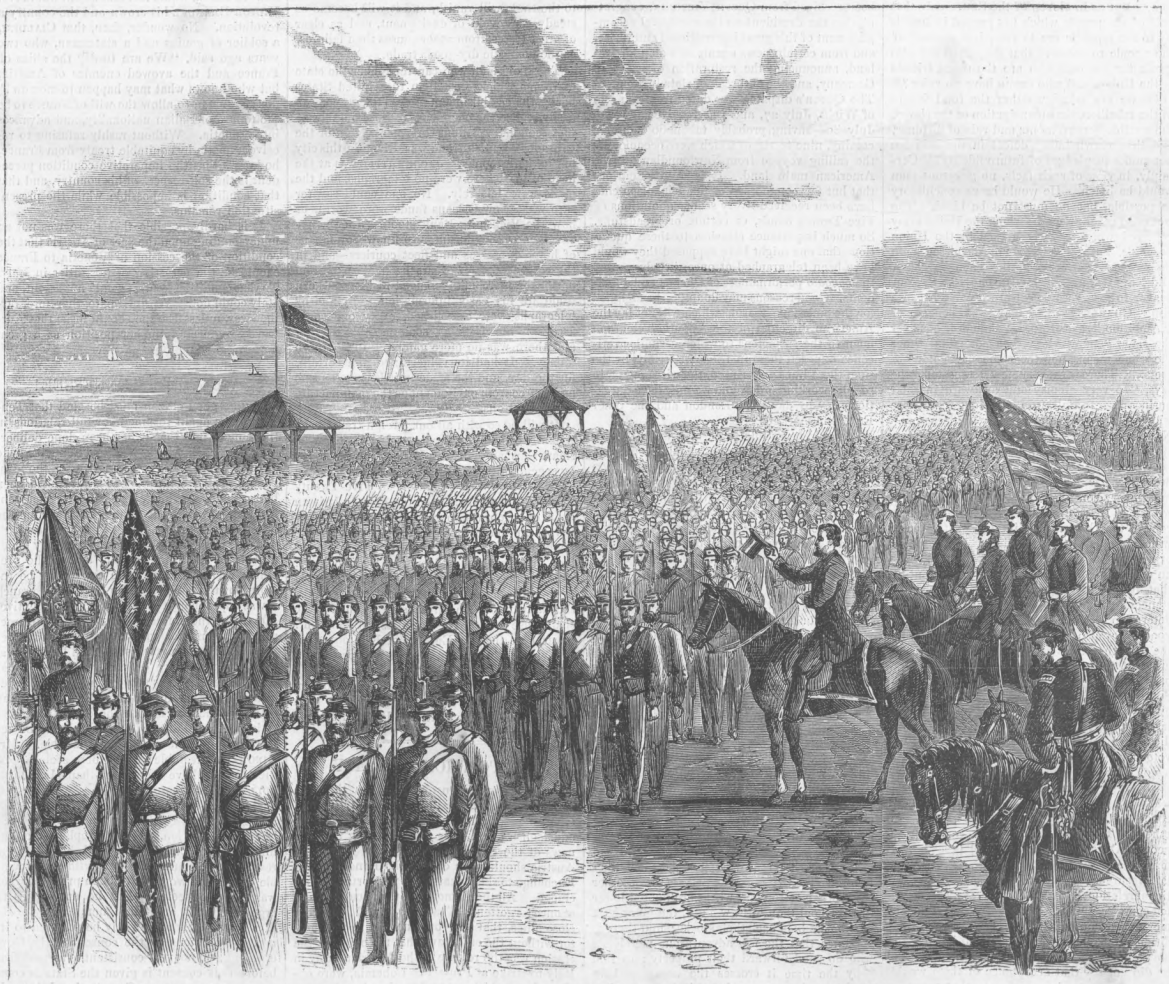
At 5 o'clock the line was formed facing the hotel. At this time the square and the streets were packed with eager sight-seers, while the front of the hotel, and every available window and balcony in the vicinity, were occupied by bright and smiling ladies. General RUNYON took command of the parade immediately, and exercised the men slightly in the manual of arms. Governor WARD shortly arrived upon the ground with his brilliant staff, and was received with regulation honors. The Governor and the General, accompanied by the officers of their respective staffs, rode up and down the line, expressing great satisfaction with the appearance of the troops. The Brigade then marched past the Governor in review, with company front. Their marching was excellent; but the First and Second Regiments divided the honors for steady marching and neat and soldierly appearance. The Brigade marched past a second time at "route step" and "right shoulder shift," after which the line was again formed. After a little more exercising in the manual of arms the troops were marched back to camp. The Brigade consists of the First Regiment, of Newark, Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. PROVOST commanding; the Second Regiment, of Newark, Colonel JOSEPH W. PLUME commanding; the Third Regiment, Colonel URIAH DE HART commanding; First Battalion, Major D. D. BUCHANAN commanding; Second Battalion, Major A. B. M'KEON commanding; the Newark City Battery (two brass 12-pounders), Captain MATTHEW WATERS commanding, and Captain W. F. GIRD's company of Newark City Cavalry. The review was admirably conducted throughout; the Brigade looked admirably, and showed a degree of proficiency highly creditable to all concerned.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

DURING the Crimean War, and more especially in the war in Italy in 1859, "arms of precision"—that is, guns that would carry a projectile far and carry it sure—were the great desideratum. In both these struggles attention was particularly given to having cannon of far and accurate range; the French and English infantry were armed with rifles, and though these were all muzzle-loaders, and were mainly valued for picking off sentries and in rifle-pit practice, they were found to be a most efficient weapon in the hands of the bulk of the army. The possession of Lancaster and other guns of long range gave the English the advantage over the Russians in the contest before Sebastopol; but it was reserved for the campaign in Italy in 1859 to demonstrate the vast superiority of rifled cannon over the old smooth-bore pieces then still in use in the Austrian army. The French *canon rayés* largely contributed to winning the battle of Solferino, and showed that "arms of precision" conferred an enormous advantage upon troops so armed over opponents who had adhered to obsolete patterns.

That was one great step in the practice of war. But another, equally if not more important, has since been introduced, namely, the construction of breech-loading cannons as well as breech-loading rifles. At Solferino it was the greater rapidity as much as the higher range of the French cannon which told upon the Austrians; and through the whole of the battles in Bohemia it has been the rapid fire of the needle-gun which has enabled the Prussians to conquer. The Prussians do not appear to have displayed in any marked manner superior generalship, greater bravery, or better discipline than the Austrians. They won battle after battle chiefly because they outnumbered the Austrians, but no small measure of their success is to be attributed to their possession of the needle-gun. It is doubtful whether the Prussian needle-gun is at all superior to our Spencer repeating-rifle. But if we are to judge from our experience with the latter, these breech-loading rifles are chiefly available on the skirmish line. It is frequently the case in a great battle that, from one cause or another, their superiority is of no avail. This was the case at the battle of Sadowa. It is very doubtful whether the needle-gun of the Prussians was any very great advantage—the battle was won, we think, not on account of better rifles, but by reason of greater numbers and superior strategy.

The latest story about the needle-gun and the



REVIEW OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE MILITIA BY GOVERNOR WARD AT LONG BRANCH, JULY 26, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY ENGLISH.]

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furore it is exciting in Paris is told by the correspondent of the *Star:* "The Prince Imperial asked his father to explain the difference between the needle-gun and the ordinary fire-arm to him. Wishing to give example to theoretical demonstration, the Emperor went down to the court of the Tuileries, and calling the sentinel said to him, 'Mon brave, load and fire to amuse these children,' the children being the young Prince and l'Espinasse. Meanwhile his Majesty, who had a needle-gun in his hand, loaded and fired five times before the private had fired his single shot. The soldier was amazed. 'Hein,' said the Emperor, 'it's quicker work with this gun than with yours; would you like to have one?' 'Certainly, Sire.' 'Then so you shall,' answered the Emperor."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

POP-GUNS SPIKED.

THOSE who think that when the late insurgents laid down their arms all our dangers and difficulties ended, if we would only consent to see it so, and who denounce Congress as maliciously or stupidly delaying reunion because it thought that in the gravest political crisis we have ever known it was not unwise to act only upon patient reflection, constantly repeat certain questions as if they were conclusive arguments.

Thus, speaking of those who have been foiled in their effort to destroy the Government, it is asked whether, by excluding them from a share in it, we expect to make them any more friendly to it? Certainly not; nor is there any wish to exclude them. But the very terms of the objection imply that they are not now well-disposed toward it. Is it, then, unwise to take reasonable, and only reasonable, security against acknowledged evil dispositions?

Or it is said that they are now as fit as they ever will be to resume their relations in the Union. Is it, then, unkind to the country to make that resumption as harmless as possible?

Or it is asked whether we admit "that the people of the United States are deficient in either the wisdom or the virtue necessary to continue the existence of the republic?" No more than MR. SEWARD, who asks the question. But as in eleven of the States only that half of the people which has proved its hostility to the republic are to vote, is it distrust of the people to demand that they shall not also speak for the half who are the truest friends of the Union, and who are to have no voice?

Or we are asked whether the total failure of the rebellion, the emancipation of the slaves, the terrible bereavements and ruin of fortunes, and the overwhelming defeat in the field are not sufficient pledges of future fidelity? Certainly, in view of such facts, no generous man would be harsh. He would be as conciliatory as possible, but he must not be blind. The wounded rebel prisoners whom the Union army captured were tenderly nursed in the Union hospitals, but they were not dismissed with their arms to return to the enemy's camp. Did King GEORGE THE THIRD any the less endeavor to assert the royal prerogative because King CHARLES THE FIRST was beheaded? "Ambition," says BURKE, "though it has ever the same general views, has not at all times the same means nor the same particular objects.....There are very few statesmen," he says, "so very clumsy and awkward in their business as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." Now the opinions and purposes of the late insurgents have not changed. We do not expect them, indeed, to renew the rebellion to destroy the Union; but we do expect, and so must every sensible man, that, in conjunction with the Democratic party, they will try to control the Government in the spirit of caste which produced the rebellion. Is it unkind or ungenerous to insist that they shall not have an unfair advantage in the contest? Granting that it is good policy under all the circumstances to allow every late insurgent State to determine who of its citizens shall vote, does good policy also require that if it excludes from the polls thousands of tried friends of the Government those friends shall be counted in the basis of national representation? Because the South Carolina planter has been ruined by his own rebellion, and because it is good policy to let by-gones be by-gones, is it, therefore, vindictive to insist that he shall not throw two votes for every one cast by the farmer of Illinois or New Hampshire?

Or we are asked whether it is honorable, when the insurgent States have accepted the conditions originally proposed, to insist upon others? But when until now have the loyal people of the Union represented in Congress offered any terms upon accepting which the late insurgent States might resume their national relations? The President, indeed, without consultation with Congress, during the summer and autumn of 1865, mentioned certain conditions which he said he considered indispensable preliminaries to such resumption. But even he did not say that acceptance of them would entitle the States in question to that resumption. So late as the beginning of November, 1865, he telegraphed through Mr. SEWARD to Governor PERRY of South Carolina that "it is impossible to anticipate events." His opinion of what it might be necessary for a State to do could not possibly bind Congress. He did not suffer it to bind himself. And if later these expressions of opinion were called a policy, and the President assumed that, having done what he suggested, the States were entitled to representation, the situation was not in the least changed. The honor of the country could not be engaged until Congress approved his opinions and authorized his terms. If the late insurgents thought it was, they were plainly mistaken, and their error could not bind the country to its peril.

Again we are asked whether it is constitutional or just to govern States without representation? But this objection is an intentional sophism. Was not the legislation of Congress during the war constitutionally and justly binding upon the States which were not represented? May a State by refusing to be represented absolve itself from the supremacy of national law? And if a State withdraws its representation for the purpose of destroying the Government, may not the people of the States that remain loyal and save the Government rightfully determine upon what terms, consistent with a republican government, that representation may be resumed? Moreover, what is the force of this objection, urged as it is, for instance, by Governor ORR of South Carolina, a State which deprives half its adult male population of representation?

If the war were an exhilarating little tournament, which, being ended, the knights ride jingling home to dinner, prudence and reflection are plainly impertinent. But if it were a serious and radical conflict of principles and tendencies which, whatever the result of war, still remain because they are rooted in human nature, then to insist that every thing is settled by a surrender of arms is simply in turn to surrender common-sense.

FINANCIAL ASPECT OF THE TELEGRAPH.

THE Atlantic Telegraph is once more a success. At the hour we write, dispatches have been received from Queen VICTORIA, congratulating the President on the successful accomplishment of this great international enterprise, and from certain news agents at Valentia, Ireland, announcing the restoration of peace in Germany, and the outbreak of riots in London. The Queen's dispatch was dated from the Isle of Wight, July 27, and was received here on July 30—having probably taken 60 hours in coming, nine to ten of which were occupied by the sailing voyage from Newfoundland to the American main land. It is a little curious that but few commercial or financial dispatches have been received—very scanty quotations of Five-Twenty bonds, or cotton, or breadstuffs. So much importance attaches to these quotations that one might have supposed they would have been telegraphed at once, in advance of the *obligato* performances of Queens and Presidents. Good reasons may doubtless be assigned for the omission; reasons which will not lay the American directors of the Atlantic Telegraph open to the suspicions to which a similar reticence exposed them in 1858. Possibly, by the time these lines are printed, the wire may be in regular working order, and we may have quotations day by day from London and the other European markets.

It would be as idle to descant upon the advantages of the Telegraph, should it prove a practical success, as to commend the operation of the mariner's compass or to applaud the multiplication table. All will admit that it is an advantage to shorten communication between the two worlds from ten days to ten minutes. But while every body concedes the vast importance and substantial glory of the achievement with which the name of CYRUS FIELD will always be connected, people do not so generally realize how the Telegraph is going to affect business. And it may, perhaps, be worth while to show that its effect, in the main, will be to deprive our trade with Europe of its speculative character, and to establish it on as safe and as certain a basis as the internal trade between New York and the interior cities.

Let us illustrate the case. We ship to England breadstuffs and cotton. It is a maxim in both trades that, if you wish to make a profit, you must ship in the face of a loss—in other words, you must ship your goods at a time when the ruling quotations abroad are lower than the ruling quotations here. The reason is very simple. When cotton and wheat are higher in Liverpool than they are here, every one ships, the foreign market is glutted at once, and American shippers are more likely to lose than to make money. On the other hand, when cotton and wheat are quoted lower in Liverpool than in New York, the great bulk of shippers hold back their stocks; and there is a chance that the few adventurous merchants who do send forward their property may find—by the time it crosses the ocean—a bare market, and consequently a fair demand at advancing quotations. This has been the history of the export trade in cotton and breadstuffs for years, not to say generations. One of the oldest and wisest bankers in New York used to ask—when he heard of a house going into one of these two trades—how much capital have they got? If they had $100,000, he would tell his clerks to trust them—*i. e.*, to buy their bills, for a year; if they had $50,000, for six months; if they had $200,000, for two years. His experience had taught him that, at the expiration of these periods, their capital would, in nine cases out of ten, be exhausted, and they would fail. Now, the Atlantic Telegraph will put an end to all this speculative business and all these losses. An exporting merchant will sell his cotton in Liverpool the day he buys it in New York, and will ship it at his leisure without fear of risk. A produce dealer will not buy a barrel of flour or a bushel of grain for export until he has secured his profit by Telegraph. The trade will change entirely. Profits will be smaller but certain, and there will be but few losses. People will cease to assume, as a matter of course, the biennial failure of cotton and produce shippers.

On the other hand the foreign dry-goods trade will undergo a similar change. Hitherto importers and agents of European manufacturers have always been gamblers to some extent. They have guessed at the probable condition of the spring and fall markets; they have theorized as to the state of the money market; they have guessed at the probable bank expansion; and on the net result of their theories they have ordered goods. They have often been mistaken. Losses have not been as large as in the export trade, partly because the importation of dry goods in this country has seldom been in excess of the demand, and partly because our dry-goods men are by far the shrewdest merchants in the country. But still there have been many seasons when the dry-goods importers in this city would have paid the entire cost of the Atlantic Telegraph if they could have countermanded the orders they had sent out only a fortnight before. With the Telegraph all this will be altered. No orders for goods will be sent by mail. They will all go by Telegraph, and as a general rule the importer will secure a bid from the jobber before he transmits his order to Leeds or Rouen or Lyons. Whatever of speculation still adheres to the trade will vanish, and it will become as steady, as devoid of excitement, and as clear of great losses, from other causes than failures, as the domestic dry-goods trade.

Those old men who can remember the state of things which existed in the United States before the establishment of land telegraphs can easily realize the change. In those old days—they seem as ancient as COTTON MATHER or the Crusades—a brisk trade was driven in this city in Southern money. JACOB LITTLE was at the head of it. There were no telegraphs, and the mails were leisurely. No one could say for sure what New Orleans funds were worth, or how the Vicksburg Bank stood. JACOB LITTLE made it his business to know—by means of horse expresses and fleet couriers—and in the course of a few years he made a million out of the merchants engaged in the Southern trade by his early information. By-and-by telegraphs were established, every one could ascertain the facts as soon as Mr. LITTLE, and there was no more gambling in Southern money. It had its value, fixed and certain, for the day, and the trade in it became as safe and as free from excitement as the manufacture of horn buttons.

It will be so with all our foreign trade if the Atlantic cable prove a practical success. The smart German bankers who have made money by speculating between New York and London or New York and Frankfort in Five-Twenty bonds will find their vocation gone. It is an open question whether, in the long-run, they have ever made any thing; but there is no doubt they have often inflicted severe losses both on American and on European holders. This business—or at least the speculative part of it—will cease when the Telegraph transmits the daily quotations from side to side. We shall cease to see Five-Twenties five per cent. lower here than in Europe, or Erie eight per cent. higher in London than at the open Board of Brokers in this city. These anomalies will disappear, and the New York and London markets will show no greater variation than the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.

As experience constantly proves that the class complacently called by themselves and others "practical men" are the most visionary and foolish of all, it is not surprising that the news of the cession of Venetia to France by Austria should have caused the London Stock Exchange to shout that peace was virtually concluded. All the elements of the situation were at once forgotten. That Prussia and Italy were close allies, that one could not act in the matter without the other, and that the object of the cession was the release of the Austrian army in Italy to strike at Prussia in Bohemia, were obvious facts which controlled the situation and made peace extremely doubtful, except upon the assumption that its terms were to reduce Austria to a secondary position, and that she voluntarily accepted her defeat at Sadowa as a death-blow to her imperial power.

But apart from the more complicated view there was another, very simple and painfully evident, which should have moderated the crude transports of the Stock Exchange. The cession of Venetia to France was the humiliation of Italy. To expel Austria has been for years the inspiring hope of the peninsula. Incarnating Austria in the person of METTERNICH, so long its evil genius, the wish of Italy was

> "To feel his red wet throat distill
> In blood 'twixt my two hands."

It had for six years maintained an immense army at vast expense and political risk, to undertake the work of deliverance, and improving the first favorable hour, with Prussia in alliance, with France in sympathy, and the world hopefully looking on, it struck a brave blow, and was defeated. The moral reaction of that defeat we can conceive; but the total demoralization of accepting from France as a gift what it could not wrest from Austria as a right is inconceivable. If Italy gave Sardinia or any other province in exchange, it merely cut off one end of a field to add to the other. If Italy received Venetia as a free gift from France, it held it not by its own proved power but by the favor of France. The act of reception would acknowledge its own incompetency, when its asserted competency was really the valid ground of its claim. *Italia fará da se;* Italy can and will look out for itself, has been the Italian rallying cry. Can it consent, without the utmost self-contempt, to have NAPOLEON say to it, "Here, little fellow, I will take care of you!"

Nothing is plainer than that Italy can not repose upon the battle of Custozza. That battle showed, indeed, the valor of Italian troops, which had been doubted; and the incompetency of their leaders, which had been feared. It was unquestionably an honorable battle to the Italians, but it was none the less a defeat, and a defeat which must be repaired. It was a matter of course, then, that "the predominant sentiment was one of profound discontent" when the news of the cession reached Milan. It was to be expected that every just-minded Italian would feel that assent would cost VICTOR EMANUEL his crown and the country a revolution. No wonder, then, that CIALDINI, a soldier of genius and a statesman, who two years ago said, "We are to-day the allies of France and the avowed enemies of Austria, but who knows what may happen to-morrow?" does not mean to allow the will of France to be the tenure of Italian nationality, and advances into Venetia. Without rashly refusing to receive Venetia by equitable treaty from France, he knows that the imperative condition precedent is the self-respect of his country, and that that condition is impossible while the presen situation remains.

It is hardly possible that there was not an understanding upon the part of Austria that the condition of the cession of Venetia to France should be the cessation of hostilities in Italy. To that condition Prussia would not assent, and Italy could not. We anticipate, therefore, further war, unless Europe should insist that Austria be reduced from her position as a great power.

WELCOME, TENNESSEE!

EVERY good citizen must be glad that Tennessee has again resumed her full relations in the Union, and that it has been done deliberately and to the satisfaction of Congress, who are the immediate representatives of the loyal people of the country. It would have been better done, we think, by a simple concurrent resolution than by a joint resolution, for the latter requires the signature of the President, which it was evident could be given, only under protest, as the event proved; and as the preamble recited that a State could only be restored by the consent of the Legislative branch it was superfluous to ask that of the Executive. Moreover, the formal declaration of abstract right in the matter was unnecessary, and therefore unwise. Congress, supported by the loyal Union people, have definitely concluded that the late rebel States may resume their old relations under certain conditions. That decision being reached, as fast as those conditions are satisfied the States in question should be restored with as few words as possible. Mr. BINGHAM's preamble in the House seems to us, therefore, to have been wiser than Mr. TRUMBULL's in the Senate.

But these are points of mere detail and taste. The President's conduct in the matter is open to graver objection. Had he replied in a dignified tone to Congress, that while he signed the resolution he could not agree with the preamble, his course would have been precisely what was to be expected. But he undertakes to argue the point, and fails ignominiously. He says that if a State can only be restored to its national relations by the consent of the Government, it is not very consistent to assume that before that consent is given the State is competent to pass upon a Constitutional Amendment. If this be true, the President must first

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settle the account with himself. Either the Government may impose conditions or it can not. If it can, the conditions must seem such as are necessary, whatever form they may take. If it can not, if the late rebel States by the mere act of surrender resumed every relation in the Union, no part of the Government had any authority to require any condition whatever. This was as true last October as it is to-day. Yet on the 28th of that month the Secretary of State telegraphed to Provisional Governor JOHNSON of Georgia, "The President of the United States can not recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits as legal obligations contracted or debts created in their name to promote the war of the rebellion." Whence did the President derive authority to make such a condition?

The truth is, that this question is a point of mere political casuistry. It is unbecoming practical statesmen. It is what Mr. LINCOLN, with true insight, called "a pernicious abstraction." The President can not taunt Congress with inconsistency, for he is himself utterly illogical. He should certainly have learned that there are vital epochs in the life of nations that transcend technicalities, and that the readjustment of relations after so fierce a civil war, under a Constitution susceptible of such various interpretation as ours, is a matter to be approached in the calm spirit of fundamental principles, and not in the temper of hair-splitters. In the problem of reconstruction the Constitution is to be interpreted by the necessary intention of all government, and by the declared purposes of this Union. When the rebellion began, both rebels and Copperheads insisted that it could not be constitutionally resisted. Now that it is over, the same alliance contends that necessary and reasonable conditions of peace can not be constitutionally required. The loyal people of the country differed with them. Constitutionally they fought rebels, constitutionally they conquered them, and constitutionally they will do what is necessary to maintain their victory.

MAWWORM.

THE New York *Times* informs us that "Progress with the Abolition leaders means, first, Emancipation; next, Suffrage; and, finally, Amalgamation." Yet the *Times* knows perfectly well that where there is one of what it calls "the Abolition leaders" who theoretically holds that Government had better let people marry whom they choose, there are five hundred of what it calls "Conservatives" who are practical amalgamationists. Why does not the virtuous *Times* thunder against those who notoriously practice what it denounces, instead of snarling at those whom it assumes to theorize upon the subject?

In one of his speeches in the great Senatorial campaign in Illinois, Mr. DOUGLAS, in the spirit of the *Times* and *Daily News*, insinuated that Mr. LINCOLN was an amalgamationist. Mr. LINCOLN replied that he really could not see why he should marry a woman whom he did not fancy merely because he believed in the Declaration of Independence. So say the friends of Mr. LINCOLN now. They really can not see why marriage should not continue to be regulated by inclination merely because they believe that the peace of the Union requires the equality of all citizens before the law.

A LITTLE COMFORT.

MR. PETROLEUM V. NASBY, that zealous laborer in the Democratic vineyard, is cheered by the political prospect. A stanch adherent of the chief dogma of "the great Democratic party," that every white man is born with an inalienable right "to wallop niggers," his words of encouragement to all true Democratic believers must be most timely and refreshing. We advise our readers not to omit his letters, in which he records his observations and hopes and fears. His comments upon that jubilee of the Democratic brethren, the Philadelphia Convention of Messrs. RANDALL, PENDLETON, WEED, VALLANDIGHAM, RAYMOND, F. WOOD, & Co., we shall anticipate with pleasure. In a late letter Mr. NASBY says:

"I notice a revival uv the work in this part uv the Democratic vineyard which cheers me. The demonstrashun our friends made in Memphis, the canin' uv Grinnel by Rosso, and the call for a Joanson Convenshun in Philadelphia, all, all hev conspired to comfort the souls uv the Dimocrisy and encourage em to renewed effort. It is bringing forth fruit. Only last week five Northern men were sent whirlin' out uv this section—they dusted in the night to escape hangin', leavin' their goods as a prey for the righteous; six niggers hev bin killed, and one Burow officer shot. Trooly there is every thing to encourage us."

PUTTING TOO FINE A POINT UPON IT.

ONE of our excellent "conservative" journals, the earliest and strongest supporter of the Philadelphia Convention, objects to the admission of what it impolitely calls "Copperhead" delegates. But this is the very ecstasy of folly. The worthy "conservative" is going with all his heart into a convention with the late rebels, and refuses to sit down with the late friends of rebels. If Governor ORR should come, the "conservative" would offer him a pious welcome; but the Honorables FERNANDO WOOD, CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON must be shown the door, or the "conservative" will exclude himself!

But will our good friend explain of what offense the Honorable F. Wood is guilty that His Excellency Governor ORR has not committed? Is it pardonable in ORR to have taken up arms against the Union, and unforgivable in WOOD to have cheered him on at a safe distance? Is a rebel competent to advise upon the true policy of reorganization, and a Copperhead incompetent? Our "conservative" friend puts too fine a point upon it. May not a Copperhead repent as well as a rebel? Have the power and tenacity of the Union not been as clearly demonstrated to Mr. PENDLETON as to Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS? "Those whose sympathies were with secessionists are not embraced in the call," says our conservative. Yet the secessionists themselves are not excluded. The inference is plain. Only those whose sympathies are now with secessionists are invited. And they will come. Our "conservative" friend will discover that the men and the spirit that controlled the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864 will control the Philadelphia Surrender Convention of 1866.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just published "Felix Holt, the Radical," by GEORGE ELIOT, or Miss EVANS, the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola." The first impression upon reading it is of exquisite relief from the gross atmosphere of sensuality and crime in which so many of the popular current novels immerse us. It is a great delight to be lifted out of this miasma into the serene air of great principles, to feel yourself in the hands of a master, and to balance your pleasure between the earnestness, the wisdom, and the profound human interest of the tale upon one hand, and its rare literary art upon the other. The sagacity, the insight, the delicate appreciation, the tender sympathy, indeed the high and spiritual qualities of the book, are such as belong only to great gifts and deep experience. Miss EVANS has what may be called a manly mind, yet with the most thorough intelligence of womanly nature; so thorough, indeed, that every man must learn from her books what he did not know, and revere in women a still gayer and seemingly wayward fidelity than he had suspected. This fascinating complexity of nature is nowhere more subtly portrayed than in Esther Lyon, who is the heroine of the new novel.

Felix Holt himself is a true radical, although without the tenacious flexibility of texture and softer outline which gentler conditions of life would have given him. But he is neither a satire nor a caricature. Indeed, he has a primitive heroism of character so grand as almost to outrun sympathy. An educated man of the working-class who deliberately resolves to renounce all the methods by which energy, ambition, and intelligence usually ascend to wealth and distinction, and who devotes himself, without rhetoric, or sentimentality, or "buncombe" of any kind, to poverty and his own class in order that, feeling him to be one of them, they may heed what he says, and believe that what he is they can also be, is not a common man; and to describe him and his career so that your differences with him do not disturb your faith in his simplicity and admiration for his nobility, shows a very uncommon talent. To trace with delicate fidelity the influence of such a man upon a woman seemingly his opposite, to show the force of such a nature, gradually developing a beauty and grace in a woman deeper than the beauty and grace which were already apparent in her, and which merely concealed the other, as the original religious text of a palimpsest is hidden by the lighter modern lyric over-written—this is an intellectual feat and a triumph of art which the author of "Felix Holt" has fully accomplished. Her new novel seems to us in many points superior to any she has written, and it must rank among the very few really good novels in English literature.

"Inside: a Chronicle of Secession," by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, is a tale which is not new to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. Those who read it as it serially appeared in our columns will agree that we have had no picture of the interior life of the late "Confederacy" during the war which could be in any way compared with the vividness and startling reality of this. During its serial publication we have received many letters from the section of the country in which the scene of the story is laid. The savage denunciation and blank fury of some of these were plainly the wincing of an uneasy conscience; while the fervent and pathetic commendation of others showed how true and tender was the touch of the author. Written by one born and bred and always living in a Southern slave State, yet always faithful, by the most profound patriotic instinct, to the country, one who during the raging of the war was forced into silence, the work is not in the least unkind or ungenerous to whatever is noble in character and life in that part of the country. Indeed the worst types of character in it are what may be called renegade Yankees. The true Yankee, of which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the type, is one of the truest of men. But a renegade, a Yankee who is ashamed of the influences that make him such, and of the essential significance of the word, is among the most contemptible. "Inside" delineates also with remarkable skill the various shades of secession feeling within the "Confederacy." The honest, deluded cion; the sophistication of pride; the assumption of arrogant ignorance; the furious fanaticism of superstition; the sincere doubt; the sturdy conviction; the sentimental affectation—every aspect of the feeling is fairly presented. Moreover, the universal and insensible influence of slavery, which inspired the war, is every where evident although nowhere intruded. The novel is wholly American. Its startling reality and power of delineation of the aspect of one part of the country at so momentous a period will give it a kind of historic value entirely unique in our literature. There is indeed no man who, however heartily he may have aided the rebellion and honestly thought that Yankees were mere vermin to be exterminated, who may not as he reads this book honestly thank God that whatever the present feeling of sore exasperation may be, the cancerous root of discord between us all has been cut away with the knife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

July 24:

In the Senate, the Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted, increasing the salaries of members from $3000 to $5000.—The amendment appropriating one and a half millions for repairing the levees on the Mississippi was adopted.—The bill for the equalization of bounties was defeated; but this action was afterward reversed.

In the House, a message was received from the President on the joint resolution admitting Tennessee. He had signed the resolution. The credentials of the members from that State were referred to the Committee on Elections which soon made a favorable report, and the three members were sworn in.

July 25:

In the Senate, Mr. E. G. ROSS was sworn in as Senator from Kansas, vice Lane deceased.—Mr. Joseph S. Fowler, Senator-elect from Tennessee for the term ending March 4, 1861, had his credentials presented by Mr. Sherman, and took the oath of office.—The Senate voted to fix the date of adjournment on Saturday at noon.

In the House, Mr. KASSON introduced a bill to incorporate the National Farm School for Orphan and Dependent Children of Colored Soldiers, and other colored children, which was read a third time and passed.—Mr. WILLIAMS, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to restore the possession of lands confiscated by the authority of the States lately in rebellion. It makes it the duty of the President or commanding officer of the military forces stationed within the particular State or district, on complaint of any person dispossessed of property for adherence to the cause of the Union, to restore him in possession of the same. The bill was passed without a division.—A bill was reported and passed giving the courts of the United States power to grant writs of *habeas corpus* in all cases where any person may be restrained of liberty in violation of the Constitution of any treaty or law of the United States. The act is not to apply to the case of any person charged with any military offense, or with having aided or abetted the rebellion against the Government of the United States prior to the passage of this act.

July 26:

In the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Patterson, Senator-elect from Tennessee, were taken from the table and read. Mr. SUMNER moved that they be referred to the Committee of the Judiciary, with a view to inquire whether Mr. Patterson can take the oath required by the act of Congress and the rule of the Senate. After some debate the motion was carried; yeas 26, nays 14.—The House amendments to the resolution for the printing of the official history of the rebellion were concurred in, and the resolution goes to the President.

In the House, a bill was passed, directing the Secretary of the Interior to contract with Miss Minnie Ream for a life-size model and statue of the late President LINCOLN, to be executed by her, the price not to exceed $10,000.—The bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the States of Missouri and Arkansas to the Pacific coast, the corporation to be designated the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company, was passed. Mr. PRICE stated that as this road would run on the thirty-fifth parallel, there would be a width of three or four hundred miles between each of the three lines—Northern, Central, and Southern—so that they would not be competing.—The House joint resolution in relation to brevet appointments was passed. It provides that no such appointment shall hereafter be made without an accompanying statement in detail of the meritorious act or acts in consideration of which the brevet is given.—A message was received from the President in relation to the release of the Fenian prisoners in Canada.—The bill to revise the Neutrality Laws was next taken up, and gave rise to a debate of much interest, Mr. BANKS favoring the measure, Mr. RAYMOND proposing the appointment of a Committee, to whom the subject should be referred, to report at the next session. The bill was passed unanimously.—The report of the Conference Committee on the Tariff bill was disagreed to.

July 27:

In the Senate, the House bill amending the Neutrality Laws was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.—Mr. PATTERSON, of Tennessee, was admitted to his seat, by a vote of 21 to 11, he taking the prescribed oath.—The Nebraska bill was passed, 74 to 18, but it was not signed by the President, so that Nebraska is not yet admitted as a State into the Union.

In the House, Mr. BOUTWELL, of the Judiciary Committee, made a report on the alleged complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of President LINCOLN.—Mr. STEVENS reported back the Senate's amendments to the Civil Appropriation bill. The amendment appropriating $50,000 for repairing and building levees on the Mississippi River was non-concurred in. So also the amendment to increase the salaries of members of Congress to $5000 per annum.—The Air-line Railroad bill was passed.

July 28:

The Senate, after agreeing to the report of the Conference Committee, increasing the pay of members of Congress, and rejecting the bounty bill to soldiers, agreed to the report of another Committee, and granted the bounties to soldiers. It provides that those who enlisted for three years, and either served the whole term or were discharged for disability, shall receive $100; those for two years to receive $50.—After the passage of a resolution thanking Mr. FOSTER for his impartial conduct as presiding officer, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the main subject of interest during this last day of the session was the question of the bounty to soldiers. The Senate had rejected this, and had passed the bill increasing the salaries of members of Congress from $5000 to $5000, giving $8000 to the Speaker of the House, but modifying the existing pay for mileage of travel, so that the aggregate pay of members will not be largely increased. The House had rejected this. A Conference Committee, at the last moment, recommended the House to concur with the Senate in passing this and the bounty bill together, several members stating that they voted for this in order to save the bounty bill; and some members stating that they should not pay the extra compensation allotted to them to the soldiers. The report was finally agreed to by a vote of 51 to 50.—A message was received from the President vetoing a bill erecting the Territory of Montana into a separate surveying district, upon the ground that while it was wholly unnecessary, it gave a practical monopoly to the Montana and New York Iron, Mining, and Manufacturing Company.—The House, after having been in continuous session for 18 hours, adjourned, after passing unanimously a vote of thanks to the Speaker, Mr. COLFAX.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRESIDENT.

We have elsewhere spoken of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. On the 27th of July the Queen, being then at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, sent the following dispatch to the President of the United States:

"The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England."

This dispatch conveyed from the Isle of Wight to Valentia, thence sent over the ocean telegraph appears to have reached Heart's Content on the 29th. At 9 on the morning of the 30th it was conveyed by steamer to the nearest point of telegraphic communication with the United States; and at half past 11 the President sent the following reply:

"The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the Eastern and Western hemispheres may serve to strengthen and perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States."

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera has made its appearance in several parts of New York and Brooklyn, but has not as yet assumed the form of a confirmed epidemic. In New York, for the week ending July 28, there were 48 deaths reported as by cholera; but there were 176 from cholera infantum, and 139 from cholera morbus and other diarrhœal diseases. Of these probably some should have been set down as from cholera. The entire number of deaths was 771, not very much above the usual average at this season. Thus far, both in New York and Brooklyn, the disease has been confined mainly to the public institutions, and to ill-drained and ill-ventilated localities.

RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A severe riot occurred in New Orleans on the 30th of July. It grew out of the reassemblage of the Convention originally convened in 1864 to draft a new Constitution for the State. The colored population appear to have sympathized warmly in the meeting, and assembled in large crowds. Collisions occurred between them and the whites. When the Convention assembled a mob of whites gathered around the building, and by the middle of the afternoon the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. The Mayor issued a proclamation enjoining all citizens not regularly engaged in special police duty to retire to their homes. Finally, General BAIRD, commanding the troops there, proclaimed the city under martial law. During the course of the riot a number were killed, among whom were several members of the Convention. Reports, probably exaggerated, say that 100 negroes and 25 whites were killed.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has nominated Orville H. Browning, of Illinois, for Secretary of the Interior; and Daniel Clarke, the New Hampshire Senator, for Judge of the United States District Court of that State.

The testimony before the House Committee on the condition of Utah discloses the fact that the laws of the United States are openly and defiantly violated throughout the Territory, and that an armed force is necessary to preserve the peace and give security to the laws and property of citizens of the United States residing there. A copy of a special order issued in 1859 by Brigham Young was submitted to the Committee for the murder of eighty innocent men, discharged teamsters of General JOHNSTON's command, then at Fort Bridger, Utah, *en route* for California. Fortunately the officer designated to execute the order was a humane person and did not execute it.

Congress, by a recently enacted law, appropriated $60,000 for the purchase of cereal, vegetable, and flower seeds. Also, $14,000 for the propagation and distribution of the plants, cuttings, and shrubs, which are to be restricted to such as are adapted to general cultivation, and to promote the general interests of horticulture and agriculture.

There are at present 10,758 soldiers in the government hospitals.

From Fortress Monroe we get a somewhat detailed account of the reported disturbances on the eastern shore. The trouble appears to have originated in an attempt on the part of some whites to exercise their old-fashioned rights under the lynch law code, in hunting down some negroes for the purpose of searching for one who, they said, had attempted to cut the throat of a white man. The negroes were robbed, when they made complaint to the civil authorities, who issued warrants for the arrest of eleven of the white men. The 14th July was set apart for the hearing of the case. On that day about a hundred armed white men assembled, swearing they would kill every negro who attempted to testify, and threatened the magistrate with violence if the proceedings were continued. The magistrate, seeing the state of affairs, sent for the aid of the United States troops, on whose arrival the lynchers were not to be found.

Mr. Speaker COLFAX has declined being a candidate for Senator from Indiana, and having been renominated for Congress from the South Bend District, will leave on the day of adjournment for his home, to canvass his district for a re-election.

The President, on July 26, sent to the House a message in reply to a resolution requesting him to take steps with a view to the release of Fenian prisoners. He incloses a communication from Secretary SEWARD, who says the representations made to the British Government have been received and taken into consideration by it and the Canadian authorities in a friendly spirit.

Ulysses S. Grant is now General, and William T. Sherman Lieutenant General of the United States Army. Farragut also, instead of being a Vice-Admiral is now Admiral. David D. Porter is Vice-Admiral.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

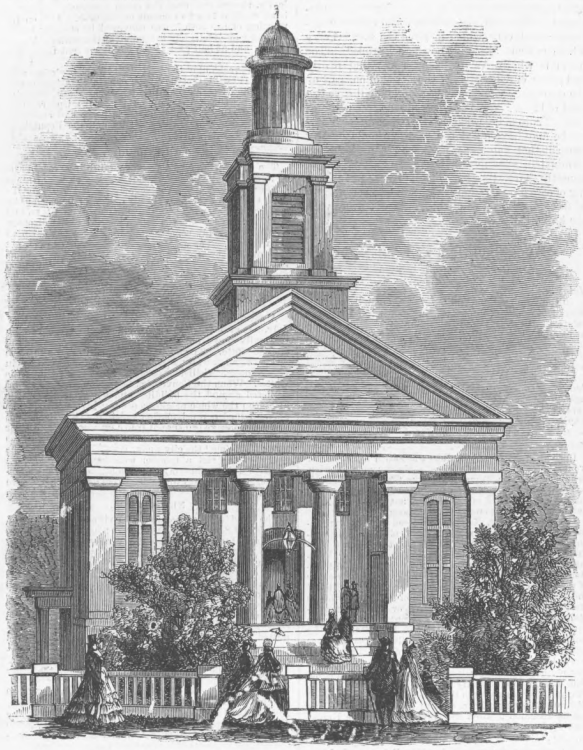
We have by steamer intelligence from Europe down to the 23d of July, and brief items by the Atlantic Telegraph to the 28th. The success of the Prussian arms had been constant. On the 14th they gained an important victory at Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort on the Main, over the army of the Confederation. The Federal Diet removed to Augsburg. The Prussians pressed on toward to Vienna, and severe fighting is reported to have occurred at various points. Engagements are reported to have taken place in Italy, but the details are too vague to enable us to form any adequate idea of their nature and extent. The Italian fleet made an attack on the fort at Lissa, on the coast of Dalmatia. The only feature of the action positively certain is that the Italian iron-clad *Re d' Italia* was sunk; it is said also that another iron-clad was sunk, with all on board. Italian accounts say furthermore, that their fleet, after seven hours' obstinate fighting, silenced the fort, and that the Austrian squadron retired, after one man-of-war and two steamers had been sunk; while Austrian reports claim that the Italian fleet was driven back, and was being pursued by the Austrians in the direction of Ancona. We must await further intelligence before chronicling what now appears to have been the closing scenes of the war, whether in Germany or Italy.

Meanwhile, as announced briefly by telegraph, and somewhat more fully by steamer, an armistice for five days was agreed upon, at the suggestion of Napoleon, between Austria and Prussia. According to the last accredited reports Prussia demands, as conditions of peace, the formation of a new Germanic Confederation from which Austria shall be excluded. If Prussia succeeds in retaining the conquests which she has made, she will have added some seven or eight millions to her population; this, with her preponderance in Germany, will raise her to the rank of one of the three Great Powers—Russia, France, and Prussia; while Great Britain will have fallen into the second rank with Italy. The latest telegraphic dispatches, which bear date London, July 28, merely say that "An armistice of four weeks has been signed by Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, and the other German States; the propositions embrace a lasting peace over the whole Continent of Europe, but no details of the negotiations have been received."

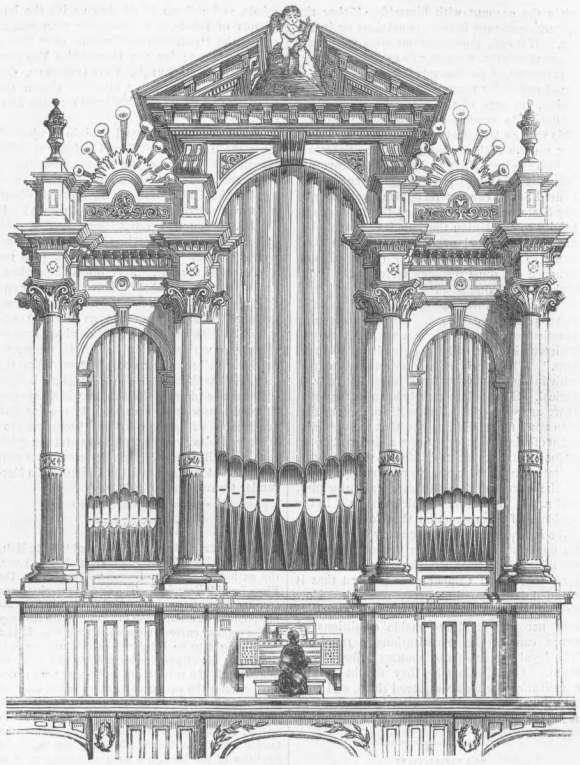
SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Empress of Mexico has left that country for Europe, it is said, upon a diplomatic mission.—If the official reports of the allies are to be received, the action fought on the 24th of May on the La Plata was of very considerable importance. President MITRE says that the Paraguayans lost 4200 dead, abandoned on the field of battle, and 370 prisoners, mostly wounded, besides large guns and ammunition. The loss of the allies is stated at 702 killed and 2615 wounded, the greater part being Brazilians. This action is now called the battle of Tuyuty.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 1842-3.
[Sketched by Edwin Deakin.]

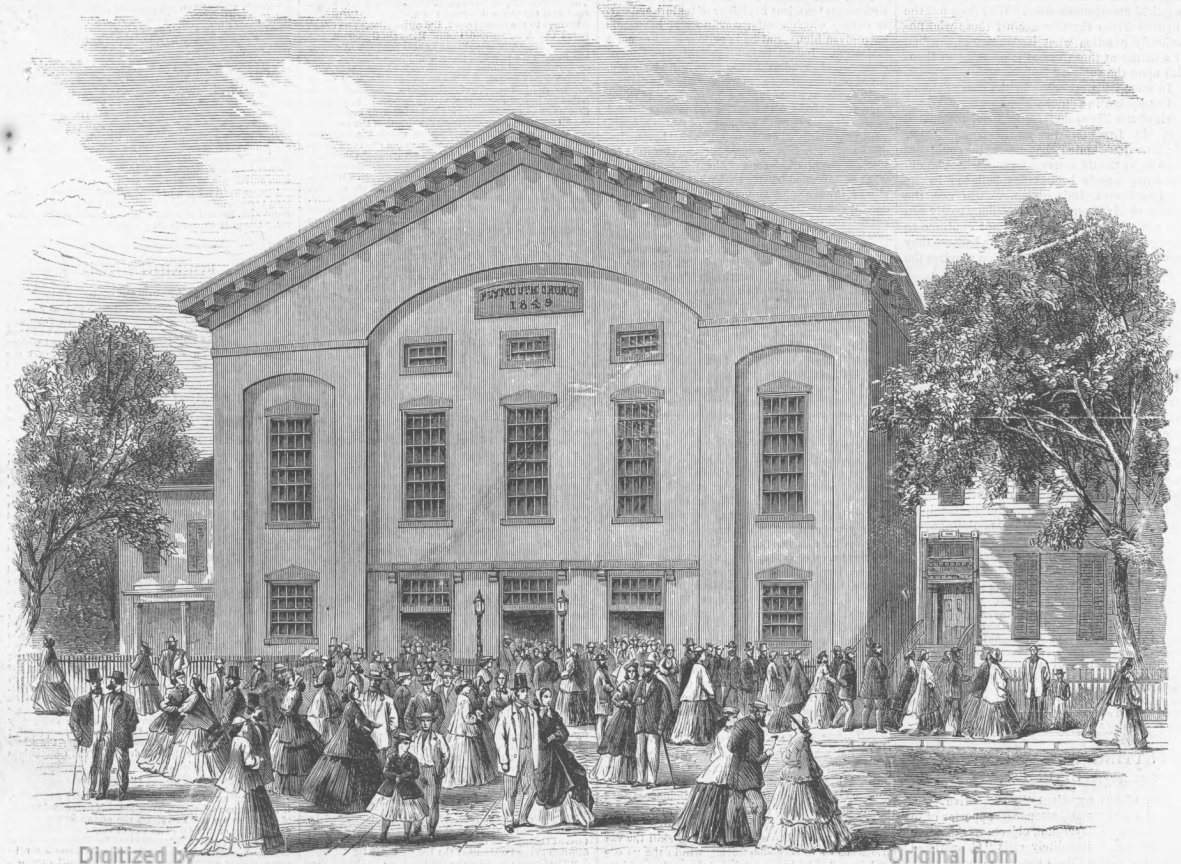


THE GREAT ORGAN IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, OPENED July 31, 1866.
[Sketched by C. H. Wells.]

BEECHER'S CHURCHES.

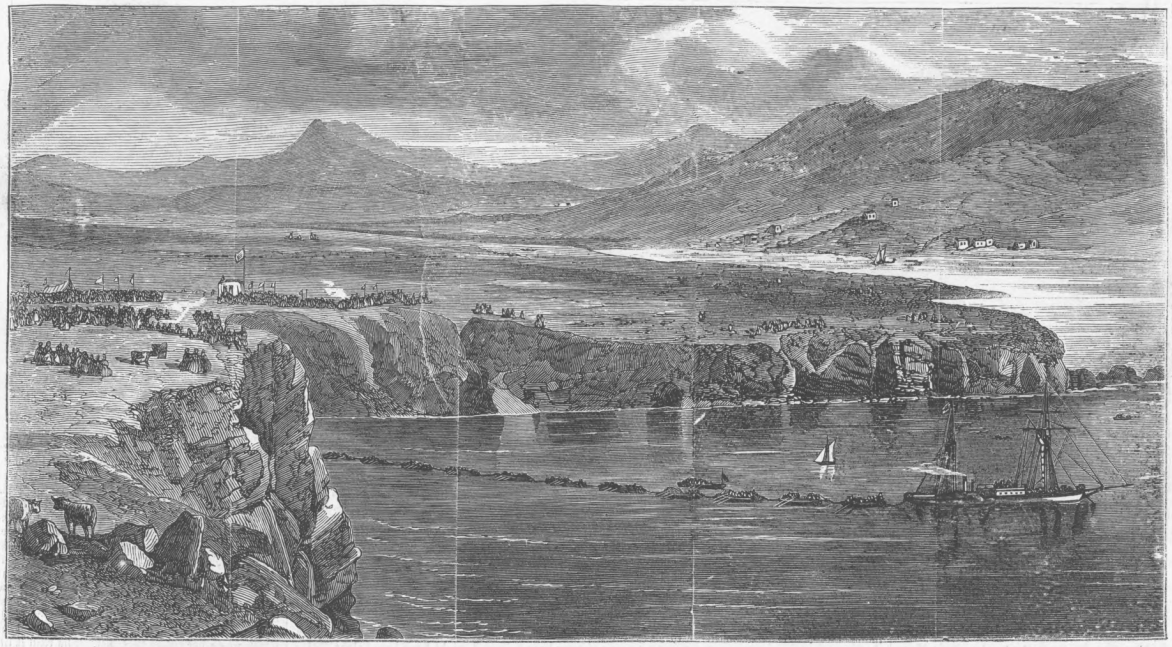
As an interesting contrast we print, this week, a picture of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's meeting-house at Indianapolis, Indiana, where he passed the greater part of his ministry at the West; and a picture of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where he has drawn crowds of listeners for now nearly twenty years. The Indianapolis church was Presbyterian; the Brooklyn is Congregational. Mr. Beecher's settlement at Indianapolis lasted from 1839 to 1847. He then left a pulpit which he had made famous throughout the West, to occupy another which he was to make famous throughout the world.

Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, are the most gifted and distinguished of thirteen children of Dr. Lyman Beecher. The mother of both was Dr. Beecher's first wife, Roxana Foote, a woman of extraordinary intellectual ability, and equally extraordinary strength of personal character. Dying in Henry's childhood, his impressions of her are derived through his imagination rather than through his memory. To this day he bears her in his thought as his chief



PLYMOUTH CHURCH (HENRY WARD BEECHER'S), BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—[Sketched by C. H. Wells.]

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THE ATLANTIC CABLE—LANDING THE SHORE-END AT VALENTIA, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

ideal of womanhood, and as the chief guardian genius of his life; nor, in his sermons, does he ever pour forth a nobler eloquence than when, in some rapt and fervid moment, he repaints, like COWPER, "his mother's picture."

Mr. BEECHER is now fifty-three years of age—almost entitled to rank as one of the venerable celebrities of old Litchfield, that famous birth-place of successful men. But probably no man ever crossed the half-century boundary of his mortal life more thoroughly a boy than HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The date of Mr. BEECHER's settlement in Brooklyn was October, 1847. In the summer of the next year his church was burned. Like generals whose horses are shot under them, both he and his father had their pulpits consumed from under their feet. While the present Plymouth Church was building the congregation worshiped in a large one-story tabernacle in Pierpont Street. If the present edifice should follow the fate of its predecessor, perhaps out of the ashes would arise that once projected but now abandoned new structure which was to hold six thousand persons, and overlook Brooklyn Heights like a monument. Mr. BEECHER's congregation is always too large for the building. The 300 pews, together with the aisle and wall seats, give sittings for about 2700 people. After cramming the doorways and stairs the total audience numbers about 3000. The sum-total of pew-rents for the current year is the rather astonishing figure of $42,000. In 1862 the Sunday School-room was rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of $14,000. The school now numbers 1100 scholars and teachers. The church has about 1700 communicants.

In 1863 Mr. BEECHER made a trip to Europe between the months of May and November, and performed in England a service to the United States which can never be forgotten by his grateful and admiring countrymen.

From the beginning of Mr. BEECHER's residence in Brooklyn he has been an incessant public speaker in all the New England lyceums, and has frequently made short and quick journeys into the Western States to speak on the great public questions of the day. He has probably given more public lectures than any other man in America.

On the establishment of *The Independent* in 1848, Mr. BEECHER became its familiar weekly "Star Contributor"—so called on account of the (*) appended to his articles. During the years 1862 and 1863 he was the Editor-in-Chief of that journal. He now contributes to it every week a sermon. These sermons are taken down by a short-hand reporter, and are sometimes revised by the author, and sometimes not. Mr. BEECHER is great in many and various respects, but is nowhere so great as in the pulpit. He is undoubtedly the most brilliant preacher who has ever appeared in this country. As a man of genius, as a Christian minister, as a practical worker among men, as the most delightful of companions, in short, as just HENRY WARD BEECHER he is one of the rarest of the rare men of our time.

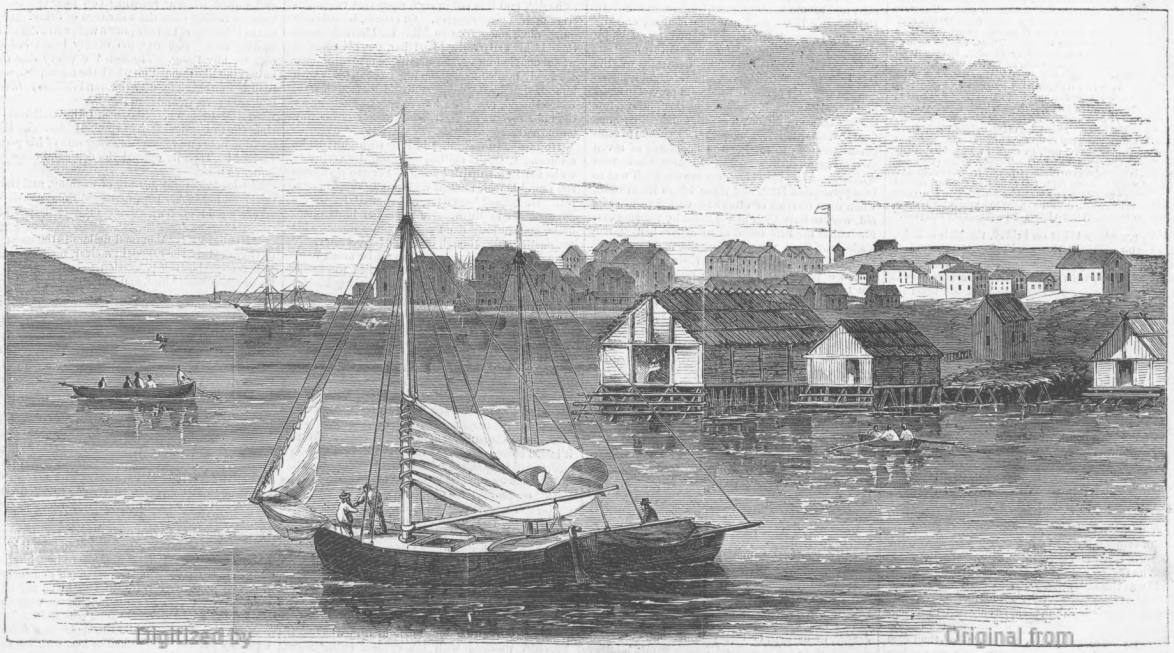
Just at present, however, the chief lion of Plymouth church is not its minister but its organ—a sketch of which we herewith append:

In January, 1865, Plymouth Church Society, of Brooklyn, made a contract with a Boston firm for an organ, which was to be the second largest in America, and to be finished in January, 1866. The original sum voted by the Society was ten thousand dollars, but since it has been increased to about twenty-five thousand dollars. The organ is now completed, and was opened July 31. This instrument, constructed by E. and G. G. HOOK of Boston, measures from the basement to its highest point forty-eight feet four inches; its depth is twenty-three feet, and the width from side to side twenty-nine feet. The organ has four manuals, in each of which are fifty-eight keys. The compass is from C to A; in the pedal there are thirty keys, from C to F. This embraces the entire range of the musical scale—ten octaves—which is as great a difference in sound as the human ear can easily appreciate. The tone of the lower notes, which are very often so muffled as to give but little variety, are expected to be very clear and distinct.

The wind is supplied by four bellows and two reservoirs putting in motion a pneumatic lever, which is applied to the organ. The couples throughout are attached to it, so that all four manuals can be played at once almost as easily as the key-board of a grand piano. Every register in the organ is operated by the pneumatic power, and secures a uniform and very easy motion in all weathers. The cost of this arrangement has been great, as it involved the making of a large number of small bellows placed in different parts of the organ. Its advantage is obvious, and is an improvement on the many organs in which is required a weight of some five or six pounds to bring down a key. Four engines, with upright cylinders six inches in diameter, with a 12-inch stroke, move levers attached to the four bellows. The engines are perfectly automatic in their motion, the water being supplied from the main pipe of the Ridgewood aqueduct.

One feature in this organ, which belongs to it alone of all the organs in this country, is a stop called the Tuba Mirabilis. All the pipes of this stop are made of pure tin; the bass pipes, which are shaped as trumpets, project over the top of the organ horizontally, and form a pleasing effect by the peculiarity of their position, and by the fine contrast with the black walnut. They are reed stops of eight feet and four feet pitch, of enormous power, at the same time recommended as smooth and musical in their quality. They have somewhat of the effect of a trumpet in their tone, but are of greater power. Some idea may be formed of these two registers by the fact that the two combined are almost equal to the strength of the remainder of the organ.

The organ, as it now stands, is the largest ever



THE ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

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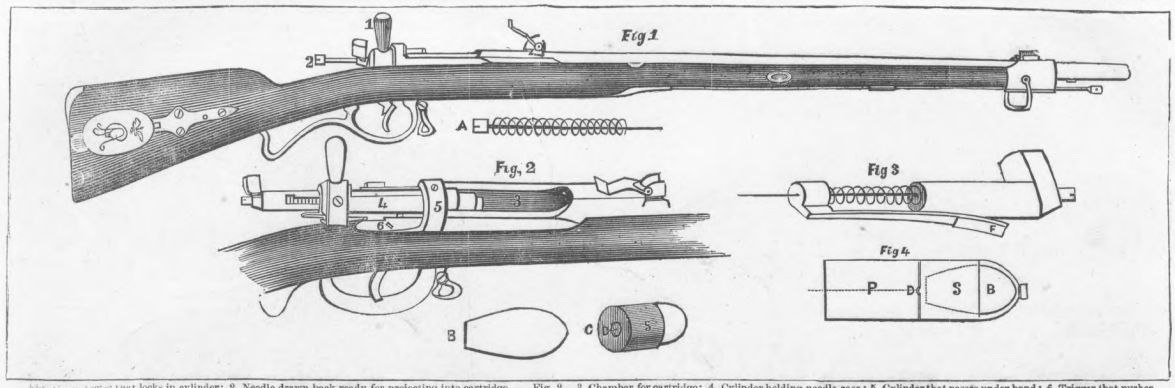


Fig. 1.—1. Lever that locks in cylinder; 2. Needle drawn back ready for projecting into cartridge.—Fig. 2.—3. Chamber for cartridge; 4. Cylinder holding needle-case; 5. Cylinder that passes under band; 6. Trigger that pushes on spring F in Fig. 3.—Fig. 3.—Case containing needle; F. Spring lifted by trigger 6 in Fig. 2.—Fig. 4.—Section of cartridge; P. Powder; D. Detonating powder in hole of sabot; S. Sabot holding the ball; Dotted line shows passage of needle on to detonating powder at D, through the gunpowder, marked P; A. Needle in spiral spring; B. Ball; C. Sabot containing ball; D. Detonating powder at end of sabot.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

built in America. The Boston Music Hall organ is the largest on the continent, but was built in Germany. The cost of the instrument is about twenty-five thousand dollars—a very low figure considering the immense labor expended on its construction.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID!

WE think we may now assume that this great international enterprise is at length successfully accomplished. On pages 501, 504, and 505 we give several illustrations of this work, which mostly explain themselves. From the London *Daily News* we abridge the following description of the landing, July 6, of the shore-end of the cable at Valentia, the European terminus of the line:

"At 1 P.M. the line of boats was perfect, and before 3 the cable was successfully landed, and its end brought up into the white hut. Signals were interchanged between the ship and shore immediately. Mr. WILLOUGHBY SMITH and Mr. COLLETT, accompanied by Mr. CYRUS FIELD, who, with characteristic energy, had seen Glengariffe, and hurried through a two days' land journey in ten hours, went into the testing room and in a few minutes "working beautifully, all well," was announced as the message from the ship. The *Corry* then stood out to sea, and proceeded to lay the rest of the shore-end, consisting of some 20 miles of thick and heavy cable. At 3 this morning she telegraphed that her work was done, and after buoying the part intrusted to her in 130-fathom water, rejoined the *Great Eastern* at Berehaven. The whole affair was accomplished before those on board the great vessel, or those who were journeying thither by way of Glengariffe, knew it had been commenced, and in its leading features presented a striking difference to the ceremony of last year. Earnest gravity and a deep-seated determination to repress all show of the enthusiasm of which every body was full was very manifest. The excitement was below, instead of above the surface. Speech-making, hurrahing, public congratulations, and vaunts of confidence were, as it seemed, avoided of a set purpose.

"The 40 boats, each a boat's length apart, were first steadied by a guide-rope from the ship, which kept them in position. Mr. TEMPLE, Jun., superintended the arrangement of these, and made constant flag signals to the ship and to those in charge of the boat next to it. Before commencing operations the local boatmen were earnestly exhorted not to repeat their error of last year, when they delayed matters at a critical time for nearly two hours, by flinging the cable into the sea that they might cheer their own success at having so nearly landed it. The faithful promises they made were duly kept, and with the exception of an unimportant misapprehension of a signal, which momentarily delayed the paying out, the cable was laid without a single hitch. Strong and heavy as was the shore-end of 1865, that brought from the *William Corry* yesterday was more gigantic and ponderous still. The few hundred yards running from low-water mark up the cliff into the electrical room were, it is true, dwarfed by their predecessor in the same trench. These, though abundantly strong, are comparatively slender, having been made the same size as the cable designed to cross the Atlantic, and for a double reason. First, as they are to lie buried in the earth, uninfluenced by tides or weather, it would have been a useless waste of money and material to manufacture them of the same stoutness as the ponderous rope intended to brave the fury of Atlantic waves breaking upon the coast. Secondly, mere weight would have made it difficult to carry it up the cliff. It is the strongest wire cable ever made, and, in short lengths, is as little flexible as stiff posts and rails. Thanks to its enormous weight, it was payed out almost straight from the ship, and did not vary four per cent. from the line chalked out for it. There was something far more touching in the quiet and reverent solemnity of the spectators yesterday than in the slightly boisterous joviality of the peasantry last year."

We next heard that on Friday, the 13th of July, the deep-sea line had been spliced to the shore-end, and that the telegraphic fleet, consisting of the *Great Eastern*, with the cable on board, accompanied by three other vessels, had set out upon its voyage. On Sunday morning, July 29, brief dispatches reached New York from CYRUS W. FIELD, announcing that the *Great Eastern* and her consorts had reached Heart's Content—now well named—on the morning of the 28th, and that the cable had been laid, was in perfect working order, and that they were then in telegraphic communication with Ireland. It seems that the enterprise this time was a perfect success, not having been marred by a single important misadventure. The whole distance sailed by the fleet was 1686 nautical miles; the whole length of cable payed out was 1866 miles, showing a "slack" of only 12 per cent. The rate of sailing was very uniform, the least distance run in a single day having been 105 miles, the greatest 128 miles, the average rate being a little less than five miles an hour. During the fourteen days constant communication had been kept up between the *Great Eastern* and the station at Valentia Bay.

The first message sent over the cable after being laid was this: "*A treaty of peace has been signed between Austria and Prussia.*" This message reached Heart's Content on the 29th, having been sent from Valentia, we suppose, only a few minutes before. It gives intelligence eleven days later than had been received by steamers. The telegraphic line to connect Heart's Content with St. John's, and thence with the United States, has to be completed. Until this is done dispatches must still be sent by vessels between these two points; so that as we write (July 30) New York is still distant a full day from Europe. The missing telegraphic link will be soon supplied; when this is done, if the lines work as is anticipated, there will be almost instantaneous communication; indeed, taking into account the difference of time between the two places, we may receive dispatches from Europe a little earlier than—measured by the sun and by chronometer—they were sent.

It is also announced that the *Great Eastern* will immediately be sent to endeavor to recover the cable lost last year, and to relay it. If this succeeds there will soon be a double line across the Atlantic.

The first attempt to stretch a telegraphic wire across the bed of the Atlantic was made in the summer of 1857. The cable was coiled half on board the United States steamship *Niagara*, and half on the British steamer *Agamemnon*. They began to lay it in mid-ocean on the 26th of June, the *Niagara* proceeding toward the American coast, the *Agamemnon* toward Ireland. After the wire had three times broken the attempt was given up. The following August it was renewed on a different plan. The shore-end was made fast at Valentia Bay, and the *Niagara* began paying out on the 7th, the purpose being that the *Agamemnon* should begin operations when the *Niagara* had exhausted her half of the cable. On the 11th, after 335 miles had been laid, the wire broke again. The third attempt was made with the same vessels in 1858. The ends of the cable were joined in mid-ocean on the 29th of July, and on the 6th of August the two ships arrived simultaneously at their respective destinations. This cable worked for a time, but the electric current grew weak and finally failed altogether.

The cable, in 1858, had a breaking strain of a little over three tons, or was capable of bearing five miles of its own length in water. The present one will bear a strain of eight tons, or twelve miles of its own length in water.

JEAN RATHBURNE'S LIFE.

A SPRING long and cold, a short and fervid summer, an autumn bearing scant fruit—that was Jean Rathburne's life. And now she is dead, and the long, wild grasses are tangled above her grave by vagrant winds which wanton through them.

It was the will she left behind her which was the key-note to her life, and made it significant—a strange will, yet perfectly legal, and proved in court like the rest of them. She bequeathed, after a few trifling legacies, all her fortune—some three hundred thousand dollars—under the supervision of competent trustees, to further the happiness of seven young orphan girls. It was, of course, the income which was to be used thus, the money itself was to be a permanent fund, and those whom it enriched, when they married or otherwise ceased to need its aid, were to have their places filled by the trustees. She chose the first board of managers herself, and made provisions, when any of the number should die, for the election of others in their stead.

She explained her intention minutely. It was not to make the girls good merely, or respectable merely, or well-clothed and well-fed merely; but, if possible, to make them happy, to indulge their whims, and give their individualities a chance. For she said, and this voice from her very grave was the only complaint she had ever been known to utter:

"One woman, who has found life very sad, would like to make it brighter for some of those who will live after her."

That was all, a quiet, calm statement of facts—she had found life very sad—but did any wail ever come out of bitterer depths?

Her parents had died before she could remember them, and left her a fortune and a guardian; left her, too, with a nature at once shy and sensitive, with a tendency to morbidness and hypochondria, which needed, sorely, the influence of a warm, loving, cheerful home.

Instead of that Sampson Dredlife and his wife starved her and froze her. I do not mean literally; there was fire and food enough in their great, comfortable house, and Miss Rathburne, as an heiress should, was served with the best.

But she was always Miss Rathburne—never Jeanie, or darling, or mother's blessing, or heart's delight, or any of those fond, foolish names familiar to common lips and to the lips of happy mothers. She knew well enough that no one loved her, and that strengthened her shyness, and deepened her despondency.

So she grew up to twenty-one—a long, slow, cold spring, as I said. Then her fortune came into her own hands, and with a certain Widow Dredlife, a sister-in-law of Sampson, to matronize the establishment, she went into a house of her own. The widow carried with her the old Dredlife influence, and the new home was at first scarcely other than a repetition of the old. Except that now Miss Rathburne began to go into society, and was enough of an heiress to be received there with favor.

She was not pretty, yet her figure was lithe and slender, her complexion was clear, and if she had ever been animated might have been bright. Her eyes were large and dark, but the fire in them smouldered rather than sparkled. If she had had a little self-esteem, if some one had told her now and then that she was handsome, she might have been so; for many a woman sets up for a beauty on far less capital. But compliments never flowered in the Dredlife soil, and Jean had grown up feeling herself hopelessly plain, till the feeling had affected the very hue and lineaments of her countenance.

She had no taste in dress either—women seldom have who do not see any charm in their own faces. She wore colors which made her look sallow or dark nearly always, and her gowns detracted from the grace of her figure instead of being skillfully chosen to enhance it.

According to some creeds all this should have made her good by making her humble, but it had just the opposite effect. It nourished secretly a bitter, cynical pride, a grudging sense of injustice, a hard self-contempt—noxious weeds which do not grow in that sweet Valley of Humiliation where Bunyan's pilgrims walked, and "the herb called heartsease flourished."

This was just the state—sick of herself, at odds with the world, yet desperately bent on wringing happiness out of something—in which Jack Brevoort found her.

He did not love Jean Rathburne—you are not to suppose that for a moment. At her brightest and best she would never have been his style; besides, a little blue-eyed girl, at home in his mother's nursery, a poor cousin, held so much heart as he had, and was more to him than any one else ever would be. But *she* lacked money just as entirely as he did, and it is not in such cases that two negatives make an affirmative. Of course, he could be much more dangerous to Miss Rathburne's peace than if he had really loved her, for his coolness would enable him to take advantage of all openings. He sorely needed money, and he had settled it with himself that he must marry it. He thought fate, which should, of course, have a special kindness for the old Brevoort blood, had placed her in his way on purpose.

He meant to make her in love with him; so he commenced, like a skillful tactician, by trying to make her in love with herself. For the first time she found herself studied with unmistakable interest. He noticed her tastes, and showed quietly his appreciation of them. He gave her hints about dress, and she grew handsome rapidly—much to his satisfaction; for, though he would have been ready to marry her in any case, it would be much more agreeable to have a wife who furnished to spectators an excuse for one's choice in something besides dollars and cents.

It was not altogether the new colors that she wore which improved her. A subtle flame ran through all her veins, and kindled the smouldering fires in her eyes. Her cheeks were pale no longer, or her face spiritless. When she looked in the glass she saw what seemed to her, in contrast with her old self, a radiant vision. And when with this new Jean Rathburne Jack Brevoort began to fall in love it did not surprise or startle her.

This was the summer of her life—fervid as short; it lasted three months. This time only, to her sad, colorless existence, came happiness!

Brevoort was an ardent lover. He was gifted in the art of seeming to a degree amounting to positive genius. Then Jean was too sturdily honest herself to doubt the honesty of others, and too delicately generous ever to remember that she was rich and he was poor. So her summer was warm and bright, and all her roses bloomed!

It was something to see her in these days—her old dead-and-alive self no longer; in its stead a sparkling creature, melting into the unspeakable glory of love and womanhood. How a man who truly loved her would have delighted in what Jack Brevoort watched with the cynical coolness of Mephistopheles!

He hurried on the preparations for their marriage when once she had accepted him. He could not do without her, he said, longer than till fall. It was the truest word he had uttered since he began his courtship; but the need he had of her was of a nature he would not have found it pleasant to communicate. *She* thought it was the eagerness of love.

It was to make some of the arrangements which his approaching marriage rendered necessary that Brevoort went out of town for a couple of days; and of course, in his character of impatient lover, he must write each day to his betrothed. The first letter—Jean Rathburne's first love-letter—was full of subtly sweet words, tender phrases, allusions which made her pulses beat fast. She read it till she knew it by heart, and then kept reading it over to see if she had forgotten any thing.

The second she opened with fingers trembling with expectation. It commenced with "Dear Hal!" Her delicate sense of honor bade her fold it up again, for she understood at once that it had been sent to her by mistake. But as she doubled it over she caught her own name. She would have been more than woman if she had not read it then.

It was simply the letter of one fast young man to another, about betting and debts and horses. It shocked her taste; but she loved him enough to have excused it but for this passage:

"George can not say that I am not making effort enough to pay him. I am to marry Miss Rathburne in October. Splendid woman as she is, she is not my style—never would have been. I care more for Nell's little finger. However, a man who owes forty thousand dollars, and has some conscience still left about paying it, can't very well afford to indulge in the luxury of a heart. I believe I got rid of mine pretty effectually some time ago."

Those were words which no sophistry could ever beguile her into forgiving. Her summer was over. The untimely black frost had come.

Who "Nell" was she did not care, or "George," or "Hal." She had no curiosity at all. Enough for her that love had failed her.

She looked in the glass with sad, changed eyes, and lost forever all the fond self-complacence of recent days. There was nothing about her to love, after all. She had been deceiving herself yet more utterly than she had been deceived. The very depth of her self-abasement made her patient.

It was morning when the letter came, and at night Brevoort was to return. So she sat all day and waited, without knowing how long the hours were, or feeling once the weariness of delay. She felt as if her heart and her pulses were standing still, waiting also. She was too utterly benumbed to care for any thing. Through the weary day the only thing like occupation which she attempted, was to draw one check for fifty thousand dollars in favor of Jack Brevoort, and sign it.

At last he came. She heard the well-known ring, the firm, proud step in the hall—how she had loved to note and remember every one of his peculiarities! Then he opened the door, and came up to her as usual.

She made a slight gesture of warning, and that, or something in her face, repressed the enthusiasm which would otherwise have expressed itself in caresses.

"I believe forty thousand dollars is the amount of your debts?" she asked, in a clear, metallic tone.

For once his self-possession failed him. His knees shook under him, and he sat down.

"Who told you?" he gasped.

"Yourself."

She took out the letter, and laid it in his hands. He looked at it, and knew Jean Rathburne well enough to give up his game.

"I haven't one word to say, though I'm not quite so heartless, perhaps, as that letter makes me seem. I *should* have been kind to you. But you may as well despise me through and through."

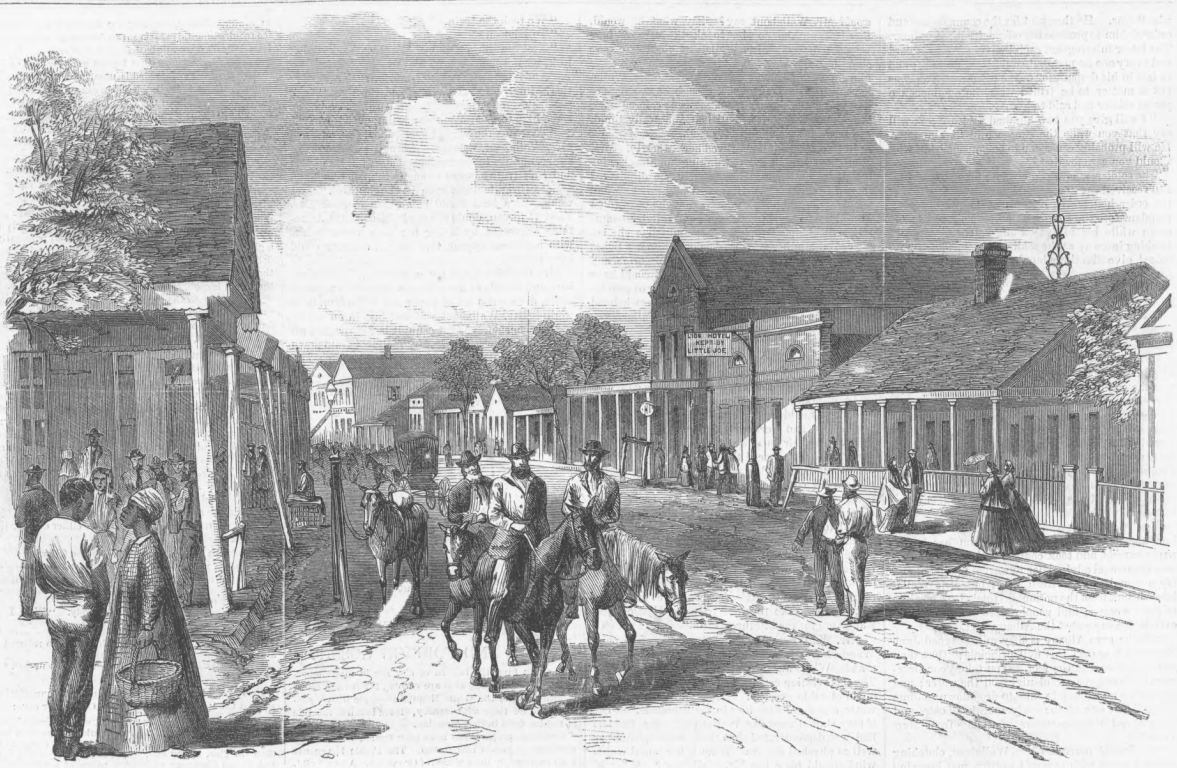
"*Just* as well," she answered, dryly. "Of course I withdraw from my promise to marry you; but your good intentions about paying your debts must not be frustrated by my troth-breaking. Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars. The margin of ten thousand over your own estimate of your liabilities will cover any little items you may chance to have forgotten, and make you a free man again, who can afford to have a heart."

"Do you think me mean enough to take it?"

"I think you *will* take it. There is a kind of justice in it too. I would have given you several times as much, freely, if you had loved me as I thought. You deserve something for the weariness it must have been to you to act a part so long."

Her voice softened while she spoke to a tender, womanly pathos. He looked at her, with her sad, downcast eyes, her heavily-falling hair, her face that

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NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

support, except in the matter of obliging their employers to give them their just dues, not always paid with grace. With the whites the case is different; the curse of laziness, which the presence of slavery inflicted upon them, is hard to overcome: ignorant as the negroes—and even falling behind them, now that the latter are seeking education—they are almost entirely without ambition beyond the simplest wants of nature. They are, however, generally engaged in cultivating land to a limited extent, and the crops secured, the Government will withdraw its support and leave them to their own resources. Much of the money expended by the Bureau has gone to the support of the poor white people of the South, the greatest sufferers by, and victims of the war. That numbers of them must have starved to death without such assistance is undeniable; your bitter Southerner and Union-hater never thinks of this, or else chooses to ignore it, when engaged in the favorite occupation of denouncing the Freedmen's Bureau.

The picture represents claimants for relief pleading their cases, and receiving orders on the Commissary from Major PIERCE—an officer, who is one of many that I have met, sacrificing their personal comfort and desire to be at home to a sense of duty; and, of all trying positions, it is hard to imagine any thing worse than that of a Bureau officer, stationed away from troops, among a covertly hostile population.

A. R. W.

DOUBLY PAID.

ONE very warm summer day the Emperor Paul fell asleep in his arm-chair after dinner near an open window, which commanded a view of the garden at Katschina; while some of the court ladies were whispering together in an adjoining apartment. A daring young officer, who was a great favorite with the latter, perceiving them as he passed their window, was about to commence a conversation with them, but they signed to him to beware of disturbing his sleeping Majesty.

"Do not betray me," whispered he, "and I will have some sport!"

He looked cautiously around, and seeing that he was not observed, crept softly to the window of the next room and called out in Stentor tones the drawling watch-word of the guard: "Fluschai!" then darted instantly into the bushes and escaped unperceived.

The Emperor started up from his nap in a terrible rage at such an impudent jest, but could obtain no other answer from the ladies, who naturally desired to shield their friend, than that they did not know



ALABAMIANS RECEIVING RATIONS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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who it was. He then sent for the commandant and ordered him to produce the offender within an hour. The latter interrogated each individual of the guard and every one he met, but could learn nothing; and at last in his despair, for a command from Paul was not a matter to be trifled with, he summoned a young soldier and said to him,

"I will give you two hundred rubles if you will say that you woke the Emperor in that manner. He will probably cause you to be punished, but why should you care for that?"

The soldier, who was a resolute man, agreed to it and received the money, and exactly an hour after the order had been given accompanied the commandant into the Emperor's presence. But in the mean while his Majesty's anger had died away. Looking intently at the soldier, he said, "A superb voice! give him three hundred rubles!"

Via ALBANY.

JUST as Mrs. Wallabout reached the wharf the boat swung off. While she might have jumped, she had not the ready-made courage; when she had acquired a stock, the distance was hopeless. It was the last boat connecting with the last train for June Roseville, and Mrs. Wallabout looked after it in despair. Mr. Wallabout and the little Wallabouts were at June Roseville expecting her. They would drive down to meet the train, and Mr. Wallabout would be displeased. Mr. Wallabout was a precise person, who disapproved of errant females, and did not believe that people lost boats and trains except through carelessness. He had never lost a train in his life.

Mrs. Wallabout stood on the wharf, holding fast her umbrella, her traveling-bag, and her brown paper parcels, and took counsel with herself. Her guardian-angel advised her to retreat to a hotel and try a new day and a fresh start; but Mrs. Wallabout shrunk from the notion. Hotels look bleak to solitary women; and people stare so! Then her evil genius suggested the Albany boat.

"To be sure Albany is fifty miles beyond June Roseville," argued this evil principle; "but then you hardly realize the fact. You take your state-room. You have a cool night on the water; and you arrive at Albany in time to drop down to June Roseville in one of the early morning boats, and have saved three-quarters of a day from New York."

"So I can," murmurs Mrs. Wallabout, clutching at her parcels with renewed energy, and hurrying off to the *St. John*. Exit guardian-angel in disgust! and, by-the-by, is it not astonishing what a snubbed race are these same guardian-angels, and how attentive we are sure to prove to our evil genius, however absurd! The very first step brought this unprincipled principle out in the lie! He had said to Mrs. Wallabout, "You will take state-rooms." There were no state-rooms to be taken. Mrs. Wallabout offered five, seven, ten dollars! Twenty would not buy one.

"You can have a berth, ma'am," said the stewardess, severely, evidently feeling that Mrs. Wallabout did not appreciate her blessings. "There will be plenty of folks that would be thankful for as much as that!" and though Mrs. Wallabout even then could have gone back, she quailed before the fat Fate in the turban and meekly laid her bundles on the shelf, on which she was shortly to be packed away for the night, though she sighed to herself that "Mr. Wallabout would disapprove more and more; he considered these crowded cabins so unhealthy!" so did the evil genius predominate.

Mrs. Wallabout went up on deck and sat down in the most remote place possible. Mrs. Wallabout was pretty—have I mentioned the fact?—and all unconsciously displayed a pair of trim little boots, resting on the round of a chair in front of her. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing this pretty young woman disconsolate by herself, took upon him to furnish her with an agreeable object of contemplation by marching up and down in her neighborhood, and bestowing on her long and admiring glances. Mrs. Wallabout, waking up to the fact, grew rapidly uncomfortable, looked the other way, tried to feel indifferent, tried to look unconscious, wished Mr. Wallabout was there, and was sure he would think it highly improper. More benevolent gentlemen peeping under her hat-brim and staring at her perseveringly! Mrs. Wallabout tormented herself to think what she had done to attract attention! wished she could box their ears—was sure if she was a man she would leave unprotected women in peace! remembered that Mr. Wallabout believed that no woman was ever annoyed by *undesired* attention; was sure it was very disagreeable! and went down to the cabin, oppressed with a general sense of guiltiness, and of Mr. Wallabout's disapprobation.

In the cabin—but prudence forbid that I should hint at what Mrs. Wallabout saw and heard that night, when frantic women without berth or state-room strewed the floor like leaves in Vallambrosa! At the earliest hint of day the hapless little woman was out on deck again, but was almost instantly driven below by more benevolent gentlemen, for whom she was now painfully on the alert. The boat was late; also Mrs. Wallabout's bag was missing. Think of that, when Mr. Wallabout never lost any thing! The implacable stewardess had no consolation for her. "Can't answer for any thing, ma'am, that is left in the berths." Mrs. Wallabout tried the deck once more. They were very late, and her impatient little heart was fit to jump out of her bosom. She went over and over what she should do: how she would spring to the wharf the moment—no, the instant—that the boat touched; how she would run for life and the June Roseville boat; what streets she should take; what short cuts she could make. She had her shawl and her bundles on one arm, her ticket in her glove, and her umbrella ready for the start, and was quite worn out, dear little woman! with so much rapid mental exertion, when the *St. John* came in at her pier, just about an hour too late for the June Roseville boat. Mrs. Wallabout could have cried. What *would* Mr. Wallabout say? Say what he would, there was nothing now but to take the train. Where was the dépôt? Mrs. Wallabout hired a man to show her the way—just ten steps—and she gave him fifty cents—five cents a step; and Mr. Wallabout disliked extravagance, though he was not penurious; but this was a magnificent colored man, and he overawed Mrs. Wallabout, naturally timid, and now nervous and discouraged.

In the dépôt a tall man eyed her earnestly. Mrs. Wallabout shrank away, thinking him another benevolent gentleman, but presently she discovered in him Mr. Pawlett. She knew Mr. Pawlett, and she was so tired of being alone that she beamed on him almost as if he had been Mr. Wallabout himself. She handed him over her umbrella; she bestowed on him her parcels; she gave him her ticket in charge; she hung her shawl on his arm; and then she felt herself a free woman, and could have snapped her fingers at a host of benevolent gentlemen. For Pawlett, whether he was overwhelmed with the bundles, or dazzled by Mrs. Wallabout—who came out all the brighter for her night's eclipse—or was simply careless, I am unable to state; the result was the same. They seated themselves in the car; they sat there ten minutes at the least; they looked about them; they could have corrected th ir mistake a dozen times. It is inconceivable that they should have taken the Harlem train; but they did it, and were well under way before they discovered their mistake. With some hesitation Mr. Pawlett announced the fact to Mrs. Wallabout. Mrs. Wallabout made a wild movement, expressive of jumping out of the car window. She also debated within herself whether or not to cry, and give Mr. Pawlett a piece of her mind, but concluded to do nothing as the safest course in a new situation, and leaned back in her seat with a despairing "What will Mr. Wallabout say?" Pawlett laughed, but was evidently nervous. The conductor, very sympathizing except about the corners of the mouth, advised them to get out at the next station, take the first train for Hudson, and wait there for the afternoon train.

Mrs. Wallabout heard in the silence of despair. Wandering all over the country with a strange man! What was loss of train and bag to this? The next station consisted of a dispirited dépôt and an intolerable grocery. There was no ice in the water, and there were flies in the lemonade. What if they should meet Mr. Wallabout? Mr. Pawlett had just demonstrated that there were spiritual as well as physical storms. What if her moral whirlwind should blow her Mr. Wallabout? What if he should come on them from around the corner? There was no consolation in a parasol. Mr. Wallabout would know the very swing of her dress-skirt. There would be less chance of a meeting if they sat quietly in the dépôt; but then was not that like a tête-à-tête? Suppose he should be in the Hudson train? And Mrs. Wallabout nervously surveyed Mr. Pawlett. There was no slurring over the dreadful fact. Mr. Pawlett was a good-looking—yes, a fine-looking man. He was a man with whom a lady might run away; and Mr. Wallabout was so strict in his notions of propriety. She wished the unconscious Pawlett, trying in a gentlemanly way to make the situation tolerable, a hump and a squint—for that time only, and by particular request, of course.

Arrived at Hudson, worse yet. Mr. Wallabout had business at Hudson; often went there; and Mr. Wallabout was—yes, he was a little jealous. She heard his step a dozen times or more at dinner—that dreadful dinner, of which she scarcely ate, to the affliction of Pawlett. She would have liked to run away and hide her head under the bed-clothes, but Mr. Pawlett proposed music, as they had the drawing-room to themselves. Mrs. Wallabout sat down in a tremble. Why, was it not possible to say, "Mr. Pawlett, I am *so* much afraid of meeting Mr. Wallabout, who will *never* understand it, and I *should* like to be *very* quiet, and get down to the dépôt through some back street, and get rid of you, *dear* Mr. Pawlett, as fast as possible?"

Mr. Pawlett leaned over the piano. He flattered himself that he was making the lady comfortable. Mrs. Wallabout commenced, and then—oh! Mrs. Wallabout's prophetic heart! in walked Mr. Wallabout. Pawlett reddened to the temples. For Mrs. Wallabout a tingling, pricking sensation attacked her. Then she burst out in a cold perspiration; then she flushed up in a hot glow. What did Mr. Pawlett say? What did Mr. Wallabout say? She could never have told you; but she knew what she said, and that was,

"I was afraid you would come."

There is no record left of Pawlett; but how pleasantly this clever and *apropos* speech must have sounded in his ears. Poor Pawlett! and poor Mrs. Wallabout, when husband and wife were at last left together, Mr. Wallabout preserving that stern silence that demands explanation so much more significantly than words.

"I am so very sorry," commenced the little woman, imploringly.

"That you met me? I suppose so."

"Now, Charles, you know—"

"How did you come here, Mrs. Wallabout?"

"I went to Albany."

"You went to Albany!"

"I was coming to June Roseville."

"And went fifty miles out of your route?"

"But, my dear, I lost the train, and the boat was late—"

"What boat?"

"The Albany boat. It was the last train—"

"The Albany boat was the last train? I should think it was—the last you should have taken."

"But, Charles, I lost the last train to June Roseville, and I disliked to spend the night in New York, and I thought I could come down from Albany in the early morning, and the *St. John* was late; and I—we—I met Mr. Pawlett—"

"I saw that you did."

"Well, if you won't hear me?"

"Am I not listening with all possible attention to hear what you and Mr. Pawlett were doing in Hudson?"

"We took the train—"

"To Hudson?"

"No—the Harlem train. We thought, we didn't look, we never knew—"

"And do you expect me to believe such a story as this?" interrupted Mr. Wallabout, sternly. "Why not make your story at least plausible. Say you came here to meet me or something of that sort?"

"That was the very thing I dreaded," returned Mrs. Wallabout, naïvely. I knew you would be angry, and it does sound improbable, but it is true; and isn't truth always stranger than fiction? and besides (brightening), even if you do think that I would tell a lie I would be a goose to prefer Mr. Pawlett to you, don't you see?" clenching this notable argument by laying her little hand in his, with a piteous appeal, that only a monster could have resisted.

Mr. Wallabout was not a monster. He looked long and fixedly at his wife, and then, with a covert smile, drew out a bit of paper and fell solemnly to work. Mrs. Wallabout watched him in an agony of apprehension. What could it be? a rough draft of articles of separation? Mr. Wallabout laid down his pencil, surveyed it critically, held it up; and this was what Mrs. Wallabout saw:

PLAN OF MRS. WALLABOUT'S JOURNEY TO JUNE ROSEVILLE, *via* ALBANY.



A Bow Knot.

And that was Mr. Wallabout's revenge. Sensible Wallabout!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FLEEING from the burden of city life in midsummer, many join the throng that are rushing toward the snow-capped peaks of the White Mountains—some with a genuine love for their wild scenery, others because the tide of fashion flows in that direction.

Extensive preparations have been made for the accommodation of guests this season. The Profile House has been enlarged by the addition of two wings. A new building has been erected adjacent to the Glen House, larger even than the original building, and connecting with it by a covered passage. The Waumbek House, on Jefferson Hill, has been doubled in size; and several other hotels in the vicinity have been materially enlarged and improved.

But travelers, rushing through on wings of steam, eager to reach their ultimatum of interest, whether that be the Tip Top House, Franconia Notch, The Flume, The Old Man of the Mountain, or his "Wash-bowl," seldom give time or thought to the beauties of nature through which they fly. The usual route from New York takes in some of the most charming scenery in the world, all along the valley of the Connecticut River. If the tourist can spare a day at Springfield, a drive of an hour or so will bring him to the foot of Mount Holyoke, the ascent of which is by no means difficult. Indeed there is a carriage-path most of the way up. From the summit of this mountain the eye is delighted by a most lovely picture—the valley of the Connecticut, in all its luxuriant verdure, the river itself gleaming like a silver thread in its circuitous windings through the green intervales. Still further on the journey stop at Hanover, Orford, or some town in that part of New Hampshire. Thence a carriage drive of a couple of hours across the country affords romantic mountain views, as well as brings the traveler to another railroad route to the White Hills. Instead, however, of hastening forward to them, take a down train, dine at Plymouth—where there will be sure to be something worth eating—then go on to Weirs, a little village on the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee. A little steamer, *The Lady of the Lake*, is in readiness, and an afternoon could not be more agreeably spent than in sailing on this lovely sheet of water. The whole lake is studded with miniature islands, and the water is clear and pure. There is a good hotel at Wolfeborough, on the opposite side, where one can find excellent accommodations. Although Lake Winnipiseogee is on one of the direct routes to the White Mountains, travelers from New York so seldom take that route that they lose this delightful excursion, supposing always that they were not in too great a *hurry* to stop and see what is really worth seeing. *Traveling "in a hurry"* is any thing but enjoyable.

The Portland *Press* gives an incident of the recent fire there which exhibits so much meanness of soul that we are almost ashamed to quote it. We do it in the firm belief that the "creature" spoken of was not an American:

"We hear of a creature in this city, which walks on two legs and wears a coat, and resembles a man. In fact the creature owns a shop and house, and traffics in a small —very small—way. On the night of the fire his neighbors helped him to save his property, while the whole opposite side of the street burned down. His clerk, who lived directly opposite, labored indefatigably for his employer while his father's house and his own effects were going to ashes. Until 4 o'clock in the morning they kept the shop wet, and by unremitting efforts saved it and the house in the rear of it. After working all night in an atmosphere of flame and cinders men are sometimes thirsty. These men were thirsty, and inquired of the creature whose house and shop they had saved if he had any water. 'No.' Any small beer? 'No.' The clerk, who knew better, went down to the ice chest, pulled out several bottles of Hindle's mild beverage, found in the pan a little water, tolerably clean, which had drained from the ice, mingled with it sugar and sliced lemons, and dispensed these cooling drinks to the deserving crowd. Next day this extravagant youth, on returning to his duties, found charged to him on the books of the concern four bottles of beer, one pound of sugar, and four lemons."

Ice is one of the greatest luxuries of a hot day. Although sometimes the demand for it is so great on excessively warm days that it is difficult to obtain it in some parts of the city, this is not owing to any scarcity of the article, but because of the limited facilities of delivering it. It is stated that the quantity of ice required for this market is about 250,000 tons per annum, of which about 25,000 tons are shipped to the Southern cities, the West Indies, and South America; and even Spain and Portugal have been purchasers in this market. To secure this 250,000 tons for delivery in summer, it is necessary to put up in winter at least 500,000 tons, as the wastage is equal to one-half. A great deal is used by meat-packers, who by means of ice are enabled to put down their meat in summer as well as in winter. Notwithstanding the immense quantities of ice required for this market, the dealers estimate that at least 160,000 tons will be left over this season. It may not generally be known that ice not used during the season for which it is intended is usually thrown away. If kept over it is not so good, becomes caked into a solid mass in the houses, and can not be taken out with facility. It is found to be more economical to throw it away, and replace it with the fresh crop. The most extensive ice-houses, among the many from which our city is supplied, are at Rockland Lake, where there are two of these houses, each 350 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 35 feet high. Each is capable of holding 40,000 tons of ice.

One can scarcely help feeling that it was almost a just punishment which recently befell a man living near Mobile, who one night attempted to frighten some girls by wrapping a white cloth around his body and personating a ghost. All ran but one, who pulled out a revolver and deliberately fired six balls into his head and body. At the first shot the ghost fell, but she continued firing. She then went home and related the circumstances, and parties returning to the spot found life completely extinct, two balls having penetrated the forehead and the other four the region of the heart. The sympathy of the people favored the girl, and she had not been arrested.

"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedents: Adam and Eve, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterne, 28; Linnæus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120. If Adam and Eve married before they were a year old, and the veteran Parr buckled with a widow at 120, bachelors and spinsters may wed at any age they like, and find shelter under great names for either early or late marriages.

A Southern paper is responsible for the following:

One day a Mormon woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching an alleged wrong of an officer of the church.

"Let me see, Sister—I forgot your name."

"My name?" was the indignant reply. "Why, I am your wife!"

"When did I marry you?"

The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account book in his desk, and then said:

"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

Every body is launching out in terrible denunciations against the "falsities" of woman. One writer says:

"Imagine courting a lovely Hebe, with a mass of golden curls covering her neck and shoulders, and with long lashes veiling her eyes, like a beautiful silk fringe; and then imagine, if you can, seeing one by one of the curls and lashes disappear within the recess of a board card-box."

On the same subject the *Mississippi Exchange*, after inveighing against "false calves," "false eyelashes," "false hair," "plumpers," etc., remarks:

"Young gentlemen need have no fears as regards the ladies of this section—they are all right, and need no artificial fixins; but we do advise them never to marry a Yankee girl without a full investigation."

When you make a quotation be sure always to give your authority. The force and beauty of the original is often greatly increased by so doing. For example:

Let not good or great content ye—
Higher and still higher,
Only for the best, the greatest
Labor and aspire
All the Year Round.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time,
By H. W. Longfellow.

Till I well could weep, for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base
A. Tennyson.

The mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far bright sea
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee,
Park Benjamin.

Farewell! I've yet one solace left, which cheers my lonely hearth,
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into birth;
How beautiful the vision comes, amidst life's gathering cares,
In shape—a Champagne bottle, and a box of fine cigars
From J. C. M'Cabe.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore
By Byron.

The girls are all a fleeting show
For man's delusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's not one true in seven
Exchange Papers.

But seen too oft, familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace
A. Pope.

How guilt, once harbored in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great
Dr. Johnson.

But my thread is oh, so fine!
Smallest moments form the line,
And I weave 'mid anxious fears,
For I dread the fatal shears
From Harper's Magazine.

A wealthy old gentleman in Pittsburg, who had denied his young and beautiful bride nothing that the most extravagant taste could suggest, awoke one morning a short time ago to find himself deserted. The fickle fair one had flown, and had left behind a few little bills, amounting to the trifle of $3000, and a note stating that she would come back if her husband would settle on her the sum of $20,000. She had taken the precaution to carry off her diamonds, and all her costly robes, together with a large sum of money which had been given her for her own use.

Fortune is as fickle as fashion. A certain Mrs. Walker, of Hartford, an Englishwoman by birth, who has hitherto been in "moderate circumstances," has recently become the heiress of a large property, valued at $35,000,000. She, with her husband and children, are about starting for England to receive the "golden egg." It is said she will return and make Hartford her permanent residence. When in full possession of her property, Mrs. Walker will probably be the richest woman in the United States.

A German professor of great learning, and patient in investigation, gives us some information, which he assures us is highly important for us to know. He asserts that an atom of atmospheric air is just 3939 hundred-thousand millionths of an inch in thickness, and that it weighs 15 ten-billionths of a grain! And to think that for every cubic foot of air we breathe we inhale 216,000,000,000,000,000,000 of these atoms.

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"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity"—BURNETT'S unrivaled Cologne Water and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

KELLEY & CO.'s GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. KELLEY & Co., located at 105 Randolph St. Who does not remember their gift store, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchases tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts of jewelry or other prizes? Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and these have the best of evidences that Messrs. KELLEY & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are honorable men, and do business honorably and on the square. Their Gift Concert which they now advertise, the drawing of which is to take place on the 22d of August, promises to be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in Chicago.

1. The gifts to be distributed are all that they are represented to be. 2. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing. 3. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing *something*. 4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. KELLEY & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise. These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending KELLEY & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*

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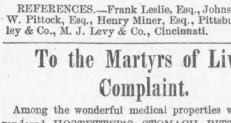
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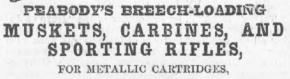
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Bierstadt, Beard, Bradford, Church, Cropsey, Casilear, Coleman, Dana, Gignoux, Sanford R. Gifford, James M. Hart, Huntington, William Hart, Geo. H. Hall, Hubbard, Hastilne, Innes, Eastman Johnson, Kensett, Lentz, Le Clear, Lang, Conant, Meyer, M'Entee, E. Moran, Rothermel, Shattuck, Sontag, Tait, Edwin White, Williamson, Whittredge, and many others, full catalogues of which will soon be issued, amounting to THREE HUNDRED IN NUMBER. The Subscription Books will be closed on SATURDAY, the 22d of SEPTEMBER, 1866, and on the FIRST of OCTOBER following the award of Premiums will be publicly made at the Opera-House.

DETAILS OF THE DRAWING.—The Subscription Books, on being closed, will be placed in the hands of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act as the Chicago members of the Committee to conduct the award of Premiums: WM. F. COOLBAUGH, Pres't Union Nat. Bank; AMOS T. HALL, Treas. C. B. & Q. R. R.; E. G. HALL, Hall, Kimbark & Co.; CLINTON BRIGGS, Ewing, Briggs & Co.; J. C. DORE, Pres't of Board of Trade; JAS. H. BOWEN, Pres't Third Nat. Bank; JAMES C. FARGO, Sup't American Express; FRANCIS A. HOFFMAN, Ex-Lieut. Governor; I. Y. MUNN, Munn & Scott, Elevator; J. A. ELLIS, Pres't Second Nat. Bank. These gentlemen, together with such others from different parts of the country as they may add to their number for the purpose of fairly representing the shareholders at large, will have the *sole management of the award in all its details.*

The plan of the award adopted is the following: Two hundred and ten thousand numbers, representing the certificates issued, will be placed in one wheel, and three hundred and two tickets, inscribed with the names of the premiums (to wit, the Opera-House, three hundred paintings, and the bust of Lincoln), will be placed in another. From these wheels a number and a premium will be drawn simultaneously, the number drawn, in each instance, taking the premium drawn with it. The Premiums will be ready for Delivery immediately upon the result of the award being known; and the person by whom the First Premium is drawn will receive a Conveyance in fee of an Unincumbered Title to the Crosby Opera-House, subject only to the existing leases, the rents to accrue to the person to whom the property shall be awarded from the day upon which the drawing takes place. Information relative to the title and legal arrangements will be furnished on application at the real estate office of Messrs. Rees & Ayres, Chicago.

CERTIFICATES, FIVE DOLLARS.

NOTICE.—To those persons who wish to select particular numbers, the Actuary desires to say that it is found to be impossible to fill orders for certificates otherwise than in regular rotation. The certificates are divided between the principal office in Chicago and the Eastern Agency in New York—every alternate 5000 numbers being reserved for sale in the New York office, from which they are distributed to sub-agents in every Eastern city and town. Those retained here are distributed in like manner from New Orleans to Montreal. They are selling very rapidly, rendering it impossible, with any attainable clerical force, to maintain a reliable record of the unsold numbers. It is, therefore, impossible to gratify this desire.
U. H. CROSBY, Actuary, A. A.

The Subscription Books will close on Saturday, the 22d of September, 1866, and on the 1st of October following the award of premiums will be publicly made at the Opera-House, under the sole direction of a committee representing the shareholders of all sections of the country, and in a manner to insure entire satisfaction to all interested.

The premiums will be ready for delivery immediately, and the person to whom the FIRST PREMIUM is awarded will receive a CONVEYANCE in FEE of an UNINCUMBERED TITLE to the CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE. Information relative to the title will be furnished on application to the real estate office of Messrs. Rees & Ayres, Chicago.

NOTICE.—In ordering certificates please name engraving desired. Send drafts, post-office money orders, or greenbacks, with address of town, county, and State carefully written, as every certificate is fully registered.
All orders for certificates and communications should be addressed to U. H. CROSBY, Actuary, A. A.,
And directed either to 6 5 Broadway, New York, or to 8 8 Crosby's Opera-House, Chicago, Illinois.

SPECIAL CARD.—The Crosby Opera-House Art Association is no gift enterprise, and must not be confounded with Dollar Gift Concerts which have been advertised to take place at the Opera-House without the authority or consent of the Proprietors.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
CAPITAL PRIZE 30,000 DOLLARS.
THE NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT
Will positively be given at
WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILL., August 22, 1866.

THE FIRST PRIZE CONCERT TO BE GIVEN IN THE UNITED STATES.
NO POSTPONEMENT.
250,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at $500,000, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, Including $100,000 in Greenbacks.
The time rapidly approaches, and the books will be closed the 22d day of August.
With the help of our numerous agents, located all over the United States, we have reason to believe that every ticket will be sold before the day designated.
Number of Tickets Issued, 500,000. Price, One Dollar.
This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the people of the United States.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1 Gift in Greenbacks			$50,000
1	do.	do.	10,000
1	do.	do.	5,000
1	do.	do.	4,000
1	do.	do.	3,000
1	do.	do.	2,000
20 Gifts in Greenbacks,	$1000	each	20,000
20	do.	do. 500 each	10,000
20	do.	do. 100 each	2,000
20	do.	do. 50 each	1,000
800	do.	do. 10 each	8,000
1,000	do.	do. 5 each	5,000
1 Gift, Residence in Chicago			5,000
10 Gifts, Lots in Chicago,	$500	each	5,000
40	do.	Pianos, $500 each	20,000
20	do.	Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
100	do.	Bibles, $20 each	2,000
200	do.	Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
200	do.	do. 100 each	20,000
200	do.	Silver Watches, 65 each	13,000
300	do.	do 40 each	12,000
1,000	Sets of Plated Teaspoons,	$3 each	3,000
1,000	Call Bells,	$3 each	3,000
1,000	Plated Fruit Knives,	$2 each	2,000
2,000	Gold Pens in Boxes,	$4 each	8,000
2,000	Photograph Albums,	5 each	10,000
2,000	Gold Pen Holders,	$5 each	10,000
238,043 Gifts			Worth $238,043.

The drawing will take place after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same. All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels, and Book Stores, and at our office, 105 Randolph St. Tickets, $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.
Great inducements offered to AGENTS, who are wanted in every where. Write for our terms at once.
SPECIAL TERMS, or CLUB RATES.—5 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets, $9 00; 20 tickets, $17 50; 30 tickets, $26 25; 40 tickets, $35 00; 50 tickets, $43 50. In every case send the name of each subscriber and their Post-Office address. Money by draft, Post-Office order, express, or in registered letter, may be sent at our risk.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 503.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE cable thus far works with success, but the means of communication between our great cities and Heart's Content are provokingly inadequate, and are not to be relied upon for promptness. This difficulty will soon be remedied, and then we shall be able to read in the morning papers all the important European news of the previous day. At the office in this city, of which we give an illustration on this page, telegrams for Europe are daily received at an expense to the sender of about a dollar a letter. Already the monetary quotations in this city and London are becoming equalized, and the uncertainty and suspense which have hitherto acted as disturbant elements are being obviated.

CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

WE present our readers with a panoramic view of GREAT SALT LAKE CITY and the VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, taken from a point north of that city, and embracing all the table land south of it, for a distance of more than twenty miles, where the mountains bound the horizon.

Great Salt Lake Valley is about 30 miles long from north to south, and from 20 to 25 miles from east to west. On the east it is bounded by the Wahsatch Mountains, and on the opposite side by the Oquirrh, or West Mountain Range. The highest peak of the mountains surrounding the valley is about 11,500 feet high, and is said to be covered with perpetual snow.

The mountain in the distance, in the centre of the picture, is 36 miles from the city, and forms part of a chain that lies west of Utah Lake. The lower chain seen nearer is the "Divide," over which is the principally traveled road to California *via* Nevada.

The Jordan River passes between the two distant points in the centre south of this view, and flows past the city, and empties its fresh water into the Salt Lake. Very fine trout and other fish are caught in the Jordan. The Great Salt Lake is about 16 miles northwest of the city, the northern part of the West Mountains terminating abruptly near its shores.

The cultivated lands in this valley are to the south and west of the city, on the borders of the different streams that rush down the mountain gorges or cañons to the Jordan. The waters of the City Creek, north of the city, are used for domestic purposes. The other streams adjoining the city are called Red Ponte, Emigration, Parley's, Mill, Big Cottonwood, and Little Cottonwood Creeks; and the roads leading for the supplies of fire-wood and lumber are made on the sides of the different streams.

The principal entrances to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake are through Parley's and Emigration cañons, and all travelers agree that the view, on reaching "the Bench" from these cañons, is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, showing at once the city, the valley, the glittering face of the famous Salt Lake in the distance, and the chain of mountains bounding the whole panoramic landscape stretching out before them.

Great Salt Lake City is divided into 21 wards, and is, from east to west, about 3 miles long, by 2 from north to south. Each ward has its schoolhouse, sustained by voluntary contributions. A law, however, has recently been passed authorizing each school district to impose a tax for the maintenance of a free school; and in no case is a child denied admission to the schools whose parents are unable to pay for their schooling—in such cases the Ward Fund is drawn upon. The books in common use in the schools of the Territory are WILLSON'S, RAY'S, and M'GUFFEY'S. The population of Great Salt Lake City is upward of 20,000 persons.

There are some very fine buildings fast springing up in the city, and within the last six years, in this particular, the place has made astonishing progress. In fact, within that period East Temple Street, or Main Street frequently called, has been almost rebuilt, and is now filling up with imposing-looking stores and banking establishments. The principal stores are those of W. S. GODBE, WM. JENNINGS, KIMBALL & LAWRENCE, WALKER BROTHERS, and WOODMANSEE'S. GODBE'S store is palatial in appearance, and when the ideality of its architect finds its elaboration in the finish of ornamental plastering, above the rock-cut basement it will present a still more imposing appearance. Mr. JENNINGS'S store, on the opposite side, has a solider magnificence; and KIMBALL & LAWRENCE, WALKER BROTHERS, and others, are equal to many in the Eastern States. Then there is the new City Hall, the Theatre, and on the outskirts there are some



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splendid private residences. These are all the growth of the last six years.

In the fore-ground of the picture is the residence of President BRIGHAM YOUNG. The large square building south of it is the grand theatre, capable of seating about 2000 persons; it is pronounced by visitors far superior to any theatre on the Pacific slope, and equaled by few in the East.

The large building, in the course of erection in the Temple Block, is the new tabernacle, designed to hold from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, and it will be 250 feet long, 180 wide, and 80 feet high. The foundation of the Temple lies to the east of it. This Temple will be 150 feet long by 125 wide, with six towers, as seen in the engraving from the architect's plan.

Great Salt Lake City abounds with very fine gardens, and large quantities of choice fruit are raised. Peaches, plums, apricots, pears, apples, grapes, and all the various kinds of small fruits are cultivated in great abundance.

Great Salt Lake City, from the Bench view, as it first meets the eye of the visitor, is seen looking out as from a forest of fruit trees. Irrigation is the only reliable source of watering the farms and gardens; and the waters of City Creek are conducted down the sides of each street, and ditches are cut to lead the water into each lot.

"The Pioneers," about 143 chosen Mormons, entered the desert under the leadership of "President" BRIGHAM YOUNG, on the 24th of July, 1847, nineteen years ago. To their indefatigable labors, untiring industry, a new world has been opened to colonization and commerce, and in a few years more the railway will open up the Rocky Mountains to tourists, who will, doubtless, for a time at least, make Salt Lake City the Jerusalem of the West; as the Mormons in their earliest days were free to call their favorite city.

We can not close this notice without adding that with whatever differences of opinion may be entertained of the Mormon faith, the great virtue of labor can not be denied to the Mormon population; and high admiration is universally expressed of the executive ability of BRIGHAM YOUNG, who has redeemed the wilderness, made it a fruitful field, and "made the desert to blossom as a rose."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

THE MASSACRE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE late tragedy in New Orleans, terrible as it was, will be of the most salutary effect. Thirty years ago slavery shot LOVEJOY in Alton for defending the right of free speech. Year after year slavery insulted, threatened, and mobbed Northern men for preaching the Declaration of Independence. For five and six years past slavery has exiled, tortured, hung, and burned Southern men for fidelity to the Union. But the sure mills of God grind slowly on, and slavery is abolished.

We have entered upon a new era. Already men are shot by stealth in the late slave States because they declare justice to be the best policy. Negroes, white and black, are hunted and teachers hunted away because they seek to enlighten the minds which slavery had darkened. Already the New York *World* and the other Northern lackeys of slavery denounce Southern men who were true to the Union through fire and flood as "cravens and cowards." In Memphis hatred of the principle of equal rights before the law massacres the most friendless and unfortunate part of the population; and in New Orleans the advocates of the same principle, meeting to discuss the subject, are ferociously murdered. But still the slow mills of God grind on. The seed of equal rights will be watered, not drowned, by the blood of the sowers. It will surely grow into a harvest which no storm can destroy. It will bear its natural fruit of national peace and prosperity; and in the happy day of its ripening those who sought to destroy the seed, whatever their station, whatever their temporary power, will be remembered only as the murderers of LOVEJOY and the assassin of LINCOLN are remembered.

It is of no importance whether the members of the Louisiana Convention of 1864 were wise or unwise, fanatical or moderate. Any body of men, any where in the country, have the unquestionable right of assembling under any call whatever to consider public affairs. The desire of discussion is their authority. Any number of citizens of the State of New York may lawfully meet any where in the State to propose a new Constitution. One man alone may lawfully proclaim a new Constitution. There is no law against debate or against propositions of any kind, however sweeping or radical they may be. But when men proceed from debating to enforcing their propositions they become amenable to the law and must answer for their overt acts. The Secession Conventions of 1860–61 were properly tolerated as the disunion arguments of the abolitionists had been previously properly tolerated. The Fenian meetings to found an Irish republic were perfectly lawful. But when the secessionists passed from declarations to deeds, and fired upon the forts, and seized the navy-yards, and stole custom-houses; and when the Fenians attempted with arms to make war upon a peaceful neighbor, the United States justly interfered.

The President knew, as every body else knew, the inflamed condition of the city of New Orleans. He had read, as we had all read, the fiery speeches of both parties. He knew, unless he had chosen willfully to ignore, the smothered hatred of the late rebels toward the Union men of every color. He may have considered the "Conservatives" wise, humane, and peaceful. He may have thought the Radicals wild and foolish. He knew that the Mayor was a bitter rebel, whom he had pardoned into office. He knew that the courts had denounced the Convention, and he was expressly informed that they meant to indict the members. He could not affect ignorance of the imminent danger of rioting and bloodshed. Still, if, as he constantly asserts, Louisiana is rightfully in the same relation to the Union that New York is, he had no authority to say a word or to do an act in that State except "on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature can not be convened." Why did he presume, then, to judge of the authority of the Convention? What has the President of the United States to do with the manner in which delegates to a State Convention are selected? If his own assertion be correct as to the present relation of Louisiana to the Union, the President convicts himself of the most extraordinary and passionate act of executive usurpation and federal centralization recorded in our history.

If, however, he had any right whatever to intervene in the absence of a demand from the Legislature or the Governor, it was derived from the fact that Louisiana is held by the military power of the United States, in which case her present relation to the Union is *not* what the President declares it to be, and he has ample and absolute power to do in that State whatever is necessary to keep the peace. And he knew, as he knew his own existence, that a simple word to the military commander to preserve the peace at all hazards would prevent disorder and save lives. He did not speak that word. Assuming to plant himself upon the Constitution, which by his very act he violated, he telegraphed to the Attorney-General of the State. He threw his whole weight upon the side of those from whom he knew in the nature of things the disorder would proceed, and from whom it did proceed. He knew the city was tinder, and he threw in a spark. Every negro hater and every disloyal ruffian knew from the President's dispatch that the right of the citizens to assemble and declare their views would not be protected. The Mayor's proclamation was a covert but distinct invitation to riot. He announced to a city seething with passionate hatred of the Convention, that it would "receive no countenance from the President." It was simply saying, "The Convention is at your mercy."

And the mob so understood it. A procession of negroes carrying a United States flag was attacked. It defended itself; and the work which one word from the President would have stopped, and which he had the full authority to [illegible] went on to its awful result. The rebel flag was again unfurled. The men who had bravely resisted it for four years were murdered under its encouragement, and while they were still lying warm in their blood the President telegraphed that they were "an unlawful assembly," and that "usurpation will not be tolerated"—words which he had no shadow of authority to utter except by the same right which empowered him to save all those lives; a right which he declined to exercise.

The President, who has undertaken by his own arbitrary will to settle every question of the war without consultation with the representatives of the people, says to the murdered men in New Orleans, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?" The autumn elections will terribly echo that question. Surveying the Executive action of eighteen months, with its plain tendencies and apparent inspiration, seeing that it has left the President with no other party than the most vehement of the late rebels at the South, the Copperheads at the North, and the timid and trimming adherents of the Union party, while the great mass of sturdy Unionists in all parts of the country at the North and South still maintain the ground they have always held, those Union men will write upon the back of every ballot they cast at the coming elections, "Usurpation will not be tolerated;" and upon its face, "Why did you assume to act without obtaining the consent of the people?"

THE FALL OF A "GREAT POWER."

THE first message by the Atlantic telegraph was beautiful and appropriate, for it was a message of peace. It was also of signal historical importance, for it announced the fate of the Austrian empire. We said last week that we anticipated further war, unless Europe should insist upon the reduction of Austria as a Great Power. The news is that war has ceased, and ceased upon what seems to us the condition we named. For BISMARCK certainly began the war to weaken Austria. He has been marvelously successful in the field, and Austria consents to peace upon the terms he dictates. A campaign of less than a month has expelled Austria from Italy, and excluded her from Germany. It has reduced her population by nearly one-sixth, and of that which remains nearly one-half is German, which will naturally lean toward Germany and be a discordant element among the Sclavonians and Magyars, which make up the rest of the population.

A "Great Power," which declines to enter a Congress that wishes to divide her territory and submits the question to the sword, and which virtually by one great battle is then forced to yield and submit to division—forced to surrender a province of 5,000,000 of inhabitants, and withdraw entirely from a Confederation of states of which she was the honorary head—is too sorely humiliated both in her own eyes and in the view of the world to be considered the same Great Power that she has been. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, says that she ought to be comforted; that she will still retain 33,000,000 of people; that she will still have fertile countries; that she will still have vast spaces of undeveloped territory, and that although she has not much sea-coast, still it would be hard to insist upon depriving her of Trieste. But is this the way to speak of a "Great Power?" If France should force England to relinquish Ireland, and compel her to agree not to enter future European Congresses, and a Spanish statesman, commenting upon the situation, should say that it would be hard to insist that England should give up Liverpool, would Mr. GLADSTONE, as an Englishman, be consoled by hearing that England still retained Scotland and Wales, and might devote herself to binding them together by good institutions? Would he feel that England was still a "Great Power" or a power upon sufferance?

Lord STANLEY, the new British Foreign Secretary, evidently anticipates the erection of "a strong, compact empire extending over North Germany." He does not call it by the name of Prussia, but it will be of course a German body with a Prussian head. This power in Middle Europe, with Italy as an ally, will certainly not be less formidable than France. Germany, France, and Italy, with England, would then be a natural alliance against Russia. Austria might be an advanced-guard of Russia, but that is not to be a "Great Power." However gently, therefore, the case may be stated, it seems to be clear that the battle of Sadowa was a fatal blow to Austria; while the armistice agreed upon, when the enemy was within striking distance of Vienna, and the entire acceptance of his terms—if the news be true—reveals a consciousness of impotence which is an utter moral defeat.

Yet under this heavy blow Austria sinks with little sympathy or sorrow from the world. For the world owes her nothing. Neither civil nor religious liberty, nor literature, nor art, nor science, have been enlarged or illustrated by her fostering care. She has been a "Great Power" by brute force. She has overrun provinces and held them by military despotism. By bayonets, prisons, and terror she has maintained a sullen union of protesting and alien peoples. The empire has been a camp. Its law was the sword; and if it falls, it falls as despots fall who have lived by blood and rapine.

THE PERFORMANCE AT PHILADELPHIA.

MR. HERRON, of New Orleans, writes to the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Louisiana that, after seeing the massacre, he declines to serve as a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention. It is not surprising. There was not a rioter who fired upon the negroes or upon the members of the Convention who does not belong to the party of the Philadelphia Convention. The "Union" representation from the late rebel States to Philadelphia is drawn exclusively from the Union men who "hate niggers" and scorn equal rights. They denounce Congress because Congress refuses to allow them to count in the basis of their representation the "niggers" whom they despise. They claim to be "conservative," because they insist that a voter in South Carolina shall have as much power at the polls as two or three voters in Illinois. They swear at Congress as "radical," because it demands fair play. They are coming to Philadelphia, shooting Union men on the way, because they know that they shall meet in the Convention VALLANDIGHAM, who spat upon the flag, and FERNANDO WOOD, who apologized to ROBERT TOOMBS because he could not send him arms to fire upon Union men. They are coming to the Convention because they hope to rule it, and, with its assistance, to rule the country.

We are very glad they are coming. We anticipate with great pleasure the spectacle of that assembly. It will be edifying to see Mr. VALLANDIGHAM with his foot upon the flag, and General DIX with his arms around his neck, whispering fondly, "If any man hauls down the flag, shoot him on the spot." It will be suggestive to observe AUGUST BELMONT, who allowed a young Englishman to wear a rebel badge in his house, graciously patronizing the neophyte SEWARD, who at last owns that Tammany Hall is the only true Union League; and the genial DEAN RICHMOND putting THURLOW WEED in his pocket; and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, a paroled prisoner of the Government, who still justifies the constitutionality of secession, teaching Postmaster-General RANDALL the alphabet of constitutional Union.

We have never doubted what the result of the Convention would be. It will be either nothing or the reorganization of the Democratic party. Mr. WEED and Mr. RANDALL and General DIX and Mr. SEWARD will act with the Democrats in the autumn elections, or they will return to the Union party. If they attempt a JOHNSON ticket it will be merely a second-hand FILLMORE performance of 1856. If they sustain the Democratic party, which has no more intention of disbanding itself than a snake of committing suicide, they will support a policy dictated by those who, like Mr. STEPHENS, hold the doctrine of constitutional secession, and who believe that tranquillity is possible while a seventh of the population are excluded from all political power, and one section of the country is politically preferred to the other.

As for purging the Convention, it is simply impossible. Every body will come except the earnest and intelligent Union men of the country. Such men from the North and South and East and West are not expected nor invited. It is a Convention of those who oppose Congress, and who hold that Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, is a truer Union man than ANDREW J. HAMILTON, of Texas. From such a body how can Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be excluded? He hates Congress and Radicals and "niggers;" he defends the President and JEFFERSON DAVIS; believes in the equal rights of the States, and despises those of the people of the States if they are of an improper complexion. What more would a "Conservative Union" Convention have? The test question must be, in the nature of the case, not what *was* but what *is* a man's Unionism. And the proofs in every case will be the same. "Do you go for putting down Radicals and 'niggers?'" "I do." "Do you love the Union according to Delegate STEPHENS?" "I do." "Pass in."

And when once in, the positive and not the negative element will control. It will not be what BISMARCK called "the perfumed moderates;" not those who don't agree with all that Congress has done, but would like to see a better spirit at the South; not the lukewarm but the boiling-hot element which will stir the pot. The *Daily News* has already notified Mr. RAYMOND that he must not hope to enter. The *Times*, indeed, retorts that Mr. BEN WOOD must be excluded. But the political contest in this country is between active and earnest forces. Mr. WOOD represents one of them, and Mr. RAYMOND does *not* represent the other. But whoever falls between will be ground to powder.

"ALL RIGHT" AT LAST.

THE cable is "all right," but where is DE SAUTY? A pensive public, in the midst of its gratification and delight, looks eagerly at the signature of every dispatch, and still hesitates and doubts and wonders, for how can it be sure unless it reads, "All right, DE SAUTY." Indeed it is a cruel fate. The directors owe to the world a distinct reply to the question, "Where is DE SAUTY?" By what authority did the *Great Eastern* sail without him? For what reason was he left behind? What is he doing? Where is he doing it? Is DE SAUTY "all right?" Where is DE SAUTY?

Wherever he may be, however, the cable is here. Another of the great steps is taken in the mastery of man over the world in which he was placed to "subdue it," and it has been taken as noiselessly as if it were the rising of a new star. The editorials in the papers were not even leaded. The headings were less tremendous than those which often announce ordinary events. The news was received as a matter of course. For so great is the confidence of men in man that it appeared nobody seriously doubted it would be done. But as the attempt had failed twice there was a possibility that the present effort would not succeed, and no one allowed himself too warm an expectation.

We spoke last week of the influence of the Atlantic Telegraph upon the commercial relations of this country and Europe. In his reply to Mr. FIELD's congratulatory telegram, Secretary SEWARD rather unnecessarily suggested what in a certain case its political value might have been. But its general influence and value are quite incalculable. It is, however, a plain and pleasant truth that whatever brings nations, and parts of nations, nearer together tends to better intelligence and consequent peace. Telegraphs and railroads are true pacificators. The slight threads that run over the highways trembling and singing in every breeze are but types of the fine and sensitive fibres of sympathy and understanding which they weave around the minds and lands which they connect. Wars will not be immediately abolished by the application of steam to travel, or of electricity to communication. But not to speak of their actual service in shortening the duration of wars, they are, and this is their chief significance, indicative of the progress of that higher civilization which will finally appeal to reason and not to brute force.

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earnestly in their ghastly faces; this action, of course, being followed by none of the anticipated gush of blood from the now cold wounds.

I pitied him sincerely at the conclusion of this trying ordeal—that is, in that portion of it where we visited the chamber of the murdered Inez, whom he had loved with all the affection of a strong and earnest disposition. The poor girl had also, probably, never awakened to the cruel blow which had deprived her of life. She had received two stabs, both in the breast, and either one of them sufficient to have effected immediate death; and the body was now lying in an easy posture on the couch, with a pleasant, natural expression on the pale, beautiful, upturned countenance, whose loveliness, after the eyes had been closed, was not in the least distorted by the violence of the agent that destroyed her. Almost every one knew of Thorne's former intimacy, and he was narrowly watched as he approached the bed. His grief was simple and noble. He knelt down, and silently wept upon the cold, dead hand, while one or two of those strong, terrible sobs, which can only be wrung from a brave, manly heart, escaped him; a moment more and he was himself again, and upon his feet. His action here would have created a favorable impression in sticks and stones; but Mexican peasantry are duller than sticks, and the prejudices of wild, rough miners, ever searching morbidly for "examples" to terrify criminals, are much more insensate than the hardest granite; so my friend was looked upon with increased dislike and suspicion.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the numerous unnecessary and even ridiculous examinations carried on by Mr. Detective Farceur during that afternoon and evening; but they all went to prove to every one but myself that La Mort was a myth, and that Thorne was the guilty man. I confess that my faith in his innocence was for a moment staggered when, upon following the written instructions which had been found in his vest pocket, we dug for the treasure in the chaparral, and disclosed a casket, known to be the Don's property, containing several thousand dollars in gold checks and coin, together with some papers which, however, could be of no value to any one but Gonzago himself. My confidence in my friend's innocence immediately returned upon serious reflection; for the house had been robbed of valuables to ten times the amount discovered in the casket, and it was extremely improbable that the robber would keep a memorandum of only the most insignificant portion of the plunder. But this argument met with no favor with Detective Farceur and the rest.

"You see, there may have been other memoranda that we missed," said the detective, cocking that little green eye of his. "Certainly there is one thing to be done, and one only. Your *friend* [emphasizing the word *friend*] must be consigned to the jail at Mariposa—that is, if we *get* him there."

There was something ominous in the tone in which the latter portion of this sentence ("if we *get* him there") was spoken, and did not by any means serve to diminish my anxiety. The next morning—we passed the night at the ranche, with Thorne under a strong guard—the building in which we were quartered was beset by a mob of nearly two hundred Mexicans—peons of the murdered man, and others, who had gathered from far and near—led by two or three "white men," prominent among whom was the Dan Mifflin before referred to. They were greatly infuriated, and demanded the instant surrender of the prisoner to their vengeance. To my very great surprise Detective Farceur was rather lukewarm in his resistance of the mob. He talked a great deal about summary justice, sniffled about the law being exceedingly lax, and looked with servile obsequiousness upon the ignorant ruffians who were most conspicuous and clamorous. Luckily there were six of our party upon whom I could depend. They were stout, hardy, honest fellows, rude miners from the mountains, some of whom were under personal obligations to me, and I placed myself at their head with confidence.

The door was securely barred in a few seconds, and the first blow against it was struck by the ruffian Mifflin, armed with an axe. I appeared at the casement, revolver in hand, and resolved to act promptly.

"If you strike that door once more," said I, addressing Mifflin, "I will put a bullet through your heart!"

"Two can play at that game!" exclaimed the villain, and, swerving back, he dropped his axe and clutched a revolver.

I instantly discharged my pistol, and, with an oath and a cry of pain, his right arm dropped nerveless at his side, broken and splintered at the elbow. The crowd at his back commenced to advance with waving knives and pistols, and I saw that no time was to be lost. Calling upon my six men to prepare for fight, I unbarred the door, swung it open, and went out, still retaining my pistol in my hand, ready for further use.

"What do you want?" I asked, and they knew by my tone of voice that I was not to be trifled with.

"We want to hang that bloody-minded *friend* of yours!" cried Phil Massey, another desperado from the coast. His reply was hailed with fierce shouts and yells from the motley crew around him.

"You must prove him guilty before you hang him," I said, coolly. "He will be imprisoned and regularly tried at Mariposa, and, if found guilty, he will be hung—not before. *You* hang him, you dirty, contemptible cut-throats. Would you hang him the way you strung up poor Rollin, for the murder he never committed, last spring? Would you hang him as you did that wretched Jew peddler, only a month ago, when his innocence was proved, and the real criminal arrested, before his body was cold? Look at your leaders now, you infernal fools! Dan Mifflin there owes his neck to the noose for the murder of two Indians on the Kern River, less than a year ago; Phil Massey there, beat a Mexican woman to death at the Los Angeles fandangoes; and the dirty thief next to him, his [illegible] escaped the penalty for horse-stealing! *You* hang him! There are six true men behind me, armed to the teeth, and for my character, you know it well enough. The first man who advances a step for the purpose of violence is a dead man! Come on, if you want fight!"

This address had even a better effect than I had anticipated. My whole party filed out of the building, with revolvers cocked and ready for use, and the demonstration of the mob ceased almost on the instant, the Mexicans composing it sheathing their weapons, and slinking away to their huts, and all the Americans, except the three especially complimented in my little speech, coming toward us, and looking considerably ashamed of themselves. I cared nothing for the defection of Mifflin and his brother ruffians; and, after giving Mr. Detective Farceur a brief lecture, which probably did not materially increase his self-esteem, the whole party were soon mounted, and riding homeward, with the prisoner in our midst. In about three hours and a half he was safely lodged, under strong guard, in the old stone-building which answered for the Mariposa jail.

III.

There was not much "red tape" in the process of a California criminal trial in those days. The judge was on hand early, the prosecuting attorney "rushed" his case with careless rapidity, and witnesses for either side were rattled off without an excess of circumlocution. Through my influence, which was considerable, the trial of Thorne lasted more than one day—an unusual thing at that time.

I confess that I was downhearted at the conclusion of the first day. Detective Farceur was the principal witness, and he talked to the jury for about three hours on the stretch. Every thing looked black for my friend, in whose innocence I never ceased to firmly believe. The Judge, Mr. Y——, who was very friendly to us both, also confessed that there was little hope. The first day had been entirely occupied with the prosecution, and the night found me racking my brains in order to contrive some kind of substantial defense to be forthcoming on the morrow, when a strange chance threw the means of completely vindicating my friend's honor directly across my path.

It had rained during the day, but the night was calm and lovely, with a wealth of moonlight, when I walked restlessly toward the banks of the little river, in a vain endeavor to obtain some mental repose. As I drew near the scrub-oaks which grew thickly on the margin of the stream I caught the sound of voices engaged in low but angry altercation. A strange feeling, which I had never experienced before, impelled me to approach and listen. Using great care, I got very near to the speakers without being discovered, and there listened to a conversation carried on in French which riveted me to the spot with mingled emotions of amazement and delight. Two horrible criminals were discussing villainies of the past and planning new ones for the future; and the voice of one of them was clearly recognizable. I only listened for a very few minutes, and then returned swiftly and silently to my office, with a mountain of anxiety removed from my breast.

On the following morning the rude court-room was even more densely thronged than on the preceding day. The Judge was on the bench, the jury in their places, and every thing ready for work when I entered the room. Thorne, who had been considerably depressed on the preceding day, quickly caught the reflex of my beaming countenance and brightened up amazingly; while the jurymen yawned, as though they would have gladly pronounced a verdict of "guilty" at once, without waiting for a long-winded argument from me.

"Are you ready with your defense, Mr. Y——?" inquired the Judge.

"I will be in a moment, Sir, as soon as some friends of mine arrive," I replied. "And here they are."

At that moment the room was invaded by twelve men, armed to the teeth, who, as previously arranged, posted themselves in different portions of the room so as to effectually guard all modes of exit. Even the two windows, though placed high above the floor, were not neglected. The prosecuting attorney made a great splutter about this "high-handed proceeding," as he was pleased to denominate it, and even the Judge requested an explanation in a rather abrupt manner. But I assured his Honor, and every one present, that, before I finished my defense, the wisdom of the "high-handed proceeding" would be made manifest to all.

I then took up the case and gave the learned Judge the benefit of a harangue, which I purposely spun out to ridiculous length, and in which I viewed all of the phases of the evidence for the prosecution in a hundred lights, and weighed them with the finesse of a miser counting his hoard. The prosecuting attorney at first gaped, then yawned, and then fretted and fumed; and, at last, even the Judge lost patience and said, rather pettishly: "This is entirely unnecessary, Mr. U——; your remarks produce no effect upon the jury. If you have any witnesses produce them."

"I have but one, your Honor."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Detective Farceur, of San Francisco."

Every one appeared to be considerably astonished at this, but none more so than the detective himself. He was still disguised by the hideous black patch, but his one sharp, little green eye twinkled nervously as he once more mounted the witness-stand, which was only an arm's-length from my own position. The reader must remember that the scene and conversation which I am about to describe occurred in California in the year 185–, and not in a very formal court of justice.

Q. "Mr. Farceur, how long have you been a detective policeman?"

A. "About twenty years, off and on."

Q. "Where were you on the night of the murder which Mr. Thorne is accused of having committed?"

A. "On my way to this place from the West. I arrived at your office on that night."

Q. "Are you sure you did not come from the northeast instead of the west?"

A. "Very sure I did not."

Q. "Mr. Farceur, do you speak French?"

A. "Imperfectly."

Q. "You spoke it very fluently in your conversation with a fellow-villain among the scrub-oaks on the river-bank last night."

The detective started as if he had received a load of buck-shot. His little green eye shrank so far back in his head that it looked like a shining glass-bead, and he gave other indications of being decidedly ill at ease. My remaining queries were short and sweet.

Q. "Mr. Detective, did you never go by any other name than 'Farceur?'"

A. "No, Sir."

Q. "I think you have. Suppose you let the Judge and jury see your face. I will assist you."

With that I reached my hand out very quickly, and with two motions deprived the witness of his eye-patch, of his false whiskers, and of two cunning wigs, which made a great alteration in his personal appearance. He now stood forth a clean-shaven, black-haired villain, with crime stamped legibly upon every lineament.

"Now, Mr. Detective Farceur," I resumed, "are you sure there is not another name by which you are best known, and to which you are accustomed to answer?"

"No," he replied doggedly, "I know of none."

"But I know your name perfectly," I persisted, "and I want these people to know it. It is La Mort!"

The effect of these words, spoken in a loud voice, was magical. As one man every person in the court-room sprang to his feet. The counterfeit detective looked about wildly, and then, drawing a knife from his bosom, cleared the inclosure at a bound, and rushed to the door. But in an instant he was knocked down and dragged back to the stand.

It is scarcely worth while for me to dwell upon the summary manner in which I proved him, out of his own mouth, to be the murderer of the Gonzago family, and to be none other than the dreaded La Mort. He was hung the next morning in the open plaza, in the presence of several thousand people. I never could exactly fathom his motives for the plot by which he so nearly succeeded in procuring the execution of an innocent man; but, of course, the golden god must have had something to do with it. Lynch law was not so popular in Mariposa county for a number of years thereafter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a man in Pennsylvania who is so forgetful of countenances that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then he occasionally makes a mistake.

CABLE-ENDS.

Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic Cable?—Because he is spliced to his *Heart's Content*.

'Tis said the present success of the Ocean Telegraph was in the fact that the directors never lost sight of the "*great end*" of their undertaking from the start.

The greatest "wire-puller" of modern times—Cyrus W. Field.

On the arrival of the *Great Eastern* at Newfoundland the sailors unanimously declared that the whole thing was "*played out*;" and during the passage they held an indignation meeting, at which loud shouts of "*Down with the Cable!*" were heard.

Shall we call Mr. Field an aristocrat because he is so very proud of his "*connections?*"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Grundy, "and so they have put telegraph poles all the way 'cross the ocean! I shouldn't wonder if they tried a pontoon bridge next."

When is a lawyer like a horse?—When he lives by Gray's Inn Fields.

Archbishop Whately once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause.—After keeping them wondering for a while, he said: "The reason is, because there are more of them."

SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity. It is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes. It is a bad sign to see them filling the holes in the windows.

It is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his brow. It is a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of the cellar.

It is a good sign to see a woman dressing with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her finery.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the paper. It is a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school. It is a bad sign to see them educated at the evening school in the street.

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice found all right except one hammer. "Oh, don't be troubled, my honey," said his Irish porter. "Sure the nager took it out to open the hogshead with."

A poor man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken a remedy, replied: "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

A CABLE-ISTIC LAY.

They've gone and done it!—spite of *croak*,
The cable's laid at last;
VICTORIA and our JONATHAN
Are now made doubly "fast!"

A golden wedding may it prove,
Without or flaw or cracks;
Sea-mented by *dear* thrilling lines,
Where once they'd only "smacks!"

A tie that Time shall never break,
Since Time must fly the course—
Lickid out by Lightning and the *clique*
Of that remorseless Morse.

A New-found-land the twain have found
Near this new continent;
Had ever "Sparks" a fairer FIELD
Near to their "Heart's-Content?"

August affair! It augurs well,
This tie of shore to shore;
'Tis Brunel's tunnel, wire-drawn—
And not so great a bore.

Great Eastern, and ye battle-ships,
Ye know not what ye do!
That tiny thread of talking wire
Shall whisper "Peace!" to you—

To Earth—to Man! Old Sol himself
May go and rest his team;
A thousand miles an hour's too "slow"
To chase a telegram!

Your cod-fish aristocracy—
Grand-Bank-ers, met to dine—
E-cod, they're taken all aback
By such a shocking "line."

Your "Bulls" and "Bears" may pitch and toss,
But win no more their games;
Bear-haven keeps the Bulls at Bay,
By hearing all their schemes.

Then here's a cheer for Samuel Morse,
His aiders and abettors!
He hatch'd the little errand-bird—
But Hughes taught him his letters.

"More servants wait on Man"—still more—
Above—below—around;
Winds, water, vapor, fire!—what next?
Look *up!* The answer's found.

The age of wonders still is ours;
To Do is but *to Dare!*
Soon, soon shall MAN, with wizard power,
Triumphant RIDE THE AIR!

The saying of a White Mountain stage-driver to a New Yorker sitting with him, "I s'pose if I went to New York I should gawk around as you folks do up here?" is not bad.

A man in Hartford advertised recently that, on receipt of a certain sum, he would by return mail instruct any applicant how to make a fortune. His directions were: "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and always be ready to pick up a stray chicken."

The Cairo *Democrat* thus poetizes the latest agony of hoops:

"These hoops are like the poet Gray;
This you at once can see;
For they, as Gray did, show the world
A handsome L-E-G."

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?—To keep a check upon his stomach.

What is that which can often be found where it is not?—Fault.

When has a man four hands?—When he doubles his fists.

Funny-sounding drums—Conundrums. A good one is very hard to beat.

"PARTY TIES."—White Chokers.

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unsophisticated old lady; "it only takes two seconds to fight a duel!"

A man out West says that he moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

Josh Billings says he has got a good recollection, but not a good memory. He recollects having lost ten dollars the other night, but don't remember where he lost it.



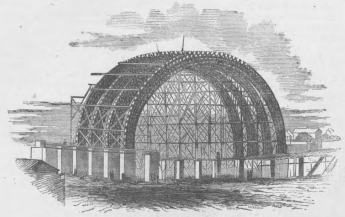
RATHER MORE THAN A BETTER HALF.

Mr. Meek. "I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE TO-NIGHT, DEAR. DON'T SIT UP FOR ME."

Wife of his Bosom. "I WON'T! I SHALL COME FOR YOU!"

Mr. M. is home by 10:30.

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ARCHES OF THE MORMON TEMPLE.



H. C. KIMBALL.



A. LYMAN.



E. SNOW.



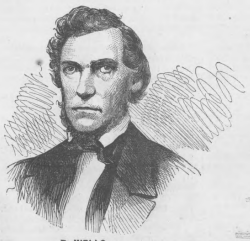
O.



L. SNOW.



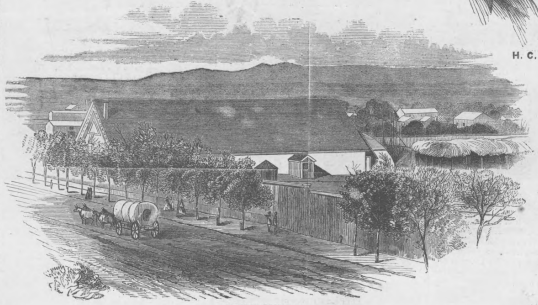
J. TAYLOR.



D. WELLS.



THE MORMON TEMPLE WHEN COMPLETED.



THE TABERNACLE.



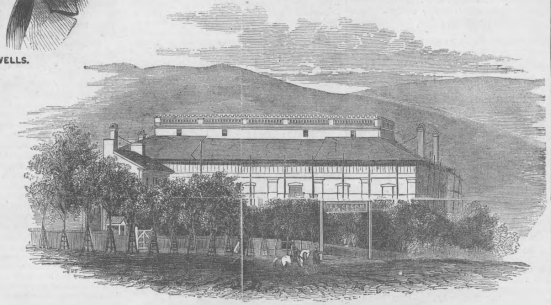
C. O. CANNON.



BRIGHAM YOUNG.



F. D. RICHARDS.



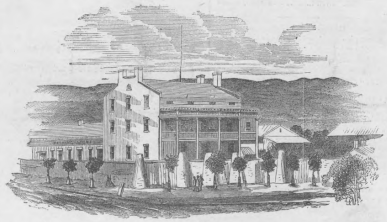
THE NEW THEATRE.



E. T. BENSON.



C. C. RICH.



TITHING OFFICE.



J. YOUNG.



O. PRATT.



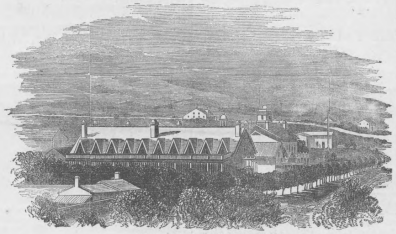
W. W



G. A. SMITH.

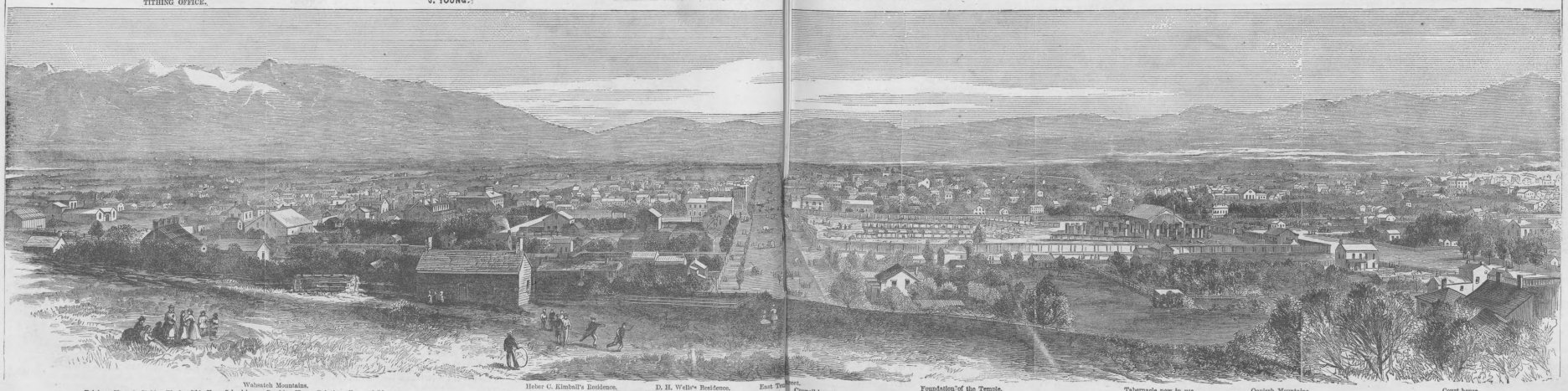


HUNTER.



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE TWELV STLES OF THE MORMON CHURCH.



Wahsatch Mountains.
Brigham Young's Stables, Blacksmith's Shop, School-house, Bee-hive House, Printing-office, and Lion House.
Heber C. Kimball's Residence.
D. H. Wells's Residence.
"Deseret News" Office.
East Temple.
Council-house.
Foundation of the Temple.
Tabernacle now in use.
Oquirrh Mountains.
Endowment House.
Court-house.

THE CITY AND VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE, UTAH.—F PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAVAGE & OTTINGER, SALT LAKE CITY.—[SEE PAGE 513.]

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SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A BABE at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was the prettiest work possible to sow those seeds. First of all, Sam went over the lists carefully, studying Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and laying aside all those seeds which were perfectly hardy, and therefore might be sowed in the open ground. A few of the half-hardy kinds must also wait, because they would not bear transplanting; while two or three hardy ones must be sowed in pots, because, unless transplanted, they would not come to their full double perfection.

The next thing was to choose out flower-pots—to find how many would go in each little green-house box—or rather, how many *must* go, to hold the different kinds of seeds, and then to pick them out of such a size as the box would hold. Then in the bottom of each, over the little round hole, Sam laid a bit of a broken flower-pot, and over that several more bits. That was for "drainage," he told the children; the first bit to keep the earth from running all away through the hole, and the rest to prevent its ever getting sodden and clogged beneath the plants. Then the pots must all be filled with the prepared earth—not quite full, but within an inch or so of the top; and here the new trowels came in play. It was charming work to take up a trowelful of the earth and pour it carefully into a flower-pot! and Sam showed the children how to shake it down, and pick off all the lumps from the surface, so as to leave a smooth, soft, even place for the seeds. But to put them in, and cover them, and press down the earth again, was really a work of art. For the seeds were of such different sizes! Here were Clover's hyacinth beans, large, stout things, that looked quite able to take care of themselves; and here was the petunia seed, so small and fine that it seemed as if a puff of wind might blow it all away. Lily's canna seeds, too, must be soaked in hot water; and every thing must have a label; so, altogether, it was quite a complicated affair.

"Mr. Vick says," remarked Sam, "that about as good a rule as can be given for planting seeds is to cover them twice the depth of their own diameter."

"But what's their diameter?" said Prim.

"The distance straight through the seed, from one side to the other."

"Dear me! but we can't measure," said Lily.

"No, you must look well at the seed and guess—measure by eye."

"I could measure these," said Clover, handling her hyacinth beans; "but some of the seeds are so *very* little, Sam!"

"Well, those smallest of all you don't cover at all," said her brother; "or, at least, only in this way: See! you make the earth just as smooth and soft and even as you can all over the top, and then you sprinkle the seeds very thinly on it—so."

"Why don't you sprinkle them thick?" said Lily.

"Because if the plants come up too thick they will be crowded and sickly," said Sam; "and then you would have to thin them out, and so throw away a great many plants. And that is troublesome and disagreeable. There, Lily, scatter just a few of your petunia seeds on the earth. Now if they were larger we would scatter or sift some earth over them; but as they are so very small you can take your hand, or the bottom of this other flower-pot, and press the earth and seeds gently down together. There!—that will cover them sufficiently."

"Where shall I stick my label?—in the middle?" said Lily.

"Why no! you would poke down ever so many seeds with it. Stick it in close at the edge of the pot, and next time put it in before you sow the seeds. But stay, have you written on it?"

"Yes. Oh, I guess it will do," said Lily, yielding the label with an unwilling hand. Sam looked at it and shook his head. Lily had written first a very large P, which took up so much of the little slip of wood that the following letters were quite matter of conjecture, and, indeed, she could get no further than the second syllable.

"How are you going to know that from pinks?" said Sam, whittling the letters off with his knife. "Don't try to write too much on a little label like this. If I were you I would put only numbers—write No. 1 on this label, and then No. 1 on the bag of petunia seed."

"What an excellent plan!" said Clover. "But wouldn't ink be better?"

"Ink would run on this soft wood. No, the pencil-marks will last long enough, if they're made on a smooth surface; but if you wanted them *never* to wear out, then the way is to brush over the label with a little white lead, such as painters use, and write on it while it is wet with this same pencil; and then you would have an indelible label."

So the planting went on with great zeal and success; and the little paper bags grew empty, and the green-house boxes grew full of pots; and the children were brimming with a delight that could hardly even talk in its rapt excitement.

"Why should I sow only part of my pinks here?" inquired Lily, in answer to some counsel of Sam's.

"Because, if these should not do well, you would have some seed left to try again," replied Sam.

"Then I'd better save some of all the kinds," said Lily. "What a pity! I've put every one of my canna seeds in the hot water! Will it do to take some of them out?"

"Not after they have once been in," said Sam. "But cannas are worth nothing—will make no show—unless they are planted early, so it was best to sow them all at once."

"How many things there are to think of in gardening!" said Clover, covering her zinnia seeds with a light hand. "Sam, I'm afraid our boxes won't be very warm out *here*."

"No, indeed. Perhaps mamma will admit them to the bow-window."

"I'll run in this minute and ask her!" cried Prim. Which she did; and of course mamma said yes.

So when all the seeds were planted—all that were to be planted then—Sam carried the boxes into the house and set them on a kitchen table that was already placed in the bow-window. And very pretty they looked, with the little red pots full of brown earth, and the neat labels, and the clean bright panes of glass sloping down over all. The sun darted in to look at them, and the three children stood bending over them in a half-bewitched state.

"Must we keep these panes of glass tight shut all the time?" said Clover.

"Yes, in cool weather. Sometimes at mid-day, if it gets very warm, you can raise one of them a little, or slip it aside, just to let in air."

Lily lifted one of the panes and thrust in her finger.

"Oh, Sam, it's real warm in there now," she said.

"So it ought to be. It will hardly be too warm before the seeds come up."

"Will they come up to-morrow, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"To-morrow! Have you any idea of the work that must be done down in that brown earth before your seeds come up?"

"Oh, Sam, that is just what I want to know," cried Clover. "I think there never was any thing quite so beautiful as our boxes and seeds. I'd like to study them all day."

"Well, you can study them from a new point of view now," said Sam, laughing, "for there comes Maria Jarvis. She'll give you lessons!" And Sam marched off out of the room, while Lily rushed to the door to welcome her friend, and Clover and Primrose followed more slowly. If the truth must be told, they would rather have watched their boxes just then.

"How do you do?" said Maria Jarvis, making great efforts to arrange her short hoop to her satisfaction. "Mamma had business to do in the village, and so I thought I would drive on and see your place. I suppose you haven't done much to it yet."

"Sam has dug up part of my garden," said Lily, innocently.

"Oh, is Sam your gardener?" said Maria. "Our gardener is named William. He's the head gardener, you know; and then there's Patrick and Michael besides. William's the best gardener in the country, I suppose. A great many people call him Mr. Stubbs."

"Lily was talking of *our* gardens, not of papa's," said Clover; for Lily was quite breathless, and had no words ready. "And in *our* gardens my brother Sam is head gardener, and we're to be Patrick and Michael ourselves. Don't you have a garden all for yourself too?"

"Oh yes, but William takes care of it," said Maria. "I couldn't, you know, it's such dirty work. My! I don't know how many frocks I should want if I did any thing but walk in the garden. I've just had ten new ones made for the summer, and mamma said it was such a plague to arrange to have 'em all different, the trimmings and all—I guess she wouldn't want to get any more. But Miss Simmons (that's our dress-maker in town), she's really a very clever young person, mamma says; and when mamma was quite worn out with the trimmings, and didn't know what to do with my pink foulard, Miss Simmons went about and about all over town till she found some rose-bugs. Just the thing for a pink dress, you know; and she put rose-bugs here—and here—and here—all over it. Mamma was delighted. I'll show it to you the next time you come. What's your best dress?"

"White muslin," said Clover.

"White muslin's very nice if it's trimmed all round the bottom with colored ribbon," said Maria. "I've got two made so, a pink and a green; and I've got another embroidered all over with blue spots."

"What flowers are you going to have in your garden, Maria?" said Clover, trying to get upon some subject where Lily and she would feel at home.

"Oh, I don't know; just what William puts there," said Maria. "He always has something new every spring, papa says."

"I shall have pinks in mine," said Lily.

"Pinks are very old-fashioned," answered Maria. "So William says. I suppose you'll have fuschias, of course."

"No, I guess not," said Clover; "*we* shall not. I don't know what papa may do."

"Oh yes, you must have fuschias," said Maria. "And then in the green-house you must have gloxinias and air-plants—things that won't grow in every village window, as papa says."

"But we haven't any green-house," said Clover.

"Oh, but of course you'll build one," said Maria. "Sarah had the most beautiful present the other day!—from the gentleman she's engaged to, the same one that gave her the bracelet. It's a butterfly for her hair."

"I shouldn't like a butterfly on *my* hair," said Primrose, decidedly.

"Not a real one, you little goose," said Maria. "It's all gold and enamel, and ruby eyes, and diamond spots. And it clasps into her hair, so—just like a brooch. It's the sweetest thing! So suitable for summer, mamma said."

"Well, won't you come and see what we have for a green-house?" said Clover, leading the way to the bow-window. "Sam made us these boxes himself, and we've just been planting our seeds. And mamma is going to tell us how they grow."

"How they grow!" said Maria. "Well, you are the strangest girl! It must be a great deal of trouble to take care of such little boxes, I should think. And papa says a few flowers aren't worth much. Quantity, quantity—and what other people don't have—that's what papa likes. But I hope you'll enjoy them, I'm sure. Good-by, I've had a delightful time, and I'll show you all my flowers when you come, and Sarah's butterfly. Good-by!"

And away whirled the carriage, after which Clover and Lily stood gazing with bewildered eyes.

QUITE UNEXPECTED.

I.—A "SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

AMOS WYNNE was simply a tenant farmer, cultivating so much as was cultivable of some five hundred acres which his father had farmed before him, and his grandfather before his father. If it had been a first-rate farm it would hardly have required three generations of diggers and delvers to work at it without gaining enough to leave it and go to something better than tenant farming.

Amos had grown up steady and industrious; had married a good wife, though a poor one; after his father's death he had managed the farm prudently; and, being a man of considerable natural shrewdness, had actually saved money and was looking forward to establishing his children in life a little more advantageously than he and his brothers had had to start. But unhappily he was one of those who had been out in the disastrous '45 of this century. Intoxicated with the prospect of doubling in a year or two the savings of twenty years, his head had been turned along with many a wiser head. He had let the glozing tongue of a neighbor persuade him to buy railway shares at a great premium, he had seen them go up to a greater premium, and had waited for a greater still. Then when the crash came he had been one of those who were caught and had lost actually all his savings. Just now, too, a new misfortune had befallen him which he would have thought little of a year ago, but which was grievous to him in his straitened circumstances. The murrain had been among his cattle and taken six of the finest beasts. As he walked in his rick-yard, therefore, he reckoned up for the twentieth time the probable, possible, and I doubt also impossible proceeds of the sale of those ricks, and thought sadly of the small surplus that would be left him after payment of his rent.

Winding down from the hill-fields behind the house, he saw standing before him one whom he at once put down as belonging to the class of "suspicious characters." He was on the foot-path, it is true, and so could not be ordered off. A stout, strongly-built man of some sixty or thereabouts, he had the true vagabond air and carriage, with the evidently exuberant health and activity which are so often denied to people who are not of the vagabond family. He was clean though, and seemed to take some care of his plentiful gray beard and whiskers, which contrasted well with his darkly-bronzed skin—a skin that had got its coloring plainly under foreign suns.

He came up to the farmer and addressed him, speaking with much gesticulation, and flourishing his staff to such an extent that Amos involuntarily raised his hands to protect his ears. He had a marked impediment in his speech, spoke with a strong foreign accent, and was evidently quite ignorant of his locality. Conversation, therefore, was by no means easy. Amos gathered at last that he wanted to be directed on his way to Rudyard and to be told the distance. The way was straight enough, the distance was six miles, and as it was already growing dark and not over good road, he recommended him to lose as little time as possible. The poor man unfortunately had stumbled only a hundred yards or so back, and sprained his ankle—so before going on he sat down at the foot of one of the ricks, pulled off his boot and stocking to look at and rub the sprain; and having done so, found all his efforts to get on his boot and walk again fruitless. Certainly Amos Wynne had to confess that he tried his best to walk and go about his business, spite of the evident torture it was to him. It was plain, indeed, that he was as unwilling to ask a night's lodging as Amos was to offer it. The request had to be made at last, however, and could be no less than granted. Leading the way into his house, the stranger followed him. The refinements of drawing-room and dining-room were unknown in Amos Wynne's simple home-stead. There was a large kitchen, well hung with bacon, where the servants were sitting at their evening meal. And there was a parlor or "house-room," where the rest of the family spent their leisure hours. "Come in and sit down," said Amos, leading him into the kitchen at the back-door, and at once going forward himself to tell his wife in the other room of the unexpected guest. The stranger followed close upon his heels, entered this other room with him, carrying the impracticable boot in one hand, and limping painfully. It was evident he had not understood his invitation to be to sit with the servants, and though a little taken aback, as Amos was, there was something in the man's graceful bow, and in the quiet self-possession with which he saluted all in the room, that hinted at the possibility of a servants' kitchen not being perhaps his proper place, at his having perhaps looked on better days, and even sat at good men's feasts as host instead of guest. "Would you, madam, give me a slipper?" he asked, seating himself on one of the vacant chairs by the fire, and taking a child on his knee as if he had known the family all his life.

Tea was brought in, and he drew up to table and evidently enjoyed his meal, not omitting to be so attentive to the two daughters as to win the good opinion of those young ladies, and make their brothers and young Dennis, the favored lover of one of them, a little sensible of their own remissness. Then, as the evening wore on, Amos naturally wanted his pipe, and asked his guest to join him. Whereupon out came from the stranger's pocket the blackest and best of meerschaums and a pouch of tobacco, which Amos was forced to confess was the finest of any thing he had ever smoked in his life. And as smoking by the fire is of itself dry work, in due time the little black bottle of whisky was produced, and two modest tumblers were mixed, and Amos actually found that he was admitting this stranger, whose name he did not know, into a great deal of his confidence. It hardly occurred to him that he was being questioned at all; but little by little he had told him whose farm this was; how old Sir Evelyn Rudyard had died a month ago, and the new heir was a cousin who had lived abroad all his life and never even seen the vast estates which had now fallen to him by the death of a childless old man; how desolate the old Hall at Rudyard had been this Christmas-time; and how the poor had missed their annual coals and good cheer. Then, with a touch of bitterness, he had hinted at his own losses; at the difficulty he had in making both ends meet; at the determination he had come to that he would, the very next rent-day, up and speak boldly to old Sir Evelyn, and ask him for a reduction of his rent; and how, now the old landlord was dead, he felt it would be hopeless to ask a favor from a new one yet a while, and he would have to struggle on. To all of which the stranger listened carefully, speaking words of cheer now and then, as one who had himself known trouble.

But the younger people were inclined to merrier ways of spending the evening. Harry Dennis had brought his violin, and was in great perplexity about it. He was the only one who could play upon it, and it was clear he could not dance too; so Bertha had to dance with her brother, to the satisfaction of nobody.

"Let me try it," said the strange guest; and then, shade of Paganini! how he did fiddle! The twinkle of his elbow and the flash of his fiddle-stick were nothing short of marvelous. There was not a dance, new or old, but he knew the measure of it; and you could see by the involuntary motion of his knees that, had it not been for his sprained ankle, his sixty years would not have kept him from standing up with the youngest.

At last came the hour for retiring—and that, too, no late hour, for the servants had to be up betimes. In they came, menservants and maid-servants, and took their chairs round the room with the rest of the family. The big family Bible was opened; and Amos, all seriousness and gravity, laying aside the evening's mirth, read out the sacred message. It happened that he had come that evening to the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and to that final judgment where the great King blesses them who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and received the stranger, inasmuch as by so doing they have done it unto Him.

II.—"RAGGED AND TOUGH."

A NIGHT's rest did the sprained ankle a world of good. Early in the morning the stranger was up and prepared to leave. But as the Wynnes were early risers too, and already about to sit down to breakfast, and as he had made himself quite popular the night before, he was urged to stay, and, with slight urging, staid. After breakfast, too, instead of going on his way at once to Rudyard, he, like a man accustomed to have no plans, or to change them from hour to hour, took all at once the bold resolve to walk off the stiffness of his ankle by no less an undertaking than the ascent of the Wrekin. It lay full in sight from the window; and to him, whose eyes—and feet too, indeed—had often rested on the peaks of Switzerland, it looked a modest hillock enough. And what were its two or three patches of snow compared with the eternal glaciers? Till now he had never seen this much-talked-of Wrekin. It was all one to him whether he reached Rudyard at night or earlier. No one expected him, he said, rather wearily, or would give him as kind a welcome as he had found last night: he would be as well wandering up and down

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the Wrekin as any where else; so up the Wrekin he would go, lame or not lame.

Then two of the young men—Gregory Wynne and Harry Dennis—somewhat ashamed, it may be, of having spoken of the ascent of the Shropshire hill this winter's morning as an immense undertaking to an old man who made so light of it, said that they too would go; and off the three started on their walk. Near as it had seemed, it was close upon two hours—the paths being slippery—before they reached the top and sat down upon the little mound that marks the summit to enjoy the reward of their labors.

On that day there was a meagre prospect. Indeed, for a while the three pedestrians thought themselves alone on the hill. Not another human being was there to be seen. For surely that dirty little heap of animated rags, that moved from time to time in and out of sight among the bushes and behind the rocks, could hardly be a human being. Nor did they quite satisfy themselves that it was one till Gregory Wynne, following it up, brought it out from its hiding-place, and revealed it as a boy.

He was a little imp of barely three feet high. Upon his head he wore the remains of what had once been a cap, but now more nearly resembled a coronet, there being but little of it left save the rim. His hair stood up through the middle of it, not unlike a bunch of shabby plumes. The amalgamated garment, which did what it could toward covering the upper half of his body, had once been in two pieces—jacket and waistcoat. It had, at some advanced period of its history, been made into one. But how many pieces it would have been in now, if incautiously taken off, it would have been hard to say. There was a greater proportion of leg visible than would have been reckoned decorous even by a Highlander. Indeed, had it not been for two or three pieces of string judiciously tied tight round each leg, above and below the knee, the trowsers and their wearer must have altogether parted company. His boots showed a novel principle of construction—or, at any rate, of adaptation—which might commend them to the notice of the father of a family of growing boys. The soles and upper leathers having long parted company, the way of getting into them appeared to be, first, to place the foot firmly on the sole, then put the upper leather (which was open at the side) over it, and tie the two together with a stout piece of string. The more obvious objections to this fashion, for winter wear, naturally suggest themselves in the exposure of the toes at one end of the structure and the heel at the other. At any rate, by a copious use of string, evidently a primary article in his toilet, this small creature did entitle himself to be considered a clothed human being.

"What's your name?" asked the elder stranger.

"Jack Richardson; but at the blacksmith's shop they call me 'Ragged and Tough.' What's yours?" replied the boy.

"Mine," said the old man, "is Peter. How old are you?"

"Eight last Michaelmas. What else besides Peter? and how old are you?"

"Peter Lameleg; sixty-two," said the old man.

Harry Dennis was smoking—we are almost ashamed to confess it, so early in the morning, but it was an exceptional case with him. Said the youngster, "I'll give you a penny for your cigar."

Harry explained that it had cost him threepence, so he could not part with it at that rate. Moreover, he had not got another.

"I'll give you threepence for it," said the child, producing the money. But it appearing that business could not be transacted at that or any other rate, he had to be content with a promise of the reversion of the end of the cigar when done with—had to be content, or at least to seem so.

By-and-by Mr. Lameleg, encouraged by the younger man's example, was seduced into lighting his pipe; and having done so, laid his tobacco-pouch for a moment on the rock beside him. In an instant, and with a scream of exultation, it was pounced upon by Ragged and Tough, and he was bounding with it down the rocks, where no one with any regard to the soundness of his limbs could follow except at the slowest rate. They were sitting on the edge of a deep ravine, the opposite wall of which was distant only a few yards.

In less time than it takes to read these two or three lines, the lad had descended the gorge, had climbed the opposite side, had mounted a tree in front, and now grinned at them across the chasm, while he deliberately produced a short black pipe, filled it, lit it, and immediately showed, by the methodical way in which he smoked it, that he was no new hand at a pipe.

He was still within easy speaking distance; and, as it was clearly no use threatening him or scaring him away, negotiations were opened with him across the chasm.

"Now, my boy, bring it back," said the old man.

"Cu—cu—come and fe—fe—fetch it," he replied, mimicking his stammer; "will you thrash me if I bring it?"

"No."

"Will you give me another pipe?"

"Yes."

Then he deliberately helped himself to another pipe, good measure, wrapped it in a bit of his jacket that he tore off for the purpose, pocketed it, came back, gave up the pouch, and sat down by its owner, trusting fearlessly to the promise that he was not to be thrashed.

Every body has heard of the Irish lad who boasted that he washed himself once a week whether he needed it or not. Our poor little Jack, it was clear, knew nothing of such sanitary regulations, and confessed, without any hesitation, that he never washed himself at all; which, indeed, no one could have suspected him of doing. Being questioned as to his earnings, he said that in fine weather he sometimes got as much as a shilling a day, in bad weather hardly a sixpence—sometimes nothing. He produced eightpence in copper, fivepence of it yesterday's money, and threepence gained this morning. At night, he said, he generally bought a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of pudding, and a penn'orth of meat for his supper, two penn'orth of ale to drink after it, and a penn'orth of tobacco to smoke. His breakfast cost him twopence when he had any. Sometimes he gave his sister a penny or two when he saw her walking about in the cold; and sometimes she gave him a penny or two when she had any.

"Did he never take his money home to his mother?" Harry Dennis asked.

"No; she would drink it all."

"Nor to his father?"

"No; he would drink it faster than she would, and I would sooner drink it myself."

"What, do you drink too?"

"Yes, when I have any money to spare. Eh! I was drunk on Saturday night."

When he had not drunk all his money he hid it under a stone before going in to his mother, and took it up again in the morning, if he happened to be there first; but his mother often found out where he put it.

Then turning the conversation to the subject of clothing, young Wynne tried to impress upon him the advantages of spending his spare money in new clothes instead of drink. "If you put away twopence a day for a week that will be a shilling, and you can buy a new cap," a proposition which was readily admitted and approved. "Then, if you put away twopence a day for another week, you can buy a pair of second-hand boots."

"Where?" interrupted he, jumping quickly to his feet.

"Well, at any rate you could in a fortnight," said Gregory, puzzled to answer.

"Ah, yes, but you said in a week," he retorted, being evidently much better informed as to the price of second-hand boots than his instructor.

He had once been to school for two days, but left because Swiddy Dick kicked him on the shins. It was a Sunday-school, but he didn't remember that they taught him any thing. He knew this hill was called the Wrekin, and he knew that was Wellington. He didn't know where England was, or what a queen was. He didn't know who made the sun, but suspected it was not Harry Dennis.

They had sat longer than the old man meant to sit, and as he had already said good-by to them at the farm, he resolved that he would go straight from the Wrekin top to Rudyard. By doing so he perceived that he would cut off an angle of about a mile, which he would have had to traverse had he gone by way of the farm. But he remembered suddenly that he had left something in his bedroom—a pocket-knife and some keys, I think—which he could not well dispense with. From where they sat the farm-house lay full in view, and beyond it a mile or so could be seen the point of junction of its by-road with the road along which the stranger would have to travel on his directer way. He pointed out these places to the urchin, Ragged and Tough, and asked him if he would run round by the farm-house, get these things, and meet him with them at the corner for the reward of threepence, a commission which that young Mercury willingly enough undertook, on being furnished with a scrawl from Gregory to produce as his credentials, and asking them also to give him something to eat.

"But can I trust you to bring me them when you have got them?" asked their owner.

The lad seemed to understand at once that it was his honesty that was in question. "A man gave me half a crown once for a penny, and I took it him back. Keep my money till I bring them," he said, and, tossing his coppers at their feet, started off at a run, and was lost beneath the shoulder of the hill. They saw him here and there in the fields as he drew away from the base beneath them, and watched him pursuing his way steadily from stile to stile, till at the last, with the help of a glass which one of the young men carried, they saw him, a mere speck, make his way within the gates and disappear. Then they rose and went down hill leisurely on the directer road to Rudyard, the young men going with their companion part of the way.

Coming in due time to a cross-road which led to the Arkull Farm, the young men shook hands with their friend, whom they parted from unwillingly, and he, with many kind words of thanks for the hospitality he had received, pursued his journey alone. Half an hour brought him to the corner where he had expected to find his young messenger waiting. In this, however, he had been too sanguine, and after he had sat and waited another half-hour, casting meanwhile very impatient glances toward the farm, he had, after all, to make up his mind to walk on to the house and seek him. It was full in sight, but separated from him by a valley which, after the walk up the Wrekin, he would rather not have had to cross, especially as the lamed foot began to remind him that it was as yet hardly sound again.

As he walked on with a rather visible limp, and still more visible ill-temper, he was suddenly brought to a stand by the appearance of a little cloud that overhung the house. Even while he gazed it grew darker and larger, spreading itself in dense volumes over all the homestead. Fierce tongues of flame shot up through blinding smoke, and sparks by thousands rose and were wafted by the wind toward him from over the valley. The gate opened, and a man on horseback rode out and galloped off to the town as if for his life.

Mr. Lameleg was lame no longer. He ran in a style that would have done credit to many a younger man, and before many minutes had passed was on the scene of the disaster. It was in the rick-yard that the fire had begun, and it was too clear that but little could be done to stay the progress of the flames. The ricks stood in two rows of four each, and the fire had begun in the second one of the inner row. Happily there was not much wind, but the little there was, while it bore the flames away from the house and the farm-buildings, bore them on to the other ricks, and already three of the eight were blazing furiously. To save these, or any portion of them, was clearly hopeless. Amos Wynne and his family, and the men who had hurried in from the neighboring fields, were doing their best, but working without concert, or any common object. Indeed, on Amos himself the catastrophe had seemed to come so crushingly, that he was more inclined to stand by in silent despair than to struggle against it. "Robbery, and murrain, and fire," he murmured to himself; "O God! who sendest me the plagues of Job, send me his patience too, and his happy deliverance." They had broken a hole through the hard-frozen pond, and were running to and fro with all the buckets that could be got together, pouring their dribblets of water wherever they thought it could do good.

The stranger's coat and hat were flung aside in an instant. "Now, my men, to work here!" he shouted, in a voice that was plainly used to command. Loose straw was lying between all the ricks, and the flames leaped by its aid from one to the other with fearful rapidity. He saw at a glance which of the stacks were certainly lost, and which it might be possible to save. To clear away this loose straw was the first task. He did not merely order what was to be done, but he did more of the work than any two other men. Then he divided his forces—one half he set to work to pull down and carry away two of the ricks that were sure to take fire next if nothing were done to save them. But as he knew it would be impossible to get more than half of them down, he put the rest of the men to another task. Close by there was a large heap of rotting stable manure. He had it brought as rapidly as possible and piled between the stacks on fire and the stacks in danger, and more especially as thickly as they could against the sides of those in danger. Then, as he saw the flames gaining on them, they ceased trying to pull down the stacks—having got them perhaps half down—and began to spread this manure thickly over the top of the parts of the stacks left standing. By dint of hard labor they managed to get these two stacks well covered, and by this time help having come from neighboring farms, they contrived also to get the up-piled heap in front of the burning stacks well drenched with water. In the midst of all it began to snow heavily, and this helped them a little, forming a thin covering on the manure. Happily when the flames reached them, as they soon did, they found that their ravenous tongues no longer devoured all before them, but were stopped by their barricade. When the parish engine arrived and began to play upon the nearest of the flaming ricks it was seen that the worst was over.

But, indeed, that worst was bad enough for poor Amos Wynne. His fire insurance policy had expired three weeks before, and he, intending to renew it for a larger amount, had not renewed it at all. Such a loss to him, coming at such a time, was little short of ruin, and he thought more wearily than ever of the rent-day ahead. While thinking of what was lost, however, he was not quite oblivious of what was saved, or of him to whose exertions he was so much indebted. "I owe you much," he said to the old man; "pray come in and let me thank you, and thank the good Providence that sent you here at such a time."

As they went in they overtook two of the men who had come with the fire-engine. They were carrying between them the body of a child. The poor rags that hung about him were drenched with water and littered with manure. The poor little face was blackened with smoke and ashes. The poor little limbs lay motionless. It was the body of poor "Ragged and Tough."

III.—THE NEW LANDLORD.

THIS, then, was how the old year was to end for Amos Wynne. It was its last day, and to-morrow came in the new one. What a mockery it would seem to wish him a Happy New Year! When he got into his own house he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head to his knees in silent despair.

The stranger had followed the two firemen into the kitchen, and they had deposited their senseless burden on the table. Another man immediately followed them, bringing a short black pipe which he had picked up close to where they had found the child. Gregory Wynne was standing by the old man. They both knew the pipe again at once, and remarked to each other that the origin of the fire was explained.

"It is not so clear," said the stranger, "that your father has any thing to thank me for. If I had not sent the lad here this would never have happened."

It proved that the boy was not dead, though at first they had thought him so. He was indeed fearfully burned, and there could be little hope of his recovery. But by-and-by he breathed, opened his eyes, and, the sense of pain returning with the sense of life, moaned piteously. His worst burns, however, and those from which there was most danger, were those where the fire had deadened all feeling in the poor child's limbs, and where he had no pain at all. The smaller and more painful burns were dressed with soothing oils and lint. Mrs. Wynne and her daughters, forgetting the mischief the boy had wrought them, seeing only his poor scorched body and his helplessness, worked with tender fingers about him, and in a little while restored him so far that he could tell his story. It was a very plain, straightforward one, and the sum of it was this:

He had got the trifles he had been sent to fetch.

"They are in my pocket," he said to the old man, not suspecting that both pocket and trowsers had been burned off his legs.

They had given him a good dinner in the kitchen, and one of the farm-laborers, delighted with his precocious prattle, had also given him, unknown to any one else, some ale. Then he had left to go on his errand, but at the gate his quick eye had seen the three whom he had left coming down the hill afar off, and, having time to spare, the possession of tobacco had proved too great a temptation for him. He had stolen into the rick-yard, sat down behind the second rick, and smoked part of his pipe. Then, hearing some one coming, he had run off to finish it behind a more distant stack, and there he had fallen asleep. This much he could tell of himself; the rest was easily put together. At the first of his smoking-places the fire had broken out after he had removed. His second hiding-place had only been reached by the fire in its expiring efforts, and there he had been buried unperceived, partly with straw, partly with manure. He confessed that this burying of him awaked him, but at first he durst not come out for fear of being whipped, and he lay still, not knowing what was wrong. Then afterward, when he had tried to get out he could not; and he remembered no more about it.

They told him of the fire and of the damage he had done.

"You won't thrash me?" he asked, pitifully. (The attention of a thrashing seemed to be the only attention he had ever received from any one, and he could hardly believe that he was to escape without one now.) "You can give them my money, to pay for the stacks, Mr. Lameleg," he said, suddenly remembering the eightpence which he had left in pledge for his own honesty. Poor Ragged and Tough appeared to be less conversant with the value of corn-stacks than with the value of second-hand boots. But having thus made what pecuniary amends he could, he seemed easier and more hopeful of good treatment.

Apparently reminded by the child's last words, the old man left him and went in to Amos Wynne.

"And what do you think will be the extent of your loss?" he asked.

"Four hundred pounds, not less, I am sure," was the answer; "and how to replace it I know no more than you child."

"Don't despair," said the stranger; "your friends will help you, and perhaps the new landlord may make your tenancy easier when he sees how hardly you have been pressed. At any rate I can be of no more use here, and strangers are only in the way at such a time. I will have a wash and a crust of bread and cheese, and then I will go."

"I shall be sorry if we never see you or hear of you again," said Amos.

"Oh, but perhaps you will! What are you going to do with the child?"

"Keep him till he is better, or till all is over with him. The doctor says he will probably linger a few days at any rate."

In times of domestic as well as of national calamity every one has his own special point of view from which he looks on the misfortune that has befallen him in common with those around him. As the old man passed the bay-window in which Harry Dennis and Bertha were standing, he heard Harry say, "I suppose we shall have to put it off again?"

"I suppose we must," said Bertha; "but I hope it will not be for long."

They were speaking quite openly, so the stranger asked, "What is that which has to be put off?"

"Only our marriage," said Bertha, very frankly, with a smile which was a good deal belied by her eyes. "He was to have come and fetched me in a month."

"Ah, well, you are young; it is only waiting and trusting each other a little longer."

And then in a little while the old man shook hands with them all, and went his way once more, more sadly though with more show of mutual kindness than before.

It was some two hours later. The melancholy dinner, of which no one seemed to have partaken, had been cleared away. Amos Wynne remembered that there was some letter about this disaster which he must needs write for that night's post, and the inkstand and pen could not be found. There is seldom more than one little bottle of ink in a country farm-house, and it is well if its contents are not either as thick as mud or watered out of all their blackness. At last it was found in the bedroom that had been used by the old man. Beside it lay a closed envelope addressed "Mr. Amos Wynne," in a hand unknown to all of them.

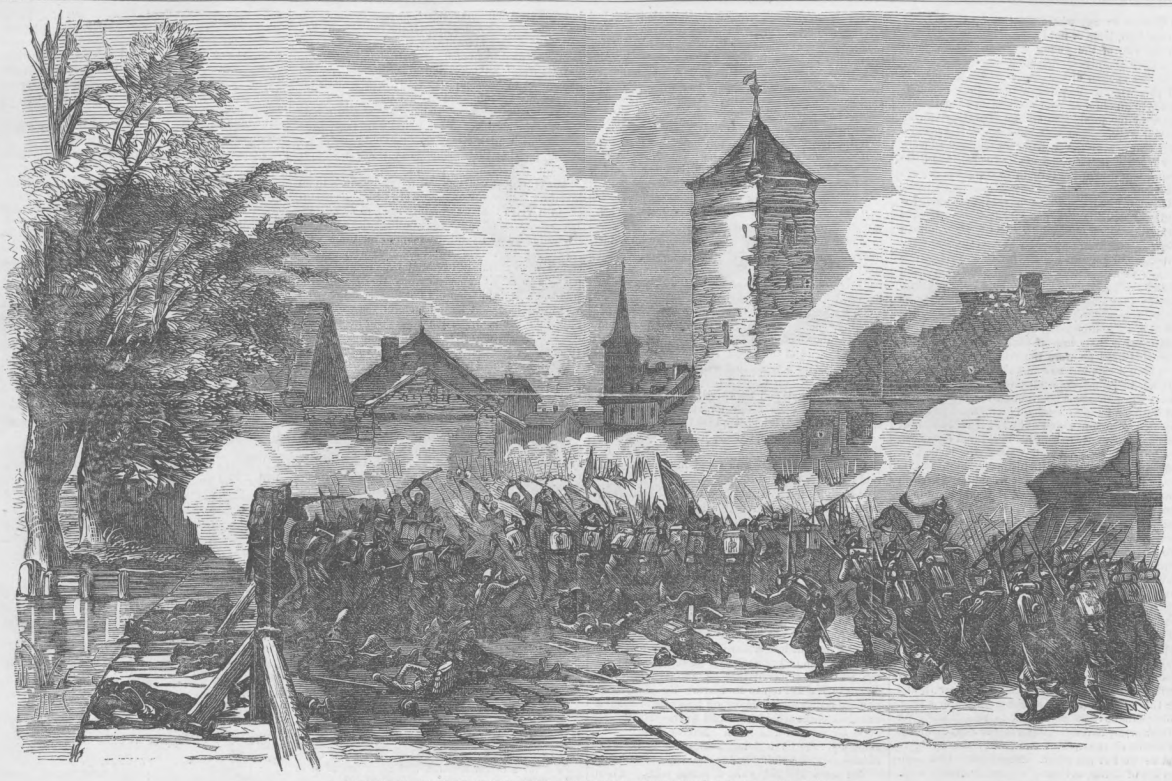
"Who would have thought," said Amos, "of his taking the trouble to leave a note to thank us?"

It was not much of a note. When the envelope was opened it contained merely a half-sheet of note-paper, on which was written, not over-legibly, simply the words, "*I was a stranger, and ye took me in*"—no signature, and no word more. Along with it was a small piece of folded paper which fell out and fluttered to the floor. When unfolded it proved to be a check on the local bank in the neighboring town, in favor of Amos Wynne, for the sum of four hundred pounds. This check was signed P. Rudyard. Mr. Lameleg was none other than the new landlord.

That night at Arkull Farm was not so dull a one as the earlier part of the day had promised. The old year was sped to its exit, and the new one was welcomed to the world with all seemly mirth, not unmixed with solemn thankfulness. Poor little Ragged and Tough was brought in for half an hour, and propped so that his big, bright eyes could look on from out of his lint and cotton-wool, and enjoy the wonderful sight of a well-lighted room and happy faces. Then he was taken away, patient and happy as the rest of them.

Mr. Lameleg's augury that Amos Wynne might get his rent reduced proved remarkably exact. Ragged and Tough did not die, but slowly recovered, and in due time came to be as tough as ever, though never again so ragged; for Sir Peter clothed him, and sent him to school, where "Swiddy Dick" could no longer reach his shins, and had him taught where England is, and who *did* make the sun, and gave him more exact ideas of the value of corn-stacks, and even at the last promoted him to be his own boy in buttons. It was also Sir Peter himself who gave away the bride when Bertha and Harry Dennis were married—without that dreadful postponement—and who stood up at the wedding-breakfast and said, stammering as bad as ever, that he hoped (as we may surely hope for all our kindly, patient readers) that if in the unknown future, any year seemed closing on them as darkly as the last had threatened, its clouds might be chased away as quickly, that next new year might break upon them as brightly, and be as fruitful in happiness as this one had fair to be.

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BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN, JUNE 28, 1866.

THE BATTLES IN GERMANY.

WE give on this page two illustrations relating to the battles in Bohemia, by which the Prussians, gaining a series of victories which were consummated on July 3, in the disastrous defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, overcame every obstacle to their rapid and successful march against Vienna. The latest news by the cable left the Prussian army in front of Vienna, and at this stage of the hostilities an armistice had been entered upon with a view to peace-negotiations.

But notwithstanding this recent intelligence it will be interesting to our readers to turn back to those terrible contests, the results of which, in the reconstruction of Germany, are still to be made known. For this purpose we have published two engravings, one illustrating the storming of Gitschin, the other giving a view of the battle-field of Königgrätz, the evening after the contest.

THE STORMING OF GITSCHIN.

On the 27th and 28th of June had been fought the battles of Nachod and Trautenau, each of which had resulted in a victory for the Prussians. A third and equally bloody engagement occurred on the 28th, near Munchengratz, fifty miles west of the battle-fields just mentioned. The Prussian troops employed on this occasion belong to the first army, under the command of Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, and had penetrated into Bohemia from Saxony by way of Reichenberg. The day previously Turnau, at the junction of the North Bohemian railways, had been occupied by them. Moving thence in a southwestern direction, they found themselves confronted, it is reported, by 50,000 or 60,000 Austrians and 20,000 Saxons. The enemy had taken up a strong position on the top of a hill, contesting the possession of it with great obstinacy. The loss on both sides was about equal, but success remained with the Prussians, who immediately advanced in a southeastern direction to Gitschin, a place well known in history as one of Wallenstein's possessions. The great General lies buried here in the Convent of the Carthusians. The town lies some fourteen or fifteen English miles southeast of Munchengratz and of Turnau, with which two places it forms a triangle. It is situated on the Cydlina, one of the confluents of the Elbe. From the positions occupied, according to the latest reports, by the second army under the command of the Crown Prince, Gitschin is distant about twenty-three to twenty-six English miles. It constitutes very nearly the central point of the road leading from Jung-Bunzlau over Sobotka, Gitschin, and Horzitz to Josephstadt, respectively, to Königgrätz, and which constitutes,



BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KÖNIGGRATZ AT 9 O'CLOCK P.M., JULY 3, 1866.

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as it were, the string of the bow formed by the railways between Jung-Bunzlau, Turnau, Eisenbrod, and Josephstadt. On the 29th ult. the third and fifth divisions carried Gitschin by storm, inflicting a loss of 4000 men on the Austrians, and making nigh upon 2000 prisoners. The 24th and 64th regiments, well known as having distinguished themselves in the assault on Duppel, shone again conspicuous in their feats of arms. In storming the Castle of Gitschin, which was built by Wallenstein in 1610, they are reported to have climbed up the walls like cats, despite the fierce fire with which they were received. The Prussian losses in the storming of the town and castle are reported as very heavy, the position being naturally strong and the resistance of the Austrians most determined.

A correspondent writes: "The Prussians, advancing from the direction of Turnau on Gitschin, had a fight at the villages of Podultz and Diletz, which were held by Austrian and Saxon troops, supported by artillery and three of Austria's finest cavalry regiments. According to the report of the prisoners, the King of Saxony himself took part in the fight. After a severe struggle both villages were carried, and the Prussians made for the Lochow Road in order to cut off the retreat of the Austrians, who were retiring from Lochow on Gitschin. The Austrian cavalry charged the advancing Prussians, but the latter received them without forming square, and the horsemen recoiled, broken by their steady fire. The Austrian troops in Brada and the Saxons and Austrians in Diletz were quite separated by the capture of the village of Podultz, and the former were almost entirely taken; the latter were cut off from retreat in large numbers. The loss of the Saxons between Diletz and Gitschin was tremendous; they fell thickly, and the ground was covered with corpses. The Prussians suffered much, but they fought most bravely, and, with only four regiments and half as many guns as their opponents, carried a very strong position held by a much superior force; for the Prussians had in the field but 16,000 men, and the allied strength is estimated at 30,000. At Diletz the Prussians lie more thickly than at Lochow, for the more numerous artillery of the defenders plowed with terrible effect through the dense columns of the assailants as they advanced to the attack. But between Diletz and Gitschin the ground is covered with broken arms, knapsacks, shakos, and fallen men, who are mostly either Saxons or Austrians, for here the needle-gun was more used than artillery. The Prussians took about 7000 prisoners in the two combats, and the Austrian loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 2000. On the 29th the Prussian head-quarters were moved to Sobotka, and the army took up a position in front of Gitschin, prepared for battle. In the afternoon the strategic object of the movements of the two Prussian armies was achieved, and communications were opened in Bohemia between Prince FREDERICK CHARLES and the Crown Prince."

On the 2d of July the King of Prussia arrived at Gitschin, where he was received by Prince FREDERICK CHARLES. The streets every where showed the traces of the obstinate engagement which had been continued within the town. The enemy had fled in disorder under cover of the night. By the victory of Gitschin the junction of the two armies under Prince CHARLES and FREDERIC WILLIAM, the Crown Prince, was made possible.



ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY & SON, NEW YORK.]

BENEDEK in the mean while, after the defeat of the Saxons, had found it necessary to fall back to Königgrätz.

THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ, OR SADOWA.

We have on a previous occasion given the details of this battle. Our illustration represents the battle-field as it appeared at nine o'clock P.M. after the conflict. The battle was fought July 3, and lasted twelve hours. Early in the morning the Prussian army, commanded by the King in person, met the Austrian army under Marshal BENEDEK, between Horzitz and Königgrätz. For six hours the enemy obstinately defended a strong position to the rear of Bistritz, which was not taken by storm until two P.M., after which the enemy was quickly driven out of his other positions. By seven P.M. the rest of the Austrians were in full retreat, and their defeat was complete. In this battle the Prussians took 116 guns and upward of 20,000 prisoners.

THE LOST FOUND.

THE scene presented in our engraving on this page is one of no rare occurrence at our Police stations. It is a scene of happy reunion both to the bewildered little children, who, having strayed beyond the limits of their neighborhood, and being unable, in their alarm or by reason of their infantile years, to give the friendly policeman any information as to their homes, have been made for the night as comfortable as circumstances permitted; and also to the anxious parents, who, after a night of agonized apprehension, have at last found the unhappy wanderers.

ERASTUS W. SMITH, A.P.D.

ON the 18th of May last the New York University conferred upon MR. ERASTUS W. SMITH, the subject of this sketch, the honorary degree of "*Doctor Physicis Artibus*" (Doctor in Physical Arts). In a letter, accompanying the one from Chancellor FERRIS making the announcement, Professor JOHN W. DRAPER designates this as the first degree of the kind ever conferred in this country, and the highest the University can give. It places the University, as he says, in connection with mechanical engineering, one of the most important and growing professional interests of our city and country.

It may be profitable for those who are toiling in the same arduous department to know how the enviable prominence, which justifies so high a recognition, has been attained.

Mr. SMITH is a native of the State of Connecticut. His parents having moved to Ohio when he was at an early age, he was there employed with his father as carpenter and mill-wright. He afterward was occupied for a short time in a steam-engine manufactory in the same State, but soon becoming convinced that a better opportunity for advancement would be found in a first-class establishment, he came to New York, and apprenticed himself to the late JAMES P. ALLAIRE, proprietor of the well-known Allaire Works, for some years the most noted in the country. After four years of service, perceiving that a knowledge of the physical sciences was necessary to the attainment of any thing like dis-



THE LOST FOUND—A SCENE AT THE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

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tinction in the profession he had chosen, Mr. SMITH relinquished his place, and pursued those studies at the New York University, graduating in the class of 1844. He then returned to the Allaire Works, and toiled faithfully for six years longer, during which period he was, in the words of his respected employer and friend, MR. ALLAIRE, in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, "employed in every department, from the lowest to the highest. He has been the principal in the construction of some of the best vessels that sail on our waters, sea, and lakes; for capacity and ability I am sure he has no superior (in the compass of my knowledge of men) in his profession."

After this long and diversified experience in construction and designing, Mr. SMITH determined to rely upon his merits as Consulting Engineer in preference to making permanent engagement with any one establishment. From this point his advancement has been rapid and complete. The Ocean Steam Navigation Co., the Collin's Line of steamers, the New York and Havre Steamship Co., the New York, New Orleans, and Havana line of steamers, the Merchants' Steamship Co., the Norwich and New York Transportation Co., and the North American Steamship Co., have all, at different times, been under his direction, either in the capacity of Engineer-in-Chief, Constructing Engineer, or Superintendent of Machinery. Many of the largest and finest engines ever built in our country are from his designs and drawings. Among these may be specified the steamboat *Metropolis*, of the Fall River Line; the *Mississippi*, *St. Lawrence*, *Empire State*, *and Buckeye State*, on the Western lakes; the *Independence*, *Favorita*, and *Oregonian*, for the Pacific Ocean.

Passing somewhat into the domain of Civil Engineering Mr. SMITH is at present Chief Engineer of the new iron bridge at Harlem, and also Consulting Engineer to the Board of Public Works in Chicago, in reference to the tunnel now being constructed under the Lakes. Seven important appointments as Consulting and Constructing Engineer are this day held by him, giving evidence of the great confidence reposed in his professional ability, prominent among which should be mentioned his position as Constructing Engineer for Mr. W. H. WEBB, the contractor with the United States Government for the iron-clad ram *Dunderberg*.

A consideration of the effect of mechanical engineering upon the results of the last war will convince any one that the recognition of its professors among the honored and educated is not misplaced. It has well been styled the "Iron War." Mechanical genius gave to our military heroes the power to consummate their triumphs. Invincible ships, resistless weapons, rapid transportation, these were the means which had, at least, much to do with the glorious end.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

THE French Market, when I visited it, had been in full blast since sunrise, presenting the same appearance as Fulton or Washington Markets on a Saturday afternoon. Here all the negroes speak French, and many of them wear sabots, those clumsy feet-coverings being for sale at several places in the Market. Will it be put down to blind prejudice if the writer states that neither the meat, fish, vegetables, nor fruit are so fine as can be found at the above-named markets? Even in the matter of oranges and bananas they are behindhand, probably owing to the fact that very few licenses are given for the traffic, and it becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few Italians, who buy in the cheapest market, and sell at exorbitant prices. So well are these estimable foreigners organized that a man coming into port with a cargo of fruit has to take the first offer made him, or run extreme risk of selling at all. Whites, creoles, and negroes elbow about, unpleasant smells abound, and the sun pours over all a blistering heat.

Just in the hottest spot of the whole market the most picturesque subject is found, namely, the Indian dealers in herbs and baskets. Grouped around, in stolid indifference to the heat, with heavy folded wraps resting on their heads for protection against the sun, they patiently await customers for their okra, and other herbs and roots. Years ago a large number of these aborigines ornamented the city, but as they grow tame they disappear from the city as fast as from their ancient hunting grounds.

In connection with the excitement consequent upon the New Orleans riot I have made a sketch giving a street view in that city. The scene is laid on St. Charles Street, and represents the march of PHIL SHERIDAN'S troops through the city. The building in the distance is the St. Charles Hotel.

A. R. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LEAVING our own bustling metropolis *en route* for Eastern sections, one can not but remark the more staid and quiet demeanor of the denizens of the New England States. Even if you chance to reach New Haven on a Commencement day, it is evident that nobody is greatly excited. The College walls undoubtedly conceal some anxious faces and restless feet, but little of this appears without. All is very proper and decorous, and there is no unseemly haste even on the College Green. Class meetings and Commencement exercises chiefly interest those *immediately* concerned and strangers. To the inhabitants of New Haven these things are an "old story." So a majority of them stay quietly at home, cordially extending their hospitality to the many friends who take this time to *visit* them! To be sure a goodly number of the young ladies show their bright faces in the galleries, or on either side of the stage, some time during Commencement exercises. But then, in general, each one has a "*friend*" who takes a part, or she has a friend who has a "*friend*" who takes a part; and, by keeping your eyes open, you can almost "guess" who is the special "friend," by watching the ingress and egress of fair, flushed faces and dainty little hats. Even the time-honored "President's Levee" awakens little interest among those who for years have heard the same invitation extended to "citizens and strangers." So that, although New Haven is proud of Old Yale, she is not much moved from the even tenor of her way by the annual recurrence of its Commencement.

In Boston, also, there is a marked difference in the *manner* of the people. The universal rush and hurry and "*hubbub*" which is so characteristic of New York is quite wanting at the "Hub." Business men walk with a certain grave deliberation which gives one a sense of their stability. They do not seem to fancy that five minutes more or less can either make or mar their fortunes. Even in Washington Street one may walk slowly along, or stop at the corner of the street, without much danger of being knocked down by some rushing pedestrian—though indeed the narrow sidewalks would afford some excuse for close contact.

In promenading the streets of Boston one is struck by the great abundance of fresh fruit temptingly displayed. The little baskets and small square boxes used for berries in New York are never seen there; smooth, clean-looking, round boxes, holding a quart or two, are the fashion in Boston. And these boxes, having about the diameter of a good-sized tea-plate, show off nice fruit to excellent advantage. Fruit also is cheaper, and those frequenting restaurants and hotels conducted on the European plan reap some advantage. For whereas at a first-class New York restaurant one must pay forty cents or more for a plate of Lawton blackberries and cream, the same is served in a first-class Boston hotel or restaurant for twenty-five cents. The bill of fare indicates a similar difference in many articles. We wonder if the *diminuendo* continues as we go East? and query, if so it be, whether it would not *pay* to be quartered a while among the forests of the Aroostook?

It is certainly not a bad injunction to practice upon which Dr. Hall gives in reference to the cholera: "Bear in mind always that perfect and infallible exemption will be the result of personal and domiciliary cleanliness, of a plain and regular mode of living, and of a composed, confident, and fearless mind." He also gives a special caution not to continue any labor or occupation until exhaustion follows. "The time to stop work is when the feeling of tiredness first begins to force itself upon the attention."

There are comparatively few persons who, in times of sudden alarm, whether it be of fire or water, sickness or accident, possess entire presence of mind. It is in part a natural gift, but can be measurably acquired by most persons. A lady, living in the interior of New York State, whose handsome residence was burned to the ground last winter, told us that she actually saw an infatuated man throw a looking-glass out of the window, and then carefully carry a chip mattress down stairs! She had *heard* of such things, but had never been an eye-witness before. The Portland *Transcript* says that one gentleman left his office for the last time during the recent fire with a pack of envelopes in his hand, when a valuable article lay within reach which he might have taken instead. One lady went into the street with a new tin pail in her hand, when her silver-ware, which was in the burning house, was equally accessible. It might be well for every one to remember that all are liable to sudden alarms, and to decide mentally what to do in certain cases.

The following is said to be reliable matrimonial statistics in regard to the recent graduating class in Yale College. The information will be interesting to young ladies generally:

Engaged	18
Now under breach of promise	5
Will not marry till the governor is willing	10
Will not marry till they can support a wife	1
Will not marry till their wife can support them	22
Like children, but refuse to marry in any case	9
Wedded to their pipes and slippers	25

As there were 95 who graduated it seems that no information has been obtained respecting five of the class—perhaps they are already married! From this class 29 have decided to enter the legal profession, 20 the ministry, and 11 will study medicine.

Not long since a London journal remarked that "the cause of the Atlantic Telegraphy is indebted to Cyrus W. Field more than to any other individual man, or to any body of men." This gentleman, who, it is said, has made no less than thirty-eight voyages across the ocean in connection with the business of this great enterprise, was born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. As a child he was remarkable for his promptness and energy, and could always be relied upon to accomplish what he undertook, if the result was attainable. He came to New York when about fifteen years old, and entered the store of A. T. Stewart as a clerk. When about twenty he commenced business for himself, opening a paper warehouse. He was devoted to his business. Whatever he did he did with all his might; and this trait has been characteristic of him through life. The laurels he has won through perseverance can never be taken from him.

Unripe and stale fruit should be strictly avoided at this season. If the law can not prevent such unhealthy rubbish from being offered for sale, people had better exercise whatever common-sense they may possess. "I should judge," said a gentleman the other day, deliberately measuring with his eye a cart filled with little, hard, green apples and pears, "there were about ten cases of cholera in that cart!" We suggest that such "cases of cholera" be reported to the Board of Health.

The following method of seeking employment must have had a startling effect upon those to whom the application was made:

Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. At this moment a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice, said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and if you would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers. "Don't you see my friends are going to fight? We are not in a charitable humor."

"It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that these gentlemen are about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

A singular instance of jealousy is recorded in a Western paper. A young girl belonging to one of the first families of Indianapolis, being jealous of an elder sister, procured a stick of nitrate of silver, and dissolved it in her sister's wash pitcher. The result is that the latter has turned black, and callers are told that she is ill of a contagious disease. She will grow white again in time.

At the Paris Prefecture of Police a regular account is kept of all lost articles which have been deposited there by the finders. During the last twelve months 33,000 articles of various kinds have been deposited, amounting in value to 855,000 francs, or £35,400. In addition to this, within a single month the following articles were deposited with the police: A gold bracelet with diamonds, deposited by a working house-painter; 700 francs in bank-notes, by a female servant; port-monnaie, containing shares and 170 francs in money, by a coffee-house waiter; a valuable gold watch, by a poor widow; a debenture for 500 francs, payable to bearer, by a boy fifteen years old; 2000 francs, in bank-notes; 1700 francs, by a cab-driver; 3500 francs, by a cabman; and a bracelet in gold and diamonds, valued at 15,000 francs, by a cabman. These acts tell greatly in favor of the honesty of the humbler class of Parisians.

If the following, which we clip from an exchange, is really true, the knowledge will be invaluable to florists and farmers. It is certainly worth a trial:

"A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No green-house or hot-house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact, that if a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it."

Among the many incidents which have been told of Gettysburg—some true, and perhaps some false—here is one which, although connected with a serious subject, is irresistibly ludicrous:

Among the wounded in the battle were several Germans from a German regiment, and one of them having died, it was proposed that the German chaplain should officiate at the funeral. Accordingly a grave was dug; and the body, attended by many comrades, was borne to its last resting-place. Arriving there, the German chaplain began:

"Mine frens, dis ish de *first time* dis man has *died*." Observing a titter among his audience, he began again in a tone of Christian severity:

"Mine frens, I say dis ish de *first* time dis man has *died*." Human nature could bear no more, and the boys shouted. Indignant at the disrespect shown him as minister, the chaplain turned round, pointed to the open grave, and simply saying "Stick him in," marched away.

An English paper makes the following statement regarding salaries in this country:

"The highest salary paid to any man in New England is received by the agent of a woolen-mill in Massachusetts—$15,000. The lowest is believed to be that of a Methodist preacher, who stated at a late convention in Boston that his salary for preaching last year was a new hat and a bushel of apples."

The recent calamities in Egypt, arising from the swarm of locusts with which that country was afflicted, seem to have been somewhat mitigated by a discovery in the art of cooking. Locust fritters are a novelty that the most fastidious *gourmet* must acknowledge. The recipe for preparing this dish is given in an Algerian journal, and we quote it for the benefit of those who are meditating a tour on the borders of the Nile:

"Take the locust gently between the finger and thumb of the left hand; cut it in two with a knife, and pour into the animal's inside a small quantity of good rum; let them stand two days, and then cover with a fritter paste, and fry them; sprinkle with sugar, and pour into the dish a small quantity of Burgundy. This dish, which is called *Criquets à la Benoiton*, is said to be delicious."

The following is the last form of a French sensation advertisement:

"A Russian lady of rank died lately in Paris, and her husband sent for a barber to arrange her hair as is usually done with the Russian dead. The barber took his young son with him, and, to punish the lad for some indiscretion which he had committed, brutally compelled him to read aloud "Mon Voisin Raymond" while the hair of the corpse was being dressed. The boy was terribly frightened at the task imposed upon him, and returned home almost delirious. But the cruel father's turn was to come, and on the following night, and for many nights afterward, did the appearance of the Russian lady sit by his bedside reading aloud to him improper novels. At last the poor barber's black hair turned white under the well-deserved infliction he was undergoing; but soon after the fair Russian had exhausted her repertoire of light literature, and appeared to him no more, he was fortunate enough to discover a dye, which completely restored his hair to its original thickness, color, and gloss, which he now sells at the extremely low price of ten francs the bottle. Apply to Mons. ——, Rue ——, No. —."

THE FLAG IN THE SOUTH.

Ed. Harper's Weekly:

ON Tuesday, 16th May, 1865, it being definitively known that the Confederacy was extinct, and that we were all once more in Union lines, the Union citizens of Washington Parish, Louisiana, and Pike County, Mississippi, assembled at Mount Hermon Church, in Washington Parish, to celebrate the to them joyful event.

It being ascertained that a lady had brought with her an old Union flag, which she had hidden for four years, like Jochebed hid Moses, the crowd became clamorous, and a long pole being improvised into a flag-staff the old dear flag was brought out, and amidst the shouts and huzzas of the Unionists the free old banner was for the first time given to the lovely breezes that fanned our sunny land.

As it went up the following original ode, written for the occasion by a Southern lady, was sung with the most rapturous enthusiasm:

Ay! bring it from its hiding-place
Into the light of day,
And let its starry folds once more
In Southern breezes play.
Let shouts of triumph rend the air,
While angels smile to see
A nation, saved from tyrant chains,
Restored to Liberty.

Long have we been denied the sight,
And frequently have pined
To see our country's flag again
Float proudly in the wind.
We've cherished for it in our hearts
A depth of love untold,
And hid it from the sight of man
As misers hide their gold.

Long has it been a banished thing,
Derided and tradueed,
And those who dared to own its cause
Insulted and abused.
Drove by conscription from their homes,
And oft, when forced to flee,
Pursued with blood-hounds through those woods,
Where once they wandered free.

We've groaned beneath oppression's power
And all the ills of war,
And dying groans and wails of woe
Have burdened Southern air.
A pall of darkness o'er us hung
Like that which shrouds the tomb,
And Hope's faint star was almost lost
Amid the deepened gloom.

Now, God be praised, the dawn has come,
The night of terror o'er,
The golden Sun of Liberty
Shall gild our Southern shore.
Fling out our banner to the breeze,
Let all its friends rejoice,
And songs of praise to God ascend
From every heart and voice!

OKNYA, MISSISSIPPI, *July*, 1866.

"We heartily recommend them to all our readers."—BURNETT'S Florimel, the most delicate and exquisite Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Leslie's Family Magazine* (New York).

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

A bill has passed giving additional bounty to soldiers who served their term of enlistment, or were discharged for wounds. Also, pension for invalids and widows having children. Circular with law sent. L. BROWN & CO., 1 Park Place, New York.

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

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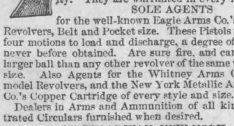
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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN THE DOG DAYS.

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. "We shall have to prosecute you, Madam, if you continue to clothe that unhappy Brute during the warm weather."

INDIGNANT OLD MAID. "Prosecute me, indeed! I would like to know, if *some Brutes* are permitted to carry Umbrellas and wear Clothing, why my Dog should be denied the same privilege?"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

Snow-White Steel Shirt Collar,
$1; Cuffs, $2; Bosom, $5. "Self-adjusting." Patented Sept., 1865. "Sent by mail." BILLON & FOGGAN, Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers, Nassau St., N.Y.



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Revolvers, Rifles,
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REPEATING PISTOLS,
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Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.
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This now celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 73 Beekman Street, New York.

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Attorneys and Solicitors of Claims,
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We will forward all necessary papers for the collection of bounty on application.

From the Washington Daily Chronicle.

Major Wm. S. Morse was the author of the bill for the equalization of bounties, as originally introduced by the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C. of Indiana, and passed by the House of Representatives on the 28th of July last.

The soldiers owe more to his efforts than to any other person for the passage of the present law.

Send your discharge to our address, and we will prepare and forward all necessary papers by return mail. Correspondents liberally dealt with. Address
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REFERENCES: Major-Gen. Robt. C. Schenk, Chairman House Military Committee; Major-Gen. John C. Ketchum, M.C., N. Y.; Hon. Geo. W. Julian, M.C., Indiana; Hon. Hamilton Ward, M.C., N. Y., and Senators and Members of Congress generally.



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MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
PROVIDENCE TOOL CO. ARMORY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

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WITH PATENT PORTABLE FRAMES.
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THE NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT
Will positively be given at
WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILL., August 22, 1866.

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NO POSTPONEMENT.
250,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at $500,000, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, Including $100,000 in Greenbacks.

The time rapidly approaches, and only a few days remain before the Drawing takes place. All wanting Tickets should send in their orders at once, as only a few remain unsold. Such an opportunity occurs only once in a person's lifetime.
With the help of our numerous agents, located all over the United States, we have reason to believe that every ticket will be sold before the day designated.

Number of Tickets Issued, 500,000. Price, One Dollar.
This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the people of the United States.

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1	Gift in Greenbacks	$30,000
1	do. do.	10,000
1	do. do.	5,000
1	do. do.	4,000
1	do. do.	3,000
1	do. do.	2,000
20	Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each	20,000
20	do. do. 500 each	10,000
20	do. do. 100 each	2,000
20	do. do. 50 each	1,000
800	do. do. 10 each	8,000
1,000	do. do. 5 each	5,000
1	Gift, Residence in Chicago	5,000
10	Gifts, City Lots in Chicago, $500 each	5,000
40	do. Pianos, $500 each	20,000
20	do. Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
100	do. Bibles, $20 each	2,000
200	do. Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
200	do. do. 100 each	20,000
200	do. Silver Watches, 65 each	13,000
300	do. do. 40 each	12,000
1,000	Sets of Plated Teaspoons, $3 each	3,000
1,000	Call Bells, $3 each	3,000
1,000	Plated Fruit Knives, $2 each	2,000
2,000	Gold Pens in Boxes, $4 each	8,000
2,000	Photograph Albums, 5 each	10,000
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	238,043 Gifts	Worth $238,043.

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The drawing will take place after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same. All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal News Agencies, Hotels, and Book Stores, and at our office, 105 Randolph St. Tickets, $1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.
Great inducements are offered to AGENTS, who are wanted every where. Write for our terms at once. Send reference with application.
SPECIAL TERMS, or CLUB RATES.—5 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets, $9 00; 20 tickets, $17 50; 30 tickets, $26 25; 40 tickets, $35 00; 50 tickets, $43 50. In every case send the name of each subscriber and their Post-Office address. Money by draft, Post-Office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

Every Other Ticket Draws a Prize.

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READ WHAT THE CHICAGO PRESS SAY.

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KELLEY & CO.'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The first to embark in the Gift Enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Kelley & Co., located at 105 Randolph St. Who does not remember their gift store, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchases tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts of jewelry or other prizes? Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and these have the best of evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co. always perform all they promise; that they are honorable men, and do business honorably and on the square. Their Gift Concert which they now advertise, the drawing of which is to take place on the 22d of August, promises to be one of the most successful of the series of Gift Concerts that have taken place in Chicago. 1. The gifts to be distributed are all that they are represented to be. 2. All the prizes will positively be distributed to those holding the lucky tickets after the drawing. 3. There is such a very large number of prizes that every one's chances are decidedly in favor of drawing *something*. 4. The citizens of Chicago, who know A. A. Kelley & Co., have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise. These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public. Let the people come up and buy the tickets still remaining unsold. The drawing will positively take place on the day advertised. Money may be sent by mail for tickets, and will be promptly responded to.—*Chicago Journal.*

All communications should be addressed to A. A. KELLEY & CO., 105 Randolph St., Chicago (P. O. Drawer 1424).

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT,
For the Benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home Fund, at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Thursday Evening, August 2, 1866,
POSTPONED UNTIL THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, AT WHICH TIME IT WILL POSITIVELY OCCUR.
300,000 Tickets, at $1 each. 75,000 Presents, valued at $250,000, consisting of Fine Residences, Lots, Pianos, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, *June* 27, 1866.
Whereas H. A. Hall and others, as "managing directors" of the "Grand National Concert" to be held in Washington, D.C., on the 2d of August next, have made due application to L. Clephane, Collector of Internal Revenue for the collection district of the District of Columbia, for permission to hold a lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to such "managing directors" to hold such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise free from all charge, whether from tax or license, in respect to such lottery, raffle, or gift enterprise.
E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner.

CARD.—A large number of tickets remaining unsold, it will be necessary to postpone the drawing until Thursday the 11th of October, 1866, at which time it will positively occur.
The many swindling schemes that have been presented to the public during the past few months somewhat delayed our sales, until we were able to satisfy the people throughout the country that the enterprise was genuine, and solely for charitable purposes. The Directors are confident of the sale of every ticket, and have allotted sufficient time to guarantee the sales without any further postponement.
Major H. A. HALL, President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union.
All orders must be addressed, with stamps enclosed, to Lock Box 37. WILLIAM S. MORSE, Secretary, Washington, D. C.

WE REFER, BY PERMISSION, TO
Major-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, U.S.A.; Gen. Robert C. Schenck, M.C., Ohio; Gen. Halbert E. Paine, M.C., Wis.; Gen. John H. Ketcham, M.C., N. Y.; Gen. James G. Blunt, Kansas; Gen. J. N. Hedrick, Iowa; Gen. D. C. McCallum, D. C.; Gen. O. V. Dayton, N. Y.; Hon. Thos. W. Ferry, M.C., Mich.; Hon. George Lawrence, M.C., Penn.; D. C. Forney, Esq., D. C.; Major J. E. Doughty, N. Y.; Hon. Richard Wallach, Mayor, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Henry C. Deming, M.C., Conn.; Hon. Rben C. Ingersoll, M.C., Ill.; Hon. Samuel J. Randall, M.C., Penn.; Hon. T. G. Bergen, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. Henry Wilson, U.S.S.; Hon. Ira Harris, U.S.S.; Hon. B. F. Wade, U.S.S.; Hon. Kelian V. Whaley, M.C., West Va.; Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M.C., Penn.; Hon. A. H. Laflin, M.C., N. Y.; Hon. Leonard Myers, M.C., Penn.; Hon. William A. Newell, M.C., N. J.; Hon. George W. Julian, M.C., Ind.; Hon. Stephen F. Wilson, M.C., Penn; Hon. J. B. Grinnell, M.C., Iowa; Major G. M. Van Buren, N. Y.; Gen. R. B. Hayes, M.C., Ohio; Hon. S. T. Holmes, M.C., N. Y.; Hon. G. R. Latham, M.C., West Va.; Hon. James A. Marvin, M.C., N.Y.; Hon. Thomas T. Davis, M.C., N.Y.
Agents in New York, DUNCAN, NAVARO, & CO., Bankers, No. 5 Bowling Green.

SENSIBLE! CAUTIOUS!!
I had my medicine put up in one of Stoeckel's Patent Graduated Vials, and now have a cheap and reliable graduate measure at home. A word to the wise, etc. HAGERTY BROTHERS, Agents, New York.

50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY
USING B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP-MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making hard and soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

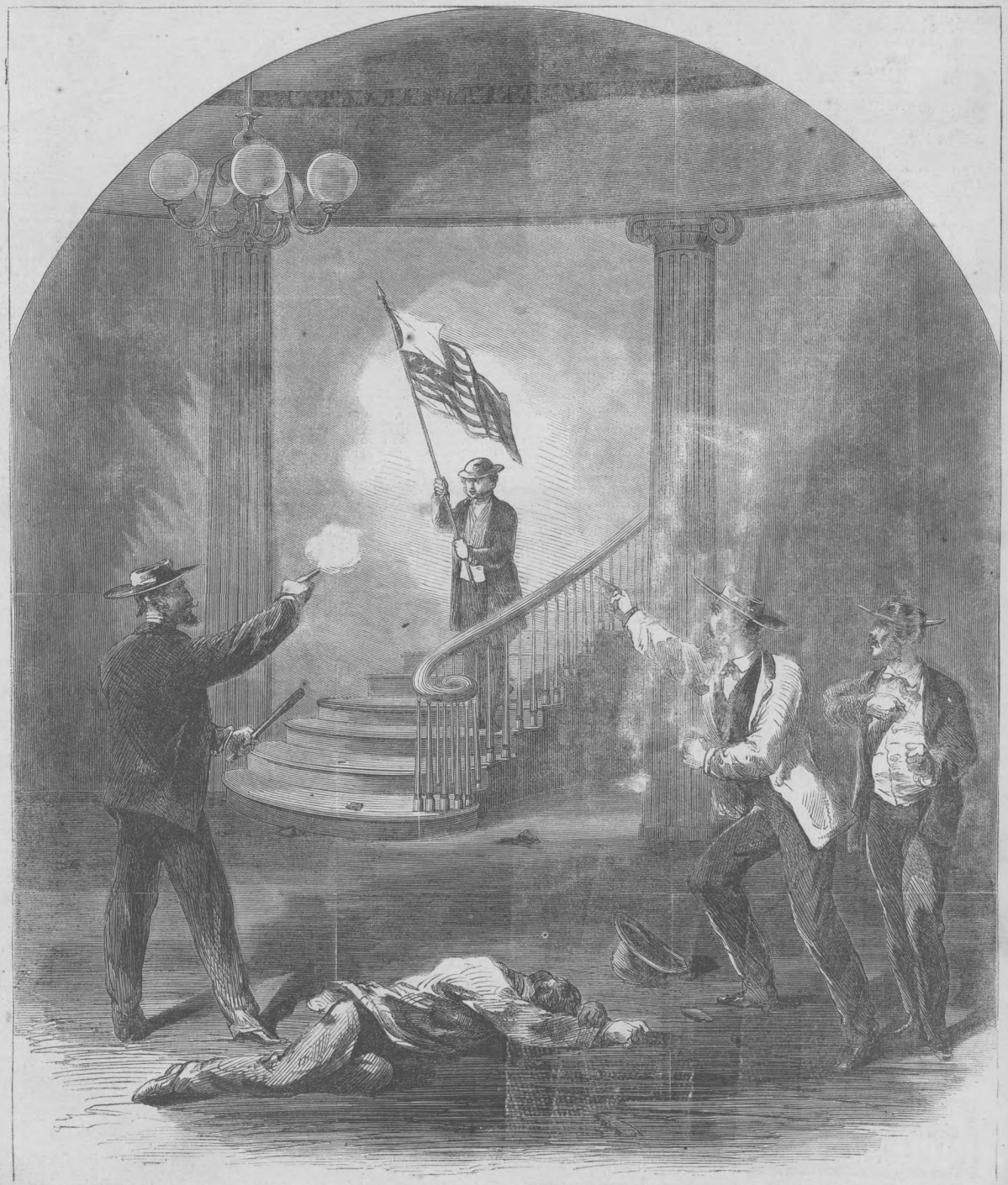
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 504.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDER OF THE REV. MR. HORTON IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—SKETCHED BY DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

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A CRY FROM THE VINEYARD.

God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work!—THOMAS FULLER.

Oh, Father, I'm weary—how long must I stay
In this Vineyard weed-tangled, with work for all day?
The sun is so scorching, the winds are so fill,
That I faint at the travail—or shiver and chill;
My feet they are wounded, my garments are torn,
And the labor grows harder than labor at morn.
E'en the grapes they are bitter, and quench not my thirst,
And woes are so many I know not the worst!

"Oh, child," spoke the Father, "let patience be thine,
Till the grapes thou find'st bitter ferment into wine.
A robe there is weaving which can not be torn,
A robe which by wedding-guests only is worn;
A crown there is promised with jewels more bright
Than a monarch's proud diadem radiant in light:
And the breath of the flowers which fade not nor die,
Shall heal every wound, and shall hush every sigh!

"Oh, child, well-beloved, when the evening shall come
Be sure thou shalt slumber and rest in thy home;
A bed is preparing more soft than the cloud
Which floats in the ether one bright star to shroud,
When the white moon is shining to silver it o'er
As the cradles of princes were burnish'd of yore:
And He who once trampled the wine-press alone
Will bring thee to rest when thy labor is done!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT JUDGED BY HIMSELF.

NO event since the end of the war has so profoundly moved the country as the massacre at New Orleans, and none of the circumstances connected with it have been regarded with more painful surprise than the action of the President. Ever since the meeting of Congress last December he has strenuously insisted that the late rebel States, by conforming to certain terms which he had named, without consultation with Congress, were fully restored to their equal relations in the Union with the loyal States. He has publicly denounced Senators and Representatives as traitors and disunionists because they did not agree with him. He has vetoed the most important bills passed by Congress, assigning among his reasons in every instance that legislation during the exclusion from representation of the States in question was of doubtful constitutionality. He has uniformly spoken of those States as no longer in an exceptional situation, insisting that war was over, that all its methods were at an end, and that nothing remained to complete the normal condition of the Union but the admission of representatives duly qualified.

Louisiana is one of these States. The President told us that it was upon exactly the same footing in the Union as New York, and was to be treated by the national authorities exactly as New York is treated. He had recognized its local State Government as no less valid and independent within its constitutional sphere than that of New York, and however opinions as to the constitutionality or good policy or common-sense of his views may have differed, no one, we suppose, doubted that they were sincerely held and would honestly control his action.

But the President has suddenly shown that, while he denounces the Legislative branch of the Government as disorganizing or treasonable for not assenting to his theory, he does not mean to be bound by it himself. While he and his supporters are vociferously accusing Congress of revolutionary intentions because it does not immediately recognize what he calls the lawful representatives of Louisiana, he himself calls to account and peremptorily disregards the Governor of Louisiana, whom he has recognized as a lawful Governor as much as Governor FENTON of New York. He does in that State what he knows would not be for a moment tolerated in this.

On the 21st of July the President issues the following extraordinary order to the Governor of Louisiana, who, let it be remembered, he asserts is the peer of the Governor of Pennsylvania, of Massachusetts, of Illinois, or of any other State. "*I have been advised that you have issued a proclamation convening the Convention elected in* 1864. *Please inform me under and by what authority this has been done, and by what authority this Convention can assume to represent the whole people of the State of Louisiana.*" This is the order of a superior to a subordinate agent. This is a message which the commander-in-chief may properly send to a provisional lieutenant. But it is a message which the President of the United States has no more rightful authority to send to the Governor of New York than the Queen of England has. And when such a missive is forwarded by a President who has been for months tediously reiterating that the rights of the States are in imminent danger of being destroyed by despotic centralization it is both ludicrous and alarming; ludicrous, because the executive act is such a ridiculous contradiction of the executive assertion; and alarming, because it shows either the President's incapacity to comprehend the limits of the executive power, or his determination to disregard them at his pleasure.

The President's "policy" thus proves to be the President's pleasure. When it is convenient for him to treat a State as fully in the Union the President's "policy" requires us to assent. When it is convenient to consider it as under absolute military supervision the President's "policy" requires us to say Amen. If the President blows hot, we must agree that it is warm. If he blows cold, we must declare it is exceeding chilly. If he denounces Congress as revolutionary for not recognizing the representatives of Louisiana, we must beg him to sweep it out of the Capitol. If he turns on his heel and refuses to recognize the Governor of Louisiana, we must vow that he is the saviour of the Constitution.

The whole melancholy history justifies Congress. It has steadily refused to act upon a visionary theory, "a pernicious abstraction." Familiar with the causes of the war, understanding the vast social convulsions that always attend so fierce a struggle, and knowing that statesmanship deals with facts, it has not foolishly supposed that every thing was settled because insurgents had laid down their arms, nor assumed that States still quivering with hatred and hostility could be admitted to a share in the Government without patient inquiry and deliberation. It has asked only that the facts be ascertained, not assumed. Without hostile emotion, without vindictiveness, it has required that no State deliberately withdrawing its representatives, in order to destroy the Government, shall claim to have them readmitted except upon terms of reasonable precaution, and that rebellion shall not be rewarded by increased political power. Whether Congress, in its prudent care, is less patriotic, constitutional, and reasonable than the President in his immoderate haste—whether its calm and consistent policy is not as respectful of just State rights as the capricious, arbitrary, and utterly illogical and inconsistent conduct of the President—whether, in settling a civil war, it is more revolutionary to deprive a State of its national representation until it conforms to reasonable terms, than to deprive it of its local government at the executive pleasure—are questions upon which we believe there is very little difference among the loyal people of the United States.

THE TORY BLUNDER IN ENGLAND.

THE Tory Ministry begins its term in England by a collision with the people. The Reform League called a public meeting in Hyde Park. The Chief of Police announced that it would not be allowed. To an inquiry in Parliament the Government replied by taking the responsibility. The Reform League continued its arrangements; marched quietly in an immense procession to the gate of the Park, demanded entrance, and being forcibly repulsed by the police, moved on to another spot and held its meeting. Meanwhile the rails around the Park were broken in several places by the great pressure of the crowd, and as the people poured in they were clubbed by the policemen, and for a little time it looked as if the soldiers who were present might have to interfere to preserve order.

The Government was sharply attacked in Parliament, and made a very poor defense. Mr. MILL, in a few grave and pointed remarks, said that the Government did not seem to be aware of the seriousness of the occasion, or of the very serious consequences that might follow the step it had taken. To the objection that the meeting would interrupt the recreation of the riders and pedestrians in the Park, Mr. MILL replied by asking whether such a meeting would cause a thousandth part of the interruption that an ordinary review or meeting of volunteers does, and whether a meeting in a street or in a square disturbs the city less than one in a park? Besides, since the Parks are the property of the people, and the people have an incontestable right of meeting, upon what ground could they be excluded from Hyde Park that would not justify the suppression of all public meetings in public places? The *Star* plainly said that it was the thought of Reform which the Government hates, so it forbids the people to meet in the streets and squares, lest they impede traffic, or in the Parks, lest they interfere with the pleasure of loungers; and then, if they do not meet somewhere, taunts them with apathy and declares them unfit for the responsibility of free citizens. It is not surprising that Mr. MILL ended his speech by saying that the Government might be congratulated on an act the consequences of which the wisdom of wiser men than they could not in many years remove.

Mr. DISRAELI, for the Government, had nothing to say but that he indignantly repudiated any sinister intention, and that the Parks were unfit places for public meetings; for however honest the intention of the callers, they gave opportunity to "the scum of the metropolis" to misconduct themselves. Yet he declared himself no more opposed to public meetings than Mr. MILL or any of his friends. Nothing could be more impotent than such an excuse, except that offered for the massacre at New Orleans. The original difficulty, in both cases, is the total incapacity of Toryism to understand the spirit and conditions of a free, constitutional government. It always strikes at free speech under pretense of preserving public order. It interprets a logical statement as a threat, and resents the drawing of conclusions as if they were swords. If the stupidity of Toryism were ever surprising—if it were not an essential and invariable part of it, we might wonder that, with the tremendous experience of 1832, the British Ministry should undertake to interfere with public meetings, as a means of thwarting the Reform spirit in England. That spirit is the salvation of the country, and could its expression be wholly repressed, it would merely be hermetically sealing the steam into the boiler. Undoubtedly the Tory Ministry, by interfering with the Hyde Park meeting, has secured the passage of the Reform bill. And although it has agreed to refer the question of the right of meeting in the Parks to judicial decision, it has plainly betrayed its own inclination upon the subject.

OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.

IT is now safe to say that the wheat crop of the United States in the current year, 1866, will be the largest ever harvested. Of the corn and pork crops it is yet too soon to speak with certainty. Thus far, both promise excellently; but early frosts may blight too confident expectations, and the most that can safely be said is that the promise is good. The petroleum crop has been bountiful; our foreign export is over four times that of last year. Finally, of our greatest staple, cotton, the prospect is fair. Estimates vary, as usual at this season. There are those who look for a crop of 3,000,000 bales; and there are others, apparently equally well informed, though possibly biased by preconceived opinions with regard to the unproductiveness of free negro labor, who declare that a crop of 1,500,000 bales will astonish them. A middle party expects 2,300,000 bales; and if no accident or early frost occurs, the chances are fair that this estimate will not exceed, though it may fall short of the actual product. With a crop of 2,300,000 bales, prices might be maintained until the crop of 1867 approached harvest season, and it would thus yield to the country as much money, even in gold, as the greatest crop ever hitherto gathered.

Our first thought, in contemplating these agreeable facts, must be a reverent gratitude to Almighty God for having so greatly blessed us, at the issue of an exhaustive war. This supreme duty performed, the mind reverts to considerations of a more material nature. And the query suggests itself at the outset, how comes it, with the boundless resources of this vast country, and with harvests far surpassing those of past years, that our public and private finances are still in a position of disgrace; that United States money is classed by foreigners with Austrian and Buenos Ayres money; that a New York dollar is only worth two-thirds of a London or Paris dollar; that clothing and food, the necessaries and the luxuries of life, are all dearèr here than elsewhere in the civilized world; and above all, that the people of the United States, who produce so largely, and among whom land, and its consequence—social, political, and financial independence—are so abundant and so easy to obtain, should be the most heavily taxed people on the face of the earth?

It is not easy to solve the problem. A number of semi-solutions or palliative suggestions may be named. It may be said that we carried on our war with a lavish hand, spent more money than was necessary, and require time to recover ourselves after our national debauch. And it may be said that, having started on a false path, we are necessarily bound to retrace our steps leisurely, for fear of ruining interests which were involved in our past errors. And it may further be said that, so far as our internal commerce is concerned, our paper currency answers every purpose, while its depreciation serves as a check upon foreign importations. These and other arguments of the same class were effectively used in Congress by Senator JOHN SHERMAN, Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, and other statesmen of the dominant party, in opposition to more conservative men, who desired to initiate a policy leading, within a given time, to a restoration of specie payments.

Still, to a common-sense observer, contemplating, on the one hand, the resources and the annual product of the country, and, on the other, the aggregate amount of the national debt and the annual interest charge, it seems monstrous that our currency should continue in a position of disgrace. We owe but little more than half the national debt of England, and our revenue is two-thirds greater than that of England; yet British sovereigns and notes of the Bank of England command a premium of 50 per cent. in our own market in our own currency. It would seem much more reasonable that British Bank notes should sell at a discount for American money.

It may be said that Mr. M'CULLOCH is not to blame for this state of things; that he foretold the result in plain language; that he begged Congress to give him the power to contract the currency, and that the entreaty was denied. There is some truth in this. JOHN SHERMAN of Ohio, and THADDEUS STEVENS of Pennsylvania, acting in the interest of established industries, effectually put a stop to the Secretary's scheme for the reduction of the volume of paper-money afloat. They believed, or pretended to believe, in the language of Mr. STEVENS, that there is not half enough currency afloat, and that it would be better to swell the present volume from $900,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, without regard to the consequences in the Gold Room. And they actually succeeded in securing the passage of a bill which prohibits the Secretary from canceling more than about 2½ of the currency afloat in the course of the year.

The Secretary of the Treasury, obeying the behests of a party which, according to his friends, is controlled by his financial opponents, has been, in his friends' opinions, relieved from responsibility by the action of the majority in Congress. In reply to hostile criticism he has simply to say:

"I foretold the fatal consequences of continued currency expansion. I foresaw a coming crisis. I urged a swift and sharp contraction—to the extent of thirty per cent. per annum of the volume of currency afloat. Congress would not listen to me. Instead of granting me the powers I asked, Congress actually passed a law forbidding me to use the small power I enjoyed to contract the currency."

On the other hand, members of Congress, when summoned by their constituents to explain the high price of dry goods and other necessaries of life, will say:

"We left the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury. He had power to contract loans at will, and so absorb surplus currency. His authority, in regard to the funding of the public debt, was the largest ever confided to any Finance Minister in the world. He has power to sell bonds when and as he pleases, and to keep or disburse the currency proceeds. He may sell gold when and as he pleases, and lock up, if it seems best, the currency received in exchange. If the national currency is redundant, and prices are correspondingly high, the public must call him—not us—to account."

This is how the case stands at present. All admit that, in view of the resources, the national income, and the general prosperity of the country, the premium on gold is unjustified. But while some blame the "radical majority" for prohibiting by statute currency contraction, others hold the Secretary responsible for allowing the power he enjoys of funding the debt to lie dormant. It is hardly worth while examining the rival claims. Congress has adjourned, and its responsibility is no longer "negotiable." If the fault be judicially determined to rest with Congress, the country had best carry the claim to "profit and loss," without further debate. At best we can only vote down the manufacturers' men at next election. But the Secretary is still there. He can still sell new Five-Twenty Bonds at a premium to any extent required. If the currency accumulates in the banks to an extent which provokes speculation, and he has no loan on the market, he would fairly seem responsible for the accumulation and for its consequences. Millions upon millions of new Five-Twenties can now be sold here and abroad at a premium. If the Secretary does not choose to supply them, he is responsible for the subsequent condition of the money and stock markets. If he does supply them, he is bound to keep in hand currency enough to represent them when Congress asks him for an account.

In the present condition of the currency a new loan would bring gold down to half the present premium, and would make money worth 6 @ 7 per cent. per annum.

POLITICIANS ADRIFT.

IT is a curious inquiry with whom in the late rebel States the managers of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention proposed to coalesce. The motive of the call was declared to be a desire of mutual intelligence and conciliation between those who had lately been divided by war. Obviously to the success of such an assembly a representation of all interests and views was not only valuable but essential. Its motto was, of necessity, "By-gones are by-gones." But apparently those who issued the call were so blinded by hostility to the great body of the Union party, and by anxiety to create a new Presidential party, that their first step was a mistake, and every succeeding step has confirmed it.

The call virtually denounced the action of Congress; but as that action is sustained by the mass of the distinctive Union men in every part of the country, and nowhere more zealously than by the sturdy and tried Unionists of the late insurgent States, they were excluded from the Convention. There remained then the reactionary Unionists of 1864 and the Democrats in one part of the country, and the late rebels in the other, from which to construct the new party. But the managers, totally misapprehending the facts, immediately began to

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discriminate invidiously among these classes. They would have only what they called War Democrats and reactionary Republicans from the North, and those who had not been conspicuous rebels from the South. This was an impossible distinction at the North; for the last party platform of the Democracy was that made at Chicago, which was the work of VALLANDIGHAM, and was equally supported by the Peace Democrats and the War Democrats. HENRY C. MURPHY supported it cheek by jowl with FERNANDO WOOD, and VALLANDIGHAM voted for it with JOHN T. HOFFMAN. The line which divided them as Peace and War Democrats was invisible when compared with that which united them simply as Democrats. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the Democratic party was the party of opposition to the war. It acted as a unit in the national election of 1864 during the war, and at the State elections of 1865 after the war was over. It, therefore, could not submit to be divided in 1866 by any external authority. And as the Philadelphia managers must depend upon that party as the chief element in their new combination, they would of course strengthen themselves by incorporating it as a unit instead of a divided body.

The distinction which the same gentlemen attempted at the South was equally impolitic. They began by counting out the original and constant Unionists there, and insisted, with Senator DIXON at New Haven, that all the intellect and cultivation and worth of that section had been conspicuous in the rebellion. It was with these last, therefore, that the managers proposed conciliation. But who were representatives of this class, if not men like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Governor BROWN, and Governor ORR; and if they were excluded, who were to speak for them? Before the Convention met it appeared that certain persons, insignificant from their numbers, who had been unable to control the Union party, proposed to exclude both that party and the bulk of the Democrats at the North, with the Unionists and late rebels at the South, and with the remainder—that is, by themselves—to construct a party of their own to sweep the country.

The result was plain enough from the beginning. If the new movement was to succeed it could only be by the support of the Democratic party. But would that party enter into an alliance of which the terms were to be dictated by a few bolters from their hereditary opponents? If those bolters were of that opinion they were no more sagacious than usual. The RANDALL Philadelphia Convention can not change the real aspect of the situation. It may be a convenient gate for discontented Unionists to enter the Democratic fold; but the great contest will still be fought out by the Union and Democratic parties. There will not in this State, for instance, be three differing parties at the autumn elections; and even should there be apparently three, two of them will be merely allies against the other.

THE FIGHT AT LISSA.

THE extraordinary war in Europe, in which the most radical results have been attained in the briefest and most brilliant campaign, is not without its episodes of romantic heroism. The chief of these was the conduct of the Italians in the naval battle of Lissa. The Italian fleet in the Adriatic had inexplicably delayed operations. It was very large, superbly appointed, supposed to be ably commanded, maintained at vast expense, and the Italians chafed with indignation at its inactivity in the very moments when, as was believed, it might have materially assisted the movements of the army. At last, on the 16th of July, the fleet sailed from Ancona, and on the 18th attacked the fortified island of Lissa upon the coast of Dalmatia with such fury that the Italians intended on the 20th to land troops and occupy the island.

On that day, however, the Austrian squadron appeared, and the Italian Admiral PERSANO instantly bore down to the attack. A heavy gale was blowing, which perplexed the operations, but both Austrians and Italians evidently relied upon the iron sheaths and beaks with which the vessels were armed, and the conflict was tremendous. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of PERSANO, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of PERSANO'S movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while holding on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain FRA DI BRUNO, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, CAPPELLINI, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral PERSANO in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It is not easy to determine which fleet had the final advantage. Both withdrew to refit. But Trieste illuminated itself for a victory, and we do not observe that any Italian town rejoiced. But that is not surprising, for under the circumstances a drawn battle was a defeat for the Italians. Indeed, ill fortune has followed them through the war. The heroic but disastrous day at Custozza and the romantic valor of the sea-fight at Lissa will live long in Italian song and story. But every Italian will remember with impatience that Venetia was conquered for Italy by Prussia, and that it was not Italian arms which achieved Italian unity.

THE APOLOGY FOR THE LATE MASSACRE.

THE defense made for the massacre in New Orleans is utterly impotent and contemptible. It consists in calling the assembly of the Convention illegal, and in slandering the Radical leaders, and in declaring that they meant to inaugurate civil war, and to do all kinds of horrible deeds. No other justification of a fierce and wanton slaughter of innocent men is attempted.

Now, as we showed last week, no meeting whatever, for the purpose of discussion or deliberation, assembled under any call whatever, is illegal in this country. The right of the people peaceably to assemble to consider public affairs is undeniable. If the circumstances of the case excite apprehension of probable disturbance, the authorities are to take measures to keep the peace at any cost. But to denounce a deliberative meeting in advance as itself threatening to the public peace, and to declare an intention of dissolving it by arrest of its members before a word is spoken or a deed done, is a proceeding which invites the riot it affects to quell.

JOHN T. MONROE, a bitter rebel, whom the President pardoned that he might be Mayor of New Orleans, undertakes to declare in advance that a meeting of citizens to discuss public questions is calculated to disturb the public peace, is therefore unlawful, and that he shall disperse it and arrest the participants. Thus no meeting of citizens of the United States in New Orleans, for any purpose whatever, which JOHN T. MONROE may consider calculated to disturb the peace, is to be permitted. His whim constitutes "legality" in that city, and disregard of it was the "illegality" of the Convention, whose members were therefore justifiably and lawfully massacred! This is the Conservative defense of that tragedy, and it needs no reply.

Mr. JOHN T. MONROE, if he were once a slaveholder, may have made his will law upon his slave plantations, but he and his Conservative apologists will learn, as border ruffians learned in Kansas, that a city of the United States is not his slave plantation.

"THE PEOPLE."

IT is sometimes asked with an air of triumph whether the Union party is afraid of the people of this country; and whether, if its policy can not be sustained by the people, it ought to prevail? We have no wish to differ with our friends of the *Evening Post*—but it occasionally asks this question as if it supposed it to have some meaning.

No true American citizen is afraid of the judgment of the people; but he denies the right of those in any State who have been in rebellion against the Government to assume to be "the people" to the exclusion of those in the same State who have supported it. We, for instance, deny that the "clay-eater" and "sandhiller" who can not read or write, and who are but a little more intelligent than the animals they work with, are to be counted among "the people," if all the clever men of mixed or unmixed blood in their States, the blacks, the mulattoes, the quadroons, octaroons, and others are to be excluded.

Therefore, if by "people" be understood the whole male adult population of every State, we doubt if the *Post* has a livelier faith in them than its neighbors. But if it means by "people" a certain class of the male adult population arbitrarily selected, and so selected as to exclude in our lately troubled States exactly those that as a class were faithful to the Government, then it seems to us distrust of them would prove a very proper want of faith in class privilege.

If a just majority of the people of the United States, by which we mean the male adult population, or such part of them as shall be chosen by tests equally applicable to all, are opposed to the Union and Government, of course there is no help for it. But no class created by unequal tests can be fairly called the people. We, with the *Post*, "are not afraid of the American people." But we hold ROBERT SMALL to be as much one of those people as RAPHAEL SEMMES.

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

A PAPER which persistently denounces Congress says: "The whole Radical party declare that the South shall not be readmitted to Congress until it conforms to certain conditions to be by themselves dictated."

What is the case upon the other side? Simply that the President insists that the South shall be readmitted to Congress because it has ostensibly conformed to conditions which he has himself dictated.

Judge RUFFIN, of North Carolina, says that the President is revolutionary because he prescribed conditions. The President says that Congress is revolutionary because it prescribes conditions. Undoubtedly if Congress is guilty so is the President. And if conditions are to be dictated, as both the Executive and Legislative branches have declared, why is it such a crime to require that they shall be effectual?

HUMILIATION AND DEGRADATION.

SENATOR DIXON said, in his speech at the Connecticut Convention, to elect delegates to the RANDALL Philadelphia Assembly: "The plan proposed by Congress is before you. *It proceeds upon the ground of compelling the States lately in rebellion to submit to humiliating and degrading terms.*"

What are those terms? *First*, that they shall not have gained political power in the Government by the rebellion. *Second*, that those who violated their oaths to the Constitution shall not be eligible to office until Congress removes the disability.

Those are the conditions which Mr. DIXON calls humiliating and degrading. We ask any honest and manly ex-rebel if he thinks so? We ask him if he would not consider the Government humiliated if, after it has foiled his effort to destroy it, it should invite him to increased power in it; or if he would think himself degraded after he had violated his oath—however his conscience may have justified him—if those whom that violation had brought to untold suffering and loss should hold him ineligible to office until they saw that all danger had passed?

Mr. DIXON merely follows the lead of the Copperhead chiefs in telling the late insurgents that Congress means to humiliate and degrade them; assuring them that there is a party at the North which will support that view, and urging them to hold out, and refuse to enter Congress unless they can come with more power than those who have not rebelled. And this incitement to the late insurgents to remain hostile to the representatives of the loyal people Mr. DIXON calls "an effort to restore peace and good-will to a distracted country." Does Mr. DIXON think that calling vinegar honey makes it honey?

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Two Sisters are there—ever year by year
Companions true and dear
To meek and thoughtful hearts. Fair Hope is one,
With voice of merry tone,
With footstep light, and eye of sparkling glance.
The other is perchance
E'en somewhat lovelier, but less full of glee.
Her name is Memory.

She wanders near me, chanting plaintive lays
Of by-gone scenes and days:
And when I turn, and meet her thoughtful eye,
She tells me mournfully
Of soft low gurgling brooks, and glistening flowers,
And childhood's sunny hours:
And then with tears and melancholy tone
She tells me they are gone.

Hope gently chides her—bids me not to cast
My eyes upon the past—
Cheering me thus, she leads me by the hand
To view her own fair land:
And soon I see where many pleasures meet,
Some close before my feet;
And some, seen dimly through the distant haze,
Grow brighter as I gaze.

Oh! both refresh me.—Yet not only so:
They teach—where'er I go.
One tells of follies past, and one is given
To talk to me of Heaven.
And thus I'll cling to both. Soft Memory,
All pensive though she be,
Shall bide a comrade cherish'd to the end:
But Hope shall be my friend.

COMMANDER BRAINE.

IT was some time in October, 1861, that we spoke of the services of Lieutenant D. L. BRAINE, U.S.N., as a foreshadowing of the skill and power of the Government in dealing with the rebellion, and we are glad to know that our confidence was not misplaced. Our readers will hear with pleasure that Lieutenant BRAINE has been advanced to the grade of Commander in the navy by selection for eminent services during the war. "It is a simple tribute of justice," says a friend, "to a man who deserves much more."

S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was the eldest son of JEDEDIAH MORSE, D.D., who was influential as a clergyman, and celebrated as the father of American geography. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. After a liberal education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810, he went to England with WASHINGTON ALLSTON, to study painting, for which he had developed decided talent, under the joint tuition of ALLSTON and BENJAMIN WEST. Not content with pursuing one branch of art, he added to the study of painting that of sculpture, and in 1813 received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts for an original model of a "Dying Hercules."

After a thorough and successful course as an art-student abroad Mr. MORSE returned to the United States in 1815, and practiced his profession in New York. There was no national association of artists in this country at that time, and it was not until the year 1824 that, in connection with some other artists of New York, he organized a drawing association, which, after a variety of obstacles and struggles, finally resulted in the establishment in this city, in the year 1826, of the present honored and useful "National Academy of Design." Mr. MORSE was chosen President of the institution, and was re-elected to that office for sixteen years. In 1829 he returned to Europe to prosecute his studies in art more extensively, and resided for more than three years in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence abroad he was elected to the professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York; and in the year 1835 he delivered a course of lectures before that institution upon art. But, though devoted to the fine arts, he was also deeply interested in various departments of science, and especially in chemistry. While yet a student in Yale College he had pursued the study of chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, under the guidance of the late Professor SILLIMAN and Professor DAY, and his love for scientific research and experiment continued to increase after he left college, till it became his controlling pursuit. As early as 1826 he was a colleague lecturer with Professor DANA, at the Athenæum, in New York city; the former lecturing upon the fine arts, while Professor DANA lectured upon electro-magnetism. They became intimate friends, and MORSE pursued the subject of electro-magnetism in conversation and study with his friend. The first electro-magnet ever exhibited in the United States is now in the possession of Professor MORSE, and the spiral coil used by Professor DANA suggested the electro-magnet which is now used in every Morse-telegraph throughout the world.

It was in the autumn of 1832, when Mr. MORSE was returning to America on board the packet-ship *Sully*, that, in a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity of electricity and magnetism, he conceived not merely the idea of the electric telegraph but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. There is no question as to this origin of the present telegraph. Mr. MORSE'S testimony to his acts and drawings made on board of the ship has been confirmed before the courts by the testimony of all the passengers but one, who were with him upon the vessel, and the evidence was regarded as conclusive by the judges.

Though the idea was conceived, and a portion of the drawings and apparatus constructed in 1832, it was not until 1835 that he completed the first telegraphic recording apparatus. This was comparatively rude, and enabled him only to communicate between two points, distant half a mile; and it was not until July, 1837, that, by the construction of a second instrument, he was able to work from both extremities of his line. In that year he had completed two instruments, and could work his telegraph from each end of the line. Early in September of 1837 he exhibited to hundreds the operation of his system at the University of New York. The feasibility and usefulness of the invention having been thus demonstrated, Mr. MORSE applied to Congress in 1838 for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore to demonstrate publicly the utility of the telegraph. Like all great inventions it was received coldly, with skepticism, and even with ridicule; and the session of 1837-'38 closed without any encouragement, except the favorable report of the Congressional Committee.

By no means discouraged, MORSE proceeded to Europe to endeavor to awaken the interest of European Governments in his invention, and secure a patent for it. He was refused letters patent in England, in France he only secured a useless *brevet*, and obtained no exclusive privilege in any other country. Thus repulsed and baffled he returned to America, to struggle again for four years with slender resources and frequent discouragements, but still possessed of a determination to interest his countrymen in the invention. Throughout the session of 1842-'43 MORSE was indefatigable in pressing his invention upon the attention of Congress, and though the last day of the session had waned, and he had retired disheartened and weary, his object was secured by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, granted in the expiring hour of the midnight session. He was startled by the news on the morning of March 3, 1843, that Congress had voted this amount for the construction of a telegraph between

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SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, LL.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Washington and Baltimore; and he immediately commenced the work, which was completed in 1844, and satisfactorily demonstrated to the world the utility and value of the MORSE system of electro-magnetic telegraphs.

In the twenty-two years since its first establishment its lines have gone out through all the earth. They extend upon this continent, in various directions, more than fifty thousand miles. They climb the Rocky Mountains, and stretch across the lonely plains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The system is adapted in every country of the eastern continent, from the extreme north of Russia, where the wires are almost ready to be linked within the Arctic circle to those that are sweeping up the Pacific coast to Behring's Straits, down to the Italian and Spanish peninsulas, and beyond beneath the seas to Egypt, and find their way over deserts and under oceans to the far East. No part of the civilized world is without the electric girdle, and even across the Atlantic the great cable, now in successful operation, has established telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds. And if this should fail, in a very short time the Overland Telegraph will establish a continuous line of communication by land between New York and London *viâ* St. Petersburg.

The immense value of MORSE'S invention to the world may be estimated from the fact that, while the old system of Semaphore telegraphs *cost* the French Government annually more than a million of francs, the MORSE telegraph *added* to the revenue, in three years, more than six millions. Professor MORSE'S claim upon the gratitude of civilized nations has been recognized as that of no other inventor who ever lived. Besides reaping at length the substantial rewards of his invention, honors have been showered upon him by national academies and universities, by scientific associations and sovereign potentates. Yale College conferred upon him the complimentary degree of LL.D. in 1848, and in the same year the Sultan of Turkey decorated him with the diamond badge of *Nishan Iftichar*. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the kings of Prussia and Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria. In 1856 the Emperor of the French presented him with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in the following year Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 the Queen of Spain conferred the cross of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. From the King of Portugal he received the badge of knighthood of the order of the Tower and Sword; and from the King of Italy the decoration of Knight of the order of S.S. Maurice and Lazarus. He has been elected member of all the prominent European scientific and art academies; but the most distinguished and unusual honor was the collective testimonial of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, Turkey, and the Roman Pontiff, amounting to four hundred thousand francs, presented as a personal reward to Mr. MORSE for his useful labors.

Americans, English, and French have united in giving him banquets and ovations, and his services have been fully recognized wherever civilization has made mankind acquainted with his invention. He still lives in the enjoyment of a happy and illustrious lot, esteemed by all his countrymen, and in a green old age derives merited pleasure from the contemplation of the beneficent results of his genius, his struggles, and his persevering industry.

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"AUTUMN TOURISTS."

AUTUMN TOURISTS.

THEY were rowing over a summer lake,
A lake deep blue and without a curl,
Save just the ripple the oars would make,
And the shoreward streak of pearl.

High over the water the mountains rise,
Deep under the water the mountains fall;
You may fathom the depths and mete the skies,
But the heart is deeper than all.

Some one said, "We shall miss you so,
Robin, when you are away so far!"
And he said, with a smile, "It is hard to go,
But things must be as they are."

"He can smile, so will I," she thought,
With her rosy fingers over the brink;
"But oh! some lessons are hard to be taught;
Some cups are bitter to drink.

"The time that is past, like yonder shore,
Grows fainter and fainter under our sight;
God!" she prayed, "if I see him no more,
Help me to bear it aright!"

She groaned to herself, "I must look in his eyes,
And thrill and bear the touch of his hand,
Then go on alone 'neath the pitiless skies,
When the boat has touched the strand."

"Be a man, and care as little as she!"
Thought he, as they neared the farther shore;
"Love is not made for fellows like me,
So farewell for evermore."

"A pleasant time it has been," he said;
"I wish we could have it over again."
"Ay," all bitterly murmured her heart,
"For pleasure is kin to pain!"

"We see people better in foreign lands,
Perhaps the fogs are too thick in our own,"
She said, frankly giving him both her hands,
Not a touch of pain in her tone.

Then as the shore grated under the keel,
She said, as she lightly stepped from the boat,
"How real and solid the pebbles feel
After all one's visions afloat."

The white towns glistened and glowed in the light,
And the children gathered to gaze,
And the sun poured down with a pitiless might,
As they went their several ways.

Straining of eyes and waving of hands,
And the trifles that make or mar—
These must happen in all the lands,
And things must be as they are.

A COUNTRY STORY.

FEW things in this world are pleasanter than a far-away ramble into the country on a fair summer day, when the skies have just clouds enough to shape themselves into pictures as they float idly over the heavens. For it would not suit our quiet English scenery to have a cloudless canopy of dazzling blue raised over it. We want a sky that harmonizes with our landscape, with our feelings; that makes for itself a voice, and tells us not to forget the clouds amidst the sunshine; that gives us a sense of life whose beauty is not stillness, not a life whose sensuous beauty is so potent that it weighs us down, and we can do no more than lift our heads from a delicious, enervating lethargy, and just breathe out the words, "How beautiful!" Something more than this monotone of beauty is needful to us, and without our being conscious of it our June skies tell us this, and stir up in our hearts the feeling that drew forth those golden verses of the poet:

> I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty—
> Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
> Toil on sad heart courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy life to be
> A noontide light and truth to thee.



QUEEN EMMA OF HAWAII.—[SEE PAGE 541.]

But where am I wandering? Far away from shady lanes and hedges fragrant with wild honey-suckle, where the cool elder flowers display their tufts of tiny blossom, that make me think of Hans Christian and sumach-trees, and tea-pots, and all kinds of things that are not a bit like them. And while I have gone into a reverie I am suddenly startled by a blaze of color, and a bank covered with lilac mallow and scarlet poppies, surmounted by a perfect wall of wild roses, meets my eye. The wild dog-wood and young ivy-leaves tone it down a little, so does the wheat-field, waving like a sea of green billows, that the five-barred gate opens upon, and making me ponder what a wise provision it is that the hunting-season is over before the summer comes. And on and on I go, my eye roaming over rich pasture-lands and fields, now alive with busy hay-makers, while the last notes of the cuckoo are sounding through the land, telling us, if we will only heed its cry, "I waked up the woods to summer, and cheered it with my song; it will miss me when I am gone, and will not linger long after me." I pause to rest by the river-side, where the blue forget-me-nots enamel the mossy banks, and strive for pre-eminence with the yellow water-flags, while the white water-lilies near carry away my thoughts to "Sabrina fair" knitting lily flowers into her flowing tresses.

And through the shadowy woods I half expect to see Oberon and Titania flitting with all their fairy train—and how do I know but that Puck may not be perched on the tall bulrush opposite to me?

And then I fall to musing upon myths and mythic personages in general. How myths suit themselves to different countries! What would the classic gods of Greece do amidst English scenery? Minerva moving majestically across the plain would have no charms for an English poet, and I question much if he would even recognize Venus as his type of beauty. The Muses, too, have not met with much personal adoration since the days of Queen Anne. Old Pan alone holds his ground here as in Greece, and Fauns and Satyrs, Dryads and Hamadryads do not seem altogether out of place amidst our tangled forests.

Yet the mythic lore of England deals rather in giants, fairies, and enchantments. Instead of the labors of Hercules we have the feats of the Seven Champions of Christendom; and our want of hinds with brazen feet, Hydras, and other monstrosities is supplied by the Dun Cow, and the Dragon of Wantley. A half-way station we hold between the wild rude myth-heroes of the north, and the more refined gods and goddesses of the south, and our giants are a grade between rough, unkempt Skrymner, with his uncouth brothers, and the classic Titans.

But what has this to do with the story I am going to tell you?

Just this—the foundation-stone of all my mythic superstructure was the one sentence, "It all came from a hatful of beans."

And then I sailed backward up the stream of Time, and landed at a fair haven where were three tiny urchins poring over picture-books, and the title of one of the books was "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A curly-headed little rascal with wonderful eyes and unsmooth hair was diving into its pages, and every now and then he made his comments aloud.

"I wish I had a hatful of beans like Jack's; wouldn't I make my fortune!"

And then, returning from my mental excursion, I asked my friend,

"What came of a hatful of beans?"

"This," said he, pointing to a jolly black-timbered farm-house, of such pretension that it earned for its owner the title of Squire Bligh; though, to tell the truth, he had no more right to it than any of his neighbors.

But there was such a wealth of treasure in that house that it guaranteed respectability; and no one ever entered the doors without feeling, as Miss Matilda Tomkin, a lady who read all the periodicals of



EVENING.

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the day, observed, that you had caught a glimpse of the luxuries and appliances of Oriental life.

This might be stretching the point a little, inasmuch as the luxurious items contained in the apartments were decidedly owing to English upholstery; nevertheless, there was no lack of ivory carving, curious screens, inlaid cabinets and ebony caskets, rich striped fabrics, tiger skins, shells, and no one knew what; but the general impression was that it would take a fabulous time to make an inventory of the whole, however practiced an appraiser might be employed.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.

"Who *was* Squire Bligh, you mean," returned my friend. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."

So I sat down, and he told me as follows: and I have been thinking of it ever since, and weaving it into my thoughts with the memory of those tiny children intent upon their marvelous picture-books.

"Nigh forty years ago there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle, good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief, and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.

"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the farmers round; this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call to him:

"'Jack!'

"'Here I be,' said Jack, stopping the horses and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. 'Hoy!' he ejaculated, in a tone expressive of astonishment and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"'What be you doing here, Nelly?'

"'Waiting to see you, Jack.'

"'That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me,' said he, somewhat bitterly.

"'That's just what I came to tell you,' returned the little maiden.

"'Then you don't care about me?' said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"'Care! why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not.'

"'But you might, Nelly.'

"'Might, indeed! I mightn't do any thing of the sort. At any rate, I don't.'

"'Then what did you come here for?'

"'To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"'There's plenty to do that,' returned the lad.

"'Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?'

"'I don't know what to begin at.'

"'Your mother's a nice bit of garden, Jack.'

"'I've nothing to put in it,' answered Jack, despondingly.

"'Nonsense!' said Nelly; 'what a faint heart you have! I'll give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute.'

"So Jack put up the horses and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along, with her apron full of something.

"'Here,' said she, 'hold your hat.' She poured the beans into it, and he went home.

"Next day Jack took a spade and worked away diligently for two hours.

"'What's come to thee, lad?' said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"'Nelly Giles is a good lass,' quoth Jack; 'and if ever I get rich I'll marry her.'

"'Thee get rich!' said the Widow Bligh; and she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"'Strange things happen sometimes,' returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though his life depended on it.

"The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbors thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate, he had set to work in earnest, and he soon found plenty to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favorite.

"Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown half a head taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

"It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it, Nelly used to be so friendly. 'Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me,' said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

"When he went to say 'Good-by' to her he did it in rather a blundering way.

"'Maybe I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly,' said the poor lad, looking wistfully at her.

"'Maybe you will,' retorted Nelly, 'if I find any one I like while you are away.'

"And so they parted, and both repented their speeches when it was too late to recall them.

"'Well, what is to be is to be,' soliloquized Jack, endeavoring to find consolation therein; 'but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever be my wife.'

"When Jack was gone Nelly went very often to see the Widow Bligh, and was a great comfort to her; and their conversation always turned upon Jack.

"A year passed away and no tidings came of him. Then another, and the two women did not talk so much now, but they sat quietly at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

"At the beginning of the next year Nelly was summoned to her home in a distant county. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and through the spring and into the summer she watched and watched, and every morning, as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow.'

"And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village street into his mother's cottage; and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"'Never mind her, Jack, said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"'It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

"Yet would he have been any nearer had he staid at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighborhood who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale, thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a wagoner who was passing whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"'Ay,' replied the man, 'she be.'

"'And has Jack come home?'

"'Jack, indeed!' said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the hatful of beans, and her heart died within her.

"'He'll not care for the like of me,' said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the shock had been too great for her toil and travel worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The wagoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished Squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll.

"'Measter, measter! if here bean't Nelly Giles!'

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the bans were put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farm-house to this day, and the Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and so it's been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do: but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the hatful of beans."

"And where had Nelly been all those years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor, weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she traveled down to see if Jack had come home; for, of course, she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry any one else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

* * * * * *

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend which the little ones in the fair haven were poring over, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans? And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage while he went into far-off lands to bring home gold and treasures? And did not they end their days in affluence, just like Jack and his mother in the time-honored story.

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT.

WE give on our first page, and on pages 536 and 537, illustrations of the riot in New Orleans on July 30. On page 540 we publish portraits of JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor of the city, and A. P. DOSTIE, who was mortally wounded in the riot.

We propose to give as correct an account of this disgraceful affair as is now possible. The results of more complete investigations have not yet been published, and in very many respects the evidence now before the public is unsatisfactory and contradictory. It is proper, in the first place, briefly to refer to the work of

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA.

Upon the capture of New Orleans by Admiral FARRAGUT and General BUTLER, the government of the city and such portions of the State as were under the control of our army was purely military. The functions of the disloyal government previously existing were suspended, including those of the judicial branch. For a time all questions, civil and criminal, as well as military, were referred to BUTLER as sole arbiter, though he frequently consulted his army officers, especially those of his staff, and in some cases civilians, as to the merits of the cases presented. Of course, under such conditions, justice was uncertain and accidental. During the summer of 1862 BUTLER instituted a court known as the Provost Court of the United States Army, having at first only military jurisdiction, though before autumn it came to consider all the criminal cases of the city, and finally civil cases were laid before it.

In August General GEORGE F. SHEPLEY was appointed Military Governor of Louisiana, and he set about instituting a judicial system. He revived the Second District Court of Orleans Parish, making JOHN S. WHITTAKER judge; also the Sixth District Court, retaining as judge R. K. HOWELL (a loyalist), whose commission dated from before the war and was regularly derived from the State. Of the Fourth District Court J. HIESTAND was appointed judge. On the 15th of December the officers of the Provisional Court of Louisiana arrived in New Orleans from New York. This court was ordered by President LINCOLN. CHARLES A. PEABODY of New York was appointed judge. The court had jurisdiction over all cases, especially such as come usually before the District Courts of the United States. Finally, in April, 1863, the Supreme Court of the State was revived with Mr. PEABODY as Chief Justice.

The movement for a reorganization of the State Government began in February, 1863, when the question was brought before the principal Union Associations of New Orleans. The plan adopted in these associations assumed that the State Constitution had been destroyed by rebellion and could not again go into operation. The plan favored reorganization by the people without military interference; a new registration of citizens, in which should be inscribed the names of all citizens of the United States six months resident in the State and one month in the parish; and an order by the military for an election of delegates to frame a new Constitution—one delegate for every 2500 of the white population. An executive body, called the "Free State Committee," was appointed by the associations, with five delegates from each. Of this Committee THOMAS F. DURANT was chosen President. Governor SHEPLEY approved of the plan of the Committee, and appointed Mr. DURANT Attorney-General of Registration. The oath required of voters was simply the oath of allegiance and an attestion to the required term of residence.

Meantime delegates from a meeting of planters had been sent to Washington, to lay before President LINCOLN a different plan of reorganization—a plan proceeding upon the validity of the Constitution as it existed before secession. It should be stated here that Louisiana has had four changes in her Constitution since her admission to the Union under the Constitution of 1812. A new Constitution was adopted in 1845, another in 1852; in 1860 the Secession Convention made considerable modifications in the Constitution of 1852; and the Constitution now in operation was adopted in 1864. President LINCOLN listened to the delegates from the meeting of planters, but refused at that time to commit the Government.

Thus, in the summer of 1863 there were two distinct parties on the question of reorganization—the Conservatives, represented by the "Executive Central Committee," holding to the Constitution of 1852, and the Radicals, represented by the "Free State Committee," claiming that a Convention should be called to submit to the people a new Constitution. In the fall no general election was held by the Conservatives, but it was claimed that in some parishes members of Congress had been elected; but these persons, though they took part in the organization of Congress upon its first meeting in December, were not afterward recognized as members. Previously, in 1862, it will be remembered that an election of members of Congress had been ordered, pursuant to President LINCOLN'S orders, and Messrs. HAHN and FLANDERS took their seats in the House, February 9, 1863; their term expiring on the 4th of March ensuing.

In the mean while General BANKS superseded General BUTLER, and on the 11th of January, 1864, issued a proclamation ordering an election of State officers (Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Auditor of Public Accounts), to be held on February 22, which officers should "constitute the civil government of the State under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana, except so much of the said Constitution and laws as recognize, regulate, or relate to Slavery." The qualifications for voters were the oath of allegiance, with the condition affixed to the elective franchise by the laws of the State.

The same proclamation announced that an election would be held in April, 1864, for delegates to a Convention for the revision of the Constitution. No election was ordered for members of Congress, but it was announced that arrangements for that purpose would soon be made. BANKS declared martial law to be the fundamental law of the State.

The Radicals were displeased with the proclamation, and considered it arbitrary. Mr. MICHAEL HAHN was nominated for Governor by BANKS'S supporters; Mr. BENJAMIN F. FLANDERS, by the Radicals; and J. Q. A. FELLOWS, by the Conservatives. HAHN obtained 3625 votes, FLANDERS 1007, and FELLOWS 1139.

The inauguration of Governor HAHN took place March 4, 1864, and the ceremonies on that occasion were interesting and imposing. The day was ushered in like a Fourth of July. There was very great popular enthusiasm, which extended even to the school children, who took an important part in the display. A great multitude were assembled in Lafayette Square, where there was an immense amphitheatre, in which were seated nearly 6000 gayly-dressed children. The stars and the stripes were as ubiquitous as they were triumphant. In front of the amphitheatre were seated the members of the orchestra, composed of nearly 300 instruments, with 40 anvils, which were used in beating out the metallic accompaniment to VERDI'S "Anvil Chorus." General BANKS was present, with Generals HAMILTON, REYNOLDS, STONE, CAMERON, and BOWEN; and among the prominent civilians were the Hon. CHRISTIAN ROZELIUS and Judges PEABODY, HIESTAND, and HOWELL. Those who were there now contrast sadly the dignified, self-possessed Governor HAHN, in his "suit of black, with white vest and soft, mouse-colored felt hat," as he then appeared, and this same man as the supporter of a revolutionary convention, now lying prostrate under blows inflicted by cowardly and murderous assailants. There is the same sad contrast furnished by the beautiful and solemn festivities of that 4th of March—a day devoted to harmony and reconciliation, and this recent 30th of July—a day dedicated to revolution and discord!

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held March 28, 1864. There were 95 delegates, of whom 63 were from Orleans Parish. The Convention assembled on April 6, and was organized by the election of E. H. DURELL, President, he having 43 votes and R. K. HOWELL 42. After a session of 78 days the Convention adjourned July 25. A proclamation was immediately issued by the Governor, appointing September 5 as the day upon which a vote should be taken upon the Constitution. The vote stood: for adoption, 6836—for rejection, 1566. The vote of New Orleans was: 4634 for, and 789 against.

This Constitution, thus ratified, abolished slavery unconditionally, decreed the education of all the children without distinction of color, and directed that all men, white or black, should be enrolled for the public defense. At the same election by which the Constitution was ratified five members of Congress were elected—Messrs. BONZANO, FIELD, MANN, WELLS, and TALIAFERRO. A Legislature was also elected, the members of which were almost entirely in favor of a free State. At the close of the year 1864, notwithstanding this reorganization of the State Government, there was more than three-fourths of the State to which it was not safe to send military supplies.

The Constitutional Convention, though it had it in its power to establish universal suffrage, or to restrict the suffrage of white citizens, did not adopt either of these measures. General BANKS while yet in command at New Orleans said:

"It was with much hesitation that the mass of people entered into measures for the organization of Government. Some were ready, but others reluctant. Revolution makes the mass of men timid. It required the strongest representations of public advantage to induce them to venture again into the stormy sea of politics. Had it been announced that the negroes, who were largely in the majority, against the example, advice, and instructions of all branches of the Government, were to be admitted to the right of suffrage by military order, it would have resulted in an exclusive negro constituency."

After the reorganization of the State under General BANKS'S order, Louisiana—or that portion of it within our military power—was treated by the Executive as restored to its normal relations to the General Government. Under the call for troops issued in December, 1864, a draft was ordered to take place in the Department of the Gulf (then under General CANBY) February 15, 1864. But the members of Congress elected in September were not admitted to their seats. A majority of the Committee, to whom their credentials had been submitted, reported in favor of their admission, but their report was not acted upon, though Congress appropriated money for defraying the expenses of the Louisiana delegation. Upon reviewing the Congressional debates on this question we find that Congress claimed that it was its work to reconstruct the State, and not the President's, and that there was a want of harmony between the Executive and Legislative Departments of the Government on the subject of reconstruction very similar to that which exists now between President JOHNSON and the Thirty-ninth Congress.

THE END OF THE WAR.

On March 4, 1865, Governor HAHN resigned, and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor WELLS. It should be remembered that HAHN and WELLS had both been nominated by each of the State Conventions—that of the Free State Party, and that of the extreme Radical Party, of which THOMAS J. DURANT was the acknowledged leader.

Soon after WELLS assumed the office of Governor the war was at an end, and the paroled soldiers of the rebel army returned to their homes in large numbers, New Orleans receiving the lion's share. All under certain grades were restored to citizenship upon taking the amnesty oath. On the 2d of June the rebel Governor ALLEN declared his administration at an end. Eight days afterward Governor WELLS issued a proclamation to the people of the State, remarkable for its wisdom and for the spirit of conciliation which it evinced. Whatever, he said, may have been the bitterness of the past, it is better that it be buried out of sight forever. It is not the past, but the present and future, we have to deal with. He invited the whole people to participate in re-establishing the civil government. They were to elect officers, and in regard to officers to be appointed by him, he invited their advice, promising to act upon their recommendations, if they selected men of proper character.

The judges of District Courts were made by the new Constitution appointive by the Executive for a term of six years, and he invited their recommendations. He urged prompt and unanimous action; and in nearly all the parishes (or counties) the call was responded to by the people.

On September 21 Governor WELLS issued a proclamation ordering an election on November 6 for State officers and Members of Congress.

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The people divided into two principal parties, the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union*. The first of these ignored the Constitution of 1864, and favored a new convention to frame a Constitution expressing the will of the entire State; declared that the Government was one "of white people, made and to be perpetuated for the exclusive benefit of the white race;" and "that people of African descent can not be considered as citizens of the United States, and that there can in no event, nor under any circumstances, be any equality between the white and other races;" and claimed the right of compensation for emancipated slaves. The *National Conservative Union* party opposed the extension of suffrage to the negroes, and recognized the validity of the Constitution of 1864. There was also a large body of the people in favor of universal suffrage. These were known as the *Radical Republicans*. The rest of the State were the friends of the late rebel Governor ALLEN, whom they nominated to succeed Governor WELLS, and the latter was nominated by both the *National Democratic* and the *National Conservative Union* conventions. In accepting he said he considered both platforms in unison, and doubtless they were in one particular, namely, his nomination. Governor WELLS received 22,312 votes, and Ex-Governor ALLEN 5497. In every parish but one the Democratic ticket for members of the Legislature was successful.

On November 13 the *Radical Republicans* held a mass meeting in New Orleans, at which resolutions were passed claiming the election of H. C. WARMOUTH as their delegate to Congress from "the Territory of Louisiana," in part by the votes of colored persons, amounting to 19,000. They resolved also that the State could only be restored "in the constitutional way" by petitioning Congress for admission whenever a majority of the *whole* people deem it expedient so to petition; and that the temper of the white voters, nine-tenths of whom were disloyal, made such a petition inexpedient at the present time.

November 23, 1865, the Legislature assembled at New Orleans, in an extra session called by the Governor. At the beginning of the year Messrs. HAHN and R. KING CUTLER had been elected United States Senators. The Governor now repudiated their election, and called for a new one. Messrs. RANDALL HUNT and HENRY BOYCE were elected in their place. The Lower House opened the question of a Convention for drafting a State Constitution, and a majority of the Committee to whom the question was referred reported in favor of a new Convention. It was taken for granted, in the consideration of this question, that the Convention of 1864 had no longer any thing more to do with the matter. The report of the Committee was, however, never acted upon.

GOVERNOR WELLS'S POSITION.

In the mean time Governor WELLS seems to have found that the confidence which he reposed in the people of his State had been abused. Let him speak for himself:

"When Louisiana was restored to the lawful authority of the United States, what was my conduct toward the population of eighteen parishes reclaimed? Although I had been persecuted and driven from home by the rebel authorities, I suppressed all feeling of rancor so natural to the human breast under such circumstances, under a belief that a majority had been seduced from their allegiance to the old flag by wiles of artful demagogues who brought on the rebellion. I determined to try the effect of kindness and conciliation in winning them back to their first love. I addressed them a proclamation, congratulating them on their restoration to the protection of the government of law and order, and that, as far as I was concerned, I was willing to forget the past. I begged them to submit cheerfully and unreservedly to the new order of things, and assured them that although the State Government had been organized, yet I was anxious that a general election for its officers should be held, in which the whole State should participate. I fulfilled every word of my promises. I appointed the men recommended to fill offices in several parishes; I signed their applications to the President of the United States for special pardons; I persisted in my course of reconciliation, notwithstanding the warning and remonstrances of Union men who believed my policy would be unavailing in accomplishing the purpose intended, and who predicted that at the very first election those men in every Parish where they held the powers would proscribe every man from office who had not been in the rebel cause. These predictions have been realized to the letter at every subsequent election with the exception of my own case. And it is well known, for it was publicly avowed, that I was put at the head of their ticket simply because it was thought I could be useful in securing a representation of the State in Congress.

"It is further well known that the platform reported by the Committee appointed for that purpose to the Democratic Convention held in this city, was a reiteration of the doctrines of the right of secession; and it was only through the exertions of a few of the more cautious and polite of the party that this platform was made to assume the form which was adopted. At the same Convention a well-known and live Democrat was publicly censured by resolution, because, in a speech delivered before that body, he said that secession was worse than a crime, it was a blunder. Notwithstanding my nomination by the Democratic Party, another candidate was put into the field in opposition to me, who had officiated as Governor under the rebel rule, and who, had he been in the country and signified his assent, I have no doubt would have been overwhelmingly elected. When the members of the Legislature met in extra session, in the month of November, 1865, convened by me for the purpose of raising money to restore the broken levees, and to take measures to redeem the credit of the State, I found them more intent on calling a Convention to change the Constitution of 1864 than to promote the general interests of the people. Their chief objection to that instrument was the character of the men who framed it and the abolition of slavery. Having failed at the extra session to pass a bill to call a Convention, the attempt was renewed at the regular session, held in the month of January, and more than half the time of that body was spent in discussing that question. Finally, a commission was sent to Washington to consult with the President, and the Legislature only abandoned the measure through his advice. I considered a Convention inexpedient, and for that reason opposed it. I had learned enough of the real sentiments of the people to convince me that if a new Constitution was made it would be less in harmony with the views of the President and Congress than the Constitution of 1864; the result of which would be to lessen the chances for the admission of our representatives."

THE CONVENTION OF 1864 REVIVED.

Now let us see what are Governor WELLS's views as to the revived Convention of 1864:

"Impressed with the truth of these views, foreseeing the necessity for the future security of the Union men in the South, that the amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the several States for ratification should prevail, and fully realizing the fact that the amendment would never be ratified by the present Legislature, I own I was in favor of the reassembling of the Convention of 1864, as the only means of securing the ratification required, and thereby to insure the admission of our Representatives in Congress. The legal right of the Convention to continue its functions is a question, I suppose, properly pertaining to the courts to decide. Senators and Representatives in Congress of great learning, and men of high legal attainments in New Orleans, have expressed the opinion that under the resolution of adjournment the Convention could lawfully assemble. A distinguished Democratic Senator in Congress took the same view. For myself, if I had any doubt on the subject, I have deferred to the opinion of abler men. The total number of delegates composing the Convention was one hundred and fifty. The number elected was seventy-two. The quorum was fixed at seventy-six, this number being a majority of the whole. There were twenty-seven parishes unrepresented in the Convention that were entitled to fifty-one delegates, and adding thereto ten vacancies to be filled would make sixty-one delegates to be elected. Besides these were some ten or twelve delegates who, disapproving of the emancipation clause, refused to sign the Constitution, and these may be ranked among the extreme Conservatives. Counting the sixty-one delegates to be elected to be of the same class, and the balance of the Convention Radical, it will be seen that parties would have been really equally divided. I have gone into these details to show the falsity of the charges that have been made that the Convention would not have represented the whole State, and that it was intended to be packed. Every parish would have been represented, about one half having elected their delegates in 1864, and the other half in 1866, making a just equilibrium of those who opposed and those who sustained the cause of the Confederacy. There are disfranchising clauses in the Constitution of 1864, but the much-abused members of that Convention had it in their power to have made a Constitution as stringent against those engaged in the rebellion as Tennessee and Missouri have done. They, however, pursued an opposite course, and trusted that these men would be actuated by a spirit of tolerance and forbearance in return for the liberality shown toward them."

This conviction as to insincerity of the party which elected him led Governor WELLS to seek relief from the evils which he thought due to his too hasty policy of reconciliation, by turning to the Radicals, who were determined to revive the Convention of 1864. He therefore gave his official sanction to the reassembling of this Convention by issuing writs for the election of delegates in parishes unrepresented in 1864, and to fill the places of those whose convictions would not allow of their participation in the action of the Convention. President JOHNSON had advised against the Constitutional Convention, which, early in 1866, the Legislature had proposed, and had succeeded in preventing its election. He now opposed the revival of the Convention of 1864 on the ground that it was a usurpation of authority, since it did not fairly represent the State.

On the evening of July 27, in the Hall of the House of Representatives at New Orleans, there was an enormous mass meeting held. There was a large audience both in the hall and outside, a large majority of which were freedmen. Speeches were made in which it was represented that Congress was not satisfied with the Constitution of 1864 because it did not give them the right to vote; Governor HAHN told them they ought to hold office as well as the white men; the Hon. RUFUS WAPLES told them they were better educated in politics than the white rebels and better fitted to vote—that Louisiana had now no Constitution, and that they were "in their primitive capacity;" Judge HIESTAND spoke to the same effect. The speeches were not perhaps, on the whole, as violent as they have been represented in some quarters. The most intemperate speech made was by A. P. DOSTIE, a prominent member of the Convention, who appealed to the freedmen to indorse the actions of the Convention, and to come out in arms for its protection.

THE RIOT.

The Convention met on Monday, July 30, at noon. Only one-sixth of the body was present. Whatever its designs may have been, it certainly had as yet committed no overt act of revolution. Unfortunately the temper of the preliminary meeting on the 27th had stimulated the resistance to the Convention which already existed. The municipal authorities had, upon consultation with General BAIRD, determined not to interfere with the Convention unless disturbances should ensue. A disturbance was feared, and the authorities were partially prepared to meet it. Attorney-General HERRON had asked advice of President JOHNSON in regard to the military, and the President had replied that it must be subordinate to, and support the action of, the civil authorities. Every body knew that under the circumstances, and especially if the negroes should come out armed as DOSTIE had bidden them, a collision was inevitable. General BAIRD knew it, and it was his duty to have his force ready in hand for any emergency. No matter whether he believed the courts right in ordering the arrest of the Convention in case their meeting occasioned a disturbance, his orders from the President, his Commander-in-Chief, were to assist in executing the order of the courts, right or wrong. If he had been equal to the emergency, all the members of the Convention would have been conducted from their place of meeting in the Mechanics' Institute without harm, and the negroes would have been delivered from a murderous police and an infuriated mob.

There being no quorum present (by a lack of 50 members) the Sergeant-at-arms of the Convention was ordered to arrest and bring in the absentees. In the mean time a procession of the freedmen, numbering about one hundred, with a band of music in front and under the United States flag, marched through the streets of the city toward the Institute on Dryades Street, between Canal and Common, where the Convention was assembled. It was an insignificant body when compared with the negro population of New Orleans, and marching through the streets at this critical moment with arms in their hands, it was plainly the duty of the police to arrest them and place them where *they* at least could have no power to incite a riot. But the police of New Orleans appear to have had another object in view, and allowed the procession to march on to the Institute, where they were met with vociferous cheers from friends of both colors. Now it was too late to prevent the riot. All places of business were immediately closed, and those citizens of New Orleans who had determined at all events to break up the Convention gathered together at a concerted signal and proceeded "to the front." The magazine, ready for momentary explosion, had received the spark, and unfortunately the spark had been received in such a manner as to give an excuse for throwing the responsibility of what followed upon the freedmen and the Convention. Unfortunately, we say, because the riot would have occurred in any case, as the citizens were determined to proceed violently against the members of the Convention, and it is only just that they should take their share of the responsibility for the events of the day. The Convention had *needlessly* set in motion the earliest movement looking toward violence.

The police now found it convenient to do what they should have done before, and proceeded to arrest the negro procession. The record of the police during the three hours of riot which followed is most shameful. They were confused with the mob of citizens, and seemed to vie with the latter in acts of murderous violence. It is true there were some noble exceptions, but these were not sufficient, unsupported by the military, to stay their companions of the police force or the equally ruthless mob.

It is sickening even to write the record of those three hours. The excitement exceeded that of a great battle, as the violence of the whirlwind exceeds that of an ordinary storm. If the Convention was illegal, as is admitted by some of its strongest supporters, what shall be said of the utter disregard of law and order exhibited by the agents of the municipal authority, and by the citizens of a city claiming pre-eminence above all the cities of the South?

Dryades Street, in front of the Institute, was crowded with the white and the colored friends of the Convention. At a little distance, on the corner of Canal and Dryades, was the mob of citizens, a crowd which "comprised men of every grade in society, including many young in years, who were brandishing revolvers in the air, and were seemingly anxious to be led on to the destruction of the Conventioners, and all of the freedmen near and in the building." A similar crowd had also assembled in Common Street, at the other end of the block in which the Institute is located. Many members of the police force were mingled with these crowds. They soon commenced firing on the freedmen in front of the building and drove them into it.

The police advanced to the entrance of the Institute and forced their way in. Several contradictory reports are given of what followed. There was firing on both sides—though which party took the initiative, or whether the assault was simultaneous on the part of both, seems uncertain. The members of the Convention were willing to peacefully surrender; but this appears to have been impossible in the confusion, being partly prevented by the crowd of negroes who had got themselves mixed with the Convention, and who, in fear for their lives, forcibly resisted the approach of the police, firing upon them as indiscriminately as they were themselves fired upon. At this time the mob and the police filled the sidewalk and the stairway of the building. Shots were fired through the windows from both in and outside, and bricks, paving-stones, clubs, and other missiles were thrown from both directions.

At this juncture those within the building, which was now effectually besieged, began to make their way out. As they passed out they were arrested—some of them being conducted safely outside, but these were very few. Most of those who attempted to get out were killed or wounded by the mob, the policemen, in many cases, assisting in the work of murder.

"Governor HAHN," says an eye-witness, "who is lame and walks with a crutch, was met on the stairs as he came down and escorted out to the curb-stone by two policemen. On reaching the sidewalk he was surrounded by about twenty persons, who beat him on the back of the head with clubs, and he received a severe stab in the back, also a pistol shot from behind. It is probable that this shot was fired by a policeman. On reaching Canal Street he was placed in a carriage, and under the charge of the Chief of Police was taken safely to the lock-up. He owes his life to the Chief and his squad, as they prevented him from being lynched. FISH, HENDERSON, SHAW, and other members were treated likewise. On reaching the foot of the stairs they were beaten by the police and the mob, and after being rendered insensible were dragged off to jail. An attempt to lynch FISH was made on Canal Street, but the police in charge of him prevented it, although they nearly killed him themselves by beating him with the butts of their pistols. But few freedmen were arrested coming out of the building, as they were nearly all shot dead at sight.

"The Rev. Mr. HOLTON, a clergyman from New Hampshire, now in charge of a church in this city, officiated as chaplain of the Convention. I heard his prayer at the opening, in which he asked fervently that the lives of the members might be spared, and thanked God that peace had been declared in Europe, praying for the same blessing in this country. In a habit peculiarly ministerial, one which distinctly marked him as a clergyman, he came down stairs with a white handkerchief on his cane, intending to surrender himself peaceably. He was met, knocked down, trampled upon, kicked and beaten nearly to death, while begging for mercy. The police and their rioting friends were his assailants. Dr. DOSTIE, intending to surrender himself, also came down. He was shot, stabbed, and treated in the same manner as HOLTON, although he implored the ruffians to take him prisoner and spare his life. R. KING CUTLER and Judge R. K. HOWELL escaped without much injury, and chancing to fall into the hands of humane policemen were conveyed to prison almost uninjured."

"On Common, Baronne, Dryades, St. Charles, Rampart, and Carondolet streets freedmen were murdered by the police and the mob in cold blood. Standing in the door of the telegraph office on Carondolet, I saw about two hundred men chasing one negro along the sidewalk. Six policemen were nearest to him, and in advance of his pursuers. They emptied their revolvers into his back, and finally another one, when he was near enough to his victim to lay his hand on his shoulder, shot him in the head, and he fell dead into an alley. Another freedman trying to escape from the Institute was climbing over a fence, when I saw him fall from a policeman's shot. As he struck the ground at least a dozen police and rioters surrounded him and fired their pistols into his head and breast, at the same time pounding him with clubs and canes. The blood flowed from wounds in his scalp, covering his entire face; but they continued their brutal assault until he breathed his last, although he several times raised his feeble and wounded arms to gesticulate for the mercy his tongue could not ask for.

"I saw a white man draw a stiletto and strike it into the heart of a dying negro on Common Street. The blood spirted out in great red jets, staining the murderer's clothing, face, and hands. He got up and displayed the gory marks as though they were proud emblems of a praiseworthy deed. These and other incidents which I saw, suffice to show you how the freedmen were treated in a majority of cases. It is due to justice, however, to say that some of the policemen treated even the freedmen with moderation, and rescued them from death at the hands of the mob.

"The police behaved, as a general rule, with extraordinary bravery and extraordinary cruelty. Probably fifty of them were wounded, several mortally. They were nearly all doubly armed, and used their arms with great effect and indiscriminate execution. As I have before remarked, some of them did their duty in protecting their prisoners, and all the prisoners who are now alive owe their lives to this fact. The mob would have lynched every white man in the building, and brutally murdered every black man, had it not been for a few gallant and chivalric policeman."

After the mob had spent its force, and by unnecessary violence the police had cleared the field, General BAIRD arrived upon the scene of action and issued a proclamation of martial law. General SHERIDAN, who was absent from the city during the disturbance, upon his return continued the operation of martial law, and on August 1 wrote the following dispatch to General GRANT:

"*General U. S. Grant, Washington, D. C.:*

"You are doubtless aware of the serious riot which occurred in this city on the 30th. A political body, styling itself the Convention of 1864, met on the 30th for, as it is alleged, the purpose of remodeling the present Constitution of the State. The leaders were political agitators and revolutionary men, and the action of the Convention was liable to produce breaches of the public peace. I had made up my mind to arrest the head men if the proceedings of the Convention was calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the Department, but I had no cause for action until they committed the overt act. About forty whites and blacks were killed, and about 100 wounded. Every thing is now quiet, but I deem it best to maintain a military supremacy in the city for a few days, until the affair is fully investigated. I believe the sentiment of the general community is great regret at this unnecessary cruelty, and that the police could have made any arrest they saw fit without sacrificing lives.

"P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-Gen. Commanding."

From an impartial review of this disgraceful affair we have come to the following conclusions:

1. That a disturbance would without doubt have followed the meeting of the Convention, even if there had been no negroes in the vicinity. The excitement was not one against the freedmen, but against the members of the Convention; and the former were implicated in the riot only because they were considered as protectors of the latter. Only a small portion of the freedmen of New Orleans were connected with the riot, and it is stated in all the reports that negroes engaged in their ordinary pursuits passed along the streets during the riot unharmed, while others standing in the vicinity as quiet spectators were not molested.

2. That there was an unfortunate misunderstanding between the municipal authorities and General BAIRD. The former were anxious to prevent the meeting of the Convention on the ground that it was a body likely to disturb the tranquillity of the city, but they would not take this course unless it was sanctioned by General BAIRD. The latter refused to give his sanction and on good grounds. The civil authorities, assured of a disturbance, and not wishing to overawe a Convention permitted by military authority, insisted upon sending only a small police force to the vicinity of the Institute, relying upon General BAIRD's promise that he would assist with the military force in suppressing any disturbance which might arise. This promise General BAIRD failed to keep; and,

3. That the Convention, whether legal or illegal, or whatever may have been its designs, can not fairly be said to have met or to have instituted any proceedings, there not being a quorum present; that it was discountenanced by five-sixths of its own members; and that although by the inflammatory speeches made by some of its members on the evening of July 27, it *invited* a riot, this invitation did not by any means *justify* the riot which followed, and which has no apology.

In regard to A. P. DOSTIE, who was murdered, we have little to say. He was violent in speech, but he was earnest in his convictions. He lived at New Orleans before the rebellion, but he stood out steadfastly for the Union. He was one of the most influential men, after the war, in the Free State party, to whose success he largely contributed. His murder was a disgraceful and cowardly act, for which there is no palliation.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

YESTERDAY the sun was bright,
Beaming glory on the world;
Yesterday my heart was light,
In its depths a hope impearled.
Now the low'ring clouds fall down,
Dimming Nature's purple crown,
And upon my soul a dread
Falleth like a weight of lead.

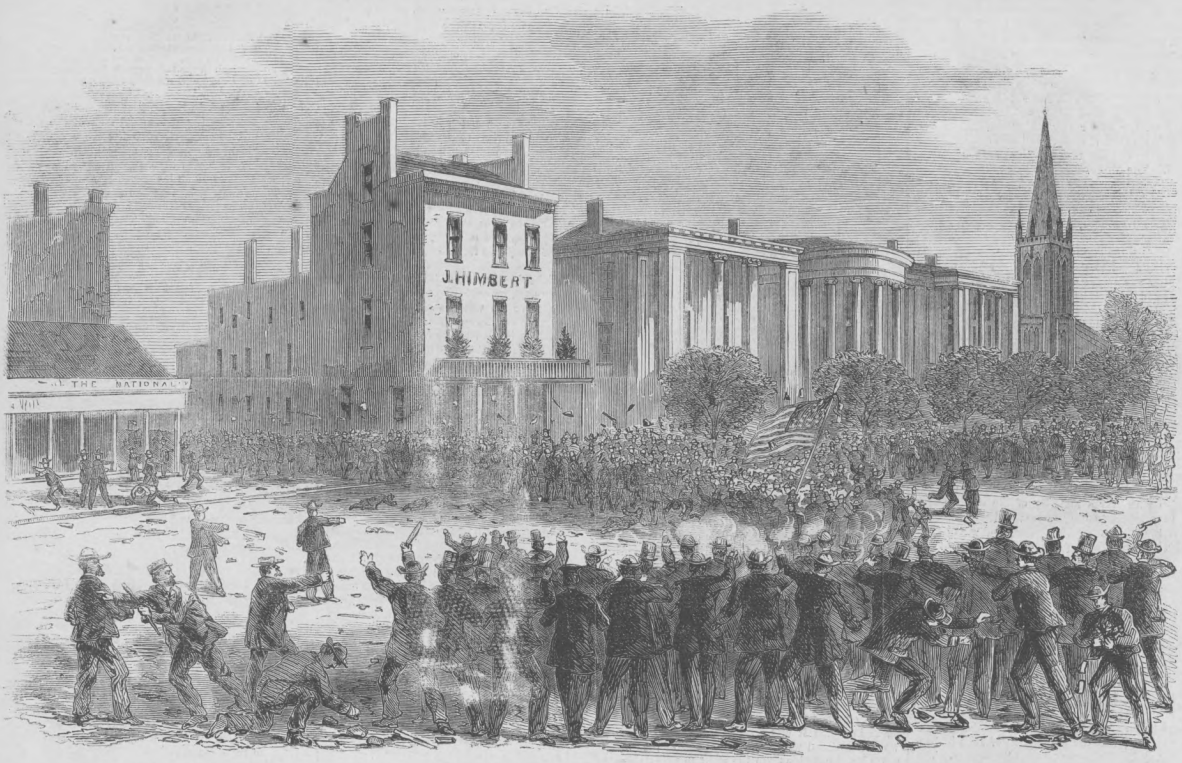
Yesterday rich diadems
Glittering, from the bare trees hung,
And upon the sparkling stems
Gay the merry robin sung.
Now the gusty rainsheets fall,
Flinging shadows over all;
And I gaze on yon dull stream,
Thinking o'er a vanished dream.

Yesterday an echoing tide,
Floating from the long ago,
Through the bitter waves did glide,
Thrilling all my being so!
Now it sinks beneath the wave,
And my hope has found its grave;
And I sit alone, alone!
Listening to the wind's low moan.

Yesterday—ah me, ah me!
That the ear should ever hear,
That the eye should ever see
Forms and voices once so dear!
Oh, how very small a ray
Lightens up a darkened way;
Oh, how very small a cloud
Folds the heart as in a shroud!

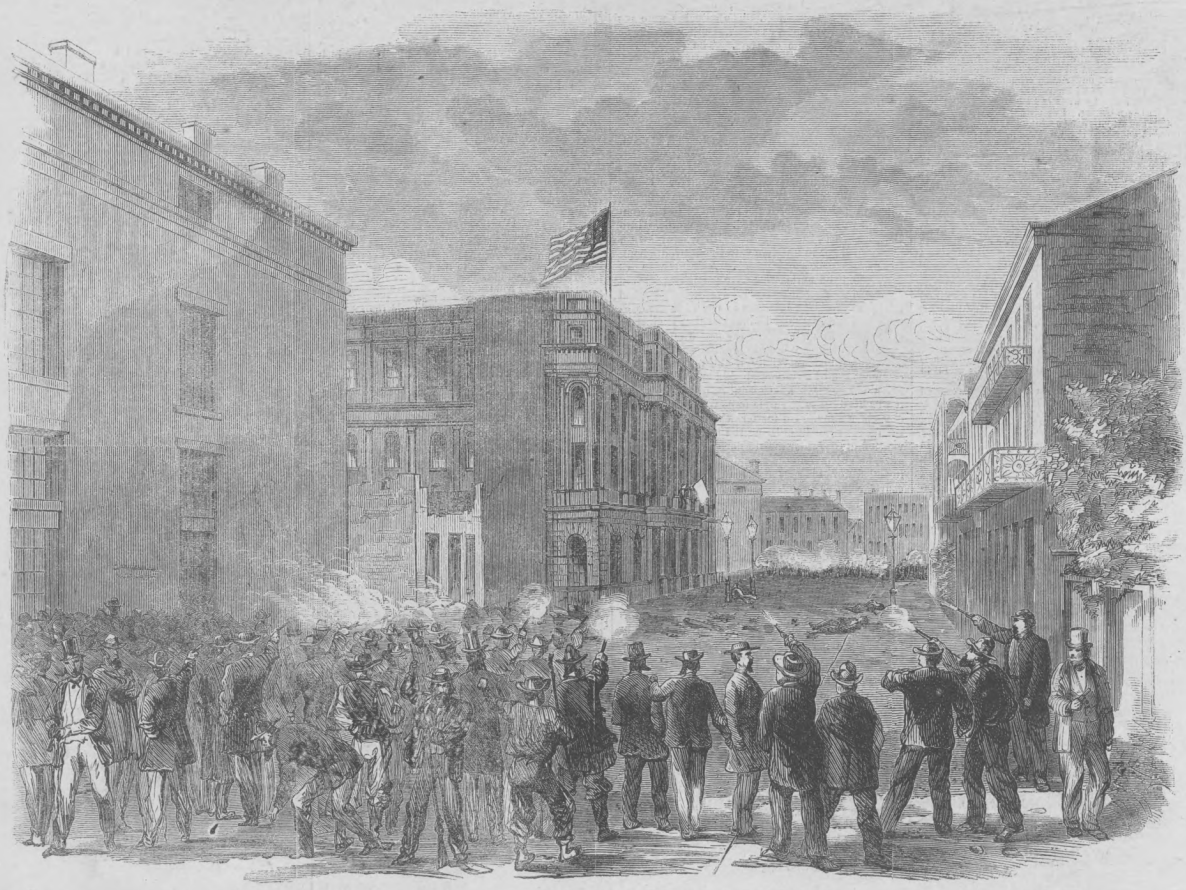
Yester-eve the moon arose
With a hope-beam on her breast,
And my spirit found repose,
And in dreams my life was blest.
But the morning brought me life,
Bound all round with care and strife;
So the shadows come and go,
Gleams of bliss and shades of woe.

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THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—THE FREEDMEN'S PROCESSION MARCHING TO THE INSTITUTE—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FLAG.

[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—SIEGE AND ASSAULT OF THE CONVENTION BY THE POLICE AND CITIZENS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

[SEE PAGE 535.]

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THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—MURDERING NEGROES IN THE REAR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—PLATFORM IN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE AFTER THE RIOT.
[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—INTERIOR OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTE DURING THE RIOT.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]



THE RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS—CARRYING OFF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED—INHUMAN CONDUCT OF THE POLICE.

[See Page 535.]

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ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

THE summer blew its little drifts of sound—
Tangled with wet leaf-shadows and the light
Small breath of scattered morning buds—around
The yellow path through which our footsteps wound.
Below, the Capitol rose glittering white.

There stretch'd a sleeping army. One by one,
They took their places until thousands met;
No leader's stars flash'd on before, and none
Lean'd on his sword or stagger'd with his gun.
I wonder if their feet have rested yet.

They saw the dust, they join'd the moving mass,
They answer'd the fierce music's cry for blood,
Then straggled there and lay down in the grass:
Wear flowers for such, shores whence their tents did pass;
Sing tenderly, O river's haunted flood!

They had been sick, and worn, and weary, when
They stopp'd on this calm hill beneath the trees;
Yet, if in some red-clouded dawn again
The country should be calling to her men,
Shall the réveillé not remember these?

Beside them underneath the mid-day skies
The dreadful phantoms of the living walk,
And by low moons and darkness, with their cries—
The mothers, sisters, wives with faded eyes
That call still names among their broken talk.

And there is one who comes alone and stands
At his dim fireless hearth—chill'd and opprest
By Something he has summon'd to his hands,
While the weird pallor of its many hands
Points at his rusted sword in his own breast!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

BUT the minute the carriage was fairly out of sight and the last roll of the wheels had died away in the distance, Clover caught Lily round the waist and went dancing with her all through the hall, and into the sitting-room, and around that. And Lily could neither stop nor object at first; for Clover was a sturdy little piece, with strong arms, and Lily herself was quite out of breath with astonishment and exercise.

"What are you about?" she cried at last. "Do let me alone! What can you be thinking of, Clover? Let me go! I want to read."

Clover let her go and danced on by herself.

"I—want to think," she said, demurely, and panting a little too. "I want to get—my ideas in order. Just now—I don't know whether—rose-bugs are white muslins, or—pink foulards are flower-pots." And Clover went off with another whirl and a full burst of Yankee Doodle, much to Lily's indignation.

"How you do act!" she said. "White muslins aren't pink foulards—if that's what you want to know. Can't you be quiet, Clover? You do make such a noise!"

Clover stopped instantly.

"What do you want to do, Lily? Shall we go look at our seeds again?"

"No," said Lily, shortly. "I want to read. You can't see the seeds if you look." And Lily turned her back upon the bow-window, boxes, flower-pots, and all, and sat down in a corner of the sofa with her book.

Softly, and without even speaking to make a noise, Clover took little Prim's hand in hers and went toward the window; for even the outside of those panes of glass in her little box had a great charm for Clover.

"Will there really be so *very* few flowers?" said Primrose, looking anxiously up in her face.

"No indeed," said Clover. "I don't think so at all. I'm only afraid I sha'n't have room for them all. Why, Prim, I counted the seeds that I sowed in just one of my pots, and there were ten; and Mr. Vick says that kind must be set a foot apart when it's transplanted; and so that one little pot will want ten feet of my garden. I don't know what I'm to do, for I can't throw one of 'em away," said Clover, bending lovingly over the little box. "Oh! I wish I knew what my seeds are doing down in the earth!"

"They are growing larger every minute," said Mrs. May, for she had come in while the children talked. "That is the first thing a seed does after it is covered up in the earth and begins to get warm and moist. By-and-by you will see this smooth earth in your pots cracking open here and there, and all pushed up in little heaps, because the hidden seeds are swelling and taking more room."

"Will it? will they?" said Clover, the pink tinge flushing over her cheeks. "Oh, Lily! do you hear?"

"Yes—no, I am reading," said Lily.

"But, mamma, what makes them swell?" said Clover. "I mean, why do they? what is it for?"

"Do you remember when Prim was a baby, covered up in her cradle and fast asleep, how still she lay, and how smooth and undisturbed was her little silk quilt?"

"Yes indeed," said Clover. "I used to watch and listen sometimes to see if she was really breathing."

"Well, these seeds that you have just covered with soft earth are asleep. Hid away in each one of them is a tiny morsel of a plant, all crumpled up and folded in, as still and motionless as if it had no like. Even in a large seed like a bean it is very small, just a little stem and one or two leaves; and there it lies, fast bound in the hard outer-shell of the seed, waiting its time."

"Mamma, can you *see* this little plant?" said Clover.

"Yes, sometimes. If you split open a bean very carefully, you will see the tiny plant folded away between the two halves of the bean; but in very small seeds you would need a magnifying-glass, or even a microscope. Well, when the seed is put in the ground the hard outer shell grows moist, from the moist earth, and begins to crack open; and the warm rays of the sun send their heat quite down through earth and seed and all, to the little plant that lies so fast asleep. And the plant awakes, and begins to stir and stretch itself out—or to grow, as we say. The wee bit of a stem lengthens, and pushes its way through the outer-wall of seed down into the earth, and the leaves shoot up into the sunshine, and unfold, shaking off by degrees the seed which held them prisoner."

"Mamma, it's like a fairy tale!" said Clover.

"Yes, it's the princess in the wood!" cried Primrose. "She's asleep, and the sun is the prince that comes and kisses her till she wakes up."

"Something like that," said Mrs. May, smiling. "But oh how many princesses there are in every wood, in every foot of ground, on the rocks, and even in the streams! This is part of that wonderful work of the world which is going on all the time—part of what the sun was meant to do when God made two great lights, and set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth. And now the little stem which shot forth down into the ground begins to branch a little, throwing out tiny fibres, and becomes the root; taking in from the dark soil a part of the food on which the young plant lives, while at the same time the leaves expand at the upper end of the stem, and other leaves come out, and they take in the rest of its food from air and sunshine and drops of dew. So every plant begins its growth—the smallest flower and the tallest tree."

"It is almost too wonderful!" said Clover, drawing a long breath. "I shall have to think about it a great deal."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "the princess slept a hundred years; would the seed sleep so long and then wake up after all?"

"Not every kind of seed; they are as different as possible in this respect. Some will not grow if they are more than one year old, and but few after they are five or six; while some are good at sixty years old, and others must be sowed just as soon as they are ripe."

"Mamma, I don't understand yet *how* the seed does all this," said Clover; "how the leaves unfold and the roots stretch out."

"I think no mortal understands it," said her mother; "it is one of the secrets of the Lord's power. 'Thou blessest the springing thereof,' wrote King David of the earth's rich carpet of grass and corn; and I think the utmost learning can say no more."

"Oh, Lily! oh, Lily! how much you have lost!" said Clover, looking toward the sofa, where Lily lay curled up as if half asleep. "And all for that stupid book!"

The book's not stupid," said Lily, slowly uncurling herself and getting up. "And I'm tired hearing about seeds, it's nothing but seeds, seeds, from morning to night!" And Lily stretched her arms about as if tired of the world generally.

"Did you have a pleasant visit from Maria, Lily?" inquired her mother.

"Mamma—it wasn't very long."

"Mamma," said Primrose, "she says she's had ten new frocks made just for summer—ten all for herself, mamma!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. May.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Lily, coming up to the window, "what makes you say that?"

"She is very young to be a prisoner," said Mrs. May.

"A prisoner!" said Lily. "I don't see how having plenty of frocks could make her that, I'm sure. I should think it would be just the other way. I thought having nothing to wear kept people at home. What can you mean, mamma?"

"Not that people who are kept at home are prisoners," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"Ah! it's one of mamma's stories, I know," cried Primrose, as keen for a story as a pointer for game. "Mamma, dear, won't you *please* tell it to us right away? What is it called, mamma?"

"It might be called 'A Legend of Grundy Castle,'" said Mrs. May, stroking Prim's head.

"What an odd name for a castle!" said Lily.

"Never mind," said Prim. "Do sit down and be quiet, Lily. Now, mamma—I'm all ready. Come, Clover."

"Is it a fairy-tale, mamma?" said Clover, bringing her thoughts back with some reluctance from the little flower-pots that held such real wonders.

"You shall judge. Grundy Castle stood on a bit of land that was claimed by several kingdoms. In like manner many nations disputed possession of its mistress, Mrs. Grundy. And in fact she was quite a citizen of the world, and had received her education (such as it was) in so many places that she was entirely at home in all. It was hard to travel in any country without meeting her, or at least without hearing what she had said the last time she came that way."

"Her own castle couldn't have been much, then," said Lily, "or she wouldn't have gone wandering round so."

"Perhaps she had your ideas about home," said Mrs. May. "But, however that was, she certainly did seem to prefer other people's houses to her own, and was never still a minute."

"Mamma, what sort of a person was she?" said Clover. "You said 'her education, *such as it was!*'"

"She was not what I call well-educated," said Mrs. May; "for of some of the most important things she was entirely ignorant. For instance, she had never 'studied to be quiet;' she knew nothing of 'the law of kindness;' her thoughts had never been trained to think no evil, nor her hands to bear other people's burdens."

"What funny studies!" said Primrose.

"All that she had ever learned was to talk pretty well in all languages; to handle a spy-glass; enough geography to make her think she knew exactly where any body was at a particular moment, and just so much arithmetic as to put two and two together, though she made grievous mistakes sometimes even in doing that small sum."

"Mamma, what a strange person!" said Lily. "I can't make her out at all. Was she handsome?"

"No," said Mrs. May, "she used her spy-glass too much for that. In fact, she never looked at any thing straight with both eyes, and that, of course, gave a disagreeable expression to her face."

"I think she was horrid!" said Primrose. "Just like the Affrites in my 'Arabian Nights.' She never would have got into *my* house, I can tell her."

"Other people let her come," said Mrs. May. "She had a great deal of power, and went every where. Even when they were afraid of her they let her come, for I think they were more afraid to keep her away."

"But, mamma," said Lily, "I don't see how you're going to get round to where you started from. You said Maria Jarvis was a prisoner, and then you go off and tell all about Mrs. Grundy, who lived a thousand years ago, or never lived at all. I don't see what she has to do with Maria's ten frocks."

"What *could* she have to do with them?" said Mrs. May, smiling. "But you must wait for an answer, Lily, for there comes papa, and we must have tea."

BABY ON THE PORCH.

OUT on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door
Into the wonderful world of things.

Bloom of roses and balm of dew,
Brooks that bubble and winds that call,
All things lovely and glad and new,
And the Father watching us over it all.

AFTER THE CAPTAIN.

I.

ON one of those warm days in April when every whiff of the spring wind brought suggestions of summer, a little party stood talking in an artist's studio about the summer campaign—where they would go, and what they would do, until the melancholy days again. One was bound for Newport, and declared, with perhaps not exaggerated emphasis, that "Newport was bliss!" Another was eloquent of the mountains—Starr King's "White Hills." And another raved of the Catskill—of the Fawn's Leap, the view from Sunset Rock, and the Kauterskill Falls—all of which scenes you will see if you will turn to the *Weekly* for July 21, and look at Mr. Nast's picture.

While five of this party talked of their plans the sixth remained silent, with a curious smile on her mouth and a gleam of mischief in her eyes. Presently this silence was observed:

"And where are you going, Miss Vincent?" asked a gentleman. "You don't tell us."

"No," answered Miss Vincent, in a lazily-affirmative tone, to this assertion of the gentleman's.

"Oh, I can tell you where Syl's going!" broke in Cad Glynn, with conclusive emphasis of knowledge.

"Oh, can you? Do then," said Syl—otherwise Sylvia—Vincent, in an amused voice, and raising her brows archly.

"She's going to Newport, or somewhere in that vicinity. Syl's crazy on Newport! Always paints Newport into her pictures—a bit of the Cliffs, or the Forty Steps, all by themselves, or a glimpse of the South Beach! You know you do, Syl; and you know that you're going to Newport—don't you now?"

"No, I didn't know it, Cad; perhaps, though, as I am lunatic on the subject, I shall find myself there unawares."

"You remember what guests are entertained unawares, Miss Vincent?" said that bright cousin of Cad's, Arkley Glynn, with gay gallantry.

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Glynn," laughed Syl, as gayly.

"But you haven't told us where you are going," began again the first speaker.

"No, I haven't!" and once more Syl Vincent's eyes sparkled mischief. By this time the curiosity and interest of the party were thoroughly aroused. Where *was* Miss Vincent going?"

"Going to be married, perhaps!" cried Arkley Glynn, smiling out of his wilderness of silky beard.

"Going to the moon, maybe."

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky!" laughed Syl, at this last. "That turns the angel into an old woman, and instead of wings I have a broomstick!" she went on merrily.

So they kept it up a while longer, playing and parrying their shining lances of wit and humor, and still Miss Vincent did not tell them where she was going. At length, when speculation was at its height through these gay jests, and every one of them thought Syl Vincent was to outdo them all in their summer journeyings, she quietly said: "I'll tell you where I'm going; I am going to Northwood."

"To Northwood! Where upon earth is Northwood?" they cried, in a breath.

"Oh, a little nest up among the New Hampshire hills."

"One of those thousand-and-one towns about the White Mountains. Why didn't you say the Mountains at once?" cried Cad, exasperated.

"Because it isn't about the White Mountains. It isn't a summer resort at all for strangers. It's just a quiet little nook for one to rest in."

"Syl, what—in—the—world possesses you now? This is a new notion. Thought you couldn't abide inland towns; the sea for you—always the sea, and plenty of society."

Syl shrugged her shoulders, and laughed lazily again.

"Cad, I'm tired of one thing. 'Too much of a good thing is good for nothing,' you know. The sea is my love; but we leave our love sometimes to come back afresh. Society is a fine thing; but we wear out society with too much of it, and then it wears us out. That's the worst of it; so I am going to run away from it for a while—to run away from my love, you know, to come back renewed."

"Syl, you're a little Sybarite; I always said so," remarked Cad Glynn, sententiously.

"Maybe. I call it philosophy, however."

"And what will you do up there in your nest, as you call it?"

"I'll paint my pictures and drink new milk."

"Bah! Idyllic you call that, I suppose? I'll tell you how it will be. For three weeks you'll think it's very pretty; in that time you'll take the portraits of two or three old trees and a brook or a pond; then you'll begin to pine for some of the familiar faces, to remember how the surf used to feel, and how the band played on the piazza down at Newport."

They all laughed at this last sally of Cad's, and they all looked as if they thought it quite probable she was right. But Syl knew better. She knew what she wanted, and what she needed. Just this: Rest, and country air, and new milk; not a renewal of town-life among towns-people at some usual haunt. The living the winter excitement over in the same talk, the same associations socially, with only a change in localities. Some temperaments can stand this from season to season, perhaps, but not such a temperament as Syl Vincent's—"one of the high-pressure temperaments," as some one very aptly termed them.

Cad Glynn didn't understand this. She herself was one of those girls of strong nerves and tissues, bilious and lymphatic, who can rush through months and years of social dissipation and excitement without loss in any way—rather gain, in fact; for in the process, if they have natural kindliness of nature, as Cad Glynn certainly had, they learn at last what they would not get at by intuition—a certain toleration and acceptance, which acts in a softening manner upon the whole character.

But, as I say, Cad Glynn didn't understand this temperament of Sylvia Vincent's, and so she laid this summer plan to a freak, a whim of Syl's, and laughed her laugh and flung her joke at the matter in her usual style.

"Why, Syl dear, I'll give you a specimen of what to expect. You'll never go to the post-office with a letter but what the village gossips will say that you've been writing to your lover, and you will never receive a letter in a masculine hand but with one supposition. Fancy now when Arkley here writes you, or Mr. Thurston yonder indites you a note from his beloved White Hills—fancy, Syl, the commotion."

They all laughed here, and Syl colored at the absurdity in a foolish way she had of hanging out such red flags of distress sometimes.

"And that isn't the worst of it," went on this teasing, merry Cad. "If there's a single man in the place any where within a marriageable age they'll accuse you of matrimonial designs upon him at once. And they'll poke, and goad, and toss, and worry you on the subject the whole season through. I know all about those little communities. 'I've been there,' to be a little slangy. And I've thought ever since that I should like to turn into their midst a great party of summer idlers, and see their consternation. Last summer, at Newport, Lill Evan rode nearly every evening with Will Hess—don't you remember?—and when she didn't ride she was walking with him, and when she didn't walk she was singing with him. And as for you, Syl, you and Arkley here used to use up all the mornings after bath hours with your *tête-à-tête* conversations on the piazza or in the parlor. Metaphysics—that was it—you were always at it—Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton. Suppose you had been at one of these little places, where they are not accustomed to the easy, idle ways summer visitors kill time, what do you think they would have said?"

Syl shrugged her shoulders and flushed again in that foolish way of hers, while Arkley Glynn smiled kindly and reassuringly at her through that wilderness of silky beard. Arkley was proof against his cousin's plain speaking, and indeed against most things that might have embarrassed and annoyed weaker men. A thoroughly good fellow, he had so little vanity, and consequently so little self-consciousness, that he made himself specially popular with women, because he never shrank from any possible supposition of his own enslavement. He respected women, too, so truly and so tenderly that he was ready always to give any help or homage which circumstances or the world demanded. And listening to Cad's gay, half-mischievous speaking now, he looked his kindliest look across at Syl, whom he knew was made in a different fashion, and whom he feared would be wounded by this broad banter. No fear. It stirred that swift-running blood, it is true, to the surface, but nobody was ever really wounded through Arkley Glynn.

II.

"ALL settled for the summer," wrote Syl Vincent a month after this conversation. "All settled for the summer, dear Cad, in the quietest, loveliest little nook amidst the hills you ever saw. We have rooms that are as pleasant and easy as possible, and our windows overlook, or more properly look into these everlasting hills, for we are scarcely high enough to overlook. And not a sound of neighborly gossip reaches me yet. I hear only the rushing of the river and the trees talking to each other. This is sweeter talk than any human gossip, but if the other reaches me be sure you shall be advised of it."

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Cad read this portion of the letter to her cousin Arkley. He smiled thoughtfully, and sung:

"Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny."

There was a long gap between this letter and the next, which Cad filled in with two of her own—generous girl that she was. Two bright, breezy missives, full of the chit-chat and gossip of Newport, where, after all, she and her party had drifted.

"I don't see why Syl doesn't write," she said, as the mail was brought in one day, still lacking Sylvia's handwriting. Arkley, to whom she addressed this, was too absorbed in a letter he was perusing to heed. She waited until he had begun to fold it away, and then asked him, rather vexatiously, "Say, Arkley, isn't it queer I don't get a letter from Syl?"

"Well, I don't know;" he answered, absently, getting up and walking away, with a half-smile about his lips.

Cad gave utterance to a very decided ejaculation of impatience at this, as she stared after her cousin.

"Arkley's either in love, or his oil-shares have turned up trumps for him!" laughed Tom Thurston.

"Arkley in love! I should like to see him; and I should like to know how you make it out from present appearances, Mr. Thurston?" asked Cad, with wide, dancing eyes.

"Eh—how?" Thurston laughed another little low laugh, buttered his roll, and then answered by a question, Yankee-wise:

"Did you ever know Arkley to be absent-minded?"

"Well, no; it isn't his way," allowed Cad, "exactly; and is he in the habit of receiving letters twice a week that have a scent of heliotrope about them? It may be oil, however—I don't insist; but I thought that through the fumes of my coffee I had detected twice this week a very strong suspicion of heliotrope, as Arkley turned his pages."

Cad looked stunned with surprise a moment; then her brain, quick and searching, went on a quest. Heliotrope, who was it used heliotrope? She was sure she had a remembrance somewhere to help her. All at once it flashed over her.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Thurston, it's Mary Ware! Molly Ware; don't you know?" She carried heliotrope in her very breath. Gloves, handkerchief, note paper—it was all one odor. You could trace her wherever she went, 'til we got into the habit of calling her Heliotrope at last. She's been dancing with Arkley all this blessed winter, but I never thought dear old Ark would make such a goose of himself as to get in love with this little dancing doll."

"She *does* dance well, doesn't she?"

"Dance! she just floats to the music;" Cad confessed, generously. But *then*—Mr. Thurston;" she said, regretfully.

"You are jumping at conclusions," returned Mr. Thurston.

Cad wished she was, but knew she wasn't. After her vehement manner, and walking her "constitutional" on the piazza a little later, she turned the bitter pill all over in her mind, and thought, but didn't say, because this great, breezy, plain-spoken Cad was loyal and generous to her own sex—"And there was Syl."

What did this mean?

Can't you guess? Can't you guess that Caroline Glynn had a tender spot in her heart for this Syl? That she loved and honored her, and was true to her, opposites though they were, as men friends are to each other, but women seldom. And that, loving and honoring her, she had thought sometimes that this favorite cousin of hers, this dear old Ark, might bring Syl nearer yet.

"And there goes all last summer's metaphysics for nothing, and the upshot of it is, that Molly Ware, the little wax-faced noodle, dances into his heart, or into his brain. What geese men are!" with which wise conclusion exasperated Cad rushes to her own room, and indites a furious letter to Sylvia.

"And I was in hopes of something so much better, Syl;" she wrote. "I was in hopes those long metaphysical *têtes-à-tête*—that everlasting hammering at Emerson, and Mill, and Hamilton, would bring you two round into another kind of metaphysics; and here you are poles asunder, and the dearest wish of my heart lost between, and that dancing Molly Ware, with her heliotrope odor—I always hated heliotrope—in possession of the camp. Oh, Syl!"

Straightway back to this doleful ditty of Cad's came the gayest little letter from Sylvia. It literally ran over with fun and laughter.

"How bright it was of you, dear Cad," she went on, "to make Molly Ware out of that heliotrope. I never should have thought of it. And I never should have thought it of Arkley either. And as for the metaphysics, thank you, dear, for your cousinly intentions, but you see Molly Ware and her heliotrope outdid Emerson, Hamilton, and Mill. Just think of it! But here is something else for you to think of. *I've* got a tale to tell. Cad, you are a prophet as well as an interpreter. The gossips are wagging their tongues. For three weeks I was in blissful ignorance, and went my way as unconscious as a child; then the hum of the hive reached me. Oh what a busy hive it has been! You see, dear, the 'dangerous bachelor,' the very element of gossip, was here in their midst before me. At once there arose a query in my mind whether all small communities had its one bachelor or its one widower to form its staple of speculation? As I say, for three weeks I went on my way in blissful ignorance of the speculation I was arousing. The village's one bachelor was presented to me—a Captain Hollister, who is staying here for the present—a gentlemanly person, and a man of the world. Well, I talked with this Captain, I walked with this Captain, and I rode with him—congratulating myself upon so pleasant a companion. Worst of all, perhaps, of my offenses, I actually paid visits to this Captain's sister, '*for the purpose of paying court to the Captain*.' Think of that, my Cad! Think of Syl Vincent's being accused of paying court to any body. Ask Arkley what he thinks of that. Ask him if he thought I was paying court to Tom Thurston last summer, when I used to go every afternoon and read to Tom's sister, and Tom used to stay by to listen? But the best of it is, Cad, that this Captain and I are good friends enough to enjoy this matter vastly. We 'gang our ain gait.' We ride, we walk, we talk together; and I stroll up to his good sister's, who is a woman after my own heart—a genial, womanly woman—and in her parlor I talk with the Captain—nice metaphysical talks of Emerson, Mill, and Hamilton sometimes. Tell Arkley this; but tell him, too, that our talks lack one element of discussion that the Newport talks abound in. *He* will understand; and as for you, my dear Cad, I take it you will not be interested to know we have disappointed your expectations so much, or rather Arkley has, in allowing himself to be overcome by Molly Ware's stylish footsteps and the mysterious heliotrope, instead of my metaphysics. Nothing in the metaphysics order can now be endurable to *you*, it failed so signally in the quarter where you tell me you had set your heart. In the mean time I will talk metaphysics with the Captain, and we two will have our laugh over the verdict of the gossips which accuses me of being '*after the Captain*.' Isn't that a lovely phrase for women to use Cad? How your dark eyes fire as you read it! But the world goes various ways, my dear, and this portion of it doesn't know your Syl as well as you do. But I am at the end of my page and of your patience, for I know you are dying to rail at what I have written to Arkley; so call me a good-for-nothing goose to stay where I am instead of coming to you. Perhaps I am all you say, dear; but I am, nevertheless, always yours faithfully,

"SYL VINCENT."

"A goose! of course she is a goose!" cried out Cad on this reading, just as Syl had told her she would, to her cousin Arkley. And then she read aloud that little story of the gossips—"After the Captain!" "Did you ever hear any thing so absurd and abominable, Arkley?"

Arkley laughed that queer little quaint laugh of his, behind that great beard; but into his eyes came that soft, grave look which those who know Arkley Glynn always like to see.

"Absurd? oh yes, and abominable too, I grant. But, Cad, don't you know one sad truth about your sex? I am not speaking of exceptions, but the generality of ordinary women under ordinary circumstances. They hunt each other down, to use rather a sportsman's phrase, as men would be ashamed to do."

"Now, Arkley, that's your Thackeray vein."

"Well, never mind, it is a very true vein. Don't you see now in this case; two of the opposite sex meet and become good friends, and at once your feminine side raises the hue and cry. It's the old cry of 'Stop thief!' you know. Women who do that, who raise that cry, are after a plunderer—a poacher on their domains. They don't understand but one relation between the sexes—that's the relation that conjugates the verb *amour* in intent and purpose from the outset. Good friendship, good fellowship, which begins at the top of the head, they don't recognize."

"Humph!" ejaculated Cad; "that's the metaphysical kind, I suppose."

"Exactly, Cad!" laughed Arkley, in his hearty way.

"Top of the head!" pursued Cad; "some people don't have any 'top of the head.'"

"True again, Cad;" and again Arkley laughed at his cousin's gay, grim humor.

III.

AND the next morning there sat this "great sensible goose of a man," as Cad called him, absorbed in one of those heliotrope effusions again. Eyes nor ears had he for any thing else. Cad groaned in spirit, while she rattled her coffee-cup and looked across at Tom Thurston for sympathy. Tom made a gay grimace and hummed a bar of the *German*, and immediately Cad saw Molly Ware's flying feet and floating movements. This did not tend to soothe her ruffled temper by any means, nor was it improved when Arkley, presently folding his letter with a sigh of satisfaction, asked, brightly:

"Heard from Syl, Cad, this morning?"

"Heard from Syl!" Cad just shrugged her shoulders by way of reply. She somehow felt as if Syl's name were taken in vain after that heliotrope nonsense of Molly Ware's. "Of course it isn't a decided engagement yet, or Ark would announce it," she commented to Tom Thurston afterward.

"No, perhaps not, but you may depend that Arkley is in for it, Miss Glynn; I know the signs."

"Oh, do you, Mr. Thurston!" Cad returned, rather spitefully. In the mean time, while Cad chafed over her cousin's folly, as she termed it, and deplored Syl's absence, Sylvia herself was going on in her usual fashion, a serene summer fashion, half play half work. A few pictures here and there, and a great deal of reading and talking. Captain Holliston and his sister were not only her nearest neighbors, but of her kind. They were also given to much reading and talking, and so in Mrs. Greyborn's cottage many a swift morning sped away over Browning's poems, Tennyson's Idyls, or a brisk metaphysical discussion. And all the time there could be but one interpretation. She was "after the Captain."

"Mrs. Greyborn needn't flatter herself that Miss Vincent goes to see her," said Mrs. Black to Mrs. White, with wise emphasis.

"No indeed," returned Mrs. White, "that she needn't. It's likely she goes there and spends all her morning to see Mrs. Greyborn! No, no! she's after the Captain, mark my word;" and Mrs. White shakes her head in solemn significance.

Something of this reached the ears of Syl and the Captain. They take it very merrily, for, looking into each other's faces a moment, a gay gleam sparkles in Syl's eyes, and then they both break into a little burst of laughter. And then they both sit down there in the small parlor, they two alone, just think of it, and laughing fall to talking, not of metaphysics surely, for there grows into Syl's cheek a deeper color, and the Captain listens when he is not speaking with an arch smile which no philosophies ever called out. It certainly looks very suspicious. What if Mrs. Black and Mrs. White could look in now? What if—after all—well—don't let us jump at conclusions as Cad Glynn has. Let us wait until the end of the summer. That will certainly tell us what we want to know.

The end of the summer. It came soon enough—a soft, still August day; and Cad Glynn sat sparring it as usual with Tom Thurston across the breakfast-table when the waiter dropped beside her plate a little long white letter, seal upward—a great V in dead gold and monogram.

"Oh, Syl!" and Cad's face lighted. Tom occupied himself with his breakfast, and lazily waited to hear "what news from Syl." Arkley, too, with no heliotrope-scented effusion to absorb him this morning, waited likewise. At length Tom glances up surprised at the silence.

"Well, Miss Glynn, how is it with Miss Vincent?"

Cad's face was a study. Arkley regarded, with a look of intense amusement, the amazement and disgust apparent there, for Arkley had the key to some things.

"How is it with Miss Vincent?" she burst out, with the expression of disgust and amazement very evident in her voice as well as face. "Miss Vincent is on her way to Newport—and—and this Captain Hollis, or Holliston comes with her. The 31st, that's to-night. They'll be here in the evening boat, humph!" And Cad, giving utterance to this little ejaculatory disappointment and ire, went off in a huff to her room. Here she was again jumping at conclusions.

At eight or thereabouts the evening boat arrives at the Newport wharf. Cad, her mood of the morning by no means softened, perhaps a little increased in its irritation by Arkley's persistent gayety and sly innuendoes at Syl and the Captain, waits for the arrivals with her usual impatience. Eight—quarter past—where can that boat be? Ah! there goes the whistle! Now then, curiosity and impatience shall both be relieved of their watch and guard. A few minutes more and they will be here. A few minutes more! Cad walks up and down the empty parlor, setting her teeth against "this Captain," and snapping her little watch every two seconds to see how the time goes. Then comes the roll of carriage-wheels; a well-known voice sounds in a light laugh mixed with two other voices that sound as familiar. Did Tom Thurston go down with Arkley to meet them? Tom Thurston! Cad stops a moment, and then comes swiftly forward as Syl and Arkley enter, followed by a gentleman in a light traveling-suit, with a wide sombrero straw-hat in his hand.

"Captain Holliston, Cad; Miss Glynn, Captain Holliston," says Syl, as she grasps Cad's hand for greeting. And oh what a volley of mirth and mischief there was in Syl's tone and in Syl's eyes!

For a moment Cad stands wide-eyed in amazement, then she finds voice:

"Captain Holliston indeed! How long is it since you went farther down the alphabet to spell your name, Captain?" and here Cad laughs, and stops to take breath from all this surprise, and Syl finds chance to say:

"I'm glad you haven't forgotten old friends, Cad."

"Forgotten old friends! Syl, what a little farce you are! to turn this old friend into a new one just to make a summer story of to tease and excite my curiosity. And there was Arkley"—she turned about and caught Arkley's smile. "Why, I do believe—yes, I am sure now—you knew all the time that this Captain Holliston was our old friend Captain H——;" and Cad drops the l's and goes farther up the alphabet for this Captain's name—this mysterious Captain, who was indeed no stranger at all, but an acquaintance, nay, a friend, dating two or three winters back at Washington, and with a name which mischievous Syl, incited by Cad's prophecy of the inevitable bachelor, had very easily turned into Holliston; and any one who recognizes this Captain H—— can testify how easy is the turning. They all fell to laughing over this change of Syl's; and Cad thought, of course, but one thing in reference to it. It was Syl's mischief, to be sure, but a mischief that hid a deeper meaning. "So," she went on with her thought, "if I had not lost her through Arkley's folly, I suppose I should to our Captain here." But at this climax her eyes light upon something which flashes a new radiance in upon her brain. It was "something" she had seen many times—a ring of her cousin Arkley's; a great garnet, its broad, dark-crimson surface brought vividly out by a brilliant star-like setting. But she had never seen it before where now she saw it—*upon the finger of Sylvia Vincent!* And as she saw she remembered swiftly what he had often said about this ring, half in play and half in earnest, that it would never leave his finger but to be worn by the woman whom he loved. And here it shone upon Syl's slender hand! Cad was brusque and impulsive, but she had a tender kind of courtesy, which would have held her silent here but for the look that suddenly seemed to pass with a certain free-masonry between the three before her.

"Syl," she suddenly cried out, "what does it all mean?"

"It means," took up Captain Holliston, "that you ought to congratulate these two—this cousin and friend of yours—and then I think you might congratulate yourself, Miss Glynn."

"Syl—Arkley! you don't mean to say that you two have actually found each other after all!"

"After all, dear Cad," said Arkley, with that sweet, grave look of his.

Suddenly this honest, hasty Cad looked confused.

"And Molly Ware!" she exclaimed.

"And those heliotrope-scented letters, Cad!" cried Syl, laughing. "Oh, Cad, Cad! how wrong you were all through in jumping at conclusions! The heliotrope letters were your humble servant's. I happened to spill a box of heliotrope-powder into my paper drawer, and it drenched that thin 'French note' paper with its odor."

"But you didn't write to me on that thin 'French note,' Syl."

"No; at first it was simple accident. Then came your wild supposition of Molly Ware; and the temptation to play this little farce, as you call it, with Captain Holliston for one of the principal actors, was too strong for me to resist. Dear Cad, can you forgive us?"

Syl's pleading tones, Syl's pleading eyes, but more than all the happy *dénouement* itself, won Cad's forgiveness.

"And to think, Arkley, that you should lend yourself to this nonsense!" said Cad, in mock wrath, as later they discussed it. "To think that you and the Captain here should be under correspondence all the time to carry out this foolish programme!"

"But you made out the programme, Cad, in the beginning of the season. You prophesied my country fate, you know."

"Yes; but I didn't prophesy the end."

"But, Cad"—and Syl's eyes glowed—"*you* thought I was after the Captain, too."

Cad glanced laughingly across at Captain Holliston, and, in a stage aside, made answer:

"No, Syl, I thought the Captain was after you."

So Cad has the last word, and so the summer story ends with all the gossips in confusion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—What a satisfaction it must be to the Empress of the French that the Emperor has given up the idea of paying a visit to Nancy!

Among the advertisements a week or two ago, in a daily journal, appeared the following: "Two sisters want washing," and "A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own, nor any other employment."

ANSWER TO MARY ANNE.—The needle-gun is not threaded with gun-cotton.

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon returned in an hour afterward, and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but them *sticks the wheels hang on!*"

HORSE ON THE TABLE.—The hippophagists carry their fondness for horse-flesh to an extreme. Accordingly perhaps they will soon have their horse served up with horse-beans, not to mention horse-radish, which of course it must require even more than beef. The dessert which follows the favorite repast of the horse-eaters will certainly not be complete without horse-chestnuts.

"Madam, your boy can't pass for half fare; he is too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which had been detained on the road by snow. "He may be too large now," replied the matron, "but he was small enough when we started." The conductor gave in, and the boy passed for half fare.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters?—Because they never saw.

Two friends being in conversation together, one asked the other what death he would wish to die. The answer was, "Let me die the death of the righteous." "My boy," replied number two, "that you'll never do as long as you live."

"Did the minister put a stamp on you when you was married, Mary?"

"A stamp, Charlie! What for, pray?"

"Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp, you know!"

One of the sex writes, rather spicily, "that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority as yet work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

"Is a Man and his Wife one?" asked the wife of a man in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home very drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

A BRUTE.—One asked his friend why he married so *little* a wife?—"Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils we should choose the *least*!"

Why is a tender-hearted philanthropist like a horse?—Because his steps are arrested by the cry of woe.

Judy Bralegan, having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed: "Upon my conscience, but they are mighty hard to peel!"

As long as a miser lives his money-chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

ADVICE TO ARTISTS.—Draw any thing but a bill.

WOMAN.

DISSECTED BY A MAN.

A woman is like—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say?
There's no living with or without one!
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye;
Buz—buz—always buzzing about one!

When she is tender and kind,
She is like to my mind
(And Sally was so, I remember);
She's like to—oh, dear!
She's as gold, very near,
As a ripe melting peach in September!

If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good-humor she meets me,
She's like a rich dish
Of venison and fish,
That cries from the table, "Eat me!"

But she'll plague you and vex you,
Distract and perplex you;
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What, then, do you think she is like?
Like a sand, like a rock?
Like a wheel, like a clock?
Ay, like a clock that is always at strike!

Her head is like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but money can dwell on!
Her heart's like an orange so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice!
In truth she's to me,
Like to wind, like to sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man.

Like a mill, like a pill;
Like a sail, like a whale;
Like an ass, like a glass,
Whose image is constant to no man.
Like a flower, like a shower;
Like a fly, like a pie;
Like a flea, like a pea;
Like a thief, like—in brief,
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

What is the difference between a Hindoo widow and a Christian widow? The right way to tell it is as follows:

As in India, one day, an Englishman sat
With a sweet native lass at the window—
"Do your widows burn themselves? Pray tell me that,"
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
"Do they burn? That they do," the gentleman said,
"With a flame not easy to smother;
Our widows, the moment the husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another."

PROVERBIAL FOOLOSOPHY.

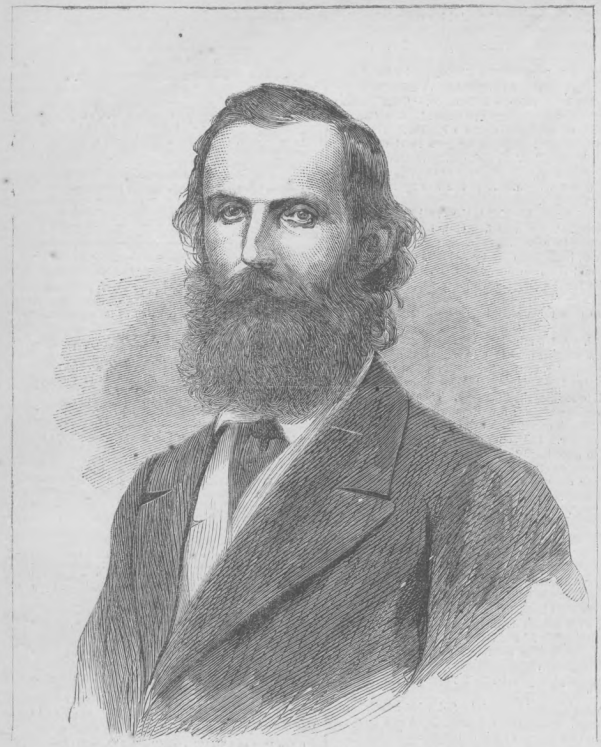
Castles in the air have no foundation; but in some delusive schemes you will find abasement.

The way to make a hole in your income is to pay a large rent.

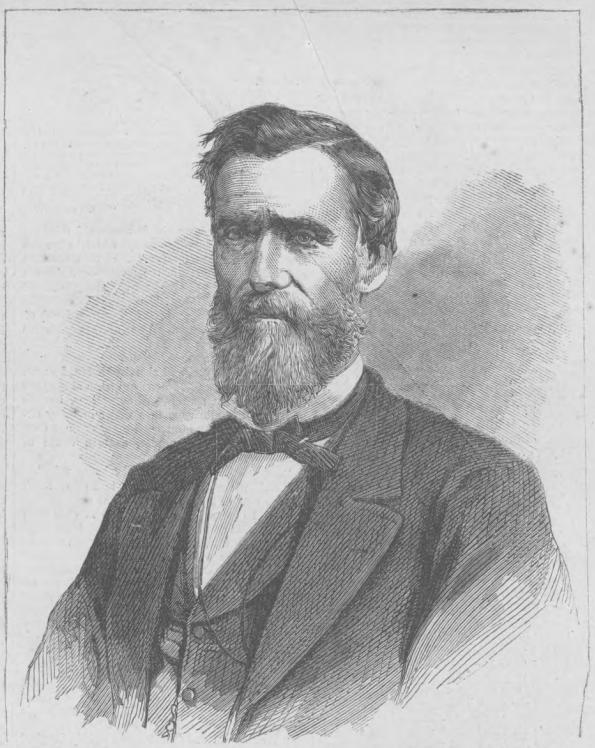
The largest tin-tacks must be the Income-tax, for that's a regular nailer!

Resignation is a virtue that is often made a necessity of in the political world.

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A. P. DOSTIE.



JOHN T. MONROE, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]



WILLIAM BLAIKIE.



R. S. PEABODY.



E. N. FENNO.



E. T. WILKINSON.



C. M'BURNEY.



A. P. LORING.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS—PORTRAITS OF THE HARVARD CREW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

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GARIBALDI IN THE ITALIAN TYROL.

THE force of Italian volunteers and b r-aglieri, under the command of General GARIBALDI, has been engaged in the difficult task of forcing its way through the mountain passes on the western shore of the Lake of Garda, with a view to getting round the head of that lake, at Riva, and thence proceeding to occupy the high-road which leads from Verona to the Tyrol, and which is now the only communication left open between the fortresses of the Quadrilateral and the Austrian empire.

The head-quarters of GARIBALDI for some days, while preparing for this movement, were fixed alternately at the town of Salo on the very shore of the Lake of Garda, and at the fortress and village of Rocca d'Anfo, twenty-five miles northwest of that place, overlooking a smaller piece of water called the Lake of Idro, surrounded by lofty and precipitous hills, which display some of the most romantic features of North Italian scenery.



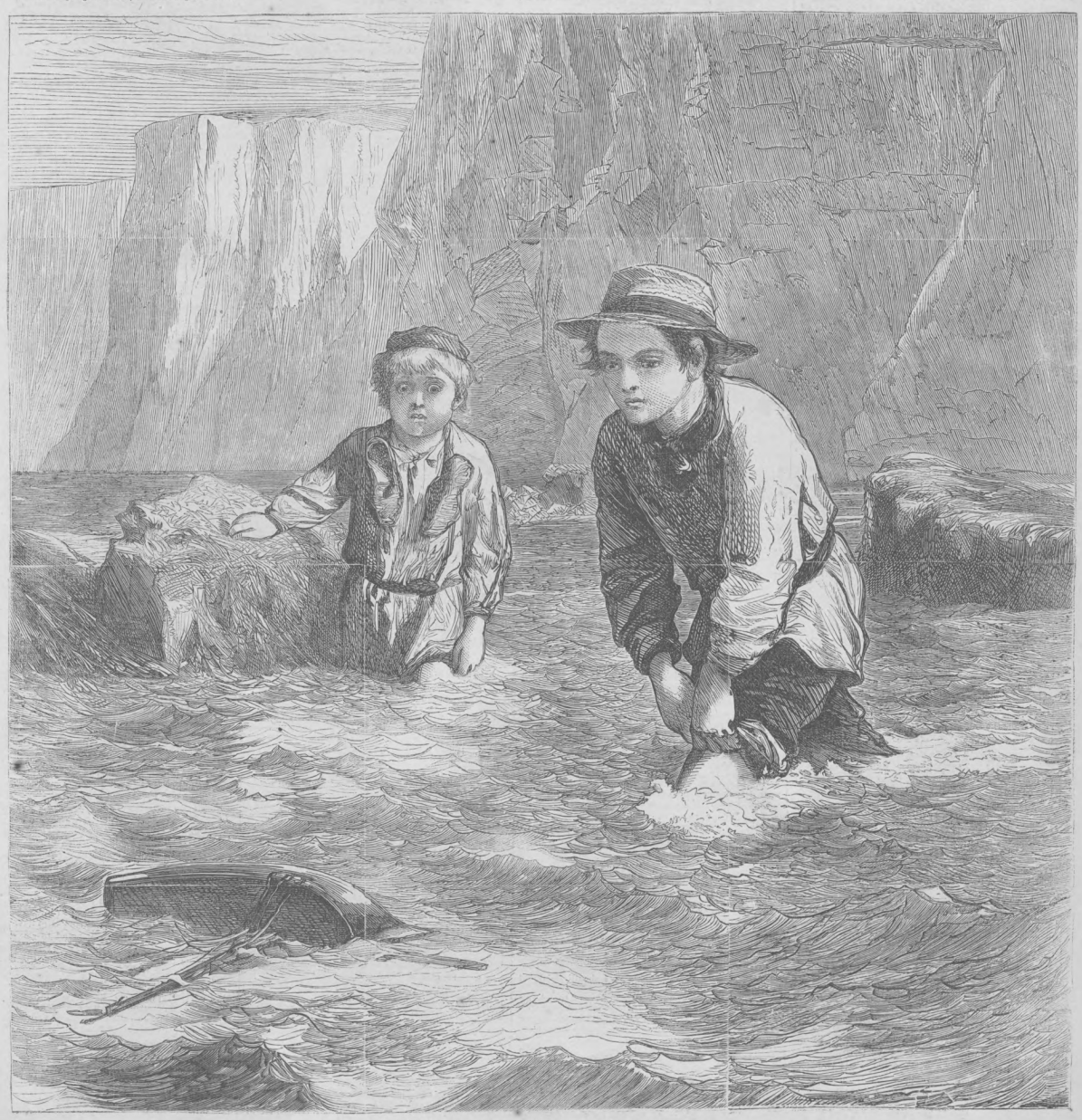
GARIBALDI'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON LAKE GARDA.

"CAPSIZED."

THIS bright and pleasantly-treated little picture, representing a characteristic incident of child-life, is from a painting by Mr. THOMAS, a celebrated English artist. We are all "children of a larger growth," and is not that man sincerely to be pitied who forgets or has lost all sympathy with the sports and the joys and sorrows of childhood? It is true that some querulous old curmudgeon has somewhere said that whenever you meet a boy you ought always to thrash him, because, if not actually then in mischief, he is sure to be going directly to get into it. Nay, more, if even the mother of these urchins came suddenly upon them, as here represented, it is quite possible she might scold them soundly, not only for dabbling their clothes, but for incurring the dreadful danger of drowning, if, indeed, she did not proceed to administer bodily correction. Many of our readers, however, who can take neither a cynical nor a maternal interest in this incident, may yet share Thackeray's genial feeling toward young folk when he declares that he could never see a boy without wanting to tip him with half a sovereign. Surely the temptation is great to alleviate in some way the anxiety of these little lads respecting the safety of their shipwrecked boat! And we need hardly point out how naturally that boy-like anxiety is rendered in the picture, or how nicely it is discriminated according to age—the elder one braving the terrors of the knee-deep ocean to rescue the helpless capsized craft; the younger with his shoes heedfully slung round his neck, having ventured as far as he dares, clinging for safety to the rock, as he watches in fear and hope the heroic exertions of his brother. Of course, the fanciful may also find in the subject of the picture suggestions of the early age at which familiarity with the sea and ships begins among the population of our coasts, and which afterward developed gives us our best sailors.

QUEEN EMMA IN AMERICA.

HER Majesty, the Dowager Queen EMMA, of the Sandwich Islands, widow of the late King KAMEHAMEHA IV., arrived here on the 8th from England by the Cunard steamship *Java*. The Collector of the Port, HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq., had received instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury to meet the royal lady down the bay, or to have her met there by representatives of the Government on board one of the revenue steamers. The *Jasmine*, detailed for this purpose, arrived alongside the *Java*



"CAPSIZED."—[FROM A PAINTING BY G. H. THOMAS.]

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at 10.30 A.M., saluting with a royal salute, having on board the Hawaiian Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires, S. U. F. ODELL, Esq.; ABRAHAM WAKEMAN, Esq., Surveyor of the Port; JAMES KELLY, Esq., Postmaster; Brigadier-General J. F. B. MARSHALL, of the staff of Governor BULLOCK, of Massachusetts, and J. C. DERBY, Esq., United States Dispatch Agent. After the formalities of introduction had been gone through Her Majesty was received on board the *Jasmine*, which steamed across the river to carriages in waiting, which conveyed the lady and her attendants to the Brevoort House.

At one o'clock her Majesty received a number of visitors, among them R. S. CHILTON, Esq., who had arrived the evening before from Washington, the bearer of a letter of welcome from the Government in the handwriting of the Secretary of State. Mr. CHILTON, accompanied by J. C. DERBY, Esq., was presented by Mr. ODELL. Queen EMMA expressed her acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Government and its Secretary, saying that she would communicate her plans to the envoy during the day, having as yet formed none. She expressed herself as much pleased with her European tour.

Queen EMMA is daughter of JOHN YOUNG, an English sailor, and the Princess NAEA, and was born in 1828. She was educated by the American Mission. Her marriage with the late King was blessed with a son, who died while yet an infant, and thus the crown has passed to KAMEHAMEHA V., brother of the deceased King.

About a year ago, at the invitation of the British Government, Queen EMMA went to visit England. Her design in making this visit was twofold—to see the country, and to collect funds for the erection in her native country of a memorial Cathedral. She was over a year the guest of the English people, and it is said that her visit was more successful as an ovation to herself than in its missionary purposes, having received for her Cathedral only £5000. At Washington the Government will dispense its courtesies, after which the Royal lady will proceed to Boston to receive the hospitalities of that city.

On the afternoon of her arrival in this city Queen EMMA visited the Central Park. Her appearance has been described in the following terms:

The Queen is of medium height, black eyes, dark straight hair, pleasant under-chin with dimple, with well-defined nostrils, and of rather handsome figure, with the quiet and unobtrusive look of a lady in her face. The face is quite dark, and is nearly akin in shade to that of a Southern mulatto, and the underlip hangs down slightly. The entire face is Malay in its east, and the features are not European in tone. She dresses in mourning.

THE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

THE College Regatta between the Yale and Harvard crews came off on July 28, on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Massachusetts. Last year we gave the portraits of the Yale crew, which was then victorious. This week we give on page 540 the portraits of the Harvard crew, who were this year the winners of the race.

In the Yale crew there were but two men who rowed in last year's regatta, while in that of Harvard there were only two who did not—Mr. E. T. Wilkinson and A. P. Loring. The two crews were composed of the following persons:

YALE CREW.

	Weight.
Frank Brown (bow)	146 lbs
W. A. Copp	155 "
A. D. Bissell	153 "
W. E. Wheeler	150 "
Edmund Coffin	150 "
Edward B. Bennett (stroke)	163 "

HARVARD CREW.

	Weight.
Charles M'Burney (bow)	135 lbs.
Edward T. Wilkinson	154 "
Edward N. Perkins	155 "
Robert S. Peabody	160 "
Alden P. Loring	149 "
William Blaikie (stroke)	153 "

The race is thus described by the New York *Tribune* correspondent:

The Yale boat was the first to come forward, and took the inside. They were not kept long in waiting, for soon the Harvard crew were seen approaching under the bridge, where they unavoidably came in contact with one of the many skiffs already alluded to which floated about on the lake. This caused but a slight delay, however, and in a short while the Harvard boat took its position, amidst intense excitement on shore, alongside that of Yale. The appearance of both crews was extremely fine; twelve more muscular and superbly developed men it were hard to find; but again the superiority, to a close observer, was on the side of Harvard. Once more there was difficulty in starting, each seeming eager and even anxious to get the lead. At length the word 'Go' was sounded, and away went both boats, Yale considerably in advance, while either bank resounded with the clapping of hands and the cheers that burst forth from the friends of both colleges. The crews at the start appeared to be equally matched, but when about half-way up Harvard took the lead, and a white flag far up the lake announced her success soon afterward at the stake, which she reached in 8.30, and on the return led by upward of four lengths. Anxiously and impatiently the crowds upon the shore awaited the return of the boats. The rain was still falling heavily. At last a cry arose that they were coming. 'Yale is ahead!' was shouted; 'Yale is ahead!' and deafening cheers arose from both sides of the water. But Yale was not ahead. The cheers died away. It was the Yale scientific crew that had rowed up the lake, and were returning in advance. 'Harvard is ahead!' Then another cheer arose as loud, if not louder, than the first, and soon the crimson handkerchief was visible. There could be no mistake now. Yale was far behind now. Her glory was dimmed, she was beaten, beaten by a long way. Take off the blue ribbon, fold it carefully, and put it in your pocket; it may do for next year, perhaps, but can avail nothing now.

"Harvard's time was, 18.34; Yale's, 19.10. Last year's time was for Yale, 18.42; Harvard's, 19.9."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

ON the evening of August 13 Governor Orr, of South Carolina, in the course of a speech at Philadelphia, made the following statement of his position: He said that he would not now refer to the last four years of the war, but merely intended to call up one or two points connected with it, of which he wished to speak. He and his audience had been brought up in widely different political schools. He had been taught that the States were supreme; they that the General Government was supreme. His section had demanded its supposed privileges; the North had denied them. The South claimed the right of secession; the North denied the existence of any such right. The South seceded, and with the North appealed to arms, and finally both sections threw down the gauntlet to settle their dispute upon the field of battle. The war was long and desperate and bloody, but it ended in the defeat of the South. The South had appealed to arms—the last and highest earthly resort—and the decision had been against them—a decision, he would say, far more complete and final than any which could come from the highest judicial tribunal.

The question of the right of secession had been settled completely and forever, and the results of the war had decided that the General Government was supreme. In this decision the Southern people, and he among them, acquiesced in all sincerity; and he came here on this the first opportunity to say it to a Northern audience, to declare that the South renounced the right of secession, and accepted in good faith its allegiance to the General Government. They claimed to be once more citizens under that Government; and as such as sincerely wished for the welfare of their common country, the union of all the States, its reputation abroad, and its prosperity at home, as the people of the North. This is our country, said Mr. Orr, as well as yours. We are again fellow-citizens, again brothers. And I, a participant in this rebellion, come here to-night to say that I renounce the right of secession, the right of an appeal to arms, and acknowledge the supremacy over me of the Government of this Union.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Union Convention met at Saratoga August 9. The following delegates at large to the Philadelphia Convention were appointed: John A. Dix, Henry J. Raymond, Charles G. Myers, H. L. Comstock, Samuel J. Tilden, William Kelly, Hiram Denio, Sanford E. Church.

The National Union Convention of Massachusetts met in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 8. The following delegates at large were appointed: Robert C. Winthrop and Judge Abbott, of Boston; Isaac Davis, of Worcester; General Couch, of Taunton; General Sutton, of Salem; John Quincy Adams, of Quincy; George Ashmun, of Springfield; C. G. Bailey, of Boston.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 946, the same as in the previous week. Of these 250 were from cholera, and 196 of the cholera deaths occurred in the public institutions.

Dispatches from St. Joseph state that the Indian depredations in the vicinity of Fort Laramie and on Powder River were assuming a most determined and warlike character. The Government cattle at the fort had been run off, and on Powder River three forts had been burned by the Indians and thirty-five men killed. There had also been serious fights and destruction of trains near Fort Reno and Fort Conner.

One hundred and eighty-three thousand bushels of corn have been distributed among the destitute in Georgia. About 40,000 persons were the recipients.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 5:

The River Rhine is reopened.

The Italian navy is to be reorganized.

The court-martial of Admiral Persano, who recently commanded the Italian fleet, is progressing.

The Cholera is increasing in England.

August 6:

The first meeting of the Chambers was held to-day at Berlin.

The King of Prussia has returned to Berlin. The Municipality presented to him a congratulatory address. In reply the King expressed his thanks. He pointed out that Prussia had drawn the sword, not only for her independence, but for the reorganization of Germany. The first, said the King, has been assured. The second may, by the help of God, also be obtained. Every thing promises a happy future for Prussia, as an honorable and lasting peace is imminent. The King opened the Prussian Chambers yesterday. In the course of his address he said: "I trust that the recent events will in so far contribute to effect an indispensable understanding that an indemnity for our having carried on the Administration without a law regulating the budget, application for which will be made to the Representatives, will readily be granted to my Government, and hitherto existing conflict be thereby finally and the more securely brought to a conclusion. As it may be expected that the political position of the Father-land will admit of an extension of the frontier of the State and the establishment of a united Federal army under the leadership of Prussia—costs which will be borne in equal proportions by all the members of the Confederation. The bills required in this respect for the convocation of a popular representative Federal State will be laid before the Diet without delay."

Prussia has positively declined the proposals of Russia for a Congress of the Powers which signed the treaty of Vienna.

It is expected that a definite treaty of peace will soon be signed by the Austrian and Prussian Plenipotentiaries at Prague.

The Italian and Austrian Generals met at Cormons, in Austria, to negotiate. France takes no part in the pending armistice.

August 9:

Advices received to-day announce that the truce between Italy and Austria has been extended ten days.

The deaths from cholera in London during the last week were ten hundred and fifty-three, and from diarrhœa three hundred and fifty-four.

At nine o'clock this morning the last coil of the cable of 1865 was transferred from the *Medway* to the *Great Eastern* amidst general rejoicing. Preparations were immediately made for her departure from Heart's Content—decks cleared, machinery put in order, anchor hauled in, and steam got up. The *Great Eastern* will be accompanied by the *Medway*, together with the *Terrible* and *Albany*, to assist in picking up the cable of 1865.

The French Cabinet has addressed a note to the Prussian Government, pointing out that the great changes in the political organization of Germany render it necessary that the French frontier should be rectified by an accession of territory to France, so that the frontier should be the same as in 1814.

August 10:

The session of Parliament has closed.

August 11:

The Empress of Mexico has arrived in Paris. She seeks aid from the French Government to the cause of Maximilian.

August 12:

Prussia has informed Austria that she (Prussia) will maintain the right of Italy to Venetia.

The semi-official organ, the *Zeitung*, says that Napoleon's absurd demand has raised hopes in France which it is impossible for Germany to fulfill. The ideas of the revolution must have taken the place of the usual course of policy of France. The changes which have taken place in Germany are of a national German, not an international, character, and convey no menace or danger to France.

News received from Vienna says that great excitement exists there. Four hundred and eighty-two men are to be tried on a charge of high treason. Crowds of people in the streets have hailed the Emperor Francis Joseph with shouts of "Abdicate!" "Abdicate!"

An armistice between Austria and Italy of four weeks' duration has been signed. It will continue in force after the expiration of that time unless notice of its cessation is duly given by either Power to the other.

MEXICO.

Recent advices from Mexico give important information respecting a conspiracy against the Imperial Government, in which many prominent men, active supporters of Santa Anna, were concerned. Fifty-two of them have been arrested, including Señor Lucunza, Minister of State, three other members of the Cabinet, and other palace officials. The conspirators were combining, it is asserted, to overthrow the Government of the Empire, and to reinstate Santa Anna as President or Dictator.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

So much has already been written respecting the great fire at Portland, that it may seem a mere repetition to say any thing more. And yet a recent personal examination of that desolate "*burnt district*" has left such an impression on our mind that we can scarcely refrain from making an allusion to it. Such a fire occurs but once in a lifetime, and may well receive more than a passing notice.

We fancied we had a tolerably correct idea of the ruins before visiting them—thought we could picture to ourself the blackened walls, the isolated chimneys, the masses of brick and mortar, the general débris—but an actual investigation showed at once what an inadequate conception we had formed. Forty streets wholly or partially destroyed—*eight miles* of streets—three hundred and twenty acres of ruins in the heart of a populous city present a singular and appalling scene of desolation of which one can scarcely conceive. A great change has doubtless been wrought in the "burnt district" during the weeks which have elapsed since that terrible conflagration. Fragments of high walls have been pulled down, and buildings whose walls in part remained are being rebuilt. Hundreds of men are clearing away the rubbish and laying new foundations. A large number of temporary wooden buildings are already erected.

What struck us the most forcibly in passing through the ruins was the singular selection which the devouring element had made. Here and there, amidst the general wreck, some unscathed building towered like monuments. The fire seems to have chosen its own way, sometimes on one side of the street and sometimes on the other, and to have been stayed in its course most abruptly. As we go up toward Munjoy Hill, a cemetery is the terminus at one point, only one side of the fence, and a few blackened tombstones showing the effects of the flames. But on the opposite side of the street every thing is destroyed.

"I suppose you have lost every thing," said our somewhat loquacious driver, as he descended from his perch while we stopped the carriage to look at the defaced and blackened walls of the once beautiful City Hall. Wondering if our aspect was particularly gloomy, we assured him we were only sight-seers from New York. Emboldened to give information to strangers, he continued, pointing to the City Hall: "They might have saved *that* just as well as not! Any three men who could not have kept that from burning ought to have been ashamed of themselves. But you see they thought it was *fire-proof*."

Passing near the site of Brown's Sugar House, the smell of the still burning sugar was very perceptible. One thousand hogsheads of sugar were stored there, and it was impossible to save any of it. The tent-dwellers are mostly Irish, and seem comfortable. Cooking stoves are scattered here and there between the tents. Furniture stands partially or altogether outside the canvas. This is all very well for summer, but will not be so agreeable in cold weather.

It was a relief to the eye to turn from these ruins to other portions of the city. We could but wonder that the citizens of Portland were so cheerful and hopeful, with such a mass of desolation in their midst. "But," said a merchant to us, who himself had fortunately escaped severe loss, "there was a time, when the flames were raging, that we felt it was of no use to try to save any thing—it seemed as if so much had gone, that what was left would be worth nothing." We chanced to meet in the cars a lady whose husband had lost largely by the fire, though his dwelling-house was saved. "I have never had such a large family as this last month," said she. "My house has been full;" adding, earnestly, "and it seems almost wicked to come away now, when there are so many who have no home, and need to be taken care of. But I am almost worn-out, and need rest." This is the spirit that usually prevails. Friend has helped friend, and strangers have cordially sent aid; and by degrees Portland is rising from her ashes.

A recent writer says with much truth: "The first consideration in modes of living is what you eat, drink, and smell. What you take in enters into the blood, the life of man. Almost all the epidemics which have occurred on earth have begun, continued, and ended in the corruption of the blood. You will find half a million of people in New York living on veal and salt pork, stringy beef, and half-cooked vegetables, in houses reeking with tobacco, whisky, and garlic, making stews and compounds which a hyena wouldn't touch. Nothing is better than a fresh dish of pease; but how many thousands eat pease as hard as a shot? God sends meat and the devil sends cooks, and most unfortunately the devil's cooks are sent very largely to the poor."

Not long since some investigations were made in regard to the air in an ordinary city court-room. The moisture from the windows was collected and several ounces obtained. It was found to be putrefying and decolorized permanganate of potassia, and experiment proved it to be far more delcterious to health than that obtained from deep mines and similar places. Legal gentlemen would find it for the interest of their clients to introduce a little oxygen into court. The brain can not work vigorously in vitiated air.

A Boston daily recently issued a series of "Atlantic Cable Messages," "in advance of any other paper in the country." We think they are so *much in advance* that we will quote a couple of them for the amusement of our readers. The first is from P. T. Barnum:

(Message to be delivered in transitu.)

"Mermaids and other odd fish observing this message pass are informed the undersigned is open to overtures for engagements at his American Museum; as an inducement, he would state that the establishment is conducted on cold water principles, and he is actuated by no selfish motives in making this proposition."

The second is dated Paris, August 2, 1866:

"ARTEMAS WARD,

"*To his American Business Manager:*

"This world is orl a floatin sho. Among the principal Shos hear, Prushy has the best Sho at present. The principle curiosity in her Sho being the needle-gun. Have jest konkluded an arrangement with Lewis Napoleon for a side Sho of Wacks wurks and snaix, near the entrance to the grate exhibishun—terms private between me and Lewis. Admission 1 frank French money, or fifteen cents American currency. On klosin the kontract the M. P. for remarked, 'You and me hez dun a good day's work, Artemas.' A. W."

An interesting and amusing article on "Human Hair" recently appeared in the New York *Times*. Undoubtedly our lady readers are well posted in all matters pertaining to the adorning of the head; still, this being a subject of paramount importance at the present day, we feel, in a certain sense, responsible to give them all the information and aid possible, in regard to the *weighty* duties that hang upon them as members of fashionable society. Therefore we are happy to inform them that although "fronts," or any contrivance to cover baldness require, to be made with great nicety, and are mostly manufactured in Paris, yet America can do as well as France in the manufacture of waterfalls, "rats," "mice," and the like. Any body can make these adornments—when they know how! And this is the way:

"They are made of hair 'weft' rolled around a wad of cotton. To make the 'weft,' you set two little upright sticks on a table—then you stretch three black threads from one to the other—then you take a little lock of long hair and run it under one thread, over another, then under, then over, then make a half hitch, haul it taut, and make all fast; then you take another little lock and do the over and under business same as before, and keep doing it till you get about six inches of it, and that's 'weft.' Then to make the waterfall, you take a bag—any size is fashionable—fill it with hair that can't be used any where else, then wind your weft outside of it, tucking the ends into the bag; then you cover the whole thing with a small fish-net, and sprinkle on a few beads and spangles, and that's a waterfall. Any body can make them—rats and mice are made the same way, only a little different. Usually, however, these animals consist of a cotton wad, which the ladies work into their own hair when they want to puff it out. When their hair is very thin they have to get the wads covered with some one else's hair. Rolls and coils are also made of weft, wrapped around cotton wads."

We regret that want of space compels us to omit equally exact directions, which would enable every gentleman to make his own wig!

A gentleman who has traveled extensively in the East states that in Egypt, where sun-stroke is of frequent occurrence, an effectual remedy is to pour into the sufferer's ears water in which salt has been dissolved. To say the least this method of cure seems very rough.

A Peruvian plant, the Erythoxylon Coca, has been found by experiment to possess the property of quelling the sensations of hunger and thirst for several days. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions, without affording any nutriment. It may become a very useful medicine.

A critical observer of fashionable life at Newport inveighs against those be-silked and be-jeweled dames who ostentatiously display themselves to the public, and, utterly forgetful of their children, leave them to "dirt and tears, to bruises and fights, to mosquitoes and stomachache;" and gives it as his decided, but somewhat ungallant opinion, that they, the mothers, "ought to be pilloried as of old, and then scourged from society." Certain it is that fathers and mothers in various parts of the country are becoming—perhaps they have always been so—monsters in human guise. Not long ago a clergyman whipped his infant son to death because he would not say his prayers. More recently a Seventh-day Baptist at Oswego, New York, turned his daughter out of doors, and whipped a little son nearly to death, because they would not work on Sunday. When the authorities interfered he defended his conduct on the ground that he believed Saturday to be the Sabbath, and that it was his duty to compel his children to "walk in the right way," and work on Sunday. Again we hear of a woman at Indianapolis, Indiana, who recently tortured her daughter, of fourteen years old, so terribly, by tickling her, that the girl was completely exhausted, and in her struggles to escape broke a blood-vessel, which caused her death. Such fiendish conduct is almost beyond belief.

A new tragic actress, Madame Ristori, will probably visit this country in September next, and make her début in New York. She was born near Venice, in 1822, and has been familiar with the stage from the age of four years. Her real name and title is the Marchesa del Grillo, acquired by a stolen marriage with the son and heir of the Marquis de Capranica. She retired from the stage for some time after her marriage to please her friends. But so great was her love for her youthful profession, and so earnest the solicitations of the public, that she again returned to it. She is said to possess great powers of gesture and elocution on the stage; and in private life to be a charitable and benevolent, and worthy of the admiration which has been bestowed upon her in her own country.

A pretty good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who, on being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him there was nothing special the matter with him, and declined prescribing for him. But the patient, resolved to have some advice, said: "Now you see, I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live; what I may eat, and what I may not." "My directions as to that point," replied Sir Richard, "will be few and simple; you must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion, nor the bellows, because they are windy; but eat any thing else you please."

Among the wedding presents given to the Princess Helena there were no less than nine bracelets. She must have a good supply for the present.

"When a woman is gifted with good taste," remarks a Parisian writer on fashions, "she can always find means to make up a pretty toilet out of the very simplest materials." This is undoubtedly true, and we wish American women would make it a practical truth. But we scarcely think the latest fashions indicate that any very great degree of simplicity in the art of dress has yet been attained. Nevertheless we are always happy to give our readers some of the latest styles, and leave them to use their own good taste in regard to adopting them.

Very large *peplums* are now made of cashmere of all shades—cerise, poppy red, mauve, violet, and sky blue, and these are all studded over with either jet or white crystal beads. The *peplums*, which fit the figure, and which are composed of a basque only, are added to dresses cut in the Empire form, while the colored cashmere *peplums* are worn with white bodices. Dresses without pleats at the waist are very ungraceful on any but good figures; the *peplum* basques remove the stiff effect, and are usually becoming additions when the wearer is not stout, for the secret of good dressing is to have discernment in the selection of a toilet, and to choose among the various fashions the cuts and colors which are most appropriate to the wearer's particular figure and complexion.

For the sea-side, where a frequent change of toilet is almost a necessity, and where nobody likes to be encumbered with packages, dress-makers have prepared dresses which can be worn on several occasions. Thus one skirt has frequently two bodices and two paletots. For example: with a striped light blue and white Chambéry gauze skirt, ornamented with bands of blue silk and blonde insertion, may be worn a plain high bodice, trimmed down the front and on the sleeves with blue silk and white blonde, and an Empire sash fastened at the side with a large rosette, or a basque cut with three large points at the back. This basque is added to the plain high bodice by means of a waistband. For evening wear a low square bodice is made, with a small *berthe* of white silk gauze puffings,

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every puffing being separated from the next with a flat band of blue silk. Another change can be made with a small *paletôt-sac*, vandyked round the edge and lined with blue silk. Thus several toilets can be formed with the one skirt.

During this warm weather more than ordinary attention has been paid to that indispensable garment called in France a *peignoir*. Such a thing is rarely worn when traveling or at the sea-side, because from early morning one is surrounded by strangers, but in country houses it is extremely popular. In fact, it has become the custom among the higher circles in France, during their residence at their country seats, for the ladies not to dress themselves elaborately for breakfast, but to meet at the table in *peignoirs*. Although the dress is *négligé*, it is indispensable that the hair should be well-arranged, and if a cap is worn it must be made either of white lace or guipure. The mixture of muslin and Valenciennes is in the best taste when enlivened with ribbons of some gay hue. The summer *peignoir* is ordinarily made of washing materials, and of a light color; white is considered more elegant than any thing else. It can be made in a very simple manner, but it should look fresh and clean. At the present moment the *linon peignoirs* are the most popular kind. *Linon* is a sort of *batiste*, made of flax, and looks glazed and brilliant; it is very slightly starched, to give it substance. *Linon* requires but little trimming. the *peignoir* being usually fastened down the front with bows of ribbon, which are varied occasionally with straps of ribbon and mother-of-pearl buckles.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM A LADY.

WEST MILTON, Saratoga Co., N. Y., July 6, 1861.

DR. HOSTETTER—Sir: I have long delayed writing to you my sincere thanks for the good you have done my daughter. I can truly say that nothing but the kind hand of Providence and your BITTERS have saved her from an early grave. For three years I have been doctoring her with syrups and all kinds of bitters that have been recommended to me for her, besides having two first-rate physicians; but all seemed to do her no good, while I was searching the almanacs and all the newspapers that I could get hold of, in hopes of finding somethi g that would suit her case. Accidentally there came part of a newspaper around some goods that I bought at the Spa. In looking it over I saw at a glance that your BITTERS was just what she needed. I sent the next day to Ballston Spa and got a bottle of your BITTERS. She commenced taking them, and such a change in one week with her appetite, and the distress that victuals occasioned, and that burning in the Stomach, I never saw in my life, as there was in her. She has taken three bottles, and is now able to work all the time. I think there is a little derangement of the Liver. Please send me three bottles more, which I think will cure her entirely. We and others thought she had a disease of the heart, but that beating and fluttering that would almost stop her from breathing at times, is all gone.

Yours, with respect,

MRS. AMANDA M'PHERSON.

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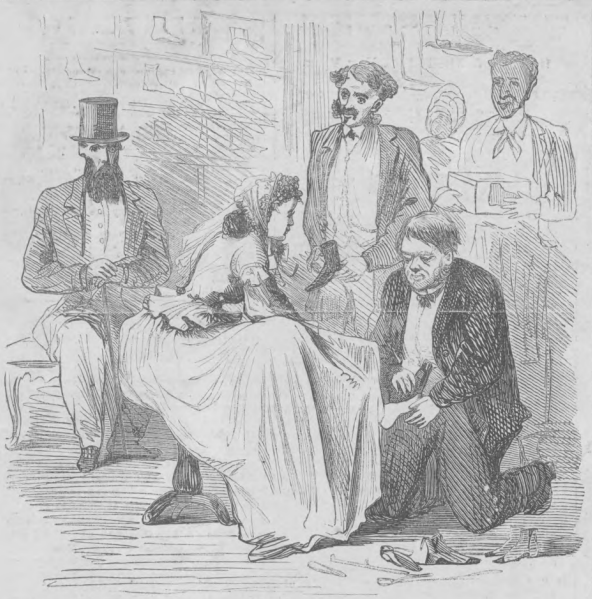
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 505.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia "National Union" Convention met on August 14. An immense wigwam had been erected for the purpose, capable of holding fifteen thousand persons, having a front of 146 feet on Girard Avenue. It was two stories in height to provide for galleries.

The call for the Convention was issued June 25, and was signed by two members of the Cabinet—O. H. BROWNING, and W. A. RANDALL, by Senators DOOLITTLE, from Wisconsin, and COWAN, from Pennsylvania, and by Messrs. CHARLES KNAPP and SAMUEL FOWLER. It appealed to "all such electors in the thirty-six States and nine Territories of the United States, and in the District of Columbia, who in a spirit of patriotism and love for the Union can rise above personal and sectional considerations, and who desire to see a truly national Convention, which shall represent all the States and Territories of the Union, assemble as friends and brothers, under the National flag, to hold counsel together upon the state of the Union, and to take measures to avert possible danger from the same;" it appealed to all such to choose "at least two delegates from each Congressional District of all the States, two from each Territory, two from the District of Columbia, and four delegates at large from each State.

The following were the prominent delegates chosen: Lewis Parsons, Alabama; Senator M'Dougall, California; Senator Dixon, Connecticut; William Marvin, Florida; Alexander H. Stephens, Linton Stephens, and Herschell V. Johnson, Georgia; Secretary O. H. Browning, General A. M'Clernand, Charles Knapp, and Hon. J. H. M'Call, Illinois; Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Indiana; General Thomas H. Benton, Jun., and Henry Clay Dean, Iowa; Hon. Hugh Ewin, Kansas; Senator Guthrie, and Hon. Lazarus W. Powell, Kentucky; Judge E. Abel, Major-General F. J. Herron, Senator Fellows, and Judge O. Roselius, Louisiana; Rev. Leonard Woods, Maine; Senator Johnson, and Hon. Montgomery Blair, Maryland; Robert C. Winthrop, Major-General Couch, and John Quincy Adams, Jun., Massachusetts; Major-General A. S. Williams, and Major-General G. A. Custer, Michigan; Judge Yerger, Mississippi; T. T. Crittenden, Missouri; Major-General Heath, and Chief-Justice Kellogg, Nebraska; John P. Stockton, and Theodore Runyon, New Jersey; John A. Dix, Hon. H. J. Raymond, Sanford E. Church, James Brooks, and Fernando Wood, New York; Governor Orr, South Carolina; William C. Rives, Virginia; J. R. Doolittle, and A. W. Randall, Wisconsin.



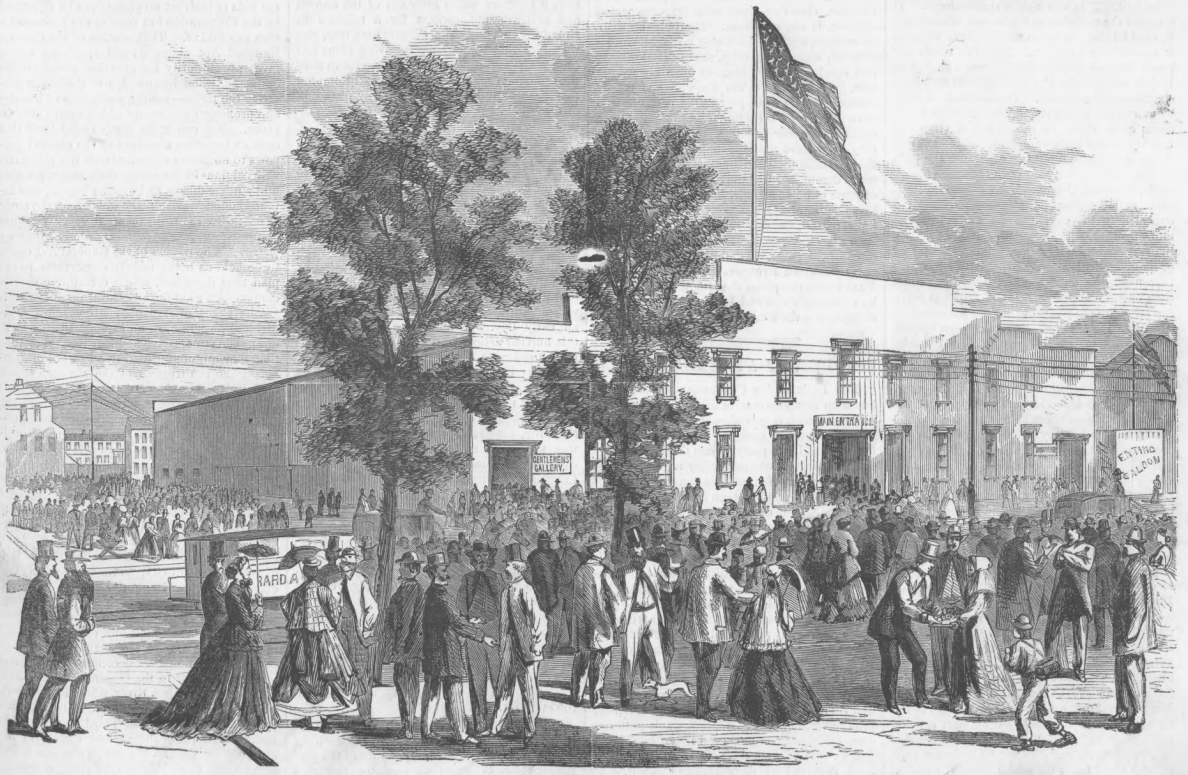
SENATOR J. R. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

Just before the meeting of the Convention Hon. Fernando Wood, Henry C. Dean, and C. L. Vallandigham withdrew from their delegations.

As the delegations entered the Hall, Governor ORR, from South Carolina, and General COUCH, from Massachusetts, entered arm in arm. This event excited tremendous applause. The New York *Tribune* makes a very funny remark about this arrival. It says: "Had BARNUM and his happy family suddenly appeared they could not have created more astonishment. The Convention was on its feet in an instant, and the delegates, climbing the benches, looked in every direction to see South Carolina and Massachusetts arm in arm enter. Soon the burly form of JAMES L. ORR was seen moving up the left aisle, holding by the arm a frightful-looking specimen, who appeared more like his captive than his friend."

General JOHN A. DIX was chosen temporary President. Upon taking the chair he made an address to the Convention. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Each House of Congress may, as the judge of the qualification of its own members, reject individuals for just cause; but the two bodies, acting conjointly, can not exclude an entire delegation without an unwarrantable assumption of power. Congress has not only done this, it has gone further—it has incorporated new conditions with amendments to the Constitution, and submitted them for the ratification of the States. There is no probability that these amendments will be ratified by three-fourths of the States of this Union. To insist on the conditions they contain is to prolong indefinitely the exclusion of more than one-fourth of the States from their right to be represented in the legislative bodies. They had a right under the Constitution; they had a right under the resolutions passed in both Houses of Congress in 1861. Those resolutions were not concurrent, but they were substantially identical. Moreover, they were entitled to be rep-



EXTERIOR OF THE WIGWAM OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.]

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resented on other grounds of fairness and good faith. It is this wrong which we have come here to protest against, and, as far as in us lies, redress."

On the 15th Senator DOOLITTLE was chosen President of the Convention. He also made a short speech of the same tenor as General DIX's. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the proceedings. There was no discord, and no discussion. No speeches were made except those already alluded to. The object of the Convention seemed to be to get its Address before the people, and its Declaration of Principles. Having done this, it adjourned *sine die*. We print the Declaration in full in our news column.

The Address was read by Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND. It was in the nature, mainly, of an argument in support of the principles already indorsed by the Convention. Comments of a political nature in regard to the conduct of the Convention are given in their proper place.

On the 18th a Committee appointed for that purpose delivered to President JOHNSON a copy of the proceedings of the Convention—the Address, etc. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON made a speech on behalf of the Committee, which was replied to by the President, who cordially indorsed the acts of his supporters, and declared that he would never depart from the Constitutional principles by which he had stood thus far. General GRANT, during these proceedings, stood by the side of the President.

We give on the preceding page a portrait of Senator DOOLITTLE, President of the Convention. He is the most prominent of the Conservative members of the Senate, and has from the first been an ardent supporter of President JOHNSON's policy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

THE REACTION.

WHEN the war ended a reaction was inevitable. The only questions were, when it would begin, how far it would extend, and whether it would have any peculiar and unexpected impetus. Of the two great parties in the country the Democrats only could be the gainers in votes, while the tendency toward reaction would necessarily serve to moderate the action of the Union party. The hope of the Democrats was that, when the war was over, the accession of the solid vote of the late rebel States, upon which they counted, together with their own regular party force and the disaffected Union men in the rest of the country, combined with a dextrous acquiescence in the results achieved, would bring the Democratic party again into power. For this purpose a year ago, in the State of New York, where the party is most prudently managed because of its perpetual hope of absorbing what is facetiously called the "Conservative" element of the other party, a ticket was cunningly prepared upon which the leading names were those of men who had acted with the Union party while the resolutions protested fidelity to the Union and to the President. This was a skillful movement. It tempted the reaction to begin with vehemence. It would in any event certainly prove whether it were ready to begin. And the result *did* prove beyond dispute that it was not. The Union party carried the State in 1864 by barely six thousand majority. It carried it in 1865 by more than thirty thousand. And in every other State down to the latest election the Union line has been unbroken.

The reaction did not begin because the policy of reconstruction was not evident. Meanwhile, however, Congress has met. The President and Congress have differed. Each has appealed to the country, and the reaction is now apparent, with the unexpected impetus of the support of the Administration. The power of that support is undeniable. The Executive patronage, the extent of which we have more than once indicated as a grave national peril, is strained to the utmost to sustain the reaction. The President, indeed, in his Message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill expressed dislike of increasing the patronage. Perhaps it did not occur to him that while the bill itself might give him the control of a few thousand agents, the veto gave him the hearty support of the whole population whom he had allowed to vote. And however he may have deprecated an increase of patronage, that which he already possesses he has not hesitated to use in a manner which proves that the fear of its possible prostitution to personal ends was not one of his reasons for declining more of it. The present tenure of office is not fidelity to the party but adherence to the person. "My Policy" we are quite sure would be found as effectual a muzzle among the great body of national office-holders to-day as Slavery was in the good old days of PIERCE and BUCHANAN.

The Philadelphia Convention was a fair measure of the character and extent of the reaction. In studying the character of the delegates, with that of the State Conventions which sent them, we can estimate how serious the defection from the Union party is likely to be. For a New Yorker a key to the problem is the simple fact that the chairman of what calls itself a "Union" delegation from that State was Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, one of the most conspicuous old Democrats who steadily opposed the war, and the secretary was Mr. E. O. PERRIN, to whom we do no injustice in saying that he is known merely as one of the most offensive old Whig-Know-Nothing-Copperheads. Both of these gentlemen, we believe—certainly Mr. TILDEN—were delegates to the Chicago Surrender Convention of 1864. Massachusetts, again, had a Convention of which Mr. SALSTONSTALL, the BELL-EVERETT manager of 1860, and Mr. WYZEMAN MARSHALL, the Boston Theatre manager at the present time, were the directors, and Mr. ISAAC H. WRIGHT, an old Democratic custom-house officer of the good old days when the cue of the custom-house was abuse of the Abolitionists, and Mr. JOHN L. SWIFT, a Republican stump-speaker of '55 and '60, but not a gentleman who can be fairly said to represent any thing or any body in Massachusetts, were the orators. This was the reactionary demonstration in Faneuil Hall. The meeting sent to Philadelphia three or four of the most noted Democrats in the State, several Democratic politicians, several Johnsonian office-holders, and, we are sorry to say it, the heir of an honorable name—Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The action in these two States is an illustration of the character and extent of the reaction. It has taken from the Union ranks some office-holders, but the preliminary Conventions and the composition of the Philadelphia assembly show that the great bulk of the great Union party still clings steadily together. The list of delegates to Philadelphia comprised both the most respectable and the most notorious Copperheads in every State. It ranged from such names as ROBERT C. WINTHROP, REVERDY JOHNSON, and JOHN A. DIX, to VALLANDIGHAM, HENRY CLAY DEAN, and JOHN B. RIDGE, of Arkansas, who nominates General LEE for the Presidency. Whether all who were elected sat in the Convention or not, the fact remains that they and those who sent them instinctively sympathized with its spirit. But the same list does not contain one name of an original distinctive leader of the Union party.

The opponents whom we are to encounter in the autumn elections, therefore, are the old Democrats to whom General DIX and his friends — who, as their fervent orator, Mr. CODDINGTON, said, in 1864, "huddled under the LINCOLN shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shield us from the tempest"—will return, and with them, probably, what are known in New York as "WEED men" and National office-holders. But of these, it must be remembered, all the Democratic portion—including, doubtless, General DIX and his friends —voted for General SLOCUM last year, and the "WEED men" have been sometimes suspected of irregularity, and even charged with "trading" votes and "selling" the ticket. But the Union party was never more united, never more in earnest. Every day's experience has revealed the condition of the South, and shown that to assume every thing to be as we would have it is to invite confusion and peril. The reaction, therefore, even with its unexpected alliance, is not appalling. It would be so if its charges against the Union party of vindictiveness, hatred, stupidity, unconstitutionality, and revolution were true, or even apparently true. But the facts are too well and widely known. The Union party asks of those who have sought to ruin the Government only a reasonable security—asks, indeed, only that they shall have not gained political power by their rebellion. The Union party is thus in no sense demoralized by the extravagance or folly of some of its adherents. Those who leave it, leave because they can not control, or because their immediate interest sophisticates them. And even their going is a gain to the moral force of the party. Doubtless the Democratic party would be stronger if it could be rid of VALLANDIGHAM; and the Union party will not be seriously weakened by the desertion of the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

THE RESULT AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Philadelphia Convention sat for a few hours on three successive days. It served the purpose, which is now plainly acknowledged by its chief organ, of enabling the JOHNSON members of the Union party to join the Democracy. The Convention was ostensibly intended to afford opportunity for consultation and frank expression of opinion between fellow-citizens long alienated. But no expression was permitted. The way in which the managers controlled the proceedings showed that they feared to allow general debate. Every resolution was immediately referred to a committee without discussion, so that there was never any question before the Convention, and no debate was possible. As soon as the assembly was temporarily organized it adjourned for permanent organization, and as soon as permanently organized it adjourned until the managers were ready to report. When the report was read it was instantly adopted—so, also, were the resolutions; and then, under the same urgency of silence, the Convention dissolved. The whole performance has now been pondered by an intelligent people. We do not believe any body is in the least deceived by its purport or result. It leaves every thing exactly where it was. That the old Democrats, like General DIX, had returned to their party fold every body knew; that Messrs. DOOLITTLE and COWAN, and WEED and RAYMOND, and RANDALL and BROWNING had left the Union party and would act with the Democrats in the Congressional elections nobody doubted.

Mr. RAYMOND's address is merely one of his Congressional speeches, to which he has somewhat accustomed us. It contains nothing new, and states nothing old with novel force. It is painful to remark that it assumes the late rebels to be the only citizens of the Southern States, and quietly overlooks the whole body of Southern whites who remained faithful through the war, to whom Mr. LINCOLN intrusted the reorganization of Louisiana and Arkansas, and to five thousand of whom in any State Mr. JOHNSON declared himself willing to confide the Government. Every word of the address convicts the President of the most stupendous usurpation of power. It leaves "My Policy" utterly without constitutional justification, and betrays the absurd inconsistency of denouncing Congress for daring to propose what the President has already done.

The resolutions merely echo the address. They are cordially approved by Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who holds to the constitutional right of secession. They take the original ground of the Democratic party, and they will be adopted by every Democratic Congressional Convention. If the Philadelphia gentlemen should make separate nominations, it will be with the simple intention of attempting to divide the Union vote in favor of the Democratic candidate. This is the sole practical result of the Philadelphia Convention, and this was obvious from the beginning. For the question of the times before the country does not change. It is whether those citizens at the South who made the war and those at the North who supported it are more likely to settle reconstruction more constitutionally and more wisely for the permanent peace of the Union than those who sustained the war at the North and sympathized with it at the South. It is whether the policy of the Democratic party, based upon a steady and contemptuous denial of the fundamental principle of the Government and illustrated by the late war, into which Mr. SEWARD truly said two years ago it had plunged the country, is more conservative of the rights and interests of the American people than a policy of constitutional equality and justice.

STATE LEGISLATION ON NEW CITY RAILROADS.

IT will be recollected that a Commission was appointed by one body of the last Legislature to report, after examination, to the next on the most feasible plan of a railroad for the travel between the upper and lower portions of the island, a measure which grew out of the annual and embarrassing contest for a railroad in Broadway. The Commissioners have met, and we notice that the day for receiving plans has been postponed to October. In the mean time the Common Council of the city have attempted to forestall any legislative action by disposing of the whole subject in a consent to each of three distinct companies to construct a line of elevated railway commencing at or near the Battery, and extending each by a different route across Harlem River. The streets to be thus occupied consist of the most important in the city — Greenwich Street, Broadway, Pearl Street, the Bowery, Bloomingdale Road, the Third Avenue, and any number of cross streets for lateral branches to and from ferries.

The consent for this purpose was passed by both Boards of the Common Council on the 31st of July, but it has been vetoed by the Mayor, whose veto will come up for consideration at an early day. The supposed authority for this hurried action of the Common Council is the amendment to the General Railroad Act, passed by the Legislature on the 20th of last April, near the close of the session, authorizing "any number of persons not less than ten to form themselves into a Company for constructing, maintaining, and operating a railway for public use, *by means of a propelling rope or cable attached to stationary power.*" Such Company "to have and enjoy all the powers and privileges and be subject to the liabilities mentioned in the aforesaid Act, passed April 2, 1850, so far as the same are comprised in the first 26 sections and the 28th section thereof." On examining these various sections of the General Railway Act which have been adroitly selected, it will be found that they prescribe the means for establishing a corporate body for taking and acquiring land, for using streets and roads, for crossing innavigable streams, and for managing and operating a railroad; but it was "not to authorize the construction of any railroad not already located in, upon, or across any streets in any city without the assent of the corporation of such city."

The Amendatory Act passed last winter provides that "such company may style itself by the name of the inventor or patenter of the particular mode of propulsion used, together with such local designation as the associates may deem desirable, and shall, by such name set forth in their articles of association, have and enjoy" all those powers and privileges—a clause doubtless intended to facilitate the formation of companies in this city out of such official persons as were needed to pass the Act, to give the required consent, and conduct the matter safely through courts of justice. The General Railroad Act required that the names of stockholders should be affixed to articles and recorded in the Secretary of State's office; but the amendment dispenses with this safeguard, and requires no names to be given to the public.

Our Common Council, thus aided in its means for exercising generosity, on the first coming in of a Report in favor of the scheme, and without printing or any deliberation, grant full consent to the three Companies to use most of our important streets for an elevated railway, on both sidewalks—forming of the city a perfect net-work — and instead of specifying names, make the several grants to the West Side and Yonkers Patent Railway Company, the Broadway and Yonkers Patent Railway Company, and the East Side and New Rochelle Patent Railway Company. In the Board of Councilmen, in which the measure originated, it was carried by 17 to 5, and in the Board of Aldermen by 13 to 1, making 30 in favor of the measure, which, divided by three—the number of companies — makes ten persons, being the minimum number required by the Act to form each of these masked corporations.

The public would be glad to know the parties in interest who could stealthily carry such an Act through the same Legislature, the Senate of which supposed it had retained full power over the subject, by appointing a Commission to report at the next session. The proceedings here exhibit evidences of gross recklessness never equaled in our municipal bodies. They purport to be made on the basis of compensation, but the payment of "five per cent. of the *gross earnings* of said railway on the said routes" are to be made quarterly, "less such sum as shall be levied upon the *same earnings* or profits therefrom by State or National, city or county authority," which means that the charges upon the whole shall be deducted from the five per cent., and is therefore a cheat, a feature the injustice of which is apparent from the provision in the Act that the minimum fare may be ten cents.

If these proceedings of the two Boards are lawful—they doubtless assume a very serious aspect—and if they shall be confirmed by an overthrow of the veto, then are we tied hand and foot under an Act of which no one knew any thing but its navigators in the Assembly. But questions of grave import arise under it besides the one presented by the Mayor founded on the well-known Act of 1860. If the Legislature had intended that our city Government should give the consent attempted to be given, authority for the purpose would have been distinctly conferred, which it has not been, and the rule of law that no powers can be exercised by the Corporation but such as are conferred is thus run foul of. That portion of the General Railroad Act above quoted requiring assent gives no authority for granting assent, which authority, when bestowed, will doubtless prescribe the terms—for the protection of the city and property owners—on which assent may be given. Nor can it be justly maintained that such an imposing structure as the consent purports to authorize upon and over our sidewalks with columns fifteen inches in diameter, propped up by other means and against houses, was intended under the language which fixes the mode of operating the road, that is to say, "*by means of a propelling rope or cable attached to stationary power.*" The powers of the General Act ought to be held as being merely subservient to the plan thus described, which certainly does not contemplate what the city Government permits.

The Court of Appeals has decided that individual owners have an interest so remote in our public streets opened under the Act of 1813 that they are not entitled to an award of damages when the trustees of the streets consent lawfully to the use of them for the purposes of a railroad. The consent thus given by the city is an attempt to bring the case in question within this rule of law, and deprive owners of valuable property of awards necessary to compensate for the great damage which such a structure would occasion. As to streets opened before the Act of 1813 the decision does not apply. Still another difficulty presents itself which the carriers of the scheme have overlooked. In 1854 an Act was passed forbidding any consent by Common Councils to the construction of a railroad in any city, "which commences and ends in said city, without the consent thereto of a majority in interest of the owners of property upon the streets in which said railroad is constructed being first had and obtained," which act is still in force. On examination it will be found that no power is conferred in the Act of last winter, or in the General Railroad Act, to bridge the Harlem River, which is thus navigated; and hence the elevated railroad which proposes to cross at the Third Avenue is, in fact, a road commencing and ending in the city of New York. We ask, How can it get beyond the city? It is true that its articles of association call for lines extending across and beyond the Harlem River; but the Gen-

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eral Act provides, in § 28, that "nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to authorize the erection of any bridge or any other obstructions across, in, or over any stream or lake navigated by steam or sail-boats at the place where any bridge or other obstructions may be proposed to be placed." The consent of the Corporation is clearly illegal in this view. The power to authorize a bridge over a navigated stream is retained wholly in the Legislature. We can not suppose that a scheme so bald can go into effect, and we look for such steps in our legal tribunals—if it pass over the veto—as will stop this great iniquity.

FALL PROSPECTS IN WALL STREET.

WE are already in the beginning of autumn. Southern buyers throng our markets, and within a week or two Western and Northern buyers will follow them. Pleasure-seekers and business men are returning from their holiday at Saratoga or Long Branch, and are making ready for the serious work of the autumn. From all sides the report comes that the fall trade will be brisk. The South will be a large buyer. New Southern men have loomed up—men whose skirts are free from the disgrace of having taken advantage of the rebellion to repudiate their debts; and in view of the promising prospects of the cotton crop, they are getting all the credit they want. The West will buy largely for cash, but the extraordinary yield of wheat and the good promise for corn and pork will secure a very fair extension of credit to all who need it. On the whole, the prospect is fair for a good fall trade.

Bankers and brokers in Wall Street are asking each other how this will affect business in stocks and gold. And the prevailing opinion is, that a period of renewed activity is about to commence. This opinion is based, first, upon the great ease of money, and the prospect that that ease will not be disturbed; secondly, upon the large earnings of the railways, which are all doing, and likely to continue to do, a brisk business; and, thirdly, upon the general profits of the mercantile community, which always lead to speculation in Wall Street.

Money is likely to be more abundant in Wall Street this coming September than it has ever been. The Government is at last paying off the temporary deposits, and is thus adding nearly $80,000,000 of currency to a market already overstocked. On the other hand, there appears to be no increase in the channels of employment for money. With the exception of the Pacific Railroad and a few lines across Iowa, we are building no new railroads. No new money-consuming enterprises are being started. The West requires some currency, as usual at this season, to move the crops; and the South wants some money to repair the damages of the war, to rebuild ruined towns, bridges, and railways, and to replace implements of agriculture and industry. But this demand proves much lighter than was expected. New York can supply all the money wanted at the South without feeling it. At the West the rate of interest is barely maintained. There is absolutely no use for the vast volume of currency which is being added to our bank reserve by the payment of the deposits; and until the Treasury concludes to lock up currency, either with a view to its cancellation, or simply to relieve redundant markets, there is no prospect of an advance in the rate of interest.

As to the railways, they have thus far this year, on the average, done very well. A few of them continue to be in trouble. The Erie has been compelled to suspend dividends, and will probably drift once more into insolvency; but the trouble with this corporation is, that its managers have been trying, with a capital of $50,000,000, to run an enterprise which requires a capital of $100,000,000. Lines, whose capital is adequate to the work to be done, are generally earning a fair income on their cost, and the circle of believers in railway property as a permanent investment is increasing. Such stocks as those of the Rock Island, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Chicago and Alton, Fort Wayne, etc., will naturally find permanent resting-places in the course of a few more years; and as they disappear from the speculative list their places will be taken by the stocks of other lines whose value now seems uncertain. There is no reason why the Michigan Southern, Cleveland and Pittsburg, and Chicago and Northwestern should not, with good management, prove ere long as valuable properties as the stocks just mentioned.

The leading feature of Wall Street speculation this year has been the prevalence of clique operations. This has resulted from the vast increase of capital which has lately taken place in Wall Street, and which has been unaccompanied by any corresponding increase in the volume of the stocks dealt in. A few years ago a purchase of 1000 shares of a leading stock was a large operation; now there are half a dozen houses in Wall Street which will undertake, if required, to buy and carry the entire capital stock of a railroad. The late clique in Erie is supposed to have bought 120,000 shares of the stock, representing a capital of $12,000,000, and costing them over $8,000,000 in cash; yet they never seemed to want money. It is this vast increase of capacity on the part of the bankers which has rendered it so fatal this year to sell stocks short. There are parties now formed in Wall Street, with unlimited capital, who do nothing but watch for the creation of a large short interest in an active stock. When they discover such a condition of things they stand ready to buy, and if the Bears are not particularly smart they are sure to be "cornered."

As to gold, opinions vary enough to insure fluctuations. On the one hand, there are many who see no reason why gold should be higher than it was in March last, when it was considered safe to sell it short at 126. If it was put up 25 per cent. by the London panic and the German war, a restoration of confidence in London and peace in Germany ought to put it down. But, on the other hand, the stock of floating gold is so small that a combination of a few powerful houses can take the whole, or nearly the whole, and compel merchants to buy of them, at their price, what they require for duties. Whether the Government ought or ought not to sell its gold, is another moot question. Some say that if Government ever intends to resume specie payments, it can only do so by keeping a large reserve, and therefore that it should not sell a dollar. Others, on the contrary, argue that if Government hoards the gold received for customs it will be playing into the hands of the Gold Room clique, and enabling them to corner the merchants. With all these divergent views prevailing, we are likely to witness lively fluctuations in gold this fall.

DEMOCRATIC VIEWS OF SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

THE Union men of the South who were *not* rebels will hold their Philadelphia Convention on the 3d of September. The real restoration of the Union depends mainly upon the triumph of sound Union principles in the late rebel States. It is the public opinion of that part of the country which most needs reform, and that can be most radically effected by national organization and co-operation. We are very glad, therefore, that Governor FENTON has requested the Senators of New York to express to that Convention the sympathy of the Union men of this State. The key-note of the Convention will doubtless be, the Constitutional rights of the citizen the paramount object of government. And the men who will urge this view are of all men in the country empowered by the most fearful experience to bear their testimony. Their heroism under the long and sharp tortures of every kind inflicted by the rebels during the war are familiar to all of us in public and private narrations. They were literally tried by fire and flood, and were not found wanting. To these men during the war Mr. LINCOLN was willing to trust the reorganization of their States. For them Mr. EVERETT spent his latest and noblest efforts, and with them every generous and loyal heart beat in fraternal sympathy. The voice and testimony of such men are invaluable, although the Convention to which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S right as a member was not disputed by his fellow State delegates who were admitted had no wish and could find no place for them. Is not the co-operation of such men essential to a truly safe and intelligent reconstruction?

Their credentials to every patriotic man are found in the ribald abuse of such journals as the New York *World*, a Democratic paper which steadily sympathized with the rebellion that persecuted these men, which incited the bloody New York riots of 1863, and which, while ANDREW JOHNSON bravely withstood rebellion and was therefore honored by the Union party, poured out upon him a continuous torrent of filthy vituperation. The *World* informs us that these gentlemen are "sneaks and mean whites of the South;" and adds, that "History furnishes no parallel to the meanness, cowardice, and treachery of the men who want the Convention on the 3d of September." These epithets are flung at loyal citizens of the United States because in a fiery whirlpool of rebellion they clung steadfastly to the Government. Their "treachery" was disloyalty to JEFFERSON DAVIS. Their "meanness" was in carrying supplies to the Union victims at Andersonville. Their "cowardice" was defiance of the rebels who outlawed and hunted them, desolated their homes, confiscated their fortunes, while their more unfortunate companions were drowned, or hung, or shot before the very eyes of their wives and children. American citizens who have thus suffered for the Union are intolerable to the New York *World*. In its eyes only the Southern slanderers and slayers of Union men are noble and generous and heroic. In its opinion JEFFERSON DAVIS is a lofty-souled and unfortunate statesman, wickedly imprisoned by malicious enemies; ROBERT E. LEE is "a Christian soldier and gentleman," but the unnamed, poor man, who far in the silent interior of Texas or Mississippi or Louisiana defied DAVIS and LEE, and driven from his home and hunted by savage men, hid in swamps and woods, shot at night like a dog, or slowly dying by starvation and exposure, but never doubting, never asking to buy an hour of life by the betrayal of the cause for which his Northern brothers were dying at Shiloh, at Fredericksburg, at Chickamauga, in the Wilderness—he, says this fit organ of a "Democracy" which sneers at DOSTIE because he was a barber and a dentist, he is a cowardly, treacherous sneak and mean white.

If, as is right and necessary, those at the South who sustained the rebellion are to advise upon the question of restoration, how much more important is the counsel of those whose only hope of future security in their homes depends upon the guarantee of the Government that they shall not suffer because they did not betray it. As the Southern delegates to the late Convention in Philadelphia told us nothing, doubtless those to the September Convention will have something to say to which it will be well for the country to listen.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

IF an impromptu touch of melodrama could at once reconcile radical differences, the business of human life would be much facilitated. Or if, when a country has been divided by a long and fierce civil war springing from hostile views of society and government, an enthusiastic vow of friendship and three times three cheers for Christian charity and sacred fraternity could change human nature, there would probably be no civil wars to compose. But, unluckily, sentimentality can not take the place of statesmanship, nor fine phrases secure a peace which can be established only upon intelligent principles. The gentle eyes, therefore, which oozed tears of exulting joy when they beheld Massachusetts and South Carolina entering the Philadelphia Convention together, and thought that they saw peace and the millennium visibly descending, were sadly deceived. For they did not behold Massachusetts and South Carolina: they saw only South Carolina and General COUCH.

The incident was perfectly but involuntarily illustrative of the whole Philadelphia comedy. The object professedly sought by that assembly was union. But union to be permanent and effective must be real, not formal nor merely literal. We have had some experience of nominal unions, and they end in civil war. The work of reunion before us is a very difficult and earnest one; but the most evident point of it is, that it is to secure a union of other tendencies and another spirit than the union in which equal rights before the law were denied to citizens of the United States. There will be a great deal of hedging and shirking and shrinking and protesting, but that is the union which is to be achieved; and as the South Carolina doctrine of inequality and special privilege controlled the old union, so the Massachusetts doctrine of equal rights is to control the new. If, therefore, South Carolina and Massachusetts had been seen really entering the Convention together, it would have been in the persons of those who represent the new and not the old spirit of the union.

As it was, all that was visible was Governor ORR, who truly represents South Carolina, and General COUCH, who does not in the least represent Massachusetts. It was merely a repetition of the stale old spectacle of the clever Southern politician arm in arm with his Northern vassal. South Carolina denounces and repudiates equal rights as much as ever, and such Northern gentlemen as General COUCH acquiesce. Does any body suppose that union and peace can spring from perpetual injustice. Postmaster-General RANDALL knew perfectly well that Massachusetts could enter his Convention only in the person of a man like JOHN A. ANDREW. If he staid away Massachusetts was not there. Governor COUCH, or Judge ABBOTT, or Judge CURTIS, or Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, or Mr. ISAAC DAVIS, are merely South Carolina in Massachusetts.

Slavery being abolished and forcible secession defeated, South Carolina wisely changes her tactics, but not her spirit or purpose. She is still anti-republican; she is still un-American, and although she is not therefore to be outlawed, nor the individual sincerity of her citizens to be questioned, she is still to be withstood as an influence, and her spirit by all fair and Constitutional means is to be removed from the Union. She is to be opposed in Massachusetts and Wisconsin as much as in her own limits, and as the Philadelphia Convention, under a variety of fine names, was simply an assembly to reorganize a party upon the South Carolina policy of unequal rights, which brought us into war, the people in every part of the country who hold to the Massachusetts policy of equal rights did not attend. The Convention applauded and wept over an optical illusion. It was not Massachusetts and South Carolina that came in. There were two forms indeed, but it was only South Carolina in substance and in shadow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION—DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

THE National Union Convention, now assembled in the city of Philadelphia, composed of delegates from every State and Territory in the Union, admonished by the solemn lessons which for the last five years it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to give to the American people; profoundly grateful for the return of peace; desirous, as a large majority of their countrymen, in all sincerity, to forget and forgive the past; revering the Constitution as it comes to us from our ancestors; regarding the Union, in its restoration, as more sacred than ever; looking with deep anxiety into the future as of instant and continuing trial, hereby issue and proclaim the following declaration of principles and purposes upon which they have with perfect unanimity agreed:

First—We hail with gratitude to Almighty God the end of war and the return of peace to an afflicted and beloved land.

Second—The war just closed has maintained the authority of the Constitution, with all the powers which it confers and all the restrictions which it imposes upon the General Government, unabridged and unaltered, and it has preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity, and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired.

Third—Representation in the Congress of the United States and in the Electoral College is a right recognized by the Constitution as abiding in every State and as a duty imposed upon its people, fundamental in its nature and essential to the exercise of our Republican institutions; and neither Congress nor the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any, or withhold its enjoyment, under the Constitution, from the people thereof.

Fourth—We call upon the people of the United States to elect to Congress as members thereof none but men who admit this fundamental right of representation, and who will receive to seats their loyal representatives from every State in allegiance to the United States, subject to the constitutional right of each House to judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members.

Fifth—The Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, are the supreme laws of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. All the powers not conferred by the Constitution upon the General Government nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States or the people thereof; and among the rights thus reserved to the States is the right to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, which right Congress can not interfere with. No State or convention of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to exclude, through their action in Congress or otherwise, any State or States from the Union. The union of these States is perpetual.

Sixth—Such amendments to the Constitution of the United States may be made by the people thereof as they may deem expedient, but only in the mode pointed out by its resolution, and proposing such amendments, whether by Congress or by a convention, and in ratifying the same, all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and vote thereon.

Seventh—Slavery is abolished and forever prohibited, and there is neither desire nor purpose on the part of the Southern States that it should ever be re-established upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in common with all their inhabitants, equal protection in every right of person and property.

Eighth—While we regard as utterly invalid and never to be assumed or made of binding force any obligation incurred or undertaken in making war against the United States, we hold the debt of the nation to be sacred and inviolable, and we proclaim our purpose in discharging this, as in performing all other national obligations, to maintain unimpaired and unimpeached the honor and the faith of the Republic.

Ninth—It is the duty of the National Government to recognize the services of the Federal soldiers and sailors in the contest just closed, by meeting promptly and fully all their just and rightful claims for the services they have rendered the nation, and by extending to those of them who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, the most generous and considerate care.

Tenth—In ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, who in his great office has proved steadfast in his devotion to the Constitution, the laws, and interests of his country, unmoved by persecutions and undeserved reproach, having faith immeasurable in the people and the principles of the Government, we recognize a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation and equal to the great crisis upon which his lot is cast, and we tender to him in the discharge of his high and responsible duties our profound respect, and assurance of our cordial and sincere support.

MAXIMILIAN'S BLOCKADE.

On August 17 President Johnson issued a proclamation declaring the blockade instituted by Maximilian at Matamoras and other Mexican ports (July 9) inefficient, and therefore to be held by the United States to be "absolutely null and void."

THROCKMORTON'S INAUGURAL.

Governor Throckmorton of Texas delivered a very sensible inaugural on the 9th of August. With proper conduct on the part of the South he did not despair of receiving liberal and generous treatment from the North. The hearts of the Southern people had been deeply touched by Johnson's generous policy. He thought the day was not far distant when the blacks would recognize as their truest friends those with whom they had sported in childhood. The duty of all now was to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony.

THE BUFFALO HORSE FAIR.

At the great horse-races in Buffalo, August 16, there were 20,000 people present. Our readers will remember that in No. 461 of the *Weekly* we gave an illustration of Dexter, the fastest horse in the world. At Buffalo this year Dexter ran against George Patchen, the celebrated California stallion, and the Ralla Gold Dust, a famous Kentucky horse. Dexter won the race in three straight heats; time, 2.25. Patchen was second. Last year Dexter made a mile in 2.19. On August 18, at Buffalo, Dexter made a mile in 2.18.

NEWS ITEMS.

Bernard Friery was executed at the Tombs in this city August 17 for the murder, in January, 1865, of Henry Lazarus.

Queen Emma was presented to President Johnson on the evening of August 14. His Excellency made a happy speech, which was received by the Queen with gracious courtesy. She has since visited the tomb of Washington.

At Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, the cholera has become a formidable epidemic. In New York city it has almost disappeared.

By official proclamation, on the 20th of August, President Johnson declared the insurrection in Texas at an end.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 748, of which 145 were from cholera. This is 198 less than the previous week, and an increase of 131 on the number recorded in the corresponding week of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 15:

It is announced to-day that the plans for the confederation of the British Provinces of North America have been definitely arranged by the Government.

August 16:

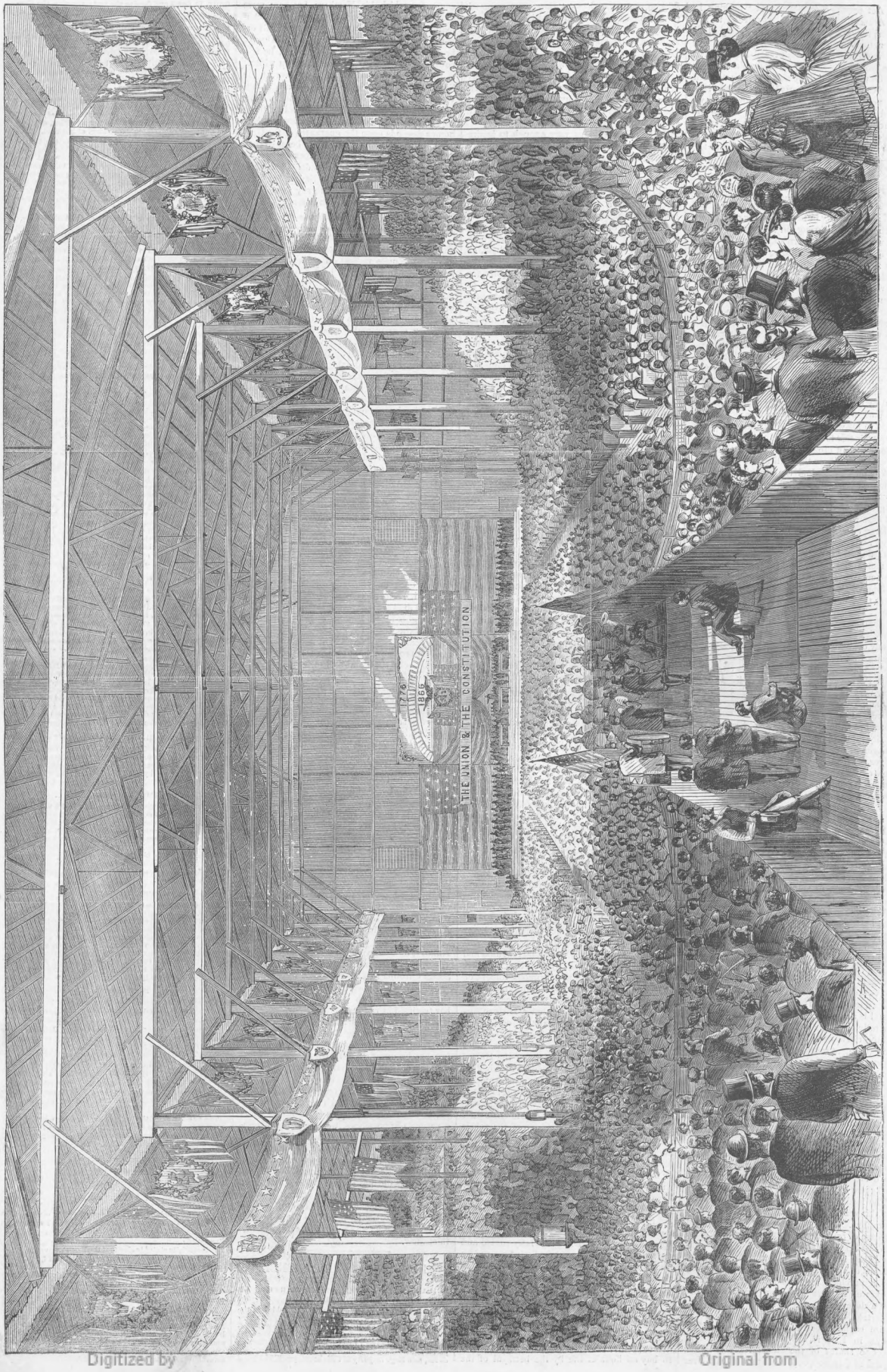
It is officially stated to-day that the French Government has receded from its demand made upon Prussia for an extension of frontier to the Rhine.

The hope is also expressed by the official journal—the *Monitenr*—that Prussia will not extend her projects of annexation to the German States south of the Maine.

August 18:

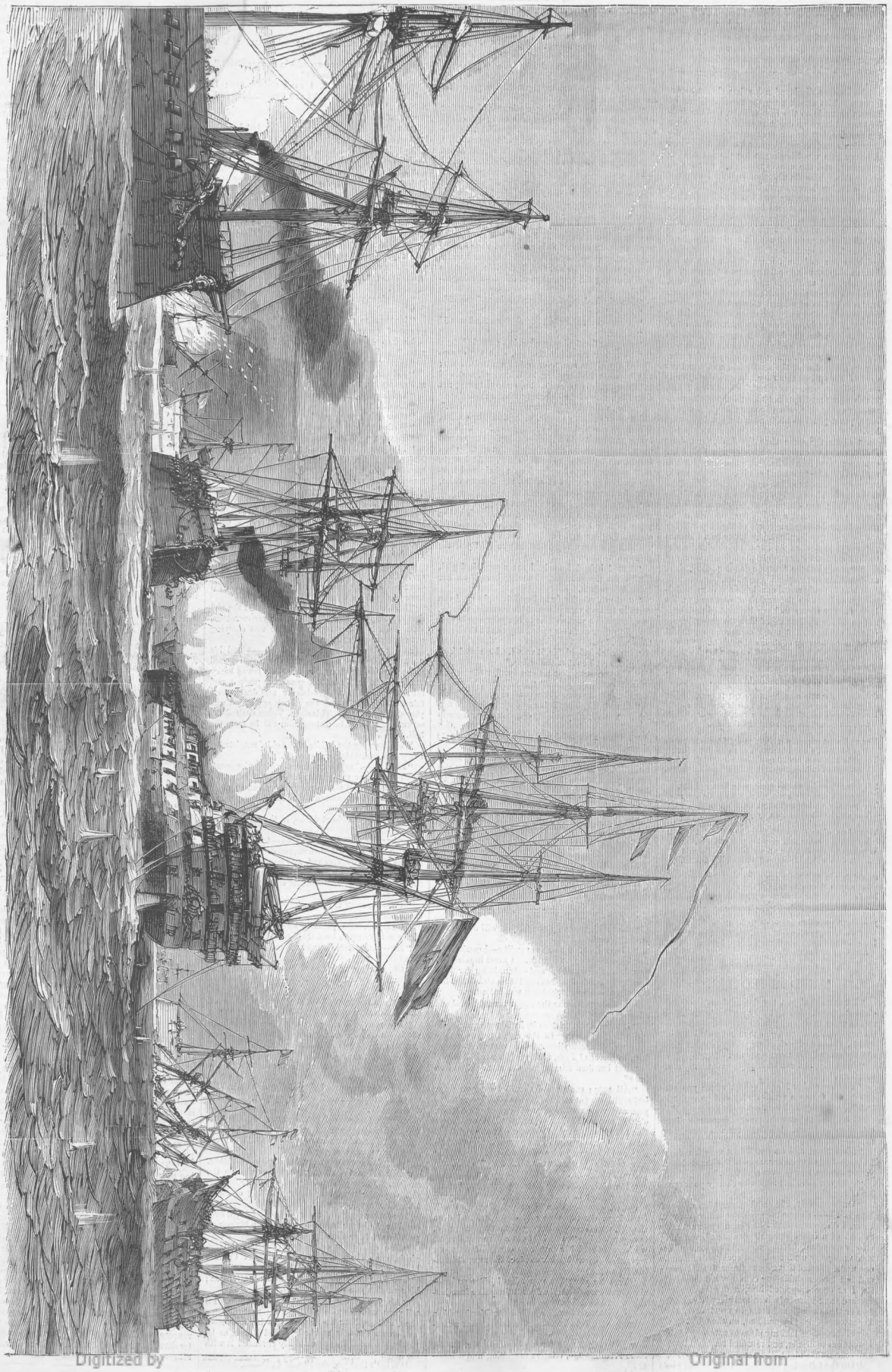
A bill is under discussion in the Prussian Chambers relative to the annexation to Prussia of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the City of Frankfort. The Emperor Napoleon is reported to deny having entertained any design of annexing Belgian territory to France. The Peace Congress is in session at Prague and negotiations are making favorable progress.

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MEETING OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE AUSTRIAN AND ITALIAN FLEETS OFF LISSA, IN THE ADRIATIC.—[SEE PAGE 560.]

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THE NAVAL FIGHT AT LISSA.

As a description to accompany the graphic illustration which we give on page 549, we could do no better than to refer our readers to the editorial comments upon "The Fight at Lissa" in our last Number.

The Italians displayed a heroism almost superhuman. The attack upon the fortified island of Lissa was made on the 18th of July, and the Italians would have no doubt succeeded in capturing the position, but for the prompt appearance of the Austrian squadron and the naval defeat following. A heavy gale was blowing at the time of the engagement, and the vessels were used as rams on either side. The *Re d' Italia*, built in New York for the Italian Government, but plated in Italy, according to the accounts, was the flag-ship of PERSANO, but for some reason he left it at the beginning of the action. The Austrian Admiral upon the *Kaiser*, unaware of PERSANO'S movement, directed his overpowering assault against the *Re d' Italia*. Three or more of the Austrian iron-clads, belching fire and iron, came crushing on to the Italian ship, struck her furiously on the prow, on the stern, and amidships, and stove her to pieces. The huge ship rapidly sank; but as she went down half a battalion of soldiers climbed into the tops, and, while holding on by the ropes, shouldered their rifles deliberately, as if on parade, and fired a terrible volley upon the deck of the nearest Austrian ship, killing twenty and wounding sixty. It was their fierce farewell. The next moment the roaring gulf closed over the *Re d' Italia* and four hundred of her gallant company. A private letter is quoted by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, which says that Captain FRA DI BRUNO, the commander of the ship, when he saw that there was no hope, put a pistol to his head and went down with her.

At about the same time the Italian gun-boat *Palestro* was so overpoweringly attacked that her capture seemed inevitable. The Captain, CAPPELLINI, called a hasty council of his officers and crew, and they resolved to blow up the vessel rather than surrender. Then gayly hanging the ship with the flag of Italy, and cheering for King and Country, the fuse was lighted, and in a moment nothing remained but floating fragments of the ship and her company of two hundred. A letter to a Florence paper says that when the fate of the *Re d' Italia* was evident Admiral PERSANO in the *Affondatore* drove full steam against the Austrian flag-ship, the *Kaiser*, and sank her to revenge his own loss.

It was the only naval conflict in the war; and although at Lissa on the sea, as at Custozza on the land, victory seems to have inclined to their enemies, still the Italians will find in the remembrance of this naval conflict much occasion for national pride in the bravery of their compatriots.

TWO CHARACTERS.

SEE there! for this man, too, life's toil is over;
His words are all said out, his deeds are done:
For this man, too, there comes a rest, however
Unquiet passed his time beneath the sun.

You said what seemed you best: your life's poor fountain
Just bubbled, while his soared or shuddered down;
You chid him as a tired boy chides a mountain;
You frowned on him, and thought God too must frown.

His worst thought was so great, your best so little,
Your best and worst not yours, his all his own:
You ran the world's safe way, he dared to thwart it;
You stood with thousands by you, he alone.

Wherefore, when God shall judge the world, I take it
He will not mete this man by rule and line,
Who felt no common thirst, nor feared to slake it
From that which flowed within him, the Divine.

Or think you God loves our tame leveled acres
More than the proud head of some heaven-kissed hill;
Man's straight-dug ditch more than his own free river,
That wanders, He regarding, where it will?

Enough—high words abate no jot or tittle
Of what, while man still lasts, shall still be true:
Heaven's great ones must be slandered by Earth's little,
And God makes no ado.

TRIED AFFECTION.

"I HAVE asked you, my dear Vokes (a very celebrated Irish magistrate thirty years ago) to call on me, in order to consult you on an affair of some importance—at least, as far as my family circle goes," said L. D—— to the chief magistrate, as that functionary entered his counting-house.

"Indeed! If I can be of any service, pray command me."

"You remember Mary Toovey, whom you recommended me as a trust-worthy girl to assist in looking after my children, some six years ago?"

"I remember her well. Her father was an honest fellow in Adare. His daughter was brought up at P——'s Sunday-school."

"Most true; and until within a very few days, I always looked upon her as one of the best-behaved young women I have ever met with."

"And you have had reason to change your opinion of her?"

"Unfortunately, I have. You must know"—and here L. D—— dropped his voice—"unfortunately, I say, I discovered that I had been systematically robbed of a series of small sums, and, watching closely afterward, I still perceived that these pilferings unhappily continued. It could only be some one under my roof that thus abstracted small sums; and as I have a stable-boy of somewhat loose habits, I at once suspected him, and accordingly I marked some pieces of silver, and placed them, with two or three one-pound notes, in my drawer, leaving my keys, as if by accident, on the table.

"Having thus laid my plans to entrap the thief, I went out to dinner, and returned too late to make any search that night.

"On the following morning I went to the place where I had deposited the cash, and here, to my great horror, I found that a bank-note and three half-crowns were missing.

"Without telling them why I summoned them, I called up my servants, and, having locked the door, stated to them what had occurred, and called on the pilferer to confess the crime, and thus earn pardon. None, however, admitted the alleged guilt, and I now, with their cheerful permission, proceeded to search them.

"Imagine, my dear Vokes, my horror when, after vainly searching the servant-man and some of the females, I turned to your *protégée*, and having ordered her to display the contents of her pockets, I discovered two of the half-crowns which I had marked, and could now distinctly swear to. I called upon Mary to explain this strange circumstance. I eagerly demanded to know how she had become possessed of them. But, alas! all in vain. She was dreadfully agitated, and was only relieved from a fit of fainting by a copious flood of tears which came to her relief. She is now down stairs, in charge of a policeman. I wished, if possible, to avoid the pain of sending her, whom I have known for so many years, to prison; and therefore I wrote to ask you to call on me, and, if possible, assist me in discovering the particulars of this distressing affair."

"Has she had any followers—male or female?"

"None."

"Has she ever absented herself from the house?"

"Never."

"Do your family know what has passed?"

"No; they are all at Kilrush, with the exception of my eldest son, who assists me in business; and he went last evening to Waterford, and will not return till four o'clock. So, strange to say, not a soul is aware of the discovery I have made."

"Call in the girl—let us examine her together."

The poor culprit came in, more dead than alive. When she saw Vokes she covered her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears. For several moments she was so convulsed that even the stern magistrate hesitated to address her. At length, after causing her to be placed on a chair, and having swallowed a glass of water, she became calm, when he thus spoke:

"Mary Toovey, I am summoned here to interrogate you relative to a robbery, which has taken place in this house; and as part of the money, marked for the purpose of detection, was found upon you, I have every reason to believe that you are guilty."

"I am! indeed I am! I am a wretched girl, Sir," cried the prisoner, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"And yet, religiously and well brought up, I can scarcely believe that you could have acted so base, so ungrateful a part as thus to rob your employers. I would rather have suspected any one in the house than you."

"Oh, Sir! indeed, Sir, it was I. I am a wicked, bad girl, and I confess the crime."

"Are you sure that no one instigated you—no one advised you to commit this robbery?"

"No, Sir—no one. It was all my own doing."

"And still I think it is my duty to inquire further. I will, if possible, discover your accomplices."

"I have none—I have none. I alone am to blame."

The worthy merchant now chimed in: "Mary, I am told by Michael, the groom, that he saw you two nights ago talking to a strange man in the garden."

"It's false—it's false!"

"Have you mentioned this to any one?" asked Vokes of L. D——.

"To no one."

Vokes again turned to the girl. "Are you still determined to admit your guilt?"

She had now recovered her calmness, and answered, firmly, "I am!"

"Do you know the consequences? Do you know that, if found guilty, you will receive a fearful punishment?"

"I do."

"And still, to save yourself, you will not betray your accomplices?"

"I have none. I alone am guilty—I confess it."

"Take her away, sergeant. I must inquire further into this matter," and—trembling far less, seemingly relieved at having thus unburdened her conscience—the wretched girl was led away.

When she was gone the Major turned round and addressed his friend.

"If you do not insist on it, I will not commit this girl till to-morrow. In the mean time we may discover her accomplices. It's very strange—very! But, by George! I can't believe Mary to be guilty."

"But her own admission—the money found on her?"

"All true; such proof should be convincing; but still I am not satisfied. Do me a favor. Come you, and your son, to dine with me to-day at six o'clock, and we'll talk it over; but mind, don't mention the circumstance to a single soul on earth—not even to your own son. Don't write it to your family; and if any one asks you for Mary, say she has gone to Adare to see her friends. Pray do this, and you will oblige me."

"Certainly you make a strange request; but I'll strictly attend to your directions, and be at your house, with my son George, at six. Perhaps it will be better; for my wife and daughter, and even George, who is generally very distant and haughty, is very partial to this girl. I can assure you, Major, we have treated her rather as our child than our servant, which makes her conduct the more detestable."

"True for you; but now adieu! Remember—six and silence." And off went the police functionary toward his office.

On arriving there, he called for Macdonald, a young policeman whom he often intrusted as a messenger.

"You took a note for me to young Mr. D——, some evenings ago, relative to lending him a hunter?"

"Is it Mr. George you mean?"

"I do."

"Well, Sir, I delivered it to him, and he said there was no answer."

"I am aware of that. Where did you find Mr. George?"

"In the billiard-room beyond—in George Street."

"And what was he about?"

"Well, your worship, I can't rightly say; I didn't much observe. But I saw him drinking and smoking."

"Was he betting?"

"Ah, then, Major, I can't say surely; but I think he was, for one of the young officers from the barracks called out and said, 'You've lost, George;' and so I suppose he was, your worship."

"That will do," said Vokes, and then proceeded to try one or two cases of drunkenness and riot which were brought before him for judgment. Presently he got up, and, putting on his hat, he strolled leisurely up George Street.

On arriving in front of Mr. S——'s shop—at once a place for refreshment, the supply of tobacco and punch, with a billiard-room attached—he turned in, and after partaking of a sandwich, he carelessly asked the female who was at that instant serving behind the counter, whether Mr. G. D—— had been in lately.

"Not since yesterday morning."

"What did he call for then?"

"He came to get some cigars, as he was about to go out of town; and he left a pound-note with me to hand to Captain D——, that he had lost on the races."

"Have you got that pound-note?"

"No, Sir," replied the girl, who seemed startled at the inquiry.

"Did he pay for the cigars?"

"He did."

"How did he pay you?"

"With a half-crown piece."

"Have you got that half-crown?"

"I believe it's still in the tobacco-till. I hope, Major, it's not a bad one; it may bring me into trouble." And fearful of being mixed up with the transaction, she examined the till with anxious care, and at length triumphantly pulled out the piece of money in question. "Here it is, Sir; sure I didn't know it was bad, and I'm sure Mr. George didn't. Here it is." And she handed it to Vokes, who, after peering at it with great curiosity, put it into his pocket, and then throwing down two shillings and a sixpence, carelessly said,

"Don't you see, I suspect there's some bad money in Limerick, so I'll take away this piece. But don't tell a living soul what I've done, or faith I'll have you up for a witness."

This threat was quite sufficient to render the girl dumb. So Vokes, without further conversation, walked up to his cottage, where he was carrying out some improvements.

At six o'clock precisely, Mr. L. D—— and his son arrived in George Street, and shortly afterward partook of an excellent dinner, which I was lucky enough to share. No other guest was present, and all appeared in high good-humor, and drank their fair fill of claret before the punch apparatus was placed on the table. This done, Vokes desired the servant not again to disturb him till he rang the bell.

Well knowing the habits of the chief magistrate, I saw that something was coming.

"Mr. D——," said he, addressing his senior guest, "you have now my permission—nay, I may add, my request, to tell your son and my son-in-law here of the dreadful occurrence which has taken place in your family."

The worthy merchant did so, in the fairest manner.

During the recital George D—— appeared more agitated than I should have expected. He evidently was dreadfully shocked, and seemed to bear a true affection—more than an ordinary affection—for the poor girl; and as his father concluded, he violently exclaimed,

"I am sure she is not guilty—I'll stake my life she is not!"

"Can you, then, point to any other person as likely to have committed these robberies?"

"Me—me! certainly not! What should I know about it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only you are wrong thus to acquit Mary without proof."

"But I have proof. Her established good character, the manner in which she has always proved her worth and respectability—"

"Are strong, I allow, but, in face of her own admission and the evidence against her, will avail her but little. She will be convicted."

"Oh, don't say so!"

"Unless, indeed, you can give us any clew to the real thief."

Poor George seemed dreadfully agitated. He was evidently fond of the unhappy girl. He suddenly asked:

"Is there no way of getting her off? Can you not aid her to escape? My father shall pay all expenses. But to convict poor Mary would forever stain the character of our family."

"I can't see that, George," chimed in his father.

"Nor I," said Vokes; "but let us change the subject. I hear you lost at the late races?"

The young man, seemingly thinking of something else, merely uttered, "Did I?"

The father appeared astounded; for he had ever considered George to be far too rigid in his principles thus to have gambled on the turf.

"You did," went on Vokes. "Betsy, at Goggins's, gave the pound-note you left for Captain D——."

The detected sportsman was now all attention; his agitation was really frightful.

"Ah, you seem surprised at my knowledge. I'll tell you more. You bought some cigars at the same time, and paid for them with this half-crown—a half-crown strongly marked," added Vokes, as he partly produced it, but carefully shrouded it with his hand.

"What's that you say?" said L. D——.

"Nothing, nothing at all. But see, your son is not very well. He has probably over-excited himself. I'll take him into my dressing-room, administer some restorative essence, and he'll soon be well. Nay, you must not come—you will only do harm. See, he waves you off. Come, George, you'll be better presently; come along." And he led the poor sufferer off.

I need scarcely tell you that during the absence of his son and his friend L. D—— spoke but little. He adored his son, and thus to see him strangely attacked completely paralyzed the old man. Five minutes elapsed—ten minutes elapsed—and the anxious parent would fain have sought his child; but I gently detained him.

In about twenty minutes Vokes again appeared, followed by George, who, though still pale, seemed to have recovered his strength, and, in answer to his near relative's inquiries, assured him that "It was nothing. It had now quite passed away."

For about five minutes a gloom—a painful silence—hung over us all. This was abruptly broken by Vokes.

"George and I have discovered the pilferer, Mr. D——, and I will be guarantee that you are never so robbed again."

"Was it Mary Toovey?"

"Decidedly not!"

"Who was it, then?"

"That you will never know. It is sufficient to say he has been punished, and you are safe for the future."

"But why, then, did the girl admit it?"

"She best knows."

"I shall closely cross-question her when I go home."

"Then, indeed, you will not; for she is now several miles on her way to Dublin, where, well knowing her innocence, I have sent her to live with a sister of mine. You will see her no more!"

"This is very mysterious!"

"And so let it remain; make any fuss about it, and the punishment of your garrulity will fall heavily on you. Let me beseech you never again to allude to it; make what excuse you like for Mary's absence, but never hint at your first unjust suspicions."

"Unjust!"

"By Heaven, they were! Harry, pass the hot water. We'll never allude to this subject again."

If L. D—— did not *read* the case aright he was indeed a happy man.

L. D—— has been gathered to his fathers. His son George, who settled in Dublin, married twelve months after his death a certain Mary Toovey—a girl who, I believe, would willingly have given her life for him.

HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.

"YOU want to hear how I managed to get the V. C., do you, old fellow? Well, send over to the Buttery for another tankard of beer, and I will tell you all about it; it's dry work talking, and your Brasenose malt is perfection.

"Now for my story:

"It was near the close of a glorious summer day in the plains of India, if you know what *that* means; the sun had just gone down blood-red in a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in my tent, and not a breath of air was stirring. I had only just returned to camp after a pretty hard day's work, and had fallen asleep on my cot, booted and spurred as I came in. I had at that time, as you may remember, the command of a body of Sikh horse which I had raised myself, and was, moreover, Acting-Deputy Quarter-master-General, and Head of the Intelligence Department to the Cis-Nurbudda Movable Column under Major-General Sir George Percy, K.C.B., so had work enough on my hands. On this day I had been in the saddle from daybreak till late in the afternoon, scouring the country for miles in advance of the column, and had wound up by a hard gallop of half a dozen miles with a troop of mutineer Sowars at my heels. Imagine my disgust at being roused up by a big black-bearded Sikh orderly, with, 'Sahib, the general sahib wishes to see you immediately in his tent.' I jumped up, soused my head in the big brass basin which we Indians carry with us every where, pulled on my blue *Meersai*,* and rushed off to the General's tent, not in the best of humors. As soon as I entered, however, I saw there was something serious the matter, and I had not been routed out for nothing. The General was seated at his camp-table looking very grave, and with an open letter in his hand. By his side were Colonel A——, second in command to J——, his Adjutant-General. Sir George handed me the letter as I came in. 'Read this, Llantaine; it has just been brought in by a disguised Sepoy from Shahrānpore.' It was from Major L——, who had long been beleaguered in that place with the officers, women, and children of his own regiment and a few fugitives from neighboring stations. It was written in Greek characters, and ran as follows: 'Only twenty men fit for duty, provisions very short; we can not possibly hold out more than five days longer.' Few words and simple, but full of awful meaning.

"'The difficulty is this,' said the General, turning to Colonel A——, 'Shahrānpore is, you know, only some thirty miles to the eastward, and we might reach it in time to save them, but then we must leave Bharaghur to itself for at least a week, and I don't know in what state they are there, or how long they can hold out; the number of Europeans there is three times as great as at Shahrānpore, and they have a large treasury and magazine in the fort. Llantaine has sent six spies at different times with letters to Bharaghur; the two first came back with their ears and noses strung round their necks, and the others never came back at all. All our information goes to show that the enemy are in great force round the place. I dare not divide our small force; if we march to relieve Shahrānpore, we risk losing Bharaghur, and as this letter shows, if we attempt to relieve Bharaghur, Shahrānpore must fall into the enemy's hands, and there

* Loose tunic much worn by Indian officers on service.

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green bough in his hand, there has hobbled up old Stock with his spade to crumble the whole beautiful vision into dust! But then too, Lucy, I have never had the warmth of love and pity, and sympathy with suffering, quenched out of my heart, and, after all, I ought to be a happy old woman. And so I am, my dear. So I am.

We were happy in those days, if ever children were happy. As time went on, and we ceased to be mere babies, we were not allowed to run wild about the grounds from morning to night. But such tasks as were set us had no terrors, and few difficulties. I fear that you of the rising generation will have but a mean opinion of Aunt Gough's educational powers when I confess that I was turned eight years old before I could read with ease. But I had already worked several samplers, and could even stitch a shirt very creditably by that time. Anna's education began somewhat earlier, as was natural; for the two years' difference between our ages enabled me to help her at first in deciphering the mysteries of Great A and little b. Aunt Gough was a stanch church-woman. Every Sunday morning we were taken to the great family pew and were perched up side by side on two crimson hassocks placed on the seat; and thus elevated, the brim of my hat just reached to the top of the pew. Anna, being smaller, was altogether invisible to the outside world, except when she stood up on her cushion during the psalms. There are scarcely any pews nowadays. Every body sits on a hard bench in full view of his or her neighbors. As it is certainly a much more uncomfortable state of things than the old fashion, let us hope it has some compensating spiritual advantages.

Anna and I liked going to church. It was not made terrible to our young imaginations, nor were we taught to think of religion as of a stern Medusa, whose contemplation turns the gazer into stone. As to giving us any portion of the Scriptures to learn by way of punishment, Aunt Gough would have been shocked at the notion of such a thing. She did, indeed, consider it her duty to make us learn the Church Catechism — which we didn't understand; and she told us stories from the New Testament—which we did understand, and, moreover, delighted in. One great source of Sunday pleasure was the music. Our church possessed a very fine old organ; and though our organist would not be considered very scientific in these days, he contrived to elicit from it its mellowest tones and richest harmonies. He loved the grand old instrument, and thought more of his organ than of himself: which feeling—the self-forgetfulness of a true artist—communicated itself irresistibly to his hearers. Even we children were conscious of a beauty in the psalms and voluntaries beyond the mere sound. And I remember once saying to our guardian, "I do like to listen to Mr. Dixon, he plays so kindly."

As we grew older, and were thought to have got beyond the range of dear Aunt Gough's simple teaching, we were sent to a day-school in the town. Our schoolmistress, Miss Wokenham, was one of the tiniest women I ever saw. There was more than one child of eleven or twelve years old in the school who could look down on her from a superior height; and our plump rosy cheeks and round arms would seem quite coarse and clumsy—*rustic* as her phrase was then, for every thing redolent of health and vigor, as well as for what was in itself rough and unpolished—beside Miss Wokenham's fragile, elfish form. She was not old as I now reckon age—perhaps forty-five—but her antiquity was very venerable in my eyes then. Her hair was snowy white, but soft and shining, and wavy with natural curls; she had bright dark eyes, and an immensely wide mouth, filled, however, with a faultless set of teeth. Perhaps Miss Wokenham's attainments were really nothing very marvelous, but we all thought her a prodigy of learning. And, indeed, making all due allowance for the march of intellect in these days, I am inclined to believe that Miss Wokenham was mistress of some solid acquirements that one might seek for vainly among more showily-accomplished governesses. She had a competent knowledge of history and geography, and a turn for arithmetic that was quite surprising; she had even, it was whispered, dabbled a little in the mathematics; and our parish clergyman, who had graduated at Cambridge, was wont to declare that, if Miss Wokenham had been a man, she would have made the wranglers of her year look to their laurels. But perhaps this was a figure of speech. At all events, Miss Wokenham herself used to declare it was; and she was a most absolutely and uncompromisingly truthful human being. If, as sometimes happened, a scholar thirsting for knowledge pushed her beyond her depth, she never hesitated for an instant to confess her ignorance. "I don't know, my dear," she would say, fixing her brave black eyes earnestly on the interrogator: "I don't know, but if it is to be known we'll find it out." And then she would reach down the lexicon, or the atlas, or whatever book of reference might be needed, and work side by side with her pupil until the desired information was gained. This candor, far from weakening her influence over us, had so diametrically opposite an effect, that we were one and all ready to swear to the positive certainty of any thing imparted to us by Miss Wokenham as a fact.

Under her tuition I and Anna were well content to remain, until we were respectively seventeen and fifteen years old, with no more brilliant accomplishments than as much music as enabled us to rattle through a country dance or so, and a smattering of French imparted by a long-suffering Frenchman named De Beauguet, whom we persisted in irreverently styling Old Bogie. Anna had a lovely fresh voice, and used to thrill all our hearts with some old Border ballad, or a canzonet by Mr. Haydn, as we sat round the fire in the winter twilight. I sang too a little, but my voice had neither the power nor the charm of Anna's.

Meanwhile, things went on pleasantly and peacefully at the Gable House. If time began to streak Uncle Gough's hair with snow, and to deepen a line here and there in my aunt's comely face, the change was so gradual that we did not notice it. Perhaps old Stock altered as little as it was possible for any one to do during a lapse of ten years. He had always seemed old since we had known him, so that was nothing new. He had always been brown-skinned, and stooping, and wrinkled, and crabbed, and he was so still; so *that* was nothing new. Poor old Stock! He seemed to have but one pleasure in life, unless his constant quarrels with every one around him afforded him gratification. His sole luxury was his pipe. He would sit by the kitchen fire of an evening, smoking his churchwarden filled with the strongest tobacco that could be bought, and talking theology to the maids; for Stock had decided views about religion. I used to think, when I was a child, that they were quite peculiar to himself; but I have heard in subsequent years dogmas gravely promulgated, which, barring the difference of grammar, might have emanated from old Stock himself.

Cook was the only one of the servants bold enough to tackle Stock on this, his strong point; but even she frequently retired worsted from the conflict. "Well," she would say, taking refuge in generalities, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Stock, but I've allays believed as them as acted accordin' to their consciences was in the right way. There's more nor one road to heaven, you know."

"Heaven!" Stock would repeat, with a growl of contempt. "Much *you* knows about heaven!"

"Deary me, bless us and save us, Mr. Stock! I hopes I knows as much about heaven as you do, any way."

"I'm one of the 'lect, *I* am," the old man would say: his face wooden as ever, and his utterance deliberate and weighty as with a sense of absolute conviction: "I'm all right. There'll be me and one or two more on us there, but there'll be vary few on us—*vary* few on us."

I remember the curious speculations this kind of talk used to excite in my mind. I never for a moment believed that Stock was right, but I used to wonder with the vague curiosity of a thoughtful child how he would feel when he found so many more people in heaven than he expected, and whether he would be pleased or disappointed at not finding it reserved for the exclusive occupation of himself and "one or two more on us."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

To the ambitious housewife the fruit season is one continued "harvest time." Then her own pet, private store-room, upon which Winter and Spring had made fearful ravages, is gradually replenished—the long rows of well-filled jars, bottles, and cans again shine resplendent on the shelves — preserves and pickles, canned fruits and dried, are laid in abundantly; and she is certainly excusable if she exhibits some pride in her transparent jelly, which will "*cut*," or her sweetmeats, which look as bright as if freshly gathered.

Great progress has been made during the past few years in the methods of preserving fruits. Although most housekeepers still like to "make up" some jars of sweetmeats after the old rule of "pound for pound," canned fruits are much more commonly used, not only because they are more easily made and more economical, but also because they are really nicer. New contrivances for keeping fruit for table use through the year are developed every season; and nothing but actual experience can satisfy each housekeeper that any one mode is *the* desirable one. A few hints, however, may be accepted.

Fruit, for preserving, should ordinarily be fully ripe—there are a few exceptions, as for instance, the gooseberry is considered better when green. The granulated white sugar is always the best for preserves. There is no economy in using brown sugar which requires much clarifying. A good preserving kettle is an important desideratum. Iron ones, lined with porcelain, are commonly used; but the porcelain soon cracks. Perhaps nothing is more satisfactory, on the whole, than a brass or copper kettle; but it is important that it be thoroughly cleansed immediately before using. If the fruit is to be put up with only a small proportion of sugar, or without any, it is essential, of course, to have jars or cans which can be made air-tight. Nothing is more vexatious to any good lady than to find her fruit all spoiled, and her labor lost, because the jars were not properly secured. Some use wide-mouthed bottles, with common corks, and wax or cement; others, tin cans, which can be sealed up; and then there are a variety of self-sealing glass jars. Some of these are very difficult to manage—it is a great labor to fasten them up, and it is as much as a jar is worth to attempt to open it. Some, however, are simple and secure. Perhaps as good a kind as any is Willoughby's, which has an iron top with an India-rubber band, and is fastened down by a screw. We have never known this kind to fail to keep the fruit. The jar should always be filled *full* before screwing down the cover. This kind of jar can be easily opened, which will be found a great advantage. But almost any jar can be opened with less difficulty by putting a cloth wet in hot water around the top. This, however, depends somewhat upon the manner in which it is fastened. There is often some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars which have been used for sweetmeats or other purposes. This may easily be done by filling them with hot water, and then stirring in a little pearlash. Strong sal soda would probably be about as efficacious.

With these few general hints we leave the subject of preserving for each good housewife to experiment upon for herself; begging her not to forget, in her zeal to fill her store-room, that there are many delicious dishes that can be prepared from each fruit in its season, which will be quite as acceptable on the table as any kind of sweetmeats. Pies and puddings are very good; but most of them are made with pastry, which must be prepared with great care in order to be both palatable and healthful. Here is a recipe for a pudding which we will warrant to be nice, and it can be made very easily:

Cover the bottom and sides of a buttered pudding-dish with slices of bread thickly spread with butter. Either home-made or baker's bread may be used, but it should be light and nice. Then put in a layer of peaches which have been pared, without removing the stone. Scatter in a little sugar. Place a layer of thin slices of bread and butter over the peaches; then another layer of peaches, until the dish is full. The upper slices of bread may be dipped in milk or water to keep them moist. Cover the pudding-dish with a plate, or, better still, with a crust of a loaf, to keep the top from burning, and bake an hour or so, according to the size. This, eaten with a *good* pudding sauce, is a delicious dish. Apples, pears, huckleberries, or any other fruit, may be substituted for the peaches.

Another nice yet simple pudding may be made in this way:

Put a tea-cup of tapioca in water with a little salt, and let it stand about five hours where it will be warm. About two hours before dinner peel half a dozen apples (peaches or pears if you choose) and take out the cores. Put them in a pudding-dish, with some sugar, and a tea-cup of water, and bake them until soft. Then pour over them the tapioca, and bake an hour. This may be eaten hot with a sauce, or cold with sugar and cream. Sago or boiled rice may be used instead of tapioca. Or a delicate dish may be made by preparing apples as above, and pouring over them a custard.

A nice custard may be made by taking any kind of fruit, stew and strain it, sweeten it, and let it cool. Beat six eggs and stir into a quart of milk. Mix the whole, flavor to the taste, and bake in cups or a deep dish. It is good either hot or cold.

We are here reminded of a delicious article, the thought of which makes our mouth water even now, though, alas! the old-fashioned "*Pandoundy*," with which a good aunt used to treat us at her hospitable table, has passed away with fire-places and baking-kettles. Nevertheless, having had the recipe from her lips, we give it, hoping some of our readers may be able to reproduce something analogous to it, in spite of ranges and stoves:

"I used to butter a baking-kettle, or some kind of an iron kettle, and make a pie-crust and put into it, leaving a small place just at the bottom of the kettle without any crust. Then put in some good apples, either quartered and cored or sliced. Then lay in a few strips of the crust and some more apples. I always used to sweeten it with maple-sirup—a good large cupful. A few slices of salt pork improves it, and a little cider don't hurt it. I used to cover the whole with pie-crust, and put a tight stone cover on the kettle, so as to keep the steam in. Set it over a slow fire. Three hours is little enough to cook it, and you *mustn't scorch it*."

For the benefit of those gentlemen who by chance may turn contemptuously away from this column, because there is nothing interesting in it, we would remark that these recipes are for their *especial benefit*. The following quotation is *apropos:*

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart:
We may live without friends; we may live without books:
But civilized man can not live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

The word Gossip, in olden times, did not mean merely familiar chat about ordinary matters, still less was it a term of opprobrium, as it is sometimes now considered. "Gossip" was a name indicating an intimate companion, whose society was sought and preferred to others. When a man or woman spoke of any one as their "gossip," it was understood as an affectionate term of close intimacy. Its Saxon derivative signifies "relation or affinity," and its first use was to designate sponsors, who answered for a child in baptism; then it came to be applied to women called to help in sickness. Very soon, however, it was used to describe conversation between intimates. Hence interesting and instructive bits of information, communicated in a familiar, conversational style, are properly termed "gossip."

It is stated that some steps have been taken for the establishment of a large free public library in New York City. Such an enterprise will meet with the warm approbation and sympathy of intelligent people; for the want of free libraries, accessible to those who are confined to their business during the day, is a great deficiency in our city. It is a matter of astonishment that the city of London is destitute of such a library; all its libraries are subject to restrictions which prevent their free use, and are open at such hours as to exclude entirely businessmen. But London is waking up in regard to this subject. It is said that Paris now possesses seven perfectly free public libraries, and they are being organized by the Government in every village; Berlin has two, and Vienna three.

It really seems as if there was no end to the barbarities practiced upon the "little ones." A schoolmistress in Lenox, Massachusetts, was recently arrested and bound over for trial, for an aggravated assault upon a child 3½ years of age, because he did not spell "fox."

Some writer—evidently *not a lady*—bursts out into the following complaint:

"Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk about stilettoes! bodkins! gatherings! hemmings! gorings! cuttings! whippings! lacings! cuffings! and bastings!"

A literary gentleman of Washington is suffering from a singular disease which physicians call "pen palsy." The affection derives its name from the fact that it is attributed to the use of the popular French copying ink, which contains arsenic. Both his hands and feet are badly swollen, and his health is so precarious that his physicians have prescribed abstinence from the further use of copying ink.

The following notice was recently given from a Western pulpit:

"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of exceeding pale-blue color, in the place where of was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

An English paper presents its readers with some culinary memoranda, as follows:

"The dinner circle is best described by a round of beef. A man may be able to curry favor, and yet be a bad cook. Pious people do not eat deviled chicken. Hunters are hungry people, and have their 'meet' in the field. There is nothing funny in 'dry' bread. The grounds of coffee are often grounds of objection. The most perfect jam is made by overcrowding a small dinner-table."

A characteristic anecdote is told of a Prussian soldier placed sentinel on the steeple of Troppau, and left behind when his company was suddenly obliged to retreat. A narrow winding-stair led to his tower of observation, which, on some citizens ascending to take him prisoner, he defended with his bayonet. The good burghers, finding him so resolute, gave up all idea of capturing him by main force, meaning to humble him by starvation; but in this intent they were equally baffled. The soldier bawled out from his exalted position that, unless supplied with food, he would shoot every one passing his way. The Prussians are known to have 60 cartridges in their pouch, so that the threat was no slight one. Accordingly the necessary rations were duly furnished until the lonely sentinel was relieved by the Prussians.

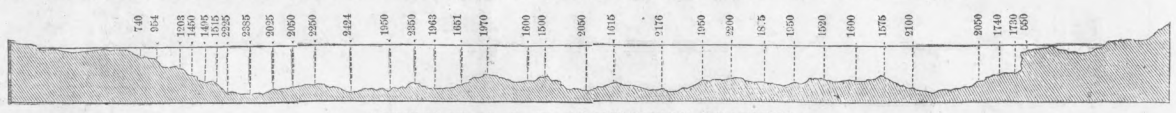
A correspondent of a Paris journal, in describing the princely chateau of Baron James De Rothschild at Ferrieres, says:

"Ordinary paper-hangings are banished, and each room is hung with tapestry, velvet, or silk. Every single visitor finds at his disposal a *suite*, consisting of a splendid drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom, and dressing-room. On every dressing-room table are the ordinary contents of a gorgeous dressing-case: ivory brushes, surmounted by the baronet's coronet; silver boxes, containing every species of *cosmetique*, *poudre*, *de riz*, etc.; exquisite hand-mirrors, mounted in sculptured ivory, sandal-wood, or silver. Curiosity tempts even old bachelors. A scent-bottle of rare workmanship attracted my attention. As the spring flew back, lo! a jeweled watch, by Breguet, was revealed, encased in the top—so while a fair lady inhales the perfumed contents she is informed of the time of day."

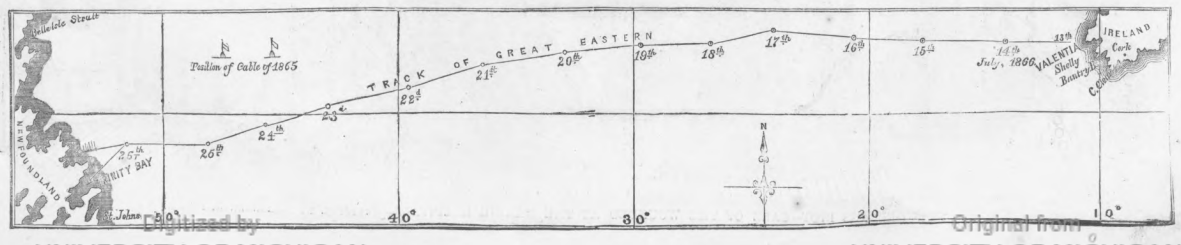
From a foreign journal we clip the following pleasing incident:

"The sanguinary spectacle of war is not altogether devoid of redeeming features. At Koniggratz, while the fight was raging at its fiercest, a soldier's eye was arrested by the sight of a plant of clover, having four leaves. No German can suffer a four-leaved clover to remain unplucked. There is a mysterious charm about it, bound up with his childhood's fancies of luck and images of fairy magic. To the young soldier it certainly was a messenger of good omen. As he bent to pluck it, a cannon-ball whizzed over his head. But for the tiny little plant it would have gone through his body. The precious little memento was gratefully sent to his *bien-aimée* at Konigsberg, who will forever look upon it as the preserver of her bridegroom's life."

The fashion of driving, so common among English ladies, has been extensively adopted by the leaders of the *ton* in Paris; and numerous pretty turn-outs are daily seen in the Bois, driven by elegantly-dressed ladies, with gentleman attendant on the left, and stately groom behind. A great number of pony carriages are driven by children, who are dressed in the most stylish manner, and who handle the reins with perfect skill and self-possession. Every body turns to look at and admire these miniature equipages as they wend their way through the fashionable thoroughfares.



SECTION OF BED OF ATLANTIC BETWEEN VALENTIA AND TRINITY BAY.

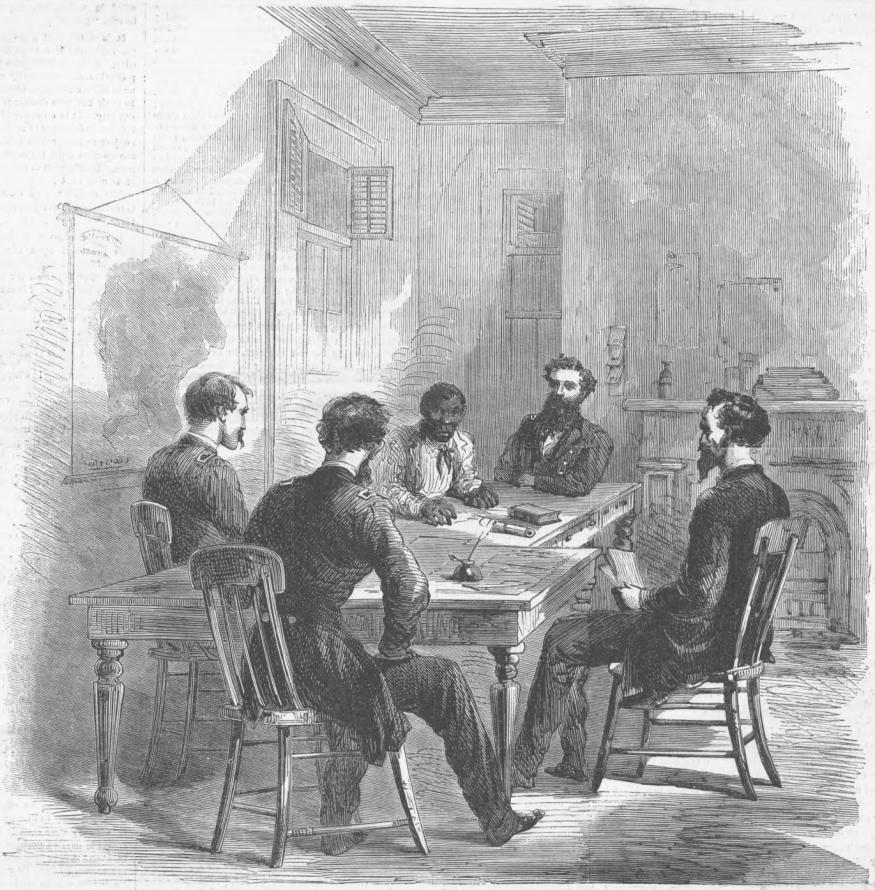


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AFTER THE RIOT.

THE negroes wounded in the New Orleans riot were nearly all taken to the Marine Hospital, where the best of medical aid is furnished them. Dr. HARRIS has charge of the hospital: he informs me that the majority of his cases will recover, though many of them are shot one or more times besides being severely beaten. Some of the negroes in the ward that I have sketched were attacked while on the way to their dinners, entirely ignorant of the existence of any serious trouble.—The nurses are nearly all mulatto females, who seem thoroughly kind and attentive to their patients, who bear their sufferings with a fortitude that is somewhat surprising. The severe heat and the painful nature of the wounds make the situation of the poor creatures pitiful in the extreme. Were it not for the advantages offered for their comfort by the excellent arrangement of the hospital many would die that will now recover.

The medical officer detailed to make an official report of the killed and wounded presented the names in full, together with the character of the wounds received by the following parties, viz.: Members of the Convention—one killed and eight wounded, or one-third of the members present, white citizens attending the Convention, two killed and nine wounded; total number of whites killed and wounded, 20. Colored citizens attending the Convention—killed, 34; wounded, 119; total of colored killed and wounded, 153. Of the Police there were 10 slightly wounded, most of whom were on duty the next day. One white citizen with the Police was killed. The evidence shows that the man was accidentally shot by the Police; also, that in the excitement many of the Police were wounded by their comrades. In addition to the above, the Doctor reports ten colored men killed and twenty wounded, whose names he could not ascertain.



THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—THE MILITARY COMMISSION EXAMINING WITNESSES.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

I have also made a sketch representing the Military Commission receiving testimony concerning the riot. Their report is not yet published. General MOWER is President. The other members are Generals QUINCEY, BALDY, and GREGG. D.

THE FIRE IN JERSEY CITY.

EARLY on Sunday morning, August 19, a schooner laden with petroleum, lying alongside the large oil dock situated just north of the Erie Railway Company's freight pier in Jersey City, was set on fire by the careless use of a lamp in the forward hold. In some manner the flame of the lamp communicated with the gas generated by the petroleum oil with which the vessel was laden, and the result was a loud explosion, the man being blown—according to some accounts—many feet into the air, alighting in the water at a distance from the vessel. He was rescued with great difficulty by some bystanders. The deck of the schooner was blown off, and in an inconceivably short space of time she was wrapped in flames.

Of the spread of the fire from this point the New York *Tribune* gives the following account:

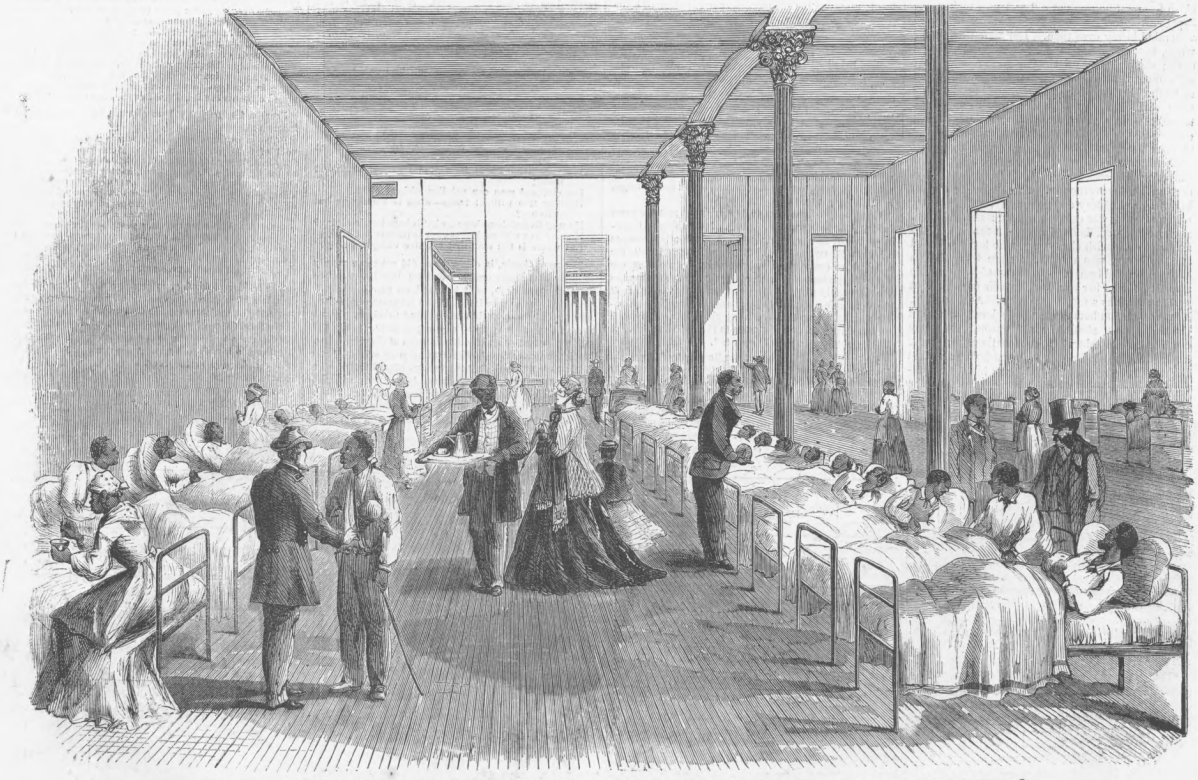
Piled up on the dock in tiers and on the open lot in the vicinity were about 15,000 barrels of crude oil, and in the tanks near by about 3000 barrels of refined oil. Through this inflammable mass the flames rushed with a roar and fury perfectly appalling, while the dense clouds of black and stifling smoke which arose from the mass seemed to darken the entire horizon.

On the side track, which ran the entire length of the pier, were standing about 100 cars belonging to the Erie Railroad Company, laden with oil and waiting to be unloaded. Efforts were at once made to save these if possible.—Gangs of workmen in the employ of the railway company were set to work pushing the cars down the track away from the immediate vicinity of the fire, and they were then attached to a locomotive and drawn to a safe distance.—While thus engaged, many of the workmen had their hands and faces severely scorched and blistered. In this manner all of the cars but 13 were saved.

On the freight, or, as it is more commonly termed, the coal pier of the Erie Railway Company, were a number of cars laden with grain and other articles. Attention was at once turned to saving these, and in the manner abovementioned the greater portion of them were removed to a place of safety.

Lying in the slips on either side of the pier were a number of brigs, schooners, and lighters engaged in taking on board the oil. So quickly did the flames spread that it was found impossible, in most cases, to cast loose from the pier and float them out in the stream.

Soon after the outbreak of the fire the wind which, up to that time, had been blowing from the northwest, en-



THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT—CARE OF THE WOUNDED AT THE MARINE HOSPITAL.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

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PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1866.

dangering the pier and extensive freight and passenger dépôt of the Railway Company, suddenly veered to the south, and in a few moments the large pier north of that mentioned above was found to be on fire. It was leased by A. S. JARVIS & Co., manufacturers and shippers of tobacco, whose extensive manufactory is located but a short distance from the pier.

The flames from the burning oil, reaching to an immense height, were carried by the force of the wind completely across the intervening space, and the entire pier with its contents was soon on fire. It was useless to attempt to extinguish it, the streams of water thrown by the engines seeming to have no effect whatever upon the ocean of flame, and with the exception of a few bales of cotton thrown into the slip and floated out of the reach of the fire, the pier and its contents were completely destroyed.

The freight pier of the railway company was on fire several times; but through the good management of the firemen it was extinguished each time with comparatively trifling damage.

Both the piers which are burned are new, having been erected not long since by the West Jersey Shore Improvement Company at a cost of $50,000 each. They are insured.

From the most trust-worthy data that can be obtained amidst the confusion prevailing at and around the scene of the conflagration, it is probable that at least from ten to fifteen lives have been sacrificed. Of the crew of the *William Bartlett*, the schooner on which the explosion first occurred, but one only has been saved—Henry Kurrell, a German, about thirty-two years of age.

The entire loss from the fire is estimated at $2,000,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE changes in fashion are not striking this month, and such as there are apply exclusively to toilets for the country and sea-side. Beyond those represented in the illustrations there are robes of white lawn with leaden-gray stripes, vandyked above a jupe of the same material, which is frequently also vandyked itself; or of lilac and white taffeta on a lilac jupe with a trimming of white lace, and with a loose jacket of the same material as the jupe, and similarly trimmed. For dinner and evening dress we have robes of thin watered silk, with brilliant color stripes on a white ground; the train long, the corsage quite plain, with a band of the same color as the stripes of the robe; the sleeves very tight, and especially so at the wrist. Other robes are of gaze de Chambéry, of a pale green or mauve tint, and worn over a jupe of white taffeta, the corsage being of white embroidered muslin. All these dresses are worn with trains, and generally with a trimming of white lace down the seams of the robe. Hats are, of course, taking precedence of chapeaux: they are of the ordinary shapes and materials. Black or black and white straw-hats with narrow brims, and trimmed with scarlet velvet ribbon, or with bunches of red berries, seem likely to be much worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Casaque robe and jupe of pale gray sultane, trimmed with violet-colored ribbon and a cord of passementerie, with rows of violet silk buttons at the back and sides of the casaque. Chapeau and strings of violet-color crape, with jet aigrette on the right-hand side.

Fig. 2. Casaque without sleeves, and upper jupe of delicate gray mohair, trimmed and edged with drops of black jet. The upper jupe, hanging in festoons, shows a second jupe, which, with the sleeves, is striped black and pale gray. Chapeau of white straw, with a star of black jet.

Fig. 3. Robe of white foulard ornamented with long lappets and vandykes, terminating in tassels of mauve-colored taffeta. The corsage, which is cut square, is similarly ornamented. Chapeau Chinoi: trimmed with bands of black velvet, on which large daisies are arranged at regular intervals.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of foulard des Indes, covered with small spots; the jupe gored, and at every seam a trimming of quilted rose-colored taffeta, bordered with narrow black lace. Corsage similarly trimmed. Sleeves of puffed tulle, with epaulets and cuffs of foulard edged with taffeta and black lace, the hair fastened with rose-colored ribbon of the same tint as the taffeta of the robe.

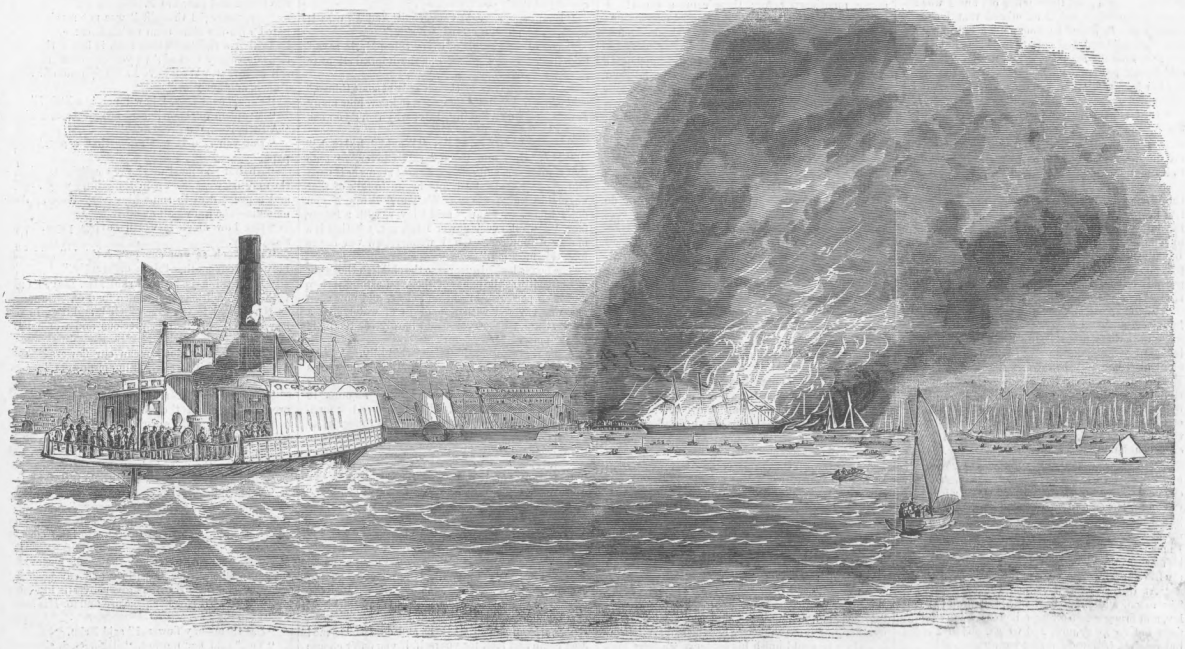
A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"ISN'T it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the *salon* of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birthday present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed,



GREAT PETROLEUM FIRE IN JERSEY CITY, AUGUST 19, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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"what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know; maybe no one, nor nothing, and I dare say it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with any thing dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver.

We were a very happy *partie quarrée;* Elliot Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her color-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which one day she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other goodby, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return?"

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterward, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill: this one led to another, and that to still another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond, there was a group of cork-trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the brushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn: and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark), and could see the cork-trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only *one* moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, everything which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenéan dogs, their terribly acute scent and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork-trees.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralyzed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life at all events as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork-trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels; if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs nowadays were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran I felt a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single 'yapp' so close behind, that an agony of terror put for the moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralyzed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to make for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defense for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upward of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clew to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork-tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had traveled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than any thing which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:

As we neared the grove of cork-trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the food which was unattainable, and came *en masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling that, after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brushwood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upward of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees toward these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance to the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home and did all we could to restore consciousness; but, alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterward that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life; but we who heard her tale so unaffectedly told thought the pistol would have been but of little use had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birthday present.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"I WISH I knew who Mrs. Grundy really was," said Lily, as she rubbed her face with the towel next morning.

"Yes, so do I," said Clover, brushing away at her hair. "Mamma's stories always mean something; and I'm almost sure I've heard her speak of Mrs. Grundy before. I want to hear the rest—it was very interesting."

"Yes, it was interesting," said Lily, in a rather doubtful tone of voice, "but I don't know how—mamma so often says something disagreeable."

"Mamma say any thing disagreeable!" exclaimed Clover, turning round with wide-open eyes.

"How you take one up!" said Lily. "Of course I don't mean mamma herself, only in her stories, you know—the stories say it, if you like that any better."

"I like mamma's stories, every one," said Clover, gravely.

"Well, so do I," said Lily, "only they make me feel queer sometimes—or I'm afraid they will, which comes to the same thing. But I'll tell you what I do wish, Clover—I wish I knew how many things are really worth having."

"Why, a great many things," said Clover. "There's flowers, and books, and pictures—oh, I couldn't begin to count them all."

"No, but I mean," said Lily, "how many of each kind—how much must there be to make it really worth while? You know Maria Jarvis said that so few flowers weren't good for much, or something like that. Now how many *are* good for much?"

"I don't believe *she* knows," said Clover, with a slightly disdainful air.

"Well, but she said her father always wanted a quantity—don't you remember?"

"I remember," said Clover. "And I guess it wouldn't be much matter if I forgot."

"You always laugh at every thing Maria says," said Lily, rather displeased at the implied slight to her friend's conversation.

"Oh no, not at every thing; only at some things," said Clover. "But if you want to know how many flowers are worth having, Lily, why don't you ask papa?"

"I guess I will," said Lily. "Wouldn't he laugh!"

"Then wait and listen," said Clover. "I do that sometimes, and often it almost seems as if papa and mamma understood, and began to talk of that very thing on purpose. Wait and listen, if you don't know. *I* know," said Clover, with a happy face, "I want every flower I can get, whether it's one or a hundred. Oh, I wonder how our boxes look this morning."

The boxes looked queer—so the children thought; or rather it was the panes of glass. Last night they had been perfectly bright and clear, and now each one was covered with fine drops of water, like a thick steam, so that you could hardly see the little flower-pots within.

"It's that tiresome Malvina," said Lily. "She's forever washing the windows, and she hadn't eyes to see that our glasses were all clean, and so she's been washing them. We must get mamma to speak to her right away. I won't have her meddling with *my* box of plants—ignorant thing!"

"Who is an ignorant thing?" inquired Sam, from the fireside.

"Malvina."

"What has Malvina been doing?"

"Why, she has washed all our panes of glass," said Lily; "here they are dripping with water."

"Ah!" said Sam.

"Yes, ah!" said Lily. "And, what's more, she must have taken 'em every one off, for the water's all on the inside. I guess she wiped off the top."

"Indeed!" said Sam, with the same provoking coolness. "Ah!"

Lily bounded from the window and caught hold of his book.

"Sam, you sha'n't sit there and exasperate me! Just come and look for yourself, if you don't choose to believe other people. The panes of glass are just *dripping*."

"So they are—I see," said Sam, coming to the window. "Ignorance is a wonderful thing!"

"It's a very troublesome thing," said Lily.

"Very!" said Sam.

"Lily," said Clover, who had been studying her brother's face, "Sam is just laughing at us. He means that *we* are the ignorant people."

"He don't!" said Lily. "Now, Sam?"

"There are ignorant people somewhere," said Sam, with a grave shake of his head.

"Well, I don't want to be one any longer," said Clover.

"Oh, maybe he washed 'em himself!" cried little Primrose.

"Truly I did not," said Sam; "but I'll tell you what did—the air inside the boxes."

"The air!" said Lily. "Sam, you're a real humbug. The air is just as dry as a chip."

"The air," continued Sam, without heeding this polite comment, "by means of the heat which is in it, holds fast and hid away a certain amount of moisture; but whenever it meets with something much colder than itself, then it gives up part of its heat and moisture too. Now the air inside your boxes is warmer than the glass, and so the glass steals away some of its heat. If a piece of cloth were there instead, it would take up heat and moisture together; but the glass can take up only the heat. Now, then, when the warm damp air in the box comes against the cold panes of glass, some of the heat in the air passes into the glass; but the moisture which that heat held fast in the air is left behind on the surface of the glass—deposited there—it can not go in."

"Well, that's curious," said Lily. "But I wish it wouldn't get deposited there—as you call it; it'll go drop, dropping all over my poor seeds."

"Not much; it may run down the glass a little to the edge of the box. But that is one use of the glass, Lily; it keeps all the moisture in."

"Where does the moisture come from—to begin with?" said Clover.

"Why, from the earth in the pots; and if there were no glass there the earth would be all dry in a very short time."

"Then we could water it," said Lily.

"It is a difficult matter to water the earth over small seeds without washing them out of place. By-and-by, when the plants come up, they may need a little water now and then, but even that must be done very carefully. I'll show you how when the time comes."

"Well," said Prim, "I guess Maria Jarvis would think a few flowers were something to take care of, any way. But she says all *her* father cares about is quantity—quantity!"

"I dare say. Well, he has a quantity of—almost every thing," said Sam, pausing a little to consider his words.

"Of course, our boxes and things looked very mean to her," said Lily.

"Mean, did they?" said Sam. "She is a wise young lady. How should you like to know somebody who never had but one thing at a time in her life, and hardly ever even heard of a quantity?"

"One flower, do you mean?" said Clover.

"One any thing. She would think your boxes a whole green-house."

"Would she?" said Lily, her spirits rising at the idea of such a different view of things. "I think I should like to see her very much."

"Well, some time you shall," said Sam; "but just now it is needful to go to breakfast."

It seemed as if Clover's words were to come true that morning, for Mr. May came in to breakfast bringing a single half-blown La Marque rose in his hand.

"There," he said to his wife; "so much I got for you in my early ride, and only so much."

"Only!" said Mrs. May, as she took the exquisite flower and gazed at it.

"Ay, 'only;' I thought it was not much—compared with the store from which it came. But 'a little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;' so you can comfort yourself with that. We'll have La Marques of our own, I hope, another year."

"Papa," said Lily, "how much is a little?"

"A sapient question!" said her father, laughing. "A little is—not a great deal!"

"But you said it was *better* than a great deal, papa."

"Ah, but you must mark my conditions. A little may be wrapped up in something very sweet, and a great deal in something very bitter. Ask mamma—she knows all about it."

"But how much is worth having, papa?" persisted Lily.

"As much as you can get, *I* think," said Mr. May; "your mother thinks differently."

"No, I think just that," said Mrs. May, "only with the conditions you are so fond of. So much as is received in the love of God, and used in the fear of God—all that is precious and worth having."

"Mamma, that don't mean our flowers?" said Primrose. "Lily was thinking of flowers."

"It means every thing, of every sort."

"Flowers!" said Mr. May. "And so Lily's ideas are enlarging? I thought so. She wants more ground to dig. She's such an enterprising child, this Lily, and digs so fast!"

Lily blushed and asked no more questions, but Prim took up the word in her grave way.

"Mamma, I don't know how to do it."

"What, love?"

"What you said—with my flowers," said Prim, folding her childish hands and looking deep into the question. "I don't know how to take 'em nor use 'em." The mother looked at her.

"Take them, as formed by the Lord's power and wisdom and love, for His glory and our joy," she said. "Then use them, as given by His kindness to His little child for her pleasure and for His service."

"*Use* them—my flowers?" said Prim.

"Yes," said her mother, "all for God, since all is from Him. One day He will ask even what we have done with our flowers."

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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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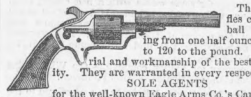
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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—MAGNOLIA GROVE, ON THE SHELL ROAD AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

A FRIEND writes as follows: "My views of the riot itself in New Orleans do not differ from yours. There is no apology for the action of the citizens and police. But I believe that the persistence of Radical politicians in the North in holding fast to the issue of 1860–61 instead of that of 1865–66, and in continuing the animosities of the past (which ought now to be buried) has tended to keep alive in the secessionists *their* prejudices and animosities. It seems to me that the situation in the South is far worse than it would have been if JOHNSON'S conciliatory policy had been carried out without interruption."

If our friend be correct in saying that the Radical politicians, or the Union party—for the action of Congress is undoubtedly sustained by the numerical strength and most vital conviction of the party—are still clinging to old issues, their doom is sealed and it ought to be. But what was the issue left by the war? Was it not that the fair and legitimate results of the war should be secured? This was, and is, to be done certainly in no hostile and offensive spirit, but it was to be firmly and surely done. And what were those results? Were they not, since the war had left no slaves, the civil equality of all citizens of the United States and the equable adjustment of the basis of national representation which the measures of the war had deranged so as to leave it unjust to the loyal States? If these were not the legitimate issues, what were? And if these could not be urged upon the late insurgent States, what could be? If we could do any thing, could we not do this, and if we could do nothing, was not the President's action wholly unwarranted and censurable?

When the rebel armies surrendered, the exact status of the rebel States in 1860 was either restored in every particular, or it could be restored only by an authority external to them. If by the fact of surrender of arms those States instantly resumed every right they had previously enjoyed, the first and most fundamental was that of internal reorganization at their pleasure. But this was not allowed by the President nor by the sentiment of the country, nor could it be. The country would have been imperiled upon a theory, "a pernicious abstraction." The saving spirit of the Constitution would have been sacrificed to an apparent letter. The situation was one of those extraordinary exigencies which seldom occur in the history of nations, but when they do arise are to be met and directed by that instinctive wisdom called common sense acting from the necessity of the case. The President so acted, and with the approval of the country. He acted without consulting Congress, but with the express assurance upon his part that his action was an experiment the results of which were to be estimated and finally sanctioned by the nation in Congress.

The principle was thus established as the basis of reconstruction, that the late rebel States were *not* restored to their old relation in the Union by the fact of surrender, but by the acceptance of conditions imposed by the National Government. In other words, the resumption of equal constitutional rights was made dependent upon the national will. This was the President's own principle; and the only remaining question was, what the national will should require. At that point the President and Congress parted. Foreseeing the difference and the consequent distraction, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. STEVENS, and other vehement orators foolishly shot bitter gibes at the President, who retorted by fierce accusations which were simply outbursts of illogical folly. If Mr. SUMNER were a traitor, so was the President. If Mr. STEVENS were a rebel, so was the President. If Congress were revolutionary, the President was not less so. For the difference between the President and Congress, despite his assumptions and asseverations, was not a constitutional difference. It was merely one of expediency. Both held that conditions might be imposed. The difference was that the President insisted that his were sufficient, while Congress thought that to make them effective something more must be added.

If, therefore, the Congressional policy is less conciliatory than the Presidential it is only because the President was willing to leave the civil rights of the loyal colored population of the insurgent States wholly at the mercy of the lately disloyal white population, while Congress was not. And again the President was willing to allow the late rebel States a gain of twelve representatives in Congress, while Congress was not willing. Of course we are not so foolish as to urge that because we had the clear and conceded right to require equal civil rights and the adjustment of representation they should, for that reason only, be required. It is not enough that the right exists; it must be also expedient and necessary that the right be exercised, and these conditions should be demanded because they are essential to peaceful reunion. Now these, it seems to us, were the fair and legitimate results which the war had given the Government—not merely the suppression of an armed rebellion, but the adjustment of the political relations which the war had essentially and unjustly to the loyal States deranged. These surely are not the issues of 1860–61, but of the autumn of 1866.

We suspect that it is really not with the policy of the Union party, but with the rhetoric and arguments by which it is sometimes supported, that our friend quarrels. He reads of slavery and slaveholders, and rebels and treason, when, as he would say, they are words of the past, and needlessly exasperating. Party rhetoric of any side we shall not undertake to defend. We have certainly not spared in these columns what we have considered the rhetorical excesses and follies of our friends. But these words are used to express a certain spirit and tendency in our politics which are perfectly well understood. No one, we are very sure, knows better than our correspondent that convictions and systems, which are deep and strong enough to be defended by such a war as we have seen, are not destroyed because the war is unsuccessful. They change their form and renew their activity, and are outworn only by steady opposition and the long lapse of time. The struggle between the spirit of caste and of equal rights in this country is not at an end because chattel slavery is abolished. The States in which the feeling of caste is strongest will resume their relations in the Union, and the contest will continue. But is it unfair, unmanly, unconciliatory, to ask that no unjust advantage shall be conceded to them while it is yet possible to withhold it? It suits the purpose of the partisans of the vital injustice which has disfigured our history and disgraced our national name to accuse the Union party of vindictiveness, of a lack of Christian charity, of a wish to degrade and humiliate brethren, of cherishing old quarrels, and of a revolutionary exclusion from Congress of States equal under the Constitution. This also is mere rhetorical fury. To ask of States which have renounced by war their constitutional fidelity to the Union, and which, by common consent, are to resume them only upon fair conditions, that the equal civil rights of all United States citizens shall be maintained, and that the Constitutional basis of representation shall not be prejudicial to States that have been always faithful, is not vindictive, nor uncharitable, nor degrading, nor humiliating, nor revolutionary, nor even extravagant. It is reasonable and generous.

"SATRAPS AND DEPENDENTS."

THE loudest asseveration of virtue is not always the best proof of its existence. The President loses no chance of telling us how much power he has refused, and how bitterly bent upon despotism Congress is. This at least is amusing from a chief magistrate who has not only assumed to settle every question without consulting the people, but sneers at their representatives as a body "assuming to be Congress." Yet, not content with abolishing Congress, the President evidently considers all the other officers of the Government his personal agents; and by way of illustrating his self-denial and abhorrence of power he actually announces that, if he had chosen to use the machinery of the Freedman's Bureau and Civil Rights bills, he might have proclaimed himself Dictator! Certainly, any man can be a perjurer if he chooses, but what are we to think of a man who prides himself upon not being one? The President knows, as well as every body else, that the office-holders and "the fifty or sixty millions of appropriation" would not have availed his Dictatorship a single day, and he knows perfectly well, and every body knows that he knows, that if his vetoes deprived him of the power of appointing certain office-holders, they gave him the solid vote of all in the Southern States who supported the late rebellion, a number considerably greater than any number of agents of the bills in question.

But the important point in this remark of the President's is, that he speaks of the officers who, by an act of Congress, are to be appointed upon his nomination, as "*My* satraps and dependents in every town and village." This little remark shows how truly Postmaster-General RANDALL interpreted the Presidential theory when he spoke of the various officers of the Government as "eating the President's bread and butter." We all know, of course, that the theory of honesty, intelligence, patriotism, and capacity being qualifications for the discharge of the myriad minor official duties of the Government, was long since exploded by the famous declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils." But that Postmasters, Custom-house officers, and Revenue agents are the "satraps and dependents" of the President only, had not been before so plainly announced.

This being the President's view, he is acting upon it vigorously. The country has felt the force of Executive patronage in other elections, but the war has so enormously increased the number of offices that this force will be felt as never before. Those who are familiar with politicians in their own neighborhoods will have remarked that the enthusiasm for the Philadelphia Convention outside of the Democratic lines appeared only among the "satraps and dependents." So that it is clear, if the President plumes himself on not making himself Dictator by their aid, he does not scorn their assistance in making his hostility to Congress effective.

The perilous evil of the vast Executive patronage in this country is becoming constantly more apparent. The demoralization of the public mind is almost inevitable when the bread and butter of thousands and thousands of citizens depend upon the whim of one man; and every official agent of the Government becomes an interested propagandist of his master's views. The corruption is necessarily such that the very nature of the Government is changed. It ceases to represent public opinion; and a policy which the conscience and sense of the country condemn may deceitfully prevail by means of that corruption, until the difficulty is beyond peaceful remedy. The late war was a terrible illustration of the peril of regarding the agents of the Government as Presidential "satraps and dependents," and every party which confides in honest debate, as well as every citizen who desires a pacific progress of the country, is equally interested in limiting that virtually irresponsible power which the President is now actively wielding.

A RETIRED STATESMAN UPON THE PRESIDENT.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP is a statesman in retirement, like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE in his later days. But occasionally he comes forth for the public good. Thus in the autumn of 1864 he came all the way to New York to stand side by side with that sterling patriot Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and to urge with him that the salvation of the country lay in the direction of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S Chicago platform and the election of General M'CLELLAN. Thus, again, in these stirring times Mr. WINTHROP has seized his pen, and covertly and ingeniously, but none the less severely, censures the conduct of the President.

Mr. WINTHROP writes that he agrees with Judge CURTIS "that the Southern States are now as rightfully, and should be as effectually, in the Union as they were before the madness of their people attempted to carry them out." And adds, that he "hopes the people may be aroused to the danger of allowing the Constitution of the United States to be longer the subject of partial or discretionary observance on the part of those who are sworn to support it." This is a terrible blow at the President, who plays fast and loose with the Constitution at his pleasure, and who without a shadow of Constitutional authority, if his own constant assertion be true, interferes with Governor WELLS of Louisiana as if he were his provisional lieutenant. Mr. WINTHROP, in his contemplative retirement, sees clearly that if, as he declares, Louisiana is as much in the Union as his own State, the President may as lawfully dispense with the services of Mr. BULLOCK as Governor of Massachusetts as call Governor WELLS to account, or peremptorily supersede him. Mr. WINTHROP wisely entreats the people to perceive the peril of such acts.

Again Mr. WINTHROP startles the country by declaring that he is in danger of despair if "there should fail to be exhibited at Washington something of that scrupulous adherence to the Constitution and the laws which characterized the earlier days of the Republic." This is another broadside full at the President, although, with all the sagacity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE calmly cultivating his cabbages, no names are mentioned. For we all know, as Mr. WINTHROP insinuates, whether in those earlier days it was the custom for the President to call to account those whom he acknowledged to be the lawful Governors of States for peaceful State acts, performed by State authority, within State limits. Moreover, Mr. WINTHROP condemns State action "under duress," in the plain daylight of the President's reconstructive action of last year. It is still another heavy blow at the President, who might have hoped that, since Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now commend him, Mr. WINTHROP, their fellow-laborer in 1864, would at least not censure him.

—Or, indeed, can it be possible that Mr. WINTHROP is a statesman so deep in retirement that he supposes his letter to be an argument in support of the President?

"IS IT JUST OR RIGHT?"

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," says Governor ORR, "we have been knocking at the door for eight long months, asking Congress that the best of the intellectual and leading men of the South shall be admitted into Congress to represent us there.....Is it just or right that we should be excluded from these privileges?"

The Governor does not ask why they are not admitted, because he knows. And the country knows. It is simply because having made a terrible war upon the Union, during which slavery was abolished, the victorious Government asks that Governor ORR and his friends shall not insist that in consequence of that war and the consequent emancipation they shall have a disproportioned increase of power in the Union. While the colored population of the South were slaves the eleven rebel States were entitled to *eighteen* representatives. Now that they are free the same population is a basis of *thirty* representatives. Governor ORR and his friends claim that having made a bloody and fearful and utterly causeless rebellion, to suppress which has cost the Government countless lives and unspeakable suffering and hundreds of millions of dollars, they shall have gained exactly *twelve* votes in Congress. Congress replies that it asks only that the Governor and his friends shall stand upon an equal footing with the States that did not rebel, and Governor ORR turns with a fine tragedy air and asks his fellow-citizens, "Is this fair? Is it just? Ought we to be taxed without representation?"

The Governor may be very sure that his fellow-citizens will answer, "If you wish to come in, come in on the square. If you insist upon a disproportion of power, you have nobody but yourselves to thank if you stay out. In any case you *are* to be taxed for expenses of a war contracted when you were not represented; and remember while you appeal to us upon the ground that you are governed without representation, you yourselves insist upon governing more than half your population without representation. Every word of your appeal to us convicts yourselves, your Excellency."

Governor ORR will perceive, if he is a diligent student of the elections, that the people of this country have learned the difference between words and things.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN his speech, upon taking the chair at Philadelphia, General DIX said: "The President, not in pursuance of any constitutional power, had called on the Confederate States to accept conditions for their admission to the exercise of their legitimate functions as members of the Union." General DIX applauds and justifies this proceeding. But is it not clear that if the necessity of the case compelled and authorized the requirement of conditions, Congress can not be denounced as treasonable and unconstitutional because it demands that the conditions shall be adequate to secure the proposed end? Moreover, if conditions are to be named, should it be done by the President alone or by the immediate representatives of the people? Or, if the President acts in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, can his authority as a military commander be fairly construed to cover the final settlement of the political questions springing from a civil war?

General DIX added: "The exaction of new conditions is unjust and a violation of the faith of the Government." Is then the President the Government? Does his opinion upon a subject where, as General DIX concedes, he has no constitutional authority, engage the faith of the United States Government? If the President had said that the rebel States upon laying down their arms might be represented, without revoking the acts of secession, or accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or disavowing their war debt, would the honor of the United States have been pledged to those conditions? Would the country have been barred from requiring others?

General DIX affirms that "when the President of the United States declared that armed resistance to the authority of the Union was over, all the States had a right to representation in Congress." That is a perilous interpretation of the scope of the Executive power. It is again denying to the country the right of obtaining reasonable securities for the peace of the Union. It is again saying that if the President had issued such a proclamation upon JOHNSON'S surrender to SHERMAN Congress could not have interfered, and that the country would have had no remedy save impeachment of the President. It is again asserting that, in his military capacity, the President may, at his pleasure, settle the most momentous civil questions without consulting the people in Congress. General DIX forgets that this is a country in which the will of the people, and not of the President, is the government.

THE CHOLERA CAMPAIGN.

AMONG the many campaigns of the summer that in which the country has had so grave a stake has by no means been the most regarded. The contest of the new Board of Health with the cholera has been prolonged and incessant, and conducted by our defenders with such sagacity, skill, and patient fidelity, that we are almost justified in believing that the worst is past before the disease became a pestilence or even an epidemic. Indeed it is hardly probable that, with the experience of this year, the cholera will ever again appall the community into a panic. The conviction is now universal that, with proper and seasonable care, the disease may be controlled. The mystery has become familiar, and the vague terror which al-

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ways accompanies such mystery has disappeared. The campaign of the Board of Health against the cholera has been like that of Prussia against Austria. It is a triumph.

Yet there was never a body of public benefactors more fiercely denounced than the Board of Health. If President SCHULTZ and his associates had conspired against the health and order of the city they could not hardly have been more vehemently opposed. Meetings, resolutions, protests, and injunctions have been the barricades erected in their path by the interest of cholera. Delays were forced upon them, and every kind of resistance offered. But they have pertinaciously pushed on. For the first time in a generation the city, in one department at least, has felt the influence of a moral force; and we have all seen what good results are possible even in New York. The wisdom of the legislation which created the Board is justified, as it is constantly in the case of the Metropolitan Police.

If it be true that the Commissioners have selected the West Bank in the Lower Bay as a site for the Quarantine hospitals, we hope there will be no delay in the erection of the buildings. That the city has been spared the ravages of a pestilence is certainly not due to the foresight and vigilance of the Quarantine Commissioners. The health of New York is due to the intelligent care of the Board of Health.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

IT is amazing that the people who administer our public finances should so persistently provoke criticism. They have every thing in their favor. The price of public securities rises steadily. The European demand develops day by day. Money flows into the exchequer at a rate which surpasses the most sanguine hopes of the Secretary. Last year, instead of a deficit of $112,000,000 as anticipated in the Treasury Report, the Secretary had a surplus of $125,000,000. This year, 1866–67, the prospects are that a still larger sum will be available for the reduction of the public debt. Surely if ever men had an easy task, and a task which promised triumph and fame to those who had it to perform, that is the task which has devolved upon the managers of our public finances. Yet somehow matters are so managed that the public never cease to growl.

We pass over, as by-gones, the gold sales; Mr. VAN DYCK has sold no more gold, and the growlers have no excuse for fresh complaints on this head. But why are the temporary deposits being paid off in National bank notes instead of legal tenders? MR. M'CULLOCH must be perfectly well aware that his checks—Government checks, duly certified—are being hawked about the streets of New York @ ⅞ of 1 per cent. discount. The banks will not receive them on deposit as money, for the simple reason that it takes from 3 to 15 days to convert them into legal tender, which is the only medium used for exchanges between the Associated banks of New York. And the honest folk who deposited legal tenders with Government on the pledge that they would be repaid on demand, are now forced to content themselves with payment in a currency that is not bankable, and which can only be sold at a discount of one-eighth per cent. Is this fair? Is it business-like? Is it calculated to help the public credit? Is it just to the people who deposited their money with Government on the tacit understanding that they should receive as good as they gave? If JONES, the dry-goods dealer, behaved in this way toward SMITH the banker, would not SMITH and all SMITH'S friends pronounce him a tricky fellow—to be strictly avoided hereafter? And is not the Treasury Department subject to the same laws as individuals?

Precedent is not wanting for the proceeding. In 1861 the Sub-Treasurer at New York borrowed money of individuals on call. The lenders deposited Treasury Notes, which, at the time of their issue, and throughout their existence, were held to be equivalent to specie. Yet when these lenders asked for their money the Sub-Treasurer tendered payment in new United States notes, then at a discount of 20 @ 30 per cent., and denounced fiercely the suffering innocents who besought him to return them their money in the kind of currency in which they had lent it to Government. There is nothing new under the sun.

Another brilliant example. A New York merchant received from a correspondent residing abroad a draft on the United States for a trifling sum—let us say $87 50. He indorsed the draft, and sent it to the Sub-Treasury for collection. Being drawn abroad he might have considered it a specie draft, as such a draft drawn by any foreign merchant on his New York correspondent would have been so considered. The New York Assistant Treasurer at once pronounced it a currency draft, and paid it—*in a check on the Postmaster at Newark, N. J.* No such check, of course, was bankable; the merchant was obliged to send a clerk to Newark to collect the check, which took a whole day. How would a merchant's credit stand who so conducted his business?

We alluded in a recent Number to private negotiations between the United States Government and the New York house of JAY COOKE & Co., by which the latter obtained fat commissions for services which other houses would have been glad to get at one-third the money. Our remarks appear to have proved distasteful in certain quarters; we have noticed in Pennsylvania papers about a score of articles—to say nothing of private letters—assailing us, and setting forth in vermilion characters the virtue, and purity, and wealth of the house in question. In reply, we have simply to say that we admit the great services rendered to the country by JAY COOKE during the rebellion. He was one of the few men who foresaw the end of the war. He was one of the very few men who believed in our finances. And he was the only man, to the best of our knowledge and belief, who could have floated the loans which the nation required. For all this the country owed him a reward. But has he not got it? Has he not received five, ten—nay—if some Pennsylvanians are to be believed—fifteen million dollars by way of commissions? Is not this enough? Are we—who admire and respect JAY COOKE as a loyal and masterly man—to be accused of abusing him because we hint that, having drawn five or ten or fifteen millions from the public purse for his great services, the time has at length come when the Government business may fairly be thrown open to public competition, and there is no longer any necessity for reserving it as a private monopoly in the house of JAY COOKE & Co.? We repeat—what we said a month ago—there is no excuse for giving to any house, however loyal and eminent, a monopoly of the exchanges which the Government requires to effect in its securities; and if MR.-M'CULLOCH persists in throwing those fat spoils into any single purse, he must expect that his opponents will make a handle of it at the fall elections, and that he and his subordinates will be charged by not a few of the baser and more reckless partisan journals with participating in the profits which he gratuitously awards to the fortunate house.

Our financial history is just commencing. Until the war began it was so simple that any smart grocery clerk might have managed the public finances. The war developed new necessities, which called forth financial expedients of more or less value—but none of which, in the severe pressure of the times, could be fairly judged. Peace restored, there is time to manage matters more carefully, and to adjust our financial policy to the fundamental laws of political economy. A very few principles should serve as the basis of our financial administration. In the first place, the Government must keep its word. It must not repudiate its debts, either in whole or in part, in the manner or in the form or in the time of payment. Where ambiguity exists in the law, it should follow the example of high-minded merchants, and adopt the construction adverse to itself. This is the way to command high credit. And as all high-minded merchants are careful to check the zeal of clerks who would gain undue advantage for their employers by sharp practices, so Government ought never to suffer its employés to perpetrate such small frauds on its creditors as the one above-described in the case of the merchant who was paid in a check on the Newark Postmaster. Such petty tricks do not save the country a dollar, but discredit the Department to the extent of thousands. And there should no longer be any favoritism, or devotion to pet bankers. Sound business principles dictate dealing with those who will do the business best and at the lowest rates, no matter what their political principles may be. If Government proposes to exchange Seven-Thirty notes for Five-Twenty bonds, and does not intend to effect the exchange through its salaried agents, it should offer the business to public competition—just as the State and City of New York do under the like circumstances. To confine its patronage to one or two houses, by reason of their services during the war, is just as unreasonable as it would be for the War or Navy Department to refuse to receive tenders for supplies from houses which did not rally to the support of the Administration in the old dark days. Sentiment is a fine thing; but if the Secretary of the Treasury wishes to afford no handle for abuse to his opponents at the fall elections he will deal with the bankers of the United States on simple business principles; and if Copperheads offer to do his work ⅛ per cent. cheaper than loyal Union men he will give his orders to the former. This may be aggravating to some intense loyalists, but it will pay.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

THE publication of the official dispatches in relation to the massacre in New Orleans on July 30, furnishes corroboration of the views which we have previously expressed in this paper. We find that the dispatch written by SHERIDAN to GRANT on August 3 was not originally published as it was written. The following important sentence was left out: "*In the mean time, official duty called me to Texas, and the Mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the Convention by the use of their police force, and in so doing attacked the members of the Convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder.*"

This judgment of General SHERIDAN coincides exactly with our own, after a careful reading of all the reports given of the riot, and before this entire dispatch was permitted to see the light. The following is the report recently made by General SHERIDAN to the President in reply to the inquiries addressed to him by the latter:

His Excellency ANDREW JOHNSON, *President of the United States:* I have the honor to make the following reply to your dispatch of August 4. A very large number of colored people marched in procession on Friday night, July 27, and were addressed from the steps of the City Hall by Dr. DOSTIE, Ex-Governor HAHN, and others.

The speech of DOSTIE was intemperate in language and sentiment. The speeches of the others, as far as I can learn, were characterized by moderation. I have not given you the words of DOSTIE'S speech, as the version published was denied, but from what I have learned of the man I believe they were intemperate. The Convention assembled at 12 M., on the 30th, the timid members absenting themselves because the tone of the general public was ominous of trouble.

I think there were but about 26 members present. In front of the Mechanics' Institute, when the meeting was held, there was assembled some colored men, women, and children, perhaps 18 or 20, and in the Institute a number of colored men, probably 150. Among those outside and inside there might have been a pistol in the possession of every tenth man. About 1 P.M., a procession of say from 60 to 130 colored men marched up Burgundy Street and across Canal Street, toward the Convention, carrying an American flag.

These men had about one pistol to every ten men, and canes and clubs in addition. While crossing Canal Street, a row occurred. There were many spectators on the streets, and their manner and tone toward the procession unfriendly. A shot was fired, by whom I am not able to state, but believe it to have been by a policeman or some colored man in the procession; this led to other shots and a rush after the procession.

On arrival at the front of the Institute there was some throwing of brick-bats by both sides. The police, who had been held well in hand, were vigorously marched to the scene of disorder. The procession entered the Institute with the flag, about six or eight remaining outside. A row occurred between a policeman and one of the colored men, and a shot was again fired by one of the parties, which led to an indiscriminate fire on the building through the windows by the policemen.

This had been going on for a short time, when a white flag was displayed from the window of the Institute; whereupon the firing ceased, and the police rushed into the building. From the testimony of wounded men and others who were inside the building, the policemen opened an indiscriminate fire upon the audience until they had emptied their revolvers, when they retired, and those inside barricaded the doors.

The door was broken in and the firing again commenced, when many of the colored and white people either escaped through the door or were passed through the door or were passed out by the policemen inside, but as they came out the policemen who formed the circle nearest the building fired upon them, and they were again fired upon by the citizens that formed the outer circle.

Many of those wounded and taken prisoners, and others who were prisoners and not wounded, were fired upon by their captors and by citizens. The wounded men were stabbed while lying on the ground, and their heads beaten with brick-bats. In the yard of the building, whither some of the colored men had escaped and partially secreted themselves, they were fired upon and killed or wounded by policemen; some men were killed and wounded several squares from the scene. Members of the Convention were wounded by the policemen while in their hands as prisoners, some of them mortally.

The immediate cause of this terrible affair was the assembling of this Convention. The remote cause was the bitter and antagonistic feeling which has been growing in this community since the advent of the present Mayor, who, in the organization of his police force, selected many desperate men, and some of them known murderers.

People of clear views were overawed by want of confidence in the Mayor and fear of the "Thugs," many of whom he had selected for his police force. I have frequently been applied to by prominent citizens on this subject, and have heard them express fear and want of confidence in Mayor MUNROE ever since the intimation of this last Convention. I must condemn the course of several of the city papers for supporting by their articles the bitter feeling of bad men. As to the merciless manner in which the Convention was broken up, I feel obliged to confess a strong repugnance.

It is useless to attempt to disguise the hostility that exists on the part of a great many here toward Northern men: and this unfortunate affair has so precipitated matters that there is now a test of what shall be the status of Northern men—whether they can live here without being in constant dread or not; whether they can be protected in life and property, and have justice in the courts.

If the matter is permitted to pass over without a thorough and determined prosecution of those engaged in it, we may look for frequent scenes of the same kind, not only here, but in other places.

No steps have as yet been taken by the civil authorities to arrest citizens who were engaged in this massacre, or policemen who perpetrated such cruelties. The members of the Convention have been indicted by the Grand Jury, and many of them arrested and held to bail. As to whether the civil authorities can mete out ample justice to the guilty parties on both sides I must say it is my opinion unequivocally that they can not. Judge ABELL, whose course I have closely watched for nearly a year, I now consider one of the most dangerous men that we have here to peace and quiet of the city.

The leading men of the Convention, KING, CUTLER, HAHN, and others, have been political agitators, and are bad men. I regret to say that the course of Governor WELLS has been vacillating, and that during the late trouble he has shown very little of the man.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major-General Commanding.

We have no comments to make. Mr. NAST'S picture, on another page, speaks for itself, and its whole meaning is borne out by the published official dispatches. The inquiry there put, Which was the more illegal? every one of our readers will answer for himself. Admit that the Convention was all that General SHERIDAN says it was, and that his denunciation of its leaders is perfectly just, still the question recurs, Was it more illegal that such a body of men should meet together and deliberate regarding a change in the Constitution of Louisiana than that a mob, assisted by the police of New Orleans, should be let loose like a party of bloodhounds against the Conventionists, to hunt them down and murder them at their will? It remains to be seen whether these murderers will be allowed to escape without suffering the just penalty for their crimes.

One thing is certain. The people of the South, in order to convince us of the sincerity of their allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the nation, must take some other method than this of murdering, on the slightest pretext, citizens of the United States. The American people have a pretty well settled conviction as to this matter, and will make its voice heard in every city and hamlet in the South in terms which can not be evaded or misunderstood. That Government is worthless which is incompetent to perform its first great function—the protection of its citizens. We have had enough of this wholesale system of murder—enough of this suppression of the right of free speech. The same spirit which made the New Orleans massacre a possibility existed before the war, and the Government looked on in silence. Since the war this spirit has revived again, and in a more formidable shape than before. How to meet it is one of the practical questions of reconstruction.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

OUR readers will remember that the University Medical College was destroyed by fire last spring at the time the Academy of Music was burned. The season is now approaching for the reopening of the Medical Schools, and we are glad to find that this institution is in readiness, notwithstanding its losses by that accident, to go on with even greater facilities and privileges for its students than ever heretofore.

It has been removed to the New York City Hospital, the Governors of which, with their accustomed liberality, have assigned to it the use of one of their large buildings. In this, during the summer, the various lecture-rooms, laboratory, anatomical-room, museums, etc., have been prepared.

The circular recently published shows very significantly the favor in which the University of New York is held by the medical profession. We find that it has educated more than 8000 students, from every State of the Union and from many foreign countries. It deserves the patronage of the City of New York, for it first turned the tide of medical education to our metropolis, at a time when not more than fifty students annually resorted here. Now they congregate by more than 1000. It accomplished this by instituting what are termed *Clinics*—that is, bringing patients into the College lecture-rooms before the students. This was first done by the late venerable Dr. MOTT, who was one of the founders of this institution, for many years its President, and died in its service. Among other great improvements in medical education it extended the course of instruction throughout the year, the term in other colleges being only four months long.

The energy that has been shown under the recent disaster will commend it to patronage every where. During the summer not a lecture or clinic was lost. The duties literally went on while the old building continued to burn. Such enterprise will doubtless be no small recommendation in its behalf to students now flocking to the city, who will find its means of instruction, both theoretical and practical, unsurpassed by any institution in our country. Its management still continues in the able hands of Professor DRAPER, who is so well known in the medical and scientific world.

A student who has been educated in such an institution as this, where the University and the Hospital are together, obtains the practical with the theoretical, and is fitted to enter on the practice of medicine as soon as he graduates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE report of deaths in this city and the public institutions for the week ending August 25 showed a most gratifying state of the public health. The total number of deaths was 714, being a decrease of 34 from the number reported the previous week. The number of deaths from cholera was 114, of which 46 took place in the city and 68 in the public institutions. The decrease in the total number of deaths from cholera during the week, from that of the previous one, was 31.

Dean Richmond died at two o'clock A.M., August 28.

General Hooker has gone to Detroit to take command of the "Department of the Lakes." He relieves General Ord.

Judge Charles A. Dewey, the oldest judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died on August 22. He has been on the bench since 1857, and was appointed by Governor Edward Everett.

United States Senator Grimes, of Iowa, announces his determination to retire from public life.

Professor Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College, has been chosen President of the Wisconsin State University.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAM.

August 21:

General La Marmora has resigned as chief of staff to the King, and is succeeded by General Cialdini.

August 22:

It is said that the Empress of Mexico has failed in her mission, Napoleon having, it is understood, refused to grant the assistance of the French troops, prior to their evacuation of Mexico, to quell the insurgents.

Governor Eyre was received enthusiastically at Southampton on the 21st inst. At a large opposition meeting resolutions were passed condemning his course in Jamaica.

August 23:

The Turks have commenced hostilities against the Christians in Candia. The insurgents, 25,000 strong, hold important positions.

King Victor Emanuel has issued a decree, proclaiming an amnesty to political exiles and prisoners throughout Italy and his dominions. This decree includes Mazzini, as well as others of lesser prominence.

August 25:

Advices have been received to-day in official circles in London announcing that a treaty of peace between the contending Powers of Prussia, Italy, Austria, and Bavaria was concluded by the Plenipotentiaries in session at Prague on Thursday last. The Treaty was officially signed by the Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their respective Governments on the same day. Among the provisions of the treaty is one that the troops now at different points shall evacuate their positions and retire to their respective homes within three weeks.

The cession of Venetia to Italy is fully accomplished. Before the treaty of peace between Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Bavaria was signed, Austria freely and unreservedly ceded Venetia to Victor Emanuel.

An immense demand has sprung up in Paris for United States Five-Twenties, and heavy orders for supplies have been telegraphed to American agents of various banking houses in this city.

Advices have been received to-day from Point de Galle, Island of Ceylon, via the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean cables, that a civil war has broken out in Japan.

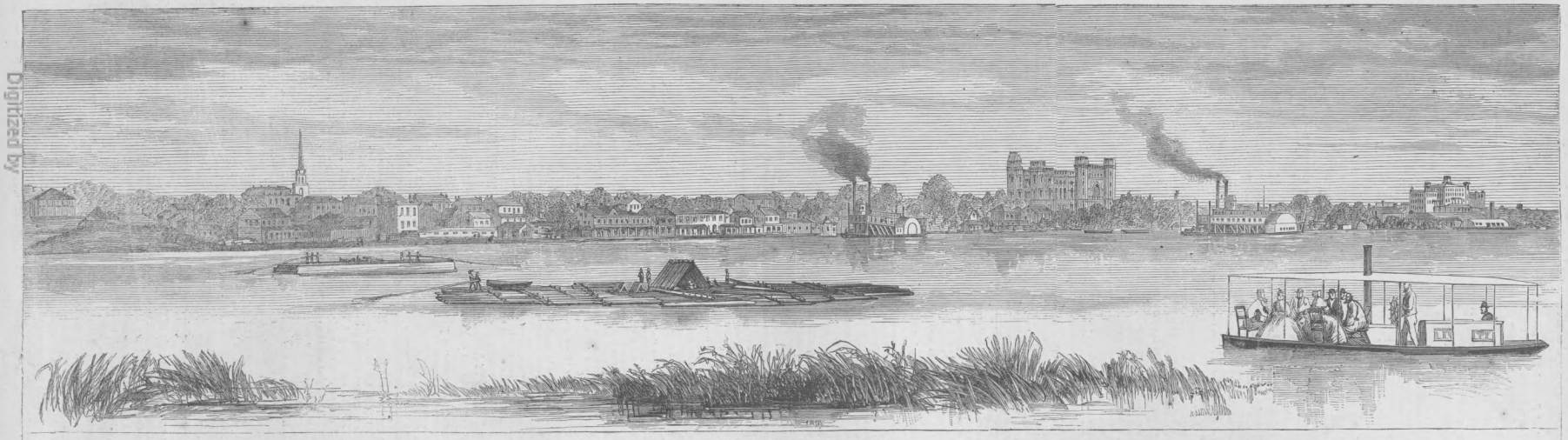
The Cunard steamship *Scotia*, Captain Judkins, sailed from Liverpool this noon for New York, via Queenstown. She has a large number of passengers, and takes £110,000 in specie on American account.

August 26:

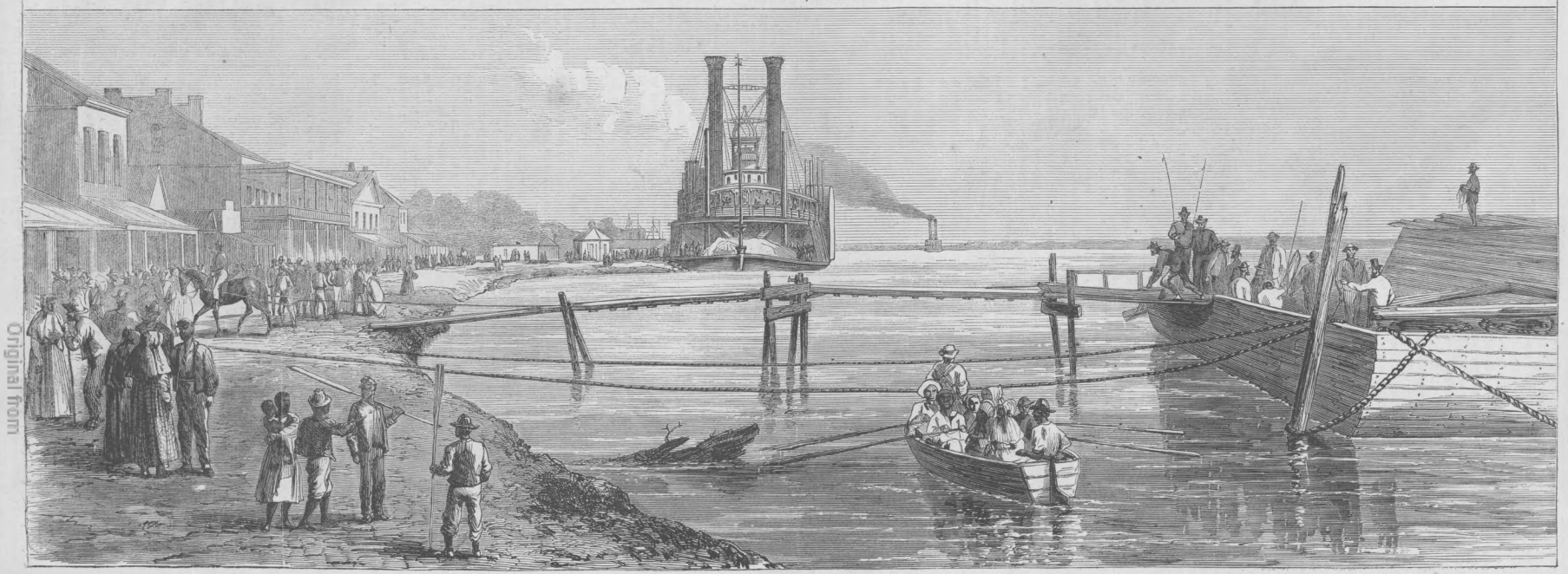
The meeting of the National Imperial Party has resolved that Savoy ought to be incorporated with France.

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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—SCENE ON THE LEVEE; LANDING ICE, ETC.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

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MATAMORAS.

WE give on this page a very excellent and accurate view of Matamoras. This city is a river-port town of Tamaulipas, in Mexico, on the right bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte, forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Its port on the Gulf consists of two harbors—the Brazo del Santiago and the Boca del Rio, about nine miles apart, and both obstructed by bars impassable under the prevalence of strong winds. The relation of the city to Brownsville is apparent from our sketch.

The port of Matamoras is one of those which MAXIMILIAN, several weeks ago, declared under blockade. The proclamation enforcing a blockade was supported by no efficient naval force, and we are glad to see that President JOHNSON has declared this blockade, so far as the United States are concerned, "absolutely null and void." President JOHNSON'S proclamation is the most popular act of his administration. It says virtually to the pseudo-Emperor: "You have undertaken under foreign auspices to manage Mexican affairs. We of the United States happen to have a more intimate concern in those affairs than any European nation *can* have. We have made the necessary arrangements to secure the withdrawal of the troops by which thus far you have succeeded in supporting a false position. Your temporary success has been a menace to republican institutions on this continent. In the mean time we shall not become a party to your scheme of foreign intervention by supporting or recognizing any mere paper blockade which you may think proper to institute. For the rest we shall wait, which we can well afford to do, while you can not."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND so the beautiful work went on. Oh, what an amount of care was bestowed upon the three boxes!—how they were set in the sunshine, and then moved away if the sunshine seemed to be *too* hot! and the panes of glass were raised a little to let in air in the middle of the day, and closed again before night, so as to keep in the warmth till morning. And it was no trifle, as Lily remarked, "to lug the boxes about; and it needed judgment to tell just when they should be aired; and then there were cloudy days, and cold days, and warm days, and all sorts of days to puzzle the children, and keep their thoughts at work. Sometimes when it rained and was very cloudy and cold, you might see the three boxes paraded in front of the fire to get dry and warm; and then, with a sudden fear of some dangerous degree of heat, back they went to the window again; so that, as Prim said, there was more gardening to do in bad weather than in fine. But the fair days brought plenty of work too; and by degrees Sam dug up all the three little gardens, and got them in beautiful condition, only as the ground thus newly turned up was very damp and cold, he advised the children to wait a little before they



sowed any seeds in it, and let the sun try his warming power for a few days first.

"If the ground is too cold when the seeds are put in," said Sam, "they will as like as not mould and come to nothing; and then you will wait and wait, and have no plants after all. But if you wait while the seeds are safe in your pocket, then there'll be something to reward your patience."

"Well, I should think these seeds in the boxes must be dry enough," said Lily. "I expect *they* will die *that* way."

"Let me see," said Sam, taking off the glasses. "They're doing well enough—but they may have just a little water. Run up to my room, Prim, and fetch me that brush that lies on my table; and you, Lily, get me a cup of water."

"A cup of water!" said Lily. "How many flower-pots will that do any good to, I wonder?" But she brought it, and Sam went to work: the brush was a small painter's brush, quite new and clean.

"Is this cold water?" said Sam.

"Yes, it is," said Lily. "I suppose you don't want hot to scald 'em?"

"No, nor ice-cold to freeze them," said Sam. "I want it just about as warm as the air inside the boxes."

A little hot water from the kitchen made this all right, and then Sam dipped the brush into the cup, and drawing it skillfully through his hand, he sent down the warm drops upon the flower-pots in a shower almost as fine as dew.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Clover. "I wonder if I could do that?"

"It's finer than the rose of my watering-pot," said Primrose.

"Yes; no watering-pot is fine enough for this work. You see if the drops are too large they will just displace the little seeds; and if the young plants were up they would be beaten down and half drowned."

"But you give them so very little!" said Lily, as her brother closed the panes of the first box.

"A little at a time. Seeds mould very easily, and young plants 'damp off,' as the gardeners say—die of the wet, if they have too much of it."

"I wonder when there will be any young plants there!" said Lily. "It takes 'em a great while to grow."

"Yes, and I get so impatient watching 'em," said Primrose. "Oh, I wish mamma was here to tell us the rest of her story! that would divert my mind a little."

"Come here, poor little mind that wants diversion," said Mrs. May from her work-table, with a laugh. "You want me so much, Prim, that you can not see me when I come."

"Ah, but I can see you now," said Primrose, running to the table; "and I was looking at my boxes, you know. Now for Mrs. Grundy, mamma?"

Sam went off, muttering that Mrs. Grundy was no friend of his; and the rest gathered round Mrs. May, and she began:

"I said Mrs. Grundy had a great deal of power, but it all lay in doing mischief and in making slaves. That is the proper word, rather than prisoners—she took people captive, and then, setting a mark upon them, she left them free—to do her pleasure. Whatever she said they must believe; whatever she ordered they must do."

"What sort of a mark did she give 'em?" asked Primrose.

"A shackle upon all their life; a bit of a chain to carry that bound even their thoughts and opinions. And then, to amuse herself, she would issue the most ridiculous orders, sending them here and there by her waiting-maid, Miss La Mode, or her Secretary, R. I. De Cule. But whatever she ordered it was all the same to her captives—they never thought of resistance, but went where she bade them, and said what she said; and wore carrots or beetles on their heads, just according to her fancy."

"Beetles! why that's like Maria Jarvis's rose-bugs!" cried Primrose.

"How absurd you are, Prim!" said Lily. "Maria's rose-bugs were on her frock, child."

"Well, Sarah's butterfly wasn't," persisted Prim. "Mamma, did she ever get hold of any body but grown-up people—any children?"

"Sometimes, when their mothers were not careful," said Mrs. May, "and then it would have made your heart ache to see the poor little things. I'll tell you of one who was called Ruth Rural. Ruth had always lived a very happy life with her mother in the country, running about the fields in a white sun-bonnet, and having a pink one for Sundays; picking blackberries, and hunting for hens' nests in the long grass of the meadow or the dry hay in the barn; studying with all her might in the morning, and playing just as hard in the afternoon. Until one unhappy summer, when Mrs. Rural (venturing too near the grounds of Grundy Castle) was taken captive, and was then at once so bewildered that little Ruth fell an easy prey."

"But didn't she run?" cried Primrose. "I should, I know that. Mrs. Grundy would never have got hold of me."

"She might," said Mrs. May. "You would not



MATAMORAS, MEXICO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

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be afraid of any place where you saw me, Prim, and Ruth just staid by her mother. And what a life Mrs. Grundy led the poor child! Ruth had gone away from home in a nice print dress and strong black shoes; able to run, and jump, and dance, and climb fences; and she came back in a large hoop, and a flounced robe, and silk boots. Her hair was crinkled, and braided, and bewitched, till it stood on end, as if she had been hearing the worst sort of a ghost story; and (no small misfortune) Ruth had learned that she had a complexion to make or to mar; and for that Mrs. Grundy had prescribed as little fresh air as possible, taken through a blue gauze veil.

"Well, when at last the poor child got home, and Grundy Castle was left far behind, the first night she was too tired to look at any thing. But next day, as soon as all the various duties enjoined by Mrs. Grundy were disposed of, Ruth thought she would run out and look at her flowers. So she caught up her watering-pot and ran to the pump; but her hoop was so large she couldn't get near it, and she had to go to the kitchen for water."

"Mamma, I wish you'd just tell us how she was dressed," said Clover, laughing.

"As near as I remember," said Mrs. May, "her dress was one which Miss La Mode had called 'extremely pretty, and even with pretensions to elegance.' It was a light blue summer poplin, with a white chip hat and a blue wreath, and high light kid boots. Well, Ruth went to her garden, and the delicate kid boots plunged down into the soft earth and came up quite another color. Then a sweet-brier seized hold of the chip hat with its sharp fingers, tearing away the blue forget-me-nots, and leaving a rent by which it was pretty sure to be remembered for some time to come; and the wind rushed about through the frizzed hair till Ruth looked like a wild thing. Ruth was in despair. All her flowers, she thought, looked strange at her; and how could they help it? with her hat swung up in the sweet-brier bush, and her blue veil all tangled in the moss rose. She walked off, quite forgetting her complexion, to another part of the garden; and there was her own white rose-bush, all shining in the sun, bending hither and thither with easy grace, sweeter than all the made-up perfumes in the world. Ruth stood there for a minute, feeling very envious; but suddenly she thought she heard Mrs. Grundy's voice coming along the road; and Ruth dropped her watering-pot and fled into the house."

"Is that all, mamma?" asked Primrose.

"No; I am sorry to say that is only part."

"Please don't tell any more now, mamma," said Lily. "I don't think I like your stories."

"I do," said Prim; "they're splendid. Only I don't quite understand 'em sometimes. Oh, Jack! —you mustn't touch my box."

"Mustn't touch it, hey?" said Jack, leisurely lifting the panes of glass and peeping in, while the alarmed little owners came rushing to the bow-window. "What's the matter? Are you afraid something will grow if I look in?"

"No, we're not, you profane boy," said Lily. "They'll grow fast enough if you'll keep your fingers off."

"Fast enough!" said Jack, whistling. "Fast enough! Much you know about growing, or seeds either. Ah! I could tell you how seeds *can* grow when they set about it."

"Well, tell away," said Lily.

"There was a farmer once," said Jack, taking an easy attitude upon the window-seat, "who had a lot of cucumber seed to plant."

"How much is a lot?" asked Prim.

"I don't know—half a handful. Well, he put the seed in his pocket, and started for the garden; and before he got there he thought his pocket felt queer—uneasy-like, so he put his hand in to see."

"To feel, you mean," said Clover.

"Be quiet! how you interrupt one!" said Jack. "He put his hand in, as I said, and there the seed had sprouted. Well, that was good news, and he hurried on to the garden; but all the time his pocket kept feeling queerer and queerer, till by-and-by the cucumber leaves began to shoot out of the pocket-hole. Then the man started to run; but the shoot grew and grew till it got down to the ground, and then it went as fast as he did. The man was scared by that time, and turned about and ran for home as fast as he could go; and the shoot ran with him all the way. And if you'll believe me," said Jack, "when he reached the house there was a great, large, big cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!"

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

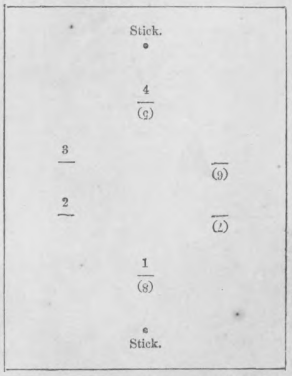
CROQUET has become so universally popular, and deservedly so, that, in connection with our illustration on page 568, we propose to lay before our readers the nature and rules of this charming game.

We have not the space to enter into the history of Croquet. The game as it stands now has taken its fixed shape from the decisions promulgated by the Croquet Committee of London.

The best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, it is a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning-stick, so that what is the starting-stick to one party is the turning-stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously; the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball belonging to the other game lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment while the striker in the other game makes his stroke.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and any thing but level. In such cases all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is "no object," the ground should be level, and of well-mown and well-rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well-defined before the play begins.

With a view to shortening the game a series of experiments has been instituted, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed:



The numbers appended to the hoops show the order in which they are to be run. A string should be cut one-sixth of the entire length between the two sticks. From the starting-stick to hoop 1 is one string, and there is the same distance between the turning-stick and hoop 4 (5). The side-hoops are fixed two on either side, one string apart, and each of the four two strings from a point midway between the two sticks. Hoops 7 and 2 are at the same distance from hoop 1 as hoops 3 and 6 from hoop 4.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops: hoops 2 and 3 (see diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half-way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, etc., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 "in order," that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops "in order," and hits all the sticks "in order."

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is "in play" or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear:

"A ball is 'in play' as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is 'in hand.' A ball 'in hand' must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again 'in play;' but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is 'in play' again to all the balls as at the commencemnt of its turn."

Running a hoop means, as every body knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run "in order," and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not "run." If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight-edge behind the hoop, the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straight-edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not "run."

Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is "in play" to the other ball, the "roquet" gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a "tight" croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a "loose" croquet.

A *point* is made on running a hoop, or hitting a stick, each, of course, "in order."

We have already stated what constitutes "running" a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a bail should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the bail falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a bail would be a complication. It is a question, however, whether in a grand match bails should be used.

A *turn* is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to understand the bearings of the definition of the terms "in hand" and "in play."

A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has made another point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the croquet, and so on. It follows from this that croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without a point being made in the interval, as, for instance, for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, etc.; but such roquet does not entitle to a croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is "in play." In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting a stick or a stone that might happen to lie on the grass.

We now come to the laws themselves. But we have said so much by anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is, that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the rotation of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colors as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball any where not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting-stick, and striking it toward the first hoop. If this point is made, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop (and this is the *pons asinorum* of unskillful players, and often is not run), his ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

The striker having run a hoop has the privilege of continuing his turn, so long as he succeeds in making a point in order, or a roquet on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking must be across the body from left to right, or from right to left. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both hands may be used, but the nearest to the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking is across the body (i. e., at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet), the abominable practice of "spooning" is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law just quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost: the ball is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced half a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

As regards the penalties for various offenses, the one most open to argument is that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who allows his ball to slip loses his next stroke—i. e., the remainder of his turn.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a player makes a second hit (as, e. g., seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse side.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (e. g., in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse side.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOBILE.

THIS city is so thoroughly uninteresting that your artist made but one sketch there. That was the picture of the Magnolia Avenue on the Shell Road—or rather what is left of it, for many of the finest trees were cut down in getting range for the guns which were to defend the city—a needless destruction, as they never fired a shot.

The Magnolia, when old, is a handsome tree. It grows tall, and the deep, glossy green of its leaves is a capital foil to the delicate white of its large and perfumed blossoms. The trees through which the Shell Road passes—the fashionable drive of Mobile—have long been famous, and it is a great pity so many of them have been destroyed.

Mobile was a terribly demoralized city during the war, and it is not to be wondered at. Garrisoned by a large force, which was entirely without occupation till toward the close of the war, such looseness pervaded its society as to make it the subject of repeated strictures in the rebel newspapers. Since it fell into Union hands it has shown itself to be by no means a community where liberal or peaceful sentiments reign; as witness the repeated burnings of colored churches and school-houses, "entirely the work of *accident*, unless the niggers did it themselves," as I was assured by a citizen. These and other things—the result of bad policy—are driving much of the trade and even the merchants to New Orleans, whither many of the planters of Alabama follow to get their supplies.

BATON ROUGE.

Inquiry of the citizens failed to throw any light upon the origin of the name of Red Stick. Probably our novelists may be induced to take it up—not the *baton rouge*, but the construction of some magnificent story, connecting the foundation of the city with the most hideous deeds, committed by amiable scoundrels and sweet criminals, in whom the worst vices shall appear worthy of imitation and consonant with the true principles of Christianity. Like all the Southern cities, business here is entirely stagnant, the principal occupation being to keep out of the sun and drink iced drinks. The State House still stands, a melancholy shell, and looks much more like an ancient castle than it ever had any hopes of doing while perfect. Meanwhile the Legislature meets at New Orleans.

The other prominent building is the Louisiana State Deaf and Dumb Asylum—a very pleasant and commodious building, but having few patients. From its roof the spectator can look over the city and the battle-ground where General WILLIAMS died at the head of his men in 1862. The field is flat, extending in an arc around the city, bounded by woods, where the Confederate army found shelter when finally driven off. Above the city a number of good residences are missing, near the arsenal, having been torn down and destroyed to make way for fortification. In this way all trace of the old Spanish defensive works disappeared. The places can still be seen where the shells of the Union fleet tore through the houses, when compelled to open upon the city in revenge for the dastardly conduct of some men (said to be guerrillas) who, concealed behind fences, fired upon a boat's crew which landed to get ice, and killed an officer and a number of men. On that occasion the citizens left in such a hurry that, though the fire killed none, a number died of the unaccustomed exercise.

In all the Southern cities along the rivers the Levee is the place of first importance. If there is any life it will be seen here. In one of my sketches a New Orleans steamer, one of the Atlantic and Mississippi line, has made a landing, while another on its way down is visible in the distance. On the right are the welcome ice-boats discharging their frosty cargo. This is done, as befits the sunny South, in a clumsy and slovenly manner. The wretched bridge, over which they haul the ice in sleds, and which might as well be made in one inclined plane to the shore, is constructed with several angles. The negro who has charge of the horse makes the animal carry his hulking frame as well as haul the ice ashore. Fancy a man on a New York dock riding the horse engaged in unloading cargo. While making the sketch a hitch occurred and a darkey fell overboard. Although it did not appear that he could swim much, a boat-load of white boys kept out of his way and yelled at him derisively.

The Southern people hate the adverse criticisms of Northern people upon the usual manner in which things are done in the South; but as soon as they realize how much they lose in comfort and dignity as well as money, they will begin to enjoy life as they have not had a chance to do under the demoralizing influences of "the institution."

A. R. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE.—The gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes, the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't. I always sing the latter."

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be;
No woman could wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly strong!

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
He has always less money, by far, than debt;
Moreover, he wallops me now and then—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;
And, besides, he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing at cards and dice; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know
('Tis the way with the men—they're always so),
But what care I for his flirting—when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter and spend the cash;
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipple, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the crockery left and right,
And pulls my hair, and growls again—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

Yes—such is the loyalty I have shown;
But I have a spouse who is all my own;
As good, indeed, as a man can be—
And who could ask for a better than he?

Who was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

"Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a bright little boy. "The cod-fish," replied the little original.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition?—Because he offers a *horn* to every one he meets.

A man who was once on a journey said he never liked to see the tables covered with books and newspapers where he stopped at night. "For," said he, "I can never find any whisky at such places."

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter exerescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

A mirror has been well defined
An emblem of a thoughtful mind;
For look upon it when you will,
You find it is reflecting still.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married landsman generally is.

The State of Matrimony is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks, and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you cross the equinoctial line of housekeep-

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ive had left a small property and a farm near Quebec to his second cousin, Louis Auguste Philippe Emile de Beauguet. I wrote the names down afterward, and that's how I remember them so glibly. And then he said that he had resolved to give up teaching and to go out and settle in Canada, where there was quite a colony of his country people; and he was full of his plans and hopes. He didn't say a word about—about me—then. After he was gone I don't mind owning that I felt much depressed. I was glad of his good prospects, really glad; and yet the idea of his going away all that distance, set me thinking how all those to whom I was attached had other and stronger ties in the world—how the girls I had loved and taught grew up and passed out of my ken, generation after generation, vanishing away to be bright and pretty and clever in their distant homes, without a thought of their poor schoolmistress growing old by herself in her solitude. And I could not help thinking how other women took root, as it were, in the world, and bore fruit, and flourished into a green old age; while I stood alone, like some cold bare rock that had no beauty and little use, and must some day topple down and lie unregretted where it falls. I worked myself into such a dismal, desolate frame of mind—more shame for me!—that I sat huddled up by the fire, crying and sobbing like a fool, when my little servant Kate came bouncing into the room—you remember, Philosophy, my love, that we never *could* teach her to knock at the door—and brought me a great square letter, sealed with a coat of arms as big as a cheese-plate. It was from De Beauguet, of course. I'm not going to repeat it to you, don't be afraid, though I do know it by heart"—here a faint pink flush came over Miss Wokenham's delicate pale face—"but I may say it was a good letter, a very good letter. He said he felt alone in the world. He had been exiled from his country and all he held dear in it for so many years that France was more like a beautiful dream to him than a reality. He said a great deal more than he need have done about generous kindness and delicate sympathy on the part of your humble servant. I'm not going to pretend that I was not gratified; but he gave me more than my due ten thousand times over. And then at last he said that if I would—there!—would cast in my lot with his, and go abroad with him, he would undertake that I should never repent my confidence. I took a week to consider about it, though I *think*—upon my word I am not sure—that my mind was made up from the first. And the end of it is that I've promised Lewis to take him for better, for worse, and to be a faithful, kind companion to him, as well as I know how, so long as I have life and strength, and longer."

After that day Miss Wokenham was a great deal at the Gable House. She had many preparations to make, and not too much time to get ready in. They were to be married in Liverpool, and to sail from that port in a merchantman bound for Quebec. Monsieur de Beauguet had arranged all that. My aunt was a perfect mistress of the craft of needlework, and Anna and I were fairly creditable scholars of so accomplished a teacher. So we all three were able to be useful to our old friend, and were happy to be allowed to help in the preparation of her wardrobe. The year was drawing to a close by this time, and we stitched our way through the very core of the winter. Anna was a better seamstress than I, and her rapid fingers did good service in the manufacture of caps and aprons, and such other sober decorations as Miss Wokenham thought becoming her years. I worked neatly but slowly; and our shrewd little bride elect was wont to say: "You're both dear, kind children; but, on a stitching emergency, give me Anna! Philosophy, with the very best intentions, stops at every crossroad to deliberate which turning she shall take. Will-o'-the-wisp keeps moving and does get over the ground, even though it be after a somewhat zigzag fashion."

One cold bleak day we had all been busy in the morning-room from an early hour. When, in the sudden dusk, Miss Wokenham folded up her work and prepared to go homeward my aunt stopped her and insisted that she should stay to take tea and see my uncle.

"Horace will be here too, by-and-by," said Aunt Gough—"young Mr. Lee that is; but he seems so much one of us now that I give the lad his Christian name as natural as possible. And both of them will be so glad to see you."

"I should like to stay very much, but—but M'sieu' is to walk and meet me this evening on the way home, and perhaps he'd be disappointed if I was not there."

"Perhaps he would?" echoed Aunt Gough. "Why, of course he would. But I will send some one to him with my respects, to say that you are here, and that I expect him to tea, if he will do us the pleasure of coming without ceremony."

"Thus tempted, Miss Wokenham remained; and in due time "M'sieu'" arrived. We had seen him since the announcement of his engagement to our old schoolmistress, he having made a formal visit to my aunt, and having been presented by his affianced with all due observance and punctilio. But on this occasion he came on a more intimate footing, and without the panoply of etiquette and ceremony which it had pleased him to assume at first. "M'sieu," without his mail of proof, was a very genial, simple creature, with more of youthful freshness and romantic chivalry than I have often seen remaining in dashing cavaliers of half his years. He was a handsome man of fifty, with high, clear-cut features, a florid skin, and the bluest of blue eyes.

"I take it very kind of you, Mr. Bogie," said my aunt, thus pronouncing his patronymic in all simplicity and good faith: "very kind, that you should have come to us in this friendly way, and I hope you'll be able to make yourself comfortable among us."

M'sieu' was at home in a minute.

"Ah, Elise!" said he, sitting cozily beside Miss Wokenham in the glow of the fire-light, "dese is de scenes dat makes us ruggerret to leave England."

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "I can't commend your grammar, but your sentiment is mine exactly. I shall never get him to talk good English, Mrs. Gough, no more than he will ever teach me to pronounce good French; and *that's* speaking pretty strongly, as you would know if you had ever heard my attempts."

"She speaks very well, Madame," interrupted her bridegroom elect. "She can say 'oui,' and 'je t'aime,' and dat's so much French as I ask of her."

While we were laughing at this, and Miss Wokenham was protesting with unnecessary vehemence that she never said "je t'aime" to *him*, and was declaring that her friends would think she had taken leave of the last remnant of her senses if he went on in that way, my uncle and Horace Lee entered together.

"I picked up this young gentleman on my way home from Oatlands; or, rather, he picked up me, for I was afoot, and he driving in Rotherwood's gig. He has been surveying, and measuring, and tramping through plowed fields with a chain round his middle, or some such adornment, and—"

"—And he is not fit to come into the presence of ladies, Mrs. Gough," said Horace, finishing my uncle's speech. "But there was no refusing. You know how positive your lord and master can be on occasion."

"She know!" said my uncle with a laugh. "O the sweet simplicity of three-and-twenty! As if a man was ever positive with his wife! But there, laddie, run to my room—you know the way—and polish yourself up before the candles come. No one has seen how you look yet."

It was quite dark, except just within range of the deep, red glow from the hearth; for we all loved the dreamy, fitful fire-light, and had sat talking by it until the faint gray ghost of day, peeping in at the windows, had melted into the dense blackness of a winter night.

"Where's Nanny?" asked my uncle, suddenly, when he was seated in his arm-chair, enjoying a tankard of hot mulled wine which Aunt Gough had prepared with her own hands. Aunt was busy now, spicing a similar jorum for Mr. Lee, to warm him after the cold plowed fields. "Where's Nanny? I haven't set eyes on her bonny face to-day."

She had been in the midst of us when they entered, but had vanished.

"Mademoiselle Anna was nearest de door when Monsieur Gough and Monsieur Lee came in, and she sl-slapped away wizout one word. I rummarark it," said M'sieu'.

"Slapped away! My goodness, Lewis, slipped, you mean—slipped away," cried Miss Wokenham, with comical consternation.

"Ah bien, sleeped," said De Beauguet, with perfect good-humor, smiling round on us all; "she sleeped away quite quiet."

"We'll wake her up, willful baggage!" said my uncle, who could not bear to miss Anna's bright face from the home circle, even for a moment. But almost as he spoke the door opened and my sister came in, followed by Horace Lee. "Why, whither did you two run off together?" asked Uncle Gough. "Come here, sauce-box. This is a warm reception to give the master of the house, to run away as soon as he shows his face!"

"I overtook Miss Anna on the stairs as I was coming down, Sir," Horace Lee explained, as he drew his chair up to the fire, next mine. I looked at my sister and noticed that she had been to her room to put on a scarlet ribbon which she sometimes wore in her dark curls, and which she had tied very archly and becomingly over one ear. Miss Wokenham, whose observation was singularly keen, noticed the ribbon too, but said nothing. Only I saw her watching Anna with a curious intent look in her eyes all the evening. After all, the little harmless bit of coquetry was nothing very wonderful, especially in Anna, who made no secret of the pleasure she took in her own good looks. She was very handsome. And as she sat on the soft white rug at my uncle's feet, with her pretty round arm leaning on his knee, and her animated face flushed and smiling, I thought I had never seen a bonnier sight, even in a picture. So thought uncle, too, for he sat looking down upon her with a smile of positive enchantment.

"Sing us a song, Nanny," he said at last. "Let M'sieu' hear one of our Border ditties. Not scientific music, you know, M'sieu', but simple old songs, where the words and the tune seem to belong to each other, and to grow out of each other like the leaf and blossom of a flower. Sing us 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Nanny."

"Not if you call me Nanny," said she, pouting. "For my part, I don't know what is the use of one's godfathers and godmothers giving one a pretty name if it's to be uglified into Nan and Nanny. I'd as soon be called Sukey."

"But pretty names are for pretty people. Don't you know that, Nanny? Well, there! Anna then. Don't flame up like a volcano, but sing us 'Sir Patrick Spence,' my bairn."

But Anna was ruffled, and would not sing Sir Patrick Spence, or any other song. Her temper was very capricious, and had been pampered by constant indulgence. My aunt and uncle began to coax her in their gentle, loving way, and Monsieur De Beauguet added a polite hope that Mademoiselle would give him the great pleasure of hearing her charming voice; but she only shook her rich ringlets, and kept her eyes obstinately fixed on the floor.

"You ask her, Horace," said my uncle, on a sudden. "Try if she won't sing for you."

Horace was sitting silent beside me, and had not seemed to hear the discussion. He had a very absent way with him sometimes, and he sat playing with a little hair chain, twisting it round and round his fingers. It was mine. I wore it round my neck, supporting a gold locket which contained some of our dead parents' hair. Anna and I had each one alike. The clasp of mine had come unloosed, and it had fallen on the carpet. I did not replace it at once on my neck, and Horace took it up from the table where I had laid it, and sat twisting it as I have said. He started when my uncle spoke, but leaned forward directly, and said, "Oh, I beg pardon. Pray do sing, Miss Anna."

"What shall I sing?" she asked, softly, lifting her head a little, but keeping her eyes cast down.

"There! You see you have succeeded, Horace," said my uncle. "*I* thought you would." But he looked surprised and just a little hurt.

"Won't you sing what your uncle asked for?" demanded Horace.

"No. I'll sing the Yellow-haired laddie," answered Anna, decisively. She was just about to begin, when she glanced up at him, and stopped.

"Where did you get Margaret's chain? Put it down. I hate to see you twisting things backward and forward in your hands; it fidgets me to death."

Horace laid it down without a word, and there was a minute's silence. It was broken by Anna's clear vibrating tones, as she burst into an old legendary ballad, the name of which I have forgotten (it was not the Yellow-haired laddie), but which was wild, and fierce, and stormy, and which she sang with amazing power and passion. As the last note thrilled through the room she rose and went away without a word of good-night to any one, shutting the door sharply behind her. We were well used to her capricious moods, her sudden alternations of cloud and sunshine; but there was something strange and oppressive in this.

When our three guests bade us good-night, intending to walk part of their way home in company, Miss Wokenham lingered behind with me, while De Beauguet and Horace were wrapping themselves to face the cold, in the hall. Aunt and uncle were both standing just outside the sitting-room door, and the maid had been sent to fetch Miss Wokenham's hood and mantle; so my old schoolmistress and I were alone together. She knelt upon a chair, and putting her two hands on my shoulders as I stood before her, looked earnestly into my face.

"I wonder," she said, slowly—"I wonder if my Philosophy is only a fair-weather sailor! I wonder whether her courage would rise into her head or sink into her heels, if, all at once, in the midst of a prosperous voyage, favoring gales, halcyon seas, and the rest of it, she were to hear the warning cry, 'Breakers ahead!'" Then with a rapid change to her ordinary brisk manner, she added: "Why, what a sweet sage Margaret it is! You mustn't look so pale, my child. Good-night! God bless you." And she was gone.

I hunted before going to bed for my hair chain. The locket was there, safe on the table, but I could not find the little guard that it used to hang upon. This vexed me rather, and Anna's unreasonable humor grieved me. I did not like her to be harshly judged by others, as I felt afraid she would be. I lay awake a long time. But all the while Miss Wokenham's words ran uneasily in my memory, like a haunting tune: "Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE scorching heat of July induced many New Yorkers to make a hasty *raid* upon the country. August, usually hot, sultry, and uncomfortable, will surely, they reasoned, be positively unendurable this year in the city, heralded as it was by mercury in the immediate vicinity of 100. So we, in common with the multitude, packed up, and plunged into the "forests of Maine" to "*cool off*." Well, we have got "cooled off," emphatically so; and if Phœbus does not exert himself soon, and make August seem a little less like October, we propose going back to New York to get *warmed up*. Why, last night the people (it is not altogether wild land here, as some may fancy, there are plenty of pleasant people, pretty villages, and flourishing farms) were actually talking about covering up the tender products of their gardens, lest there should be a frost, and the first thing every body did this morning was to look out of the window to see if the ground was not white. Even a little ten-year-old city boy, who has been wonderfully interested in the corn which he planted, and has watched until it is far above his head, shouted from his bed, before his eyes were half open, "Mamma, was there a frost last night?" as if the welfare of the country depended on his particular crop of corn.

But it *is* cold. Linen coats and muslin dresses are at a discount, and over-coats and shawls are in demand. Ladies who have come from the city anticipating only hot weather, look regretfully at the pretty white waists, the organdies and grenadines, that lie unfolded in their trunks, and declare, with more truth than they ordinarily make the assertion, that they have "nothing to wear!" And though with their usual ingenuity they manage to make themselves comfortable by the use of breakfast capes and jaunty little jackets, they find that it was a great mistake in leaving thick dresses and warm flannels at home.

It is curious about the weather here. You rise early in the morning—for what is the use of going into the country unless you can find out where the sun rises?—besides, if you do not get up in *pretty* good season, you will miss the family breakfast entirely, and find the enterprising people at dinner! But the mornings are chilly. You envy the good housewife who is broiling the steak—and herself—over the kitchen fire. *She* can not conceive of any body's being cold; but you would not object to turning cook *pro tem.* to benefit your tardy circulation. However, you put on an extra garment, and climb the little hill that rises abruptly just behind the garden, and soon return eager for breakfast. As the sun nears the zenith it may be hot enough to make thin clothing almost a necessity for a few hours. But after you have gazed upon the magnificent sunset, which here is glorious beyond comparison, a damp chill comes over you, and when you go within doors, if a bright fire is burning in the cozy little parlor, you feel like toasting your feet by it, as on an autumn eve. And then at night you need not fancy you can sleep with only a mosquito netting over you. There are no mosquitoes here; the tropical little creatures would freeze while singing their first serenade, if they ventured into these parts. You want plenty of warm blankets, and then you will sleep "like a top," as the saying is: though why a top sleeps any better than other playthings we have never been able to ascertain.

Cool in the morning, hot at mid-day, showery in the afternoon, and cool at night—this is what the average of August days in Maine have been this year. But it is not always thus, and September will bring more balmy days.

If any fancy not this picture of country life, to them we will whisper of another side; of delightful drives, wild and magnificent scenery, romantic walks, fishing and picnics; of delicious fresh air, untainted by bone-boiling or fat-melting; of country milk that would put city cream to shame, and cream that *is* cream; of blue-berries, and early apples, and wonderful mealy potatoes, and—and—we will leave other pleasures of the country for future consideration.

Although Saratoga has been very unfortunate in regard to fires, there still remain accommodations for *a few* visitors. The hotels will give "food and lodging" to some four thousand. And about every second house in Saratoga is a private boarding-house, many of which are very nice and stylish. There is, however, a fine opening for hotels at "the Springs;" a half a dozen more would all be well patronized, and those now in operation be all the more busy for such an addition.

There has been a great deal said of late about the increasing wickedness of the world in general, and of large cities in particular. Newspapers have brought forward sundry indefinite statistics to prove that theft, and murder, and fighting, and disgraceful conduct generally, was on the increase. *Perhaps* this is true, sometimes it almost seems so. But we might as well take into consideration the great increase of population, and *then* make our calculations. The following item would lead us to suppose that "fights and rows" are not quite so fashionable now as they used to be in olden times. "There is yet standing, near Oxford Street, London, a very old sign of 'David Williams, Eye Painter.' Antiquarians, after long puzzling over this, have discovered that it refers to a period of society when gentlemen had so many rows and fights that black eyes were common; and the artist found it a sufficient employment to paint such bruises to a flesh-color, in order that gentlemen might go into company without remark."

An Eastern paper indulges in the belief that many young men marry various scraps and bits of a wife instead of the genuine article. It says: "Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often." A caution is then given to heedless youth to beware of marrying a curl, however natural-looking; a neck, however swan-like; or a voice, however melodious.

A young lady advertises in a country village newspaper for one hundred young men of all shapes and sizes, to form a "gaping corps," to be in attendance at the several church doors, and on the principal streets in that village, to stare at females as they pass, and make "delicate" remarks on their dress and person. In order to prevent a general rush, it is stated "that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacity above that of a well-bred donkey." There *are* villages in some parts of the United States where such an advertisement would be superfluous—there being a complete regiment of "gapers" in constant attendance at church doors, at the entrance of shops, and in all the public thoroughfares, necessitating every lady who passes to almost force her way through the lazy, staring crowd.

They have a singular *currency* in Chicago, Illinois. Not long since a young lady of that city selected a pair of shoes at a store, and took them to the door to show them to a friend, as she said, asking the obliging clerk, meanwhile, to keep her little satchel for her. She did not return, however, and the satchel being found empty, the clerk was indignant about the unpaid-for shoes. A few days after he met her in the street and demanded payment. She had no money, but asked if he would take her waterfall as security. He would. So she quietly detached it and gave it to him. The next day she called at the store and redeemed her back hair.

A Western paper contains the following announcement: "ENGAGED—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attention."

If English law prevailed in this country a good many lawyers would, we think, be obliged to alter their tactics entirely, for the English lords of the bench decided at Westminster recently that it was a principle of common law that a counselor, in questioning a witness, should address him in ordinary tones, and in language of respect, such as is employed by a gentleman in conversation with another; that such lawyer has no right to question the private business or moral character of a witness any further than it is apparent they absolutely affect his reliability or touch the case in hand; and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting manner.

A wonderful report comes from Australia in regard to a certain "amicanthus rock," which, on being exposed to atmospheric influence, changes into asbestos, which is a fibrous substance, white in appearance, soft and pliant as silk, and is inconsumable by fire. An Australian paper remarks:

"Should asbestos ever come into general use it will, in some measure, no doubt, from its incombustible nature, supersede the evils of crinoline. Besides this great advantage, it will also set aside the vexatious expense and use of soap and water, for all a lady will have to do when she unrobes herself will be to pitch her articles of apparel into a glowing fire, and when they have become as white as a snow-flake she may resume them at pleasure."

It is said, on medical authority, that a few drops of permanganate of potash will speedily purify turbid or disagreeable water, and make it as clear and sweet as spring water. Travelers might derive great benefit from a judicious use of it.

The Parisian ladies have made a new and startling invention in dress. They have made bonnets smaller and smaller and beautifully less, until at last they consist of nothing more than a ribbon round the head, with a veil attached to it. The veil is generally black, so that the fair French dames resemble greatly Spanish ladies.

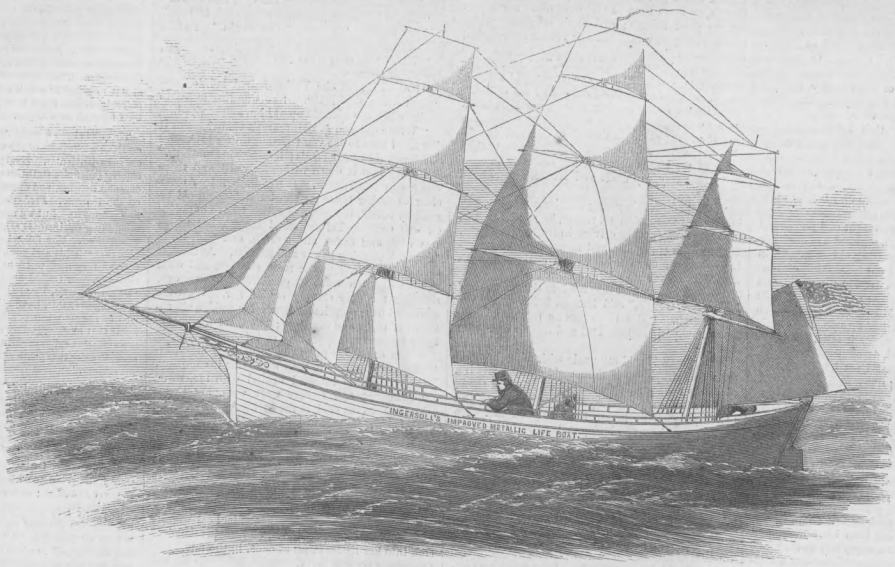
A lady in Paris recently appeared at a concert in the unique costume of a black and white muslin dress (black and white being the Prussian colors), embroidered all over with needle-guns, and with Prussian soldiers mowing down Austrians with the murderous weapon; and the little cockade, which now serves as a substitute for a bonnet, was trimmed with steel *aiguillettes* of needle-gun pattern.

Some rather unpleasant developments have recently been made in regard to the manufacture of gingerbread in France, which, in the form of gingerbread toys for children, has there an extensive sale. An official investigation has proved that the inferior kinds of gingerbread are simply disgusting compounds of rye-flour, treacle, potato-flour, pounded alum, *salts of pewter*, stale gingerbread, and Marseilles soap! The paste thus made is stiff, but it requires to be made stiffer. This is soon done. The gingerbread-maker pulls off his shoes, jumps into the trough, and works away valiantly, and, however dirty his feet may have been, they soon become thoroughly cleansed by the Marseilles soap which the gingerbread contains. Without entering more minutely into details it will be sufficient to say that the tins in which it is baked are greased with linseed oil; and that after it is baked a layer of Lyons glue, applied with a soft brush, gives that bright gloss so enticing to children.

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THE NEW LIFE-BOAT.

THE *Red, White, and Blue* is what is termed an "Ingersoll Metallic Life-Boat," being the invention of Mr. O. R. INGERSOLL, of New York. The boat is built of galvanized iron, has large air cylinders at each end and along the sides, which, combined with certain valves in the bottom, render the boat capable of freeing herself from water in a few minutes. This identical boat was exhibited at the American Institute Fair in 1865, where a gold medal was awarded it; and as it is the intention to have it exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, it will undoubtedly take the prize, having been subjected to a severer test than any life-boat ever before. While the *Great Eastern*—the largest ship the world ever saw, and an honor to old England—was approaching our shores, the *Red, White, and Blue*, the smallest ship that ever crossed the Atlantic, and the wonder of this country, was at the same time winging her course to Europe. She was manned by Captains J. M. HUDSON and FITCH, both well-known navigators, and natives of New York. The passage was made in 37 days, most of the time in rough weather, as the *Great Eastern* reports. The sails were made and presented to the boat by D. M. CUMMISKEY, of this city, who has manifested great confidence in the success of the voyage. The vessel was stocked with all sorts of condensed meats, vegetables, and fruits. The boat averaged $8\frac{8}{10}$ miles an hour, which is much faster than many of 1500 or even 2500 ton vessels (the *Red, White, and Blue* is $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons), which seldom make the voyage in less than 45 days.



THE "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

"THREE-CARD MONTE."

THE scene presented in the accompanying sketch is one frequently seen on Coney Island. The sharper who performs the trick, having gathered about him a crowd, selects from his pack a figured card—say the Queen of Diamonds, which he facetiously nick-names "Polly Berdyne," or something else, as the humor takes him. He shuffles the cards in such a way that it is perfectly easy for the spectators to follow the card in all its wanderings; and, as if to aid the eye, the card usually bears upon the back some mark which gives the spectator unusual confidence as to the accuracy of his vision. The sharper offers to bet against the spectator's eyes. "I'll bet you five dollars," he says, "you can't follow Miss Polly." The spectators are pretty sure they *can*; and one of them bets, and as the cards are laid out in three packs upon the stand, they all watch the card narrowly. After the deal, the spectator points out the card, and, sure enough, it is Miss Polly. Sharper looks a little frustrated, but is willing to bet again. The operation is repeated with a similar result. The spectators get excited, and think the sharper is having a losing game. "He doesn't see," they whisper among themselves, "that little black speck on Miss Polly's back." So they are in for another trial, and the sharper, as if in bravado, declares he is willing to bet a hundred dollars on the result. He will have no more small play. The confident spectators may not be able to stake so large a sum, but by clubbing together some of the more excited ones make up a purse of from thirty to fifty dollars, and the cards are dealt again. But the sharper is too much for his opponents this time. By some sleight of hand he slips in another card, similar in appearance on the reverse, black speck and all. The spectators follow this as curiously and confidently as on the previous occasions, but upon pointing out the card find to their astonishment that Miss Polly has vanished—and likewise their money!

"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."

EVERY one is familiar with anecdotes of the faithfulness, perseverance, intelligence, and courage of dogs employed to guard and protect the silly, defenseless, gregarious sheep. Somewhat different breeds of dogs—all, however, possessing the same valuable qualities—are used in various countries; the larger and more powerful kinds being of course required where danger from wolves still remains. But many instances are related of dogs far inferior in size beating off from the flock and killing the savage but cowardly wolf. Some naturalists may tell us that the wolf is really identical with the dog, but generations of domestication have deprived the latter of ferocity without diminishing his courage. Certainly the most wonderful fact relating to domestic animals is the transmission of acquired qualities from the parent to the offspring; the peculiar sagacity of the shepherd's dog seems, however, rather intuitive than acquired.

That the scene of the picture is laid, say, in Switzerland or the Black Forest is apparent from the slight indication of costume answering to those localities worn by the shepherd, who is also coming to the rescue; and in the winter season (also represented) such an incident as that selected by Mr. CARTER must be of occasional occurrence. A ram or wether has strayed from the flock—perhaps benumbed with cold; the wolf has fallen upon the straggler, and, before even the watchful dog can interpose, has mangled and disabled it; but, just in the very nick of time, "the shepherd's best friend" rushes to the rescue, dashes at the "thief and murderer," and, seizing him by the throat, pins him till dead, or till the shepherd comes up; when, as if acknowledging the natural supremacy of man, the wolf will almost invariably give himself up to destruction without further resistance.

HAZELEY MILL.

I.

A BUSY place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whir steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labors.



THE "THREE-CARD MONTE"—A SCENE ON CONEY ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and wagons from the neighboring villages, or broad-faced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third, the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of laborers' cottages, half a mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still further from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very door-step, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a foot-sore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or —and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry, active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their *protégée* as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of stanch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the county; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger



by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown gray in their own service, or that her father! ay, here lay the greatest difficulty of all—

Abel Weston had his hobbies, as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he stanchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes rehearsed at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, and so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favored few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions, and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must *he* be permitted to link himself with their family, and perhaps infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and-by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbor seized the first opportunity of condoling with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.



"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."—BY J. S. CARTER.—[SEE PAGE 573.]

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"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me! Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!" and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But with the sound of that name Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool or I should have seen this long ago and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh! no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labors.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay crossly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the missus shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something toward the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old lady, tremulously. "I shall miss ye sadly. I wish—"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house bidding a mute farewell to the cozy chambers her willing hands would arrange no more. On the morrow, when the wagon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness? The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realize that she was going away, and forever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"Thee needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston ere she departed, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up stairs; an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children abed and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at D——, a market town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go and seek a service in some secluded farm-house where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavors to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathizing tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in somberly, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened rencontre.

The next moment three men in the rough garb of the working-class came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow which they vainly sought to avoid was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener when she started up with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old but neatly-patched jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards more and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fireside in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch as it had sometimes been for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But suddenly a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

II.

PALE as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I can not open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why, what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Ay, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defense of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old master and missus, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

"Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road toward Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said, sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came toward her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean *this* when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that, when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavorably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but the absence of any evidence—no one but Katie having encountered them—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller: and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public house on the road-side, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awakening from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely, "when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believe me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him!"

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there is no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here! I'm like Ishmael, every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people—" Her voice died away in a sob.

"But *I* do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and flitted to a distant county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when, on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages; and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was always followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling, dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now labored assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as, a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr. ——, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night and receive some final directions, etc.

So, gathering the wild roses and honey-suckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but flinging-to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr. ——, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county jail.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston? he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you be-

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fore this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LOYAL SOUTHERNERS' CONVENTION.

WHAT though the loud fierce storm-wind howls?
What though the night be dark?
What though the lowering tempest growls
Above the wave-tossed bark?
What though New Orleans' whirlwind,
And Memphis' iron hail,
Again, unchecked, roar round your homes—
There's no such word as fail!

For bright upon our Northern plains
There stands a glittering band,
That soon will pass fair Freedom's torch
Alight, from hand to hand.
Before its gladsome, cheerful blaze
The scowling storm shall pale;
So courage, friends! Bear nobly on!
There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when slavery dire
Our erring people led;
The Copperheads are seared with fire,
The Dough-faces are dead.
A few woe-worn and trembling ghosts
At truth and justice rail;
But soon they'll vanish with their hosts—
There's no such word as fail!

No tyrant's will can curb the bold,
Free spirit of our land;
His chain will break who seeks to bind,
His sword fall from his hand.
Our Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Shall o'er her foes prevail;
So bravely tread your gloomy path—
There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when lips were sealed
From uttering words of truth;
Baptized in blood, our Union dear
Again renews its youth.
Like a young giant, for the fight
All armed in plate and mail,
Young Liberty essays his might—
There's no such word as fail!

From Ellsworth's blood to Dostie's true
We've counted every drop;
The sacrifice is nearly through,
And soon the plague will stop.
Our prayers and tears, our sin and shame
To purge will soon avail;
Then, crowned with Victory, we'll know
There's no such word as fail! JOHN.

A VISION OF PARADISE.

THE spirit is passing,
The earth is retreating,
The window of hope
Closes over the eye;
The pulse it is throbbing,
The breath it is fleeting—
Fluttering—quivering—
Lost in a sigh!
The angel protecting
The pure soul is greeting;
The glory of heaven
Illumines the sky;
While soft on the wings
Of young cherubim sleeping,
Earth's loveliest daughter
In odor floats by.

Sweetly she slumbers,
As, wafted afar,
She leaves the lost world
For a happier star.
And angels are winging
The found one to kiss,
Who sleepeth in beauty
To waken in bliss.

Hark to their harps,
The rapt seraphs are singing!
As, wafted on zephyrs
The wanton notes stray;
Tripping, the Houris
Fresh flowers are bringing,
With perfume and fragrance
Embalming her way.
List, the glad chorus
Through Heaven's arch ringing!
Resounding it echoes
In musical play;
From the portals of bliss
To the distance where, swimming
In ether, the lost comet
Wanders astray.

Wake! for thy morning
Hath risen in light!
Thy sorrows are vanished,
And gone is thy night.
Rise in thy purity,
Daughter of Earth!
Glory awaiteth thee,
Wake into birth!

To melody rising,
With incense ascending,
The maiden is changed
To a Spirit of Light;
From her ivory shoulders
Fair wings are depending;
She flutters—she mounts—
She is lost to my sight!
The gates are revolving,
The guards are defending,
The entrance of Paradise
Melts from my view;
The vision is fading,
Its beauties are blending!
And waking—I mourn her
Beneath the dark yew.

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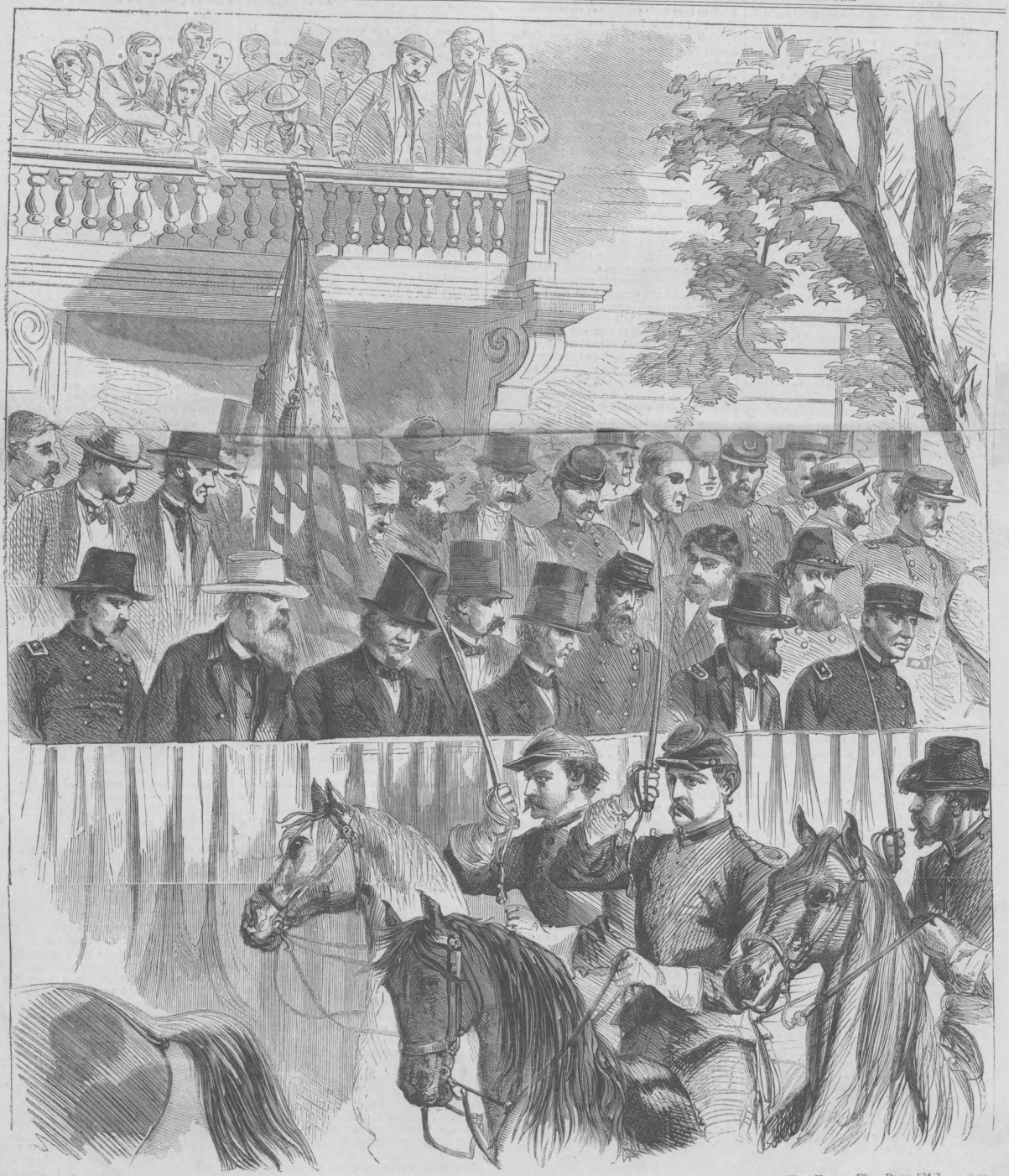
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—REVIEW OF TROOPS AT DELMONICO'S.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HERROS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

THE VITAL POINT.

THE *Evening Post* is of opinion that if the Union party does not nominate for Congress men who will vote for the immediate admission of representatives from all the late insurgent States it will inevitably be defeated, and ought to be. This is also the platform of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention; and the *Post*, like the Convention, assumes that the mass of the people are of the same opinion.

The elections will undeceive both. The people, who have been seeing and feeling for five years, who have endured, at such vast expense of every kind, so tremendous a war, are not, as an energetic Yankee remarked, "a darned fool." They have the most earnest desire, undoubtedly, for reunion, and they have the most decided purpose of obtaining it. But they propose a real and not a sham union. They intend to have union upon principles which will make union permanent and peace secure. The demand of the *Post* is, that States which, by the measures necessary to repress their rebellion, have gained twelve representatives shall be admitted to Congress before this injustice is adjusted, and that the country shall take the risk of their consenting to rectify it and limit their political power when they are beyond the national control in the matter.

We believe rather that the people who have required of these States, as conditions of their restoration, that they shall revoke their acts of Secession, repudiate their military debt, and accept the amendment of emancipation, will also require that they shall not have gained political power by accepting it. It is a perfectly plain matter. There is no reason whatever why the States in question should be consulted about one part of the amendment, for such it really is, when they were not consulted about the other; and to suppose that the people do not see that they spare themselves a continuous and perilous agitation by settling the question now, is to accuse the intelligence which they have constantly shown during the war. The *Post* should remember that the loyal population and representatives from the disturbed States are perfectly willing to await the proper adjustment of this difficulty, and that the eagerness of Mayor MONROE and his friends, and of the [illegible] to right this wrong when they are admitted, but from a desire to turn it to their own advantage.

Moreover, it seems to us hardly permissible for a supporter of the President's policy, like the *Post*, to speak of the "mixed, incongruous, absurd" projects of Congress. Congress has a perfectly intelligent principle of action and a defined policy. It holds that conditions may be required, and it states the conditions which it deems essential. The President holds that the insurgent States have never lost their equal rights in the Union, while he deliberately sets every one of them aside. A more utterly illogical and inconsistent position than the President's it is not possible to conceive. And the *Post* is curiously confused when it denies to the supporters of Congress the right to condemn the President's course in Louisiana. They cite it as a most melancholy and disastrous illustration of his totally "mixed, incongruous, absurd" view of the situation. They assert, and unanswerably, that on his own ground he had no right to interfere except upon the demand of the Governor; but if he had the right he had the power to save every drop of innocent blood that was shed, and declined to exercise it.

The leading minds of the Union party are, as the *Post* truly alleges, in favor of impartial suffrage in this country as the guarantee of permanent peace. But they are desirous of obtaining that guarantee in the most reasonable manner. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS would impose it as a condition of readmission, and Mr. SUMNER's proposition obtained three votes besides his own in a radical Senate. That fact shows that Congress was not of the opinion that the method of those gentlemen was the wisest method. It surely does not prove that Congress differs upon the importance of the end itself.

The *Post* further charges that the Union party is trying to carry the elections by force of excitement. Yet it is perfectly aware that Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, and the *World*, and the late rebel press at the South, and the other orators and papers of the Democratic party distinctly declare that if they do not succeed there will be a more terrible war, and a war of neighborhoods; while the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention directly encourages the resistance of the late insurgent States to a popular verdict which should decide to require them to ratify the amendment equalizing representation. Does a party which does not hesitate to conduct the Congressional election this year, as it did the Presidential election of 1860, under an open threat of revolutionary resistance, appear to the *Post* innocent of using the "force of excitement" as compared with a party which points to the massacres of Memphis and New Orleans as proofs of the real condition of lately insurgent States that claim increased power in the Union?

The *Post* is certainly right in urging the necessity of the speediest reunion, but the method is the very vital question of the situation; and such, we believe, the elections will prove to be the opinion of the people. From the West, in which the *Post* learns that Union candidates for Congress are being selected for their readiness to conform to the President's present declarations, we hear very different accounts. Our friends are confident of carrying Missouri by 25,000 or 30,000 majority. They count upon 40,000 majority for LOGAN in Illinois. From the East we shall soon hear. In Pennsylvania the Philadelphia coalition is making the most strenuous efforts to elect Mr. CLYMER, who belongs to the school of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, and WOOD; but the Union men are jubilant over their prospect of an increased majority. In New York the withdrawal of Mr. WEED's friends and of the *Evening Post* undoubtedly weakens us; but we must be sadly weakened if we are to lose our 28,000 majority of last year. The politicians had their way at the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention. But the people will have their way at the elections. Two years ago they decided to prevent the dissolution of the Union by force. This year they will decide to complete its restoration upon principles which will insure its peaceful permanence.

THE ERIE ELECTION.

IN less than a month the election of a Board of Directors of the Erie Railway Company will take place. The Erie Railway Company is the leading railway corporation of the country, and, under any circumstances, a canvass for the election of its managers would command public attention. At the present time the threatened contest derives additional importance from the generally accepted belief that a party of wealthy speculators propose to turn out Mr. BERDELL, Mr. GREGORY, Mr. VANDERBILT, Mr. DANIEL DREW, and their friends, and replace them by men who have not as yet established a reputation as railway managers. We have no means of knowing whether the "generally accepted belief" is or is not well founded. It is said by men who ought to know that Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD, of the firm of CLARKE, DODGE, & Co., as[illegible] to management. This may or may not be the case. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD has undertaken any thing of the kind, he is not likely either to let the public know his intentions prematurely, or to fail in his purposes for want of energy or capital. But the story may be a mere invention got up by Bull speculators in Erie in order to induce the public to buy the stock.

On the one hand, it is clear that, to secure the control of the Erie Railway Company, the possession of over $15,000,000 of stock, costing at present prices about $11,500,000, would be essential, and in the present condition of the concern it is questioned by sound men whether any Wall Street party, commanding so much money as this, would be likely to possess so little prudence as to adventure their means in so rash a speculation. But, on the other hand, it is argued that the Erie Railway Company is an enterprise of the future; that its capacities have never been fairly tested; that in fact it has never been finished; that all its troubles have arisen from the inadequacy of its capital, and attempts—renewed under each successive direction—to supply the deficiency out of current earnings; and that if a new set of men, imbued with new ideas, and forecasting the true future of this great enterprise, were to lay the real state of the case before the public, and to announce their intention of increasing from time to time the capital in stock and bonds, if need be, to even $100,000,000, they would restore public confidence in Erie, and the stock might be saved from the decline which has been so confidently predicted.

The contest, if contest there prove to be, will be one of financial giants. Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD is understood to wield his millions; Mr. DANIEL DREW has been known to raise ten millions in a single day without borrowing a dollar. He and Mr. VANDERBILT could take and pay for the entire capital of the Erie Railway without hypothecating a share. If, therefore, they are turned out, it will be because they so choose.

So far as Mr. DREW is concerned, it is an open question among his friends whether he should remain in the direction of the Erie. He has been for years the back-bone of the concern. He hardly ever fails to devote an hour or two each day to the active management of the road. Fair weather and foul, his carriage is to be seen at the foot of Duane Street every morning. And there never has been a time these ten years that the Company has not owed him money. So utterly inadequate has been the capital of the concern that, time and again, even when it seemed most prosperous, it could not have paid its pay-rolls or its coupons—to say nothing of dividends—without borrowing money, and that money it has always borrowed of Mr. DREW—because no one else would lend it. To DANIEL DREW, in fact, is due the credit of having built up and supported this great enterprise; and hereafter, when the Erie emerges from its troubles, and takes its place among the established dividend-paying railways of the country, he will be recognized as its real founder. So far, however, from receiving any credit for what he has done for the Company, the stock never falls but some of the papers accuse him of depressing it to serve his private purposes, and abuse him as though he had been the chief enemy instead of the stanchest friend of the concern. His friends naturally feel irritated at such injustice. If Mr. DREW is to be set down as an enemy of the Erie Railway Company, that concern should stop borrowing money of him, and should pay him what they owe already. If he is a friend of the Company, his co-directors ought not, in common decency, to set the papers hounding after him with charges which they know to be as absurd as they are unjust. It is high time that the question were settled one way or the other. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD will agree to do for the Erie Company what Mr. DREW has done, we have no doubt that Mr. DREW's friends will advise him to retire from the direction, and relieve himself of a thankless and most expensive duty.

Some of Mr. DREW's colleagues, it is said, are not quite willing to be turned out of their berths without a contest. They are said to have bought a considerable amount of stock within a few days. In the hands of a judicious man a share in the management of the Erie Railway is valuable. No salary is attached to the office, but, strange to say, every smart man who has been a Director in the Erie for a few years has grown rich. The late President, Mr. NATHANIEL MARSH, was a newspaper reporter when he became Secretary of the Erie; he died worth half a million. And if the lists of stockholders in the Express Companies which pay dividends of 5 @ 20 per cent. a quarter could be published, a goodly proportion of the names would be found to be identical with those of Erie directors. On a road which is not completed, and on which from one to five millions should be spent each year; which employs 5000 men; which spends in ordinary running expenses nearly ten millions a year, or $33,000 a day; it is a very comfortable thing to have a voice in the general direction, to control contracts and bargains, and purchases of labor and supplies. A man of commanding mind, and a railway official in the United States. We shall see, in the course of a month, upon whose shoulders the mantle will fall.

THE LABOR CONVENTION.

THE proceedings of the late Labor Convention in Baltimore were in many respects extremely wise. The delegates were all naturally in favor of a law limiting a day's work to eight hours, and pledged themselves to an earnest and devoted agitation to that end. If such a law can be framed which shall be equitable in its operations for all concerned, it will be an admirable reform; and the discussion proposed will certainly test the feasibility of the proposition. The resolution favoring the speedy restoration of the agricultural interests of the Southern States and wisely aiding and elevating the laboring classes is truly sagacious and patriotic. The interests of labor every where are identical. Wherever and by whatever means labor is dishonored in the person of the laboring man, a blow is struck at the national welfare. The expression of sympathy with the sewing women; the protest against the vile tenement houses of the cities; the recommendation of the formation of Mechanics' Institutes and Libraries; to demand that the public domain be disposed of to actual settlers only; the suggestion that working men in want of employment settle upon the public lands; and the condemnation of "strikes" are all timely and judicious. All these resolutions show the thoughtfulness and the good sense of the delegates.

But there is a question which seems not to have occurred to the Convention which is well worthy of consideration. The tendency of the assembly, and of the third resolution, declaring it the imperative duty of every working man to connect himself with his labor organization, is to the recognition and indeed creation of a special class known as working men. Is such a tendency in this country wise, or is it even practicable? We are all laboring men. Fortunes are constantly accumulating and dispersing. The poor boy of to-day is the father of the capitalist of to-morrow, and the grandfather or great-grandfather of the poor boy again. Every career is open to every man and to every talent. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a flatboatman and country shopkeeper. ANDREW JOHNSON was a tailor. The father of WILLIAM B. ASTOR came to seek his fortune from Germany, and Commodore VANDERBILT was a Staten Island skipper. Luck is equally distributed, sagacity and industry do the rest of the work. When then does a man among us, where there is no political or legal or social recognition of classes as in Europe, cease to be a working man? When is he to be denounced as a capitalist, and therefore opposed to labor and the laborer?

A man who lives by his daily wages often looks with bitter eyes upon another who lives in a spacious house and drives a handsome carriage. But let him reflect. What is he himself doing? He is claiming that all his faculties shall be left perfectly free, and he is trying, by turning them to the best account, to lay up a little part of his wages to get ahead. In other words, he is trying to do fairly and squarely what his neighbor has already fairly and squarely done. He is working for his own interest as zealously as he can, and his neighbor did and does no more. If the law hinders him and helps any other man he has an undoubted right to demand that the injustice be corrected. But if the superior sagacity and industry of his neighbor have advanced him more rapidly, then a law to prevent his neighbor's enjoyment of the fair results of that superior industry and skill is only the infliction of an injustice. If a man uses his capital selfishly and meanly, undoubtedly other men have a right to combine fairly to defeat his selfish and mean intentions. But that is not a class distinction between capitalists and laborers, it is only the just thwarting of selfish men by those who are not so. A farmer may be as mean to the hand he hires for a day's mowing as the wholesale grocer to the farmer whose produce he buys. The farmer is a capitalist in comparison with the mower, and the grocer compared with the farmer. But is the mower the only laboring man of the three? If the grocer be generous and the farmer mean, would not the mower be a very foolish fellow to join the farmer against the grocer because the latter had more money or capital?

To denounce capital, therefore, as naturally opposed to labor, or to assume that, in a perfectly free country where every man must work for his living, there is a class which can be defined as the laboring class, seems to be a misapprehension. It is akin to the political folly of speaking of certain persons among us as "our Irish fellow-citizens." The truth is, they are Americans or they are not our fellow-citizens. All of us, either in our own persons or in those of our ancestors, came to the country within the last two hundred and fifty years. Shall we therefore speak of our English fellow-citizens, our Scotch fellow-citizens, our German citizens, and our [illegible] fellow-citizens? Certainly not. We are all Americans, and we are all working men. And as the term "Irish fellow-citizens" is always used with an ulterior motive, and necessarily tends to a dangerous political classification of the whole population by races; so the term "laboring man" or "working man," as the expression of a class, immediately excites suspicion. Against the rights of classes of every kind our whole system is a protest. For it is founded upon the equal rights of men, and not the conflicting claims of classes of men.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL UNION COMMITTEE.

MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND ought certainly to have resigned the Chairmanship of the National Union Committee appointed at Baltimore in June, 1864, when he united himself with the RANDALL Convention at Philadelphia. He has zealously striven to show that the latter was a Convention which the supporters of the Baltimore action might properly attend. But he forgets that in the call to appoint delegates to it from this State those who supported a Congress elected by the friends of the Baltimore platform were excluded; and he also forgets that the Philadelphia Convention was not favored by the Union press or by the co-operation of the regular organization of the Union party of the country. Does Mr. RAYMOND mean to be the twelfth juryman who complained of the obstinacy of the other eleven?

On the other hand, the Convention of Southern Unionists was heartily approved by the various State organizations of the Union party. The Union Governors generally requested the Senators of the States to attend as delegates. Large delegations of the most representative men in every State of the party which made the Baltimore Platform were elected in counties or otherwise accredited to the Convention. It was as formally and warmly recognized by the regular organization of the Union party as it possibly could be, yet Mr. RAYMOND as Chairman of the National Committee of the party calls a meeting of that body to assemble in New York at the very day and hour at which the Convention was to meet in Philadelphia; and he did this, moreover, after several members of the Committee had asked their brethren to meet in Philadelphia to fraternize with the Convention of Southern Unionists.

It seems to us that the proper course would have been for Mr. RAYMOND, when he resolved to join the RANDALL movement, to have summoned the National Union Committee, and to have stated to the members his reasons for be-

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lieving that the true policy of the party was to unite with Mr. RANDALL'S club. If the Committee agreed, it would have officially summoned the party to send delegates to the RANDALL Convention. If it did not agree, Mr. RAYMOND and those who sympathized with him should have resigned. That Mr. RAYMOND did not assemble the Committee proves very strongly that he did not believe it would approve the RANDALL movement. That he did not assemble it, and yet did not resign but summoned a meeting in New York on the day when the regular organization of the party throughout the country had taken measures to have the party by every authoritative means represented in Philadelphia, proves very strongly that he was not unwilling to distract and perplex the party to which he owed his position.

THE END OF THE EMPIRE IN MEXICO.

THE departure of the Empress CARLOTTA from Mexico was a very suspicious sign for the empire of the Austrian Archduke in that country. Monarchs do not send their wives upon political missions thousands of miles over the ocean except in extreme emergencies, and emergencies which they fear may be fatal. There can be no doubt of the truth of the rumor that the Empress went to France to tell LOUIS NAPOLEON that the Mexican adventure must fail unless he came to the rescue, and as little doubt that she was told that MAXIMILIAN must now trust to his own resources. It is tolerably clear that the amiable young man has been duped. He was a pawn which can no longer be played with advantage, and he will be swept from the board.

Indeed, from the moment that our war ended it must have been evident to LOUIS NAPOLEON that unless he could satisfactorily show to this country that MAXIMILIAN was the honest choice and an empire the sincere preference of the Mexican people, he could maintain himself in that country only at the risk of war. But while the French troops remained the proof could not be furnished. The fact was apparent that the so-called empire was merely forcible French occupation, and the Emperor an Austrian archduke, supported not by the consent of the Mexicans, but by French bayonets. This aspect of the situation has never changed, and when LOUIS NAPOLEON, after dire delays and fine phrases, promised to withdraw his troops, MAXIMILIAN'S throne began to totter. The Archduke himself can not be expected to remain after the departure of the French, and the painful course of Mexican history will be resumed.

That it will seriously affect the policy of this country is not to be anticipated. Long and sad experience has taught American citizens the perils of all moneyed adventures in Mexico, and the permanence of the empire has never been supposed possible. The internal confusion of the country, however deplorable it may be, will therefore not directly affect us, unless a request for interference or aid should be made to our Government. But the demand for foreign interference has usually proceeded from the Tory or Church party, not from the Liberals. The most the latter would ask of us would be a loan, the granting of which is not probable.

The fate of Mexico is most melancholy. Apparently destitute of native energy to establish order and peaceful industry, the government of the country has the form of a republic without the popular intelligence and moderation which make a republic possible or desirable. On the other hand, the monarchical traditions are destroyed. There is no royal family whose name and associations awaken sentiments of loyalty; and a monarchy must therefore be necessarily a pure military despotism. Neither has Mexico yet produced any leader of such force and intelligence as to rally the people to his standard, or command the confidence of the world, as the hope of order and progress in the country. And to complicate and prolong the tragical situation, the Tory Church party, resisting all efforts to be dispossessed of its property, maintains the baleful power of superstition amidst an ignorant population.

We can only await inevitable events in Mexico, therefore, with the conviction that the fall of the futile empire of MAXIMILIAN will not bring repose or relief to the unhappy country. But at least we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the action of our Government has not prevented the clear perception of the fact that the French Empire in Mexico was not the desire of the Mexican people.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A CONGRESS chosen by remarkable unanimity and by every Constitutional form, thoroughly representative of the intelligent patriotism which conducted the war to a successful issue, and which will wisely settle the questions it has left, is deliberately described by the President in these words: "We have seen hanging upon the verge of the Government, as it were, a body called, or which assumes to be, the Congress of the United States, but in fact a Congress of only part of the States."

If this be true, every measure of the present Congress is invalid, and the whole national legislation since the acts of secession five years ago is equally so, for the Congress of the war was, "in fact, a Congress of only part of the States." If the absence of a State, or of a combination of States, from Congress destroys the validity of its action, the Union is at the mercy of any State. But if the voluntary withdrawal of States from Congress in order to make war upon the Union does not destroy its authority, the enforced absence of such States until the national security is provided for can not affect that authority.

But if the President's assumption be correct he condemns himself mercilessly. For he has not hesitated to acknowledge this same Congress as lawful, and to co-operate with it for eight months. He now charges that "its every step and act tended to perpetuate disunion and make a disruption of the States inevitable." Yet on the 27th of March of this year he said to the upper branch of the body "assuming to be Congress" these words: "I now return the bill to the Senate and regret that in considering the bills and joint resolutions—forty-two in number—which have thus far been submitted to my approval, I am compelled to withhold my assent from a second measure that has received the sanction of both Houses of Congress." If it was not a valid Congress why did he recognize it as such? If all its measures were revolutionary why did he congratulate himself upon differing upon two only out of forty-two? What has happened since the 27th of March to convert these Houses, whose authority the President gladly acknowledged, into a body hanging upon the verge of the Government and assuming to be a Congress?

Whatever the explanation may be, it is obvious that the President has made it very difficult for him to recognize the body to which he thus denies all validity as the Congress of the United States. If it is now merely hanging upon the verge of the Government and falsely assuming to be a lawful body, it will be in precisely the same condition next December. Will the President then follow the advice of the Chicago *Times*, which supported the late rebellion, and of the other organs of the late rebels, and sweep the assuming body out of the Capitol?

THE TWO EUROPEAN GAMESTERS.

[illegible] France are valuable for their shrewd opposition and remorseless exposure of the designs of LOUIS NAPOLEON, but their own views are scarcely less selfish and narrow than his. Before the late war M. THIERS made what he called a last effort for peace, in which he maintained the necessity of defending the treaties of 1815, to which LOUIS NAPOLEON has never concealed his hostility. These treaties were a reactionary settlement of the wars of the beginning of the century. They were founded neither upon reason nor justice, but simply upon the fact that Europe was prostrate and exhausted. They made the most forced and unnatural combinations and alliances, from which it was evident that Europe, with returning vigor, would recoil. How completely she has done so is shown by the astonishing results of a campaign of a fortnight which has remodeled Europe.

M. THIERS contended that these treaties divided the political power of Europe, and that "unification," or the restoration of nationalities, would endanger France. The true French policy, in his view, was to hold Austria in Italy and to keep Germany divided. The liberal and national aspiration of Italy and Germany must be repressed in order to maintain the supremacy of France in Europe. M. THIERS was therefore in the extraordinary position of wishing LOUIS NAPOLEON and France to defend the treaties of 1815, which were made to humiliate LOUIS NAPOLEON'S uncle and to circumscribe France. Fortunately this narrow policy did not prevail, and by the victory of Prussia the cause of Constitutional liberty in Central Europe has made memorable progress.

It was not, however, from any such consideration that LOUIS NAPOLEON opposed M. THIERS'S plan of maintaining the map as it was. His object was twofold: to legitimate his dynasty by destroying the settlement which outlawed it, and to celebrate its vindication by an offering to "the glory" of France in an enlarged empire. It is therefore most probable that he did propose, as was reported by the ocean telegraph and is now confirmed by fuller information, to "rectify the boundaries of France." It is not less evident that his proposal was received with opposition by Prussia, and has been since withdrawn. Has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in BISMARCK, or is this demand and surprise and withdrawal merely part of the understanding between them? These are questions that can not yet be answered. But we have little faith in any preconcerted arrangement by which LOUIS NAPOLEON is to appear to be humiliated. Undoubtedly if he has really made the demand he has done so at an unfortunate moment for himself, because Austria is prostrate. It may be true that before the war he held the balance, for Prussia might well have hesitated if she saw Austria and France allied. But after the terrible defeat Austria is, for the present, eliminated from the situation, and the question is simply between Prussia and France. Neither, probably, wishes to make war upon the other. But should LOUIS NAPOLEON take up arms it will be for conquest and dominion—a war with no reasonable pretense, and without the sympathy or approval of any other power. The question becomes very significant, has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in Count BISMARCK?

TWO TRAVELERS.

I.

A MAN passed over the road
In the early days of spring,
When the grandest flower that ever bloomed
Was brightly blossoming.

And never a word he spoke,
And his face was marble-cold,
But millions of men above him wept,
And a million bells were toll'd.

And the cities were draped in black,
And the towns were wrapped in gloom,
"For he is dead," the people said,
"Who made the flower to bloom."

Down many a swarthy face
Unnumbered tear-drops flowed,
"For he is gone"—the bondman spoke—
"Who lifted our weary load."

And they builded him a tomb
Afar in the silent West,
And that beautiful flower which men call Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast.

II.

A man passed over the road
Ere the summer days were dead,
And the leaves of the flower that bloomed in spring
He trampled with ruthless tread.

And many a word he spoke,
And his arrogant face was flushed;
And he laughed aloud with the noisy crowd
When the leaves of the flower were crushed.

But down many a swarthy face
Flowed tears of bitterest pain,
"For he is come"—the bondman spoke—
"To forge our chains again."

He must seek the tomb some time
Afar in the silent West,
But will ever the flower which men call Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast?

NERVOUS DISEASES.

WHILE most men are hardly aware that they have any nerves—with so little of disturbance are their functions performed—nervous diseases form a large part of the complaints of females. So palpable is this difference, that it is very common to say of any man whose nervous system has become deranged that he is as nervous as a woman. There is one nervous malady—hysteria—in regard to which this difference is peculiarly marked. It has been commonly supposed to belong exclusively to the female, but it sometimes, though very seldom, appears in the other sex.

What, now, is the reason of this difference? The nervous system is the same in the two sexes, and its functions are performed in the same manner. But there is a difference in general character. The nervous system of the female is more mobile or excitable, and is therefore more readily made the seat of morbid irritation by causes that tend to derange it.

Here, then, we have one cause; but it obviously is not competent alone to produce the whole result. There must be some other causes, and these we will indicate.

The susceptible nervous system of the female is acted upon by some causes that do not act in the other sex, at least to any thing like the same extent. There are influences in her case of a peculiar character, from the prevalent modes of training and habits of life. These tend, especially in fashionable life, to give passion and sense the supremacy over reason, and to produce a factitious and morbid sensibility. A series of unnatural excitements fills up a large portion of the time, beginning even in the school-day life, and reaching its consummation when the period of full introduction into society comes. And the effect is enhanced by the unnecessarily wearisome and unpractical exercises of the school-room; for the mind has failed to get wholesome food, and thus has lost its natural appetite, and is therefore ready for all the unnatural and unhealthy excitements which the fashionable world and its literary exponent, the trashy novel, can afford. We know of no better exposition of the tendency of the common mode of female education than is found in the fact that in most cases, after school-life is ended, the reading of novels furnishes the almost entire food for the mind, which is as irrational and injurious as it would be to feed the body with nothing but confectionery. Let education be made what it should be, and the gratification of the natural tastes of the mind will prevent its being driven to seek excitement in what is unnatural and artificial. Not to dwell on this interesting point, we simply remark that the grand desideratum in instruction is to convey into the mind such knowledge, and in such a manner, that the pupil will in after-life of choice continue to acquire from books and observation similar knowledge, thus throwing novel-reading into the subordinate position in which it belongs.

The ideas which are instilled into the minds of daughters by most mothers in relation to the great objects of life, largely help to produce the nervous tendencies which we have indicated. Even those who are in the main conscientious are often guilty in some measure of a conformity to the fashionable world in this particular. Getting admiration, catching a beau, and by-and-by getting a husband—are not these the objects practically set before daughters by the vast majority of mothers? And what surer way of making a young lady nervous than having the excitement of such objects continually at work in her mind, together with novel-reading and turning night into day with late parties? No nervous system can long bear such an unnatural mode of life without suffering more or less of derangement.

Hysteria—that hydra-headed nervous malady—exhibits generally in its very character the agency of the influences which we have noticed. It has often stamped upon it moral characteristics derived from these influences. These are selfish caprice, a disposition to exact undue attention and even to assert control over others, and sometimes a fondness for exciting wonder and sympathy. The education that enervates, and pets, and allows sense and passion to overslaugh reason, is very apt to stamp these bad mofal qualities upon nervous diseases, and in some cases they stand out with such prominence that their origin is unmistakable. Of course it will be inferred from what has been said that the treatment of hysteria must generally be to a great extent moral. Often one of the most decided means of breaking up the malady is to go firmly counter to the unreasonable demands of the patient. She is to be made to know that her will is by no means to be the law. Many a case has been unnecessarily prolonged by the injudicious fondness of mothers and friends acting in opposition to the firm course of the physician in this respect. But it is not our intention to enlarge on the treatment of hysteria, and what we have said in regard to it was for the purpose of enforcing our views in relation to some of its causes.

The hints which we have thus thrown out are enough to show that education—and we use this term in its widest sense, as including all influences outside as well as within the school-room—as it is commonly conducted, ministers largely to the production of nervous diseases, especially in females; and we hope that we shall not fail to waken up a proper attention to this subject in the minds of some mothers and teachers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONVENTION OF LOYALISTS AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Loyalist Convention met at Philadelphia September 3. A grand procession was formed in the morning to escort the Southern delegations to the Union League House. A speech welcoming the delegation was made by the chairman of the committee. Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, answered on behalf of the visitors, and then the Convention was called to order, the speaker using the identical gavel used in the South Carolina Convention when the ordinance of secession was passed.

There were only two or three colored delegates on the [illegible] pointed, and the Convention adjourned until the 4th. A meeting of the Northern Loyalists was held simultaneously with the Southern meeting, at the Union League House. Governor Curtin was elected Chairman, and a number of State Governors were made Vice-Presidents. Speeches were delivered in the evening by Henry Wilson, Horace Maynard, Colonel Stokes, and others.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

A band of desperadoes attacked and routed a negro camp-meeting at Shiply's Woods, near Baltimore, on the night of August 20. The negroes, it seems, were holding a camp-meeting under the auspices of white Methodist ministers, a white camp-meeting being in progress at the same time. During the day suspicious-looking young men were seen about the grounds, and at night the attack was made by firing among the negroes while they were at their devotions. The blacks resisted, and the fight became general, the darkness of course increasing the confusion. The fight finally ended by the negroes, at the advice of the white preachers, seeking safety in flight. The tents, bundles, and trunks belonging to them were then piled together and burned by the white assailants. One white man was killed and several negroes severely wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 29.

(LONDON.)—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that the Empress Carlotta has so far succeeded in her mission in behalf of Maximilian as to obtain from the Emperor of France an extension of time in which to pay the French Government the ten millions of francs due.

Napoleon refused to loan to Maximilian ten millions of francs to pay for the equipment of troops in Mexico, but will assist in such equipment by furnishing material from the French magazines.

The Empress also obtained from Napoleon an extension of time, until next January, for the projected departure of the French troops from Mexico.

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has paid the indemnity for Prussia's war expenses, as secured to the latter Power by the treaty of peace.

(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The steamship *Hermann* sailed for New York to-day, taking £62,000 in specie.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The steamship *City of Boston* sailed to-day for New York, taking £50,000 in specie.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—Affairs in Turkey are in a very bad state. The revolt in Candia progresses. The inhabitants (Cretans) have asserted their independence of the Turkish Empire. Constantinople is announced in a state of siege.

August 31:

(LONDON.)—United States Five-Twenties are quoted at 73¾.

(MUNICH.)—The motion to close the union of Bavaria with Prussia was lost. The Chambers then adjourned, and will probably meet again in October.

September 1:

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Royal Mail Steamship *China* sailed to-day for Halifax and Boston, with £153,000 in gold for the United States.

September 2:

(HEART'S CONTENT.)—The cable of last year was picked up this (Sunday) morning at 4.40 o'clock, in 1800 fathoms of water, in latitude 51° 53′, longitude 36° 03′. The splice was made and the cable lowered at 7 A.M.

The *Great Eastern* is now 700 miles from here, paying out. Every thing is going on well, and they expect to reach here on Saturday next.

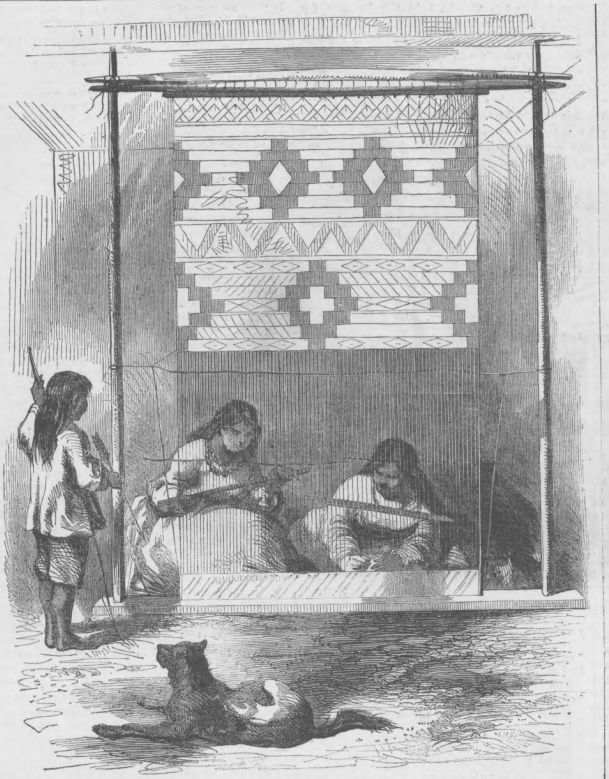
Signals are sent through the cable with perfect accuracy, and we are talking with the *Great Eastern* every moment, *via* Valentia, in Ireland.

(PARIS.)—M. Druyn de Lhuys, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has resigned. The Marquis of Monster (Montholon?) succeeds him.

September 3:

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has given orders for a reduction of the army to a peace footing, and the work has already commenced.

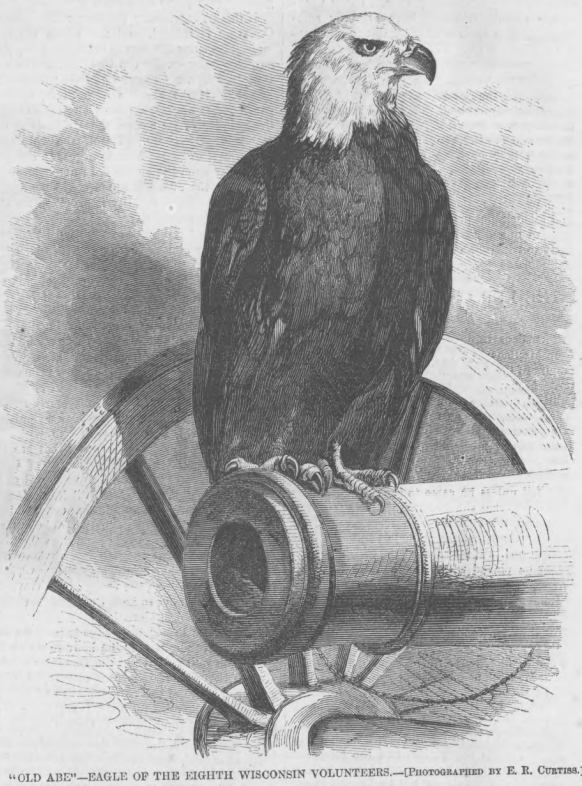
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INDIAN SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.

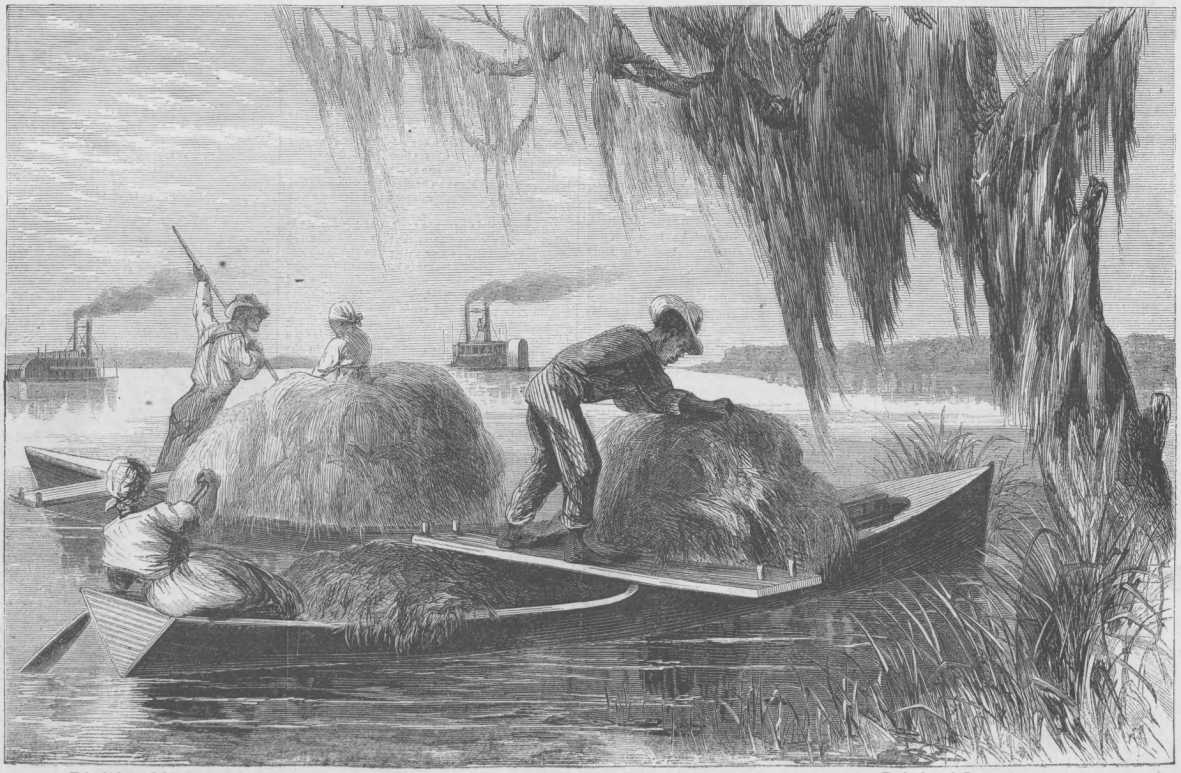
"MAXWELL, an old frontiersman," says our artist, has a ranch which it is the work of many days [illegible] MAXWELL'S sheep reach the number of nearly 30,000; cattle and ponies he has without any knowledge himself of their number. A tribe of "Utes," numbering about 600, are his chosen defenders. The ranch proper, or house, is inhabited by the most miscellaneous collection of man and beast and fowl that one can imagine. The servants are mostly Navajo Indians. Two of the squaws of this tribe have been engaged for months in weaving in their own peculiar style a blanket. The Navajo blanket, to the Secretary of sought after than one would suppose. It sells readily, if a good one, for from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, according to its pattern or quality. They are so closely woven that water can be carried in them; and as a protection against the chill winds of the plains they are equal to the best fur robe."



"OLD ABE"—EAGLE OF THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. CURTISS.]

"OLD ABE."

OUR engraving represents the standard borne in more than a score of battles by the Eighth Wisconsin. This standard was simply the device for a flag, or a mere material image. "OLD ABE" was a genuine live eagle, which the standard-bearer of the regiment carried aloft, chained to his perch, into the hottest of the fight. When the battle raged most fiercely, and the enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its highest, then it was that "OLD ABE" seemed to be in his own element. He flapped his wings in the midst of the furious storm, and, with head erect, faced the flying bullets and the crashing shells with no signs of fear. "OLD ABE" triumphs with the triumph of the flag, and seems in some measure conscious of his relationship to the emblem of a victorious Republic. Long may he live!—the favorite of his regiment. We hope "OLD ABE" is as intelligent as he looks to be—and if he is, we can wish him no brighter fortune than that he may survive the present disorganization of the republic, and see the return of a real and permanent Union.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—GATHERING MOSS ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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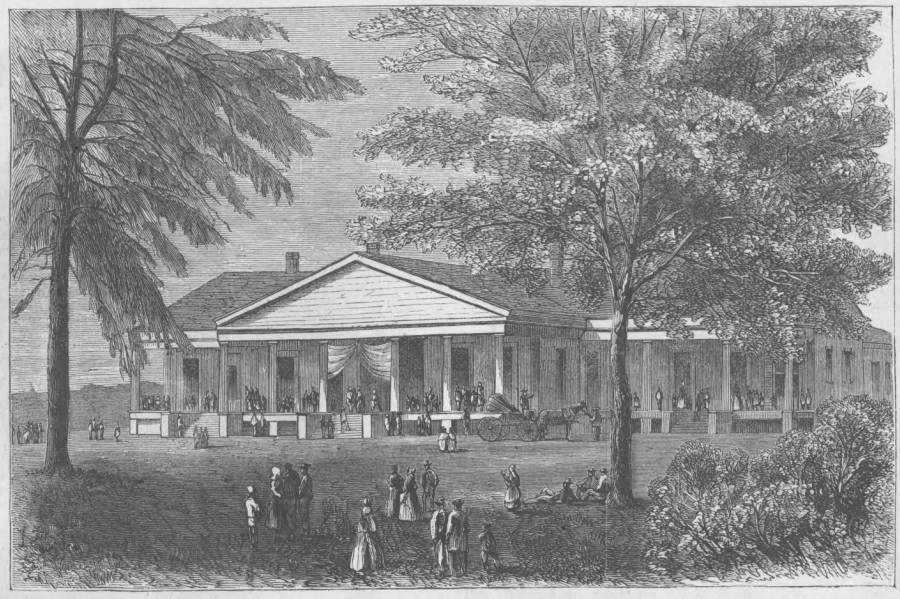
PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOSS GATHERERS ON BERWICK BAY.

THE Spanish moss, whose gray drapery hangs in heavy folds from all the trees in this section, is not without its uses. Floating in the shadows, as our sketch was made, some negroes were whiling away the noon hour and presenting a scene picturesque and peculiar as they loaded their outrigger-boats with the luxuriant parasite.—When gathered, it is dried in the sun, the negroes—and whites also, for that matter—using it for beds. When cured by immersion in boiling water it becomes an article of export to the North, where it is used to stuff cheap matresses, being for a time almost as soft and springy as horse-hair. After it is cured and dried it loses its soft shadowy gray and becomes a dark brown.

JEFF DAVIS'S PLANTATION.

Of this plantation which is located in Mississippi, I have made two sketches, one representing the Mansion, and the other the Negro Quarters on the grounds. The Mansion is now used as a school-house by the freedmen. A. R. W.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MANSION IN MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

LAUNCH OF THE "MANITON" AT BOSTON.

THE United States gun-boat *Maniton*, which we illustrate on page 588, is rated as a second-class gunboat. She was commenced two years ago from the designs of JOHN LENTHALL, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Construction, under the superintendence of WILLIAM H. HANSCOM, late constructor at the Boston Navy-yard, and was finished under the superintendence of EDWARD HARTT, Esq. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 290 feet; extreme length, 301 feet; breadth moulded, 40 feet 1 inch; extreme breadth, 41 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet 10 inches; tonnage, 2348 tons old, and 1448 new measurement. She will be bark rigged, and will have four MARTIN'S boilers 24 feet 4 inches long, two 60-inch cylinders, and be propelled by a 16 feet diameter four-bladed screw. Her armament, incorrectly stated in the *Navy Register* and copied from that into the daily journals, will consist of eight 9-inch guns broadside, and one 60-pound pivot rifled, mounted on the top-gallant forecastle.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

WE give on our first page and on pages 584 and 585 illustrations of President JOHNSON'S reception in this city and in Philadelphia.

In a speech made in this city Secretary SEWARD alludes humorously to the situation in which the President's party found Philadelphia. He says: "When we came to Philadelphia, the only city that had not tendered to the President of the United States its hospitalities in the expectation of his coming, we found a city that was disorganized and ungoverned. No Government there; no Common Council, no city authorities, and no police. We found a city so loyal, so peaceable, so earnest, so zealous for the cause of the national restoration and reconciliation, that every man was a law unto himself, and I said to myself, 'Blessed is that city that can dispense with a ruler.'" But notwithstanding the Mayor's absence and the direliction of the Common Council, the people of Philadelphia gave the President and his party an enthusiastic welcome. We illustrate on page 584 the scene upon the arrival of the President in front of the Continental Hotel.

It was in New York city, however, that the President received the most demonstrative ovation both from the city authorities and the people.

The party arrived in the city shortly after noon, August 29. The streets from the Battery were lined with an immense throng all along the route which the President was to take. His formal reception took place in the Governor's Room at the City Hall. Of this we give an illustration on page 585. From the City Hall the party proceeded to DELMONICO'S, where the military passed in review before the President. Of this review an illustration is given on our first page. The following description of this affair is given in the New York *Times*:

President JOHNSON soon appeared upon the platform and occupied the seat prepared for him. He was speedily surrounded by his friends, both military and civil. Generals GRANT, MEADE, BUTTERFIELD, RAWLINS, Admiral FARRAGUT, Secretaries SEWARD and WELLES, Mayor HOFFMAN, Collector SMYTHE, and numerous other distinguished persons were present. The members of the Common Council and the heads of departments occupied the space in the rear of the Presidential party.

The head of the First Division soon entered the avenue from Thirteenth Street, and approached the reviewing stand. Major-General SANDFORD, accompanied by his staff and mounted escort, led the column. He was immediately followed by General STOKER, commanding the First Brigade. After paying the customary salute to the President, General SANDFORD dismounted, and ascending the platform, took his position beside the reviewing personage. The first regiment which passed the stand was the Second New York, commanded by Colonel REID. There were about 450 men in the ranks. They marched with platoon front, and made a most creditable appearance. The old Seventy-first Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel COLES, followed, winning applause from the spectators, both on and off the platform, by its soldierly appearance and steady marching. The Seventy-first had 450 men out. Colonel THOMAS LYNCH followed with the Seventy-seventh Regiment, numbering 300 men. Colonel WILLIAM LYNCH brought up the rear of the brigade with 400 men of the Ninety-ninth Regiment. There were two or three good bands of music with the brigade, each one of which turned out opposite the President and played martial airs until the regiment to which it belonged had passed. The Second Brigade, commanded by General BURGER, was the next in order. The General led the way with his staff, closely followed by the Third Regiment (BENDIX ZOUAVES), numbering 400 men. This regiment looked and marched remarkably well, winning a complimentary remark from General GRANT. The Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel MEYER commanding, also looked well. Its ranks were more than usually full, there being nearly 600 men under arms. The Sixth, Colonel MASON, 250 men; the Twelfth, Colonel WARD, 350 men; the Eighty-fourth, Colonel CONKLING, 400 men; and the Ninetieth, Colonel KREIBIEL, 400 men, completed this brigade. The First Artillery is attached to the Second Brigade, but portions of it were on detached service, firing salutes and performing escort duty. The brigade appeared in excellent condition, and was greeted with much applause. General HALL'S brigade, comprising the First, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-fifth Regiments, was unquestionably the favorite one of the four. The Seventh, Col. CLARK, paraded about 700 men, and sustained its well-earned reputation for marching and soldierly appearance. The Fifty-fifth, Colonel LIEUT GAL, also did well, and attracted much attention. Of the other regiments the only noticeable one was the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. This is a fine hardy body of men, who marched with the instinct of old soldiers, and looked well.

In the evening the party with invited guests sat down to one of the most sumptuous banquets ever provided on this continent. The expense of the dinner has been estimated at $25,000, the burden of which, we understand, was borne by A. T. STEWART, Esq. About 250 persons sat down to the table. After dinner the President made a long speech in support of his policy. After expressing his gratitude for the reception which had been given him, he alluded to the part taken by the several departments of the Government in the restoration of the Union. He paid a passing tribute to GRANT and FARRAGUT for their victories by land and sea. He spoke of what he had himself done in the work of restoring the Union. He then charged Congress with being in favor of disunion. "There is," said the President, "a department of your Government which has practically assumed and declared, and up to the present time carried out, that the Government was dissolved and the States were out of the Union. We," he added, "who contend for the opposite doctrine, years ago contended that States had not the right even peaceably to secede; and one means of peaceable secession was by a State withdrawing its representatives from the Congress of the United States, and that would be practical dissolution of the Union. We denied that a State had any such right, and when, subsequently, they attempted to withdraw, we again asserted that they had no such right; and now, when the doctrine has been forcibly established, that a State has no right to leave the Union, and when the States are again resuming their relations with the Federal Government, as far as in them lies, we find that when they seek to have their representatives admitted to Congress there are men in that body, who, in violation of our great charter of liberty, deny their right to be represented, and refuse to admit their representatives into the Congress of the United States.....

.....Are we prepared to renew those scenes through which we have just passed? Are we prepared again to see one portion of this country arrayed in deadly conflict against another portion, as we have just seen them arrayed? Or, shall we not make every effort to have all the parts and all the people of the country again united in harmony and brotherly affection?" He said he did not want to let the Southern States back into the Union degraded and debased. They would not be fit to form a part of this great American family.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—NEGRO QUARTERS ON JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PLANTATION.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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THE RIVER.

THE river flows through the populous town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
Like sentinels standing on either side,
And frowning there on the sullen tide,
As the blackened waters pass on their way
In the silent night and the busy day.

From mountain torrents it takes its birth,
Where the cool spring bubbles from out the earth;
And on through the valley it winding flows
By banks where the silvery willow grows;
And wandering down to its weedy brink
The thirsty cattle come there to drink.

On and on in its course it glides,
Bearing along on its restless tides
A thousand sails with their precious weight
Of human souls and of costly freight,
And feeding, high up amid heated glooms,
A hundred factories' hungry looms.

On past village and hill and field,
Rich with the wealth of earth's broad yield,
It flows till it reaches the busy town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
And a shadow comes over its waters there
Till they gather dark that had flowed so fair.

Often I stand on the lonely pier,
As the silent hours of the night draw near,
And hark to the voice of the murmuring tide
As the blackened waters beneath me glide;
And watch the lights as they gleam and glow
In the chilly depths of the slip below.

And I think, as I stand in silence there,
Of the poor souls, mad with a wild despair,
Who have sought to drown where the waters flow
Their burden of sorrow and want and woe;
And I think, as its currents onward glide,
Of the guilt and sin that those cold waves hide.

Oh, winding river that takes its birth
From springs that bubble from out the earth,
And on through the bright vale, smiling, goes
Past village and hill and waving field,
Made rich by the wealth of the broad earth's yield!

To me you seem like a life begun
In sweet fields warm with the summer sun,
That on by pleasant and flowering ways
Passes through childhood's innocent days;
Till at last, where thy dark waves wander down,
It is lost in the sin of the shameless town.

And I think on my own life once so bright,
Of the joys that rendered my young heart light,
Of the dreams and hopes that I nurtured there,
Making the future seem all so fair;
And I grieve as I think, now those years are fled,
Of the golden hopes that have long been dead.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was gardening time now in earnest. The soft April sunshine began to warm the earth and to stir the heart of every leaf-bud on the trees; and the gentle showers that came dropping down every now and then seemed almost to have more power yet. The birds were all a-flutter with eagerness and expectation, peering in among the bare branches of some of the trees, and then betaking themselves to the well-clothed evergreens for house-room and shelter; the grass grew in the most wonderful way; and the blue violets stood with their eyes wide open, full of sweetness and content. In the garden—the large one which was under Robin's care—many things were already planted; peas, and such common things, as Lily said; and even the three little gardens began to show their pretty promise of sticks and labels, for some of the hardy seeds were already in the ground. "Argemone" was marked upon one label and "Hollyhock" upon another, and Prim had planted her sweet-peas. Planted them with much fear and hesitation too; for when with a good deal of trouble she had dug a trench for them four inches deep, Prim thought they might as well be buried in the centre of the earth at once.

"They'll *never* get up out of that hole, Sam!"

"Four inches deep is what Mr. Vick says," answered Sam, showing her the words in the Catalogue. "The plants will bear the heat so much better."

"Bear it! I should think they would—and be glad to get it, too, way down there," said Prim. "I wonder if they'll be prettier planted so, in a circle, than they would in a straight line?"

"Plant some of them both ways and then you can judge."

"So I will!" said Prim, carefully sowing the seeds "pretty thick" in her dug-out circle. "Now I s'pose the straight one must be just as deep."

"Of course. But cover these first," said her brother.

Prim carefully folded down the open end of her seed-bag lest the peas should take the matter into their own hands and sow themselves on the surface of the ground; and then she gently threw in the earth with her trowel, looking up at Sam every now and then as the trench grew full to see if that depth would not do. But Sam showed no signs of relenting until all the earth was filled in smooth and even.

"Now you can go on to your straight line," he said, "and I will go and help Lily a while."

"What are you doing?" said Lily, coming up. "Oh, how pretty every thing looks!"

"Sowing my sweet-peas," said Prim. "That's a circle, and this is a straight line."

"Is it?" said Lily; "I should have said it was a crooked line if you'd asked me."

"But it's so hard to draw it straight!" said Prim, standing up to look at her line, which was indeed extremely wavy, to say the least.

"Never mind—I dare say it's as good as the circle," said Lily, consolingly.

"The circle's *perfect*," said Prim. "Sam drew it for me himself. He set a stick in the middle and tied a string to it, and tied another stick to the other end of the string, and just drew it all round—so."

"For the straight line," said Sam, "you can stretch a cord between two sticks; or you can lay your rake-handle down on the bed and measure by that. Now, Lily, what are *you* about?"

"I don't know how thick to sow these seeds," said Lily. "I sowed all there were in the paper first, and then the holes looked so close together I picked up a good many of 'em."

"Picked them up—the seeds, I suppose!" said Sam. "That's a losing business. And what are these holes you talk of?"

"Why, the holes I made for the seeds," said Lily, leading the way down the hill to her garden. 'What seeds are they?"

"Only my dwarf convolvulus. Oh, I didn't lose any of 'em—I know exactly how many there were."

Sam thought to himself that it was a very loving sort of gardening in which the seeds were all *counted;* but he said nothing except to give Lily her directions, and then walked up the hill again and toward the fence to look at Clover. Lily's counting was nothing to Clover's care. She smoothed and resmoothed the little spot where the seeds were to go; dug it lightly up with her trowel, and then smoothed it again, breaking every smallest lump of earth. Then carefully opening her seed-bag, Clover took out a little pinch of seed between her finger and thumb, and slowly, cautiously sprinkled it over the prepared bit of ground. Then making some more earth very fine, Clover sprinkled that over the seeds, pausing once or twice to consider whether that was deep enough; then patted the whole softly down with her trowel, stuck her label at one side, and the work was done. With a little sigh of great satisfaction Clover looked up at her brother.

"Will it do, Sam?"

"Exceedingly well," said her brother, smiling. "But where are your sticks?"

"What sticks?"

"Sticks to mark the boundary line of each patch of seeds, so that you may not plant one kind on top of another."

"Oh, I never thought about that; I haven't got any," said Clover.

Sam took up a tree branch which the wind had blown off, and cut three or four little sticks—six inches long or so—with which Clover at once fenced in her seeds.

"How pretty it looks!" she said, slipping her hand into her brother's; "and how wonderful it is, Sam! Just to think what my little seeds will be next time I see them!"

"Ay!" said Sam, clasping the little hand tight, but speaking in a musing way, as if hardly thinking of her: "'That thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be.' 'In hope of a glorious resurrection'—that is it, dear. And the earth seems but a soft, quiet bed in the sunshine of such a promise."

Clover looked at him earnestly, and then her eyes flushed, and she looked down at her garden again quite silently, for she was a little body of few words. Or perhaps I should say, of fewer words than thoughts. "In hope of a glorious resurrection"—yes, that was it, certainly; but Clover had never known what those words meant before.

"What will these flowers be like, Clove?" said Sam, suddenly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Clover; "the Catalogue doesn't tell. Only they will be sweet and white."

"Yes," Sam repeated, as he walked slowly away, swinging Clover's hand softly back and forth in his own, "'sweet and white,' that is all it tells. 'For it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know'—we who love Jesus—'that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'"

One little word among all these went straight to Clover's heart; that little word "we." "'*We* who love Jesus,'" her brother had said; oh, did she?

I can not tell you what joy it was, when the plants began to come up in the little window-boxes. I think the very first of all was the crumpled pink leaf of an abronia, "as pretty as a flower," Prim declared, for the abronias belonged to her. Then in Lily's box appeared a quite different beauty—small, compact, and round; a canna shoot, with its white tip above the lovely green line. Lily was what Jack called "frantic," in her delight. Nothing quite equal to these in beauty was seen in Clover's box at first; but the hyacinth beans sent up their broad seed leaves, which Sam called "cotyledons," and Jack declared to be only the two halves of the bean itself. Then the zinnias came forth, bright and strong; and the stocks—little tiny flat seeds that they were—burst out with such broad, large cotyledons, that Clover wondered over them. Clover did a great deal of thinking in those days, and never could go near her box or her garden without remembering the words Sam had spoken down by the fence. Jack declared that gardening had spoiled all his three sisters, for Lily was crazy, and Prim in a dream, and Clover in such a brown study that you could get nothing out of her. "Except moral lectures," Jack would add by way of conclusion.

By-and-by the earth which covered Prim's ipomœa seeds began to rise up in a most remarkable manner; a little heap here, and another there, not quite smooth but inclined to crack open at the top.

"It's just like what mamma said!" exclaimed Prim, in her excitement. "Oh, do you think it can be the seeds?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Sam, to whom this appeal was made. And from that time, whoever wanted Prim was sure to find her at the window, gazing down upon the pot that held her ipomœa seeds.

Lily, too, made a great discovery. A similar disturbance of the earth in one of her flower-pots had been followed by the sudden appearance of two little green leaves on a very long stalk; so long indeed that it could hardly hold itself up. Lily thought it must be the newest and rarest of plants, there was but one in the pot, and that grew so fast.

"Just look, Sam!" she said, "is that one of my asters?"

"Aster, indeed!" said Sam, with an expression of great contempt. And before Lily well knew what he was about, Sam had raised the pane of glass, pulled up the rare plant, and flung it out of the window.

"Oh, Sam, Sam!" was all Lily could say, "what *did* you do that for?"

"What did I do it for? why you do not want to grow weeds, I suppose?"

"Was *that* a weed?"

"That was a weed."

"Well, I'll never trust any thing again," said Lily. And to be sure she did not; for when a few days after one of the pots became suddenly full of green leaves upon long stalks, Lily began to root them out with an unsparing hand; but this time it was Sam who cried "stop!"

"They're only weeds," said Lily.

"They're only your scarlet flax," said Sam. "Never mind, you have lost but a few."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said poor Lily, "what am I to do! I thought weeds and flowers were different—and they're just alike!"

"No, they are not," said Sam; "but that is one of the things you have got to learn. A gardener knows a weed from a flower by a sort of instinct, even when it first comes up; though it is such a little bit of a thing, and may be of a kind he has never seen before. He will recognize one weed in a whole tuft of flowers, or one flower in a whole tuft of weeds."

"But *how*?" said Lily. "Tell me how?"

"Ah, that I can not do; that you must learn," said Sam: "I could as soon give you directions for finding out a real lady or gentleman. It's not because of their dress, it's not because of their place—you just *feel* the difference. And so it is with weeds."

LOVE'S LIGHT.

LAST year she wandered through the wood,
The Spring was on the breeze,
And overhead, among the trees,
The building cushats cooed and cooed;
And all around a hundred notes
Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats;
And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
Amid the primrose flowers,
And from the hawthorn shook in showers
The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
And making havoc as she went,
Her merry voice glad snatches sent
Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
Blithe caroled every bird,
And overhead again were heard
The plaintive cushats crooning love;
Again along the primrose glade,
Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
With playful fingers rude,
To scatter in her careless mood
Their blooms along the forest ways;
But violet and primrose fair
She gathered in a garland rare,
And lily bells and fragrant mays.

And through the woodland on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and mead, where cattle roved;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their random flights along the wild;
But Love has come, and every where,
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,
An intuition rare,
A sense that need hath ne'er
Of words to thread the intricacy
Of thought and feeling's maze,
A foretaste of the eternal days,
When God shall lighten every eye.

MARGARET.

MARGARET GLINT was very busy. The clergyman of New St. Simon's Church—good, abstracted Dr. Glint, who had grubbed among dead languages until his own seemed a very small absurdity to him, and who was so absorbed in the roots of Greek and Latin words that but for the joint efforts of his young sister and old servant he would probably have preached in his night-gown, gone abroad on week days in his surplice, and retired in his best coat—was hard at work at a fearfully learned and woefully dull volume fast approaching the epoch of publication, when weak eyes and a press of pastoral duties rendered the engagement of an amanuensis positively necessary. Such a one had been engaged—a gentleman recently arrived from England—an intelligent man of education, who seemed glad enough to occupy the position, and agreeable enough to prove a pleasant companion to the Doctor in his leisure hours; and having forgotten to mention that he was expected, the stranger arrived without the least warning this Monday morning, baggage and all—what there was of it—and was now shut up with the Doctor in his library, while Miss Glint and Nancy bustled about the "blue bedroom" arranging it for the new-comer. Both highly provoked by the Doctor's forgetfulness to give them warning; and Miss Margaret, in a sarcastic mood, saying so many absurd things that Nancy declared she would be "the death of her." "Two looking-glasses, Nancy," said Miss Margaret. "Mind *that*. He surely must want them to make that nice, straight part at the back of his head; and be careful of the carpet-bag, or you might spill the rouge and lily-white."

"As if he had any, Miss," said Nancy.

"He's like a china doll," said Margaret. "I hope he's *not* a girl in male attire. There would be such a scandal. Now we're all right, I think. Remember to put out plenty of jam and cake for tea. I'm sure he likes them. I hope I sha'n't forget and call him Bubby."

"You'll kill me, Miss," said Nancy, leaning against the wall. "How you *do* make fun of 'em, to be sure!"

By *them* Nancy meant the sterner sex. It was a way Margaret Glint had. She was always laughing at some one. Perhaps she laughed more than a quietly happy person would have done. She had had what in common parlance is called a "disappointment." At twenty she had been engaged to a certain Roger Ackland—a man ten years her senior—one to be both proud and fond of. Her very wedding-dress had been ready, when some one, in no kindly spirit, had brought the girl a tale of her lover's past life which he had hidden from her.

He did not deny it, and she would listen to no excuse. She gave him back letter and ring and lock of hair, and bade him leave her. It was like the parting of body and soul, but she did it bravely. Since then she had been mistress of her brother's house, and had never once fallen into low spirits as far as any one could judge. What she suffered only the pitying angels knew who comforted her—and she did not repent. "Better any fate," she had said, "than the wife of a bad man;" and she meant it. Many a one had wooed her since, but she cared for none. Roger was not a handsome man, but she could see no beauty in any other face, and the men she met all seemed so small and petty in comparison with him.

Least of all did she like purposeless, helpless men, like this amanuensis of her brother's. It would bore her woefully, she knew, to have him about the house. Yet when he made his appearance at table she was very courteous to him—more so than to most strangers.

He was small and very fair. His hands were girl's hands. He was not decided even about the matter of cream and sugar in his tea. He took what was handed him, and refrained from helping himself to the butter at his very plate, until some one discovered that he was nibbling dry bread; but he was so mild withal—so sweet-voiced and amiable that he won on her. After a few days she felt much as she might toward some timid child, and was very anxious to please and make him comfortable. And this *rôle* of protector suited Margaret well. It came in a week or two to keeping a seat beside her for him, to making much of him in a motherly sort of way. He was three years her senior, but she always felt as though he was much younger, and, to tell the truth, made a sort of pet of him, as she might of some young brother home for the holidays.

And Charles Lawton was immensely grateful in his mild way. Nothing was too much to do for Miss Glint. He walked miles in the noonday sun to the circulating library for a book she wanted. He found, in some mysterious manner, a rare plant she coveted for her garden. He scoured the country for her lost canary-bird, and rescued it from the hands of a dishonest boy in a way that excited the astonishment of those who knew of the adventure, and made himself useful in a thousand little ways, morning, noon, and night. But whatever he did, wherever he was, the young man never seemed quite happy. He was always sighing, always looking downcast. Always being found in a brown study on the porch, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and two great tears in them. It troubled Margaret Glint sorely to see this. It made her more unhappy than she could have fancied possible. For some men to be wretched seemed natural; but this gentle, innocent, effeminate man *should* have been as happy as a school-girl. She tried to cheer him up—in vain. She exerted herself to make him laugh. He did it, and then grew sad again. What could he have done? What could have been done to him? Had he been in love—had he been jilted? No one could answer these questions save himself. Until at last Margaret made a discovery. Her brother had gone out, taking his amanuensis with him. To rummage for some rare work, and dusting and sweeping and purifying the library, was the business of the day. It was necessary to do it secretly, for broom and brush were denied an entrance; though, if papers were not moved, the Doctor would never notice the difference on his return; and old Nancy was in abject terror until the work was accomplished. Then, in an idle mood, Miss Glint sat down at the desk of the amanuensis and began to look over the papers. The Doctor's crabbed scrawls were copied in a fair hand, with pretty, delicate flourishes, and exact margins, all fresh and nice, and pleasant to look at; but under the pile, hidden there, as it seemed, in a hurry, for the upper edge was crumpled, lay a sheet of foolscap covered on both sides, thus:

"Margaret!"—"Dear Margaret!"—"Margaret my love!"—"Beautiful Margaret!"

The same name written a hundred times in as many different styles with loving words appended. No one who is in the habit of writing but has done the same thing some time. We all know why, though it would be hard to explain the reason. Margaret knew. She had discovered Charles Lawton's secret. She stood holding the paper in her large white hand, cheek and brow flushed hotly. Then the sheet began to tremble and was crushed in the round finger-tips, and Margaret Glint fled the library with that mute witness of love like a guilty thing. What had tempted her to toy with those papers which did not interest her one whit? The manuscript of that dry, deeply-learned work which

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was so much pure stupidity to her, as to most people? Was it fate? It seemed so, for thus had she learned what else she might never have learned in all her life, for she knew now that her great wealth —she was a very rich woman—kept her gentle lover from telling her of his love. "Margaret—Margaret!" Ah, did he love her as she had loved Roger Ackland, when it was her wont to scribble his name over and over again? Could it be? Had he the strength of heart to feel so? In her own room Margaret knelt down upon the cushion at her bedside, and, hiding her face upon her pillow, with her folded arms above her head, *thought*. She must needs think it all out for herself. There was no one to go to for advice. Had it only been the root of a Greek verb her brother could have helped her. Any thing a dictionary or a treatise could have availed her in she need not have puzzled over; but this involved only the heart and conscience—the heart and conscience of a *woman*, and her brother, the clergyman, could not advise even could she ask him.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "What *have* I done? I have been kind to him. I have been very kind to him, but I never thought of this. And he is so good. Could I come to liking him enough? Perhaps."

The face of Charles Lawton arose before her. The pale face, with its light, cool-tinted hair and helpless-looking, girlish mouth. A face sweet and pure but with no strength in it, and her mental gaze was fixed upon it.

"Perhaps," she said again. And her eyes looked tender. So might a man have looked, thinking of some girl who loved him. She was a little like a man, this Margaret Glint. Large and dark and brilliant. Looking at her you might sometimes think of some poet's young hero. In her soul, too, dwelt a high-toned sense of honor which was manlike: though all men—more is the pity—do not have it. And this it was which moved within her now.

Unconsciously she had won a heart. It was a little her fault, a very little, and she dared not trample on it. She could not.

From her knees she arose, convinced of her duty, and stood before the window looking out upon the road—a pleasant country road, burnished by the setting sun.

"I must love him if I can," she said. "Poor child—poor boy! This is what his sadness means. This is his secret. I am so very rich—he poor. He is afraid to speak. I wish he were not. I could love him more."

She went to the mirror to bind up her hair—that glorious hair, ink-black and glossy as polished jet. The great waves were prisoned in a golden net. From her dainty ears hung glowing rubies; their mates glittered on her bosom, no redder than her lips. Such a face might a Sultana have owned. It was gorgeous; gorgeous things became it; rich colors set it off. Margaret knew that it was beautiful. But for five long years—ever since she had given Roger Ackland back his letters, and seen that face of his, rugged as the granite hills where he was born, turn grayly pallid to the lips—ever since she had put her own heart beneath her feet and trampled on it—she had never dreamed the dreams of other girls—never hoped as other women do. She was five-and-twenty now. Should she begin to dream again?

"Love is worth much," said Margaret, "and I could comfort him and care for him—I could make him rich. Better mend my life thus than let it go to waste. Better make another happy if I can not be quite happy myself." And she turned from the mirror with a sigh.

Ten minutes after her laugh rang merrily through the great rooms below, and Charles Lawton was listening to it.

He sat beside the clergyman and opposite her as she poured the tea. There was grace in her every motion, fascination in her every glance. She looked at him as she had never looked before; for she knew now that he loved her. That knowledge alters a man at once to any woman. Before to-day he had been only a gentle, pleasant-faced man, to whom she could be kind. Now he was much more. She exerted herself to please him. She began to like to do so. She could not quite meet his eye. She blushed when, by accident, he touched her hand in taking his cup. Before her newly-acquired knowledge she could have held it in her own like a little child's.

When the meal and the long, quiet evening chat were over, she sought her pillow, confident that she had chosen well. A good if not a *great* man loved her; and she would be his wife. Only that subtle pain remained when, in some day-dream, she saw again the glorious, rugged face of Roger Ackland, and looking into her heart saw there a shattered idol—a shrine cast down—a something vanished from her soul forever, which had been very sweet to it.

Yes, Margaret was on the whole happier. Hour by hour in the days which followed she found it a sweeter task to give her timid lover hope. No vain fellow, no conceited "pretty man," was this. Less confident of his own powers of fascination, less hopeful, more humble-hearted he could not have been. That dainty care of person and attire was natural to him. Looking foppish, he was not one whit so in reality. Teaching him what he might hope, she began to feel a strange fondness for him, such as few women ever experience. A protecting feeling, as though he had been a girl and she a man. This strange, peculiar Margaret Glint absolutely began to long for the day which would give her the right to pillow his head upon her bosom, to endow him with her worldly goods, to shelter him with the great mantle of her love, and care for him in sickness or in sorrow. Oftener and oftener at this time her face and form reminded one of some young cavalier.

In the great bow-window, looking out upon the grounds, they used to sit together for hours, when the amanuensis was free from his daily task. She at her work, he idle. Sometimes they talked. Sometimes he gave her a half-glimpse of his life. Hinted at a sorrow, at a hopeless future. Seemed half inclined to tell her what he felt, then sunk into shy silence.

"And all because I am rich," thought Margaret. "Can he not see, what I should not say?—am I not plain enough in my manner? I have gone as far as woman can."

Yet she pitied him instead of feeling wroth.

The great book toiled on toward its end and was haply finished. Proof-sheets were revised, columns of jetty words were shut up between covers of substantial leather. The amanuensis was needed no longer. In a day or two he would be gone. Could it be that he would go without a word? It had come to this. Margaret had taught herself to love him. To be so fond of him that hot tears welled up to her eyes at the thought of parting. She saw how sad he was, and she vowed that woman's fear should not stand between them. That if he dared not speak *she* would.

The last night had fallen. They were alone together. Alone by the blazing fire, kindled for the first time that season on the hearth. She sat upon a low lounge, he stood with his arm upon the mantle-piece and his head upon it. From the tea-table the Doctor had gone to his own room to luxuriate in the sight of those hot-pressed volumes. The servants were far away in kitchen quarters. The rain forbade all fear of intruders from without. If ever time were favorable for her purpose that was the hour. Margaret knew it. Why did he not say something to her, sit beside her, take her hand? Surely never was man's heart as faint as his.

Thinking this a little bitterly she saw something glitter in the fire-light—something that smote her heart. It was a tear. This mute lover of her was suffering.

Margaret sprang from her seat and crossed the space between them. She put her hand upon Charles Lawton's shoulder. "You are unhappy?" she said. "Have you no confidence in me? Come, sit beside me; tell me all."

He sat down as she bade him. She kept her hand upon his arm. Had he met her eyes he must have known the truth; but he never lifted his.

"You are in trouble," she said again. "Can I help you? can I advise you? Believe me, if I can I will. Whatever it is, if I *can* I will."

He shook his head.

"God bless you!" he said. "I fear there is no advice to be given; no help to come, save that which Time may bring. You would despise me should I tell you all."

"Coward!"

He heard the word and looked at her. She smiled.

"Faint heart. I know what troubles you. Why should you fear to tell a woman of your love because she is rich? Have you no trust in me? See, I know all."

From her bosom she drew the paper she had kept there so long and laid it on his knee.

He caught it, gazed upon it, and the next instant was kneeling at her feet. Not to woo.

How he told it, how she heard it, Margaret never could remember; but she had the truth at last. It was another Margaret he loved. Another, whose name was written on that paper. Far away across the sea she dwelt. They were both too poor to wed. His health had failed him.

Years might pass before he might dare claim her, or the time might never come. And his grief was this, that in honor he must give her up lest all this weary waiting might cheat her of her spring-time, and leave her only a hopeless, lonely autumn.

Margaret heard it all, crushed by her great shame. Had he known the actual truth, it would not have been so bad; but that might never be. What must he think of her? For a while she was wroth with him. For a moment she could have killed him. Then she relented.

Like a queen she arose.

"I told you I would help you if I could. I think I can," she said, and gave him her hand; and swept from the room stately until the door had closed upon her. Then, alone in the darkness, she bowed down her proud head as it never had been bowed before. She had taught herself to love this man, who, after all, had never cared for her. She almost died of it. But Margaret was noble. One day there came to Charles Lawton a letter from that other Margaret in far-off England, bearing strange, sweet news. A mysterious legacy had come to her from an unknown friend. A legacy conditional upon her union with him to whom she wrote. They need not fear poverty henceforth; and she was coming to him.

She did not, so she wrote, believe that the donor had left this world. The lawyer in whose hands the business had been placed had been forbidden to say more than that the money was bestowed "by Margaret on Margaret."

These words told Charles Lawton all. One day he shared the secret with his wife.

But long ere that Margaret sat one day before the fire—the first fire of the season, as it had been on that eventful night, but this time quite alone—when the door behind her opened and the servant announced "A gentleman." Rising, she turned toward him, and stood transfixed. The massive head and rugged face; the grand figure, in its half careless dress; the eye like steel in fire-light, were before her once again—Roger Ackland had returned to her.

He looked at her in silence; then he said, softly: "You bade me leave you once, Margaret. Are you angry with me for seeking you again? I could not help it."

And she had given him her hand. Holding it still he had taken his place beside her. He had looked into her eyes.

"You would not hear me years ago," he said. "Will you listen now? If I have erred, I have done penance, Heaven knows! God forgives all sinners. May not a mortal woman forgive one who has repented?"

And then he told her all—the evil that had been done and sorrowed over even before they met; the excuse for it; the spiteful tattling which had warped for her ear that which he would have laid before her in plain, unvarnished truth—and she listened, believing.

"You took hope and life from me when we parted," he said. "I have suffered deeply all these years; but when, returning to my native land, I found Margaret, whom so many sought, yet free, I began to hope again. Will you give me something to live for—will you forget the past, and be mine, Margaret?" And he drew her toward him, and her head dropped upon his breast and rested there. A very woman she seemed now, confiding, clinging, trusting; and as she felt his arms about her the olden joy returned, and Margaret was happy.

So happy that she could have knelt down to thank Heaven for the bitterest mortification of her life, for any woe or any pain which had kept her free to give herself to Roger Ackland.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

WE have had in our political history four eminently critical Presidential administrations: WASHINGTON'S, in which the Constitution, established in 1787, was first tested in operation; JACKSON'S, in which this Constitution was for the first time seriously threatened by CALHOUN'S adherents in South Carolina; LINCOLN'S, in which CALHOUN'S doctrines, finding support in eleven Southern States, culminated in open rebellion against the Constitution; and JOHNSON'S, in which the rebellion, having been suppressed and the Constitution having triumphed over its armed opponents (or *misinterpreters*, if they prefer that designation), it became necessary for the General Government to step in, and, under the Constitution, to guarantee to disorganized States "a republican form of government," and to secure the peace of the country and the perfect allegiance of all its citizens, which had been obtained by military conquest. The first three of these administrations were eminently successful. Under WASHINGTON the Constitution, then for the first time put into operation, fully justified the hopes of its distinguished founders, who, after years of often-repeated and often-baffled attempts, had finally secured its adoption by the people. JACKSON, with characteristic firmness, silenced the Nullifiers of 1832. LINCOLN, with a fidelity to the Constitution and an honesty of purpose in enforcing its claims, equally characteristic, suppressed the rebellion of 1860–61. The issue of JOHNSON'S administration remains yet to be decided.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President of the United States, is probably as remarkable a man as our country has produced. His career is a notable one. He was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. At the age of 10 years he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city. The circumstances of his early life were calculated to give him an appreciation of many of the worst evils of the Slave system prevalent in the South. The disadvantages under which he, as a poor boy, labored as contrasted to the advantages of the privileged few, were only too apparent to him at every step. No institution of learning opened its doors to him. During the seven years of his apprenticeship he learned to read, an acquisition due, in part, to accident but still more to his own ingenuity and untiring perseverance. His first reading-book—and that was a borrowed one—was a volume of speeches, chiefly those of British statesmen. In 1826, at the age of 18, he removed to Greenville, in East Tennessee, where he was so fortunate as to marry a young lady who was competent to teach him writing and the first rudiments of arithmetic. This was the completion of ANDY'S schooling; the refinements of a college education were beyond his reach; the knowledge which he had, though not securing the ends of a higher and more scholastic culture, fitted him for the uses of life.

As might be supposed, when we find him at the age of twenty entering upon the arena of political conflict, his instincts and opinions are emphatically democratic. His first political success was against the aristocratic element in Greenville, his own town, where for three years he held the office of Alderman, and was immediately afterward promoted to the Mayoralty, which he held for three years. In 1834 he was influential in securing for his State a new Constitution, guaranteeing the freedom of speech and of the press, and enlarging the liberties of the masses. In 1835 he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature; in 1840 was one of the Presidential Electors from that State; in 1841 was sent to the State Senate; in 1843 was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1845 and 1847; in 1853 was elected Governor of Tennessee, being re-elected in 1855; was elected United States Senator in 1857 for the full term of six years; and in 1862 was appointed by President LINCOLN Military Governor of Tennessee.

Such was the curriculum of official life run by ANDREW JOHNSON before he was, in 1864, elected Vice-President of the United States. His political record during all these years has been well defined, and, in the main, consistent. His maiden speech in Congress was made in support of the resolution to restore the fine imposed upon General JACKSON for having placed New Orleans under martial law. Judging from his Congressional record, we should set him down as a stiff Democrat of the ANDREW JACKSON school. He warmly advocated the annexation of Texas, and he thought that State would "prove to be the gateway out of which the sable sons of Africa are to pass from bondage to freedom, and become merged in a population congenial with themselves"—a prophecy which had no basis and no verification. He has made since his accession to the Presidency a somewhat liberal use of the veto power; but we find that in 1847 he made a very eloquent argument in favor of the exercise of this power, in the course of which he said that JACKSON had exercised this power nine times. In this respect JOHNSON may certainly claim to have successfully imitated his prototype. He was a strong advocate of the Mexican war, and he opened the agitation of the Homestead bill, of which he was an ardent supporter until its passage.

But it is in ANDREW JOHNSON'S Senatorial career, and especially in his denunciation of the Secession movement of 1860, that the strong points of his statesmanship are most apparent. He can justly claim the rare merit, which all will cheerfully accord him, of having been the only Southern representative in Congress who stood firm to the Union in its greatest peril. Of course this destroyed his popularity at the South. In his own State he was burned in effigy. Passing through Lynchburg at the height of this Secession excitement, in the winter of 1860, he was groaned and hissed by a mob, who threatened to take him from the cars to hang him. The Memphis *Avalanche* of April 25, 1861, exultantly described his having his nose pulled by another mob at Liberty, in Virginia. It was this noble stand taken by ANDREW JOHNSON for the enforcement of the Constitution which insured him the Vice-Presidency.

In the special session called by President LINCOLN in the summer of 1861 we find Mr. JOHNSON the ablest supporter of the apparently arbitrary acts of the President in increasing the army, claiming that Mr. LINCOLN had only anticipated Congressional legislation. Yet Mr. JOHNSON stood by the Constitution even in making war upon its enemies. It was he who introduced into the Senate, July 26, the following resolution (previously adopted in the House), and which passed by a vote of 80 against 5:

Resolved, That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States, now in revolt against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capitol; that, in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feeling of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not prosecuted upon our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overturning or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.

The principle involved in this resolution is the key-note of ANDREW JOHNSON'S policy to-day. And this brings us down to the immediate present. We pass over Mr. JOHNSON'S career as Military Governor of Tennessee, which was thoroughly consistent with his Congressional record. He was, without parade, inaugurated President of the United States upon the day of Mr. LINCOLN'S death. We shall not here quote what he had previously said about hanging conscious traitors, nor, as is the habit of many, shall we denounce him for not having made the unsparing use of the halter which he once threatened. This journal has never advocated the execution of these threats, has never indeed recommended any vindictive policy as against the persons of those lately in rebellion. It is not worth our while to inquire what has turned Mr. JOHNSON toward a more lenient policy—the policy of pardoning rebels instead of hanging them. It may have been that a deep sense of his responsibility upon the assumption of the Presidential office led him to change his mind as to the expediency of such measures as he had formerly proposed, or it may have been the example of his predecessor which altered his purpose. Whatever it may have been, we have no fault to find with him in this regard.

The main objection presented against Mr. JOHNSON'S conduct of the problem of reconstruction by those who were formerly his supporters arises from a divergence of views between him and them as to the expediencies and necessities of the situation. They wish to secure the results of the war, and they go somewhat farther than he does in the guarantees which they ask of the late rebels. The case stands simply thus: The rebels in arms were *disarmed* by our soldiers; submission to the arbitrament of war was the *least* that could be expected of them—this was simply the recognition of defeat, and by no means involved of necessity a return to their allegiance. But they claimed that they not only recognized their defeat, but were willing also to yield their allegiance to the Government and to unite with their victors in such a restoration of peace and union as was dictated by the necessities and proprieties of the situation in which the war had left the country. They accordingly nullified secession, repudiated the rebel debt, and ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. President JOHNSON accepted these acts as satisfactory evidences of the good faith and loyalty of Southern citizens. He recognized the rebel States as restored to their normal relations with the General Government, except in the very important matter of representation, which he must leave to Congress. Well, Congress, upon its assembling, claimed that the Legislative Department had something to determine in this matter of restoration—something more than was involved in the mere examination of the credentials of Southern Congressmen. In short, Congress was not satisfied with the guaranties which the President had secured: these were good as far as they went, but still others were necessary. In the first place, Congress determined it was necessary to secure the equal rights before the law of all citizens without respect to race, class, or color; and still further, the States ought, by an amendment of the Constitution, to be put upon an equal footing in their basis of representation.

Congress decided, therefore, that these two things must be secured, precedent to *its* recognition of the States as restored. Here, in few words, is the difference between the President and the Thirty-ninth Congress. Between them the people are to decide. We have, in this place, no arguments to offer in support or opposition of either side. Arguments of this nature are presented every week in our Editorial columns. One thing, however, seems certain. The difference between the President and Congress has brought on a deplorable situation in the South. It seems to be taken for granted there that the late rebels will be sustained in their proscription of Union men and their infuriated animosity against the freedmen; and it is to be feared that a popular victory on the side of the President will tend to confirm this assumption. This is a consideration eminently worthy the attention of all who are in favor of equal rights, and who are not willing to forget those in the South who have been faithful adherents of the Union cause during the war.

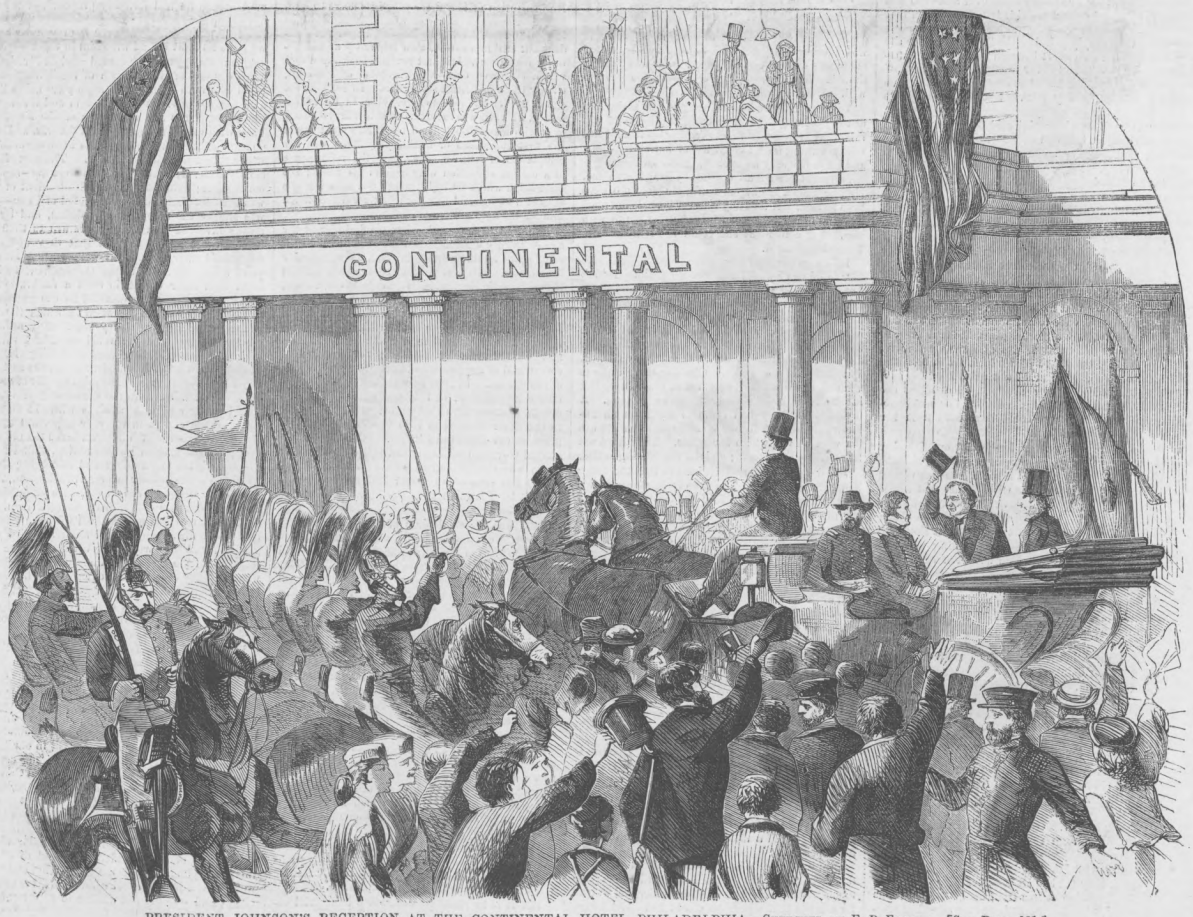
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President JOHNSON has been sketched by Senator DOOLITTLE as "a man of medium stature, compact and strong built, of dark complexion, and deep-set black eyes. He is of bilious temperament, of strong intellect, indomitable energy, and iron will, in whose character, I should say, the strongest feature of all is that of stern justice, mingled with a genuine hatred of all forms of aristocracy and oppression, and a patriotism so ardent that it amounts to a passion, almost a religion." We mean nothing disrespectful when we add that ANDREW JOHNSON does not belong to that high order of American statesmen where stand such men as ALEXANDER HAMILTON and WM. H. SEWARD. While he undoubtedly possesses a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and is to be accorded perfect honesty in his political views, it is impossible for him to command that kind of popular confidence which was given to Mr. LINCOLN. Unlike the latter, Mr. JOHNSON possesses a mind rather impassioned than argumentative. His exhibition of temper, his intemperate, and often indecent, denunciation of his political opponents remind us rather of the demagogue than of the unimpassioned and well-balanced statesman. Whether we deem him right or wrong, his speeches before the people always have had essentially the same characteristics—the same strength and the same weakness. He never forgets, or lets you forget, that he is "the humble individual who is now addressing you;" he seems always apprehensive lest we shall lose sight of the sacrifices which he has borne or the service which he has done; if we do not agree with him politically we may expect to be called "traitors;" if any opponent has denounced him, we may be sure that he will return the blow with interest, thus putting himself upon the level of his intemperate and it may be vulgar antagonist. These characteristics are the result, in part, of his peculiar temperament, and, in still greater part, of his political education. The strongest speeches he has ever made—and those most free of the characteristic weakness to which we have alluded—were those made by him in the Senate in the winter of 1860 and the following summer. Indeed when speaking before the Senate he appeared as a very different style of orator than when addressing the people. Before the latter his speeches are disconnected, full of repetitions, and not even his official position as Chief Magistrate of the United States is sufficient to keep him within the limits of good sense and decorum.

These weaknesses are no arguments against his policy, any more than the same sort of weaknesses displayed by THADDEUS STEVENS are arguments against the policy of Congress. We have always spoken freely of this sort of rhetoric, on whichever side it has been used. Neither Mr. STEVENS's denunciations of the President and his supporters, nor the indecorous epithets applied by President JOHNSON to his opponents, will weigh much with the people. They will dodge this rhetoric of thunder, and decide the great issue which is now before them according to their appreciation of the questions involved, and we feel sure that their verdict will accord with reason and with their patriotic instincts.

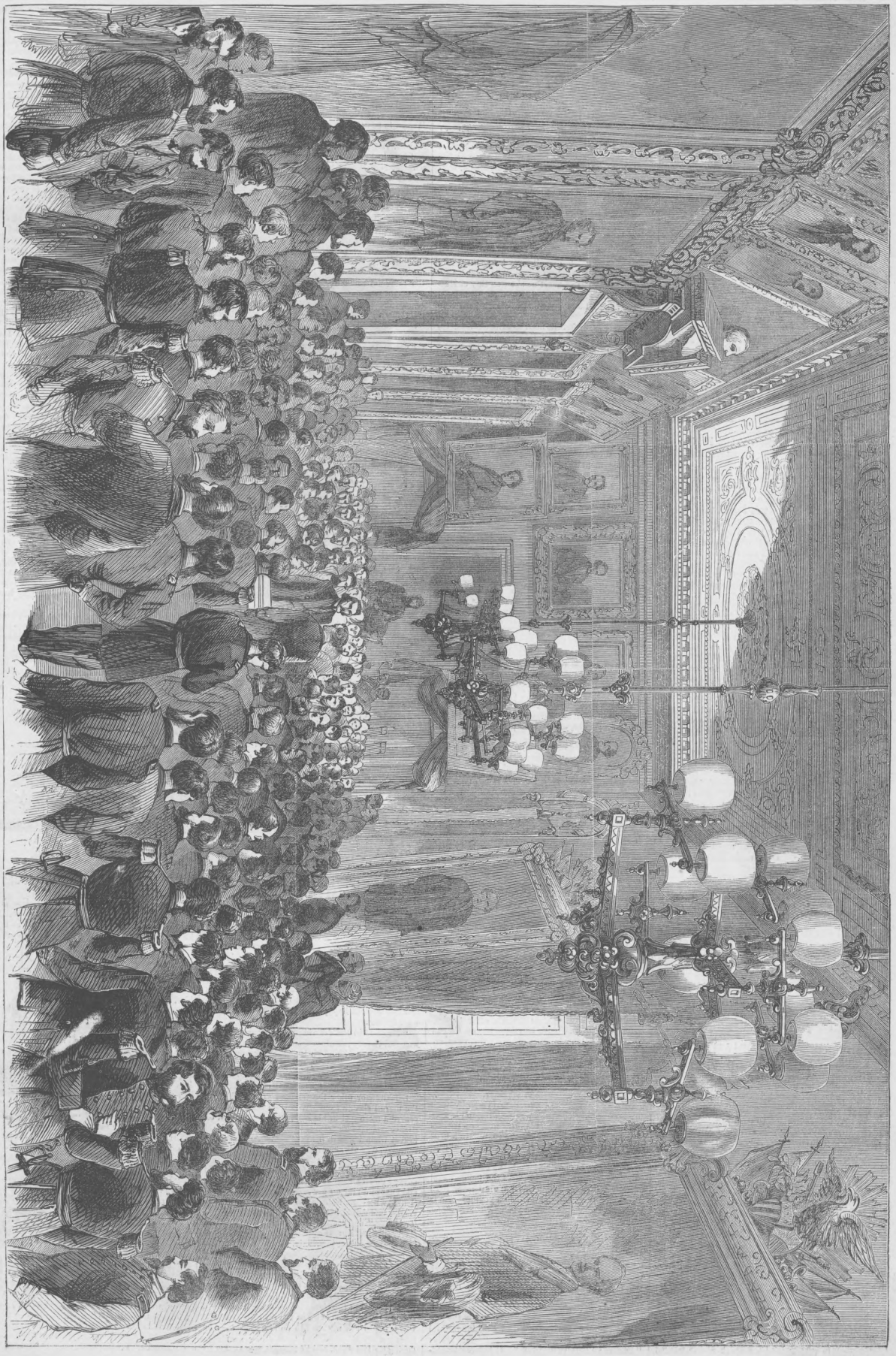


ANDREW JOHNSON, THE SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY E. P. FRAZER.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

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SEPTEMBER.

GENTLE September, thou art here;
The Graces follow in thy train,
The almoners of the bounteous year,
And scatter gifts of golden grain.

September, e'en thy very name
Is syllabled unto the ear
In liquid sweetness; and the same
Sweet promise ripens in thy cheer.

We see thee in thy deep-hued dress,
We hear thee in thy plaintive breeze,
We taste thee in the mellowness
That drops from thy rich-burdened trees.

We know thee by the tempered heat
That lingers in the sun's spent rays,
And by the passing hours more fleet
That fill thy Indian Summer days.

And by the faint-hued haze which veils
The vista seen through branching trees;
But we feel thee most when language fails,
By other signs and scenes than these.

Thou hast a token in the sky,
A music in the wandering winds,
A strength in thy maturity,
In which the soul a solace finds.

We hail thee, harvest month—and more,
Thou art the heart's month—and we gain
Of calm content a plenteous store,
As well as gifts of golden grain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Third Portion.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY a short time intervened between that evening when Anna sang so wonderfully, and quitted the room so strangely, and the period fixed for Miss Wokenham's marriage. The approaching departure of our good friend naturally occupied our thoughts very much. It was a great event and excitement in the even tenor of our lives; and going to America was a much more serious matter in those days than it is now.

Miss Wokenham, however, was as brave and bright as possible; it was not until the very night before she went away that she broke down, or lost the cheerful front we were familiar with.

"It isn't that I'm at all afraid, my dears," she sobbed out, "or that I have the least distrust of Lewis; but I am so fond of you all, and home is very dear, and every thing is strange before me, and, of course, one must be a callous brute—and I hope I'm not *quite* that—to be able to take it all composedly, and—and I *can't* find my pocket-handkerchief!"

My heart warmed to Monsieur De Beauguet when I saw him draw a bright-colored bandana from his pocket and gently wipe the little woman's streaming eyes as if she had been a child. I could have hugged him when he afterward applied the handkerchief to his own eyes with the utmost simplicity. Somehow I felt then that our dear little governess was safe with him.

They had at first intended to be married in Liverpool, and to spend a few days there before leaving England. But the merchantman they were going out in was to sail sooner than had been expected, and they would have no time to spare. So Miss Wokenham bade us good-by in her maiden character that last evening, and was married early the following morning. Dear uncle gave the bride away. He and my aunt were the only guests present in the church, by Miss Wokenham's expressed desire.

She had some relatives—second cousins, I believe—who lived in a tall brick house just outside the town, and were very stiff and stately. Not the less so, I dare say, that they had no particular reason for stiffness and stateliness. They were a childless old couple, sufficiently well-to-do in the world, and were mysteriously aggrieved by the fact of their relative's keeping a school. This injury, however, they kindly condoned, finding, possibly, some consolation in the reflection that her keeping a school relieved her friends from the necessity of keeping *her*. But the announcement of Miss Wokenham's intended marriage had shocked them—Mrs. Parker especially—to a frightful extent.

"You would have thought I had confessed to some awful crime, to hear cousin Sarah," said Miss Wokenham to my aunt. "She talked to me more like a jail chaplain than any thing else. And after all, I should like to know what difference it can make to them? They insinuated that I must not expect *now* to inherit any of their money—just as if I ever had expected it! and they talked vaguely of ruin and disgrace in store for the family. However, I kept my temper pretty well till they began to be impertinent about Lewis, when I fired up, and told them he was a Gentleman whose shoes none of the Parkers were worthy to wipe. Therefore, you see, it would have been of no use asking cousin Sarah and her husband to my wedding. And indeed they shouldn't have come if they had wanted to, unless they made a handsome apology to M'sieu'."

So our little schoolmistress became a wife, unillumined by the lustre of the Parkers' presence or patronage. The breakfast was given at the Gable House, and, at the last moment, when it was time for the travelers to depart, Horace Lee came hurrying in, flushed and panting, with a great nosegay of hot-house flowers in his hand, which he presented to the bride. The poor little soul was in a sad state of agitation by this time, and was clinging to my aunt as if she could never part from her, but she smiled through her tears when she saw Horace. He was always a great favorite of hers. "My goodness!" said she, with a spark of her wonted vivacity, "where did you get those glorious flowers? But your face is as bright as they are. I scarcely hoped to see you again. I thought you were at your father's for the week."

"Did you suppose I would let you leave Willborough without saying good-by?" returned Horace. "I was up at six o'clock this morning, ransacking the green-houses at the Hall. When I told the head gardener that I wanted some flowers to give to a bride, he took quite an interest in their selection, and said I was to gather what I chose. I galloped the new mare nearly all the way into Willborough. And now you must pay me for my posy, Madame de Beauguet."

To see the start the little woman gave when he called her by her new name! But she put her hands in his, and stood on tip-toe to be kissed, saying, "God bless you, my dear boy! I shall always like you, and keep you in my thoughts side by side with our beloved friends at the Gable House. You know I can not express a higher regard than that for any one."

More kisses and embraces, confused farewells, promises to write, thanks, tears, blessings, and our dear old friend was gone. The last glimpse I had of her showed me her small form being lifted into the fly by my uncle's strong arms. Good, true friend! As large of heart as she was tiny of stature. What a giantess would Miss Wokenham have been if her soul and body had borne proportion to one another!

For some days after the marriage the whole household seemed unsettled; and Anna and I wandered about from the house to the gardens, and from the gardens to the orchard, and about and about, in a most desultory manner.

Old Stock had been forced so far to yield to age and rheumatism as to accept the assistance of a permanent under-gardener, who was to receive his directions, and spare him the hardest part of the outdoor work. It was a sore trial to him, until he discovered a mine of comfort in the alleged and assumed total incapacity of his assistant. This inexhaustible theme for grumbling seemed to afford him more enjoyment than any thing except his pipe. "Good-morning, Stock," said I to him, a few days after Miss Wokenham's wedding. "What sort of a spring are we likely to have? And how are things looking with you here?" He was standing in the kitchen garden—leaning on a great brown knotted stick, scarcely browner or more knotted than his hands—inspecting the labors of his subordinate, who was digging up a great potato-bed. It was one of Stock's rheumatic mornings, and he was unable to handle a spade himself.

"Spring, Miss Margrit," growled the old man. "The spring'll be all right, to be sure. The Lord'll look after that. But as to how things is looking here, why howiver is things *like* to look, when the master 'livers 'em over to the marcy of Bill Green? In course I knows *my* dooty:" Stock was always comfortably satisfied on that point: "my dooty's wrote out plain. It may be hard on a man as has sarved the master forty year, fur to see the soil turned up in that there fashion, like stirring furmety wi' a ladle; but if the master ordains as Bill Green is to spoon the herth instead of spading it, why spooned the herth must be."

"Don't be hard on Green, Stock," said I; "he'll improve, no doubt, with all the pains you will take to teach him."

"Pains! Ah, great pains an' little gains. Jist look at him now, Miss Margrit, a-standin' gapin' like a stuck pig, instead of arnin' his day's wage. Didn't ye niver see a young lady afore, ye great gaby?"

"I've see'd lots on 'em," returned Bill Green: a blue-eyed stolid young fellow, upon whom Stock's sarcasm and scolding appeared equally powerless to produce any impression.

"Oh, ye have, have ye? Then what are you standin' starin' at? Why don't ye try to do summut for your daily bread, thof it *be* but spoonin'?"

"I've digged this here bed, an' I dunno what's to do next," said Green.

Stock turned to me triumphantly.

"Ye see, ye see, Miss Margrit! That's the way! He ain't got no more notion of his dooties nor a baby. It's a marciful Providence as I'm able to git about to look after him. Come here along wi' me, Bill Green, and I'll pint out what mischief you and your spoon is to do next. Bring your spoon along with you. Not as the Lord wills that the article should ever be missing where *you* are!" And the old man hobbled away to another part of his domains, followed by Bill Green, who confidentially bestowed a broad grin on me as he departed.

Horace greatly relished Stock's eccentricities, and I got into the habit of treasuring up his odd sayings and doings, in order to repeat them to Horace. Horace was really witty. I have never known a more amusing companion than he could be when once he knew you well enough to cast off his shyness. He sometimes had fits of wild spirits that kept uncle Gough in roars of laughter. But then, too, he was very easily moved to sympathy with any thing sad. The tears would spring to his eyes in a moment at hearing a plaintive tune or a pathetic story. He rarely could refuse to give to a beggar, and was as tender as a woman with aged people and little children. Uncle Gough used to say that Horace had one great fault; he could not say, No. "Wants ballast a bit, does the laddie," said uncle. "But, Lord help us! We all grow hard soon enough; and an old heart in a young bosom is worse than an old head upon young shoulders."

CHAPTER VII.

GRADUALLY I grew to join the thought of Horace with every incident in my life. When the lilies of the valley first peeped up under the shady side of the moss-grown orchard wall, I said to myself: "How Horace will like to see them!"—for he loved flowers dearly. When old Bran, the watch-dog, crawled feebly into the parlor, one day for the first and last time in his life, and died with his faithful head on my uncle's feet, I thought, amidst my tears: "Horace will grieve for Bran." If I wore a brighter ribbon than usual, or any new piece of girlish finery, I secretly wondered, "How will Horace like it?" I suppose this was "falling in love," but I did not know it. It was rather growing into love, gradually and gently, as the love of kindred—father, mother, brothers, sisters—grows up in our hearts, until it becomes a part of our nature, and we can no more remember when it was not there, than we can recall the days of our earliest infancy. Mine was not a passionate nature, but it was a clinging one. Love, with me, was not the fierce devouring overmastering feeling that I had seen it in others. It grew to be a part of me; an ever-present, steady, strong affection, that claimed no passionate expression nor violent outbursts, but that lived in my life, and breathed in my breath, and took root in my innermost and deepest heart of hearts. Yes, it was love that I felt for Horace Lee; a real, true, undying love. Undying, for oh a long life lies between those youthful days and this present time in which I write, and oh, my Lucy, for whom I write, I love him to this hour!

Although I can now, on looking back, clearly understand what were my own feelings, you must not suppose that I did so at nineteen. I never thought of "questioning my heart," or "analyzing my inner consciousness," or of attempting any of the profound metaphysical problems which—the circulating library informs us—the girls of this generation are accustomed to solve. Insomuch, that sometimes I feel almost afraid lest they should "analyze" all their emotions away, or lose the sweet evanescent freshness of them, and leave only a little earthy deposit at the bottom of the crucible. But when I look around me and see eyes as bright and cheeks as blooming as those other eyes and cheeks I saw so long ago, I believe that fresh, unsophisticated hearts come, according to the goodness of God, to gladden the earth as naturally as the daisies; and I revert to my old comforting conviction, that when youth and love quite go out of the world the world itself must go out too.

I look back on that girl at the Gable House as on another creature. I smile at her follies and simplicities, and weep at her sorrows, and grieve over the bitter days that lie before her. Ah, how young she seems with her nineteen years, and how old am I, Aunt Margaret!

Well! As I have said, Horace Lee became the central figure in my life, his presence made me quietly glad, and I loved my dear guardians and benefactors the better that they also loved him. But it was all unconsciously, or at least without thought, on my part. Horace was like a son of the house, and uncle used to call him and Anna his two spoiled bairns. Anna had given way to no outbreaks of temper since that stormy night of her willfulness about the singing, and we hoped that, as she grew older, she was gaining self-control and gentleness. My thoughts often recurred to what Miss Wokenham had said to me on that same evening, and I wondered what "breakers ahead" she could have foreseen, or fancied she foresaw. I came at last to the conclusion that she dreaded trouble for us all from Anna's violent temper, knowing, as she well did, how unchecked by firm opposition that fiery spirit had been from babyhood. I wished that our good friend could have seen how pleasant a change had come over my sister within the last two months. I mentally resolved to give her a glowing account of Anna's improvement when I should write to Canada, so as to convey to her that I understood what she had meant by her warning, and to assure her that her anxiety had been overstrained and needless. Altogether, that winter evening was frequently in my mind, for from it I dated the loss of my little hair chain. Search was made for it on the following morning, but vainly; and then the preparations for our old schoolmistress's wedding had sufficiently occupied us all, from the kitchen-maid up to dear Aunt Gough.

Old Mr. Lee came occasionally to see us, and to express to my aunt and uncle his sense of their kindness and hospitality toward his son.

"Horace is doing well at Rotherwood's," said the old gentleman. "At least, so they tell me. Sir Robert"—this was the great baronet, Mr. Lee's employer—"Sir Robert sent for Horace to the Hall the other day to speak about a little matter of business, the draining of Meadow Leas, and Sir Robert had him into the drawing-room—into the drawing-room where my lady was sitting—and made him stop to luncheon."

We were all uncomfortably dumb in a moment, and I felt, without looking at him, that Horace was crimson. But Mr. Lee went on in his usual self-satisfied way, in happy ignorance of the misery we were feeling.

"He staid in the drawing-room, where my lady was, full twenty minutes—from that to half an hour, wasn't it, Horace? and Sir Robert shook hands with him when he came away. Very gratifying. But they always have been pleased to entertain a great respect (however unmerited) for *me*."

Somehow or other the fonder I grew of Horace the more I shrank from Mr. Lee. I must have appeared a mere fool in his eyes, for a perfect pall of silence and shyness seemed to envelop me from head to foot when I was in his presence. Anna, on the contrary, who always was less diffident than I—and with good reason, for she was a bright, winning creature, with the lively, frank manner that had never known a chill or a rebuff—Anna would laugh and chat and play off her pretty airs on the old gentleman with astonishing vivacity. He admired her vastly, and called her all manner of "sylphs," and "nymphs," and "cruel charmers," and fair "enslavers:" compliments over which Anna used to go into fits of laughter in private. But she seemed determined to fascinate Mr. Lee, and she certainly succeeded.

One day, when the spring was pretty far advanced, and the young leaves and the tender grass had put forth their first fresh delicious green, Mr. Lee appeared at the Gable House early in the forenoon. He had his chaise at the door, he said, and was come to ask my aunt to do him the hopor of taking a drive. She had been ailing somewhat during the last week, and he thought that the bright sun and fresh air would do her good.

"Do go, dear aunty," said we; and my uncle joined us in urging her.

"I will take you to a farm of one of Sir Robert's tenants, where I have business," said Mr. Lee, "and the good people of the house will be proud to offer you some homely refreshment, as a friend of *mine*. I am to sleep in Willborough to-night, and will drive you back before it grows dusk. There is—ahem! there is a third seat behind, and if one of the young ladies would accompany us—"

It was comical to see the look he gave me. It said "don't *you* come," so plainly. I involuntarily answered the look, by exclaiming, "Oh no, of course Anna will go." But Anna wished me to have the pleasure of the drive, and protested she would not care to go and leave me at home. "That is nonsense, dear," said I. "Do you go, and take care of aunty, and make her wrap up. Perhaps Mr. Lee will take me some other day." A proposal to which Mr. Lee, in his gladness at escaping my companionship for the present, politely and even cordially assented. So it was settled that Anna should go; and I helped to put warm wraps into the little open chaise, in case the spring evening should turn chilly as they came home; and I stood watching them as they drove away: Anna's dark ringlets waving about her pretty face, and her mouth pursed up into a ridiculous grimace in imitation of the unconscious Mr. Lee, who sat square and stately before her.

There was never lack of occupation at the Gable House. Aunt Gough had made us familiar with all housewifely lore, and both my sister and I were proud of our skill as housekeepers. My morning, therefore, passed busily away. After giving my uncle his early dinner, and seeing him established with his pipe and the London newspaper in the dining-room, I took my knitting and went into the garden to enjoy the brightness of the sunny afternoon. I wandered all over the grounds, through the shrubbery, into the orchard where the happy little birds were chirping and twittering in the gnarled old fruit-trees. I marked the early flowers dotting the borders with brilliant spots of color; and I peered with keen interest at the promise of a great plenty of roses displayed by the standard trees upon the lawn. It was all so dear and so familiar to me! I knew every nook in the place, every time-tinted patch in the old brick walls, every shrub, every bough, nay, almost every leaf. As I came slowly back toward the house I stopped to pick a bunch of broad-faced daisies that grew luxuriantly on a tiny green mound in a sunny corner of the shrubbery. It was a very tiny mound, with a white upright stone at one end of it, whereon the syllable VIC was engraven. Poor little Vixen lay beneath it, her fiery barkings and quaint gambols stilled forever. "Vic," said I, half aloud, "I am glad to know that you were a very happy little dog." And then I began to think of our childish days when Anna and Vic were such fast friends and joyous playmates. I remembered the great battle of the porch and Stock's signal defeat, and then I thought of *my* discomfiture and poor Dolly's deadly peril. Coming to the said porch at that moment, I went inside it and sat down. Though it was yet early in the year, the afternoon sun falling on that side of the house and beating on the yellow space of gravel—still the pride of Stock's heart—made the shade pleasant. The click of my knitting-needles grew slower and slower, and at length ceased. I had fallen into a drowsy kind of reverie. I was given to day-dreams then. All sorts of pictures of my childhood's days, and of people and places I knew, came into my head and passed away to be succeeded by other pictures. I was conscious of a lazy kind of curiosity as to what I should see next, when I heard a step on the gravel-path. It was not old Stock's heavy tread this time, but a light rapid footfall. I well knew whose.

"I thought I should find you here," said Horace, coming out of the sunlight to my side.

"Did you? I have not been in the porch before, this year; but this lovely afternoon tempted me. Aunty and Anna are gone to drive with your father."

"Yes, I know it. I am glad Mrs. Gough consented to go. I believe the air will do her good."

He had come eagerly into the porch as though he had been seeking me, wishing to say something; but now he sat silent, trifling with the ball of knitting-worsted that had lain on my lap. I have mentioned that he had an absent trick of turning and twisting things in his fingers.

"What you are doing now reminds me," I told him, "of my hair chain. Do you know I have never been able to find it since that night when you made Anna nervous by playing with it? Isn't it strange?"

He put his hand into his breast and turned his eyes upon me with a look that made my color rise and my heart beat faster.

"Margaret"—oh the tenderness in his voice! how sweet my name sounded!—"Margaret, shall I tell you something? Here is your chain. I have had it next my heart ever since that night." He drew it forth and held it out to me. A great joy began to flood my soul, but it was my nature to distrust such happiness. I could not accept it all at once; it seemed too great to believe in. So I tremblingly held out my hand for the chain, with a slight exclamation of surprise.

"No," said Horace, drawing nearer to me, "not till you have heard why I took it. You have not asked me that, Margaret. Do you know?"

I shook my head. I was past speaking.

"Can you guess?"

My tears began to blind me, and I could not keep down a sob. He threw his arms around me and held me to his breast.

"Because it had been yours; because it had clasped your throat; because the poorest ribbon you could wear, the glove that had touched your hand, the flower you had gathered and thrown away, would be dear and precious to me; because I love you, Margaret!"

Oh those words, those dear, dear words! Oh that happy time, that happy, happy time!

"Horace," I whispered, after a while, "Prince Charming has come at last." For he knew the

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story of my childish play, and had often laughed over it with me.

"*Is* it Prince Goldenheart?" he said. "Well; he should have a heart of gold who woos my Margaret. Thank God, at all events, there is no wicked fairy to blight *my* gentle Princess, or to stand between her and her love."

As he spoke a shadow blotted out the evening light, and when it had passed the sun had set.

"What was that?" I asked, looking up.

"Why, they have come home! Is it so late? It was your sister Anna."

"They have come home? Then they must have driven round into the stable-yard, and come into the house by the back way. I dare say Anna was looking for me. I must go now, Horace. Please let me."

I felt much as the child of twelve years before had felt, when old Stock, personifying the work-a-day world of reality, broke in upon her fairy story. We had been dreaming such a beautiful dream, Horace and I, all to ourselves, that for the moment it seemed a hardship to come out of that enchanted realm and face the common aspect of accustomed things. "Just one instant, Margaret!" He held both my hands clasped in one of his, and stood with his other hand laid softly on my head, looking down upon me.

"Aunty will wonder what has become of me."

"Answer me this one question. Do you really, really love me?"

"Oh, Horace! have I not said so?"

"Say it again! Once more—only once more."

"May I go if I say it again? Do you promise?"

"I promise, darling."

I released myself from his hold, and drew down the hand that rested on my head; then, leaning my two hands upon his shoulders, I raised my face to his, and kissed him; darting away next moment at full speed, and never stopping until I had flown across the hall, and along the stone-flagged passage that led to the morning-room. I paused outside the door, suddenly conscious of flushed cheeks and dishevelled hair, and panting from my swift run. I heard voices laughing and talking within, and, reassured by the conviction that they were not thinking of me, I stole up to my own chamber to bathe my face and smooth my hair. When I came down again and entered the morning-room the tea-table was spread there, and Horace was seated beside my aunt, who was leaning back in her large arm-chair with an air of weariness. Anna was there, and my uncle was there, and Mr. Lee.

"Dear aunty, are you tired? Have you had a pleasant day?" said I, hastening to her.

"Where have you been, Madge, my love? Anna was looking for you. Will you make the tea, and offer Mr. Lee some cold meat? I had a very agreeable drive, but I am a thought tired now, my dear."

So the business of the tea-table came opportunely to cover my confusion. After I had attended to our guest I took courage to glance at Horace. He had been waiting on my aunt, holding her tea-cup, drawing forward a folding screen to shield her from the scorching blaze of the wood-fire—my uncle never relinquished evening fires until quite midsummer—and placing a broad cushion beneath her feet. Now he sat beside her, with his handsome head bent down to listen to her soft, slow speech. How I loved him! How beautiful the gentle deference of his youth and strength to her weakness and age appeared in my eyes! Anna was chatting gayly with Uncle Gough and Mr. Lee; but she kept looking across at my aunt and Horace, as if she too thought the picture they presented a pleasant one.

"We have been to such a dear old farm-house, Madge," said Anna. "Such a quaint, queer, uncomfortable, picturesque old place! Meadow Leas it is called. The drive there is pretty too. I did so enjoy it."

"The good farmer and his dame were truly proud and delighted to entertain Mrs. Gough and your sister," said Mr. Lee. "Hospitable, kind souls, poor things!"

"Hospitable! Yes, indeed, Madge. I never saw such heaps of food as they spread on the table. Pies, and cheese, and cream, and ham, and butter, and ale, and bread. I was frightened when I saw the piled up platter of rabbit pasty they put before me. And they expected me to eat it all!"

"You must go some day, Margaret dear," said my aunt. "I'm sure you would enjoy it. Farmer Gibson and his wife have all manner of pets that you would delight in."

Old Mr. Lee was to sleep at the Blue Bell, where he always put up when he came to Willborough; and he withdrew early.

"I have business to attend to to-morrow that will cause me to be up betimes, my good madam," he said to aunt in his tiresome way. "You will therefore excuse me if I take my leave now. Late hours do not suit me. They interfere with that clearness of brain which is essential to the transaction of important business."

I was very glad to see him rise to depart, for late hours did not agree with Aunt Gough any more than they did with him, and she had been looking very weary for some time past. "Horace," Mr. Lee continued, "I shall see you in the morning. Our ways lie in different directions to-night. I shall have a message to deliver to you from Sir Robert. Good-night, my dear madam. Nay, nay," in reply to some murmured thanks from my aunt, "only too glad to have afforded you a day's pleasure. Farewell, Miss Anna. I am sure you will not soon be forgotten at Meadow Leas. A vision of youth and beauty bursting on the—hem! What is the word? No matter, you understand me. Good-night, Mrs. Gough. And good-night to *you*, Miss Sedley." He had very nearly omitted his parting salutation to me altogether; but I could not let Horace's father go without a farewell, that night of all nights; so I had emerged from my nook behind the tea-table. Mr. Lee tried to look as if he had been purposely reserving the pleasure of shaking hands with me for the last, and had meant to come round to my side of the room if I would but have awaited him patiently. But I am afraid I must make the humiliating confession that I believe he had quite forgotten I was present.

My aunt rose as soon as Mr. Lee had departed, and said she would go to bed. She seemed very feeble when she got upon her feet, and I began to fear that the day's exertion had been too much for her. Horace gave her his arm to the room door, and then I think my uncle observed her weakness with some anxiety. "Shall I carry you up stairs, my dear?" he said. "It wouldn't be for the first time."

"No, love, no; I'm not so dead tired as that. Madge will come with me. Good-night, all. I shall be strong again to-morrow after a night's rest."

So I went up the wide old-fashioned staircase with my aunt, she leaning on my arm; and we made the journey slowly, though the ascent was far from being a steep one.

Anna had seemed inclined to linger a little; but Horace was preoccupied, and did not talk; and my uncle's dear face had a rather troubled look as his eyes followed his wife's slow steps out of the room. Anna, to whom silence and dullness were always intolerable, forthwith began to yawn, and followed us up stairs almost immediately. Horace remained in the morning-room, and I saw in his eyes, and I felt in the parting pressure of his hand that he would speak in the fullness of his heart to my uncle before he went away that night. The thought made me a little nervous and agitated, though Heaven knows I had never had cause to dread my dear guardian and benefactor. I longed to speak to Aunt Gough, and tell her of my great happiness, and receive the sweet motherly sympathy that she had ever been ready to lavish on me from my childish days; but she seemed so fatigued and unstrung that I dared not venture to excite her that night for my selfish pleasure. I remained with her until her eyes were closed and her head lay placidly on the pillow; then, lamp in hand, I crossed the broad landing to my bedchamber.

Anna and I shared a large, low, oak-paneled room with three deep windows looking on to the lawn. Our white-curtained beds stood side by side on an island of crimson carpet relieved against the darkness of the polished floor. I found that my sister was already in bed and apparently asleep; shading the lamp with my hand, I walked softly to the dressing-table and looked in the glass. It was a large old-fashioned oval mirror set in a black carved swing frame. How plainly it all comes back to me! I can see the blue gleam of moonlight that slanted in at the many-paned windows, and threw a fantastic pattern on the oaken boards; I can see the wide stretch of garden and shrubbery shimmering ghost-like out of a silver veil of mist; I can see the long shadows of the trees rocking and swaying noiselessly on the lawn, as the trees themselves moved with a soft whispering sound in the night breeze; I can smell the fragrance of a bunch of rich brown wall-flowers that stood in a china vase on the window-sill. It all fixed itself in my mind during the moment in which I set my lamp upon the dressing-table, and tilted down the glass to an angle at which I could see my face reflected in it. Not a touch or tint in that picture has faded in fifty years. "This then is the happy girl whom Horace loves!" said I to myself, looking at the face which looked at me out of the dark sea-green depths of the mirror. I knew very well that it was not a beautiful face. I knew very well that it was scarcely even pretty. But it was irradiated now with a light that transfigured it. "Oh, I am so glad!" I whispered through my blissful tears. "I almost believe that being so dearly loved, and loving so dearly, will make me grow pretty." Then I bent forward and put my lips to the cold surface of the glass, and said, "That means good-night for Horace!"

I turned away from the glass with a heart full of happy thoughts, and yet my tears fell fast. Anna was lying asleep on her white bed, and, as I looked at her lovely fresh face in its nest of rippling hair, I yearned to tell my joy to any thing so sweet and young and beautiful, to receive her sisterly kiss, and to feel the clasp of her arms around my neck, as I had felt it many a time when she had come to me to be soothed in some baby sorrow, and we had fallen asleep together. I thought I could tell her better if I put out the light; therefore, when I was undressed, I extinguished the lamp and kneeled down by her bedside. The moonlight shone into the chamber, and her hand and arm, tossed carelessly outside the coverlet, were bathed in a flood of pale brightness; but her face was in shadow.

"Anna," I said in a low voice, putting my cheek down on hers—"Anna, I have something to tell you."

She did not answer me.

"Anna, darling! It is something that makes me very, very happy, and I can not sleep without telling you."

She breathed quicker, and the white hand that lay in the moonlight clenched itself.

"Don't be frightened, dear. It is good, good news I have to tell you."

No reply. The cheek on which mine rested turned a little away, but she did not speak.

"Anna, Horace Lee loves me. He has told me so!"

She dashed herself out of my arms, turning so as to bury her face in the pillow, and the moonlit hand went up into the black shadow around her head, and staid there.

"Why did you wake me, Margaret? I was asleep. I was dreaming. I was so happy, and now you have awakened me, and I shall never, never dream that dream again."

"Anna, my pet, my child, I did not know you were sleeping so soundly. I did not mean to disturb you. Don't cry, my dear, don't cry!" For she was sobbing and moaning fretfully.

"Don't speak to me, Margaret. Get to rest. Say what you have to say to-morrow. I—I can't understand you now. I am tired, and you have awakened me, and I was dreaming pleasantly, and now my dream is gone!"

She pushed me irritably from her. My heart felt very heavy. It was such a sudden chill after my glow of joy and tenderness! But with the habitual yielding to her, which was common to us all, I rose up from my knees and went to my own bed. "I ought not to have roused her," I said to myself as I lay down. "She was tired and sleepy, and she is such a child!" Once I stretched out my hand to touch her, and as she remained perfectly still I hoped she was sleeping. Gradually I grew drowsy, and my eyes closed, and my ears lost their vigilance, and the sweetness of Horace's smile, as he had held me in his arms that day, with the dancing shadows of the leaves upon his head, faded and faded, and melted away. But all night long, at intervals, I had an uneasy sense of disquietude and restlessness, and a fancy that some one was moving about the room. Once I dreamed that Anna was pacing up and down, her bare feet pattering lightly but distinctly on the polished floor. But when I started, and sat up and looked around, every thing was still, and I could hear no footstep, and the moon had set, and it was very dark.

TO THE BABY.

FUNNY thing a baby is,
Curious little creature;
Funny is its little phiz,
Comic every feature.

Helpless thing a baby is;
Tiny hands uplifting
O'er the troubled tide of life
Into which 'tis drifting.

Mystery a baby is—
Memories of heaven
Still must hover in the soul
Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
Since it must inherit
All the loss and gain of life,
All the sin and merit.

Funny, helpless, mystic, sad,
Let me tell you, Freddy,
Half the good and sweet of life,
Is the getting ready.

Yours the sunshine—take it all
While you're weak and tiny,
By-and-by the days that come
May not be so shiny.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COMMUNI-CABLE.—The difference between the cables of 1865 and 1866 is but slight. The latter has been successfully laid by per-severance—the former was per-severance lost.

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.—The performances of the needle-gun throw sewing-machines into the shade when we consider how many Austrian are men-dead by means of it.

A SPARK OF INTELLIGENCE.—It is proposed to give a banquet to those who have so admirably managed the Atlantic Cable. Of course they will have electric currents for their deserts.

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dash'd,
Lay long in bed, while his one shirt was wash'd,
The dame appear'd, and, holding it to view,
Said: "If 'tis wash'd again 'twill wash in two."
"Indeed," cries Bayes; "then wash it, pray, good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen."

The man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed, "This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present moment," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Faix," says he, "'tis a sort of a half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it mighty aisy after leaving you."

A leather medal having been offered for the worst conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following from several hundred: Why is rascality like a breast of a fowl?—Because it is a *piece of chicane*.

A little boy some six years old was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawing meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Acid of his wife.—She retorted: "Why will you persist in wearing other sheep's wool on your back?"

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved you will never get a husband."—"Ma," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a primrose is not without attractions."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

NOT YOUR BUSINESS.

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?

If you wish it I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business *why*.

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be *your own*.

One word by way of finis—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a *spy*.

"TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—To be sold, a thrashing-machine in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offenses into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said Jones. "Why not?" he was asked. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."

Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

"Bob," said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'm sighting all the misses on the other."

Jack his own merit sees; this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

EVIDENT.—With what material ought the Needle Rifles to be loaded?—Gun-cotton, of course.

WANTED—A HEART!

I want, ah, me! I want a heart,
But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart
And also rhyme with dove.

I do not want a manly heart
With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
And sympathy bestow.

The heart for which I long is none
Of man's—nor yet of maid's.
I only want a little one
To trump that trick in spades.

The latest *bon mot* about Bismarck is, that his fate depended not upon a thread, but upon a *needle*.

THE FASTEST THING GOING.—A Hunting Watch.

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market may be said to live by his *pen*.

What is the key-note to good-breeding?—B natural.

An English lady advertises, "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."

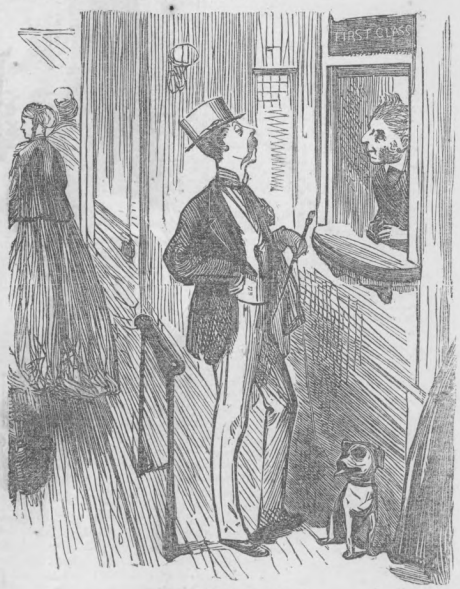
Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spoils the *nap*.

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

THE PERRUQUIER'S PARADISE.—Wigton.

When does a boy begin bird-keeping?—When he first sets up a (h)owl.

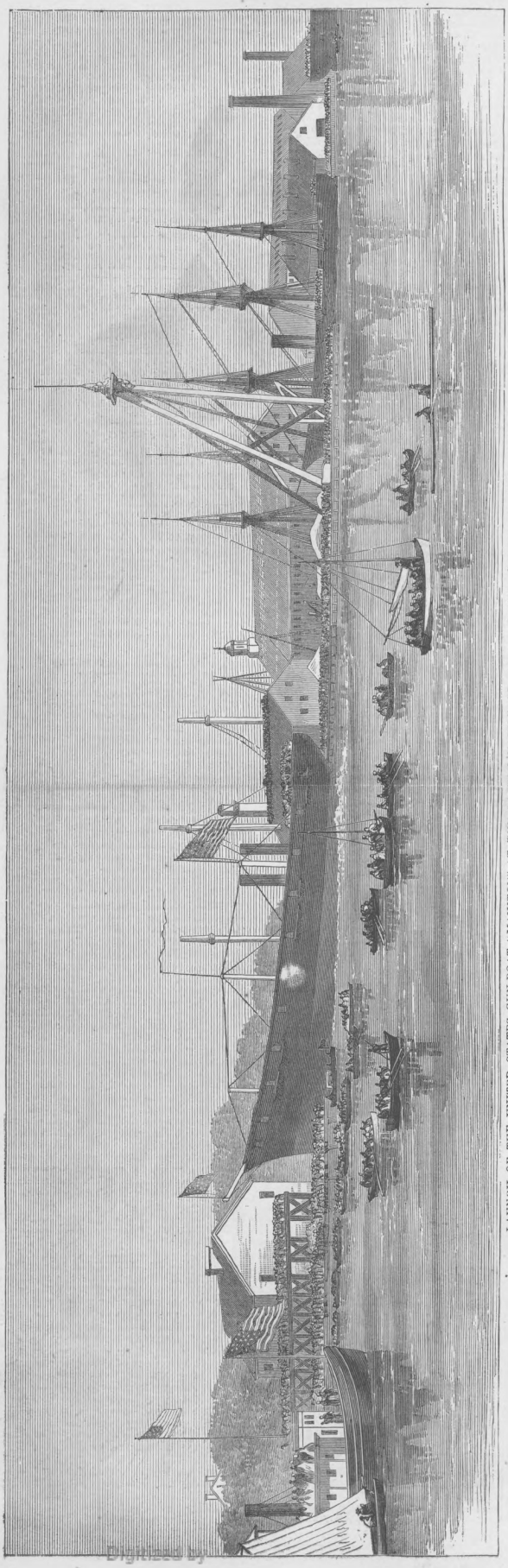


THE CORRECT CARD.

Conceited Party. "AW, I SAY, MUST I, AW, TAKE A TICKET FOR A PUPPY?"

Ticket Clerk (meditatively). "NO! YOU CAN TRAVEL AS AN ORDINARY PASSENGER."

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LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "MANITOU" AT THE BOSTON NAVY-YARD, AUGUST 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY H. BILLINGS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

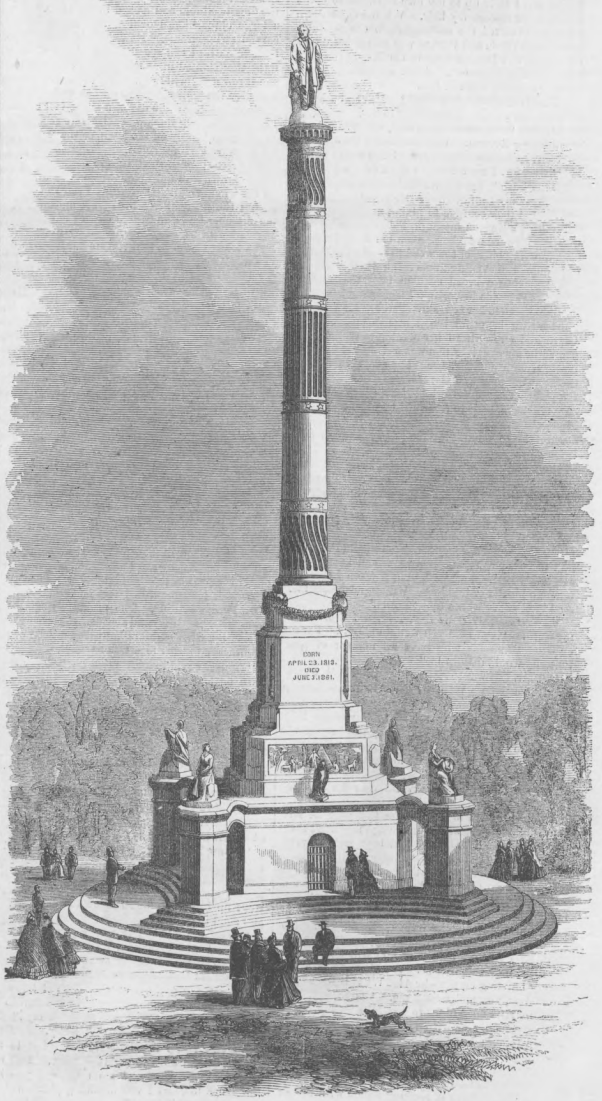


GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

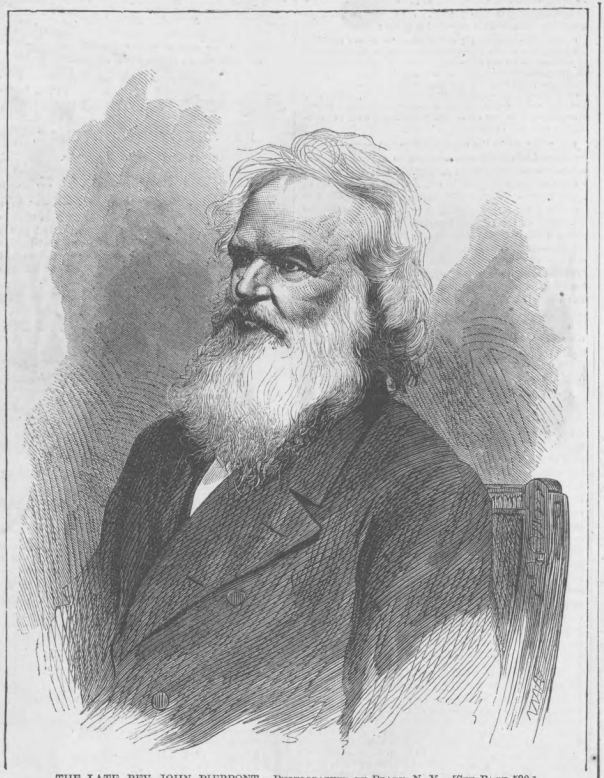
THE President's tour, which we have illustrated on other pages, was undertaken for the purpose of a participation in the dedication of the Monument to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, erected at Chicago, under the superintendence of L. W. VOLK, and the dedicatory address will be delivered by Mr. SEWARD.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated bronze door seen in the engraving will be visible the sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with drooped wings is sitting, a sublime emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of



MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

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THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, N. Y.—[SEE PAGE 590.]



THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. & H. T. ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

the base are designed to represent: 1st, Illinois, at the right, holding a medallion portrait of DOUGLAS; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a wheat-sheaf; 3d, History, at the left in the rear, with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-reliefs upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization—more especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified.

Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

SIDE-SHOWS OF THE JOHNSON RECEPTION.

BY OUR INVISIBLE PENCILIST.

IN a mixed assemblage—and there never, surely, was a more mixed one than the crowd that gathered to greet President ANDY JOHNSON on his arrival in New York, on the 29th of August—I find it a mighty convenient thing to be invisible. One advantage of it is that the police can't interfere with me, not even if I "hooray!" before a speaker comes to a sensation point in his speech. Then, some of the Presidential supporters are not of a very mild type of character, and look as if they could make pigeon's meat of a fellow if he sat himself down visibly before them to take their portraits. In fact, as they "wouldn't see me," probably, if they could, I am just as well satisfied that they don't.

On that Wednesday, forever now to be associated with the name of JOHNSON, I am convinced that every inhabitant of New York over the age of four years was actuated by one impulse, and that was to see the President. There was a very general burnishing up of eyeballs and spectacles. At early dawn I saw an elderly gentleman, of apparently regular habits and not much given to excitability, poising and flourishing an enormous telescope, such as might once have belonged to PAUL JONES or some other buccaneer of old. He had green goggles on, and I can fancy that glimpses of the moving panorama of the day, seen through such a telescope and such a medium of color, must have had a very novel and characteristic effect.

Just as the Presidential *cortége* arrived in the City Hall Park, and halted nearly opposite the statue of WASHINGTON, a very singular incident occurred, and one which, I think, has escaped the notice of the reporters. People sometimes dream when they are awake, I believe, and perhaps I might have been dreaming. I had glanced for a moment from the face of Mr. JOHNSON to that of the Father of his Country, near whose statue I was standing, when, as sure as I live, I saw a sudden change come over the stone effigy. The pillar with the ball upon the top of it, on which WASHINGTON rests his left hand, became transformed into the semblance of a small negro, who, hat in hand, grinned impudently, after the manner of his kind, in the direction of the President. At the same moment I saw the stone figure of the great Chief relax from its rigidity and bend slightly to Mr. JOHNSON, waving gracefully its right hand, while it patted playfully the head of the little darkey with its left. Then it uttered, in a deep, sepulchral voice, such as once heard can never be forgotten, the words which I have written at the bottom of the sketch: "I want this fellow-citizen to have a vote." I could see that Mr. JOHNSON was visibly moved at this incident; his lip blanched slightly, and the steel-gray of his hair seemed to assume a more silvery hue.

There was much political discussion in the crowd that surged to and fro on this memorable occasion. Lovely woman was out in all her variety, and the influence exercised by her upon the political feeling of the day must have been obvious to the least observant. It seems about time that lovely woman participated in the right of suffrage. She rules the voter as it is, and she might just as well cast the vote herself. Near me, on one of the ragged selvages of the crowd, there stood a portly lady from Baxter Street, or Mott, balancing a basket upon her head as she held persistently on to the iron railing. The general expression of her face was Fenian, and yet she was gifted with that peculiar style of beauty so much prized by the upper-tendom of our time, namely, black eyes and very red hair. One of her eyes, at least, was very black indeed, suggesting that contact with a skilled set of knuckles must have been the cosmetic by which the hue was obtained. "And that's Andy, then, is it?" said she, in a thick, treacly voice. "Musha, then, bad scran to him, that wouldn't let the b'ys have their fling over in Canady, whin it's meself gev tin dollars to help 'em to h'ist the green above the red!" Some conversation with this interesting person developed the fact that she places the African very low down upon the list of the human family, and does not consider him competent to enjoy the right of suffrage.

Some speculators along Broadway did a little business by setting planks upon the tops of the numerous stacks of bricks by which that thoroughfare is now encumbered. The seats looked very rickety, and were the cause of many inquiries by irreverent persons as to whether they were meant to represent the Copperhead platform. The boys, as usual, were out in great force; and it is a significant fact, foreshadowing, perhaps, the future of these precocious politicians, that there was hardly a post in the city but was occupied by them.



THIS IS THE OLD GENT WHO WAS DETERMINED TO SEE ANDY JOHNSON.



"I WANT THIS FELLOW-CITIZEN TO HAVE A VOTE."



THIS IS THE LADY WHO DOESN'T THINK THE "NAYGUR INTELLIGINT ENOUGH TO VOTE."



THIS YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS INTERESTED IN SEEING THE PRESIDENT, CHIEFLY BECAUSE HE THINKS THAT, SOME DAY, HE MAY BE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE UNITED STATES HIMSELF.

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HABIT.

HABIT at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child, obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, whose death we regret to announce, was born April 6, 1785, in Litchfield, Connecticut. His education was completed in 1804, at Yale College, and in 1805 he became a tutor in the family of Colonel WILLIAM ALLSTON, of North Carolina. In 1809 he returned to Connecticut, where he studied law, and settled at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He did not succeed as a lawyer, and his mercantile enterprises in Baltimore and Boston were also unfortunate. In 1816 he published "Airs of Palestine," one of his first poems, and subsequently studied in the Harvard Theological School. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1835–36 he visited Europe, and published in 1840 an edition of his poems. His persistence in speaking in favor of the temperance reform caused trouble with his congregation, which resulted in a seven years' controversy, when he resigned. In 1855 he accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Troy, New York, where he remained four years, and then took charge of the First Congregational Church in Medford, Massachusetts, where he continued to reside till the beginning of the war. Of late Mr. PIERPONT—probably unfitted by age for the active duties of a clergyman, was obliged to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and holding that position died.

JOHN PIERPONT was a good man, and an earnest reformer. He labored actively in behalf of temperance, anti-Slavery, the melioration of prison discipline, and other reforms. But as a poet he will be chiefly remembered. His most important poems were the inspiration of special occasions; one of the longest was read in honor of the centennial celebration at Litchfield, and even "Airs of Palestine," the work which first gave him reputation, was written for recitation at a charity concert. The idea of this poem is the exhibition of the power of music in conjunction with local scenery and national character, mainly referring to the sacred history. His temperance songs, religious and patriotic poems, are numerous, and probably the majority have never been collected. During the war he wrote several noble songs, inspired with passion and energy, and remarkable for one almost an octogenarian. Mr. PIERPONT, who was always strong and healthy, retained much of his power almost up to his death. As an American poet he can not be ranked with the best; the highest imagination was denied him, but some of his religious poetry has rarely been excelled for strength and simplicity.

THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.

THE Democratic organization of this State lost its leader by the death of DEAN RICHMOND on the 27th ultimo; and it will with great difficulty find another man to take his place.

DEAN RICHMOND, whose portrait is given on page 589, was born at Woodstock, Vermont, March 31, 1804. At fourteen years of age he was left an orphan; and the first steps taken by him in a career which has secured for him great wealth and unusual influence were assisted by no friendly support. The only legacy he received from his parents was one of pecuniary obligation, and we find him at first a clerk, setting apart his savings to cancel his father's debts. Soon after he removed to Syracuse, where he engaged in the salt-boiling business, and in a few years became very successful. His next step was to engage in the commission and forwarding business, by which he gained a fortune which he invested in the purchase of railroad securities, becoming largely interested in several important roads. Western New York was in 1836 a grand field for such energy and foresight as his, and about this time he was made a Director of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad. Upon its consolidation with the Central Road, in 1853, Mr. RICHMOND was elected Vice-President of the Company, and in 1864 succeeded Mr. ERASTUS CORNING as President. His connection with other railroads, though not official, was influential. For many years he had lived in Batavia and acquired great wealth. These are the main facts of his business life; but it was as a politician that he became one of the powers of the State.

In his youth DEAN RICHMOND was a Free-Soil Democrat. In 1844 he opposed the annexation of Texas, and in 1854 he denounced the Nebraska bill. He was always a Democrat, but always inclined to the most liberal phase of Democratic principles. Whatever compromises he made was for the purpose of reconciling the several factions of the party, and thus insuring its success at the polls. He was the organizing will of the party. From 1850 until his death he was Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. Since the Charleston Convention he has never seen his party crowned with success. At that Convention he tried hard, but failed, to unite the two sections of the party. At the Chicago Convention of 1864 Mr. RICHMOND was very active, and ardently promoted the nomination of M'CLELLAN. His political course of late is well known. He was one of the three or four men who shaped the action of the Saratoga Convention, and at Philadelphia was consulted equally by the seceders from the Republican party, the Southern delegates, and the Democratic [illegible]

DEAN RICHMOND loved politics. He seemed to enjoy the subtle ways of partisan diplomacy. He had no ambition for office; he preferred control over the organization of his party to leadership in the political arena. He was a shrewd political manager, and if the Democratic party had listened to his advice in 1860 it would not have succumbed to the perils which threatened it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW era has dawned. The days have passed when it was sufficient for the young girl to spend a few months at a fashionable boarding-school to gain a smattering of French and a flourish of music as a "*finishing*" before putting her into the marriage market. It has been discovered that women have minds capable of close application and high training. Moreover, it has been discovered that they have physical systems which may be healthily developed by proper culture. And the days have passed—never more to return, we devoutly hope—when a staid walk of half an hour daily was regarded as ample outdoor exercise for the school-girl.

It is a significant fact that the Vassar Female College, recently opened at Poughkeepsie, not only affords excellent facilities for a thorough, systematic course of instruction, including the various accomplishments of music, painting, etc., but also that there is in connection with the College a riding-school and stable-room for twenty-four horses; thus giving to the young ladies unusual opportunity for equestrian practice. There is also a gymnasium, conducted on the system of Dio Lewis; and it is projected to have a swimming-school at one end of a lake in the vicinity. All over the country gymnastics are being introduced into young ladies' schools, and various means are adopted to encourage more vigorous outdoor exercise.

There certainly is no reason why American girls should not follow the example of their "Transatlantic cousins," and participate, with a moderate degree of freedom, in the sports and recreations of their brothers. Nor is there any thing "masculine" in a woman being physically as well as mentally educated, and knowing how to ride, and row, and swim, and play croquet with skill and activity.

Just now croquet is greatly commended as a health-giving game. Its principal good point seems to be that it keeps the players in the open air. The active exercise it affords does not amount to much, and it involves a good deal of stooping which can not be advantageous. Very few women know how to swim; and, considering how easily the art is acquired, and how useful it may be in practice, it is surprising that it is not more frequently taught. It may be said that the means of teaching it are not always easy of access; but these could be often provided if it were desired, and swimming would be a valuable addition to any system of physical education. Rowing is an excellent recreation, though as yet but little practiced among ladies. But surely there is no recreation more delightful. How beautiful is the picture Scott gives of Ellen Douglas as she,

> "Alarm'd, with hasty oar,
> Push'd her light shallop from the shore;"

or, when springing up at the sound of her father's bugle,

> "Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
> And waft him from the mountain side.'
> Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
> She darted to her shallop light,
> And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
> For her dear form, his mother's band,
> The islet far behind her lay,
> And she had landed in the bay."

Archery has been introduced somewhat into our gymnasiums; but, to be fully advantageous, should be practiced out of doors; and as it requires considerable space of ground, and rather expensive appliances, these are not always at command. Yet the exercise is good, and requires great skill and exactness. Horseback riding, of course, stands pre-eminent among the physical recreations pleasant and suitable for ladies; but comparatively few have the necessary facilities. And simple walking is usually practiced as a kind of melancholy duty. A walk, without a definite and interesting object in view, is seldom beneficial. Young ladies should be especially encouraged to abandon their spiritless walks, and take up enthusiastically some cheerful exercise in the open air.

The rebuilding of the Academy of Music is steadily progressing; and it is said that it will be ready for occupation about the first of February next. The plan followed in the new building is essentially the same as in the old house, but more attention will be paid to the acoustic qualities, and the seats will be so arranged as to offer a full view of the stage from all parts of the house. The amphitheatre will be partly removed, and the entire house will be made much more solid than the old one.

Is there no law, "human or divine," that can put an end to the perpetual and disgraceful difficulties arising in connection with our city railroad cars? Must the public be served in such an unjust, uncomfortable, and unsafe way? Why must an entire community be thus constantly annoyed? There is a great mistake *somewhere*, that affairs are allowed to go on for a single day as they have been for *weeks*. Would such management be suffered for an hour in Paris? It makes us almost ready to pray, as did the Children of Israel, "Give us a King!"

A new kind of pavement, called the "*Nicholson*," is to be laid in Nassau Street, between Pine and Wall, as an experiment. This pavement has been used in some of the large Western cities with great success. The chief peculiarities of this pavement, it is claimed, are, that it furnishes a road like one of gravel; that the passage of vehicles over it makes very little noise, and that it is not easily destroyed or injured.

A little boy living in Orleans, New York, recently threw up, while coughing, the porcelain leg of a doll, an inch in length, which had been in the lungs of the child for seven years. He had been ailing all the time, and was regarded as a victim of consumption. All along the lad said he felt something in his lungs that ought to come up. Now that it has he feels quite comfortable, and it is thought that he will get well. Parents would do well to provide moderately digestible food for their children!

At one hotel in Newport—we omit the name, and as we do not wish any landlord to sue us for spreading such a damaging report, we will prefix to our item the convenient "*they say*"—they say the regular charges are ten dollars a day. We wonder in what the *extras* consist. When Joseph Bonaparte first visited America, he stopped on one occasion at a hotel where he was well entertained. But when the landlord made out his bill, he put in every item he could think of; yet he did not think that the total was large enough for an ex-monarch to pay. So he reviewed the bill, and added a few more items. Yet still it did not seem enough. Then he added one more—"To kicking up an infernal fuss generally, fifty dollars." It must be that landlords nowadays add similar items (under *cover*, of course) to make the grand total of their bills.

AN "old salt," who has finished his voyages, and is "resting upon his oars" at one of our most fashionable watering-places, recently invaded the ball-room and got a peep at the belle of the evening. He afterward gave the following characteristic description of her:

"She was crowding all sail across the room; couldn't see whether she was a good-looking craft or not, she was so covered up by her canvas and things. She had a spot on her port-side and another on her starboard-side, and looked as if she had run her head into a flour-barrel, and carried away as much as would make biscuit for all hands. She had a chain-cable which went over her main truck, was shackled to her ear-rings, came down over her outriggers and laid in amid-ships."

Every few weeks the newspapers report some singular and fearful injury inflicted by rats upon sleeping children. A case recently occurred in Albany. A lady who had two infants, twins, a few months old, put one into the crib at night, and the other, not being very well, she took into her own bed. About two o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the cries of the child in the crib, and to pacify it she took it into her bed, at the same time changing the other to the crib. About half an hour after she was again awakened by the child in the crib, and on going to it felt that its night-clothes, about one of the sleeves, were wet. Procuring a light she discovered that the sleeve was saturated with blood, and on further investigation found that its little arm had been lacerated and gnawed in a shocking manner by rats. Turning to the other child, whose cries, while he was lying in the crib, had first awakened her, she saw that it, too, had suffered about the temple in a similar manner. Mothers can not look too carefully after their little ones if rats infest the house.

A singular story is reported in a Southern paper respecting a dwelling-house in Pike County, Missouri. According to this sensation story, fires, of unknown and mysterious origin, occur daily, and sometimes hourly, in this dwelling. Numerous individuals, eager to investigate the cause, have kept careful watch in the building, but with no success. Sometimes the mosquito bars are discovered on fire, but the flame is no sooner quenched than fire breaks out in the chamber among the wearing apparel. Extinguish the fire in the chamber, and an alarm is given in another part of the house where least expected. Flames burst out in the bedding, curtains, dresses, etc., during the day, but at night there are no disturbances. On one occasion the investigating committee marked a match, placed it into the box securely covered, placed the box on the table and guarded it closely for a few moments, till the next alarm was raised, when they found, to their utter amazement, a portion of the identical match which they had marked lying near a burning garment in another part of the house. This is the report, which we give for what it is worth.

"The Queen," under the heading, "Influence of Muslin and Flounce on Mortality," has the following item:

"The influence of costume on mortality is shown in a very instructive manner by one of the Registrar-General's reports. Thus, from 1 to 5 years there is an equality of deaths by scalds and burns among boys and girls; but from 5 to 10 double the number of girls to that of boys die from these causes, while from 10 to 20 there die 102 women, and only 27 men—and from 20 and upward, 71 women and 22 men; showing the influence of muslin and flounce in producing death notwithstanding the greater caution of the female sex."

We should think that "Influence of Occupation on Mortality," would be an equally appropriate heading to the above paragraph. Girls and women, in their domestic avocations, are exposed to accidents from fire so much more than the other sex are, that no correct comparison in regard to the number of deaths from this cause can be made simply on the ground of dress.

Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, gives an incident which can not but shock the feelings of Americans. He says:

"Alongside of that prodigious new Opera House they are building in the Karnthnerstrasse, a new sewer is being excavated. Peeping into a huge trench lately I *counted a hundred and fifty women at work there*—dreadful creatures who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and plied the pick and shovel and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs cased in huge bucket-boots, their features worn, furrowed, and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

A philanthropic gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady who sat near him at a public concert. The result was he unrooted the whole of her back hair. Deeply chagrined he hastily apologized, but soon learned that the bug was of the ivory species, and was employed to hold the head and hair together.

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For further particulars, getting up Clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, [illegible] 1866.

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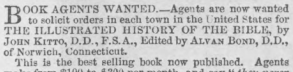
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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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PIKE'S NEW YORK OPERA-HOUSE ASSOCIATION.

Capital . . . . . $1,500,000.

This ASSOCIATION has been organized for the purpose of encouraging one of the most enterprising of American citizens in his laudable ambition and efforts in the cause of ART, and the development of a correct and classic taste. Some years since, SAMUEL N. PIKE, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio, conceived the idea of erecting

A MAGNIFICENT LYRIC TEMPLE

In that city, which, in design, ornamentation, and grand proportion, should excel any similar edifice in the country, and thereby foster and advance a taste in the West for the most humanizing of arts.

How, unaided and alone, he carried out to a successful issue this stupendous scheme, is now a matter of history. While the lyric temples of the great cities of the East were each represented by five or six hundred stockholders, Mr. PIKE constituted the one-man power in giving the city of his adoption a temple devoted to HIGH ART, superior to any upon the continent; and the *impresario* of Italian Opera had not, in his Opera-House, to experience the unpleasant conviction that from five to six hundred of the most eligible seats were nightly occupied by "dead-heads."

Extending his business connection with the great metropolitan city of New York, Mr. PIKE grasped and prepared to carry out another gigantic plan, in the construction of an Opera-House which, in architectural beauty and grandeur of design, will eclipse every similar edifice upon the American continent. With this view he purchased the property on the CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND THE EIGHTH AVENUE, one of the best and most available sites in the city of New York.

In the month of March, 1866, the magnificent edifice in Cincinnati fell a prey to the devouring fire-fiend, while the indomitable proprietor looked on and calmly smoked his cigar as a million of dollars' worth of property, upon which there was but a trifle of insurance, was wrested from his grasp. Undismayed by this terrible financial disaster, Mr. PIKE, with the celerity which has ever marked the carrying out of an idea, is now engaged in erecting a Merchants' Exchange upon the ruins of the Opera-House, reserving for New York the benefit of his great musical enterprise. In a spirit of admiration of his unconquerable energy, a Company has been started under the title of

Pike's New York Opera-House Association for the Encouragement of Art.

With this view, the Association proposes (among other objects) to give a series of

GRAND OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENTS IN MOST OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES,

For which they will issue tickets at the uniform price of THREE DOLLARS each, which will admit the holder to any one of the series of Entertainments, and also entitle him to a participation in the final AWARD OF PREMIUMS, as hereafter specified. These Grand Operatic Seances will be given under the sole management of the celebrated Italian *Impressario*,

MAX STRAKOSCH,

whose great reputation as a Musical Virtuoso and Operatic Director is a sufficient guarantee of the high-toned order of the Entertainments. The highest lyric talent of Europe and America has been secured, consisting of the following distinguished Artists: Mademoiselle PAULINE PLODOWSKI, late principal *Donna Soprano* of the celebrated La Scala, Milan, and of the principal European opera houses—her first appearance in America. Mademoiselle FRIDA DE GEBELE, the brilliant Italian *Cantatrice*, late *Prima Donna Contralto* of Grover's Opera Troupe. Herr KARL FORMES, the world-renowned *Basso Profundo*, and magnificent lyric dramatic artist. GUISEPPE LIMBERTI, principal *Tenore* from the grand operas of Milan, Rome, Vienna, Naples, Turin, and St. Petersburg. J. M. WEHLI, the famous Pianist, and successor of Thalberg. CARLO PATTI, the eminent and incomparable Violinist. Mons. BEHRENDES, the distinguished and accomplished *Maestro*, will preside at the Pianoforte.

The inauguration of this Grand Series of Operatic Entertainments will take place in New York, at the

Cooper Institute, on Monday, October 1, 1866,

And will be continued as follows, the Halls, Institutes, and Academies of the various cities to be specified in future advertisements:

NEWARK, N. J., Tuesday, October 2.
BALTIMORE, Wednesday and Thursday, October 3, 4.
PHILADELPHIA, Friday and Saturday, October, 5, 6.
PITTSBURG, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 8, 9, 10.
WHEELING, Thursday, October 11.
ZANESVILLE, Friday, October 12.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Saturday, October 13.
CINCINNATI, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 15, 16, 17.
DAYTON, Thursday, October 18.
INDIANAPOLIS, Friday, October 19.
LOUISVILLE, Saturday, October 20.
ST. LOUIS, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 22, 23, 24.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Thursday, October 25.
CHICAGO, Friday and Saturday, October 26, 27.
DETROIT, Monday, October 29.
TOLEDO, Tuesday, October 30.
CLEVELAND, Wednesday, October 31.
BUFFALO, Thursday and Friday, November 1, 2.
ROCHESTER, Saturday, November 3.
SYRACUSE, Monday, November 5.
UTICA, Tuesday, November 6.
TROY, Wednesday, November 7.
ALBANY, Thursday, November 8.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Friday, November 9.
WORCESTER, Saturday, November 10.
MANCHESTER, Monday, November 12.
CONCORD, N. H., Tuesday, November 13.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Wednesday, November 14.
BOSTON, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 15, 16, 17.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Monday, November 19.
HARTFORD, Conn., Tuesday, November 20.
BROOKLYN, L. I., Wednesday, November 21.

Which will conclude the Grand Tour; after which the Troupe will return to NEW YORK, and give their

Grand Final Performances on the Evenings of December 28th, 29th, and 31st.

And at the closing Entertainment the Association, by a Committee representing the interests of the ticket-holders, will distribute to the subscribers throughout the entire country the Awards—the large number of which are unprecedented in the annals of such distributions, embracing the extraordinary proportion of ONE PREMIUM FOR TWO TICKETS, which will include the following gigantic scheme:

200,000 Tickets of Admission to Pike's New York Opera-House,

Which will be received at any time within two years after its completion.

$350,000 IN CASH!

And a further distribution of $500,000 in MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS AND CHOICE ENGRAVINGS, which, as will be seen by the Schedule, are the works of the most eminent EUROPEAN and AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The number of tickets has been limited to 500,000, and every ticket-holder will receive some article as a Premium, varying in value from $3 to $5,000. In this connection, the Managers have arranged to present to each purchaser of a ticket a FINE STEEL ENGRAVING, which can not be obtained at retail at less than $5—the following plates and copyrights having been secured for the exclusive use of this Association:

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, from the original painting by Ehninger. Engraved by G. R. Hall. Size, 24 by 32.

SIGNING OF THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, from the original painting in the possession of the late Major-General Phil. Kearney. Engraved by G. E. Perine. Size, 24 by 36.

WASHINGTON'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS MOTHER, a beautiful engraving by Duthie, from the original painting.

SAVED, a magnificent steel engraving, by Samuel Holyer, from the original painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Cost $10.

For five shares or certificates the purchaser will, at his option, in lieu of the previously-named engravings, receive a splendid Chromo Lithograph: A BEVY OF QUAIL, from the original, by Hill.

For ten shares or certificates a beautiful Chromo Engraving of LAKE MAGGIORE, from the celebrated original painting by Rowbotham.

For fifteen shares or certificates the purchaser can select from the following superb Chromo Engravings: FORGE IN WINTER, from the original painting of Zimmerman; MY FIRST SERMON, steel engraving, from the original, by Hilais; QUAIL AND THEIR YOUNG, from the original of the celebrated Tait; WOODCOCK AND THREE YOUNG, also from the great original picture by Tait.

For thirty shares or certificates either of the following Chromo Engravings will be given or forwarded, each being valued at the price of the shares: A VOLTZIAN, from the renowned original painting of C. Milner; THE DACHSTEIN, from the great original of the same author.

The following is the list of the principal awards:

One Grand Premium in Cash	$50,000	152 Premiums, of $100 each	$15,200
One Grand Premium in Cash	20,000	208 Premiums, of $25 each	5,200
One Grand Premium in Cash	10,000	400 Premiums, of $50 each	20,000
Three Grand Premiums in Cash, of $5000 each	15,000	2000 Premiums, of $10 each	20,000
Ten Grand Premiums in Cash, of $1000 each	10,000	8000 Premiums, of $5 each	40,000
Forty Grand Premiums in Cash, of $500 each	20,000	38,200 Premiums, of $3 each	114,600

Making a Grand Total in Cash Premiums of $350,000.

The following list of MAGNIFICENT OIL PAINTINGS are classed at the head of the

GRAND ART DISTRIBUTION:

THE JUNGFRAU AND THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN. A magnificent painting, 68 by 90, by J. Butler. Valued at $5000.

YO SEMITE VALLEY. A brilliant and life-like representation, 6 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, by Thomas Hill. Valued at $5000.

GREEK IDYL. An exquisite work of art, by Brun, 5 feet 4 inches by 5 feet 8 inches. Valued at $2500.

CATTLE MARKET. A superb painting, by Van Marcke, 5 feet 8 inches by 6 feet. Valued at $2400.

THE LOST SCENT. A superb painting, by J. H. Beard, the American Landseer, 5 feet by 4 feet. Acknowledged to be the finest picture of the kind in America. Cost the Association $1500.

GUARDING THE PRISONERS. A characteristic gem, by the same author. Cost $275.

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THE FALLS OF THE INN, by Scheiss, 58 by 74. Valued at $1700.

THE LAKE LUZERNE. One of the finest works of the celebrated Jungheim, 56 by 72. Valued at $2500.

HERD OF SHEEP, by Van Marcke, 44 by 36. Valued at $700.

VIRGIN OF MADRID. A genuine Murillo, and a gem of art, 41 by 49. Valued at $3000.

SHETLAND PONIES, by the celebrated Morris, 45 by 65. Valued at $600.

PENITENT MAGDALEN, by Battoni, 5 feet 3 inches by 4 feet 2 inches. Placed low at $2000.

FARM-YARD SCENE, with Bull in the foreground. A superb painting, by Van Marcke, 50 by 67. Value $2000.

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES, 51 by 66, by Minor, and the *chef d'œuvre* of that celebrated artist. Value, $5000.

REBECCA AT THE WELL. A veritable gem, 48½ by 61, by the celebrated Brun.

A FOREST IN WINTER TIME, with a Fox in the Foreground, 55 by 50, by Jacobsen. Value, $2250.

THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ, SWITZERLAND. A *chef d'œuvre*, by Joseph Buethle, 47½ by 63½. Valued at $250.

TWO PAINTINGS, representing Cattle and Marine View, 26½ by 32 each, gems of the Dutch school, by Koniagh. Value, $900.

CATTLE SCENE, 27½ by 19, by Gregor. Value, $250.

A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT POTSDAM, PRUSSIA. One of the finest works of the celebrated R. S. Zimmerman. Purchased for $3000.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. One of the finest works of the famous Otto Georgé, 63 by 92. Value, $3500.

A veritable gem, 48½ by 39, by Goldsberg, after the celebrated Lessing, representing JOHN HUSS BEFORE THE CLERICAL COUNCIL AT CONSTANCE IN 1417. Valued at $750.

Another beautiful painting, 43½ by 50, by the same master—MOZART AT THE PIANO. Price, $700.

A magnificent painting, by C. Milner—SUNSET IN THE TYROLESE MOUNTAINS, 69 by 61. Valued at $2000.

THE SACRED SHEPHERD. A magnificent Italian work, 60 by 54, very old, bought from the collection of the Honorable Francis Thurston, England. Valued by connoisseurs at $3000.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE ELDER. Another antique Italian work, 60 by 54, purchased at the same time from the same collection. Valued at $5000.

A beautiful Italian Painting, very old, by an unknown master—RINALDO AND ARMIDA, from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," 30 by 42. Valued at $1000.

THE DUTCH MERRY-MAKING. An original by Van Dozen, 34 by 44. Valued at $700.

WINDSOR CASTLE. A superb painting, by Duncan, 32 by 40. Valued at $500.

CLEOPATRA AND THE ASP. A brilliant Italian painting, author unknown; a gem of art, 34 by 40. Cost $500.

SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS, with Sheep and Cattle. Ode of the celebrated Landseer's early productions, 36 by 42. Valued at $1000.

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY, by the celebrated Sir Thomas Lawrence, 30 by 32. Value, $500.

THE COURT OF VERSAILLES, by Stencike, 42 by 50. A superior work. Cost $800.

WINTER SCENE—THE FIRST SNOW. 20 by 32. Valued at $275.

SCENE ON THE HOUSATONIC RIVER. 17 by 18. Value, $250.

WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE PRESENT TIME, with Portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert. 21 by 26. Valued at $120.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR. 33 by 27. Value, $120.

THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE. In walnut and gold. 32 by 37. $100.

LUTHER BURNING THE PAPAL BULL IN WITTENBERG. 34 by 44. $100.

LUTHER NAILING HIS PROTEST AT THE CHURCH DOOR. 33 by 44. $75.

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Parties ordering fifteen dollars' worth of tickets, or over, at one time, will be allowed a commission of ten per cent. on the same. They can remit us the amount, less above commission.

Money by express, draft, post-office orders, in registered letters, can be sent at the risk of the Association.

In all cases where engravings are to be forwarded by mail ten cents extra must be sent for tubing, and also stamps for return postage on tickets or communications. Competent General Agents wanted in all the principal cities, to whom liberal commission will be allowed. Good references required.

☞ Communications should be addressed to the Secretary of PIKE'S NEW YORK OPERA-HOUSE ASSOCIATION.
Principal Office, No. 627 Broadway, New York.

FRED. HUNT, General Manager.
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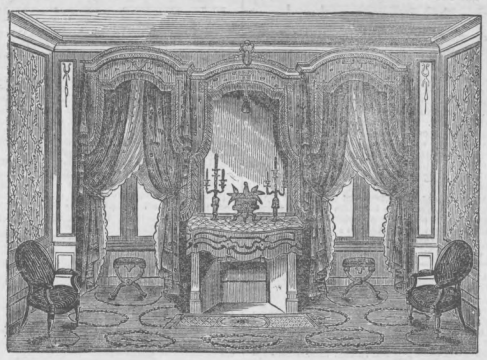
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1	do.	do.	4,000	200	do.	Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
1	do.	do.	3,000	200	do.	do. do. 100 each	20,000
1	do.	do.	2,000	200	do.	Silver Watches, $65 each	13,000
20	do.	do. $1000 each	20,000	300	do	do. do. 40 each	12,000
20	do.	do. 500 each	10,000	1000	Sets Plated Teaspoons, $3 each		3,000
20	do.	do. 100 each	2,000	1000	Call Bells, $3 each		3,000
20	do.	do. 50 each	1,000	1000	Plated Fruit-Knives, $2 each		2,500
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

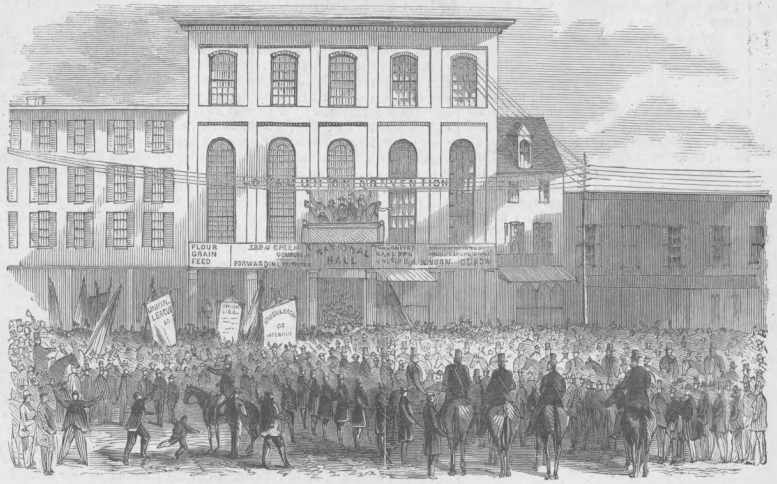
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.



"NATIONAL HALL," PHILADELPHIA—MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.



THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA—"PARSON BROWNLOW" PASSING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE NORTHERN DELEGATION, IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

SO melancholy a spectacle as that of the President of the United States passing through the country and passionately denouncing Congress and some of his fellow-citizens by name, was never before known in our history. Invited as President to participate in a public ceremony, he surrounds himself with the chief civil officers of the Government, and the two great heroes of the war, and then insists that he may stump the country as he goes, in his private capacity. We defy any man to read the speeches uttered by the President without wincing with mortification. The whole thing would be inexpressibly comical if it were not too painful. The inanity, the vanity, the incredible balderdash of these performances would set the whole country shaking with laughter, except for the fact that the speaker is the President of the United States, and the man who gravely expresses his profound admiration and delight in the spectacle is WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. The story of this progress reads like an incident of the lower empire in its lowest days. A man might justly tremble for his country, if he did not feel the deep disgust and unutterable indignation of the honest people all around him. If the elections had been held on the day the President reached Chicago the Union ticket would have swept every State. As it is, this Presidential progress has unquestionably carried the autumn elections for the Union party. For there is not a thoughtful man who does not ask himself, with startling emphasis, how any policy could be safe in such hands?

We have but incidentally mentioned the saddest part of the whole, and that is the part played by Mr. SEWARD. It is not anger, nor disgust, with which his words are read and his conduct in this extraordinary performance contemplated, by those to whom in other years his name was a pride and his words were an inspiration. Such men—and they are the only true friends he has ever had or will have in the country—have looked on in inexpressible sorrow and consternation. What more they have felt, what more they are justified by the truth in feeling, there is no occasion to express in words.

It has been Mr. SEWARD'S hard fortune—cruel for himself, mournful for those who honored him as political chiefs are always honored—to be tried beyond his power. We are not of those who hold him willfully treacherous to humanity and liberty; for it is easy to believe in ourselves and to count all who differ as faithless. Nor do we explain his course by any motive so poor as desire or revenge upon the party which did not make him President in 1860. Men act from mixed motives, and the balance of moral perception once disturbed, ever so [illegible] SEWARD was made for calmer times and a purely political arena. He neither believed in the war before it came, nor understood it when it burst. "The Union saved by the sword is a Union I can not comprehend," he said, in his last important speech in the Senate. He did not understand it then. He understands it still less now. At once a doctrinaire and an optimist, he accepts a form for a fact, and refuses to believe in an actual event which seems to him illogical, however it may burn and bruise the country.

At the close of the great campaign of 1860 Mr. SEWARD, who had laid aside his natural and bitter disappointment to work for the success of Mr. LINCOLN, passed through the West making a series of speeches, so varied, so powerful, and so persuasive that they will endure among the purest illustrations of American eloquence. Crossing the line of the Free States he carried the banner of Republican equality of rights up to the very citadel of the enemy; and at St. Josephs, upon slave soil in Missouri, he made as masterly and lofty a plea as ever fell from his lips. Returning to the increased love and admiration of his friends, he was never so great as on the day of Mr. LINCOLN'S election. Had he died then his name would have been chief among American statesmen for insight into the necessary conditions of American civilization, and his memory would have been the inspiration of those, younger in years, who were to carry on his work.

Well, the work remains, and there are the younger men to do it. But their hearts are as the hearts of soldiers who win the victory after their chief has fallen.

THE UNION STATE CONVENTION.

WE heartily congratulate all loyal Union men in the State upon the singular harmony and enthusiasm of the Syracuse Convention. Victory was never more plainly prefigured than in the cheerful confidence with which every delegate from every part of the State reported the increased interest and determination of his neighbors and friends to secure the legitimate results of the war; nor was it easy to find a single person who knew of any defection in the ranks, except such as might be traced to bread-and-butter considerations. The usual discord of such an assembly was entirely wanting. Indeed there was a natural expectation that a Convention of the party, meeting under the peculiarly exciting circumstances of the time, from the very want of dissension among its members, might express itself intemperately. But its wisdom was as evident as its warmth. Those who were hopeful that the Convention would help to defeat itself by its extravagance, find nothing to say but that the platform is tame compared with the spirit of the delegates.

The candidates, excepting Governor FENTON, are new men, but men whose character and ability are such as to give both strength and dignity to the ticket. They are worthy representatives of the principles of the party and of the citizens such principles make. The resolutions declare that the Constitution has been maintained as the supreme law—that every interest demands the speediest restoration compatible with justice and safety—that States can not secede, and that Congress is the restoring authority when attempted separation has failed—that the emancipation amendment works a change in the Constitution prejudicial to the equality of the States in representation—that this inequality should be adjusted, and that the adoption of the new amendment would equalize the representation as well as define citizenship and its rights; would, in fact, engraft the legitimate results of the war upon the organic law, and that any State which adopts it should be allowed to resume its relations in the Union. The resolutions further declare that the President in denouncing Congress convicts himself, and that his policy inevitably tends to such scenes as those of Memphis and New Orleans—that equality of rights is the sole foundation of secure peace—express satisfaction in the spread of liberty in all lands, and undying gratitude to the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy, as well as to those of every race in the rebel States who were true through the war to the Union.

Such are the words and the works of the New York Union Convention, and no member is ashamed of them. If any body is of opinion that States ought to gain representation by rebellion, he will probably brand the Convention as radical. If any body holds that a State retains all her powers and relations in the Union unimpaired while she is trying the experiment of forcible secession, he will doubtless call the Convention disunionist. If any body thinks that a New Yorker ought to lose equality of representation with an Alabamian because he defended the Government and is now heavily taxed to support it, he will of course denounce the Convention as revolutionary. But if a man can see no reason why the citizen of South Carolina or Mississippi should be rewarded for rebelling, he will support the Syracuse Union nominations. If he thinks that the men who saved the Government have a right to take care that [illegible] for insure that [illegible] he will support the Union ticket. In short, if he thinks the political opinions and spirit of Vermont and Maine are dangerous and anarchical, while those of South Carolina and the slums of the city of New York are truly conservative and peaceful, he will certainly vote with the Dead Rabbits. But if he believes that a tendency by lawful means to secure equal rights among all citizens is a tendency toward endless tranquillity and prosperity, he will vote with the Union men who met at Syracuse, to secure the legitimate results of the war.

WHEN SHALL WE RESUME SPECIE PAYMENTS?

THE public debt was reduced last month by the sum of $37,000,000, making a reduction for the year of over $125,000,000, notwithstanding the large amount of unsettled claims which have been adjusted within the period. At this rate the present generation will witness the entire extinction of the war-debt—unless, indeed, it should be deemed by future Congresses better policy to reduce taxation than to cancel indebtedness. As a matter of abstract principle, there can be no question but we had best pay off our debts first, and reduce our burdens afterward; but when hard times come, and making a living becomes more difficult than it is at present, it is not unlikely but some political party may raise the cry of "Less taxation!" and may carry its point at the polls. It is comfortable to believe that before adversity again befalls us we may have reduced our aggregate debt below two thousand millions.

A saving of from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year may be effected by the conversion of our present Six and Seven-Thirty per cent. obligations into Five per cent. bonds as fast as they fall within the control of the Government. If present prices are maintained they will fall in slowly. All holders of Seven-Thirty notes will convert at maturity into Five-Twenty bonds, which command a premium of 11 @ 13 per cent. But the original series of Five-Twenty bonds matures next year, and should Government conclude to redeem them in legal tenders they can easily be replaced by Five per cent. bonds, at a saving to Government, in the matter of interest, of nearly $6,000,000 a year. The present large premium on the Five-Twenty bonds and Seven-Thirty notes is no advantage to Government, and is a clear gain to the holders.

The debt certificates are now out of the way, and of the deposit certificates none remain but the Four per cent. Clearing House notes, which will doubtless be paid off at an early day. When they are disposed of the coast will be clear for a reduction of the legal-tender notes. First in order the compound legal-tenders, as they mature, will be paid off and canceled; and next will come the plain legal-tenders. Interference with these notes has been vehemently opposed by such partisans of paper-money as JOHN SHERMAN, THADDEUS STEVENS, Mr. BOUTWELL of Massachusetts, and others; but it can hardly be pretended that it was the intention of the framers of the National Banking system to leave both the legal-tenders and the National Bank notes in circulation together, or to keep the country forever flooded with over $800,000,000 of irredeemable paper. Half that amount would be double the volume of paper-money afloat before the war, and though, by reason of the withdrawal of specie from circulation, a larger amount of currency is now required for the transaction of business than formerly sufficed, yet still there is room for a curtailment of two or three hundred millions without risk of precipitating a crisis. And as gold would fall surely but steadily with each contraction of the currency, it might be that before $300,000,000 of legal-tenders were canceled the premium would fall to zero, and thus the circulating medium of the country would be swelled by the hoards of gold and silver in and out of the Banks.

Government held on 10th September about $63,000,000 of gold, exclusive of temporary deposits represented by gold certificates. It is assumed that before 1st January next the reserve proper, belonging to the Government, will not fall far short of $100,000,000. How much gold ought the Treasury to hold in order to resume specie payments?

In this country, and more especially in this city, it is a maxim in banking that when a bank holds an amount of legal tenders (or coin, in specie times) equal to 25 per cent. of its deposits of debts payable on call, it is in a safe position. In Europe banks like to be prepared to pay off 33 per cent. of their immediate liabilities on demand. But no bank any where calculates to hold more coin (or legal tenders) than this. In practice, much less suffices. Before 1857 our banks used often to let their reserve run down to 12 @ 15 per cent. of their deposits; yet never, till the panic of that year, was there any question of their suspension.

In January, 1867, the immediate liabilities of the United States Government will be less than $400,000,000—exclusive of interest-bearing legal tenders, which, in the event of a resumption of specie payments, could only be collected by sacrificing the accrued interest. If, therefore, the Treasury should on that day hold $100,000,000 in coin, it would be justified, according to the ordinary principles of banking, in announcing its intention of redeeming its legal tender currency in specie. It could not do so, of course, if all the legal tenders were likely to be presented for redemption. But the experience of bankers is, that people seldom want to redeem their notes in coin when they can do so on presentation; they only want coin when they know they can not get it.

A further difficulty, however, would arise from the institution known as the Gold-Room. This "Room" contains a gathering of wealthy speculators, controlling very large amounts of money. If the Government proposed to resume specie payments on a specie reserve equal to 25 per cent. of its liabilities, it would be possible for the heavy speculators of the Room to band themselves together—as they have heretofore done—and by creating a run upon the Treasury for coin to defeat or at least imperil the object in view. But again this difficulty might be met by the establishment of a European agency of the Treasury Department with power to sell United States Bonds or telegraphic orders from Washington, proceeds to be remitted in coin. The operation would then simply constitute an exchange of legal tenders for bonds, or, in plain phrase, a funding of the floating debt. It would work its own solution very rapidly. For instance: on 25th December the Secretary announces that, on New-Year's day, he will resume specie payments. The Gold-Room, knowing to a dollar how much coin the Treasury holds, makes arrangements to take it all. To do so it requires nearly all the floating greenbacks at the financial centres. The mere inquiry for so much currency creates a very active money-market. Still, at a price, the money can be had. Negotiations are no sooner made than the Secretary is apprised of them. He telegraphs to London and Frankfort to raise $10,000,000 a week by the sale of United States Bonds and to remit proceeds in specie, and on the telegraphic advice of sales, he sells the gold here, seller ten or fifteen. The Gold-Room must buy this coin or fail in its purpose. If it takes it, it merely adds to the load it carries, with no market to sell on and no prospect of a market. Every day it has to pay more for the greenbacks required. If it fails to take it, gold falls naturally to par; and the people who have withdrawn coin from the Treasury replace it as a matter of convenience.

We have mentioned the 1st January as a mere peg on which to hang the argument, but without expecting resumption to come quite so soon. For the sake of the National banks, which will have to put their houses in order before resumption occurs, the Secretary will not be likely to act precipitately. But twelve months are not likely to elapse without some very direct steps being taken toward a rehabilitation of the national currency. Events abroad as well as at home are calculated to insure this. Our bonds rise steadily, with occasional reactions, in the European markets, and will probably sell in London between 80 and 90—equal to par in gold here—within a year. At home they are quite scarce, even at a premium of 11 to 12 per cent. Our trade, domestic and foreign, is sound, and promises to yield a fair profit. Under the circumstances a premium of 45 or 47 on gold would seem not less absurd and unjustifiable than the premium of 100 per cent. seemed when LEE surrendered and the rebellion collapsed.

MR. BEECHER'S LETTER.

As the letter of Mr. BEECHER will probably be published as a campaign document by the Democratic party it may still be considered not an untimely topic. Indeed, its vigor and earnestness, and its general truths, which if not new are picturesquely stated, will make it timely as long as the question remains unsettled. Yet we must say frankly that, as a campaign document, it will persuade only those who do not understand the question. For it does not seem to us to touch the question. To be asked whether it is convincing is like being asked after a feast of water-melon, how the peaches taste. We have not tasted them. Here is a really powerful letter full of excellent and indisputable truths, but they lack completeness and appropriateness. The general considerations presented by Mr. BEECHER are admirable. Their appositeness to the particular situation does not appear.

That our theory contemplates States in the Union is undeniable. That our machinery works awkwardly except when adjusted to the normal conditions is not to be disputed. But it certainly does not follow that if we should suddenly become possessed of Mexico it should at once, without prudence, or inquiry, or deliberation, or security, be admitted as a State. The genius of our Government is just as averse to [illegible] especially to [illegible] as it possibly can be to retaining States in an abnormal relation. But it was equal to the one solely by reason of the general intelligence and character of the people; and for the same reasons it will be equal to the other. The danger of familiarizing the popular conscience with injustice is at present much greater than that of familiarizing it with despotism.

Then as regards parties, Mr. BEECHER is full of scorn at the idea that the South should be able to govern the North; or if it can, he cries, indignantly, that it ought to. But it is not a question of sections. What are the North and South but ideas? The Democratic party is the organized South, or the party which declares the inequality of human rights. The Union party asserts equality of rights. The contest is between those two. Very well, says Mr. BEECHER, if the idea of the South is numerically stronger it ought to prevail, until we can overthrow it by free speech, schools, and churches. Possibly; but how can you determine numerical preponderance if you allow those at the South who deny equal rights to speak not only for themselves but for their opponents, who are not suffered to speak at all? In a tremendous struggle to plant the Government upon its true principle of equal rights, is there any sound reason why the enemies of that principle should be allowed an unfair advantage in voting merely because they have not succeeded in destroying the Government altogether?

Mr. BEECHER declares what no sensible man denies, that we must trust much to the great laws of human nature and civilization, and not attempt to do by enactment what can only be done by time and various spiritual influences. This is a very favorite assertion also with our friend the *Evening Post*. But it seems to be forgotten by both that political changes wrought by war or otherwise require political guarantees. It is true that civilization is a growth. It is true that all races in this country must take their chance. The freedmen must do it. They must not be classified. But who is trying to classify them? the States which make them by law a distinct class, or Congress, which declares them equal citizens with the rest of us? "They must take their chance," says Mr. BEECHER. Very well, are they not entitled to as fair a chance as the rest of us? and, according to all experience of human nature, will they have that fair chance if their neighbors are to be rewarded by increased political power for an attempt to deprive them of all chances whatever? Is nothing humane or statesmanlike but to dis-

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regard facts and proceed upon a pleasing theory? "The freedmen will never be well treated until the South is prosperous," says Mr. BEECHER. Shall we therefore say, in order that the South may be prosperous, she may do what she chooses with the freedmen?

The situation is obscure. There may be, as Mr. BEECHER suggests, vast perils at hand. But in a dark night we must use what light we have. It is not the part of wisdom to fall into a pit that we see, because there may possibly be a deeper one a few steps ahead. Let us restore the Union at the very earliest moment which is consistent with a reasonable promise of justice and safety. But do not let us abandon a reasonable promise of justice and safety in order to restore the Union, for we should discover that we had lost a substance for a shadow. Two years ago the men who, as a party, are now shouting for restoration anyhow, and rights and honor and justice and reason afterward, told us at Chicago that the war was a failure, that the South was inflexible, and that we ought to surrender, and then see what we could do. But the people were of another opinion, and the South yielded. The same moral unanimity among us to-day will work the same miracle.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GEN. HOLT.

THERE is an attempt, properly described as atrocious, to make it appear that Judge Advocate General HOLT was in league with base men to injure JEFFERSON DAVIS by evidence which he knew to be false. So foul a charge upon so fair a fame as General HOLT's would not be worth attention except for a combined effort now plainly making to poison the public mind. With perfect propriety, therefore, General HOLT has himself called attention to an article in the Washington *Chronicle* of the 3d of September as a truthful and complete vindication.

The few facts are, that a person called SANFORD CONOVER was brought to the notice of the Government as a competent witness in the trial of the assassination conspirators. His testimony was such that, when he offered to furnish General HOLT with important evidence of the complicity of DAVIS and CLAY in the great crime, General HOLT could not with fidelity to his duty disregard the opportunity. Upon conference with the Secretary of War, therefore, CONOVER was engaged to collect the testimony of which he claimed to have knowledge. For some months he was in various parts of the country with this object and corresponding with General HOLT.

This testimony the General wished, of course, to try by every possible test. When the Committee of the House was appointed he stated to it all the circumstances of the case, and laid before it all the correspondence; and he urged that such witnesses as were accessible should be examined by the Committee. He was authorized to summon some of them, and sent an officer to New York for that purpose. This officer saw one of the chief witnesses, and he declared that his previous deposition was false, and made at the dictation of CONOVER. He affirmed that this was also true of other witnesses. This witness was brought to Washington and confronted with CONOVER. The witness still persisted that his deposition was wholly the fabrication of CONOVER, who denied it, and went in charge of the officer of the Committee to New York to summon the other witnesses, but escaping from the officer CONOVER has not since appeared, although the letters to various papers in the country aspersing General HOLT are evidently written with his connivance.

General HOLT immediately advised that the depositions of all CONOVER's witnesses should be withdrawn from the evidence before the Committee. This was done, and the Committee gave them no consideration whatever; but upon the unimpeached testimony in their possession the Committee, in their Report, declared that there is probable reason to believe that DAVIS was privy to the measures which led to the commission of the crime.

So plain a statement of the truth confounds calumny. But General HOLT's fidelity was shown so early in the war, and has been so lofty and persistent, that the friends of the rebels could not spare him, and they have not ceased to follow him with their envenomed slanders. From the moment he raised his voice against the rebellion until now it has given no uncertain sound. President LINCOLN had no truer friend or more frequent counselor than General HOLT, and it does not harm him with good citizens that those who called LINCOLN an ape denounce his friend as a false witness. His character is his sufficient panoply.

THE LAST PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Convention of loyal Southern Unionists at Philadelphia was the most memorable political event of many years. The RANDALL Convention was substantially a repetition of the old Democratic assemblies in which the Southern delegates appeared to announce the policy of the party. So under the auspices of Mr. DOOLITTLE and MONTGOMERY BLAIR the Democrats met, with some recruits from the Union ranks, and laid down as their platform for the campaign the continuing right of States to enjoy all their privileges in the Union at the same time they are trying to destroy it, as expounded by Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ex-Vice-President of the ex-Confederacy.

But the Convention of original Union men did not get their instructions from the late insurgents. They were men taught by tremendous experience that inequality of rights before the law leads to bloodshed and universal ruin. They had learned that justice is the only rock of safety in the storms of states, and therefore, instead of endeavoring to discover how much of the old spirit of slavery they can preserve, they tried to find a common ground upon which they could stand with loyal men in the North in order to secure by the wisest means that equal guarantee of liberty in all the States which is essential to the common peace.

The resolutions adopted are virtually those of the Syracuse Union Convention, and thus the Union party is formally nationalized. Both Conventions declare their faith in the equality of political rights, and neither insist that Congress shall require impartial suffrage as a condition of the restoration of any lately rebel State. The reason of this action undoubtedly is, that that result can better be reached in the way proposed with less conflict of prejudice of every kind, and therefore more speedily and wisely. Equality of rights being clearly defined as the condition of national permanence and peace, the method of obtaining its lawful guarantees is solely a question of expediency.

It was remarkable that the demand for impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration came from the Gulf States. As a revelation of the actual condition of those States this is a valuable fact. Nothing but a profound conviction of the utter hostility of the late rebel population to their loyal neighbors would induce the latter to risk their own safety in the immediate enfranchisement of those whom they have been accustomed to regard as less than men. It may well induce the people of this part of the country to reflect whether the political power of a population so inflamed should be increased by the whole representation to which the disfranchised people are entitled.

The popular welcome which Philadelphia gave to the delegates was a significant contrast to that which greeted the Convention of Mr. DOOLITTLE, or the President's party. The enthusiasm showed how strong a hold at the popular heart the question of a fair restoration has, for a week the city blazed and rang with the signs and sounds of welcome. Every delegate said all that he thought, and just as he thought it. The great body of Northern representatives looked and listened. They were truly representatives of the true North, which asks simply equal rights of all the States in Congress, and reasonable security for the national peace. And for the first time since the Continental Congress of 1776 a National Convention—for such the combined delegates really were—declared their faith again that all men are created equal and enjoy inalienable rights.

NEW YORK CONVENTION OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

GENERAL BARLOW, Secretary of State; General HOWLAND, State Treasurer; General MARTINDALE, Attorney-General; General BARNUM, Inspector of State Prisons; General JONES, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and General IRVINE, Adjutant-General, have issued the following call:

"COMRADES:—We invite you to assemble in Mass Convention, on the 20th day of September inst., at the hour of 12 o'clock M., in the City of Syracuse.

"We desire to concentrate our efforts to keep in power that Union Party, which, under the leadership of the late lamented President, promulgated the Emancipation Proclamation; which supported the gallant and lamented WADSWORTH for Governor while we were absent in the field; which demands from the South entire submission and loyalty to the Union, the amended Constitution, and the laws enacted by Congress; and which are apt and appropriate to render effectual the defense of the Freedmen in the equal protection of their persons, property, and rights; the Party, which in the hour of peril was the Party of the War, and which we are not willing to see absorbed in the Anti-War Party under the pressure of Presidential policy and dictation."

This assembly will be an imposing and effective aid to the great National Convention of soldiers and sailors at Pittsburg on the 25th of September; and we hope the soldiers of the State will even at some personal sacrifice be sure to attend.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS IN VERMONT AND MAINE.

AN election was held in Vermont on September 4, for Governor, three members of Congress, members of Legislature, and two Senators to take the place of Collamer and Foot in the United States Senate. The Republican ticket was triumphant by a largely increased majority. Governor Dillingham has been re-elected.

In Maine, on the 10th, a similar result was obtained. Governor Chamberlain was re-elected by an increased majority as compared with the previous election, and the five Congressional districts were all secured for Republican members. Four members are re-elected.

These are the only elections taking place in September. The elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa take place October 9.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Convention met at Syracuse September 5, at Wieting Hall. General Van Wyck was chosen temporary Chairman. The General made a lengthy and elaborate speech. He referred to the Republican Convention of 1861, of which he had been President. "We were pleading then," he said, "that this great trust bequeathed by our fathers should not without a struggle be surrendered to the demands of rebels, as we are this day pleading that the results of the victory over treason shall not be abandoned—that we shall not publicly proclaim that the blood of three hundred thousand patriots has been shed in vain. The nation responded then, and with bayonet and bullet went forth and conquered. With the same zeal, and trusting in the same God, it will respond now and go forth with the ballot and again be victorious." He referred to the glorious national victories won on many battle-fields. These victories it was our duty now to secure by Constitutional amendments before restoring the South to her former rights. He reviewed the President's action; he referred to the exactions made from the South by Johnson. Yet when Congress exacted more its members were branded as usurpers and traitors. He charged the President with usurpation. He thought we could not rely upon the professions of the South. We must secure our positions by Constitutional amendments. He expressed his disapprobation of the President's policy in regard to the Peruvians.

Hon. Lyman Tremain was elected President of the Convention, and committees were appointed.

The following telegram was read, being frequently interrupted by applause:

"CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

"*The New York State Delegation at Philadelphia, to New York State Convention at Syracuse, greeting:*

"We have met our brethren from the South and grasped them with the hand of fellowship. They are loyal to the Union and to the great party that saved the Union. They seek a readmission of the Southern States to representation on the simplest condition compatible with the safety to the lives, property, and political rights of the loyal people of these States. They declare that the policy of the President has been proved in their own persons to be unjust, cruel, and intolerable. They look to a loyal Congress for that protection which a recreant President, once a Southern loyalist, has denied to Southern loyalists. Their hearts beat with a noble sympathy for universal liberty and the equal, civil, and political rights of all American citizens.

"HIRAM WALBRIDGE, Chairman."

The President also read a telegram from J. D. Defrees, informing the Convention that the National Republican Committee had promptly cast out that very unworthy member, Henry J. Raymond, and put in his place one whom "danger will never deter, nor threats appall."

Mr. Ballard moved that the proceedings of the National Committee be now formally ratified by this Convention. Carried without dissent.

The following is the telegram, under the Instruction of this Convention, to the Philadelphia State Convention:

"By resolution of the Republican Union State Convention of the State of New York, now in session at Syracuse, I am directed to send greetings to the loyal men of the South now in convention at Philadelphia, and to assure them that the great heart of the people of New York beats in sympathy for them in their new and increased persecution by the substitution of the policy of Johnson for the despotism of Davis. New York was never more determined than now in the complete overthrow of the rebellion, its cause and sympathizers, come whence and from where they may. A union against dungeons in the past produces a more lively appreciation of your present trials. You faltered not in your devotion to your country when dungeons and the gallows stared you in the face, and the loyal people will never desert you now cause only to its traitors, and the freedom bought by blood shall be permanently established by the Constitution.

"C. H. VAN WYCK,
"Temporary Chairman, Republican Union State Committee.
"To the Hon. Thomas J. Durant, Philadelphia Convention."

President Tremain on taking the Chair made a speech of the same general tenor with General Van Wyck's, to which we have referred.

Reuben E. Fenton was renominated for Governor, and Stewart L. Woodford for Lieutenant-Governor.

The following platform of resolutions were reported by the Committee on Resolutions—George W. Curtis, Chairman—and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That by the grace of God, and the valor and intelligence of the people, the Constitution has been maintained as the supreme law of the land, and that every political, social, and industrial interest of the country, as well as the most earnest desire of every generous and patriotic heart, imperatively demand the speediest restoration of the Union which is consistent with constitutional justice and national safety.

Resolved, That the Union of the United States is perpetual, and that no power exists either in the Federal Government or in the several States rightly to dissolve or destroy it. No State can rightfully secede from the Union or withdraw or withhold its representative to Congress with intent to prejudice the Government, nor can the jurisdiction of the General Government over a State and its inhabitants, or its rightful authority to execute its laws therein to any extent be lost or impaired by rebellion and law, or other unlawful conduct of a State, or by treason of its people. But while the constitutional authority of the Federal Government can in nowise be impaired by the acts of the State or its people, a State may by rebellion and war on its part, or treason on the part of its inhabitants, or by the abrogation of its loyal State Government, and the creation and maintenance of one alien and hostile in its form, so far in fact rupture its relations to the Union as to suspend its power to exercise the right and privileges which it possessed under the Constitution. That against such rebelling State the Federal Government may wage war for its subjection, using for that purpose all the powers of the laws of war as recognized by the laws of Nations; and when that end is accomplished it belongs to the legislative power of the Government to determine at what time the State by the establishment of a government Republican in form under the Constitution and the complete abandonment of its rebellion and the return to loyalty of its inhabitants may safely resume the exercise of its rights and privileges under the Constitution which have been inert and suspended by its own wrong, and the doctrine that such State has kept perfect and unimpaired all its rights and privileges while in rebellion and war, to be used at its option, and is itself to judge when it is in proper condition for resume their enjoyment, is false and pernicious, and the other doctrine, that the President is alone sole judge of the period when such suspension shall be at an end and the State permitted to resume its power in the Union, is equally unsound.

Resolved, That the pending amendment to the Constitution, proposed by Congress, which defines citizenship in the United States and the civil rights of citizens, which equalizes national representation among the several States, which disables from national or local office—at the pleasure of the people represented in Congress—those who having taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in rebellion against the same, and which declares the validity of the public debt of the United States, and invalidates every debt incurred by any attempt to overthrow the Union, is essential to engraft upon the organic law the legitimate results of the war, commends itself by its justice, humanity, and moderation to every patriotic heart, and that when any of the late insurgent States shall adopt that amendment such State should at once, by its loyal Representatives, be permitted to resume its place in Congress.

Resolved, That in pursuance of these principles the late insurgent States were required by the President, subject to the approval of Congress, to accede to certain conditions including the ratification of the Constitutional amendment of emancipation, which works a change in the Constitutional basis of representation prejudicial to the equality of the States in Congress. That the continued absence of ten of the late insurgent States in Congress is due solely to their refusal to recognize this change, and that their claim to enter Congress before that change is acknowledged, is a demand that a bloody attempt to dissolve the Union shall be rewarded with increased representation of political power.

Resolved, That inequalities of guarantees of person and political liberties are dangerous to the peace of States and the welfare of freemen, and that we shall sincerely rejoice if the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment shall tend to that equalization of all political rights among citizens of the Union upon which the future peace, prosperity, and power of the United States must depend.

Resolved, That the President of the United States, in denouncing as unconstitutionally incompetent the Congress whose lawful authority he has officially recognized, convicts himself of usurpation of power, and that the tragical massacre of faithful citizens in Memphis and New Orleans should admonish him that his policy encourages a spirit fatal to national tranquillity, and which indefinitely delays the restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That Reuben E. Fenton, by his able, faithful, and vigilant discharge of his duties of Governor, has deserved and secured the confidence and gratitude of the people of our State, and we present him as a candidate for re-election in the assured trust that his nomination will be ratified by an increased and commanding majority.

Resolved, That we recognize in the other candidates on our ticket men who have proved in the field and elsewhere the patriotic fidelity and conspicuous capacity which commend them to the hearty support of the people of New York.

Resolved, That alike as to our own and other lands we take our stand on the glorious platform which prefaces and justified our fathers' Declaration of Independence, wherein liberty is commended not as the prerogative of a superior race or caste, but as the natural birthright of all men inalienable save by crime. We rejoice to witness the progress which other nations are making in the practical recognition of this inestimable truth, and we confidently trust that the day is not distant when throughout the civilized world there shall no more be found a despot, a vassal, or a slave.

Resolved, That we cherish in grateful and eternal remembrance the brave soldiers and sailors who, through four years of fire and blood, bore the banner of the Union to glorious victory, and that we hold in undying honor the brave men of every race in the insurgent race, who, during the late war, and under the most ferocious persecution, heroically maintained their faith in the Union, and succored its imprisoned soldiers; and that we pledge to them, to every citizen every where in the land who is now sincerely faithful to the Union, our unswerving sympathy and support, praying them to close up the mighty line, and hand in hand and heart in heart to move on to assured triumph that, in the words of our beloved and immortal leader, Abraham Lincoln, who, though dead, yet speaketh, "The Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

The receipts of gold into the Treasury continue to be very heavy, and notwithstanding the disbursement of over five millions since the statement of September 1, four and a half of which was for interest on the Ten-Forty bonds, the amount now held exceeds that on hand at that time, reaching nearly $80,000,000; of this amount $63,000,000 actually belong to the Government, the balance being represented by gold certificates.

The total receipts from customs, internal revenue, etc., are larger than at any previous time, and notwithstanding the rapid reduction of the national debt, the balances in favor of the Government are again rapidly increasing as at present.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 3:

(VIENNA.)—Affairs in Saxony reassume a warlike aspect. The Saxon troops have been withdrawn from the Hungarian frontier, and the army is being provisioned. The treaty of peace with Prussia binds Austria not to interfere.

September 4:

(BERLIN.)—The armistice between Saxony and Prussia has expired by limitation. Peace is yet unsettled between the two countries, and hostilities, it is thought, may possibly occur.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the Government Indemnity Bill by a large majority.

A treaty of peace between Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt was concluded yesterday.

It is said that King William, of Prussia, will visit Holstein.

September 5:

(BERLIN.)—Darmstadt has complied with the demands of Prussia, and will pay the latter three millions of florins, besides ceding to Prussia some of her territory.

Prussia is treating for the purchase of the iron-clad *Dunderberg*.

Since the expiration of the armistice between Prussia and Saxony the Plenipotentiaries of the two Governments have met, and peace negotiations have been formally opened by the representative of Saxony.

September 6:

(BERLIN.)—It is said that the King of Saxony will be deposed in case he refuses to accept Count Bismarck's terms, and that he will be succeeded on the throne by a member of the Coburg branch of his family.

(FLORENCE.)—The cholera is making sad ravages in Italy.

September 7:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill for the annexation of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the city of Frankfort. A bill for the annexation of Schleswig and Holstein has been sent in by Count Bismarck.

September 8:

(LONDON.)—Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, in a speech delivered at Salisbury last evening, urged upon the Liberals to support any good Reform bill which should be brought forward in Parliament by the Derby Administration.

(HEART'S CONTENT.)—Since Sunday morning uninterrupted success has followed the *Great Eastern*, and she laid the shore end of the cable of 1865 on Saturday evening at 4 o'clock, under a salute from the ships of war in the harbor and tremendous cheers from a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators assembled from all parts to witness this second triumph of ocean telegraphy, even greater than that of July 27.

The electrical condition of this cable is most perfect, and messages are now being sent and received over it.

September 10:

(LONDON.)—It is said the cable tolls are soon to be reduced one-half.

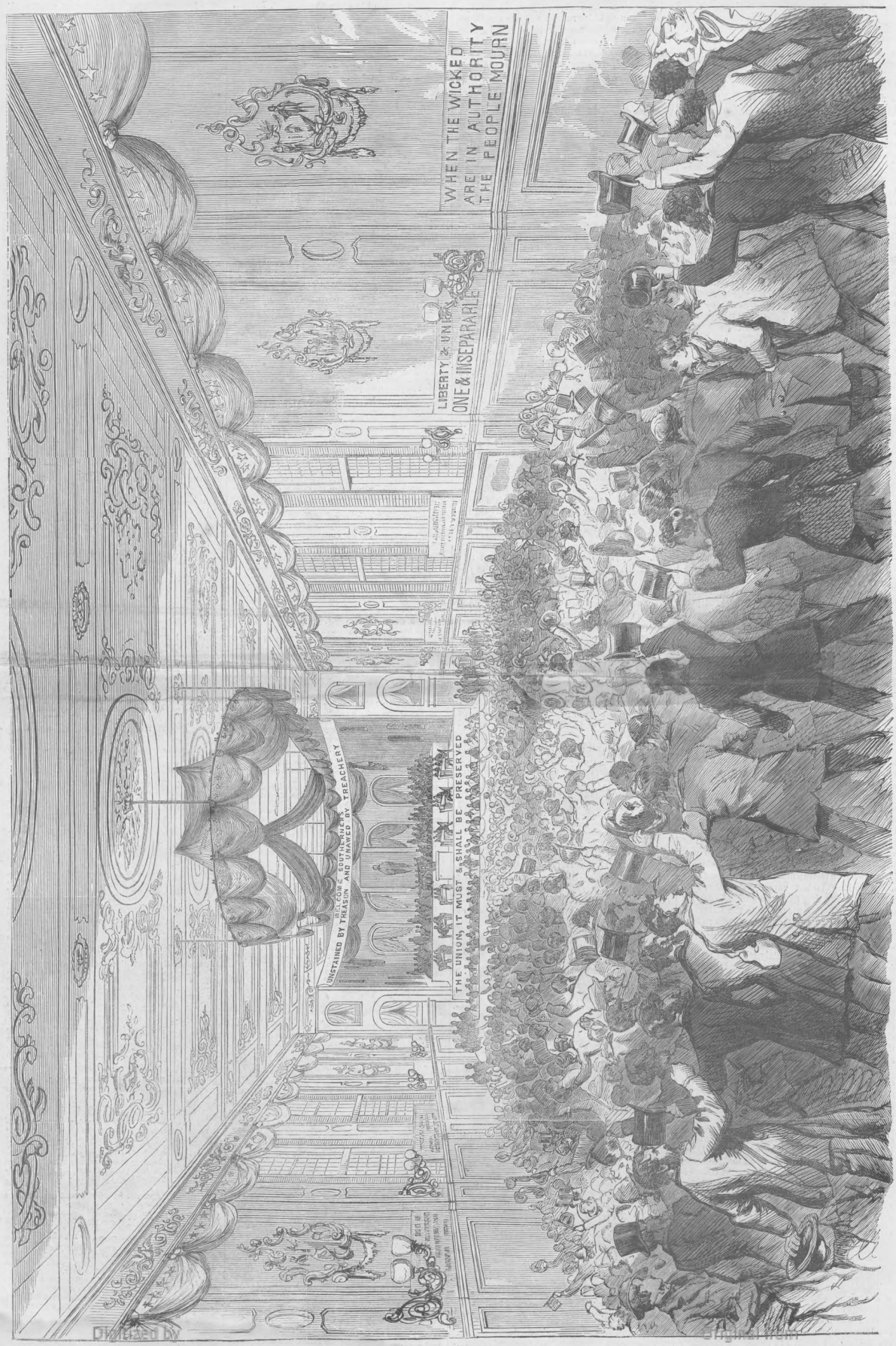
(BERLIN.)—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill to indemnify the King for acting without the assent of the Diet in the matter of the budget and army supplies previous to the war with Austria. The bill passed unanimously.

The number of troops in the Duchies have been ordered to be immediately reduced to a peace footing.

(ATHENS.)—The Cretans have rejected the terms offered them by the Turkish Government, and continue their revolt.

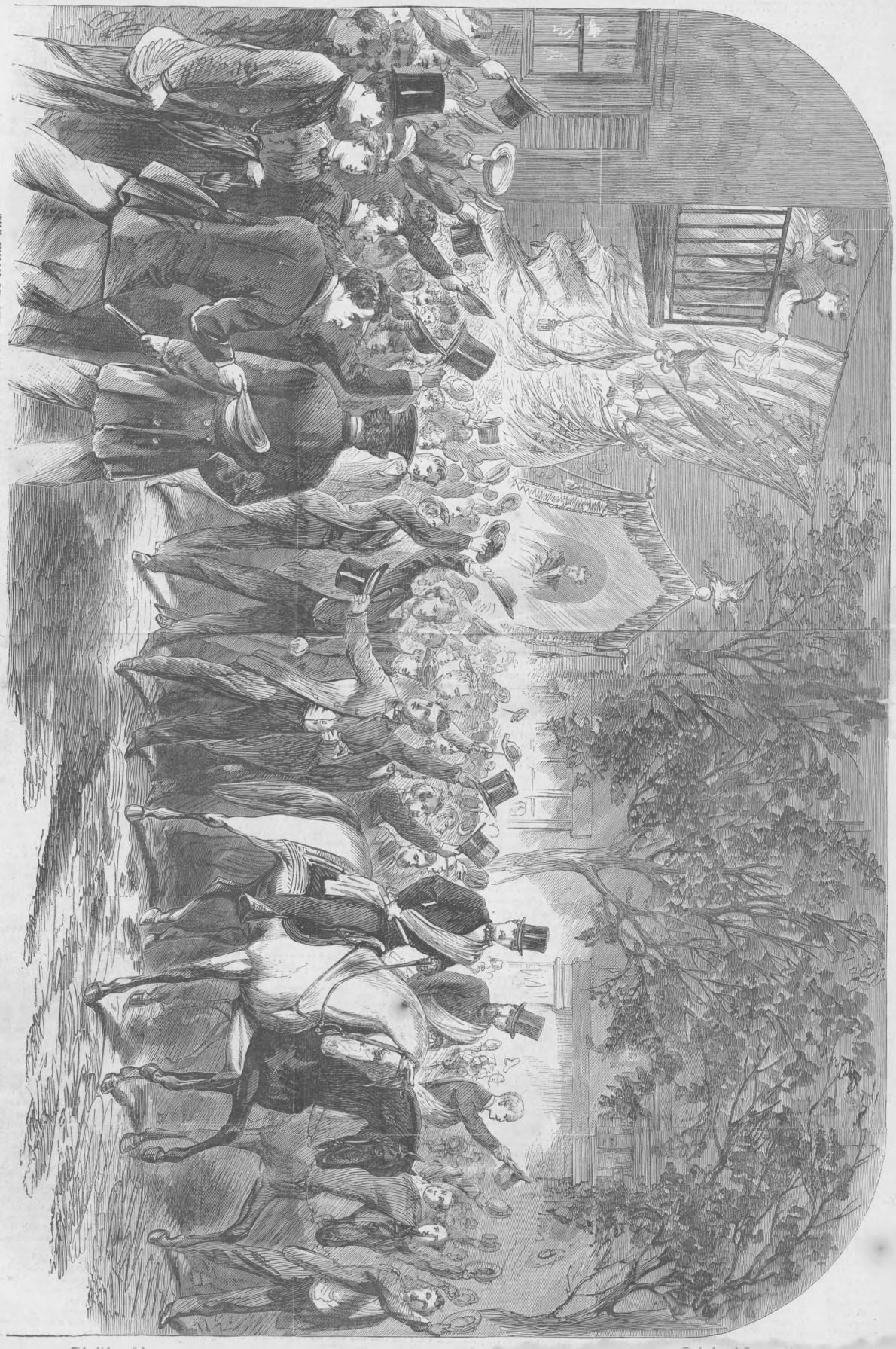
The Epirots (inhabitants of Epirus) also claim their freedom from Turkey, and have abandoned their habitations and taken to the hills.

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SCENE UPON THE ASSEMBLING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT THE "NATIONAL HALL" IN PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

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THE UNION LEAGUE PROCESSION PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, AND CHEERING THE FLAG RAISED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1861.—[SEE PAGE 608.]

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THE LOYALIST CONVENTION.

IT is the day of popular Conventions. Setting aside the State Conventions which usually recur at this season, there will have been held before the close of this month, and following fast upon each other's heels, three general Conventions, called together by the pressing questions which are to be, in a great measure, decided by the Fall elections. The National Union party held its Convention at Philadelphia in the middle of August, and it had scarcely left the Quaker City before the loyalists from the Southern States entered it to hold their Convention. On the 17th instant the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention will be held at Cleveland. So absorbing is the popular interest in the great national question of the day, that even in our State Conventions local interests seem to have been entirely forgotten. And in addition to the meeting of Conventions there is the President's grand political tour through the several States; and the people with intense interest are following their Chief Magistrate, weighing carefully his every word and thought, some on both sides glorying in his mistakes, while others either seek to hide their blushes of shame, or indignantly speak out their rebuke.

It is well that our people are thus alive to the present emergency; and it is well that the problem of restoration is thus being brought before them in all its manifold phases. The Conventions of the period are an expression of something more than the members that compose them; they represent most faithfully both the *principles* and the *temper* of the parties for which they speak. And the President, too, is demonstrating to the people *his* policy and *his* temper, neither of which the people will forget. The American people never forget any thing.

But our present business is with the Southern Loyalists' Convention, which met on September 3 in Philadelphia, and to the illustration of which we have devoted several pages of this Number of our paper.

What is the composition of this Convention? whom does it represent? and what is the policy which it advocates? These are the questions which we purpose to answer.

THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was made up of *Southern* men, almost entirely of men from the eleven States lately in rebellion—of men who were faithful to the Union when all others in their several States were faithless, and who suffered ever-instant and long-continued perils for their fidelity—of men who are now bitterly hated, proscribed, and sometimes murdered, for no other reason than that they have been always Unionists, by those who still glory in the shame of their treason, even while they profess repentance, and claim the nation's pardon, and insist upon the restoration of their ancient privileges. The men of the Convention were such as Governor BROWNLOW of Tennessee, ex-Governors HAMILTON and PEASE of Texas, the Hon. THOMAS DURANT of Louisiana, and JOHN MINOR BOTTS of Virginia. If they speak bitterly and strongly of those who rebelled, it must be remembered that they have had a nearer and more intimate knowledge of the real spirit and meaning of rebellion than we of the North, or even our loyal soldiers have had.

They represent very many who have been at the same time Southern loyalists and Union soldiers. And *all* whom they represent have been faithful to the National flag, excepting only those who were as loyal in sentiment as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but who, by a very common frailty of our nature, being forced to choose between death and the sacrifice of sentiment, accepted the latter, and thousands of whom found death also, and now fill rebel soldiers' graves. They represent those stanch Unionists of the South who are not willing that the Freedmen should be forgotten, and who insist upon the equality of all men before the law, irrespective of color, and look forward to the time when a large portion of the colored race shall participate in the duties and privileges of the Government of which they are citizens.

THE WELCOME.

The members of the Convention, upon their arrival in Philadelphia, received an enthusiastic welcome from the Union League Club, the citizens, and the delegates from the North who had come on to meet them. On behalf of all these CHARLES GIBBONS, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception, made a brief but eloquent address to the Convention. There was, he said, no loyal blood on their hands, and their souls were free from the guilt of treason. They had held fast to their integrity, although their homes had been desolated, their pleasant places laid waste, and themselves and their wives and children driven into exile. The sympathy which the men of the North felt for them at that time was flashed from a million Northern bayonets, and pronounced by the mouths of Northern cannon. He proclaimed it as the honest sentiment of the North, that when the South returned to her duty she must come in new robes, with new covenants for liberty, equality, and justice, led by her own loyal Unionists, who are free from the guilt of treason. What hope had they in the future, or what security had they, if unpunished and impenitent traitors were to be reinstated in power by the arbitrary and besotted will of one man under a Constitution they had deliberately forsworn? The answer was already written in the blood of the murdered loyalists of New Orleans. They, the men of the South, were here on the high and solemn mission of re-establishing the American Union on the broad and sure foundation of equal and exact justice to all men. It could stand upon no other. They could not be so unmindful of all the lessons of the past as to be led by vagrant politicians into another compromise with crime, instead of lifting up from degradation those who had been its victims.

On the part of the Convention Governor HAMILTON responded to the greeting. He said the spirit which animated the rebellion was as rampant to-day as on the day when the rebels first drew the sword. The proscription of all who aided the Government was as rampant and incorrigible at the South, as defiant, as denunciatory, as vindictive, and as cruel as it was at any period during the rebellion. Seeing this, and realizing that so far from being remitted to their homes, they were remitted to the same element which has sought their destruction and the destruction of the Government, some of them who happened to be at the national capital deemed the time propitious to call on the Unionists of the South to send delegates to meet and consult together as to their own condition and that of the country. They believed that they saw not only danger to themselves, but a cloud, though no bigger than a man's hand, on the verge of the horizon, which might ultimately spread over the entire country. This Convention had been called because they realized the fact that no practical principle of administration had been settled by the late contest. They had hoped that henceforward this Government would be such a Government as the fathers had intended it to be—one giving freedom to every human being within its limits by placing on a sure foundation the rights of every citizen. But they found that they were only to be remitted to the tender mercies of States, which might, at their will and discretion, strike down the dearest human rights, while no protecting power was to be found in the Government. They therefore deemed the time auspicious to bring back the people to the primitive ideas of republican liberty, to organize a party, or rather to improve the organization of a party devoted to republican liberty, and to bring it back to the simple platform of the constitutional rights of every citizen. That was why the Convention was called. They wished the assistance and counsel of all their brethren everywhere throughout the United States. They asked the loyal delegations that came here from the loyal States to give them the hand of welcome, to help them to renew their faith to the Government in a purer spirit than before, and to prove to all Presidents, Cabinets, and Councils, North and South, who were loyal to the Government, that they would be satisfied with nothing less than actual security or individual equality under the Constitution to all men.

A RELIC OF SECESSION.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman of the Reception Committee, then came forward with a small gavel in his hand, and said:

"I hold in my hand the identical gavel used in Charleston, South Carolina, when the Convention assembled there in 1860 for the dissolution of the American Union. This is the gavel that called together that Convention which declared the American Union dissolved. Sir" (turning to Governor HAMILTON), "I have the pleasure of tendering it to you for the purpose of calling together that loyal Convention which is to lay the foundations for the establishment of that Union."

Governor HAMILTON accepted the gift, and then the presentation ceremonies were declared ended.

The gavel bears the following inscription: "This mallet was used by the first Convention of Southern Independence, at the Charleston Theatre, in 1860, by old BYARD, of Delaware. E. P. CUYLER, of Charleston, S. C."

THE "NATIONAL HALL."

The procession, after much confusion, was remarshaled, and took up its line of march, with music playing, banners waving, and the bells of the fire-engines ringing, to National Hall.

This large and commodious hall, located on Market Street, near Twelfth, was beautifully decorated for the occasion. At the rear of the large platform, where seats were arranged for the speakers and desks for the reporters, was a large, life-like portrait of President LINCOLN, the frame of the picture being neatly draped in mourning. Over this was a large canvas scroll bearing the words, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Beneath the picture were the lines:

"Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light—
Among the noble hosts of those
Who perished in the cause of right."

At the front of the stage was another scroll, pendent from the ceiling and reaching across the hall, on which was inscribed:

"Welcome to Southerners,
Unstained by Rebellion, unawed by Treachery."

From the centre of the ceiling there depended two large American flags, which drooped in graceful folds, the ends being caught upon the circular gas fixtures by means of which the hall is lighted. Flags were also festooned against the walls for the whole circuit of the rooms, forming a very handsome border for the paneling on the walls.

WHAT THE CONVENTION DID.

About 250 delegates were assembled in the hall. The Northern delegation met separately. Mr. DURANT was chosen temporary Chairman. Then followed the usual details of organization. In the Northern Convention, held at the same time at the Union League Club-house, a motion was made, and supported by Generals BUTLER and BURNSIDE, that the Northern delegates should appoint a committee to confer with the one appointed by the Southern delegates as to the drafting of resolutions. The motion was lost.

Upon the reassembling of the Convention on the 4th Texas reported 15 delegates, Louisiana 18, Tennessee 81, Virginia 61, West Virginia 51, Georgia 8, Alabama 4, Kentucky 13, Mississippi 3, Missouri 30, Arkansas 21, North Carolina 7, Maryland 60, Delaware 6, Florida 7, District of Columbia 27. Total 392.

JAMES SPEED, of Kentucky, was chosen President. In thanking the Convention for their choice he alluded to the Convention which had lately met in that city.

"It was here in part, he said, because a great cry came up from the white men of the South, 'My Constitutional rights, my natural rights are denied me!' A great cry came up from the black man of the South, 'My Constitutional rights and my natural rights are denied me!' This was a great complaint, a complaint founded earnestly and made sincerely on both sides and directly antagonistic, the one to the other. He said that the Republican party had gone further than the National Union party in the matter of emancipation. At the Convention held in Baltimore in 1864, which nominated Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON, it was announced that slavery should be extirpated, not abolished merely—extirpated, taken out of our institutions root and branch, body and soul, every lineament and every fibre of it. Mark, gentlemen, the difference between the two words: One to extirpate, not simply to cast off this or the other limb of this horrible monster, but to take out not only slavery, but all the incongruous unrighteousness and unequal consequences and incidents that resulted from slavery. What are they? In the first place, unequal representation. Does not slavery remain so long as there is a man, no matter what his color, so long as there is a man unrepresented in the Government? Does not slavery remain as long as you can, because of color, say to a man that he may not stand equal with his fellow-men in your courts of justice? All these incidents the great Republican party pledged themselves at Baltimore should be extirpated. And you, Southern men, who were at that time as it were in the prison-house of the South, when this pledge came to you, it came as the sweetest and surest note you had ever heard. Let this be done and we will be content.... Then, gentlemen, this Convention ought to say to the people of this nation, 'If you want to be secure and safe in this matter, fix it down in the Constitution where neither Congress nor any department of the Government can touch it—that emancipated slaves are never to be paid for.' Those Southern people, when they assembled to make their various Constitutions, provided in their State Constitutions that their State rebel debt is not to be paid. Every Southerner well knows with what reluctance they did that. It required the positive command of the President and all the power of the Government to exact it of them. That can be repealed by State action. They can by State action undo what they have done, and assume the payment of the debt which they have now under coercion refused. Write it down in the fundamental law of the land. Let the loyal people of this nation see that it is written down in the fundamental law of the land, that no moneys shall be paid out of the coffers of the people any where, North or South, for the effort to destroy this Government. Upon these subjects I think; but upon the subject more particularly of equal and just representation this Convention ought to speak out. Those Southern men complain that their Constitutional and natural rights are infringed. If they complain fairly, say so. If they ask more than justice, deny it. They have no right to it. If they ask that the vote and power of a white man in South Carolina shall equal the vote and power of two white men in Pennsylvania, it is an injustice, and say so. If they ask less than justice, give them full measure. If they ask more than justice, deny it. As to the disfranchisement of rebels and the enfranchisement of the black people, this subject will also come before the Convention. Upon this subject, gentlemen of the Convention, all I have to say is: Do nothing in anger; do nothing from hatred; do nothing from ill-will or for revenge; but do that which justice and right and mercy and love dictate."

Separate Committees were then appointed to draft Resolutions and to prepare an Address. A. J. HAMILTON was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and Hon. GEORGE W. PASCHAL of the other Committee. Mr. WARMUTH, of Louisiana, offered a resolution, which was adopted, that each delegation of the non-reconstructed States shall appoint one delegate to form a Committee to publish an address on the condition in which the reconstruction policy of ANDREW JOHNSON has placed the loyal men of the Southern States.

RESOLUTIONS.

On the 6th the following resolutions were adopted by the Convention:

Resolved, That the loyal people of the South cordially unite with the loyal people of the North in thanksgiving to Almighty God, through whose will a rebellion unparalleled for its cancerousness, its cruelty, and its criminality, has been overruled to the vindication of the supremacy of the Federal Constitution over every State and Territory of the Republic.

Resolved, That we demand now, as we have demanded at all times since the cessation of hostilities, the restoration of the States in which we live to their old relations with the Union, on the simplest and fairest conditions consistent with the protection of our lives, property, and political rights, now in jeopardy from the unquenched enmity of rebels lately in arms.

Resolved, That the unhappy policy of ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, is, in its effects upon the loyal people of the South, unjust, oppressive, and intolerable, and, accordingly, however ardently we desire to see our respective States once more represented in the Congress of the nation, we would deplore their restoration on the inadequate conditions prescribed by the President, as tending not to abate, but only to magnify the perils and sorrows of our condition.

Resolved, That the welcome we have received from the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, under the roof of the time-honored Hall in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, inspires us with an animating hope that the principles of just and equal government which were made the foundation of the Republic at its origin shall become the corner-stone of the Constitution.

Resolved, That with pride in the patriotism of the Congress, with gratitude for the fearless and persistent support they have given to the cause of loyalty, and their efforts to restore all the States to their former condition as States in the American Union, we will stand by the positions taken by them, and use all means consistent with a peaceful and lawful course to secure the ratifications of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States as proposed by Congress at its recent session, and regret that the Congress in its wisdom did not provide by law for the greater security of the loyal people in the States not yet admitted to representation.

Resolved, That the political power of the Government of the United States in the administration of public affairs, is by its Constitution confided to the popular or law-making department of the Government.

Resolved, That the political *status* of the States lately in rebellion to the United States Government, and the rights of the people of such States, are political questions, and are therefore clearly within the control of Congress, to the exclusion of and independent of any and every other department of the Government.

Resolved, That there is no right, political, legal, or constitutional, in any State to secede or withdraw from the Union, but they may by wicked and unauthorized revolutions and force sever the relations which they have sustained to the Union, and when they do, they assume the attitude of public enemies at war with the United States; they subject themselves to all the rules and principles of international law, and the laws of war applicable to belligerents according to modern usage.

Resolved, That we are unalterably in favor of the union of the States, and earnestly desire the legal and speedy restoration of all the States to their proper places in the Union, and the establishment in each of them of influences of patriotism and justice, by which the whole nation shall be combined to carry forward triumphantly the principles of freedom and progress, until all men of all races shall every where beneath the flag of our country have accorded to them freely all that their virtues, industry, intelligence, and energy may entitle them to attain.

Resolved, That the organizations in the unrepresented States assuming to be State Governments, not having been legally established, are not legitimate Governments until recognized by Congress. Adopted.

Resolved, That we cherish with tender hearts the memory of the virtues, patriotism, sublime faith, upright Christian life, and generous nature of the martyr President ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Adopted.

Resolved, That we are in favor of universal liberty the world over, and feel the deepest sympathy with the oppressed people of all countries in their struggle for freedom, and the inherent right of all men to decide and control for themselves the character of the Government under which they live.

Resolved, That the lasting gratitude of the nation is due the men who bore the battle, and in covering themselves with imperishable glory have saved to the world its hope of free Government, and relying on the "invincible soldiers and sailors" who made the grand army and navy of the Republic to be true to the principles for which they fought, we pledge them that we will stand by them in maintaining the honor due the saviours of the nation, and in securing the fruits of their victories.

Resolved, That remembering with profound gratitude and love the precepts of WASHINGTON, we should accustom ourselves to consider the Union as *the primary object of patriotic desire*, which has heretofore sustained us with great power in our love of the Union. When so many of our neighbors in the South were waging war for its destruction, our deep and abiding love for the memory of the Father of His Country and for the Union is more deeply engraven upon our hearts than ever.

The Address, also adopted, was simply explanatory of the Resolutions.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON UNRECONSTRUCTED STATES.

On the 7th, the Report of the Committee on unreconstructed States was read and adopted. The report was a review of our political situation from the stand-point of the Convention. It charged upon President JOHNSON the existing evils in the South. It presented a graphic picture of these evils—what and how great they were. It gave a detailed account of the New Orleans massacre, and threw the responsibility of it upon the President. It declared that Congress, in order to avoid discord and conflict, has actually abstained from doing much which it ought to have done and possesses the power to do, and that Congress alone could save Southern loyalists from persecution, exile, and death. "There can be," it declared, in conclusion, "no safety for the country against the fell spirit of Slavery, now organized in the form of serfdom, unless the Government, by national and appropriate legislation enforced by national authority, shall confer on every citizen in the States we represent the American birthright of impartial suffrage and equality before the law. This is the one all-sufficient remedy. This is our great need and pressing necessity. This is the only policy which will destroy sectionalism by bringing into effective power a preponderating force on the side of loyalty. It will lead to an enduring pacification because based on the eternal principles of justice. It is a policy which will finally regenerate the South itself, because it will introduce and establish there a divine principle of moral politics which, under God's blessing, will, in elevating humanity, absorb and purify the unchristian hate and selfish passions of men. It will bless those who give as well as those who receive. It will be the crowning act of glory to our free Republic, and when done will be received as was the act of Emancipation, with joy and praise throughout the world as the final realization of the promise of the Declaration of American Independence."

FIRE AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

We give on page 604 an illustration of the recent partial destruction by fire of the Union League Club-House at Philadelphia. The fire broke out a little after midnight on the morning of September 7. Five thousand people had gathered in a short time opposite the burning building. The fire had its origin somewhere in the upper floor, where the apartments of the servants were located. By extraordinary efforts of the fire brigade the flames were limited in their destruction to the floor in which they originated, and were put completely under within an hour. Several acts of individual heroism are recorded to the honor of the firemen, every flag upon the building being rescued safely under circumstances of considerable peril. The loss will probably not exceed $25,000 or $30,000, which is but an eighth of the cost of the building.

The fire is supposed to have been the result of incendiarism. The janitor of the building was arrested the day after the fire.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our sketches of the Convention, made by our special artists, C. J. BUSH and C. H. WELLS, are very complete. Among these we wish to refer particularly to the interesting incident which one of our artists has made the subject of the engraving on our first page, representing Governor BROWNLOW, at the head of the Tennessee Delegation, passing through the Northern delegates in Independence Square, the spot where the Declaration of Independence was first read. The old man, so weak that at intervals he was compelled to stop and rest, and looking thin and emaciated, leaning on the arm of one from his own State, passed down the entire line, greeted by all with shouts of enthusiastic welcome. The other illustrations speak for themselves.

SPARKS FROM THE FORGE.

I.

"YES, yes, Miss Miller; it's tryin', as you say, after I've brung up the boy, to have him turn agin me now!" and old Mrs. Ripley sipped her tea solemnly.

Mrs. Miller sighed from the other side of the little black tea-pot on the tea-table between them, for the gossips were enjoying a dish of their favorite beverage, with sage remarks and bitter herbs of consolation thrown in. Then she handed over the great tumbler, with a sea of water and islands of radishes floating therein, under the vague impression that they would do the sorrowful gossip a world of good. Perhaps they did, for there was, first, the wholesome exercise of chasing the round ones and bringing them out in triumph; and overcoming the native obstinacy of the long ones, which leaned about at various angles.

"Yes, thankee;" and Mrs. Ripley took the top of one off with a snap, and held the remainder over the salt ready for another attack.

"Your radishes is splendid! If Lizee had been worth a cent we might ha' had a garden worth somethin' too. I told John how it would be, marryin' a city girl all fuss and feathers—never mixed a batch of bread in her life, nor milked a cow, nor nuthin."

"Well, I s'pose, ef she was a manty-maker in the city, she couldn't have a chance to learn sich

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things, you know," said Mrs. Miller, pouring out a fresh cup of tea in a convivial way, as though she expected to get up a bead on the harmless infusion.

"No, no more she couldn't—and that's what I say." And Mrs. Ripley rounded her period with a radish that threatened her only reliable tooth with instant destruction. "No more she couldn't, and so I told John, but he was the obstinatest creetur I ever see. Sez he, 'I don't want her to work, mother; I am strong and well, and am a-goin' to work for her.' John is a good boy, but when his mind is set it's set. I tell you, Miss Miller, when your children is little they tromp on yer toes, but when they get growed they tromp on yer heart!—No, no more tea, thankee!—I must be a-gitting along. I promised John that I wouldn't leave Lizee and the house very long. She's no more 'count than a child; never even made a stitch of clothes fur John yet. There's Melissee Aspell now—why she'd ha' made him a suit of clothes as quick as wink. Well, well! Come over soon and see me. I must go back to Lizee."

"I'm here, mother!" and a young girl rose up from the flower-bed outside the door, over which she had been bending, and so heard the last words. "I was lonesome, and I came over to walk back with you."

There was a pitiful accent in her voice as she spoke. The clear blue eyes were a trifle dim as she walked slowly home by the old woman's side, and the little hands, already roughened by her new life, laid somewhat wearily together. "John's late to-night, isn't he, mother?" and she looked eagerly over toward the rolling-mill, not far away, that flung out its great pillar of smoke from a crown of fire.

"La! yes, child. You can't expect a man as has his livin' to make to be runnin' home all times of day and night. There's extra work at the furnace, I s'pose."

"Oh, there's John!" and the girl's pale cheeks, that had given no hint of dimples, flushed and made rosy nests of themselves as she sprung eagerly forward. "And Ned, I declare!—Cousin Ned! Oh, I'm so glad!"

The two men came forward, almost counterparts in figure—the same stalwart shoulders and goodly stature, but their faces were of opposite types. John with a square chin and somewhat heavy brow, underset by eyes that refused to tell their color in the shadow; while Ned Hammersly wore the fair Saxon color and golden hair that was softened into beauty on Liza's face.

"I'm glad to see you, Lize!" and his great rough hand was outstretched for the little one, which met it frankly.

"Does Lize behave herself?" turning to John, who slid his arm about her, and looked down on her head with a strong man's tenderness as he answered: "Pretty well, pretty well."

Then came the explanation of Ned's presence: that a process for preparing steel was to be put in operation, and carried out under his skillful direction, at the rolling-mill; that he had come to stay for the summer at the little hotel among the hamlets about them.

Old Mrs. Ripley had stood somewhat aloof, but John now touched her sleeve, and, turning to Ned, said: "My mother; Liza's cousin, Edward Hammersly." Thereupon the old, sharp eyes took an inventory of all his qualities and quantities of manner and person.

"You never told me about Mr. Hammertea, Lizee," and she looked at John's wife in such a dreadful way over her iron-rimmed glasses that Liza drew back a step, and only said: "Didn't I?"

"Hev you got a family, Mr. Hammerkey?" she added, turning the glasses on him.

Ned grew as red as a great cabbage-rose, and answered, awkwardly: "No, ma'am, I'm a bachelor, and don't think of getting married now."

The sharp eyes saw a look pass between the cousins as he spoke which she never forgot, and thereon built up a theory of possibilities and probabilities. From this theory she never wavered through the long bright summer, her watchfulness never flagged, her innuendoes never ceased, until John grew pale and silent, and sometimes cross by fits to the poor little wife, who was a riddle to him yet. Ned, with his frank, cheery ways and pleasant laugh, smoked many a pipe in his company by their cottage-door, and then Liza seemed happiest and most loving toward him. And so glided by the days of harvest and its lingering moon, and the hours of daylight grew fewer and the night-watch longer.

II.

JOHN sat just by the outer rim of the circle shining from the mouth of the great furnace, whose fire must be undying now. There was to be a great casting on the morrow, and it was his turn to watch. Above him great wheels and bands turned dusky edges to the faint red light, and hopeful spiders tried again their hopeless work that never would be finished. Bars of trusty iron, to be welded by-and-by, lay biding their time of trial and destiny, fulfilled in honest gun or faithful anchor. The great trip-hammer, which had banged upon the anvil and whatever lay thereon, like a vindictive demon, all day, was at rest a while, and there was no sound except the unceasing roar of the furnace.

In this light John looked pale and worn; perhaps he felt so as he rose and held his head, with its thick locks, under the pump and deluged it, shaking the drops out like a great water-dog. Then he moved toward the open door and looked out at the stars so thick above him.

"'True as the stars'—ay, they are true, sure enough; one can depend on them all life through, and afterward—for, never mind how many graves there are, there is a star for each, I know, 'that will never waver.' I almost wish sometimes that all this worry of life was over for me!" And he passed his hand over his wet hair again, and looked out on the summer night. Crickets sung peaceful songs in the tall weeds by the pile of lumber near; now and then a frog croaked hoarse contentment from the stones below the dam; and a distant dog barked defiance to outlaws and marauders. As he listened he looked toward the white cottage, not very far away, with its colored shutters, like blind eyes, showing in the setting moonlight. He looked long and fixedly, and when he turned away it was with a sudden wrench as of one in pain, and he sighed heavily. Just then something white came through the grass and almost startled him, until he saw that it was Liza's cat, with its bit of ribbon all draggled and wet with the night-dew.

"Oh! pussy, is it you?" and he sat down on one of the oaken benches and coaxed the creature up in his arms, as though glad of her company in his silent loneliness.

"Good little pussy loves me, I know," and he laid his rough red hand tenderly over her fur. "I wonder if your little mistress does? I don't know. I thought she did; but I ought to have waited a little longer before I brought her home to my poor homely place. So young and so fair, and I am ten years older than she, and grave and quiet in my ways—ain't I, pussy?"

For answer, to be sure, the creature said "Mew!" and nothing more; but it made no difference to the lonely heart, which was glad to-night of the dumb brute's cry. "And he knew her before I did, you see, pussy; and he is gay, and young, and handsome." He rose abruptly as he spoke, and the cat rolled over and over till, finding her feet, she ran frightened away, and between his heavy beard escaped the words: "I wish Ned Hammersly were dead—or I—God forgive me!"

The furnace fire was a shade less bright, and he replenished it and sat with his head in his hands a long, long while, until daylight looked over the hills and thrust her busy fingers even through the crevices and crannies of the black roof above him. Glad of its freshness, he rose from his lethargy and lounged in the heavy doorway.

There was the little white cottage, with its clambering rose and gay flower-beds. He could even see the purple bloom of the sweet-william, and the rod of silver lilies all abloom. But as he looked a great horror came in his eyes, for on the little side-porch, close in the shadow, stood Ned Hammersly, putting on his coat, and looking at the doorway, where Liza stood with John's best coat over her arm. He knew the coat even so far away by its bright buttons, and Ned had evidently been trying it on, for what deceit or wicked cause he knew not.

John Ripley grasped the lintel and never moved until the figure had disappeared on the road leading to the town, and the cottage door was shut. His limbs trembled and shook as he staggered back to the oaken settle by the fire, and he shivered with the cold. So he sat when his mother brought him a can of coffee and oaten cake.

"I thought I would just run over, John, with a bit of suthin' fur ye. Lizee never thinks of nothin'. She didn't come down out of her room till jest afore I came out. What's the matter? I didn't hurt ye, did I? You look awful peaked this morning. Poor fellar! poor fellar!" and she touched his hand that refused to uncover his haggard eyes. "Massy, how cold your hands are! Have ye got the ager?"

"No, no, mother, I'm all right, said he, peevishly. "Set the coffee down, and I'll take it by-and-by."

Just then the great bell rang, and the hands came trooping in for another day of toil. Wheel and band were thrown in gear, and the trip-hammer became a busy, relentless demon again.

III.

ELEVEN o'clock, the time for casting, has come. Seething and blinding the molten metal waits its change. Once more the workman stoops to see the mould, that spot or mar shall not be found therein. Pale and anxious, the head-workman goes hither and thither that all may go well. From a timber cross borne on strong shoulders hung a kettle suspended from its centre, that at the hour was filled and borne beside the mould to fill defects that might occur. From the molten mass, as the great clock struck, a ruddy stream came slowly down its conduit to the mould. The four men held steady by braces the great kettle, and the ladler waited for commands. John Ripley was one of the four. To-day his hand was scarcely steady, and when he heard Ned's voice behind him speaking to the men he turned away his head and held one hand over the other on its brace. Just then the ladler dipped from out the mass, and in his agitation dripped the lava-drops upon John's hand and arm. A sharp cry of pain escaped him, and he would have shrunk, and so let burning death upon him in its ineffable torment, if, like a tiger, Ned had not sprung and cried, "For God's sake, men, hold on!"

That cry and that quick grasp saved them all. The red iron had crept up to the very edge of the kettle with John's failing grasp, and one quiver more would have sent it over him in a burning flood.

The men knew well enough the danger. Round the forge-fires had gone many a tale of horror and disaster when a failing hand had left a molten sea to scorch and burn and kill and fetter in the flying fugitives, until its hot breath did its work.

John knew the death from which his rival had saved him, and remembered it even through the fearful anguish of his maimed and blistered arm. And yet he would have given worlds to have owed the life he held to any other man.

"Here, Joe Hill; take my horse, tied outside, and ride for the doctor; and you, Ben Collins, hold on here while I go home with John. He isn't fit to go alone."

Ned's orders were carried out, and the two men walked slowly toward the cottage.

"Let me go in first, John, and tell Lize."

Even in his unutterable suffering of body the injured man turned and answered fiercely, with an oath,

"No you don't, Ned Hammersly. I go first. I can take care of my wife—ay, and my own coat too. I don't want your help."

"Are you crazy, John?" and Ned stood across his path.

"Yes. Stand aside, will you?"

The man's strong will carried him past his companion and by the little door, where he fell fainting like one dead.

IV.

DAYS of pain and nights of unrest had followed the fearful burning. At one time it seemed hardly possible to save his arm; but now he hoped to wield it by-and-by. A long while, perchance, it might be before it could give the thunderous blows of its olden might; but he was thankful for its partial restoration. For his fierce and bitter words when coming home Ned bore no grudge; but ever since John had turned away with steady coldness from his friendly offers. Liza, too, had come to be afraid of his petulant replies, and went about her round of duties pale and silent. Mrs. Ripley, as was her wont, went out to gossip and drink tea with her neighbors. She did not grieve, I am sure, at the estrangement, for did it not prove her prophetic croakings true?

So it was timidly and half afraid that Liza sat down beside him in the September sunshine, which flooded the open door and the chair where he sat wearily thinking, about a month after the accident.

"John, dear, I'm going to tell you something," and she laid her hand on his knee, but he did not take it. "I s'pose you won't care, but I thought I would tell you that my sister's married and coming here to live. She was a long while making up her mind too, and she said No once or twice, but she meant Yes all the time, and so they are married, and—and—her husband is Ned Hammersly. I thought we should go to the wedding, but you were hurt about a week before, and so we couldn't be there. And see, John"—she pulled out from behind her, where she had held it all the while, a new cloth coat—"I made it for the wedding, John, all myself. I cut it and sewed it, and Ned got the buttons for me, and I tried it on him when you were out of sight—you see your coats suit him—and I just got it done the morning you were burned. Ned stopped on his way to town, and I tried on your coat, and it fitted so nicely! Now mother won't say I am good for nothing any more, will she? Why, John, what on earth are you crying about? I thought you would like it. Don't you?"

"Come here, little one!" The arms were open wide. "Dear, patient, darling little lamb!" And so he held her golden head a while, and vowed anew to trust her for evermore. And so Ned and his new bride found them. John held out his hand to Ned. "I've been a fool, Ned; forget it if you can;" and that was all.

If ever a man was proud, John Ripley was in that beloved coat, that had cost him such sorrow in its building. If ever a wife was happy, it was when John would boast of it as her own work.

And when Mrs. Ripley took tea with Mrs. Miller, she was forced to confess that "she thought she might make somethin' out of Lizee after all."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PLEASURE-SEEKERS are returning from various quarters to their city homes. It is the *fashion* to reappear in the city some time in September; and so, even though September's hot and sultry days may far outnumber those of August, people generally follow the fashion. Houses, long silent and deserted, are resonant with voices, blinds are thrown open, churches are re-opened, and business receives a general impulse. The haste to return is altogether natural. Many who usually pass most of the summer in the city thought it expedient to retreat this year; but now that all fear of cholera is past, they are not sorry to leave extortionate hotels and the chilly comforts of the country. The truth is, that while July brought some of the hottest weather known within the memory of the "oldest inhabitants," there has seldom been an August so unseasonably and extraordinarily cold.

The sojourners at the White Mountains have found themselves sadly uncomfortable. The rain has been almost incessant, and the roads, never good, have been, in consequence, nearly impassable. Shut up inside of a heavy, springless coach, or clinging to the outside of it to keep one's self from being tossed into the muddy holes beneath, may be an agreeable way of searching for the picturesque; but we have no taste for such exceedingly romantic excursions. A bridal-party from one of our Eastern cities, some two or three weeks ago, followed the fashion and went to the White Mountains. The bridegroom supposed he had made sure of comfortable quarters by securing rooms in advance. But on arriving there the hotel was found to be overflowing; and although, as an especial accommodation, a small, uncomfortable attic room was given up to the bride and bridegroom, most of the party got along as they could without rooms. Nothing daunted, the next day they commenced the ascent of Mount Washington; but a severe snow-storm met them, and, half-congealed with the cold, they beat a hasty retreat, resolving to seek some more genial clime in which to spend the honey-moon.

Undoubtedly September will be more agreeable to those who yet linger among the mountains than August was. There is usually a sort of *compensation* in regard to the weather; and those in the country who have complainingly shrugged their shoulders at the chilly breezes of August may vainly long, under a sultry September sun, for one refreshing breath.

It is said that a new sect has been formed among the women of St. Petersburg, and that they have already made their appearance in Paris. They are called "*Nihilists*," and their distinguishing peculiarities are, that they remain unmarried; they assume the cares and responsibilities of men; work at all kinds of manual labor, and transact every sort of mercantile business. The following is a description of the costume of two "*Nihilistes*," who recently made their appearance at a certain church in St. Petersburg: The two fair heads were cropped close, and their attire a sort of compromise between the coat and trowsers of the male sex, with the most convenient portions of female costume. A jacket descending low over the hips, and closed over the bosom by a row of large buttons; a short, very full petticoat of the same, and beneath, just apparent above the high boots of black, shining leather, full inexpressibles, not gathered in, but floating just above the knee, and displaying about an inch of the snow-white stocking, formed their novel and singular attire. Each held in her hand a low, flat hat, with a large brim adorned with a cord and tassel.

A curious report comes from France in regard to the mulberry-tree. A. M. Brunet affirms that he has succeeded in reducing the textile substances which are found in the bark of the mulberry to the fineness, durability, and general appearance of silk by chemical and mechanical processes, and affirms his faith in the discovery by buying up large quantities of the bark for producing this description of silk. If this is true, mulberry-trees will be all the fashion wherever they can be cultivated, and the invention will be a very profitable one.

There is an old story to the effect that a solitary bachelor, having suddenly resolved to commit matrimony, rung the bell, and proposed to his cook. She, in a state of indecision, hesitated; so he rung the bell again, and proposed to the house-maid, who accepted him on the spot. And—as the story goes—she lived happily ever afterward, as a just reward of her prompt decision. This tale is not cited as a precedent for young ladies to take such a dangerously short time in making a decision which involves the happiness of a lifetime. But we so often see such a ridiculous hesitation in trivial matters that it is a relief to meet a man or woman who is self-poised. Many a lady has no confidence in her own taste or skill in dressing herself. "Would you wear my buff silk, or my blue muslin?" "Which looks the best, a linen collar or a lace one?" "Does this ribbon look prettiest in a single or double bow?" And a multitude of similar questions are constantly heard in the dressing-room. Some are perpetually disturbed because, having no fixed principles themselves, they try to please those with whom they chance to be, and are like the "waves of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed." We often see gentlemen who are singularly undecided in minor matters—who, for example, require an immense time to decide what they will have for dinner—although they may decide a momentous question with comparative promptness. It is worth a good deal to any one to know what questions should be quickly and promptly decided, and what should be carefully considered—and to be able to do it.

Apropos to this subject, is what Sydney Smith says:

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 65 years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice."

Every body has read or heard of the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. On that occasion the whole heavens were illuminated with celestial fireworks from about two o'clock until daybreak. Professor Newton, of Yale College, announces that a similar display of meteors will probably occur on the morning of the 15th or 14th of November next. Such a rare phenomenon awakens a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this sublime spectacle, for scientific purposes, have already commenced in Europe. And all, who in any country are fortunate enough to be witnesses of such an extraordinary sight, may well congratulate themselves.

Tomatoes are considered as among the healthiest of all our vegetables. Every housekeeper who has the opportunity should endeavor to put up some for winter use. It is a very simple matter to do this. They should merely be cooked, without seasoning, and put while hot into wide-mouthed jugs or tin cans. The jugs or cans should be entirely filled, and securely corked or covered. Preserved in this manner they keep almost as fresh as when first picked from the vine.

A Southern paper records the trial of a man charged with stealing corn from a neighbor's crib. The evidence went to show that the man had been found with his hand in an aperture in the crib, safely fastened in a steel trap, set for the purpose of catching the thief. It was also in evidence that two empty corn sacks were found lying at the feet of the entrapped individual. The decision of the magistrate, however, was, that there was no proof that the prisoner had stolen any corn, and as to being caught in a steel trap, any gentleman had a perfect right to stick his hand in one if he felt inclined to do so.

A humorous writer says:

"Every word in the French language beginning with *croque* has been turned inside out to find the origin of *croquet*, but without success. Some will have it that the word is a corruption of *crochet*, which means a hook, and that the game was originally devised by the ladies, who threw it out as a hook to catch husbands with. There seems to be a glimmering of reason in this, more especially when we remember that *crochet* also means a kind of fancy work much cultivated by ladies. The writer has at this moment hanging on the wall before him a smoking-cap in *crochet*-work, made for him by fair hands several years ago, and thrown in the usual skillful manner; but, being a wary fish, he saw the hook and declined to bite. On the whole, we think that *croquet* and *crochet* are partly convertible terms, inasmuch as the hook is to be discerned at the root of both."

It is suggested that instead of the phrase "shaven lawn," which the manuals use to designate the croquet ground, the word *parquet* be used; because it would sound so pretty to hear the accents of a silvery voice saying, "Suppose we have a game of croquet upon the parquet!"

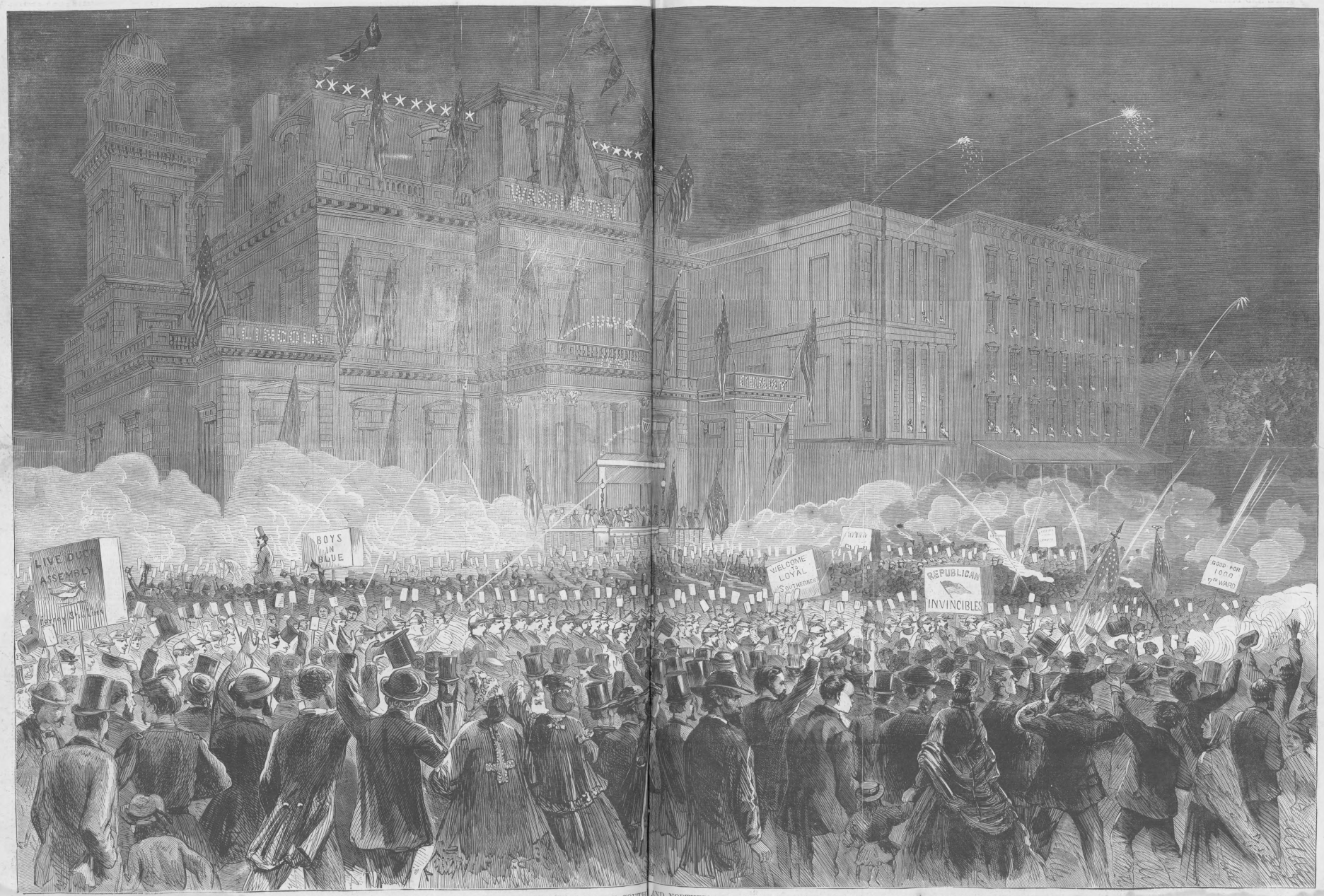
An exchange gives the following remarkable statements:

"We have a compositor in this office the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fuses them solid like stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged in water, and the rapidity of his motions keeps the water boiling and bubbling so that eggs have frequently been boiled in the space-box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by our fast compositor's motions runs the power-press. In one day he 'set' so much type that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read the proof, and it wasn't his good day for setting type either."

Not long ago a party who were sight-seeing in New York went on board a Liverpool packet—their first acquaintance with a vessel. They were politely shown over the vessel; and when they entered the luxurious cabin a young lady of the party, delighted with what she saw, exclaimed: "Oh! how I should like to go to Europe in such a ship!" "You can," spoke the captain, in a deep voice, who had entered the cabin unperceived. "You can if you will." "As your stewardess, I suppose, Sir," replied the young lady, pertly. "No; as my wife," returned the captain. "As your wife, Sir!" exclaimed she, in unfeigned astonishment, "you must be joking." "No, I am not," replied the captain; "I mean every word of it."

The young woman was fluttered and flattered. She asked for a few hours to consider the unexpected proposition. At the expiration of the time she gave the captain a favorable answer, and in three days she was married.

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SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA—MASS MEETING OF SOUTH AND NORTHERN DELEGATES IN FRONT OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.—[See Page 598.]

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LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild-flowers blow, nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile: so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor marked the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
Rich ranks of golden grain,
Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain:
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Fourth Portion.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I NEVER saw a piece of knitting in such a mess in all my life! What *were* you thinking of, Madge?"

Aunt Gough uttered this mild pleasantry in the fullness of her satisfaction some days after that happy evening on which Horace had told me that he loved me. They all knew it now. Dear uncle had kissed and blessed me, mingling with his tender words some prudent cautions as to the necessity of waiting, and as to our youth and inexperience. But he was pleased. I knew that, and the knowledge made me inexpressibly happy. As for waiting, that was not hard to my mind. Of course we were young. Of course we were inexperienced and without settled prospects in the world. But we loved each other, and our love was approved by those whom we most honored and regarded. Surely that was happiness enough to fill years of waiting, should years be necessary. Horace was not quite so contented to accept Uncle Gough's words of wisdom. He chafed a little, in his impetuous way, at being told of his youth and inexperience.

"Young!" he said to me, when we were walking alone together. "Does your uncle know that I am turned three-and-twenty?" Horace looked very solemn as he announced his attainment of this venerable age. "If he had said that I'm not good enough, there might have been some reason in it. But if my dear girl is content to take me only because I love her better than all the world beside—"

"No; because I love *you*, Horace."

"My own Margaret! If you are content, angel that you are, I don't see who need object."

"Dear Horace, be reasonable. Can any thing be more kind and generous than Uncle Gough's behavior? Of course he is right when he says that our youth—"

"There it is. Our youth! The fact is, fifty-five is getting to be thought the right age for love and marriage. I wish I was as old as De Beauguet. Upon my soul I do!"

"Perhaps, Horace, in that case the objection might come from *me*, and not from uncle."

"I always say absurd things when I'm angry," said Horace, wiping his eyes after an outbreak of laughter. "Every body does."

I don't know whether every body does, but I know Horace did. And what could be more absurd than the idea of his ever being fifty-five? My bright, impulsive Horace!

All this brings me back to Aunt Gough and my tangled knitting. One of the servants had found it in the porch and taken it to my aunt, and she, divining the circumstances under which it had got into such a chaotic state, resolved to have her small joke at my expense. Horace and I were sitting with her now, having come in from the walk in which we had held the foregoing discussion as to the necessity for patient waiting.

"What *have* you been doing with your knitting?" said aunt. "I wonder who is expected to wear a stocking like that!"

"Oh, aunty, it was Horace. He was twisting it about in his fingers."

"And, pray, how came Horace to get hold of your knitting? I hope you don't mean to knit *his* stockings in that way, or he will think I have made but a poor housewife of you, after all my pains."

"Do give me a chance of testing her soon, Mrs. Gough," cried Horace, eagerly, improving the occasion. "We have been having quite a dispute, Margaret and I, and I am afraid Mr. Gough is all on her side. Do throw in your influence on mine! Do take my view of the case!"

Horace went over all his arguments to prove that we were both rather elderly, and to show that in three months at the utmost his prospects would be sufficiently assured to justify him in taking a wife. He was very eloquent in his pleadings. At least I thought so, and so, I suspect, did Aunt Gough. The truth is, Horace could be much more eloquent in speaking to her than he could be in speaking to my uncle. I have said that Aunt Gough was highly sympathetic. And sympathy was to Horace the atmosphere in which he lived and breathed easily. There are strong militant natures to whom strife and the hope of victory are bracing and pleasant, but his was never one of them.

My aunt had been ailing ever since the visit to Meadow Leas. We could not trace any signs of positive disorder, but she got no stronger, had no appetite, and was incapable of active exertion. This was the only cloud in our Heaven. This and Anna.

My sister had been so variable and uncertain in her humor since that evening I have spoken of, when I spoke to her in her bed, as to try aunt sorely. Aunt's own temper was the sweetest and most placid in the world, but her nerves were unstrung, and she was liable to swoon on unusual excitement. Anna was not always angry, not always sullen, not always tearful, not always unaccountably gay and boisterous, but all these moods chased each other across her mind with startling rapidity. She was especially inconsistent toward Horace. At one time she would be so sweet and sisterly to him as to make our hearts glad within us. Next moment the merest trifle, the turning of a straw, something so slight as to be imperceptible to us, would ruffle her, and she would chafe and frown and treat him with an arrogant scorn that wounded me beyond measure. Once I was angered out of patience, and spoke to her sharply in Horace's presence. To my surprise she was soft and humble in a moment, coming and kneeling by me with her face hidden in my lap.

"Margaret, I love you!" she said, in so low a voice that I, with my head bent down to hers, could hardly hear it.

"My dear love, I know you do. But, Anna, because you love me you should be good to Horace." The dark clustering curls on my knee shook themselves petulantly from side to side. "Yes, Anna. I am sure he is very good to you. And you know he is to be your brother. Come! Give him your hand and be friends." With her face still hidden, she suffered me to take her cold little fingers and put them into Horace's outstretched palm; and so there was peace again for a time. But all this, as I have said, was trying to my aunt. Uncle Gough saw less of it than she did; but even he saw enough to distress him.

"I tell ye what, my bairn," he said to Anna, "a little change will do you good. I am thinking you're not quite well, Nanny. I shall pack you off to Meadow Leas for a week or two, and beg Farmer Gibson to feed you entirely on strong ale and rabbit pasty. You're growing as slender as a hazel-wand, my bonny bairnie."

"I'm not a bit ill," returned Anna, decisively. "But I think I should like to go to Meadow Leas."

The idea was acceptable to us all. It had already occurred to me that Anna's excessive irritability might be owing to incipient illness; and, indeed, she was looking worn and thin. So it was decided that she should go to Meadow Leas for a week or two.

I have not yet said any thing as to the manner in which old Mr. Lee received the announcement of my engagement to his son. In truth, it is not a topic on which I am able to say much, for Horace would never exactly tell me what his father's words had been; but I gathered that he had expressed some disappointment in the matter. It must have been on the score of my personal demerits, for I knew that an alliance with the family of James Gough of the Gable House was, in a social sense, the best he could have expected for his son. However, the old gentleman was all cordiality to my uncle, and all condescension to me. He treated me with elaborate, I may almost say oppressive politeness—when he thought of it. Sometimes, however, he did not think of it. And I am afraid I liked those times best. He readily undertook to make the necessary arrangements for Anna's stay with the good people at Meadow Leas. But before she went away we had two pleasant surprises. One was a letter from our dear friend in Canada; the other, which concerned Horace, I shall come to presently.

Dear little Madame de Beauguet wrote most cheerfully, and there was no mistaking the fact that she was a perfectly happy woman. They had not long arrived out when her letter had been written, but she had a great deal to say about her new home already, and about her "good-man."

"Do you remember your giving him that title?" she wrote. Her letter was addressed to my aunt. "*I* do. And nothing ever was more appropriate. Put the strongest possible accent on the first syllable, or on the second syllable, or on both syllables, and you will be perfectly right all ways. He is the best creature in the world. Am I not a fortunate woman?"

Then our old governess sent kind love to Philosophy and Will-o'-the-wisp; and made many inquiries about Horace—"that most charming and civil of young civil engineers," as she called him. "Tell him that I have his parting flowers safely pressed in a book, and prize them above every thing; and that my good-man says he hopes no young lady will be jealous when she hears it."

This set us wondering whether M'sieu' had discovered Horace's secret—*our* secret—and then they all laughed, and we wandered off into happy foolish talk about ourselves. Madame de Beauguet's pleasant letter having been read and re-read and discussed in full family council with great relish, then Horace brought forth his news. And this was the second surprise.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Topps, of Birmingham, Sir," he said, addressing my uncle.

"From Mr. Topps, eh? I didn't know you kept up any correspondence with Mr. Topps."

"No, not exactly correspondence; but this is a business letter."

There was a look of triumph in Horace's eyes as he handed it to my uncle: though he assumed a sober unconcerned manner, as who should say that to a man of his age and position a business letter from Mr. Topps was an everyday kind of matter.

"Am I to read it?"

"If you please, Sir."

"What is it, Horace?" I asked, eagerly. But he hushed me with a motion of his hand, and we all waited silently until my uncle had finished reading the letter.

"Well, my boy, I am very much pleased with this. Indeed I am." My uncle took off his spectacles, and held out his strong right hand to Horace, giving him a hearty grip. "It does you credit, and you may justly be proud of it."

"I *am* proud of it, Sir," answered Horace, with ingenuous glee. "I am glad that you should see—that you should have this opportunity of convincing yourself—that is, I mean, that my prospects—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You are proud and glad that I should be made to understand on such excellent authority what a trust-worthy, responsible, rising gentleman I am to have for a nephew, and what a very slow old coach I must be to think it well for him to wait one single day before taking all the cares of the world on his shoulders. That's it, isn't it, laddie?"

Horace colored, but answered with a smile: "Well, you have put it in your own words, Sir, but I suppose that *is* it."

"And now, mayn't We know something of this great business?" asked my aunt, from among the cushions in her arm-chair.

Then Uncle Gough, with Horace's full consent, told us what were the contents of Mr. Topps's letter. That distinguished engineer retained a kindly remembrance and a high opinion of his former pupil, and was willing to put a good thing in his way when the occasion presented itself. There were some new water-works to be erected in a small northern town just on this side of the Scottish Border, and Mr. Topps had been applied to to find some competent person to design and superintend their erection. He himself was much too "eminent and expensive," as Mr. Lee would have said, to be asked to undertake the business. But the chairman of the water-works company, being acquainted with the great Birmingham engineer, had written to ask his advice. "And my advice is, that they should employ you, Lee," wrote Mr. Topps in his letter. "I have every confidence in you, and, if you will undertake it, it may lead to better things."

Better things! What could be better? So I thought. But to Mr. Topps, from his eminence, probably the whole matter looked small enough.

"What does Rotherwood say to it?" asked my uncle.

"Well, Sir, he sees no objection to my taking it. Clinch, his articled pupil, can do all such work as I have been doing during the last half year."

The only drawback to our happiness was, that Horace would have to go to the north, and remain there some time. But that would not be just yet. Some six months must elapse before the arrangements could be so far advanced as to necessitate his presence. And six months seemed quite a long time to look forward to when I was nineteen.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS once told, when I was a very little girl—too little to be told so—that I should find good and evil, joy and sorrow, succeed each other throughout my life, with the regularity of the checkers on a chess-board. I have found this true in the main: true in the sense in which it was intended to be understood; but I have never found it to be an accurate illustration of the alternations of bright and dark in our daily existence. The dark spots have come to me—and, thank God! the bright spots too—but by no means with the rigidity of outline and regularity of succession suggested by the chess-board simile. Absolute blackness has been rare—rarer, perhaps, on the whole, than absolute whiteness. I have known both. But they were divided from each other by infinite gradations of more or less neutral tints, and not by sharp, well-defined lines, where the black ceased and the white began. In truth, I think that sharp, well-defined lines are not common, either in nature or human nature.

I am led to remember the "chess-board," by thinking of the cloud that came over us soon after our pride and triumph in Horace's good fortune. Dear Aunt Gough grew very ill. Still without any special disorder that could be discovered, or that the family doctor chose to define to us; but very weak and very ill. She seldom left her chamber now, and, Anna being away, I was with her a great deal. She would sometimes feebly protest against the constancy of my attendance on her; but I said, and said truly, that I could not have been happy if I had left her to receive loving care from other hands.

"It is but selfishness after all, dear aunty; for, as soon as I am away from you, I begin to fidget, and to fancy that something has been forgotten which ought to have been remembered, or something left undone which ought to have been done. And then my self-conceit brings me back to see to things myself."

"But Horace will think *me* very selfish, my love, if I engross you altogether. That must not be."

"I am sure he will not think that, aunt. Besides, Horace has been away a good deal himself, lately."

It was true that Horace had been away a good deal lately; away from Willborough. Before he should take his departure for the north there were two or three matters to which Mr. Rotherwood wished him to give his personal superintendence. Among others, there was the draining of Meadow Leas. I have said that Mr. Rotherwood desired it, but Mr. Lee was very anxious, too, that Horace should see to it himself. Had not Sir Robert sent for him to the Hall purposely to speak of it? Had he not shaken hands with him, and presented him to my lady in the drawing-room? "Clinch could do it all right enough," said Horace. But nevertheless, thus influenced, he went himself to Meadow Leas. So it followed that what with his frequent absence, and what with my attendance on my aunt, we were not quite so much together as would otherwise have been natural in our position. But he rode over from his father's house (where he was staying to be near his work) almost every day, and brought my aunt many a beautiful gift of fruit and flowers from the green-houses at the Hall. Horticulture had not then advanced to the rank of a fine art, but Mr. M'Gee, Sir Robert's Scotch gardener, had some pretensions to science notwithstanding, and I can bear testimony to the perfume of his roses, and their beauties of form, color, and size. These floral offerings gave great offense to Stock, who lost no opportunity of decrying Mr. M'Gee's professional skill with much bitterness.

One evening my aunt had fallen into a doze, having desired, before she composed herself to rest, that I would go out and get a breath of air. So, after stationing one of the maids in the room with injunctions to call me when my aunt should awake, I went down stairs and passed through the kitchen, in order to reach the garden by the back way. The servants were enjoying the pleasant evening hour, after the business of the day, and the maids were sewing and gossiping over their work. Stock sat near the open window, in an appropriately hard Windsor chair, with his pipe in his mouth, contemplating the glories of the kitchen garden. I never passed Stock without a few words of greeting. I had a knowledge—how acquired, it would be hard to say, for never by word nor look was he apt to show any touch of tenderness—that the old man had a soft corner in his heart for my sister and me.

"Stock, how well your early vegetables are looking!"

"I'm not sure as you knows much about it, Miss Margrit."

"I hope I know a little, Stock, a very little."

"Yara little," said Stock.

"The peas, for instance. Are they not unusually promising?"

"There's a Providence above all peas," returned Stock, "and equally above banes. An' it's fort'nate as there be."

Stock had not the least idea of being irreverent. But he was given to solemn-sounding phraseology, and believed, I fancy, that there was something vaguely meritorious in the use of pious words—words not especially applicable to the matter in hand, but which seemed of themselves to impart an odor of sanctity to his discourse, be it what it might. Stock was an ignorant, narrow-minded old man, no doubt. But I have since heard pious talk, conducted on much the same principle, by people with the means of knowing better.

"It's fort'nate as there be, or it's little peas nor yet banes, as the master 'ud have see'd on table this year. Bill Green, he done his best to ruin of 'em; but there's a Providence beyond Bill Green."

It was so well understood by this time that Stock's revilings of his subordinate were to be taken as mere figures of speech—expressing more his own consciousness of old age and rheumatism than any thing else—that no one uplifted a voice in defense of Bill Green: who, by-the-way, was as honest and hard-working a lad as could be found.

"I'm going into the garden, Stock," said I, "to get a fresh posy for my aunt." This was an indiscreet speech.

"Ah!" growled Stock, "the missus she don't want no posies out of this here garden. Not now, she don't."

"Oh yes, she does, Stock. She thinks no flowers so sweet as our own."

"No more there bain't. None. The missus is right there, Miss Margrit. I knows summut about flowers, or I ought to it, and I'll 'fy all England to grow sweeter flowers nor ourn. But it ain't sweetness now, nor yet *com*pleteness, as is the hobject wi' some. It's to have 'em wallopin' big uns. That's the hobject. You grow your flowers wallopers, an' you'll do."

"I don't think that, Stock."

"Well, Miss Margrit, I ain't a goin' to try it, whether or no. I allus done my dooty, and I allus means to. I say as them flowers as young Master Lee brings here is wallopers, and nothin' else *but* wallopers. And I say, as one o' the 'lect, that I sha'n't find no wallopers where *I'm* a goin' to. Me—and a few more—we sha'n't be called upon to keep company with wallopers."

"Mr. Lee only meant to give my aunt pleasure, Stock. I'm sure he always admires the gardens at the Gable House. And you must not say any thing unkind of Mr. Lee, Stock, because I love him very much, and I'm going to be married to him, you know."

"Ah! sure. Well, well, well. No, I ha'n't got nothin' to say agin' young Mr. Lee. Goin' to be married," he pursued, musingly. "Little Miss Margrit. Ah, sure! Well, my dear, may the Lord have marcy upon ye!"

This was not exactly encouraging. But I understood Stock; and though his deep-set black eyes looked stern, and no muscle of his hard brown face was softened, yet I knew that the old man had a tender place in his heart for the orphan girl he had known so many years. I passed on to the garden, and was busy gathering my nosegay, when I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs entering the stable-yard, and almost at the same moment a window in my room was softly opened, and Hester, the maid, called to me that my aunt was awake, and that Dr. Dixon was with her. "I will come in a few minutes, Hester, before the doctor goes." As she turned away and shut the window Horace came hurrying across the lawn, all booted and spurred from his ride.

"My dearest Margaret! I am so glad to find you here! Each time I have come lately you have been mewed up in a close chamber."

"Dear Horace, I am very well. It does me no harm."

"It does *me* harm, for I see so little of you. And how is Mrs. Gough?"

"Dr. Dixon is with her now, and I am going in to hear his report."

"Going in! It seems to me, Margaret, that you grudge every moment you give to me." He had drawn my arm through his, and we were slowly pacing down the garden walk; I, with my basket of freshly gathered flowers in my hand.

"Oh, my dear Horace!"

"Well, it does seem so. Of course it is right that you should be kind and attentive to your aunt. I am sure I am nearly as fond of her as you are. But you seem so indifferent, Margaret. As if you didn't care to be with me!"

His tone was petulant, irritable, and unlike himself; looking at him more closely, I saw that he seemed harassed, and was very pale, now that the flush of exercise had faded from his face.

"Oh, Horace!"

If I could have told him but a tenth part of the joy it gave me to be with him! But no, I could not. And yet the tone of his voice, the sound of his footfall, the glance of his eye, made my heart overflow with happiness. And surely he might

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have known this. If he did not, I could not make him know it by any words of protestation. I have said that it was my weakness to be too keenly sensitive to reproof, especially where my affections were concerned. I always saw that *other side* of things too plainly. What he thought and felt was almost as vividly within my perception as were my own thoughts and feelings; but though I knew he was wrong, I could not plead my cause. It would have been better to have spoken frankly and fearlessly, setting forth the strength of my love; it would have been better, even, to have grown angry, and flamed at him as my sister might have done. But I could only withdraw into myself and bear my hurt in silence.

We walked to the end of the path without speaking, and when we turned to go back toward the house he suddenly took me in his arms, upsetting the flower-basket and scattering its contents upon the gravel. "No, my darling!" he said. "Don't mind me. I don't believe it."

"Believe what, Horace?"

"That you are any thing but the sweetest, dearest, truest, most unselfish girl in the world."

"I am not that, Horace; but do me justice. At least I am not indifferent."

"No, no, no, my own love! I am sure you are not. Forgive me."

We kissed each other with wet cheeks, like two children, as we were.

"Look at my poor flowers, you bad boy. There! Put them all in the basket. I would not have old Stock see one blossom lying trampled on the ground, for more than I can tell. I must not keep Dr. Dixon any longer. You will come to aunt's room when she sends for you, and tell us all about Anna? Of course you see her constantly?"

"Yes; I—have seen her. *Must* you go now?"

I only shook my head in answer, and ran into the house. Uncle Gough was in my aunt's room when I reached it, and Dr. Dixon. The doctor was a mild middle-aged man, well known and much respected in Willborough. He was brother of that Mr. Dixon, the organist, of whom I said in my childhood that he "played so kindly."

"Good-evening, Miss Sedley." The doctor stretched out his right hand, which held a leather driving-glove. I had never seen Dr. Dixon with that glove on in my life, but he always carried it.

"How do you find my aunt, Sir?"

"Mrs. Gough is better, decidedly better. If we can get a little strength, a little tone, we shall do very well."

"I am so glad!"

"Yes; a little tone. Do you know what I have been proposing to your uncle, Miss Sedley?"

"Proposing! Nay, it's all fixed and settled, lassie," put in my uncle, who was sitting by his wife's chair, gently smoothing her frail hand with his broad heavy one.

"I have been proposing," continued the doctor, who had a mildly obstinate way of sticking to his own form of words, "that Mrs. Gough should go for some months to the sea-side. To get tone; a little tone, you know."

"I believe it would do her great good, Dr. Dixon."

"Yes, yes; that's the thing, Madge," said my uncle. "She shall go next week to Beachington. I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"It wouldn't have done before, my good friend," said Dr. Dixon, "It is early in the season even yet. But I have been proposing something else, Miss Sedley."

"No, no," interrupted my aunt, faintly. "I won't allow it."

"Pardon me, my dear Madam. I have also been proposing, Miss Sedley, that you should accompany her."

Accompany her! Go away from Horace during the short time he had yet to stay in Willborough! I felt ashamed of my selfishness even as I thought this.

"Of course I will go with her, Dr. Dixon, if she will let me."

"It is too bad to ask the dear child," said Aunt Gough. My uncle looked at me wistfully. "I'm loth to part the bairn from her sweet-heart," said he. "But yet I know she'd wish to do whatever she could for her good aunt. She's the best lassie in the world, doctor."

"My kind, darling uncle," said I, "pray, pray don't speak in that way, as if you were asking any favor of me. I am thankful and rejoiced to be of use."

"Of the very greatest use, Miss Sedley," said Dr. Dixon, taking up his hat. "You are very patient, very gentle, and very pleasant to look at—three inestimable qualities in a nurse." And with those words the doctor betook himself down stairs.

"Bless thee, my bairn," said my uncle."

"Horace will never forgive me," said my aunt; "but he'll have Madge to himself all his life, and perhaps I may not be here to trouble him much longer."

CHAPTER X.

SEA and sky, sky and sea, sea and sky! Deep blue, or pale green, livid under the clouds, dazzling in the sunshine, sleeping with a slow, long-drawn respiration beneath the moonlight, dashing yeasty foam mast high over slanting sails reddened by the dawn; beautiful, terrible, wonderful always; the great waters lay stretched out before my eyes for many, many weeks. From my chamber window at Beachington I looked forth upon them every night and morning. There was nothing to interrupt my gaze as I strained it to the far horizon. I have stood looking, looking, looking, until all the life within me seemed to concentrate itself in my eyes, and I felt as though I were floating poised like a sea-gull in mid-air, with the fathomless heavens above me, and the fathomless ocean beneath me. Oh, sea and sky! Oh, sky and sea! Oh, the small throbbing human heart within, and the vast heaving waves without! Oh, the old, old story!

My aunt had borne the journey from Willborough—it was not a long one—better than we had thought she would; and for the first fortnight of our stay at Beachington her improvement was most rapid and encouraging. After that she sank again a little; but they told us these fluctuations were to be expected, and we were hopeful. My uncle remained at the Gable House. He had come with us to Beachington, and had seen us settled in our new abode; then he returned to Willborough; and Anna came back from Meadow Leas and kept house for him. I had left home with a heavy heart—heavier than the mere temporary separation from Horace should have made it; for he had parted from me almost in anger. I can not say that he absolutely thought I ought to have refused to accompany my aunt, but he seemed to think that I ought to have made it very evident how much the going cost me. And how could I do that without wounding my beloved benefactors!

"Horace," I said, "think, pray think, what they have been to us two sisters. It seems to me that an almost more scrupulous performance of loving duty is due from Anna and me to them than if they were our parents."

"Duty! Yes; duty is your god, Margaret. You will weigh out the affection you owe, even to the last scruple, in the scale of duty. So much for my aunt; so much for my uncle; so many drachms for Horace; good measure for Horace; he is to be my husband. Margaret, if you knew what real love was you could not be so calm and cold at parting."

I assigned what excuses I could for him, but I came away with a heavy heart. His first letters, after my departure, made me sweet amends. They were so full of love and sympathy, of kindly inquiries for my aunt, and affectionate solicitude for me, that I resolved to be happy again. My aunt, too, was apparently gaining strength, so the first days of our stay at Beachington were bright. We had brought a letter from Dr. Dixon to a brother practitioner at Beachington, one Mr. Betram Norcliffe. This gentleman, besides being skilful in his profession, was an accomplished scholar, renowned for his acquaintance with Greek and Latin and the modern tongues. When Dr. Dixon told us about him before we left home, we declared we should be frightened to speak to so awful a personage. But we found ourselves quite able to speak to him, and we soon came to like him very much. He was not young—nearly as old as Dr. Dixon, I dare say; but he was unmarried, and lived alone in a beautiful house some three miles inland from Beachington. He took an interest in my aunt's case, and, as he said it was essential that she should be kept cheerful and amused, he would come and sit with us, evening after evening, talking so unaffectedly and pleasantly that we entirely forgot all about his learning.

Of course we mentioned Mr. Norcliffe frequently in our letters home. At least aunty did, when she was able to write; and she generally added a few lines with her own hand to my weekly report to my uncle. In those times the postman was not so frequent an apparition at every body's door as he is now. A letter was a serious matter, either to send or receive. And, besides, between us and Willborough there was an awkward cross-country post, so that I seldom dispatched a packet to the Gable House oftener than once a week. Horace's movements were very uncertain, as he flitted about between Willborough and Meadow Leas and the Hall. He even made a flying visit to the north, to consult with the chairman of the water-works company, and to reconnoitre his ground; and he accomplished the double journey thither and back again, and transacted his business, all within the space of five days. We thought this a very wonderful achievement. (I forget how few hours are requisite to do it in now.) As Horace seemed to have no settled abode, I generally sent my letters to him under cover to Uncle Gough or to Anna at the Gable House, and I frequently received his, through their hands, in the same way.

Gradually, by slow degrees—degrees it was as impossible for me to trace as the shifting hues of sunset on the western waves, which began with rosy lustre, and left the deep waters dark—I found a change in my lover's letters. It seemed as if some spell were cast over him—as if a shadow had interposed itself between him and me—and at length one dreary fortnight passed and he did not write at all. But I fought against the dread that lay coiled up coldly at the bottom of my heart, and I endeavored to be cheerful. How good my aunt was! How patient, how unselfish! I have never seen recorded the story of a purer, sweeter life than Lucy Gough's. You, my godchild, are named after her. Hers was the large heart, which, cleaving strongly to its own, yet could embrace all suffering souls in a divine rapture of charity. As you go through life you will meet devoted wives who grudge hard-earned fame and fortune to their husbands' peers; admiring sisters who delight to jeer at their brothers' rivals in the race of life; doting mothers who, wrapping their own little ones warmly in the soft shelter of maternal love, will yet bring themselves to turn a cold stern front on the forlorn defenseless infancy that peeps in, shivering, from the hard outer world, at the bright flame burning on the hearth of home. But not of these was my aunt. Perhaps my own trouble taught me to understand and value her better than I had ever done before. Sorrow comes to teach such lessons. The worst was, I could not quite keep it to myself. "Has Horace written this week? What does he say?" She would question me thus, and I could not always keep back tears, though I tried hard. Though I tried very hard.

It was now drawing near the time at which I understood Horace was to take his departure for the north—within a day or two, as I reckoned—and I was feverishly hoping for a letter. A packet had come from the Gable House one morning, directed in Anna's hand, and containing a long letter from my uncle, and a short note from Anna for my aunt. But nothing from Horace; not one word. There was an incomprehensible allusion to my indolence as a letter-writer made by my uncle. "Madge is a good correspondent to me, my love," he said, writing to my aunt, "but urge her not to let us old folks engross all her pretty letters. I think Horace feels hurt." What did this mean? I could not understand it.

The day had been oppressively hot, and the moonless night came down from a brooding sultry sky. We sat with open windows, listening to the plash, plash, of the tide upon the shingle, and catching now and again, through the gathering darkness, the distant flash of some white-crested wave leaping high above its fellows. Mr. Norcliffe was with us, and we had all been sitting silent for some minutes.

"How the sea booms to-night!" I said. "Is it not a hollow, threatening noise?"

"Yes," he answered, "I know the sound well. We shall have a storm."

While he was yet speaking, rapid wheels and hoofs grated on the road beneath the windows, and a post-chaise stopped before the door.

I heard a voice telling the postillion to stop. "Why, it is uncle."

I started up breathless.

"James!" cried my aunt, with a scared look, "what can have brought him here?"

"Oh, I know, I know!" I exclaimed, "Horace must be with him—he has come to say good-by, he has come to see me before he goes!"

I was rushing to the room door, when it opened, and my uncle stood before me, alone. I know not what wild thoughts whirled through my brain. I turned giddy. I saw his pale, rigid face, and my heart stood still.

"Horace!" I gasped out. "He is dead!"

"My bairn! My bairn!"

"He is dead, and you have kept me from him!" My own voice sounded hoarse and strange in my own ears.

"Margaret! My beloved child! Be strong, be brave!"

"Tell me the truth. He is mine. I have a right to know. Is he dead?"

I clutched my uncle's arm. At the touch of my hand his locked mouth broke from its fixed lines with the terrible convulsion that comes upon a strong man when he weeps.

"No, Margaret, he is not dead. But he is gone—fled—fled away with Anna—and he is a damned black villain!"

The boom of the sea grew into a great roar, thick darkness came over me, and I fell down senseless.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF INDUSTRY.—We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

Louis XIV., playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont, happening to come in at that instant, "Decide the matter," said the King. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How can you thus decide," asked the King, "without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

Horace Walpole records in his "Walpoliana" an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the *best* he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion: but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."

A VERY PROPER REMARK.—"So it seems," as the young lady observed to the sewing-machine when she put the work before it.

When is old cheese like the American dollar?—When it is all-mitey.

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies—Encourage spiders.

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered, "I can't eartin say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

THE MONEY MARKET.—We understand that a great deal of capital is still "locked up." This might be expected, considering how frequently money has been "tight" of late.

THE NICEST KIND OF "CROQUET."

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day—
From the windows I looked—to see Croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display:
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see Croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth! side by side sat they,
And I thought to myself, "Is *that* Croquet?"

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* Croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips—*what* a queer Croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May;
But I knew by her blushes she said not nay,
And I thought in my heart, "Now *that's* Croquet."

LOVERS' LOGIC.

EDWIN. "You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you."

ANGELINA. "Oh you absurd creature!"

Why were the Greeks like the Scotch people who refused to allow a young lady to look out of window on a Sunday?—Because they'd no let her see!

An Irish editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is *not yet full*."

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steel, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, Sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house *I hope you will stop there!*"

How does the hairdresser end his days?—He curls up and dyes.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer Honor!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen-turkey."

An Irishman, having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow *forgot* to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: "Well, Sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; *however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not!*"

THE SOAKER'S PARADISE.—Dropmore.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I; 'that's not *my* name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

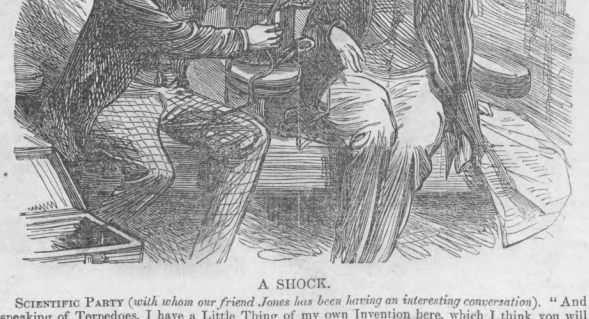
It was in Dublin city that a good-humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had the night before. "Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter, at its conclusion; "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense." "Indeed I was not, then," replies the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

"Will you run away with me to-morrow night, Kate, dear?" said Phil to his charming rustic belle, who had just arrived at the years of *in*-discretion. "Ah, no, my dear Phil," replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence and decorum; "I will do no such an action as that; but I'll tell you what I will do—*I'll run away without you*, and then you can run after me, and so we will meet at my aunt's that same evenin'."

Among mere blunders we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bell-ringer in Cork. "Oh yis! oh yis! Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store in Market Street a large brass key. I'll not be after tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of the bank, sure."

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment. "Why, you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

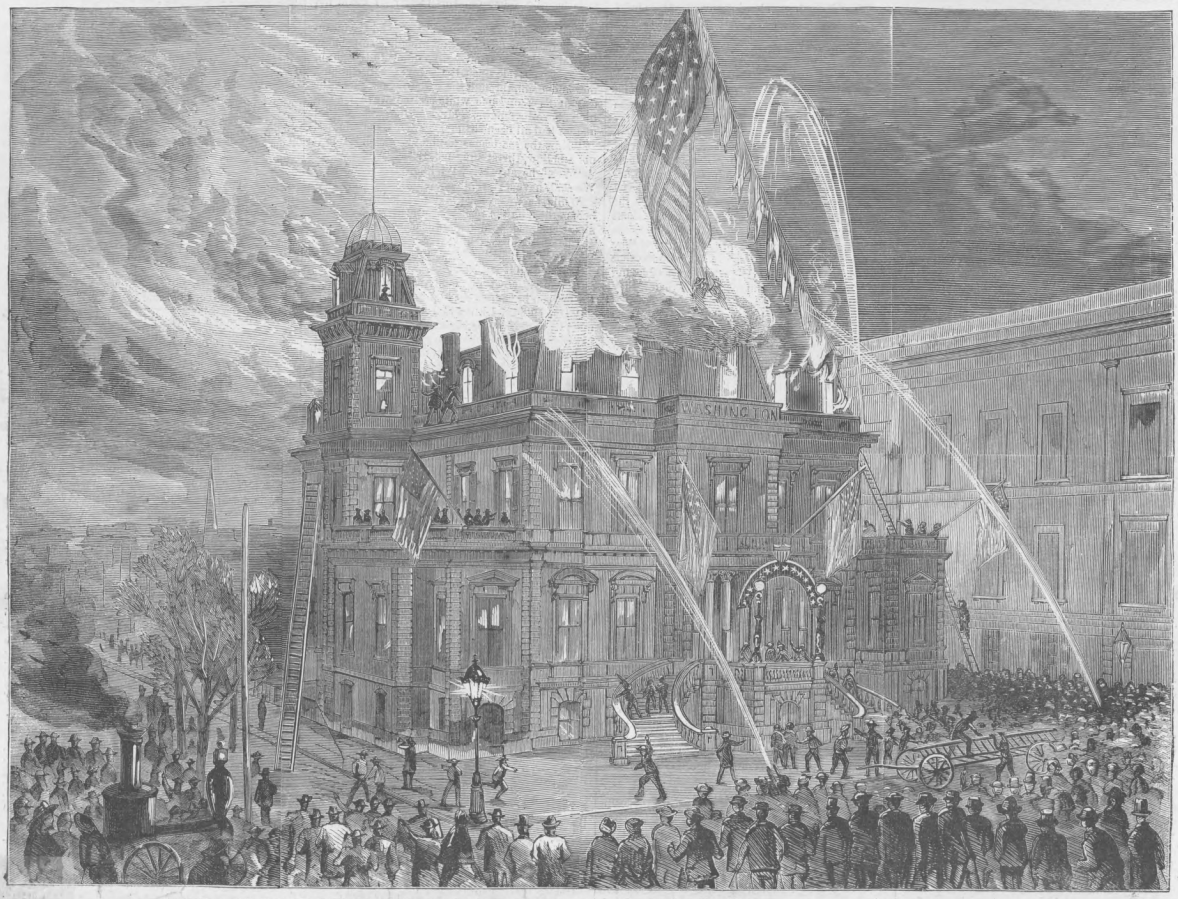
Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.



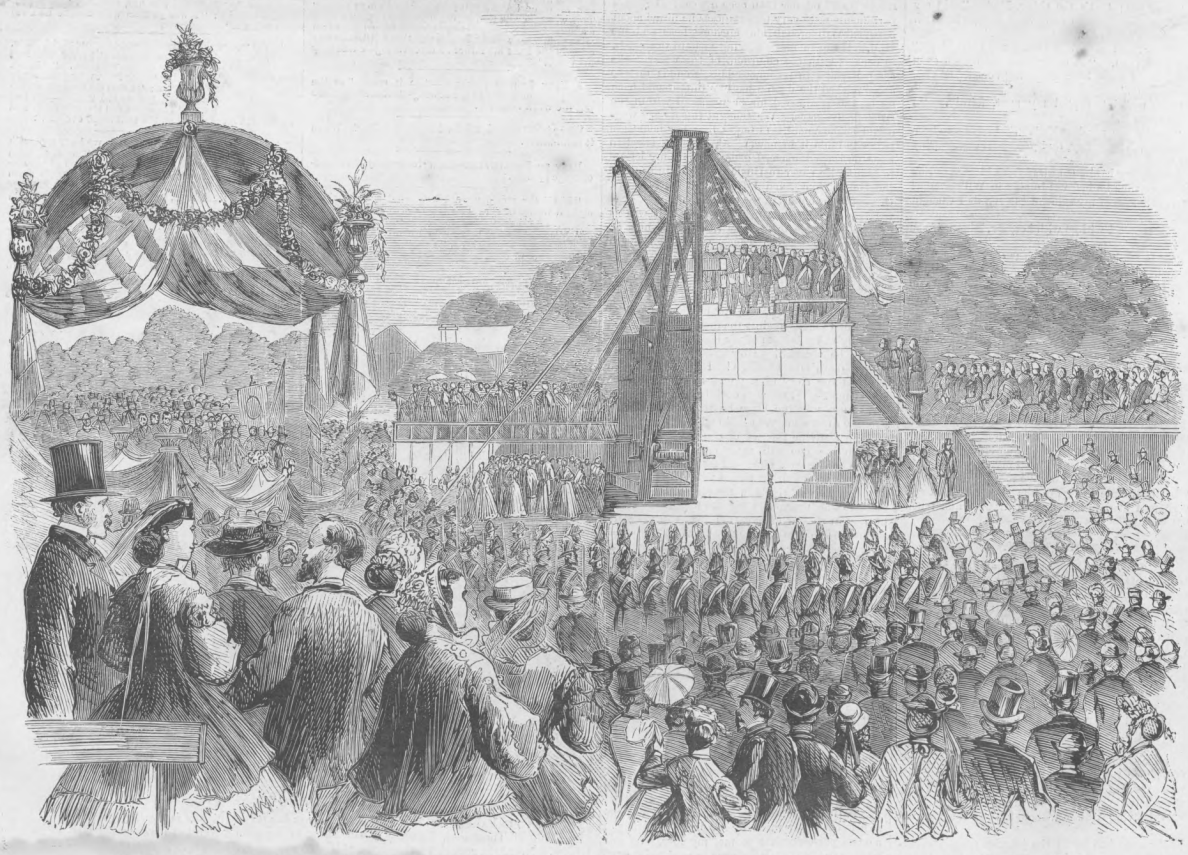
A SHOCK.

SCIENTIFIC PARTY (*with whom our friend Jones has been having an interesting conversation*). "And speaking of Torpedoes, I have a Little Thing of my own Invention here, which I think you will Like. No Light required; the slightest Touch and you're Blown to Atoms!"

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BURNING OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING IN PHILADELPHIA—RESCUE OF THE FLAG BY FIREMEN.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT AT CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1866.—SKETCHED BY T. WILLIAMS.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

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THE EXTRA TRIBUNE

FOR THE

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or intensity, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of this treachery is to put the steadfast Loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" Rebels, and to enable the latter to glut their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit now rampant in the South, whereof the Pro-Rebel triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hood are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to offices in preference even to stay-at-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others as policemen of Southern cities; they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS of AMERICAN FREEMEN. The school-houses of the Blacks are burned, and their white teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who relieve the work of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and execrations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing Representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that those who resist it shall be treated as rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—for the right of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to strengthen the hands of CONGRESS for the inevitable contest before us.

We must convince the SOUTH and the COPPERHEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an unchangeable fact—that the glorious CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the humblest AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, and must be maintained against all gainsayers—that the days wherein BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have passed away forever.

We hold to-day the power in all the Free States of 1860, in West Virginia, and in Missouri beside. We must hold these in our ensuing elections, and add to them Maryland and Delaware—the former lost to us through treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the Fortieth Congress an overwhelming majority devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and the inalienable Rights of Man.

To this end let Light and Truth be systematically diffused to every neighborhood, every fireside, throughout our broad country.

To this end we propose an extra issue of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE (identical in size and contents with the regular edition), which we will supply to all Subscriptions received prior to September 12, on the following terms, the paper to be sent and subscriptions to commence on receipt of the money:

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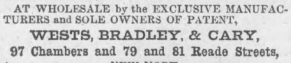
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1	do. do.	4,000	200	do. Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
1	do. do.	3,000	200	do. do. do. 100 each	20,000
1	do. do.	2,000	200	do. Silver Watches, $65 each	13,000
20	do. do. $1000 each	20,000	200	do do. do. 40 each	12,000
20	do. do. 500 each	10,000	1000	Sets Plated Teaspoons, $3 each	3,000
20	do. do. 100 each	2,000	1000	Call Bells, $3 each	3,000
20	do. do. 50 each	1,000	1000	Plated Fruit-Knives, $2 each	2,500
800	do. do. 10 each	8,000	2000	Gold Pens in Boxes, $4 each	8,000
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ADELAIDE RISTORI.

THE popular enthusiasm which has been excited by the arrival of RISTORI in New York—an enthusiasm which has a most worthy motive and occasion—leads us to produce for our readers a portrait of this celebrated *tragédienne*, the successful rival of her French contemporary, RACHEL, the only great Italian tragic actress, one who holds upon the Italian stage that place which upon the English has been conceded to Mrs. SIDDONS alone.

ADELAIDE RISTORI, Marchioness CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO, was born at Civita di Friuli in 1826. Her parents were poor, and belonged to the CAVICCHI troupe—a company of traveling comedians. Her first years were passed "the other side of the foot-lights." She made her first appearance upon the stage at the early age of two months, when she was introduced in a basket in a play called "New-Year's Gifts." At her fourth year she commenced to play children's parts, which she continued to do until she was twelve years old. When only fourteen she appeared as Francisca di Rimini, and the impression which she made in that character decided her future life. She then abandoned her wandering life, and joined the company of the King of Sardinia, under the directorship of GAETANO BAZZI.

It was at the theatre of Livourne, and twenty years ago, that RISTORI made her first creations and established her position as an accomplished *comédienne*. It was at this time that she, the daughter of obscure comedians, became the wife of the heir of one of the noblest Roman ducal families—the Marquis CAPRANICA DEL GRILLO. It was a romantic marriage, contracted against the wishes of her husband's parents. For a time RISTORI withdrew from the stage, to which, however, she soon returned as a tragic actress. At first her impersonations in this new *rôle* appear not to have been very successful; but she studied to overcome the obstacles in her way, and was rewarded with a complete triumph, which may be said to have been pronounced for the first time on the occasion of her appearance in Paris in 1855, at the opening of the Exposition Universelle.



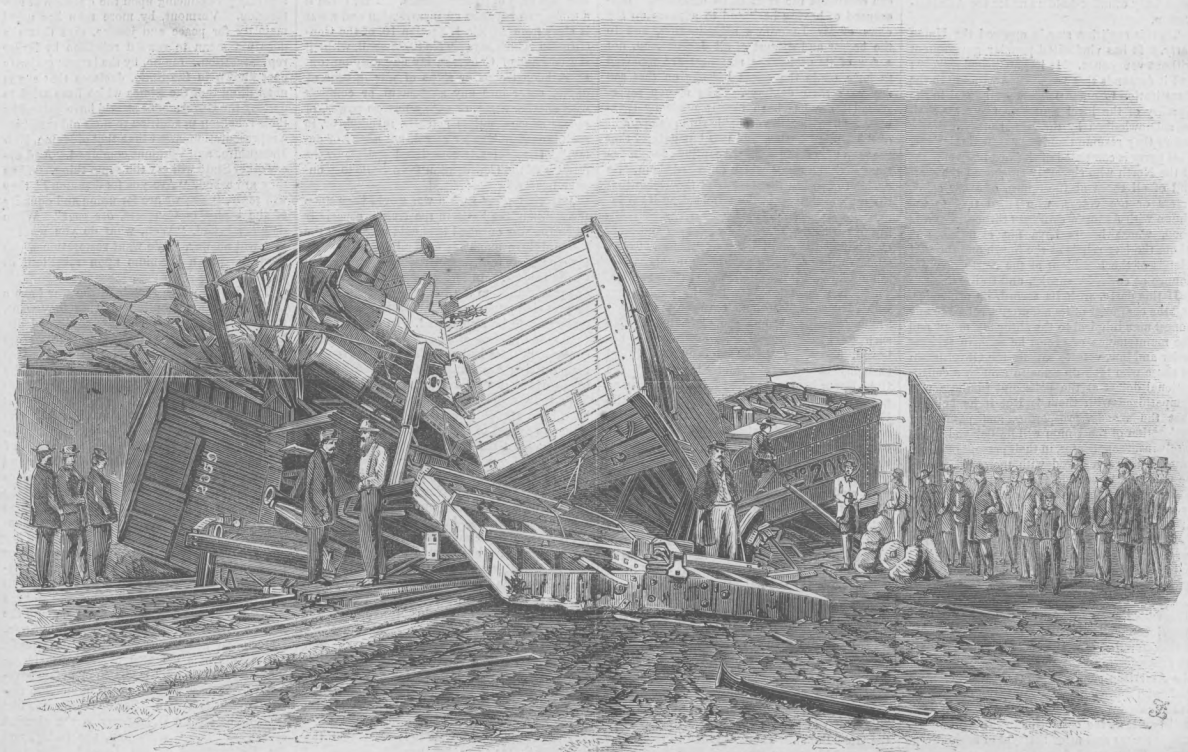
ADELAIDE RISTORI.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

RISTORI made her first appearance in Paris on the 22d of May, at the Italian Opera House, in the character of "Francisca di Rimini." The audience that greeted the début was not a very large one, as but few persons had the idea that so brilliant an artistic luminary was to take its place in the theatrical firmament. By chance only ALEXANDRE DUMAS, EUGENE SCRIBE, and JULES JANIN were present. On the next day the former wrote: "Last night I was at the representation of 'Francisca di Rimini' at the Salle Ventadour. I looked around the theatre, but did not see RACHEL. I beg that she will go and see how the death-scene is performed." M. SCRIBE called immediately on RISTORI, and, in her absence, left his card, on which he inscribed: "EUGENE SCRIBE, in acknowledgment of his admiration for Madame RISTORI, and with thanks for the great pleasure he experienced last night." JULES JANIN was the most enthusiastic in her favor. "RISTORI, RISTORI!" he wrote, "she is the rage of the day! She is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama. She reigns—she governs—she commands, and the crowd obeys."

She could scarcely have attempted a more difficult part than that of *Myrrah*, in which she achieved her first success before a Parisian audience—a part in which the actress, as the impersonation of unnatural crime, has very little of the sympathy of the audience. But RISTORI, true to the Grecian ideal, represented the guilty heroine as beautiful with a dignity and grandeur almost divine, though the victim of unalterable Fate. The situation which she represented was that one which is so common in all the great Grecian tragedies—in which is portrayed the conflict between the heart as moved by human impulses, and the will as subject to Destiny.

RISTORI was no less successful as *Mary Stuart*, where she was subject to comparison with other artists who had made the part peculiarly their own. But she created a new Mary Stuart. Her identity with the character was most complete.

The first season ended on the 10th of September. She gave thirty-six performances, the gross receipts of which amounted to half a million of francs. This



SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD, SEPTEMBER 7, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. PARKER.—[SEE PAGE 611.]

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success was so gratifying that RISTORI secured the theatre for the three following years. During her residence in Paris she was the recipient of many generous testimonials of the estimation in which she was held by the most enlightened artists and literati of the country.

The character of *Medea*, in which RISTORI makes her first appearance in this city, was a part refused by RACHEL; but RISTORI was so successful in this part that the author of the play, M. Legouve, wrote in her album, "RACHEL killed me; you have restored me to life."

RISTORI has had great success in England, Spain, Germany, and Russia. Her arrival in this country has excited great expectations, and will give an opportunity to those who have seen and heard RACHEL of comparing the style and of measuring the powers of tragic impersonation as between these two celebrated *tragédiennes*. RISTORI has led an unblemished private life. Not even the breath of scandal has ever been raised against her. She is the mother of two interesting children, and is universally esteemed as a woman of piety and of generous instincts.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF '66.

THE President has returned from the stump. The Congressional and State nominations are generally made. The platforms are built, and the great political campaign of 1866 has fairly opened. The issue is plainly presented, and most unfortunately it is an issue between the President and the Congress, which were both elected by the Union party. But it is a difference which we must accept, for we can neither arbitrate nor avoid it.

At the ensuing elections we must choose between two parties. One, under the plea of the equality of States, asserts that a State or a combination of States may renounce its common powers in the Union, may withdraw from Congress, wage war upon the Union, and then at its own pleasure, and in absolute disregard of the fundamental changes wrought in the Constitution by the war, may, of "continuing right," resume all its national relations without any other than a technical inquiry upon the part of faithful States and citizens. This is the platform of the JOHNSON Philadelphia Convention. It is a principle which totally invalidates every step toward restoration which has been already taken, and forbids any security for the future. Upon such a theory the Emancipation Amendment may be repudiated, the Confederate debt resumed, and the Acts of Secession remain upon State statute-books as merely inoperative laws. The party of this policy is a coalition composed chiefly of the Democratic party, upon which, in September, 1864, at Auburn, Mr. SEWARD charged the calamity of attempted disunion; of those whose conspiracy against the Union was defeated after a terrible war; and of a large body of office-holders under the Administration.

To this coalition stands opposed the Union party. It has vindicated popular government without vengeance. It has abolished slavery; and it demands that the change wrought in the Constitution by emancipation prejudicial to the equality of the loyal States in Congress shall be acknowledged by the late insurgent States before they resume their full national relations. This party is composed of the vast body of those at the North who sincerely supported the war, and of all those at the South, of every color, voters or not voters, who stood true to the Union with ANDREW JOHNSON through fire and flood, whose hearts have not changed, and whom the late rebels at the South and the new friends of the President at the North now denounce as cowards, sneaks, and traitors.

If this party, with its record, its principles, and the character of its adherents, seems to any honest man inimical to the authority of law and the maintenance of order, he will, in seeking order and law, vote to intrust the Government to those who took up arms to avenge a constitutional defeat at the polls and to those who sympathized with them. But if he believes that the speedy, prosperous, and permanent restoration of the Union will be delayed if the lately insurgent States, in their present inflamed condition, are restored with increased power, he will vote to confide the Government of the State and the country to those who will patiently and firmly require the adoption of the Constitutional amendment.

The defeated States accepted the President's terms because of the moral weight of the united opinion of the loyal States that supported them. They will accept the honorable and legitimate completion of those terms if we remain united. The whole country has seen with how instant and sincere and universal a welcome Tennessee was restored. But they seem to us strangely to misunderstand the character or purpose of the American people who fought the war to its end, who suppose that, profound and earnest as is their desire of restoration of the Union, they will buy it at the cost of plain injustice to patriotic States and utter betrayal of faithful citizens. They stood fast under the tremendous pressure of '64; they are not less clear-sighted and stout-hearted in the angry storm of '66.

A NEW GOLD EXCHANGE.

IT is understood that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a new Gold Exchange. Various motives have prompted the enterprise. For some weeks the existing Gold-Room has been practically closed against new members. Men of unexceptionable character, adequate capital, and fair business standing have been steadily refused admission. The fact has been deplored by the most influential members of the Room, but they have been powerless to alter it. Having at the start borrowed from the Stock Exchange the most absurd of its rules, namely, the rule requiring applicants for admission to be balloted for, and excluding all parties against whom six black balls are cast, the Gold-Room appears unable to overcome this vice of its origin, and is likely to perish in consequence. It is hardly necessary to remind the general public that the secret black ball system is eminently suitable for social clubs, from which it may be desirable to exclude objectionable persons for reasons that can not conveniently be avowed, but is absurd and preposterous when applied to mercantile exchanges. It is proper that the members of the Union Club should be enabled to exclude from their society a man who is known as a seducer, or a cheat at cards, or a foul-mouthed talker, without placing themselves in a position which might entitle the party excluded to demand reparation. But it would be absurd for the lawyers or doctors or architects of New York to band themselves together in a society, and to establish the rule that no man hereafter could become a lawyer, or a doctor, or an architect without undergoing the ordeal of a secret ballot at the hands of his future competitors and securing less than six adverse balls. Such a system would not last a fortnight. Among Stock-brokers it lasted a good many years, but finally out of its absurdity grew the Open Board of Brokers—an institution which does more than twice as much business as the Stock Exchange, and which, unless the "Long Room" should hereafter become the great mart for Stock dealings, and the two Boards should in effect cease to exist, will continue to do so. Untaught by the experience of the Stock Exchange, the members of the Gold-Room appear to have made up their minds that they can afford to claim a monopoly of the business in gold, and to exclude all newcomers. The natural result is an effort on the part of new houses to establish a new Gold Exchange. And if the trade in gold continues to exist, and the new scheme be managed discreetly, there is no reason why it should not be as successful as the Open Board of Brokers.

Another motive impels many persons to institute a new Gold-Room. While there are very many loyal and honorable men there, it is generally understood that the existing Room is a secessionist concern. Its officers are said to have been generally if not always men of rebel sympathies. No loyal men, it is said, can command the votes of its members. It is accused of having hesitated to adjourn on the news of Mr. LINCOLN'S assassination, and to the horror and disgust of all decent men, not a few of its prominent members are reported to have made the street hideous on that sad day with their dealings. The money represented there has been mostly made by speculations based on the probable ruin of the credit of the United States, and it is but natural that the men who made it should continue to sympathize with the cause which enriched them. So decided has been the temper of the Room that the representatives of the two leading loyal papers, the *Tribune* and *Times*, have never been willing to enter it. It is felt by bankers and merchants that the gold business of this great city, which forms so large a part of the foreign trade of the United States, ought to be in loyal hands. There is no good reason for the antagonism which has existed so long between the United States Government and the Gold-Room. No such antagonism would have existed, it is believed, had the Gold-Room been in political harmony with the city and State. Had the Gold-Room been controlled by as loyal men as govern the New York Stock Exchange or the Open Board of Brokers, we should have seen no wholesale combinations to depreciate the currency, and to defeat the Government in its well-meant but ill-judged attempts to put down the premium on specie. Speculators might have made such combinations; but the temper of the Room would have been against them—not in their favor, as has generally been the case.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the existing Gold-Room is the insecurity of dealings there. At the outset every body was admitted who was prepared to pay $1000. Large numbers of persons became members who had neither commission business nor capital to speculate with. They are members still. Hence bankers and merchants who buy and sell gold in connection with the sale and purchase of bills of exchange, are constantly, in periods of excitement, making losses by reason of the failure of the parties with whom they deal in the Gold-Room. There are men in the Room who could not pay $5000 if they lost it, and yet who will buy and sell $100,000 of gold on their own account each day. So long as their operations are successful all is well with them; when fortune turns against them they fail, and somehow or other the Room, which is so firmly shut against new members, hardly ever turns them out. Such transactions naturally bring the room itself into disrepute, and prompt, if they do not justify, the suspicion that in that institution rogues stand a better chance of favor than honest men. Ultra loyalists will naturally say that a man who is false to his country can hardly be expected to be true to his creditors.

As to the prospect of a new Gold Exchange, it is difficult to speak with confidence. Bankers and merchants have got into the habit of dealing in the Gold-Room, and it will take time to wean them from its sphere. A large amount of capital is engaged there; the members alone, without outside business, could do a large trade among themselves, and keep a market established. But, on the other hand, the public do not love the Gold-Room. It is very generally, though perhaps erroneously, believed that the members of that room, by their gambling speculations in specie, have inflicted grievous injury on the public interests and taken money out of the pocket of every man in the country. Hence, it is pretty certain that the collapse of the Gold-Room would not cause any general public mourning. It is a question how long the trade in gold will last. No one can tell. With good management on the part of the Treasury at Washington, gold ought to be so near par, a twelvemonth hence, that it will be hardly worth while to speculate in it. With such a prospect, the field for a new Gold Exchange would not be large or promising. Still, between this and next fall, large amounts of gold must be sold by bond-holders and bought by importers; there must naturally be considerable speculation in the article as it declines; and if a new institution under honest, loyal management should undertake to supersede the present Gold-Room, nine out of ten merchants will wish it God-speed!

WAR AND INSURRECTION.

THE address of Mr. RANDALL'S Philadelphia Convention, like the minority report of the Congressional Committee upon reconstruction, reasserts Mr ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS'S theory of "the continuing right of States." The argument is grounded on the theory that as, under the Constitution, there can be no such thing as the secession of a State, so the rebellion must be counted a mere insurrection such as Congress is expressly authorized (by Article 1, Section 8) to suppress, and such as the General Government did suppress in 1794, on the happening of the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania. That insurrection, of course, left the State of Pennsylvania with all its rights unimpaired. It did so, however, because it was not a war waged by the State of Pennsylvania, but an insurrection of a part only of its inhabitants. That there is a difference between an insurrection and a war is clear from Article 1, Section 10, of the Constitution, which says: "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or *engage in war*, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay." It was clearly considered possible by the framers of the Constitution for a *State* to "engage in war."

But what effect such a war would have upon the rights of the State in the Union, especially when the war engaged in should be against the General Government, is not laid down; and we look in vain in the Constitution for any provision on the subject. In like manner LYCURGUS left out parricide from the list of crimes for which he provided punishments. It was a crime too monstrous to be anticipated. In our code Secession is the *casus omissus*. Hence if the discontented States had appealed to a Convention for proposing Amendments to the Constitution (as provided in Article 5), the omission might have been supplied, and the question might have been settled peaceably. But they chose rather to appeal to the sword. They engaged in war against the United States, and then an undoubted Constitutional power of Congress came into action. By Article 1, Section 8, Congress has "power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures by land and water." Congress virtually declared war, August 5, 1861, when it passed a bill legalizing all the acts of the President respecting the army and navy "as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

The Supreme Court decided in the Prize Cases (2 Black, p. 636) that "The present civil war between the United States and the so-called Confederate States has such character and magnitude as to give the United States the same rights and privileges which they might exercise in the case of a national and foreign war."

By the war thus levied it is clear that the seceding States abdicated the position they had held under the Constitution. As there is no provision for such a case in the Constitution, so there is no precedent for it in our history. To find a precedent we must go back to the Revolution made by our forefathers in 1688. Then JAMES II., after trying to break the Constitution of England, was pronounced by Parliament to have abdicated the throne. Just so the seceding States in 1861 abandoned both their duties and their rights under the Constitution. Then Parliament called in another king to take the place of the fugitive monarch; but the latter was bound by a Bill of Rights, to which he gave a solemn assent before he was allowed to take his seat on the vacant throne. Just so Congress proposes that the Southern States shall give their assent to certain Amendments to the Constitution before they resume their place in the Government. In 1688 the modifications of the English Constitution were as few in number and as moderate in character as were consistent with the safety of the Established Church, and with the maintenance of the liberty of the subject. In 1866 the proposed Amendments to the Constitution are barely sufficient to protect the liberties of loyal citizens in the South, and to provide some security against men, who, in spite of their oaths of allegiance, are not likely to have thoroughly abjured their former principles.

In one point the analogy fails. WILLIAM and MARY cheerfully accepted the Bill of Rights, and they and their successors, down to the present day, have loyally observed its stipulations. Our late Rulers, on the other hand, propose to come back to power without giving either indemnity for the past or security for the future. So far from it, they claim to take advantage of their own wrong by sending (after 1870) twenty or more additional members to the House of Representatives. The Revolution of 1688 was the last revolution in England, and it was so because its logical results were secured by embodying them in the fundamental law.

THE POPULAR VERDICT.

AT least twice a day for a fortnight, in fair weather and foul, by day and by night, the President has assured us that he rested his case with the people; that they were the final judge; that he had perfect confidence in their wisdom, and should bow obediently to their will. Did it never once occur to him that to declare such boundless faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the people, and in the next breath to denounce the representatives whom the wise and patriotic people elected as traitors, disunionists, and knaves, was a poor way of proving the regard he professed? Do the President and his friends suppose that the people who heard and who read those speeches were so dull as not to see that in fiercely denouncing the chosen and immediate representatives of the people he was denouncing the people themselves?

The tribunal to which the President appeals has begun its response. The people are authoritatively pronouncing upon the question of restoration. Vermont, by more than her usual majority for peace and justice, says that she does not mean to reward rebellion by larger representation. Maine, by the largest majority ever known in the State, declares that she is not willing that the States which have tried to destroy the Government should have gained by their rebellion in addition to their old members a representation larger than that of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined. And every other State will say the same thing. When they are asked, "Are you for disunion?" they will reply, "No; we are for union and equality of the States in Congress, *are you?*" When they are asked, "Well, what do you want?" they will answer, "We want restoration which shall not put a premium upon rebellion, *do you?*"

The States which sustained the war have a perfectly clear perception of what they want. It is not party supremacy, nor continued disunion, nor vengeance, nor confiscation, nor hostile feeling of any kind whatever, which inspires them. It is that instinctive sagacity which will show a whole people to be as wise as a few statesmen have sometimes been. It is that wisdom which in this country will prevent the terrible spectacle so frequent in others, a second war to secure the just results of the first. The people, unless every sign and all antecedents are deceptive, desire to place the legitimate gains of the war beyond the risks of party tumults by grafting them upon the organic law. So far from weltering in confusion, the only party in this country which has a clear aim definitely pursued is the people's or Union party. He certainly is a very short-sighted observer, and a very superficial student of history and human nature, who does not see that the first Philadelphia Convention, and the Albany Democratic Convention in this State, and similar assemblies elsewhere, are merely movements of a defeated party to regain ascendency. The only principle or policy advocated by them is what is called immediate restoration of the Union. Such a platform is like that of the absurd BELL party in the election of 1860—"The Constitution, the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws." The very question that was driving the country to war was, "What is the Constitution; what is the

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scope of the Union; how may the laws be enforced?" The BELL party might as wisely have claimed the Bible as their platform. The very point was, who shall interpret it?

The case is not different now. The Democratic party, with the President and his friends, are no more devoted to the Constitution and the Union than their opponents. The very question is, How shall the Union be most constitutionally restored? Immediately to admit the late insurgent States to Congress after such a war involving such constitutional changes, without deliberation and sagacious care, is neither constitutional nor sensible. The result in Maine and Vermont—the party lines increased and strengthened—show that the people know it. The American people, intelligent beyond any other, know that it is not enough to win a victory—it must be secured.

DEGRADATION AND HUMILIATION.

WE still read a great deal about the humiliation and degradation to which the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment subjects our fellow-citizens of the unrepresented States. We are told that they will never adopt it, and that they never ought to adopt it. This would be more important if we had not been told exactly the same thing during every week of the war. Desponding patriots said the insurgent States never would submit; the pure Copperheads said they never ought to submit. So, at present, generous men of an impulsive temperament are sure that the States in question will never adopt the amendment; and the pure Copperheads are equally sure that they never ought to adopt it.

This talk of humiliation is utterly preposterous. It can not degrade or humiliate honorable States to ratify the necessary constitutional consequences of an amendment they have already accepted as a condition of reunion; while refusal to be represented, except with a future advantage not contemplated by the Constitution, invites distrust of the sincerity of acquiescence in the result of the war. The citizens of States so refusing are not arbitrarily excluded from the Union; they are merely insisting that rebellion shall be rewarded with increased political power. If their fellow-citizens of the other States object to a claim so palpably unfair and so pregnant with dangerous agitation, they can not be justly accused of cherishing hostility and delaying reunion; while those who call an act of such obvious justice and political necessity a condition to which high-spirited citizens can not be expected to submit, merely resort to the appeals of an earlier and an evil time to excite renewed disturbance and imperil honorable reconciliation.

TRUTHS AND THREATS.

AS Mr. SEWARD moved farther westward in the Presidential tour he evidently recovered some sense of the respect he owed to himself and to his position. Instead of the trivial and foolish talk in which he indulged in the State of New York, he made speeches at St. Louis and Indianapolis which were addressed to the intelligence of the people, and are therefore worthy of consideration. That at Indianapolis especially contained some passages which recalled the SEWARD of better days.

In this speech he said that under our form of government revolution is always wrong. "There is never any necessity, and therefore never any right of revolution here.....There can be no reform of our Government by violent and revolutionary means.....Give us free speech and a free ballot, and there is no measure of social amelioration and progress which the American Government can not accomplish." These are fundamental truths, and they can not be too often nor too strongly repeated. Especially should they be pondered at this time, when political orators speak so often and so glibly of renewing the war, and of the success of this party or that as leading necessarily to bloodshed. This Mexican method of prosecuting an election campaign was introduced in this country by the Democratic party in 1860, when the chief argument against the success of Mr. LINCOLN at the polls was, that "the South" would not submit, and ought not to submit. Mr. YANCEY came to New York and spoke at the Cooper Institute, at a Democratic meeting, and declared that we ought not to expect his section to submit to a Constitutional election which was disagreeable to it. He passed through a large part of the country, saying the same thing; and we do not remember that a single Democratic paper or orator protested against so atrocious and revolutionary a position. Mr. YANCEY naturally assumed that silence meant assent. He assumed that assent all the more when he saw his declaration echoed by Northern orators and journals.

It is an unpleasant sign of the times that the same party is conducting the present canvass with the same assertion. Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR and the other Presidential orators warn us that if the people constitutionally decide against what is called the President's policy there will be more terrible war, because a war of neighborhoods. The Democratic newspapers echo this menace. The New York *Times* does not hesitate to repeat it by calling upon the country "to avert the danger" by supporting the President's policy. That is to say, that if the people do not constitutionally and lawfully support that policy there is danger of war. From what quarter? The party which is constitutionally successful at the polls will not, of course, take up arms to support the result unless it be resisted. Will they probably resist their own will? If not, there can be no trouble unless it be begun by those who, like Mr. YANCEY and his friends in 1860, refuse to assent to the result of a lawful election.

The Union party stands, as it has always stood, for law and order. Its position could not be more truly and forcibly stated than by General WOODFORD, Union candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, in his late speech in Brooklyn, a speech which is a model for dignity of tone and eloquent precision of statement. "At the outset of the canvass the Union party of the State of New York says, distinctly, if, in the election which is soon to take place, the policy of the President is sustained by the people, we will acquiesce in the result. We say as distinctly that if we the people pronounce our will in the thundering tone of majorities, we will compel submission and vindicate the law. This is the doctrine of republican democratic government. American freemen will vote according to their consciences, humbly asking the blessing of God upon the result; and when they have spoken, the will of the majority, within constitutional limits, shall be the law of the land."

FOUND DROWNED.

BEFORE the meeting of the first Philadelphia Convention we remarked that its only possible result could be facilitating the passage of a certain number of Union men into the Democratic party; for there could be but two parties in the coming elections, one of which would be the Union, and the other the Democratic party. We added that, of course, the Union men in the first Philadelphia Convention would either return to their old associations and vote with us, or they would vote and act with our opponents.

Certainly such a prophecy required no especial wisdom, for the result was inevitable, and the last week saw it verified. The Democratic Committee of this State called a Convention; the Philadelphia Committee approved the call. Democratic and Philadelphia or JOHNSON delegates were appointed. The Convention met. Its President was a Democrat. Its orators were Democrats. Its whole management and tone were Democratic. It nominated a Democratic State Committee. It nominated four State officers, three of whom were Democrats. Its proceedings were reported in the Democratic papers as a Democratic assembly, and its ticket will be supported as the Democratic ticket.

Nobody has a right to be surprised that the Democracy appropriate all the recruits so absolutely, and so pitilessly place them in the rear rank. The New York *World*, two months ago, sharply scolded the President for not sooner coming to the Democracy. "By his delay the Radicals have been able to consolidate the [Union] party against him, so that now, in the crisis of the difference, he will be able to carry with him but a comparatively small fragment." This was cold, but the sentences that followed were scornful. "As it is, he will be mainly dependent on the Democratic party, and the battle will be fought with advantages not materially greater than the Democratic party would have possessed acting alone." It is perfectly true. The defection from the Union ranks is wholly unimportant. A few have fallen into the Democratic stream, but they have not diverted the current, and they have swollen it very little.

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THE disturbance at Indianapolis upon occasion of the President's reception is greatly to be regretted and condemned. Every citizen of the United States is entitled, in every part of the country, to the freest and fullest expression of his views. If any body dissents he may retire, but he has no right to interrupt. Of course none deplore and denounce the interruption at Indianapolis more sincerely than the opponents of the President, and it was one of those incidents to which every tumultuous crowd is liable.

Union men, whose cause depends upon the good sense and intelligence of the people for success, are bound to see that their opponents every where have the utmost opportunity to discuss the great question. Every party which, like the old Slavery party, known as the Democracy, strives to silence a speaker by noise or disturbance of any kind, convicts itself of inability to answer him. The sad condition of the Southern States before the war, the profound ignorance which made the war possible, was due in great measure to the enforced silence of every speaker upon the most vital question of the country. And the President's organ, the Washington *Intelligencer*, in declaring contemptuously that "a Republican Convention" would not be allowed to assemble in any Southern State, merely announces that the cardinal principle of the Government is not in the least understood there. Indeed, no former advocate of slavery, or present apologist of its continuing spirit, could or can possibly comprehend the vital spirit of our institutions.

In themselves Mr. JOHNSON'S opinions are of no importance. They are worthy attention only because he is the President of the United States. As a mere citizen he has no hold whatever of the popular heart, except that which is derived from the fact that he broke with his party at the outbreak of the war, and was a conspicuous and faithful Unionist to the end. His opportunity afterward was greater than is often given to man. If he has proved wholly unequal to it he is the more to be pitied. We are rather to be blamed who supposed he could be equal to the great ordeal. We sincerely regret that his journey was marked by an event so unfortunate in itself, and so little creditable to the patriotic city in which it occurred.

A VOICE FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

THE following remarkable article from the Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard*, edited by the President's Provisional Governor of that State, W. W. HOLDEN, shows that the Union party has efficient and unexpected friends and co-workers in the Southern part of the country. The moderation and decision of its tone are equally significant, and there can be no question that it expresses the profound conviction of the most intelligent and faithful Union men of the South. "The appeal now," says the *Standard*, "is to the people of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for *them* to say on what terms the Government shall be restored." We commend the article to the careful consideration of our readers:

"We stated in our last that the issue had at length been fairly and finally joined between the President and Congress. The President stands upon and urges his policy, that the States are entitled to representation without further amendments to the Constitution; while the Congressional party, comprising the great mass of the Republicans, hold that further amendments to the Constitution are indispensable in order to place the recently insurgent States on a loyal basis, and to insure quiet in the Union by excluding leading participants in the rebellion from holding office.

"Both sides seem to hold that the present Congressional test-oath should be maintained. The Philadelphia Convention, whose proceedings the President has warmly indorsed, demands that '*loyal* representatives' be admitted; and the President has repeatedly declared that the States will be entitled to representation when they shall send members who can 'comply with any existing Constitutional or legal test.'

"This, then, being the case, what remains but for those members elect who can not take this oath to resign, and let their places be filled by those who can 'comply' with the 'legal test?' This would seem to be the obviously proper course, especially after the call, by the Philadelphia Convention, for the admission of 'loyal representatives.'

"For our part, our principles are not to be changed or affected by the action of Conventions, or by *any* cause that will not convince us that those principles are erroneous. We feel sure that we have undergone no change since May, 1865. We thought then, and we think now, that the Union should be restored only on an 'unmistakably' loyal basis; that the President is merely a co-worker with the Congress in effecting this result; and that, when the President had finished his work, as he declares he has, it was for the Congress to investigate it, to consider it, to modify it, or to accept it or not as that body might choose. We have never understood that the action of the President in this respect concluded the Congress, or that that body was bound to accept unconditionally the work of restoration as accomplished and presented to them by him.

"We feel sure that the President and the Congress are both actuated by patriotic motives. We regret the breach between them. This breach is most probably incurable. The appeal now is to the people of the United States who suppressed the rebellion. It is for *them* to say on what terms the Government shall be restored. We expect to be content with those terms. Our people will be anxious and interested spectators of the struggle now going on in the Northern and Western States, but they are not in a condition to take much part in this struggle. They can only look on and hope that the result may be best for the whole country. Our sympathies are with those who are most devoted to the Union, and who are determined to restore it on a loyal basis, without the dictation of Northern Copperheads or Southern traitors."

WHICH IS WHICH?

THE friends of the President in the State of New York are invited to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN as Governor. On the day that Mr. HOFFMAN was nominated the President said at Cincinnati: "I will call upon any man here, and defy him to put his finger upon an instance in which I have swerved a hair's-breadth from the platform upon which the late lamented President and myself were elected."

Just before Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON were elected, Mr. HOFFMAN made a speech in Wall Street, in which he said: "The merchants, brokers, and capitalists of New York have met on this occasion to declare it to be their honest conviction that the only certain way of bestowing peace with the Union is by hurling from power ABRAHAM LINCOLN with his minions, and electing in his place a patriot and statesman in the person of General M'CLELLAN."

Chief among LINCOLN'S "minions," of course, was his military Governor of Tennessee, ANDREW JOHNSON. That "minion" declares he stands now exactly where he stood then, while his friends are exhorted to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN, who declared that the "minion" ought to be hurled from power. If the President stands now where he stood then, Mr. HOFFMAN and his friends can support him only because they have renounced their principles of two years ago. If they have done so, their present principles are of no importance. If they have not done so, and Mr. JOHNSON stands where he stood, then Mr. HOFFMAN and his friends support a man whom they declare to be totally unfit for office.

The Union men who propose to vote for Mr. HOFFMAN may choose which horn of the dilemma they will. But those among them who truly honored ABRAHAM LINCOLN must vote with extreme delight for a man who said by direct implication that LINCOLN was not a patriot and statesman while M'CLELLAN was!

PHOTOMICROGRAPHY.

THIS hard word means the application of photography to the representation of objects as seen with the microscope. The inestimable advantage to medical science of such an application is evident, and it is agreeable to learn from competent foreign men of science that our Army Medical Museum stands in this respect far beyond any public institution or private investigator in the world.

Dr. R. L. MADDOX writes to the London *Journal of Photography* to call attention to "the magnificent results in photomicrography obtained in America by Brevet-Captain EDWARD CURTIS, Assistant Surgeon United States Army, in the laboratory of the Army Medical Museum." Dr. MADDOX then enters into some statistical details, and adds that they "are so far in advance of any thing I have seen in this country that the greatest credit is due to Captain CURTIS."

Those who appreciate the immense service to humanity of these representations of the exact aspects of obscure and unusual disease, and of the infinite varieties and results of wounds, will duly honor the patient, accurate, incessant, and intelligent attention necessary to perfect them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

AT the New York State Democratic Convention, at Albany, on the 12th instant, Mayor John T. Hoffman was nominated for Governor, Hon. Robert H. Pruyn for Lieutenant-Governor, William W. Wright for Canal Commissioner, and Frank B. Gallagher for Inspector of Prisons. The platform, which was in general consonance with that of the Philadelphia Convention, opposed centralization in the State as well as in the United States Government.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention met at Cleveland, September 17, and was addressed by General Wool, who strongly supported the President's policy. General Granger was chosen permanent Chairman.

A report received at the Freedmen's Bureau from North Carolina represents that the condition of the freedmen is generally favorable, and that there are at present but about 2500 dependents, notwithstanding that there is a colored population of nearly 300,000.

By the census of the city of Mobile, just completed, the population foots up 40,962 souls. Of this number 28,000 are negroes.

The result of the grand Billiard Tournament in this city is that Cyrille Dion, champion of all Canada, wins the first prize—the champion cue; Edward J. Plunkett, champion of Pennsylvania, the second—a full-sized four-pocket Phelan & Collender billiard-table; T. M'Carthy, champion of Indiana, third prize—the silver table, goblets, and pitcher; and John Frawley, champion of Ohio—the gold watch and chain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 10:

(LONDON.)—The Eastern question seems to be looming in the future. Russia shows signs of moving once more to obtain the control of the Danubian Principalities, and, probably, eventually of Constantinople.

The Porte has determined to recognize Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern, as Hospodar of the Principalities.

(PARIS.)—General Marquez, Minister to Constantinople, has been recalled, and will go out to Mexico to organize an army for service after the French evacuation of the country.

September 11:

(VIENNA.)—A decree has been issued by the Emperor ordering the whole Austrian army to be placed upon a peace footing.

September 12:

(PARIS.)—The Emperor Napoleon has sent a special mission to Mexico to confer with Maximilian.

(LONDON.)—The *Times*, of to-day, editorially admits that the Empire of Mexico has withered away, and thinks that the country should be left to itself.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Cunard steamships *Europa* and *Tarifa* sailed this afternoon for Quebec direct, with a regiment of Hussars for service in Canada.

September 13:

(TRIESTE.)—Advices from Athens state that the Cretan Assembly have voted for the annexation of the Island of Candia to Greece.

September 15:

(LONDON.)—It is said that Great Britain has urged the Porte to give an autonomy to Crete, and that the Porte has refused.

(VIENNA.)—We are on the verge of another war, which threatens to equal in extent that just ended. Austria shows bad faith in negotiating with Italy, and has made unreasonable demands, to which Italy will not submit. Austria has overcharged the debt of Venetia, and withholds Venetia property which she was bound to transfer.

September 14:

(BERLIN.)—Prussia has emphatically notified Austria that she will not suffer Italy, her ally, to be insulted and defranded, and that if Austria persists in her present course war must follow.

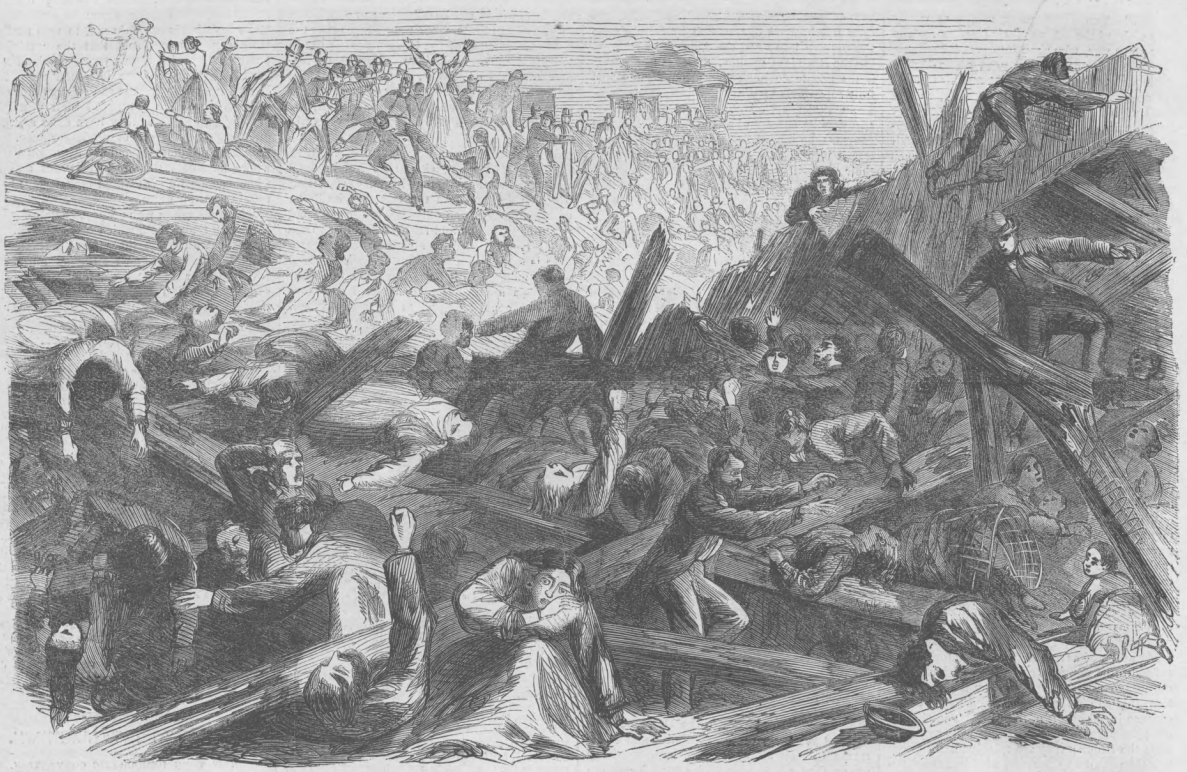
(PRAGUE.)—The homeward march of Prussian troops has been peremptorily arrested, and the demobilization of the entire army stopped.

(DRESDEN.)—Every thing looks war. There is no reply from Austria to the notification of Prussia. It is now but a question of hours whether troops be not again put in motion for Vienna.

September 17:

(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The mail steamer from Rio de Janeiro brings the important information that the troops of the Allies have been badly defeated by the Paraguayans.

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ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

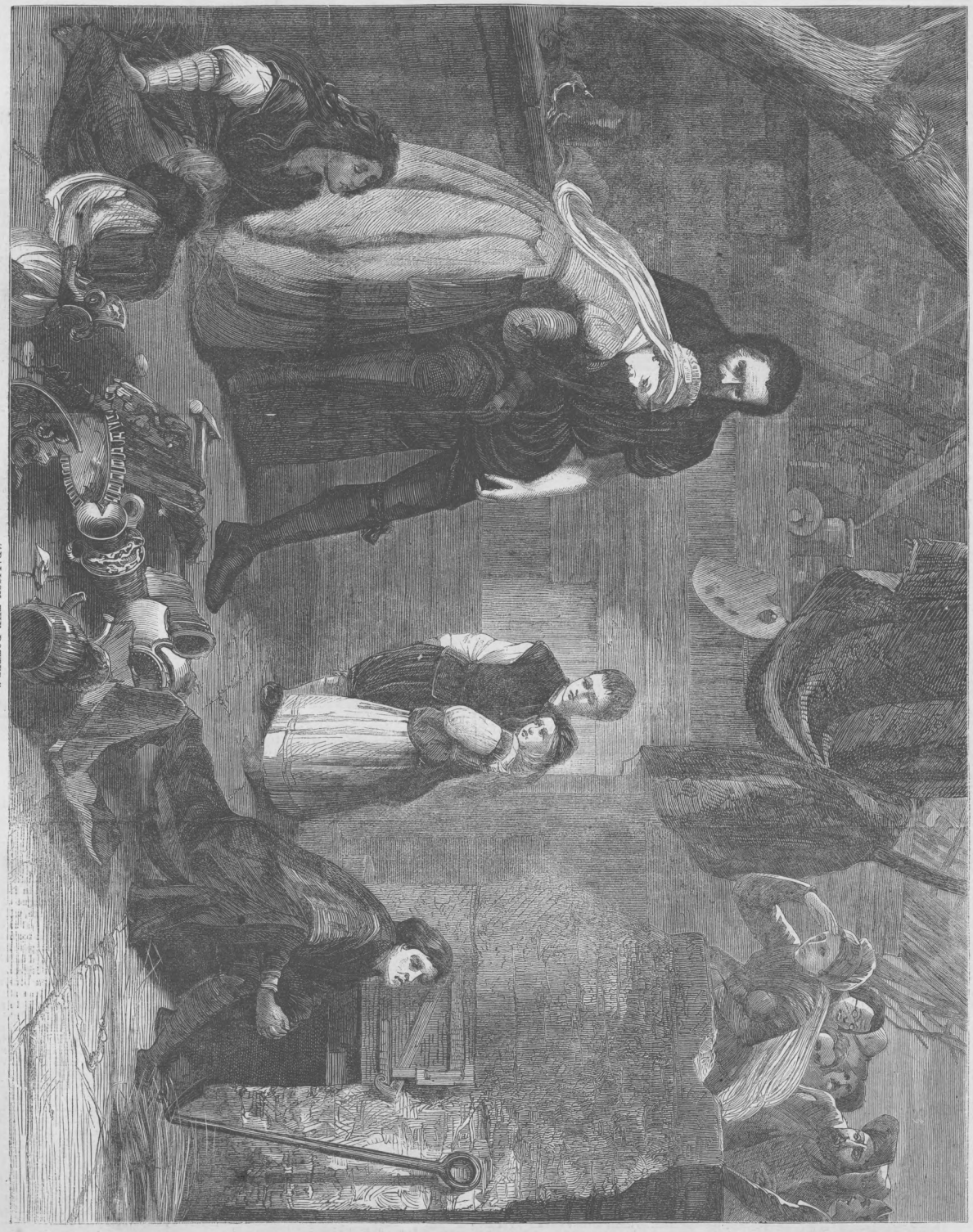
ON the 12th instant two men in a boat were carried by the force of the current and a violent gale of wind over Niagara Falls. This incident, which we illustrate on this page, is thus narrated by our artist:

"FRANK LEUTZE, a ferry-man, and a Mr. COOPER, postmaster, both of Chippewa, Canada West, hoisting sail in the ferry-man's boat crossed to the American shore safely, conveying a passenger. Having accomplished this, they embarked on their return trip, rowing. The wind blowing a perfect gale, they were driven, before reaching two-thirds of their journey, back into the swifter currents, and when near the head of Goat Island they were discovered by a few persons on that island, at which time the two men—apparently fully impressed with the fearful dilemma in which they were placed—were rowing fiercely yet regularly up stream, but all to no avail, as at this point the waters commence their terrific velocity. Surely and speedily they were drawn toward the falls, still struggling desperately, until the boat plunging over the rocks it was capsized about 100 yards above the falls. Then, after struggling amidst the dashing waters for a few brief moments, still clinging to their boat or their oars, they disappeared from view over the falls."



FRANK LEUTZE AND MR. COOPER CARRIED OVER NIAGARA FALLS, SEPTEMBER 12, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY MR. F. L. BLAKE.]

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"PALISSY THE POTTER."

"PALISSY THE POTTER."

THERE is no story of "self-help," or the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," more deeply interesting and pathetic than that of BERNARD PALISSY, the self-taught potter of Saintes. And no such narrative of heroic perseverance has been related with more graphic and dramatic power, or filled in with more picturesque and illustrative historical accessories, than Mr. MORLEY'S "Life of Palissy the Potter."

All our readers are familiar with those plates, dishes, and other ceramic objects, glazed with a peculiar mottled enamel and ornamented in relief, for the most part with fishes, lizards, reptiles, insects, leaves, and flowers, and named, after their inventor and producer, Palissy-ware. The ornaments are modeled with a truthfulness evincing the closest and most loving study of nature, all the subjects being taken either from the fauna and flora of the neighborhood of Saintes—where he settled, after years of wandering, as a painter, particularly on glass—or of the valley of the Seine, the latter years of his life having been spent in Paris. The reliefs are also treated with a delicacy and disposed with an artistic feeling which, united to their truth to nature, give to the pieces they decorate a value apart from many of the conventional productions addressed to the luxurious. Nevertheless, to us Palissy-ware is interesting chiefly for its quaintly curious and playful originality; and it is hard to realize that works of almost childlike fancy should be the outcome of one of the longest and bravest struggles against difficulties of every description of which we have any record—should be the chief triumph of a great artistic genius, of a natural philosopher centuries in advance of his time, and of an earnest and uncompromising Huguenot, who, but for the precious secret he had won, would have been burned at the stake long before the good old age at which he died a prisoner in the Bastile. Several weary years did PALISSY spend, enduring, as he himself tells us, misery and reproach of all kinds (sometimes being suspected of uttering base coin), occupied in discovering a white enamel glaze. And then his difficulties had only commenced, for he had still, unaided, to learn the potter's art in its highest form. In his experiments the slender family resources derived from his glass-painting and surveying were repeatedly exhausted, debts were incurred, and, greatest trial of all, his wife was converted by his ruinous enthusiasm into a bitter scold. He had to pay an assistant with the clothes off his own back. In one critical experiment he had to feed the fire of his furnace with the planks from the flooring and the very doors of his house.

The last and severest disappointment which PALISSY underwent before that ultimate success which secured him the patronage and protection of the greatest in the land is the subject of the admirable picture, lately in the Royal Academy Exhibition, by MRS. E. M. WARD, the accomplished wife of the distinguished Royal Academician, which we have engraved on this page. This time the potter had virtually vanquished every difficulty, and was right in all his calculations as regards the preparation of the enamels and the proper degree of heat for firing them, and yet the whole batch of works he had placed in the furnace was spoiled. "The elaborate designs," says Mr. MORLEY, "the play of BERNARD'S fancy as an artist for six months; the debt incurred for maintenance and wages of the assistant; the hands wounded with labor at the furnace; the money begged and borrowed to buy chemicals; the weeks of drudgery in grinding, the hope and self-denial of eight months—all led to 'sorrow and distresses so abundantly augmented.'" This mischance occurred "because," says PALISSY, "the mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the

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fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of the flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful." It is highly characteristic of PALISSY that, although he might have had more than 8 francs for these works, damaged as they were, yet he preferred to break them to pieces in order that they should not injure the great reputation that he well knew he should now attain. "If one could sketch a scene like this," says the biographer, "with the pencil of a master, it would make a goodly picture. The dilapidated outhouse, its breaches rudely filled up with green boughs; PALISSY, grand in his own grief, tattered in dress, with a litter of beautiful vases, cups, urns, and medallions, the products of his rich taste and fancy, broken at his feet; the angry creditors invited to witness the potter's expected triumph; the village gossips pouring their much talk over his bowed spirit; his thin, pale children crouching, wondering about; his lean wife—God forgave her on the instant—pouring on him maledictions, ignorant or careless how his heart would open in that hour of anguish to receive one syllable of woman's consolation." Of the way that Mrs. WARD has realized this scene in her "goodly picture" our engraving will give some idea to those who have not seen the original. The only divergence from the author's suggestion in her version is that of representing the potter's wife as betrayed, if only for a moment, into sorrowful pity for her husband at this supreme crisis of agonizing disappointment. And notwithstanding that PALISSY himself tells us that he "had nothing but reproaches in the house—in place of consolation they gave me maledictions," we would fain hope there is room for the painter's assumption, proceeding as it does from a true womanly instinct of commiserating sympathy. Among the accessories of the picture will be noted various items, such as the pallet, the vials containing natural models preserved in spirits, and so forth, which help to tell the pitiful yet glorious story.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD DISASTER.

WE illustrate on our first page the result of a misplaced switch on the New York Central Railroad at Canastota, Madison County, New York, on the night of the 7th instant. The night-watchman, having changed the switch to permit a freight-train going east to pass on to the main track, was called in the mean time to attend to some trifling matter, and neglected to return and place it in proper position. He did not discover his neglect till the engineer of a succeeding train going east whistled "Down brakes," and a general smash-up was then inevitable. The engine of this train plunged into the dirt, floundering among the flying timbers and torn-up track, when it was struck by the engine of a freight-train going west at a high rate of speed. The shock, the crash, the sudden escape of the pent-up steam, and the darkness of the night made the few seconds in which it occurred seem but a sudden flash, terrible and bewildering. The westward-bound engine first struck the side of the one going east, tearing its covering from its sides like bark from a tree, completely demolishing the tender, knocking the loaded freight-cars from the track, and after passing completely through two others from end to end, finally stopped in a nearly perpendicular position, its forward end resting on the top of a freight-car which it had capsized in its wild career. Five persons were killed outright, and a large number were wounded. The cost of this misplaced switch will be not far from $150,000.

Our illustration represents the scene after the collision, with the wheat, glass-ware, and merchandise generally, strewn in confusion upon the ground.

BURNING OF THE CLIPPER "HORNET."

OUR engraving on page 616 illustrates an unfortunate disaster which occurred to the *Hornet*, one of the finest of the California line of clippers. What story can be more thrilling than that of a ship's crew in open boats, one thousand miles from land, compelled to witness the burning of their ship, and then to drift for days upon the Pacific, almost without hope, and subject to the exposure of sea and sky, and to the peril of starvation?

The following account is given by Mr. THOMAS, the third master of the *Hornet*, and Mr. CLOUGH, a seaman:

The American ship *Hornet*, of 1428 tons burden, Captain JOSIAH A. MITCHELL, left New York on the 15th of January, bound to San Francisco, with a general cargo, consisting of coals, iron, 6200 boxes candles, 2400 cases kerosene oil, and the usual assortment of miscellaneous merchandise. Beyond speaking one or two vessels, nothing occurred on the passage out worthy of note till seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May, at which hour the mate went below with one of the hands to draw varnish, taking a lantern. While so engaged an explosion suddenly took place, which set fire to the sails in the sail-locker between decks. The seaman rushed on deck, shouting, "Fire!" while the mate remained below, trying to put out the fire with blankets, which he took off from three sick men.

The ship was at this time scudding along beautifully under a six knot southeast trade-wind. She had just crossed the equator the evening previous, in the usual track of vessels bound to California, in longitude 112° 8'. The hatches at the time were off for ventilating the ship, as is customary. Hardly had the alarm been given before fire and dense smoke came out of the after-hatch, communicating almost instantaneously to the "crossjack-sail," which was hanging clewed up. In a very few minutes the flames burst through the main hatch and set fire to the mainsail. With the first alarm Captain MITCHELL was promptly on deck, and set one watch to work endeavoring to control the fire, while the other watch was ordered to lower the boats and get them ready. The quarter-boats were safely lowered without trouble, but in launching the long-boat her bottom was stove in by an eye-bolt, making a hole in the bottom about a foot square, which was stopped up with blankets and shirts during the entire cruise. The boats were provided with sails, but these being in the sail-locker it was impossible to get at them. A studding-sail, a main-royal, and some pieces of canvas lying handy on the deck were thrown into the boats, with what provisions were accessible, consisting of four hams, twelve tins of assorted meats, a box of raisins, seven pieces of pork, one hundred pounds of bread, and four buckets of raw potatoes. Four demijohns and a barrel, containing in all but twelve gallons of water, were also passed in the boats. The ship's chronometers, epitome, compasses, quadrants, and a few blankets were also saved, but no clothing except what the men stood in.

At this time the whole ship was in flames overhead, the fire creeping and leaping from spar to spar, and enveloping the rigging, sails, and masts in one vast sheet of flame. It was impossible to remain on board any longer, and at three-quarters past seven o'clock, or three-quarters of an hour after the first alarm, the order was given to leave the ship, and all hands took to the boats and pushed off from the vessel. Here was one of those grand sights often described but seldom witnessed—a noble ship, which an hour before was gliding cheerily along her course, now all wrapped in flames from the deck to the trucks—a grand and costly pyrotechnic display, in which the masts, spars, and rigging formed the bold outlines. The scene was enough to strike terror into the bravest heart, when he remembered that it was over one thousand miles to the nearest land, and the chances of reaching land next to none. At eight o'clock the masts of the noble ship went over her side, but the burning hull, like a huge lump, fed by 20,000 gallons of kerosene and 6000 boxes of candles, made an awful conflagration, lighting the horizon for one hundred miles around, while the flames and smoke rolled up in black masses, reaching to the very clouds.

The boats remained by the ship during the day and night while she was burning. As the cargo gradually consumed the ship lightened, just as she would alongside the dock when discharging cargo. There were no explosions during the burning. At five o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the fire having burned through the hull to the water, the noble clipper made a plunge forward and went down bow first, leaving no trace of her but a few charred spars and pieces of wood floating about. This was in north latitude 2° 20', west longitude 112° 8', about 1000 miles due south from Cape St. Lucas, Lower California, 2500 miles east of Hawaii.

During the first night Captain MITCHELL, who had throughout the disaster shown a coolness and bravery equal to the occasion, distributed the men into the three boats, according to their capacity. In the long-boat with him were the two passengers, the third mate, and eleven seamen.

This boat is the only one of the three which has been heard from. On the night of the 5th all the provisions and water were equally distributed among the three boats, of which the two smaller ones were kept in tow by the Captain's boat. The Captain kept in the track of California-bound vessels, hoping to sight some passing ship. On the 10th, 11th, and 12th six dolphins, a bonita, and turtle were caught, and divided among the three boats, giving the crews plenty of raw meat, but as they had no salt they were unable to keep it. All the boats' crews were now put on an allowance of a gill of water, half a biscuit, and half a raw potato, twice a day. But when it rained, all hands were privileged to drink all the water they could catch.

On the 23d it was found impossible, under a strong trade-wind, for the long-boat to continue towing the others, as the strain and jerking were so severe as to endanger her, and Captain MITCHELL decided to cast off the mate's boat, which was done in long. 114° W., lat. 13° N. Three days afterward it was decided, for the same reason, to cast off the second mate's boat, and after coming alongside, dividing the beggarly remnant of stores, and bidding each other adieu, they cast off, all being in good spirits. Up to this time the three boats were still in sight of each other, each having a navigator in charge and heading on the same course. That night they parted company, and from this time we have no tidings of what befell the two mates' boats.

After reaching longitude 117° West, and latitude 17° North, Captain MITCHELL decided to head for "American group," located, according to BOWDITCH, in latitude 17° North, longitude 138° 30' West. The boat spent several days cruising over the position, but found no signs of land. Thus far they had endeavored to keep in the usual track of California-bound clippers, in hope of meeting a passing sail. But failing to find land here, they headed for Hawaii, distant 1200 miles.

At this time they had no meat, and nothing to eat but the bare bones of the ham, and the canvas it was rolled in, with their regular two gills of water. Pieces of this canvas and the staves of a butter-keg, which had a saline relish to them, served as the main stand-by, while the leather of their boots was scraped off, soaked in water so as to make the leather soft. This served as their soup. For dessert they ate pieces of cotton shirts and handkerchiefs. By some accident there was a supply of tobacco in the boat, which served to allay their thirst, and may have been a principal means of preserving their lives. During the entire passage the utmost discipline prevailed, with watches off and on as regularly as on the ship. The boat leaked badly, and all hands took turns bailing to keep her afloat. With the strong trade-winds, heavy sea, and squalls blowing at times almost a gale, this was no light work.

After forty-three days of wandering, about 11 A.M. the cry of "Land-ho!" was given, and the lofty summit of Mauna Loa cheered the famished voyagers. The land was sighted a day or two sooner than they expected. On nearing it a flag was waved on a pole, which was seen by those on shore, but at first it was supposed to be a fishing-party. When approaching near the breakers, off Laupahoehoe, two natives swam off to the boat, and, on finding the destitute condition of the crew, climbed into it, shook hands with every one, saying, "How do you do?" took the oars, and brought the boat safely to the beach.

None of the party were able to stand up, and on trying to do so fell over perfectly helpless, and unable as infants to walk alone. The natives crowded around, women vying with the men to take them up in their arms, and carried them all ashore to the house of Mr. JONES FULE, agent of J. C. KING & Co., who received them with the greatest kindness. The natives brought all kinds of fruits and vegetables—such as potatoes, bananas, cocoa-nuts, etc., for the starving men; but Mr. J., deeming it not prudent for them to eat these, made some tea and broth, and nursed them with the zeal of a Florence Nightingale. Next morning they were allowed to eat a little more freely, but still with great caution, their host providing them more at each subsequent meal.

Word having been dispatched to Hilo, the American Consul there, Captain J. WOOD, sent three boats and brought the sailors to that port—Captain MITCHELL and Mr. Ferguson preferring to remain at Laupahoehoe till they gained more strength. At Hilo the Consul provided for all their necessities, and bestowed much care on them.

The whole party in the long-boat thus reached land safely after having been forty-three days at sea, on short allowance part of the time, and less allowance most of the voyage. What is more remarkable, there was no sickness, nor any of that dizziness which is so often the accompaniment of persons kept in a starving condition for so long a time.

It is considered probable that the two smaller boats were lost; indeed, it is almost a miracle that the long-boat was saved.

THE ACCIDENT AT JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

WHEN the President was on his way to Harrisburg from Pittsburg, a sad accident occurred in connection with a demonstration in his honor at Johnstown. This occurrence is illustrated on page 612.

Between the bridge and railroad office and over the canal was a plank-covering or platform, on which probably 400 or 500 persons—men, women, and children—were closely gathered. The structure gave way just as the Presidential party was leaving. First one section of it fell, precipitating the occupants to the ground, a height of apparently 20 feet. The second part soon followed, and in less than 30 seconds these persons were thrown one upon another, or buried beneath the ruins.

The platform erected over the canal was 75 feet long and from 15 to 18 feet wide. It broke in the centre, and as a consequence its occupants were precipitated to the ground, a distance of about 20 feet. The timbers and human beings were mixed up promiscuously, all falling in a confused mass. Some had both arms and legs broken, and others were injured to a less extent with contused heads and severe bruises. Seven or eight persons were killed, while six or more were in a dying condition. About ninety persons were severely, and a large number were slightly, injured.

THE UNION FIRE-ENGINE OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

AN engraving on page 620 represents the oldest fire-engine in the country, named the *Union*, which, together with the original records, were presented by a committee representing the late Union and Naumkeag Engine Company No. 5 of Salem, Massachusetts, to William Penn Steam Engine and Hose Company of Philadelphia, on their recent visit to Salem. Mr. JOSEPH N. LARRABEE, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, furnishes the following details:

The tub or box of the engine is three feet eight inches long, twenty inches wide, and twenty inches high, and runs on wooden wheels twenty inches in diameter. The cylinders are four and one-half inches diameter with six and one-half inches stroke. The air-chamber, water-ways, and suction inlet, with a gate that water may be taken either through hose or from tub, are similar to those in engines of recent construction. It was built in London by one of two rival engine-makers—NEWSHAM or FOWKE, as it corresponds with the description of their engines. FOWKE'S circular, issued in 1729, recommends his engines as follows: "Constant stream engines for extinguishing fires—the large size plays two streams at once....and will feed themselves with a sucking pipe....The four large sizes run on wheels, and the other two carried by two men like a chair."

From the records of the company we gather that this engine was received March, 1749; but the company date their organization one year previous, March 16, 1748, when "RICHARD DERBY and others, to the number of twenty," petitioned the town to be excused from serving as jurors upon condition of procuring an engine for extinguishing fires; which prayer was granted on the following terms, viz.: "That the petitioners should procure an engine to the acceptance of the selectmen; and further, that in case of the removal of any one of the petitioners, where no male heir should be left to supply, it should be supplied by the major part of the engine company, with the consent of the selectmen." The *Union* engine was accepted April 2, 1749, and the company received the name of the Union Engine Company.

In April, 1750, a second engine, which was presented to the town by BENJAMIN LYNDE, was received and placed, by vote of the town, in the care of this company. It was continued in use until April, 1799, when the *Essex* engine was purchased as a substitute; again, in October, 1857, another was procured, named, by vote of company, *Naumkeag* (the name given by the Indians to our harbor and town), as a successor of the *Essex*. The company still retained possession of the *Union* engine. These records are fully corroborated by the town records, and clearly sustain the company's claims of owning the oldest engine in the country, and being the oldest engine company in the United States that can show an uninterrupted existence. The list of members obtained from the records numbers 557 names, all but 200 of which became members since 1830, and contains the names of many of our best citizens of the present and past century. Among others that of NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, the world's great mathematician, who was a member in 1794-96; WILLIAM GRAY, familiarly known as BILLY GRAY, the millionaire, and others who have enjoyed the honors of the first places in town, city, and State.

In April, 1861, the company were notified that their services were no longer needed in the Fire Department in consequence of the introduction of steam fire-engines; and at a final meeting they voted to dispose of the *Union* engine and records by presenting them to the Philadelphia company.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SPITE of the late unfavorable weather, the prevailing toilets, both in Paris and at the bains de mer, are still composed of delicate materials of some light shade of color. Even where less delicate materials are worn, light tints and narrow black and gray stripes hold their ground. We have, for instance, white or pale gray or striped foulards and alpacas, with trimmings of blue, mauve, or apple-green velvet; or robes of poil de chèvre trimmed with straw passementerie, or linos with insertions of taffeta. Outdoor robes are very rarely worn with trains, and almost invariably with a double skirt, the upper one being either looped up with velvet bands or bows, or rosettes of ribbon, or else made to fall no lower than the knees, in which latter case it is either scolloped or vandyked at the bottom, and trimmed with velvet and ornaments of jet. These double skirts are generally not only of a different material, but of a different shade of color; for instance, the under skirt or jupe will be either violet, mauve, or blue silk, in which case sleeves are frequently worn to match; the upper skirt and basque being perhaps pale gray, straw-color, or very light fawn, or with narrow black or gray or mauve-color stripes on a white ground. The more brilliant color stripes, such as rose, cerise, sky-blue, orange, and emerald green, are no longer to be seen in outdoor costumes. If the jupe is of some bright color, such as those commonly worn at the bains de mer, the trimming of the robe and the chapeau is invariably in harmony with it. With these colored jupes black silk robes are likely to be much worn as the autumn advances, in which case the robe, if caught up, will be looped with velvet bands or bows of the same tint as the jupe, which will be trimmed with black guipure.

Indoor robes are generally made with trains, the skirt being extremely scanty at the waist, and of course very much gored. Occasionally there are a few plaits at the back. The bottom of the robe is sloped so as just to fall over the feet in front and trail for nearly a yard on the ground behind. When made without trains these robes have invariably two skirts, the under one being at times ornamented with a rather deep flounce, composed of alternate puffings of the material of the robe and insertions of guipure.

There is nothing new in the way of chapeaux, hats being almost invariably worn, both in the country and at the sea-side. The light, glazed sailor-hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet or light blue ribbon, is most in favor.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of linos, bordered with a cord of moderate thickness and trimmed with taffeta. From the waist hangs a short upper skirt, of the same material as the dress, forming, with the corsage, a kind of jacket. At the sides are pointed swallow-tails, with silk tassels at the extremities. Chapeau Neapolitan, trimmed with velvet and bell-shaped ornaments in straw passementerie, and fastened under the chignon and beneath the chin with a loop à la chaine Benolton, formed of ribbon and bordered with lace.

Fig. 2.—Robe of poil de chèvre, ornamented with large vandykes, trimmed with a delicate straw passementerie. A similar trimming runs down every seam of the dress. The jacket has a tassel at every point, and square buttons, also in straw passementerie, up the front. Chapeau Lamballe in straw, trimmed with violets.

Fig. 3.—Robe of foulard trimmed with taffeta ribbon tied into knots, with a jacket to correspond. The jupe and sleeves are of thick silk, the trimming of which harmonizes with that of the robe. Chapeau fanchon of goffered crape, with star-shaped ornaments and tassels in straw passementerie.

Fig. 4.—Short robe of black taffeta, cut at the bottom into large vandykes, which are bordered with blue ribbon studded with bright steel ornaments, the cuffs of the sleeves being trimmed to correspond. The jupe, of blue taffeta, is bordered with a double ruche of black ribbon. The jacket, which is notched round the bottom into vandykes, is of the same material as the jupe, and is made to fit tight at the waist with a belt. The chapeau, of white crape, has the crown spotted over with small jet stars; it is bordered at the edges with blue velvet, and has jet ornaments hanging round the rim.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT does happen, little readers, that misfortunes as well as mistakes are sometimes found in flower-gardens. The best seed, the best catalogue of directions, the best care, the utmost patience, will not always bring perfect success; and it is just as well to know this beforehand, and not expect too much. Part of the seeds will not come up, perhaps some of the little plants will hang their heads and die when they are transplanted. Then your little dog scratches up one young plant to bury his dinner bone, and pussy breaks down another in some leap after a flying grasshopper. All these things will be now and then; and so, without indulging in melancholy expectations, it is yet well to have those little herbs of patience and perseverance growing in the corner of every garden, and to pluck one or two of their small, sweet leaves whenever some more favorite plant is missing.

Lily said she thought every thing happened in her garden that could happen any where; and yet that was not true, for Primrose and Clover had each a special variety or two of gardening sorrows. The first trial—which, indeed, came to all pretty much alike—was a succession of cold, biting, rough-edged winds. The little seedlings, newly set out, could make no resistance; the wind swept over them with a kind of blasting effect, beating them down, and almost cutting them off at the root. That part of the stem withered and turned white, and the little seedling never held up its head again. Lily declared the wind gave her pinks a bite every time he came along, and that was very often in those days. Close following on the heels of the wind came the rain—pouring, driving, flooding the garden beds to half-drowning those plants that had survived the wind. It was a great pity, Clover said, that the very first of her flower work should be in such a very uncommon season, for she could hardly tell now whether she had done the work well or ill. Between whiles, when the rain held up or the wind ceased for a little, the children would run out to see what could be done—carefully covering pinks and petunias with all the little flower-pots they could find, scraping up the earth which the rain had washed away from their roots, and giving the weary little seedlings a world of pity and tender encouragement. And thus nursed and cared for, and with the help of a sunshiny day now and then, some of the little plants looked up again, and began to grow and thrive. Small fresh green leaves appeared at the top of some of the tiny stems, and every thing seemed hopeful. A few of the most tender plants were not yet about; a few of the half-hardy kinds

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were not yet planted; and several of the other seed-bags were not quite empty: for Sam had advised the children not to sow all of each sort at once, but to keep back a few for a second planting, lest the first should not do well. Many councils had been held about the weather, and whether it was time yet to venture the last of the precious seed treasure in the ground.

"I think I'll plant all mine to-day," said Lily, kneeling with one knee on the low window-seat and looking out at the sky, where the wind was struggling with rain-clouds. "It's getting all blue off there in the west, and papa said if it did we should have a fine day."

"But the ground will be so wet," said the prudent Clover. "It's so hard to sow the seeds nicely when the ground's wet."

"Well—to-morrow, then," said Lily. "Look, Clover, isn't that the Jarvis carriage driving along the road? And it's turning down here, I do declare!—and Maria's inside!"

The carriage came on, and stopped at the little gate, and Miss Maria got out and picked her way delicately up to the house over the smooth, damp gravel-walk.

"Well!" she said to her three friends, who were gathered at the door to meet her, "I've come to stay all day. Aren't you glad? My father said he didn't think it would rain; and if it did, you know, it couldn't touch me in the coach. How do you do?"

"Oh, we're well," said Lily.

"Well, so am I," said Maria. "My mother thought it was too early to come, because you wouldn't be dressed, but that don't matter, you know; you can dress while I'm here, and then I can see all your frocks."

"Don't you want to come and look at our gardens," said Clover, "before you take your hat off? We always go just as soon as it stops raining, to see if the plants have grown."

"Why, don't plants always grow?" said Maria, as she followed them out. "Our garden's always full, I'm sure."

"Look! look!" cried little Primrose, running on before—"look, Clover! look, Lily! they're coming up!"

"Who's coming?" said Maria Jarvis. "Company? You'd better run in then and dress as fast as you can; but it's very early for visitors. *Our* company never comes till quite late."

"We never dress in the morning, no matter who comes," said Clover.

"Oh *do* just look how pretty!—Prim's sweet-peas are coming up!" And pretty indeed the soft, green shoots were, breaking their way through the brown mould.

"I thought they would never come," said Primrose, bending over them in her delight. "I'd planted 'em so very deep: and now here they are! Do you have a great many sweet-peas, Maria?"

"We don't have any," said Maria; "they're old-fashioned! And our gardener thinks old-fashioned flowers are dreadful. He likes all the new things. My aunt—she's ever so funny herself, and she's been staying with us a while—she asked Andrews where the sweet-peas were planted, and Andrews looked real angry, and he said, 'We haven't such a thing on the whole place, ma'am, I am happy to say!'"

"Sam says they are not common," remarked little Primrose, innocently; "but I got a whole paperful from Mr. Vick for five cents, and now they've come up. I'm so glad!"

"Dear me! what little bits of places!" said Maria, walking on to the next garden. "I suppose you don't have more than two or three sorts of flowers?"

"Indeed we do!" said Clover, flushing a little. "I have a dozen sorts, and the others have almost as many. I shall plant out hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine along the fence. They're growing in pots now."

"Hyacinth beans!" said Maria; "I never heard of such things. It sounds just like vegetables. Are they good to eat?"

"I don't think any body 'll ever eat *my* hyacinth beans," said Clover, a little indignantly.

"Well, you needn't be angry," said Maria; "it sounds so funny, you know, to have a flower-garden all full of beans and peas. *We* don't have any thing but fuschias, and geraniums, and Japan lilies, and such things."

The children were silent; glowing visions of what " things" might mean flashed before their eyes; and for a minute the small flower-bed, with its one rose-bush, its little patches of hardy seedlings, lost color and promise together. Then Clover glanced toward the corner where mentally she kept her "sweet herbs," and the gentle fragrance of patience and brotherly kindness seemed to set things right in a moment.

"Oh, you have a grand garden," she said, cheerfully, "and ours will never be that, I suppose. But I guess they'll be beautiful by-and-by, when the things grow. Just look how strong my zinnias are!"

"Oh, you've got zinnias!" said Maria; "are they double ones? Andrews says double zinnias are very good for some places."

"Well, I hope this is one of the places," said Clover, laughing. 'Now come down and see Lily's garden."

"The sun's so hot," pleaded Maria, "and I dropped my veil in the house. And I don't know what my mother would do if I should get freckled. I always do freckle in the sun."

To avoid such a dire misfortune they all turned back into the house, and Lily was comforted for the slight to her garden by the thought that she should not hear any of her flowers called vegetables.

It was an easy matter to entertain their little guest—that was one thing. Just give her a comfortable chair, where she could spread out her flounces; place her in a good light, where her boot tassels and embroidered petticoat were likely to be seen now and then, and let her talk; and the small cup which Maria Jarvis kept for her happiness would be quite full. But the other children grew very weary as the day went on; rare flowers were not the pleasantest things to hear of, on the whole, and the novelty of dresses and trimmings soon wore off; so that when dinner was over, and the coach came and Maria got in, Clover saw her drive away with a deep sigh of relief; and even Lily threw her arms over her head and exclaimed:

"Oh dear! I'm *so* tired!"

"Tired of your best friend!" said Jack; "or is it that you can't wait till the time comes for you to go and spend Thursday with her? Poor Lily!"

"I'm in no hurry at all for Thursday to come," said Lily, rather sharply.

"I'm glad she's not coming *here* Thursday," said little Primrose. "Maria said my sweet-peas were old-fashioned. I should like to know what she is!"

"Why, she is—new-fashioned, if you really want to know," said Sam, laughing. "I guess she's right about the sweet-peas, Prim. I have little doubt that sweet-peas grew and blossomed in Eden, and that's being *quite* old-fashioned."

Prim's face unbent into a smile.

"Sam, you're so nice!" she said.

"Now that's what I call a compliment," said her brother, making a low bow. "What is Glover thinking of so busily?"

Clover flushed and hesitated. "Nothing—only I want some more herbs in my garden, Sam. I do believe Maria Jarvis made me a little bit discontented with my dear garden. It is such a shame!" said Clover, her voice choking a little. Sam put his arms round her and patted the hot cheeks softly.

"Let's go out and have a good walk," he said, on a sudden; "let us see what the wayside will show us, and hear what the wind will say to us. Come!"

THE WILD FLOWER.

A LITTLE wild flower by a spring
Looked beautiful to me;
Like some secluded heavenly thing
That I alone could see;
And as my young heart felt its power
I wept and loved that tiny flower.

I wondered how so weak a thing
Should seem to me so strong:
While others passed it heedless by
Unworthy of a song,
I ventured in its praise to sing
And woo'd it as a lovely thing.

I touched the chord with trembling hand;
And startled at the sound,
I never thought to gain command
Of music so profound;
Yet still I felt the hidden fire
That slumbered in that speaking wire.

Since then I oft have touched the strings
And felt the soothing power,
The anodyne which music brings
In sorrow's darksome hour.
I found that there was joy in grief,
And in the lyre I sought relief.

And now on wings of love I soared,
And these were halcyon days!—
And still within my heart are stored
Their golden memories.
And many warp and woof I wrought
In love's creative loom of thought.

From Nature's page of light and shade
Full many a sketch I took,
Now gathering berries in the glade,
Now pebbles in the brook.
More charmed to hear the skylark sing
Than list the sound of Orpheus' string.

I never felt myself alone—
Though in the living crowd
I loved far more to be unknown
Than known but by the proud—
The bird's clear song, the humming-bee
Were sweet companionship to me.

But still that modest purple flower
That first awoke my lay
Remained in sunshine and in shower
A fragrant memory.
Flower of my lyre, I owe to thee
The heart's first throb of poesy.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"'*No appetite for breakfast!*' Then in pity to yourself look around a while, and see if you can't find one before you attempt to force any thing into the unwilling stomach. '*But you are never hungry for breakfast!*' Then you should not take any breakfast; or at least you should postpone it until you can relish it."

So said Professor Prosy to his languid daughter, as she sat at breakfast-table toying with her tea-spoon.

"Something is wrong," he continued. "Either you get up too early and overfatigue yourself before the morning meal; or, more likely, you do not rise early enough to get your digestive organs fully awake; or perhaps you sit up too late at night, or eat too heavy dinners and suppers. Something is wrong in your habits; or else you are sick, and should consult the doctor."

The Professor went on, quite unmindful that he was ostensibly addressing his own daughter—lecturing was his business.

"There is nothing so bad for dyspepsia as eating when one is not hungry. 'Hunger,' remarks some sensible writer, 'will better help digestion than Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, and fourth-proof Cognac. Never, then, go to dinner till this trusty kitchen-maid rings the bell lustily, even if you wait forty-eight hours. *Never eat till you get hungry*, is a maxim which, if half obeyed, would rout nine-tenths of the distempers of mankind.'

"Living on a bit of dry toast and a cup of weak tea is all well enough for a genuine invalid. But for workers, physical or mental, a nutritious diet is needful. And yet when a man has exhausted himself with brain work, and then feels no appetite, or, having an appetite, finds that he has also dyspepsia if he eats what he reasonably wants, he blames his unfortunate constitution. He forgets that he has made extortionate demands upon the brain-power, and that little strength is left for digestion.

"As to habits before breakfast, each one should study what is wisest for himself. Some, like children, are in a hurry for something to eat as soon as they are up—not a few would be glad of a comfortable repast *before* they rise! But many, especially in warm weather, regard the breakfast-table with listless indifference. Let such try experiments. Rise early—there is an amazing amount of time, at this season of the year, between daybreak and seven o'clock, of which many people are quite unconscious! If you have household duties, my dear," the Professor's attention was recalled to his daughter by the impatient movements of her spoon, "very well, that is good exercise; or you will find your brain very clear for a couple of hours' reading or writing. But better still, if you want to hunt up an appetite, go out into the fresh air, take a trip up to the Central Park (you may eat a cracker before you start if you feel 'faint'), stroll through the Ramble, and luxuriate in its quiet beauty at that early hour. Take a ride on horseback if you prefer; but do something moderately, and try to *enjoy doing it;* and I venture to affirm that on your return you will look with uncommon favor upon coffee, rolls, omelet, and the *et ceteras* of a good breakfast."

So, ending his homily, the good man attacked his own coffee and rolls with a relish, apparently conscious that he had taken just enough mental exercise to fit *him* for eating a hearty breakfast!

A pretty good story was related to us the other day.

Some years ago there lived in the city of Boston an author of distinction who was not without certain eccentricities of word and way. One day a friend asked him:

"Professor A., what physician do you employ?"

"Not any," replied the Professor.

"Not any!" echoed his friend, in surprise, knowing that he had a family of some half a dozen children. "What do you do when your children are sick?"

"Well, I don't do any thing for a few days, and then, if they don't begin to get better, I give them calomel."

"Calomel! What, for every disease?"

"Well, yes, for every thing," returned the Professor in his moderate way. "Years ago I always used to call a doctor when the children were sick; and I found his invariable method was to look at the child's tongue, feel the pulse, shake his head, look very wise, and prescribe calomel—it always ended in that. So I thought I might as well give the calomel myself."

"Well—but"—persisted his friend, hesitatingly, "how do you know how much calomel to give?"

"Well—I give a dose; and then, if that is not enough, I give a larger one—and, if it is too much, nature generally disposes of it!"

Some writer thus sympathizes with one class in the community:

"An overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail which killed Sisera into her temple—sometimes tightening around the brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and backaches, and her fits of depression, and many more trials, linked to her fine and noble structure, entitle her to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies."

A popular preacher having asserted his belief that woman was capable of high aspirations, and ought to interest herself in the mental and moral advancement of herself and others, made this remark:

"A woman that is content to wash stockings, and make Johnny-cake, and to look after and bring up her boys faultless to a button, and that never thinks beyond the meal-tub, and whose morality is so small as to be confined to a single house, is an undergrown woman, and will spend the first thousand years after death in coming to that state in which she ought to have been before she died."

It has been the custom in France for a great number of years to train young ladies to the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the clavicle, or collar-bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than in those of the English. As the two nations are of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex, it may be attributed to the habit above-mentioned, which has gradually produced a national elongation of this bone. By this means the French have increased both health and beauty among ladies.

It was a very pretty compliment that Scott, the Commentator, once paid his wife. She is said to have possessed an unusually meek and gentle spirit; but on one occasion, something occurred to ruffle the smoothness of her temper, and her husband said, "My dear, a frown on *your* brow is like a dark cloud across a bright summer sky."

An Enoch Arden has turned up in Indiana. A soldier named Liseton, who went to war leaving a wife and child, and three years ago was reported dead, has just returned to find his child buried and his wife married.

At this season, when nouskeepers are so much annoyed with house-flies, it may be worth while to try the following recipe, which is said effectually to destroy them:

Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one tea-spoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in the room where the flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

The following bull was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple:

"But," said the poor fellow, anxiously, "there is nothing in the world so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't myself—neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening *without either of us being aware that the other was present!*"

A wonderful cashmere shawl, now in Calcutta, will be among the sights of the Great Exhibition at Paris next year. It is worked in arabesques of unheard-of fineness on red ground, and was ten years in the workman's frame. It was originally ordered for the Queen of Oude, not long before the Sepoy revolt.

The animal creation in general seem to be aping the fashions and manners of the "*upper classes.*" We had always supposed the horse to be one of the most intelligent of the quadrupeds; but the following incidents would indicate that the cow has the most highly cultivated taste. A Massachusetts paper gives the following:

"A couple of 'solitary horsemen' might have been seen one day last week wending their way along Main Street behind a sprightly animal. Suddenly the animal took occasion to exhibit his activity and his heels at one and the same time, much to the injury of the vehicle and the consternation of the driver, who was endeavoring to sell the animal to his companion. The horse, in his manœuvres, broke the thills of the wagon, and came to a position of repose, with his face to the wagon. A merchant near by rushed out to assist the wrecked individuals, and caught hold of the harness to pull it off, and lo! the horse's tail came off! The merchant gave one glance at the work of his hands and vanished; while the would-be purchaser, astonished at the animal's agility, was astounded at his artificial 'water-fall.'"

In contrast to this is an account given in a California paper of a cow that evidently has an ear for music. She will permit no one to milk her who will not sing while performing that operation. The moment the music ceases she becomes restless, and will break away unless it is resumed at once, but while the singing progresses she will remain perfectly docile. She does not seem to care so much about the quality of the music, provided the quantity is sufficient.

The following anecdote is related of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, of Manchester, England, who is said to have had an irritable temper:

"The church-yard was surrounded by a low parapet wall, with sharp-ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, while reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beadle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!'"

A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:

"I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid.' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an 'old maid.'"

A London paper announces that Commodore Nutt is about to follow the example of General Tom Thumb, and take to himself a wife. The lady is the Miss Minnie Warren, the diminutive sister of Mrs. Stratton. Nature has been happy in the opportunities she has afforded to these little people for carrying out the doctrine of "natural selection," and they were no doubt made for each other, as the homely phrase runs.

Some patient investigator, who has become vexed at the extravagant prices now demanded for tea, has looked up the matter; and from the Report of the Revenue Commissioners has ascertained that the original price of the fragrant herb, good quality, is about eighteen cents per pound! This is the "ship off" price. The Chinese producer does not get this. There is the export duty, tolls levied at the various stations on the way to port, expenses of packing, and the two or three profits accruing before the tea reaches the hands of the exporting merchant. Adding his profit, the price at a Chinese port of shipment is, as stated, about eighteen cents per pound for good tea. The following fact needs no comment: A pound of Oolong tea was purchased of two different and respectable grocers in New York, on the same day, at one dollar and a half per pound. This tea was immediately taken to one of the leading "tea-brokers," and valued by him at a market price of ninety cents for one of the samples, and ninety-three cents for the other, which was the price at which the tea would have been sold by the importer; while the balance of the cost of the consumer, amounting to some fifty-eight cents, was cribbed by the jobber and the retailer.

THE HARBOR.

A ROARING wind blew out of the south
That dashed the foam against the rocks;
The white-caps danced at the harbor's mouth,
The gulls flew by in screaming flocks;
But never a storm-cloud darkened the sky,
The waves flashed bright in the sinking sun;
And the wind that roared to the sea-bird's cry
Was as gay as youth with its race to run.

White sails were glancing near and far,
And some their journey had just begun;
And some came home to the harbor-bar
From the coral islands of the sun;
Some from the spicy Indian gales—
Some from the icy Arctic breeze;
These tell of battles with mighty whales
In the desolate waste of the Polar seas.

What strange, rare things bring you home to show,
Oh sailor lad! from the palm-crown'd heights?
What from the swart little Esquimaux
Under the arch of the Northern Lights?
What gems do you bring, my sailor man!
From the elephant-trodden Indian shore?
What quaint devices from far Japan?
What radiant shells from Singapore?

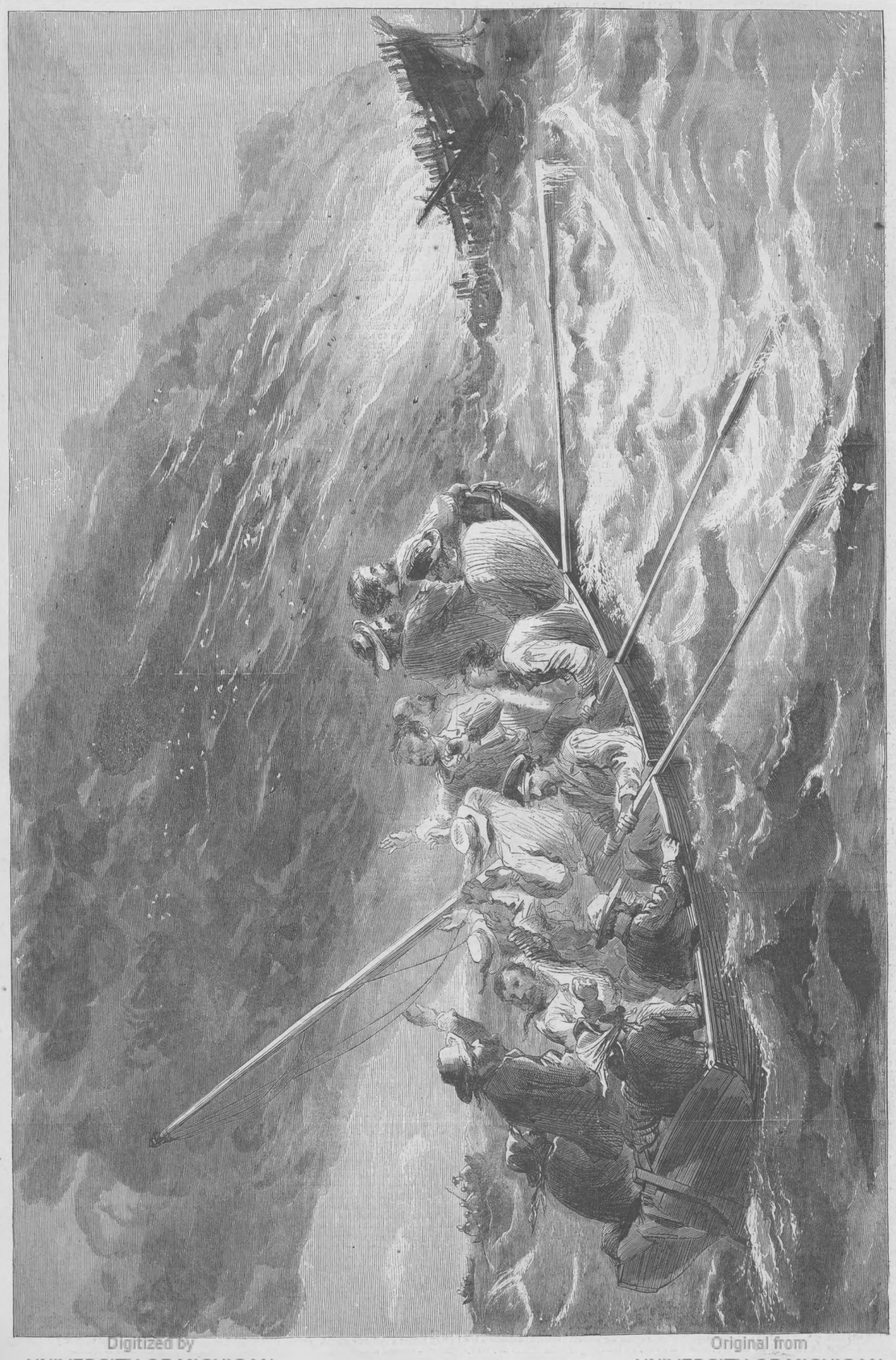
Her hammock, swung from the bread-fruit tree,
The dusky island-maiden swings;
Forever over that charmed sea
The gales that blow are always Spring's!
All through the radiant afternoon
The palm-trees drowse and the wind breathes low;
And up to the rising of the moon
The rollers boom on the shore below.

Up to the moonrise: regular, deep,
They boom on the rocks in spray and showers,
The long, slow clocks of that land of sleep,
They sound the flight of Time and his hours;
But after the rising of the moon,
When cooler airs blow over the sea,
The breakers sink to a lullaby tune
Like the night-birds in the tamarind-tree.

And you have been to those shining shores
Of endless Spring, oh gallant bark!
And you, where the Arctic tempest roars,
From out the dread half-year of Dark!
And to one who sailed from this harbor-bar
'Twas given to reach that mythic goal,
The sea that is under the Northern Star
And rolls in mystery round the Pole.

Many and strange are the thoughts you bring,
Oh beautiful, mysterious ships!
My heart goes out on the sea-bird's wing,
But even its utterance dies on the lips.
The sea of thought is a boundless sea—
Its brightest gems are not thrown on the beach;
The waves that would tell of the mystery
Die and fall on the shore of speech.

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BURNING OF THE CALIFORNIA CLIPPER "HORNET," ONE THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND.—SKETCHED BY MR. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

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rising. "Say no more while this mad temper possesses you. Spare us, and spare yourself."

"No; I will not spare myself. I did plan, I did scheme, I did defraud, I did lie. I was false to my sister, to my uncle, to every one. There was nothing I would not have done or risked for you, because I loved you so, and because it seemed as if my great love *must* win yours in the end."

"If neither for my sake nor your own, then for our child's, I beseech you to command yourself," said Horace.

The vehemence of her passion had so exhausted her that she burst into a storm of hysterical sobs, and fell back upon the couch with the baby wailing and moaning in her arms. Horace went to her, and motioned me away as I advanced:

"Go now, Margaret. You can do no good," he said, softly. And indeed Anna's sobs redoubled at my approach, and she shrank away from me. "Go, and try to forget this miserable scene. God ever bless you for coming, Margaret! Don't—" he hesitated, and then went on in a lower voice—"don't quite desert us. We deserve nothing at your hands, but you are not one to balance that bitter truth against our need of you. And—and, for the sake of this innocent little one, don't desert us, Margaret. Don't quite desert us."

I went away from the room and from the house; and, out of the dark sea of sorrow around me, only one thought rose clearly into my mind. That he had loved me until she turned his heart against me. That he had been deceived. That he had not been coldly false.

For some days after I hesitated whether or not I should tell my uncle that I had been to see Anna. Had my visit ended peacefully, or given me any hope of happier relations arising between us, I would have risked his short-lived anger, and confessed the truth at once. But I shrank from the idea of a recurrence of such harrowing scenes. I could not tell whether he knew of Horace's return to Willborough; but I thought it almost impossible that he should still be ignorant of it. So the week went by, and I was still undecided. At last I resolved to let Uncle Gough know by indirect means. So I requested Stock to gather some choice wall-fruit, for which the gardens of the Gable House were famous, as I wished to send a present to a friend. The old man brought the fruit wrapped in vine-leaves to the morning-room, where I was sitting, and where Uncle Gough was deep in the perusal of the weekly *Gazette* from London. Poor Stock was very feeble now, and bent by rheumatism. My aunt's death had been a real grief to the old man, whose few attachments were very strong and lasting.

"I've been an' got what's left on 'em, Miss Margrit. They bain't like they used to be, but the Lord's will be done!"

"Thank you, Stock. They look very fine, I think."

"Ah, look? If looks was all, some on us 'ud stand but a poor chance. Them nectarines—why, I can remember the season afore iver Bill Green set foot in the place, they was one mash o' juiciness. Bustin' they was with ripeness. Seems to me as tho' summat had clean took the flavor out of everythink." Uncle Gough glanced over the newspaper:

"Ay, ay, Stock. I begin to find that out myself. I'm afraid you and I are both suffering from a complaint that is apt to take the flavor out of every thing. Old age, Stock, old age. But," he added, gently, "it will cure itself, it will cure itself."

"Yes, sure, Sir," answered Stock, conveying something like softness into his hard immovable face and monotonous voice in an indescribable way. "Yes, sure; an' the cure 'il be a lastin' an' a blessed un. Once we gits through the valley o' the shadow, there'll be joyful meetin's t'other side. An' no more partin's. That's the blessedest, Sir, bain't it? No more partin's."

"Margaret," said my uncle, suddenly, when the old man had withdrawn, and I was packing the fruit in an open basket, "who are those nectarines for?" I trembled, but I had made this opportunity, and would not let it slip. So I took courage to answer in as steady a voice as I could command: "Dear uncle, I hope you will not be angry. I thought I might have them. They are to send to my sister Anna."

He still held the *Gazette* before him, so that I could not see his face; but I heard the paper rustle and shake in the dead silence that ensued. I was very much frightened. At length my uncle rose from his chair and walked slowly toward the door; but before he reached it, he held out his hand, and I ran into his arms. "God bless thee, my bairn!" he said very softly, and I felt a tear drop on my forehead. His hand was on the lock, but he paused in the act of opening the door, and said, without turning or looking at me: "I'm going into the garden, my lass. There's a vast of fruit and flowers almost spoiling there. Take whatever you want, and do as you like with them. You—you need never tell me any thing about it."

In this way I obtained an indirect permission to send many little gifts from the Gable House to my sister, and they were accepted. It was a long time before I could bring myself to visit her again, but I did so at last, having heard from one of the servants that the child was ailing sadly. After that, I constantly went to see her. I always chose those hours for going when Horace would probably be absent; and during several months I did not see him half a dozen times. Anna's manner to me fluctuated; but though she was often fretful, irritable, and unreasonable, there was no repetition of the outburst to which she gave way on the occasion of our first meeting. Little Lily was fading and pining, and our anxiety and love for the dear child was a common ground of sympathy between us.

I had had several letters from Madame de Beauguet, giving pleasant accounts of herself and her husband. I had kept her informed, as well as I could, of all that had befallen at the Gable House; of my aunt's death, and of Anna's marriage. My letters, as you may suppose, were but dreary exchanges for her bright, cheerful epistles. But she wished for them, and was glad to hear all about myself that I could make up my mind to tell her. I know she was glad to get my letters, because she said so. Anna would often ask to have news of the De Beauguets. Their life in Canada, and the kind of people who surrounded them, seemed to have an inexhaustible interest for her. Gradually I discovered that she was eagerly endeavoring to persuade Horace to leave England altogether, and try his fortunes abroad. He was restless and unhappy here, she said. Things were not going well with him. There, in America, he would have a wide field for his talents, and would work with energy. But I believe there was a secret unacknowledged feeling at the bottom of her heart that he would belong to her, more entirely and exclusively, when once he should be divided from the familiar scenes and friends that still claimed any regard from him at home. Be that as it might, Anna had set her heart upon this scheme, and pursued it with headlong vehemence. How Horace thought of it I could not tell; he never spoke to me on the subject. And, besides, as I have said, we very, very seldom met. But an unforeseen and painful circumstance unexpectedly occurred to make him think seriously of the project. Old Mr. Lee was in the habit of receiving large sums of money for the baronet, his employer, and, Sir Robert being seldom at the Hall, had very nearly absolute control of the property. There was no appeal from Mr. Lee's decision for any tenant on the estate. Notwithstanding an arrogant pomposity of manner, and an implicit belief in the infallibility of his own wisdom, he was considered, on the whole, to deal fairly between landlord and tenant. Even those who most disliked him—I am sorry to say they were rather numerous—had to restrict their animadversions to the offensive "stuck-up-ishness of his manner." "Our old gander 'minds me always of Mr. Lee," said Farmer Gibson once. "When he swims under the stone arch of the bridge on the river, he ducks his head down every time, just as though he was high enough and strong enough to carry away bridge and all, if he wasn't precious careful. Now, the arch is a good six foot over him, let him crane his neck up as he will; but the silly bird can't see that. It's just the same with the steward. Why, when he comes into our place, he stoops down, so condescending, for fear he should do us a mischief like. Lord, we're a mile above his head all the time! Only, ye see, he don't know it, no more 'n the gander."

Unfortunately this blind pride was destined to have a fall which crushed other people in its ruins. I dare say my uncle had heard rumors of the impending crash, in Willborough, before it came. Disaster seldom comes unheralded by a warning atmosphere of its own. But I lived so entirely out of even our little world, that the evil tidings took me quite unprepared. It seems that Mr. Lee, relying solely on his own judgment, and taking no counsel of those whose experience might have guided him, had embarked all he possessed in a ruinous speculation, which burst, leaving him and many others nearly penniless. But this was not the worst. The worst was overwhelmingly bad. It was hinted that Mr. Lee had not risked and lost his own merely. For the error in judgment of losing his own perhaps more pity than indignation might have been bestowed on him: though, in truth, the world is generally very angry with people who lose their money, and finds it dreadfully hard to forgive that offense. But it was asserted that a very large sum which Mr. Lee had received for Sir Robert, and which he should have deposited in the county bank, had been appropriated by him to this other purpose—no doubt with the full intention of replacing it—and was lost with his own property in the general ruin. I first heard the news from Anna, who was half distracted about it. "He has disgraced us—disgraced Horace. That is the misery. The loss of his own money would have been a serious misfortune, of course. But this is shame and ruin." I cautioned my sister not to speak in that unguarded way until the truth of the matter should be positively ascertained. But she took this in ill part, asking me if I supposed the good name of her husband's father were not as dear to her as to me? Briefly, she was in no mood to be argued with, and I could only hope that, in her excitement, she had exaggerated the extent of the evil. But on venturing to speak to my uncle of the matter, I learned, to my dismay, that the worst had been confirmed, and that Mr. Lee would not only be a ruined man, but one with a slur upon his name henceforward. "Uncle, what will they do with Mr. Lee? Can Sir Robert punish him? How will it be?" In my anxiety I forgot the tacit understanding between us that the name of Lee was never more to be mentioned at the Gable House. Uncle Gough forgot it too, perhaps; for he answered with a troubled face, "My lassie, it is a bad business. I am told his son is making every effort to repay the money belonging to Sir Robert; if he can do so, they say it will be hushed up. As to old Lee's own savings, they are blown to the four winds of heaven, like the dust of last summer." This was the calamity which made Horace finally resolve to leave England. He sold his share in Rotherwood's business to young Clinch; and the sum thus raised, together with his savings during the past year, sufficed to replace Sir Robert's money. I believe the baronet behaved considerately, and forebore to take legal proceedings, on the assurance from Horace that his property should be restored. But of course Mr. Lee lost the situation he had filled so many years, and in his old age was cast destitute on the world. When all was done, there remained but a slender store wherewith to take Horace and his wife and child to Canada. He resolved on going first to Quebec, in the hope that De Beauguet—now a prosperous man—might be able to assist him to find employment. It was a sad, sad time. I was with them very much, rendering what assistance I could. Soon after it was settled that they should go, my uncle announced to me one day that he would be absent from Willborough for a week or so.

"I'm going to bide with Norcliffe, Madge," he said. "He has often asked me to go and see him, but I have never had the heart to do it yet. You'll be more at liberty when I am out of the way for a season. I'll be back with you, my darling, on the twentieth."

Horace and my sister were to leave Willborough on the nineteenth. Before my uncle started for Beckington, almost at the last moment, he gave me a little packet.

"This," said he, nervously, "is for you, Madge. It is your own, to do as you will with. I put no restriction whatever on the use you are to make of it, but don't let me hear of it any more."

When he was gone I opened it. It contained a bank-note for fifty pounds. The few days preceding my sister's departure were very busy days, and seemed to fly past us.

On the last evening I was left alone with Horace. Anna had quitted us to put her infant to rest, and we sat in the bare dismantled room, surrounded by the discomfort and desolation which attend the preparations for a long journey, while the evening shadows were deepening rapidly into darkness. Then, for the first time, I learned that old Mr. Lee was to accompany them. "I could not leave my father here to starve, Margaret," said Horace. "I have no means of providing for him. He must cast in his lot with us. Besides, Willborough scenes and Willborough people are painful to him now. It is best that we should all go and hide our shame and misery together."

"I hope," said I, faltering, "I hope and trust your going may be for the best. There are some here who think that this—this—"

"This disgrace," suggested Horace, bitterly.

"—this misfortune—need not have driven *you* from England. You, at least, are blameless."

"Am I?" he returned, in a tone that sent a sharp pang to my heart. "Yes, oh yes! I am blameless. Margaret, do you think I could have gone on living this life much longer? It was killing me."

"Horace!"

"Yes, it was killing me and killing her. We can never know happiness again."

"Oh, Horace, do not say so!"

"Never, never again. But at least the daily and hourly torture we both endure in this place may be lessened. I am a wretch to distress you, Margaret," he said, rising and going to the window: "a selfish wretch. But the truth is, I am worn out, mind and body, by these last few weeks. I scarcely know what I am doing sometimes."

I saw his hand go wearily up to his head against the dim window-pane.

"I know you are not well," I answered, struggling to regain composure; "I have seen it for some time. The voyage and the change may be of service to you, and to my poor pale Lily. Horace, I have but one other word to say, and I say it with my whole heart—be good to Anna. She loves you; be patient with her; remember she will have but you in all the world now."

"God help her, poor girl!" he answered. "Yes, Margaret, you may trust me to be patient with her. Who should be patient with her, if not I? We must help each other."

When Anna rejoined us we sat and talked a while with some poor assumption of cheerfulness. We spoke of our old governess, and of her wedding-day, and I sent many messages to her and to her husband. Before I left I went to look at baby sleeping in her cot, and slipped into her little tender hand a paper containing my uncle's gift. I had written on it, "To Lily, from Aunt Margaret." But the following day the little servant brought me a letter, left with her for me by my sister. It contained the bank-note and these words: "If my uncle chooses to recognize me as his niece and adopted daughter I will cheerfully accept his assistance, but I will take nothing in the shape of alms from you. A. L."

Stubborn, self-tormenting spirit! Poor misguided girl!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IMPORTANT TO NAUTICAL MEN.—The best light for the binnacle. Stearine candles.

BEAT THAT.—We know a man so clever with his lathe that he can even turn a deaf ear.

During a visit to England an Irish lady was one day defending her country with characteristic warmth against charges made concerning its bull-making propensities by a witty Englishman. "Well," he at length exclaimed, "if you won't allow you commit bulls, you must, at all events, confess you commit an outrageous number of murders!" "Granted," cried the Irish girl; "yet even our murders are not at all so atrocious in their character as your English ones." "Oh, now, now!" broke in the gentleman, mischievously, "only listen to this girl defending her murders!" "No," she replied: "not defending, but comparing them. It is seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearthstone with blood, if his wife offend him; a few hard words, or at most a few hard blows, are her punishment; but if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely *she will go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut.*"

Why is a noisy tumult like a boatman rowing against the current?—Because it is an *uproar* (up-rower).

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog?—One wears a shirt, the other pants.

Somebody, evidently an old bachelor used to such things, thus describes how they do in Maine: "Quaker young ladies in this Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young temperance woman, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge, 'Mr.——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules; are you willing?' You nod acquiescence. She gently steps closer to you, lays her white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylphlike form upon tip-toe, her snowy, heaving bosom against your own, and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sugar, molasses, lily, rose-bud, cream-tart, apple-pie, peach-pudding, apple-dumpling, gingerbread, nectar lips against yours, and (O Jerusalem, hold us!) kisses you. Hurrah for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!"

"Pray," inquired one minister of another, seeing so many ladies attend his church, "why do you invariably address your congregation as 'dear brethren?'" "Oh, the answer is easily given," he replied; "the brethren embrace the sisters."

EXCELLENT HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Raised Crust.—Stick a crust of bread on your fork and raise it in the air.

Jugged Hair.—Get up very early in the morning and dip your head in the water-jug; you will thus have jugged hair to perfection.

Apple Turnover.—Throw your apple down stairs. This is a simple but excellent way of making apple turnover.

To take out Ink-stains in Linen.—Throw the soiled garment over your shoulder and walk down the High Street with it.

An Ice Cream.—Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, stir gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss; you will soon have a nice scream.

A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning that he had slept like a top. "I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

CONUNDRUM FOR CONVOCATION.—A reverend gentleman, the Canon of a Cathedral, had his pocket picked. Why was this Canon like an Armstrong Gun?—Of course, because he was rifled.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't *sleep at night for dreaming of her.* A parallel instance to this occurred when a poor fellow protested to "his girl" in the hay-field that his two eyes *hadn't gone together all night* for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied this sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is between them."



"PORK IS GOING UP."—*Cincinnati Paper.*

WILLIE.

Willie came to me a wooing,
Fie! Willie, fie!
To no purpose all your suing,
I'll not wed—not I.

Willie only came more often,
Fie! Willie, fie!
All your talking ne'er can soften
Such a maid as I.

Still he came and still he pleaded,
Fie! Willie, fie!
Sure such rash vows ne'er were needed,
I'll not wed—not I.

That is, stupid! not at present—
Go, Willie, go;
Such rude questions are unpleasant—
Can't you take a No!

Begging, supplicating, pressing;
No, Willie, no!
All at once—'twas quite distressing—
Willie turned to go.

When I found I couldn't get him
Aught more sweet to say—
Go—of *course* I couldn't let him—
Willie, darling!—stay!

A HOUSE TO LET.

PARTY WITH ORDER TO VIEW. "Can you tell me why the last tenant left?"

PARTY IN CHARGE. "Left? Lor, poor dear man, he didn't leave. Lived here till the werry last, and hanged himself in that there very room."

A man who is advertising lodgings "to let for early risers," at Danbury, Connecticut, adds: "Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers are kept on the adjoining premises."

"Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?" "Certainly, upon one condition." "Name it." "That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck." "I must give it up." "Well, it is because *I can't see it.*"

What riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away?—Ost-riches.

LURED.

SAID the wind to the lamp in the light-house tower,
"Come out and play with me;
Thou shalt light my path in the midnight hour,
Alone o'er the stormy sea."

He whistled in vain o'er the raging foam,
And wooed—but no answer came;
While safe and bright in its lofty home
Burnt the coy and steadfast flame.

"Come away, come away, thou art prisoner there
While others may revel free;
My soft caresses come merrily share,
Come out and play with me."

"I may not be lured from my eyrie above
To light thee o'er billow or foam;
Much peril I see in thy boisterous love,
Much safety for me in my home."

He toyed with the lattice so softly—as sweet
As the zephyr of evening his breath—
Till he laid the full warmth of his love at her feet,
And she yielded to freedom—and death!

O maidens! the lamp in that light-house tower
Has ne'er out of darkness arisen;
Beware of the perilous love of an hour,
Or the feeling that home is a prison.

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GOVERNOR PAUL DILLINGHAM, OF VERMONT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON.]

GOVERNOR DILLINGHAM OF VERMONT.

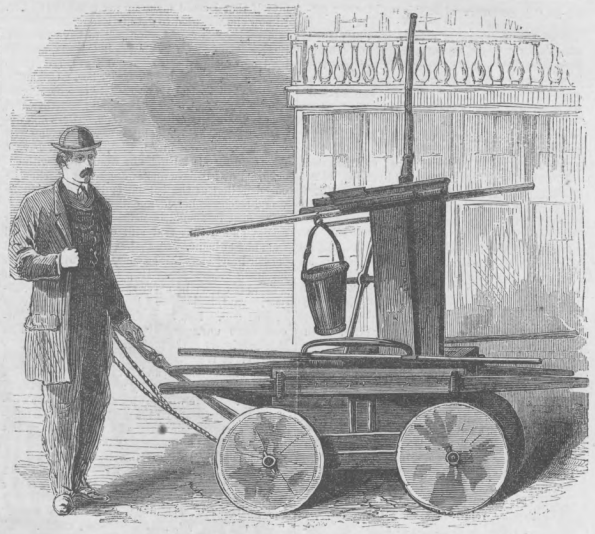
WE give on this page a portrait of Honorable PAUL DILLINGHAM, who has just been elected Governor of Vermont.

PAUL DILLINGHAM was the son of PAUL and HANNAH (SMITH) DILLINGHAM, and was born in Shutesbury, Massachusetts, August 10, 1799. His father served the country in the Revolutionary War, first in the Massachusetts Militia for six months, then in the Continental Army three years, from June 1777 to 1780, his regiment being connected with that part of the army which was under the more immediate command of General WASHINGTON. His grandfather, JOHN DILLINGHAM, served in the "Old French War," and was killed in June, 1759, in the battle preceding the surrender of Quebec to WOLFE.

When about six years old he removed with his parents to Waterbury, Vermont, which has ever since been his home. In 1818 and 1819 he attended Washington County Grammar school at Montpelier, then under the tuition of SENECA WHITE, a recent graduate at Dartmouth; and in 1820 he commenced the study of law with Honorable DAN CARPENTER of Waterbury. He was admitted to the Washington County Bar at the September term of 1824, and from that date has been in the active service of his profession. As a jury lawyer he has long stood among the first, if not the very first of all, in Vermont.

He was Town-Clerk of Waterbury from 1829 to 1844. In 1833 he was elected the representative of Waterbury in the Legislature, and was re-elected the next year. In 1835 he was elected State Attorney for Washington County, and held the office for three years. In 1836 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1843 to 1847 he was a member of the United States Congress. In 1861 he was a member of the State Senate; in 1862, 1863, and 1864 he was Lieutenant-Governor, and having acquitted himself nobly in all the places he has held, he well deserves the highest honor which the State of Vermont ever bestows upon one of its citizens.

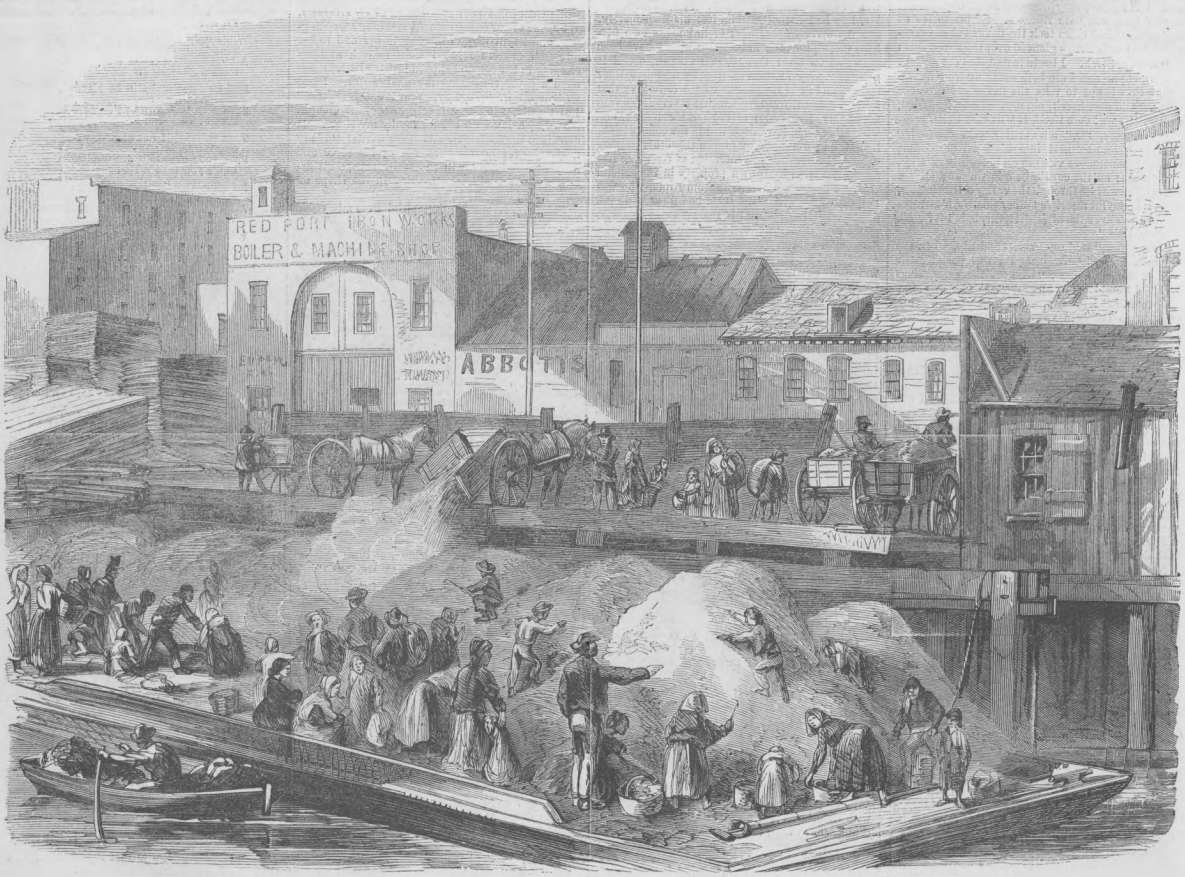
MR. DILLINGHAM was a Democrat by birth and education, and always acted with the Democratic party; not, however, without many inward and some outward protests against its subserviency to slavery. During the last Presidential campaign he was a frequent speaker at popular meetings, not only in Vermont, but in New Hampshire and New York. His devotion to the Union has not been made manifest by words alone. He gave two sons to fight, one of them to die, for the country.



THE OLDEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

DUMPING GROUND, FOOT OF BEACH STREET.

OUR engraving below furnishes a faithful picture representing an everyday scene at any of the great dumping grounds of the city. These nondescripts whom our artist has portrayed digging so busily and eagerly at this heap of rubbish live upon the refuse of respectable folk. The bones and coals and rags gathered together by these people are taken to the various receptacles of such articles, and the meagre pittance obtained in return is spent for a little bread and as much bad whisky as can be bought. And so these miserables live until life can no longer be sustained; but even at death, it may be said that they only come into a little closer contact with the corruption which has tainted the atmosphere of their poor lives.



DUMPING GROUND AT THE FOOT OF BEACH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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POOR CHRISTINE.

"I REMEMBER it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft and capital and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because, in striving after such early wages, he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, toward which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and those mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and whereso-ever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long sought, long unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching board and all his materials for drawing with him, and holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of every thing about him distracted him so at first that a few days had passed before he could do any thing but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two attracted by



"POOR CHRISTINE."

curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked, and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward before he turned homeward to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scathless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked:

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "Oh no, monsieur; I know every body who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of *me*," Frank said, good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I



PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

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have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half pitying smile, and said,

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them though they *are* dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all *was* so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply; "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said Out from the gray, solemn stones there seemed a thousand voices that spoke to *him:* how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet that to *her* every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said "good-by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there—it is 10 o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at 10 o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work too. By-the-way, I wonder—oh, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me*?" and the girl blushed with sudden, half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her, bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half-way, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur; but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know I have a mother too, and I work for her. We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur!" she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do any thing else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence, she said, simply and earnestly: "It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living—harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and—"But even me—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said, smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm, gray summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and as his sketch went on, and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed full of gladness to him, and *his* life especially—his glorious painter's life—so great and noble! He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it *almost* seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day among the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl—real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad; but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was: he knew, as he sat at work, that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers—the girl whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make any thing of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"Oh, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half-timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly: "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it, I will make a copy of it for her."

"Oh, monsieur is too good!". But the color flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had before this had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, searching out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonnette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterward, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three—so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were—draw to each other? He could never tell—could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterward could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women—women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamed of the height or depth of any thing in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt—could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once in the old, dead days of his early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretagne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all besides; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his—those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for every thing around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southward across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learned both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her. He would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hill-top, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"Oh, Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together, and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "*You* will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but *I* shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "Monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said, presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone but to remember? When I come here can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think *you* will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream; while *we*—" with a passionate gesture that he did not see she clasped her hands and uttered her last words with a broken sob; "monsieur, when *we* lose you we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it, and drew her arm down round his neck;

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times!" he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after-years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the courtyard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterward forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half-audibly,

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not

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fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment among the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half-sadly. "We can not put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music toward them through the door.

"We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle.

The last days of Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN were made comfortable by the use of JONAS WHITCOMB'S Asthma Remedy. Letters from his physician, and from Mr. VAN BUREN himself, express much gratification with the result of its use.

The popular Dentrifice, Rogers's Fragrant Odontoline. Any druggist will order it for you. Price 75 cts. ROGERS & MAXFIELD, Proprietors, 35 Cedar St., New York. DEMAS BARNES & Co., General Agents.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

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The above articles for sale by all druggists and perfumers.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE EACH.

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WINER'S CANADIAN VERMIFUGE
FOR EXPELLING WORMS.

Remember, it is the only thing that can be depended upon. It has had years of trial, and has always been hailed with joy by the suffering. Price 25c. per bottle.

For sale by all Druggists, and by T. W. WRIGHT & CO., Sole Proprietors, No. 100 Liberty Street, N. Y.

BATH, HOMBURG.

In order of the Council of the town of Homburg there has been constituted a CUR-COMMISSION. The same has to give answers in all occurring questions from abroad, as well as to give advice in the place itself to all strangers who should be in want of same. The Commission is formed out of independent residents of the place. With regard to the many questions made latterly by letter and telegraph, the undersigned recommends strongly to the present, as well as the outward strangers, to address themselves to this commission, which is placed under public authority.

Letters and telegrams will be answered forthwith.

SCHLEUSSNER,
The Burgomaster of Homburg.

Allcock's Porous Plasters.

HARTFORD, CONN., Nov. 11, 1864.

MESSRS. THOS. ALLCOCK & CO.,—Please send, with dispatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

J. W. JOHNSON, M.D.

Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

Sold by all Druggists in the United States and Canada.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE—The Ladies' Literary Conservatory of Art, Novelty, and Beauty, furnishing the Best Stories, by the Best Authors, Best Poems, Best Engravings, Best Fashions, Best Miscellany, Best Paper, Best Printing, and the best in every thing calculated to make a Magazine entertaining, useful, and beautiful, or, as the *New York Independent* says, "Universally acknowledged the Model Parlor Magazine of America." Yearly, $3, with a valuable premium to each subscriber. The October Number, with brilliant novelties, now ready. Liberal terms and splendid premiums for Clubs. Single copies 30 cents, post free. Address

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Agents wanted. Extraordinary inducements. The only bona fide household article for agents to sell. Send for circulars. J. P. Henrie & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EXTRA TRIBUNE
FOR THE
POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or intensity, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of this treachery is to put the steadfast Loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" Rebels, and to enable the latter to glut their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit now rampant in the South, whereof the Pro-Rebel triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hood are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to office in preference even to stay-at-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others as policemen of Southern cities; they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of Loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS of AMERICAN FREEMEN. The school-houses of the Blacks are burned, and their white teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who do the work of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and execrations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing Representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that those who resist it shall be treated as rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—for the right of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to strengthen the hands of CONGRESS for the inevitable contest before us.

We must convince the SOUTH and the COPPERHEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an unchangeable fact—that the glorious CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the humblest AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, and must be maintained against all gainsayers—that the days wherin BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have passed away forever.

We hold to-day the power in all the Free States of 1860, in West Virginia, and in Missouri beside. We must hold these in our ensuing elections, and add to them Maryland and Delaware—the former lost to us through treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the Fortieth Congress an overwhelming majority devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and the inalienable Rights of Man.

To this end let Light and Truth be systematically diffused to every neighborhood, every fireside, throughout our broad country.

To this end we propose an extra issue of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE (identical in size and contents with the regular edition), which we will supply to all Subscriptions received prior to September 12, on the following terms, the paper to be sent and subscriptions to commence on receipt of the money:

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All friends of the cause are invited to form clubs.

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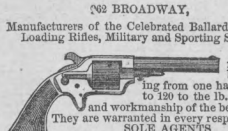
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Cured by Bates' Pat. Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,
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The miasma which generates epidemic fevers is now rising in clouds under the blazing beams of the dog-day sun. Every living body, as well as refuse animal and vegetable matter, emits unwholesome vapors, and in crowded cities and the dense assemblages which business and pleasure call together, the elements of disease are evolved. The pressure upon every vital organ is never so great as in the second and third months of summer, and common sense teaches us that these organs require to be reinforced to meet it.

We hold our lives, so to speak, on a *repairing lease*, and this is the season when the process of dilapidation is most rapid, and repairs are most required. Therefore *build up, prop, and sustain the powers of nature* with that mighty vegetable recuperant, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. He who takes it may be said to clothe himself in sanitary mail, against which epidemic disease will hurl its poisoned shafts in vain. This is no gratuitous assertion, but a great *medical fact*, attested by twelve years' experience in every climate of the habitable globe. Extremes of temperature always disturb the functions of the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the skin. It is through these that the most dangerous maladies assail us. Tone them in advance with

Hostetter's Bitters,

And defy heat and malaria.

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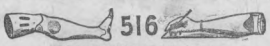
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[From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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A NATURAL QUESTION.

MASTER GUS. "Aunt ELIZA, does Captain VAN TULIP wear Rats in his Mustache? I think I see the Tails sticking out!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
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(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
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MUSKETS, CARBINES, AND SPORTING RIFLES,
FOR METALLIC CARTRIDGES,
Manufactured by the
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These arms are made in the most perfect manner, are interchangeable in all their parts, and are unequaled for symmetrical appearance, simplicity, accuracy of fire, and strength. They have been received with remarkable favor in our own and several other countries, and can now be supplied in large numbers. Send for descriptive pamphlets and illustrated price-lists, printed in English, French, German, or Spanish.

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This now celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, effectiveness, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small (only 7 in.), with larger *metallic water-proof cartridge* (32-100 ball) than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Send for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 73 Beekman Street, New York.

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STEREOPTICON, DISSOLVING VIEW,
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Magic-Lantern Pictures and Apparatus.
Complete outfits and instructions furnished. For illustrated Catalogue and information, address
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Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Sent by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of $8.
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Constipation, Sick Headache, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Distress after Eating, are surely cured by the use of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. It is certainly the greatest remedy in existence. For sale by Druggists every where.

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GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
Have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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YOUNG HYSON, 80 cts., 90 cts., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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[For further particulars see former editions of this paper.]

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to

Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

Evidence after Eight Months' Trial.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *July* 31, 1866.

Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

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L. CASS CARPENTER.

2 lbs. Japan	H. H. Knight	at $1 25	$2 50
1 lb. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	35
1 lb. Japan	Miss Duffy	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. do.	Miss Allen	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb do.	T. M. Afee	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	W. S. Waller	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Imperial	L. D. Roberts	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan	C. Becker	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	35
5 lbs. Rio Coffee	W. Mirty	at 28	1 40
4 lbs. Green Coffee	W. Stitcham	at 35	1 40
2 lbs. Oolong	S. R. Brown	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at 1 10	2 20
1 lb. Gunpowder	D. S. Holland	at 1 25	1 25
8 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	2 80
2 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Dooley	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	—— Trewult	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. do.	—— Snead	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Mixed	J. A. Domal	at 1 00	2 00
3 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	1 05
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. J. M. Gill	at 40	1 20
2 lbs. do.	S. J. Gass	at 40	80
1 lb. Japan	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. do.	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. do.	do.	at 1 25	1 25
10 lbs. Rio Coffee	—— De Mowbray	at 28	2 80
5 lbs. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	5 00
1 lb. do.	H. Pitts	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	do.	at 1 20	1 20
1 lb. Japan	B. Messer	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. do.	J. G. Sachden	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. B. Parkman	at 40	80
10 lbs. Green Coffee	D. M. Lawrence	at 35	3 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	A. Watts	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
2 lbs. Green Coffee	J. Cox	at 35	70
5 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Ramsay	at 1 00	5 00
4 lbs. Imperial	—— Putney	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. do.	A. Thomas	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. do.	T. H. Brooks	at 1 00	1 00
Carried up			$77 70

Brought up			$77 70
1½ lbs. Young Hyson	do.	at 1 25	1 88
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
1 lb. do.	F. Dutton	at 40	40
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. do.	A. S. Stirtevant	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Souchong	J. F. Burr	at 1 20	2 40
1 lb. Japan	J. M. Adams	at 1 25	1 25
½ lb. Gunpowder	do.	at 1 25	63
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Colmes	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Japan	E. Kenny	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	J. Cook	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	S. A. Thomason	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	do.	at 40	1 20
5 lbs. do.	F. H. Campbell	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	C. S. Tinsett	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
2 lbs. do.	M. Cross	at 40	80
1 lb. Souchong	do.	at 1 20	1 20
1 lb. Oolong	S. M. Wooley	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	do.	at 40	40
2 lbs. do.	W. H. Bartell	at 40	80
2 lbs. do.	M. Burnett	at 40	80
1 lb. Oolong	J. E. Brady	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	E. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Green Coffee	do.	at 35	70
5 lbs. Ground Coffee	I. Carpenter	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. do.	M. St. Clair	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Gunpowder	F. Armstrong	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	do.	at 40	2 00
2 lbs. do.	M. Burnett	at 40	80
6 lbs. do.	R. Doyle	at 40	2 40
1 lb. Imperial	do.	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	do.	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	—— Edson	at 1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Oolong	R. Calf	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	D. Green	at 40	80
1 lb. Souchong	J. H. Robinson	at 1 20	1 20
			$131 36

NATIONAL BENEVOLENCE FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUILDING IN THE NORTHWEST THE SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' AND WIDOWS' HOME!

MUNIFICENT DONATIONS!
10,000 Acres of Splendid Farm Lands! and 1157 Building Lots!
Are to be disposed of on the 24th day of December, 1866, to Subscribers, for the benefit of the
SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' AND WIDOWS' HOME, OF ST. JOSEPH, MO.

This land, which is fully equal to any on the globe, lies in the Counties of Atchison, Gentry, Holt, Harrison, Bates, Nodaway, and Vernon, and has been generously donated to this charity by the noble patriots of our country. The Trustees have divided the same into 141 FARMS, as follows:

ONE PRIZE, Farm of 640 acres in Atchison Co., valued at	$10,000
THREE PRIZES, Farms each 320 acres—aggregate value	15,000
TEN PRIZES, Farms each 160 acres—aggregate value	25,000
TWENTY-SEVEN PRIZES, Farms each 80 acres—aggregate value	33,750
ONE HUNDRED PRIZES, Farms each 40 acres—aggregate value	62,750
1157 PRIZES OF BUSINESS LOTS, and one-half and one-quarter acre lots, in the town of Sedgwick, in Atchison Co., directly on the St. Joseph and Council Bluffs Railroad, and within three miles of the Missouri River	121,720

Forming a Total of 1298 Prizes of Real Estate—Amounting to $267,470!

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MAGIC LANTERNS
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THE Howe Sewing Machines, lock stitch, for Families and Manufacturers. They are world-renowned. *The Howe Machine Co.*, 699 Broadway, N. Y.

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B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this "Yeast Powder" in 15 minutes. No shortening is required when sweet milk is used. Nos. 64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.

Agents Wanted.—$2000 a Year. and expenses to male or female agents, to introduce a new and useful invention absolutely needed in every household. Agents preferring to work on commission can earn from $20 to $50 per day. For particulars address W. G. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

MADAME JUMEL'S *Mammarial Balm and Patent Breast Elevator*, to develop the natural beauty of the form on physiological principles. Depot 368 Canal St., N. Y. Send stamp for circulars. Madame Jumel's Wrinkle Obliterator. Sold by Druggists.

BOKER'S BITTERS,
For sale by all prominent Grocers, Wine-Merchants, and Druggists, and wholesale only by L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Agent, No. 66 Liberty Street, New York.

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For Ladies and Gentlemen. The largest assortment in the New World.
TO BE HAD EVERY WHERE,
And at wholesale and retail at the manufactory, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

1866 Fall Fashions.
J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability,* and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World.*
AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 510.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A CENTENNIAL SONG.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, M.A.

THOU, O all-inspiring Spirit! all-illuming, unconfined,
Deep from out the inmost ardors of the calm, eternal Mind
Breathe on us thy fiery effluence, those who hear, and him who sings,
Flash through every soul thy fervors! Waft us all on rapture's wings!

Ere from godlike bliss Edenic lured and hurled by hosts of hell,
Man, the favorite of Jehovah, like a new-born planet fell,
In the counsels of creation, ere the endless silence heard:
"LET THERE BE!"—and worlds from nothing rolled harmonious at the word;—
There, ere eldest archangelic orders hymned the wondrous plan,
Yearned the undiscovered Godhead with the love that died for man:
Yearned, and when he fell proclaimed it in that promise faint and far,
Glimmering down Earth's twilight distance like a dim and misty star.
Down long prehistoric ages, down the patriarchal years,
Dawned its beams on saints and sages, rose on raptured bards and seers,
Till, with one wild burst of anthems warbling through a thousand spheres,
Lo, Immanuel, Everlasting Saviour, Prince of Peace, appears!

Day immortal! Day uncelebrated still, though Earth so long
Beats and pants with pulse seraphic, soaring up the heights of song!
Not by mortal lays, and not by all the ecstatic choirs above,
Ever has been, ever shall be told Redemption's depth of love.
As the broad, bright tides of morning stream o'er Ocean's boundless breast,
As from out the East the lightning shineth even to the West,
So, through every land and language to the known world's farthest bound,
Flew the glad news of salvation and the long-lost Eden found!

Wondrous then the change transforming hearts and nations in a day!
Men, to moles and bats their idols casting, owned Messiah's sway;
Art, philosophy and learning, song and science, power and fame,
Thrones and kingdoms, mightiest empires, all adored Immanuel's name.

Then, alas! a wave of midnight o'er the troubled nations spread;
Manhood failed and Freedom perished; learning, science, song were dead;
And the great salvation, bought for man with agony divine,
Bound, blasphemed, was sold for lucre, bartered at an impious shrine!

Lo, once more celestial sunrise wide o'er Earth in splendor plays!
Gloom and error flee before it, smit with Truth's resistless rays!
Rack and dungeon, axe and fagot, all in vain its light withstand;
God's almighty love must conquer,—who can bind Jehovah's hand?
Wickliffe, Huss, Savanarola, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer rose,
Wrapped in zeal like Israel's prophets when they pled with Israel's foes;
Rending off the soul's base bondage, long in blood and vileness trod,
Pointing faith alone to Jesus, conscience only to its God.

Then, with vast and wondrous quickening, lo! the mind of man awoke!
Nations started from their slumbers as at midnight thunder-stroke!
Seas were crossed, new worlds discovered, stars unknown from darkness swung!
'Round the globe the shout of progress rang through every land and tongue!

Then, ah! then a cloud of evil, scoffing, doubt, dispute, and sin
Veiled the brightness of the dawning, shut the heavenly sunrise in;
Wrapped in shade Immanuel's standard, late o'er longing lands unfurled;
Damped the fire on Zion's altars, dimmed her light that lights the world!
But not thus could fail God's promise, purposed ere the world began,
Breathing, burning down the ages unextinguished love for man:
Not one jot or tittle written ever from his law shall fail;
'Gainst the Church, by Jesus planted, gates of hell shall ne'er prevail.

Lo! immortal WESLEY, scorning ease and pleasure, honor, fame,
All his mind on fire from heaven, all his heart with love a-flame,
All his ardent soul illumed, anointed with the Holy Ghost,
Sanctified and sealed, arises, called to lead the blood-washed host!
Called to preach the great salvation, boundless, endless, full and free,
Grace that saves man's utmost being, saves through all eternity!

Thousands caught the rapturous tidings; heard, believed with shouts of praise;
Spread from isle to isle the story, set Britannia in a blaze!
O'er three thousand miles of ocean winds and waves the message bore,
Like a spark from heaven falling, kindling on this New World's shore!
Here a while, repressed, it smouldered, till, by God's own Spirit fanned,
Glimmering, rising, spreading, mounting, soon it swept o'er all the land!

First in *Barbara Heck's* pure spirit leapt to life the long-pent gleam;
Swift from soul to soul it lightened, darting wide its dazzling beam,
Till, as flames o'er autumn prairies fling their banners fierce and high,
Mingling in a fiery ocean flashing earth and glowing sky,
So the chariot of Jehovah, wrapped in brightness, as of yore,
In a pentecostal whirlwind swept the wondering nations o'er!

Embury and *Webb* and *Strawbridge* first the lambent tongues confessed;
Otterbein, *Whitefield*, *Asbury*, and *Watters*, *Boehm*, *Newman*, *Albright*, blessed;—



PHILIP EMBURY'S HOUSE,
In which the first Methodist Sermon was preached in the City of New York, 1766.



STRAWBRIDGE MEETING-HOUSE, MD., 1768.



THE RIGGING LOFT,
Occupied as a Preaching-place by the Methodists of New York in 1766.



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, IN NEW YORK.
Built in John Street in 1768.

ASBURY, the great Apostle; *Whatcoat*, *Rankin*, *Shadford*, *Lee*; *Abbott*, *Garretson*, and *Coughlan*, *Neal*, *M'Geary*, *Black*, *Loses*; *Wooster*, *Poythress*, *Cooper*, *Dickens*, *George*, *M'Kendree*, *Roberts*, *Cook*; *Emory*, *Hedding*, *Fisk*, and *Olin*, *Bangs*, all graved in God's great book;—
Names illustrious as their labors;—deathless as the march of time;—
Bright with undecaying glory—sainted, high, serene, sublime!

Then rose venerable "JOHN STREET," and "SAINT GEORGE'S" ample shrine,
Altars where God's own Shekinah burned with ceaseless light divine;
Where the living word, like lightning, fell from fire-touched lips of old,
And the shouts of new-born thousands heavenward like an anthem rolled!
Not alone the blissful baptism Wesley's favored followers knew,
O'er the land, inspired and radiant, matchless, wondrous WHITEFIELD flew:
Every priesthood, creed, and order owned the impulse, proved the power;
Far and widening spread the influence, deepening, heightening every hour.

Next came war and revolution. Strife and uproar shook the land;
Leagued oppression toiled to conquer Freedom's young heroic band;
But Jehovah, God of battles, saved the weak but smote the strong,
And a NATION rose victorious, hailed around the world with song!

Then, with her, a CHURCH as mighty called her heralds from afar,
Chose her chiefs, and rose organic, marshaled for a heavenlier war:
"FREE GRACE," "FREEDOM," "FULL SALVATION," on her blood-stained
banner flew;
And around the cross she wrapped the starry flag—red, white, and blue!
True to man, and true to Jesus, panoplied in light she stood;
Heaven to her one hope for all men, man one blood-bought brotherhood.
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD" and "PERFECT LOVE" illumed her van;—
Thus complete her march triumphant down the centuries began.

Then what future lay before her, save Jehovah who could tell?
What her agonies and conquests, how her gathering hosts should swell
Till, to-day, the shouts of millions shake the earth and cleave the sky,
Echoed back by millions ransomed, warbling through eternity!
On, through storms that rocked the nations, bold she held her glorious track,
Grandly stood for God and justice, cast no glance of trembling back;
And when hell-born, foul rebellion rose in fierce infernal ire,
Up she sprang a harnessed seraph, bright with keen celestial fire!
Where the foremost ranks of Freedom, winged with wrath, to victory rode,
There the cross above the eagle like a meteor gleamed and glowed!
And among the faint and dying walked sweet Mercy's angel bands,
On their lips the love of Jesus, life and healing in their hands.

Lo, the giant conflict ended! Slavery's shackles rent in twain!
Righteousness and Peace, embracing, soon o'er all shall smile and reign!
Millions kneel on fetters broken, bathe with tears the blood-dyed sod,
Shout their anthems throbbing up the sunlight of the throne of God!
Stretch their anxious arms imploring for man's rights withheld so long,
Asking only light and justice, fearing only hate and wrong.

With the nation's joy exultant, lo! anew the Church upsprings,
Fired with purer, loftier rapture, while a holier joy she sings!
Wesley's children, myriads, millions, bless with transport and with tears
Him whose grace has brought them victors through a hundred deathless years!
Thronging now in thousand temples glad they bend the adoring knee,
Pealing high their great CENTENNIAL, thundering forth their JUBILEE!
On their century's latest confines peering backward in amaze!
Forward on a future grander than e'er greeted prophet's gaze!

Church of God, what wonders wait thee in that future hastening near,
In this New World's vast arena, noblest empire on the sphere!
What thy myriads who can number? How thy greatness yet shall mount?
What thy work, thy trust stupendous? Who can sum the dread account?
Deep in utmost, sweet abasement mourn thy sins, forsake, abhor;
Claim thy spotless robe, and wear it; rise, already conqueror!
Pile thy gifts like golden mountains! Heap thy holocausts untold!
Bid the spires of countless temples tower toward heaven while time grows old!
Build thy schools for unborn prophets! Rear the halls of hallowed lore!
Let long-distant generations bless their sires who wrought before!
Aid thy struggling sons whose souls, on fire with Heaven's resistless call,
Grope through nameless want and heart-ache toward that sun which shines for all!
Send thy light to those in darkness! Save thy children! Save the poor!
Broadly sow beside all waters;—God shall make the harvest sure!

Living temple of Jehovah, precious in thy light most clear,
Framed to mock hell's hate, upsoaring till thy dome shall roof the sphere,
Not in mortal might nor wisdom lay thy deep foundations low;
Not in earthly pomp and grandeur let the wondrous fabric grow.
On the Rock of endless ages bid thy crystal turrets climb,
Gold and jasper, emerald, diamond—stones of truth to last through time!

Israel's God, we bow before thee;—all our inmost souls we bow;—
Take our prostrate hearts and treasures;—seal our consecration now!—
Let the rushing, fiery whirlwind, as of old thy Spirit came,
Fill thy temples—fill thy children—crown thy Church with tongues of flame!
Up, O Zion!—Tell the story!—shout the tale to millions dumb!
God is risen in glory on thee—Rise and shine, thy light is come!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1866.

PARTY LEADERS.

MR. SEWARD, in his speech at Niagara, or at some other point in Western New York, said that the party to which he lately belonged was sure to be defeated because it had no leader. He predicted its defeat by sixty days—we mean, by forty thousand majority—and asked to be considered no prophet if the event showed him to be mistaken. The New York *Times* reasons differently from Mr. SEWARD. It thinks we are to be beaten, not because we have no leader, but because we have such bad ones. The *Evening Post* also utterly repudiates certain persons as leaders of the Union party, and loudly calls upon the *Tribune* to declare whether it acknowledges Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS as a leader. Now if what is called leadership were an essential element of success in this canvass we should like to ask all these authorities what they think of the prospects of a party of which Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON is leader? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, Mr. SUMNER, General BUTLER, and Governor BROWNLOW may be very unwise men and advocate a very impracticable policy; but has there been in the history of our politics a more utterly unwise and desperate gentleman than the President?

As a matter of fact there is no leader of the great popular Union party which sustains the Amendment, and there is need of none. The policy which is supported by the sound, humane, patriotic judgment of the country, which has triumphed in Maine and Vermont by overwhelming majorities, and will go on triumphing in every State, and will secure the just and reasonable restoration of the Union, is not the policy of Mr. STEVENS, or of Mr. SUMNER, or of Mr. GREELEY, or of Governor HAMILTON, or of Parson BROWNLOW, or of General BUTLER; it is the policy of the intelligent common-sense of the American people. The gentlemen we have named follow that policy, they do not direct it. They all belong to the Union party because their purpose is the same—namely, equal rights among American citizens. They all plainly and strongly express their views as to the best methods of obtaining that result. But they speak with no other authority or influence than lies in the more or less good sense of their suggestions. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, for instance, is a high protectionist, and he advocates general confiscation. But the Union party is not a tariff party, and does not see the wisdom of confiscation. Mr. GREELEY, again, favors protection, but is opposed to confiscation. Mr. SUMNER is silent upon protection, and urges impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration. General HAMILTON agrees with Mr. SUMNER in his condition, but is probably a strong free-trader. All these gentlemen undoubtedly favor impartial suffrage in some form as the chief condition of restoration; but the party with which they act has nowhere authoritatively declared for that specific measure, and they have yielded their judgment to that of the party.

Those who complain of the gentlemen we have named as leaders—the *Evening Post* in protesting against them, the *Times* in deploring the hold which they have on the party—seem to forget the facts. Mr. STEVENS was called the leader of Congress at its late session. But if by leader be meant the author of a policy, he was plainly no leader at all. The policy of Congress was declared in the Report of the Reconstruction Committee. But not only was that not the work of Mr. STEVENS, but he bitterly and openly regretted it. Not a single important measure, except the appointment of the Committee, proposed by Mr. STEVENS was adopted by the House. It honored his profound conviction, his Roman firmness, his noble fidelity to equal rights, but it did not follow him. So with Mr. SUMNER in the Senate. His proposition to require impartial suffrage as a precedent condition of restoration received three votes besides his own.

The tendency of the great Union party is toward the peace and prosperity which spring from justice and equality of rights; that of their opponents to the dominance of that spirit of caste and hatred of race and class which will forever embroil the country. Of the first tendency the men of whom we have spoken are representatives; of the second, VALLANDIGHAM, FERNANDO WOOD, JOHN T. HOFFMAN, HORATIA SEYMOUR, and HEISTER CLYMER are equally representatives. These last opposed the war, perplexed the administration, urged at Chicago surrender to the rebellion, and supported General M'CLELLAN upon that platform. The others sustained the war to the glorious end, in full reliance upon the heroism and intelligence of the people. Mr. HOFFMAN and Mr. CLYMER, with their friends and supporters, who were the Peace Copperheads of the war, now insist that the States which rebelled shall immediately return to Congress with increased power, based upon a loyal population to which they refuse all share in representation. Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER and their friends act heartily with the party which demands that loyal States shall not have lost their equality in representation because they were loyal. They are high privates in the Union ranks, which support the Constitutional Amendment as the condition of restoration, but they are not the directors of the policy of the party.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

WE devote some attention this week to the Centenary of American Methodism. For good or ill, this form of Protestantism has become the predominant ecclesiastical fact of the nation. The official Census places it, numerically, far in advance of any other American religious body, and the general religious statistics of the country show that it comprises nearly one-half of all our Protestant communicants. Its progress and attitude can not, therefore, fail to be, in this its hundredth year, a matter of much interest, not merely to religionists, but to statesmen and citizens generally.

It celebrates its epoch not only with religious observances, but with gigantic financial projects. Its last General Conference, in enacting the programme of the Jubilee, intimated that two millions of dollars might be raised. Its journals announced, in July, that one million was already subscribed, though the formal efforts of the scheme had not yet been begun, and would not be till October. It is now generally supposed that about five millions will be raised. Some of its authorities are proposing ten millions. The one million actually pledged guarantees the success of the year. It is, we suppose, the largest amount ever contributed by an American denomination, in one year, for a special occasion. Nearly all these funds are to be consecrated to the educational interests of the Church—a very significant fact.

The success of Methodism is one of the most interesting problems of ecclesiastical history. But one hundred years old in this country, and a hundred and twenty-seven years in Europe, it is, more or less, planted to-day on all the outlines of the globe, and its congregations include about one-seventh of the Protestant population of the world.

In this country it has been incomparably more vigorous than in the Old World; and as early as 1820 (only thirty years after the death of WESLEY) it advanced to the front of the whole Wesleyan movement, with a majority of 17,000 over English Methodism with all its foreign dependencies. Its practical system, and perhaps also its theology, were specially congenial to the new hemisphere. Its several bodies are singularly homogeneous—are indeed identical in theology and internal discipline, and differ only in some general features of ecclesiastical polity, such as episcopacy and lay-representation. About half of the Methodism of the United States is embodied in "the Methodist Episcopal Church." The other half consists of several bodies, all of which differ from the parent body by admitting lay-representation in their supreme councils. Their combined population, including communicants and congregational adherents, amounts to between one-fifth and one-fourth of the whole national population. They comprise about 2,000,000 communicants, 15,000 local and 14,000 traveling preachers; 200 colleges and academies with 32,000 students; publishing institutions with an aggregate capital of about $1,000,000—the one in New York city having on its catalogue more than 300 books and 900 tracts, besides 2300 Sunday-school volumes, and scattering more than 1,000,000 copies of the latter annually, and 300,000 copies of Sunday-school periodicals monthly. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, alone, has more than 1000 "circuits" and "stations," foreign and domestic, nearly 1200 laborers, more than 105,000 communicants, including 30,000 Germans and Scandinavians, with 350 preachers using their own languages. It is to raise $1,000,000 this year, besides the "Centenary contributions" of the Church. This one Church has also more than 1,500,000 Sunday scholars, and an army of 200,000 Sunday-school teachers. These are certainly surprising facts for a religious body which may still be said to be historically in its infancy.

Theologically, Methodism claims to be nearly if not quite identical with the Church of England. Its only standard, or symbol of doctrines (in America, at least) is an abridgment of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church, made by WESLEY, who, it is well known, was a tenacious Churchman. It entirely eliminates, however, all distinctively Calvinistic tenets. It is peculiar in having no obligatory creed; its historians boasting that it was one of the practical maxims of WESLEY'S policy "not to maintain its spiritual life by its doctrinal orthodoxy, but to maintain its orthodoxy by its spiritual life." They affirm that it has never had a serious outbreak of heresy. WESLEY threw out of his abridgment all "creeds" except the "Apostles' Creed," and this he retained only in the Formula of Baptism, which has not been applicable to most of his people, as most were baptized before they became Methodists, and most of their children are baptized before they become members. He published some "General Rules" as the "only" terms of membership; these are entirely practical, and do not include a single dogmatic condition. His "Articles of Religion" are not recognized by these "rules," but are placed apart in the Book of Discipline more as an "indicatory" than "obligatory" standard of doctrine—showing what an inquirer may expect to find taught in the preaching of the Church, but not what he shall be required to subscribe in order to become a communicant. Consent to the "Articles," however, is required as a *functional* qualification for the ministry; and there is, we believe, singular uniformity of teaching in Methodism.

The denomination has a good record for loyalty. Made up in an eminent sense of the people, it has thoroughly identified itself with the popular cause. WESLEY was at first opposed to the Colonial Revolution, having indiscreetly republished an abridgment of his friend, Dr. JOHNSON'S, pamphlet against it. But immediately on receiving news of the battles of Concord and Lexington he changed his position, took sides with the Colonies, and so wrote to the Earl of DARTMOUTH. The letter has been published, and Mr. BANCROFT has taken special pains to vindicate WESLEY by using this document in his seventh volume. Most of the Methodist preachers in America at the outbreak of the war were Englishmen, and, like the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, hastened back to England. This fact prejudiced much the public mind against the new denomination, but it was as loyal as any other religious body. Some of its preachers suffered for not subscribing the loyal test-oaths of the times in the middle Colonies; but these oaths were prescribed by the respective Colonies, and required the preachers to be ready to take up arms and enter the military service when called upon to do so. This they could not do consistently with their ministerial character, and their refusal brought no little trouble upon some of them in Maryland and Virginia. This Church, however, was the first to formally recognize the new Government under WASHINGTON, who was on cordial terms with their first bishops. When also the States' sovereignty doctrine (the germ of the late rebellion) began to infect the public mind, and found expression in the Kentucky resolutions of 1798, and those of Virginia in 1799, at a time when the whole country was in agitation, and both parties were appealing to the Church and its energetic preachers, the "General Conference," which, before the Constitution was adopted, had acknowledged (in their Articles of Religion) the Government as a "Confederation," struck out this word, and boldly declared in its stead that "these States are a *sovereign* and independent *nation!*" Trained in this view of their country the Methodists were fully prepared for the late war. They sent a hundred thousand white, and seventy-five thousand black troops into the field under the loyal flag. Every one of the journals of the Methodist Episcopal Church (some fifteen or twenty) has been intensely loyal, and, so far as we are able to observe, are now intensely "Radical," demanding the fullest, squarest, most uncompromised Republican reconstruction of the country—the repression of the last remnant of slavery and the rebellion, and the entire recognition of the humanity and rights of the entire population of the Republic.

What is to be the future of this curious "religious development" called Methodism? It has been supposed that it must pass out of its heroic period—its life of enthusiasm—into a period of repose and declension; but there is yet little or no evidence of such a tendency. Wesleyan Methodism, as a distinct body, in England has had reverses. It lost 100,000 members by a single secession; but it declares itself yet progressive, and it has the grandest force in mission operations of any Protestant church—a fact that would seem to guarantee continued life in any church. If even the Wesleyan body could be shown to be declining, yet Methodism itself can not be, for the English seceders are genuinely Methodistic; and, aggregately, the Methodism of England is as energetic and progressive to-day as ever.

In this country it seems at present in its most robust vigor. It has got clear of some of its early peculiarities, but, we think, much to its advantage and the popular good. Its leading men have apparently wisely discerned the needs of its successive stages; they have led it to provide an extraordinary system of educational institutions—one that drew from the late EDWARD EVERETT the compliment that the Methodist Episcopal Church is the most active religious body in the country in the education of the people. It has provided for ministerial education, and for the diffusion of literature on a national scale. It is dotting the whole geography of the nation with its church edifices, and is aspiring to the best architectural style. It has the most powerful religious press in the world. Its ministry has always been, and is increasingly, supplied with men of singular force of mind and character: its ASBURYS, M'KENDREES, LEES, ABBOTTS, EMORYS, BANGS, SUMMERFIELDS, OLINS, etc. It has its missionary representatives stationed pretty much around the whole globe, and has laid out work enough, we conjecture, to keep it well alive till at least another hundred years shall pass over it.

GEN. GRANT AND MR. BEECHER.

THE Copperheads certainly can not very loudly exult over what they call General GRANT'S support of the President's policy, nor upon the accession of Mr. BEECHER. General GRANT says plainly that he is a soldier, and has nothing to do or to say about politics; and Mr. BEECHER, as we never for a moment doubted, is as true a friend of equal rights as ever.

The desperate efforts of the Copperhead press to make it appear that General GRANT supports the President's policy, because he stood at the President's side when he received the Committee of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention, and because he accompanied him on his late journey, are brought to sudden grief by the General's letter, saying that he sees with regret any officer of the army taking a conspicuous part in politics, and by his very plain declaration that "to ask men whose sons had shed their blood for the Union to vote for men who had been disloyal to it was the greatest insult that could be offered." Speaking as a man and a soldier, he added that HEISTER CLYMER, the Copperhead candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, was such a man as he meant, and that it was a gross insult to ask a loyal citizen to vote for him against a true and tried soldier of the Union army. Indeed the General shares the instinctive antipathy of all patriotic men toward Copperheads, and as they are the great bulk of the supporters of the President's policy, it is not very probable that the General is very anxious for their success. As his Commander-in-Chief the President invited him to the White House when the Philadelphia Committee came, and also asked him to accompany him upon his journey, and the General obeyed. His position is purely military. He has taken no part, and means to take no part, in the present political discussion; and his sympathies in any particular case are, so far as he has expressed himself, based upon the simplest patriotic and not political considerations.

Mr. BEECHER'S position is different. He is a civilian, and, in a general sense, a party man. But he exercised his plain right of counsel as to the policy of his party in a particular emergency. Undoubtedly the form in which he cast his counsel was extremely agreeable to the opponents of those with whose spirit and general aims he sympathizes, and was consequently very painful to his friends. When he perceived this, and that his action was entirely misunderstood, he did not hesitate to declare, what no true friend had doubted, that his heart and convictions were wholly unchanged, while he repeated his honest difference upon the point of expediency. But of course Mr. BEECHER prefers to act with the party of equal rights, even with a policy which he does not altogether approve, than with those who are the traditional enemies of justice and liberty. The *Tribune's* accusation of treachery was simply absurd.

If General GRANT and Mr. BEECHER are specimens of the bulwarks of the Copperhead fortress, we fear it will not stand very long against the coming earthquake.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENTS.

WHILE Southern gentlemen of one kind are assuring us, in Conventions and at public meetings, that the South asks nothing of the North but its "rights," which are denied to it by the blood-thirsty radicals of Congress, Southern gentlemen of another kind, who tell a very different story, are becoming pretty plentiful in Wall, Pine, and South streets. These latter gentlemen have all come here on a very simple mission: they all want money. They have for sale houses, lands, wharves, railways, canals, bridges, factories, mines, plantations, baronial estates, islands, promontories, rivers, and creeks. Properties which have never been in the market before—which have been transmitted from father to son for generations, like the ancestral domains of the British nobility, and upon which money has been lavished by each successive proprietor according to his means and to his taste—are now seeking a purchaser at prices which would have been deemed moderate a generation since. Noble estates in Virginia, with lordly parks, extensive farming lands, and ample capacity for self-support if managed with proper skill, can be bought for very much less money than a second-class house in Fifth Avenue. Railroads, which before the war were held exclusively by their original proprietors, and paid large dividends on their stock, can be acquired for less than half their cost. Mines, which have yielded from 15 @ 25 per cent. annually, are offered for sale at prices which will give the purchaser even more than this exorbitant income. In a word, every thing at the South is for sale. The people have every thing but money. And as they can do without every thing but money, they must sell, and will be forced to sell, that which they have

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at such prices as they can obtain. At home they can neither sell nor borrow. The proprietor of an unincumbered estate worth before the war $40,000, recently went to Richmond, Virginia, and vainly endeavored to borrow $1000 on mortgage. No one had the money to lend. Further South it is still worse. The new National Banks are using all their means in the cotton trade. Landed proprietors and owners of railways and other industrial enterprises can get no aid at home. Even for such trifling sums as $500 and $1000 they are compelled to send North.

The opportunity should not be neglected by Northern capitalists. Slavery removed, there is no reason why the South should lag behind the West in material development, progressive population, or wealth. No part of this country has been so blessed by nature as Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The soil will grow any thing, from cotton to the finest wheat in the world; the climate is unsurpassed. A judicious traveler paid a compliment to the finest parts of France in saying that they reminded him of Virginia. And indeed there are but few Departments of France which can compare with that noble State. Kentucky and Tennessee are equally blessed. But for slavery each of these three States would at this time have supported a population larger than that of New York. With the abolition of slavery there is every reason to believe that the tide of European immigration will be diverted to these fertile States from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. It would not be surprising if the next ten years witnessed a development of what used to be called the Border Slave States as marked and as thorough as was the development of the Northwestern States between 1850 and 1860. Neither Wisconsin, Minnesota, nor Iowa can for a moment compare with Virginia or Kentucky in natural gifts. And as men have become millionaires by simply buying farms in judiciously-selected spots in the Northwestern States, or by judicious investments in the railways and other industrial enterprises of that section, it is not at all impossible but that similar investments in the now impoverished States of the South, especially the more northerly of the Southern States, may hereafter, under the impulse of European immigration, improved systems of agriculture, and, above all, a new and better public spirit, prove equally remunerative.

It is, of course, to the interest of the nation at large that the South should recover as soon as possible from the distress into which the war plunged her. All Northern men possessing common sense will aid her recovery by every means in their power. It is to be hoped that their efforts, which will naturally take the shape of pecuniary investments in the Southern States, will not be thwarted by exhibitions of the old intolerant spirit which was characteristic of the pro-slavery leaders. It may be hoped, for instance, that the purchaser of any one of the fine estates in Virginia which are now offered at low prices in our market will be permitted to select his own reading, to subscribe to the papers he likes, and will not be coerced by a Vigilance Committee into abandoning a newspaper which suits him because his neighbors know too little to appreciate it. These points might as well be understood at once. We have seen a letter from a bookseller and news-dealer of a small town in South Carolina, written within three months, declaring that his neighbors forbade his selling any more copies of a certain popular Northern periodical. At the same time we have been solicited to negotiate the sale of certain property belonging to impoverished Southerners in that same locality. There is a slight inconsistency here. How can a Northern real estate agent or banker recommend his friends to buy or advance money on property which can only be tenanted subject to such conditions as the mob of the adjacent bar-rooms may dictate? We Northern men can not endure interference with our political creed. Some of us read the *Tribune*, some the *Herald*, some the *Times*, and some the *World*. But none of us will live where the enjoyment of our favorite paper is likely to be interfered with by outsiders. Before Northern capital flows South to relieve the necessities of that region the Northern "notion" of free speech and free thought must precede it. The state of society so graphically depicted in that admirable work, "Inside," must undergo a radical change before the most energetic Northern broker can succeed in procuring much Northern money to help the South to its legs.

We entreat our Southern friends to understand—if their agents have not already made them acquainted with the fact—that they can derive no help at present from Northern Copperhead leaders or newspapers. Our Northern Copperheads have generally lost their money, and have all lost their credit. The Copperhead newspapers have no more influence than the letters of STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

The South wants money. It must have money. It will pay to lend it money. But it will be impossible for any Southerner to borrow money, even at the most usurious rate, on the most undeniable security, if the lender is to be subjected at the South to disabilities or limitations of his social and personal rights.

A CLEAR ISSUE.

THE Address of the National Union Committee states briefly, precisely, and forcibly the exact issue. It is sharply defined, and there can be no misapprehension. It is the issue set forth at Syracuse, at the Loyal Southern Convention in Philadelphia, and by every Union orator and journal in the country. The foolish cry that nobody but the President and the Democrats know what they want has already died away. Vermont and Maine know distinctly what they wish. Illinois and Pennsylvania and Ohio and New York are not in the least doubt. The present issue is that the Constitutional Amendment, which the President himself formerly warmly favored, shall be adopted by any late insurgent State before it resumes its place in Congress.

This Amendment simply fixes in the organic law the legitimate results of the war.

First, It defines and defends citizenship in the United States and its rights.

Second, It bases representation upon the voting population; so that if any State chooses to keep a portion of its population uneducated, debased, and powerless, it shall not use that population to balance the intelligent and thrifty of other States; and also, that the change produced by emancipation in the original constitutional adjustment of representation may be rectified.

Third, Whoever has held office by the tenure of an oath to the Constitution of the United States, which oath he has violated in order to plot and act treason against the Government, shall be disabled from office until Congress relieves the disability.

Fourth, The national debt shall never be repudiated, and the rebel debt shall never be paid by any State, nor any payment be made for emancipated slaves.

Fifth, Congress shall have power to enforce these guarantees by appropriate legislation.

This is the question before the people. Shall it be the country and mankind and equal liberty and steady loyalty which have gained by our victory, or shall it be the rebellion which, defeated in the field, outwits us in the surrender? And this is the question which the people understand, and have fully resolved to settle once for all.

THE HISTORICAL LESSON OF THE HOUR.

IN the decision of the great question now before the country we need not only sagacity but knowledge. It is not to be wisely settled by an emotion, however generous, nor by a theory, however ingenious. The proper statesmen for such a crisis are honest and shrewd and humane men who are also familiar with the great lessons of experience. Indeed, a radical defect of our national legislation is want of thorough education. Good men and true men may often adopt a false and dangerous political policy, simply because they are not familiar with the conduct of men in other countries and at other times. In other words, a general and accurate knowledge of history is essential to a successful statesman.

We wish, therefore, that the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College at its late anniversary, by Honorable ANDREW D. WHITE, might be printed and universally circulated as a political tract of the highest order. Mr. WHITE, of Syracuse lately, and we believe still honorary Professor of History in the University of Michigan, is Senator in the New York Legislature from the Onondaga district. His historical studies are extensive and profound, and in the present instance he brings them to bear like a Drummond light upon what seems to many minds the obscurity of the situation; and this is done without a word of allusion, except incidentally, to this country. Mr. WHITE maintains in his address that history shows the most energetic foe of liberty, the most dangerous to moral sentiment, the most destructive of nationality, to have been always an aristocracy based upon habits or traditions of oppression; and from the proofs of this fact he draws a corollary of the only means by which the dangers springing from such an aristocracy can ever be permanently removed. Other battles may be longer, but this is the sharpest; "and as a nation uses its strength during the contest, and as it uses its wits after the contest," its national life is a success or a failure.

To the proof he summons Spain. He shows how the aristocracy was the disturbing element by erecting a substitute for patriotism, a substitute for political morality, and a theory of easy treason and perpetual anarchy; the latter involving three fatal ideas; the right of peaceable secession, the right of judging in their own cause, and the right of committing treason with impunity. Instead of grappling with this inexorable enemy Spain tampered and compromised. This naturally produced an aristocratic inability to appreciate concessions. At length came the overwhelming force which suppressed the tyranny of the aristocracy by substituting one tyrant for many. Then the spirit of caste stimulated the evil tendencies of the monarch and demoralized the people. The result in Spain, says the orator, "was the growth of an oppressive caste, who, by their spirit of disunion, made despotism possible, and by their spirit of turbulence made it necessary.

Mr. WHITE then cites, in illustration of his position, Italy, Poland, France, and, finally, England; and advances with vast and irresistible proof to his conclusion that the oppressive caste must first be forcibly subdued at all hazards, and then must be barred from resuming its power by guaranteeing full civil rights and political rights in germ to the subject class. "The work of saving a nation from an oligarchy then is twofold. It is not finished until both parts are completed. Nations forget this at their peril. Nearly every great modern revolution wherein has been gain to liberty has had to be fought over a second time. So it was with the English Revolution in 1642. So it was with the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1830. What has been gained by bravery has been lost by treachery. Nations have forgotten that vigorous fighting to gain liberty must be followed by sound planning to secure it."

This address is by far the most valuable application of the lessons of history to our situation that we have had, and they are presented with acute insight and trenchant force. The substance of an admirable politico-historical work is compressed into a few pages; and it would be fortunate for the country if every scholar brought his contribution to the altar in kind as Senator WHITE has done. It is a pamphlet of but thirty-six pages, published by THOMAS H. PEASE, New Haven.

THE SIBYLLINE OFFER.

WE have stated elsewhere the precise terms upon which the loyal American people—and we use the word loyal not offensively, but for distinction—are willing to allow the return of the late insurgent States. These are the terms which they are *now* willing to offer. Their offer will doubtless be universally and emphatically ratified at the rest of the autumn elections. It will then be for the unrepresented States to determine whether they will accept these terms. The intelligent men in those States know perfectly well, whatever the Democratic Copperhead papers and orators among us may say, that there is no vindictive feeling whatever upon the part of the Union party, no desire of personal revenge, no disposition to disregard the peculiar structure of our political system. But they also know quite as well that it is the very general conviction of that party that there will necessarily be serious agitation until the country can see that equality of rights among the people is in the way of being every where established.

The Boston *Advertiser*, in recently speaking of this subject, truly remarked that the progressive settlement of such questions was like the offer of the Sibylline books. To-day you may have all for a price. To-morrow you can have less for the same price. The day after still less. Six years ago all that was asked was, that slavery should not go into the Territories. The offer was rejected, and the Slave States made war. In the first months of the war some of our Generals returned fugitive slaves, and offered to suppress insurrections. In a few months afterward there was a general demand for colored troops and emancipation. In the second year slavery was generally abolished by proclamation. At the end of the war the defeated States were required by President JOHNSON to adopt the Emancipation Amendment. They are now asked to guarantee civil rights. It is for those States to consider. What have they gained by refusing to allow that slavery should not go into the Territories, or by making war? What would they have gained by rejecting the Emancipation Amendment? What will they gain by rejecting the amendment now offered?

Had the popular leaders in those States been wise they would have been early convinced that the people who had suppressed the rebellion would not suffer those who had opposed them in the field or at the polls to settle the terms upon which the Union should be restored. That indeed was doubtless at first the conviction of the Southern leaders, which the President's course, however, relaxed. But they should have known the loyal American people well enough to understand that they would not hesitate to repudiate a President even of their own election if he assumed to settle the great questions of the war without heeding them in the persons of their representatives. At least they should learn by the elections of the autumn, of which we have already seen the beginning, that the terms offered by Congress can not be set aside by the President nor by any lawful power. Do the States in question imagine that the terms will be made easier? Do they suppose that the people are likely after the canvass of this year to reduce their demands? Let them remember the Sibylline books. It was not the price that was diminished.

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE American Association for the promotion of Social Science is a society of eminent scholars and persons of every pursuit, whose object is inquiry into the wisest practicable methods of effecting the most desirable reforms in every department of social interest. At the last annual meeting papers of great value were read by HENRY C. CAREY, of Philadelphia, upon National Resources; Dr. ISAAC RAY, of the Butler Insane Asylum, Providence, Rhode Island, upon the Isolation of the Insane; President HILL, of Harvard University, upon the Problems of Education; Dr. PALMER, of the University of Michigan, upon Sanitary Science; Mr. SANBORN, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Charities, upon the Reformatories of that State, and the Present Condition of Legislation in regard to them; and other papers upon a wholesome variety of subjects by other gentlemen. It is a thoroughly earnest and intelligent association to which the practical legislation of the country will be greatly indebted. The next annual meeting will take place at New Haven, on Tuesday, the 9th of October, at 10 A. M.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

WE draw attention to the advertisement of the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, given on page 638. The Road is progressing with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of railway enterprise, and the bonds for sale by Messrs. FISK & HATCH are secured by a mortgage which is declared by Congress to constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government. The earnings of the Road for the three months of May, June, and July amounted to $217,545 61.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN Italian artist, residing in New York, named Pietro Funari, had engaged another Italian, named Alessandro Urania, to execute a bust of Ristori; some dispute arose between them on the 22d of September, growing out of delay in the execution of the work. Urania shot his employer, killing him almost instantly, and being pursued, shot himself through the head, causing death on the spot. Madame Ristori sent a considerable gift to the family of the murdered man, and announced her purpose of giving a representation for their benefit.

A. G. Cattell has been elected United States Senator by the New Jersey Legislature.

A curious case of sudden death occurred on September 15 at Chicago. A tailor, from Germany, named Lubenheimer, residing on the north side, was accused of having stolen some money, which he positively denied, calling upon God to strike him dead if he was not speaking the truth. The fearful imprecation had hardly been uttered before he fell to the floor a dead man. Upon medical examination it was found that the man had the heart disease, and that death was brought on by the excitement of the moment.

The [illegible] of September 17 gives nearly full returns of the recent Maine election, carefully prepared from official lists so far as published, and [illegible] from reliable sources. The list comprises 404 towns and plantations, and shows a total vote of 67,356 votes for General Chamberlain, and 40,147 for Mr. Pillsbury; being a majority of 27,219. In 1864 Governor Cony had in the same towns 60,806; Mr. Howard, 44,170; majority, 16,636. Net Republican gain, 10,583. The remaining places threw 3845 votes last year, and in the ratio of gain is the same as in the rest of the State the majority for General Chamberlain will be nearly 28,000.

It is estimated that 20,000,000 bushels of corn have been destroyed by the freshet in the Miami bottoms. The reports from the Northwest represent the flood as general, and causing an immense destruction of property.

General D. N. Couch has been appointed to the vacant Collectorship of Boston, as successor of Mr. Hamlin, and George H. Kingsbury, Postmaster, in place of Mr. Palfrey.

Madame Ristori made her first appearance in this city on the evening of September 20. Her acting in the character of Medea fulfilled the high expectations which had been excited. On the 24th she appeared in the *rôle* of Maria Stuarda (Mary Queen of Scots), her presentation of which fully justified the anticipations which had been raised by her Medea.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

September 17:

(PARIS.)—The French circular says that the recent changes in Europe are favorable to France. Prussia and Italy are drawn nearer in ideas and interest. Austria now has no hostile intent. The Convention of Rome will be loyally carried out. Navies of second-class Powers assure the liberty of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The note justifies the offer of the Emperor's mediation between Prussia and Austria and Italy, and hints at the annexation of people of the same language and interests to any of the Powers of Europe. It shows the necessity of perfect defense and military organization, not, however, as a threat, and expresses a belief in lasting peace in Europe.

It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has refused to allow officers of the French army to hold office in Mexico, owing to the protest of the United States Government.

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The man who attempted to assassinate the Czar, several months ago, has been executed.

September 18:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian fleet in the harbor of Kiel has been put out of commission, and there are evidences on all sides of a general disarming.

September 19:

(TRIESTE.)—A great battle has been fought in the Island of Candia between the Turks and the insurrectionists. The Turks were the victors.

September 20:

(PARIS.)—The Finance Committee sent here from Mexico to negotiate for a loan are disheartened, and have announced that the Empire of Mexico is without funds.

September 21:

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian army, returning from the wars, made a grand triumphal entry of the National Capital to-day amidst the greatest rejoicings and enthusiasm.

(DRESDEN.)—Peace has been concluded between Prussia and Saxony.

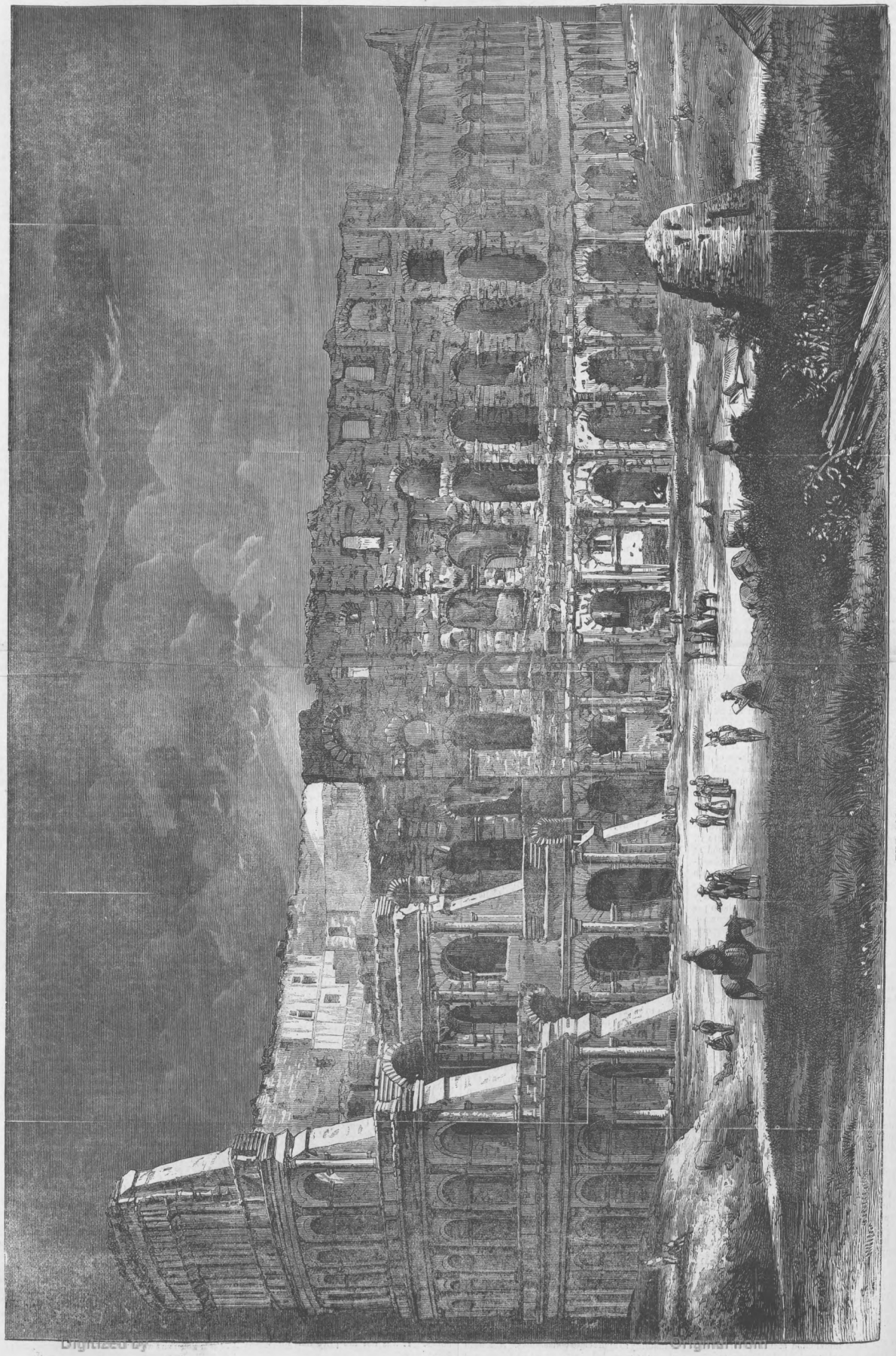
September 22:

(PARIS.)—It is said that the Empress Eugenie will shortly repair to Rome to condole with the Pope.

(VIENNA.)—Duke Albrecht has been made Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army.

Advices from Brazil to August 25 are received. Fighting of a most stubborn and sanguinary nature took place on the 16th and 18th of July, causing a loss of 4200 killed and wounded in the Allied armies, and an approximate number in the Paraguayan army.

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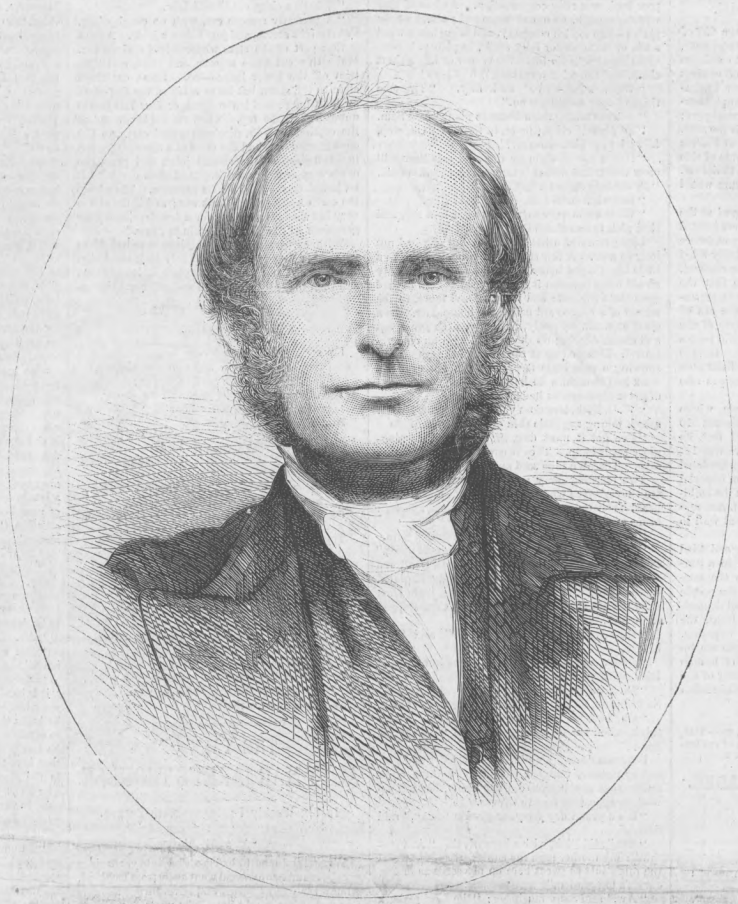
THE COLISEUM AT ROME.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

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REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

THE annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, held at Leeds, in England, according to their custom, in the last week of July, elected the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., to be the President of the Conference next year. He is a popular and useful minister, who was educated at one of the Wesleyan theological colleges, and employed some time as a missionary in the East Indies, but has lately taken his turn at several of the most important home stations, where the earnest and impressive eloquence of his preaching has been highly appreciated by multitudes of listening people. He is also favorably known as an author beyond the limits of his religious connection, having produced, in addition to the "Tracts on Revivals," and "The Tongue of Fire," which relate more particularly to the work of Evangelical ministration, an interesting biography entitled "The Successful Merchant," and a well-timed book on the political revolution of 1859 in Italy, presenting concisely and emphatically the results of his observations and inquiries during a tour through Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Roman States, a few months after the peace of Villafranca. The cause of Italian freedom had in Mr. ARTHUR one of its earliest and ablest literary defenders, and his remarks on the Pope's temporal power in Rome were dictated by no spirit of narrow sectarian hostility, but by the broadest and most liberal considerations of justice and human right. He visited this country a few years since, and not a few of us have a vivid recollection of his eloquence and geniality. He was a firm friend of the United States during the late rebellion. His two important works, that on Italy and "The Tongue of Fire," were republished by HARPER & BROTHERS.

The present state of the Wesleyan Connection in Great Britain was reported at the late Conference to be satisfactory. There are 331,193 church-members and 20,819 persons on trial for membership. Several new circuits have been formed in the London district, and a Wesleyan chaplain has been appointed for the Guards in Wellington Barracks. There were sixty seven candidates for ordination to the ministry examined at the late Conference. In educational efforts a remarkable advance has been made, twenty-seven new day-schools having been established last year, with an addition of 4669 scholars. The total number of day-schools connected with the Connection is 606, and scholars 93,194. There has been an increase of seventy-one Sunday-schools during the past year, and of 5756 scholars. A very large outlay has been made in chapel building. The committee intrusted with this department has authorized an estimated expenditure since the last Conference of one million of dollars, the total outlay of the year having been about one and one-third millions, and during the last eleven years $2,000,000 of chapel debts have been paid off. At the meeting of the Theological Institution Committee, it was stated that the estimated annual outlay in future, including that on behalf of the proposed new institution near Leeds, is about $42,500, but the income now only reaches $30,500. The feeling of some leading men seemed to be that it was much better to have several smaller institutions in different parts of the country than only two or three large ones. A resolution has been passed by Conference expressing the hope that the denomination will shortly be in a position to erect another college at Birmingham in addition to the one shortly to be built at Headingley. It is also decided that the expenditure shall not exceed $60,000.



THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

SUPPRESSION OF NUISANCES.

WE give on this page a sketch illustrating an instance—fortunately a common one—of the suppression of nuisances in our large tenement houses by the Metropolitan Board of Health.

Much has been said and published tending to throw discredit upon the Board of Health and ignoring the important work which it has accomplished. But there can be no question but that we should have had in this city a repetition of the disastrous cholera seasons from which we have on former occasions suffered so severely, but for the energetic and unceasing labors of the Board of Health. To them it is due that the cholera has been stamped out of this city, and that while from some of the cities in the West we hear of hundreds of cases daily, we are ourselves almost entirely free from this terrible scourge.

New York City is cleaner than it has been for years; and if the Board of Health had not been subject to interruptions from our courts the result would have been still more satisfactory.



THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF HEALTH SUPPRESSING NUISANCES IN A TENEMENT HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

THE illustration which we give on page 628 of the Coliseum at Rome is from a recent photograph, and gives an accurate view of the present condition of the most stupendous amphitheatre of ancient times. It was commenced by the Emperor VESPASIAN and finished by TITUS. Hitherto amphitheatres had been constructed of wood, for the most part; but these structures were too frail for their purpose. The fall of one of these wooden buildings at Fidenæ killed or injured 50,000 persons. Accidents of this sort led to the construction of the famous Coliseum. It is said that the expense of this structure would have erected a metropolis.

Nine thousand wild beasts were destroyed at the dedication of the amphitheatre. These were hunted to death in the presence of the blood-thirsty audience of Romans, and then the arena was suddenly filled with water, and sea animals were made to contend, and a sea-fight exhibited. It was here that the most celebrated of the gladiatorial contests were exhibited; and here it was that, during the era of the persecution of Christians, the martyrs of the new faith were made to contend with wild beasts for the amusement of a heathen audience. In 1750 the building was consecrated by Pope BENEDICT XIV. to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished in the arena.

The Coliseum was of an elliptical form, whose longest diameter was 615 feet, and the shortest 510 feet. The length of the arena was 281 feet, its breadth 176. The height of the structure was 164 feet. It inclosed over 5 acres, and accommodated 100,000 spectators. After the downfall of imperial Rome depredations began to be made upon the building. Besides former removals, MICHAEL ANGELO took away nearly one-half of the external wall to build the Palazzo-Farnese.

When this amphitheatre was in its glory and filled with Romans, with the Emperor seated in a conspicuous and highly adorned seat, with the aristocracy of the great city in the first tier, the people above, and in the galleries the servants and dependants, with the women seated in their front, the sight must have been magnificent and imposing. But the motive which led this vast audience together to gloat over the violent death of human beings gives us an insight into the character of the Romans, and the degradation of the ante-Christian era.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE motto of that afternoon might have been:

"Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed—
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache."

For every thing was in a glory of freshness and sweetness: the sky was brilliantly blue; and the thirsty leaves had either drunk up all the raindrops, or wore them now as jewels in the sunshine.

The children fairly danced along the road; darting hither and thither after dandelions and buttercups and chickweed; laughing at the bull-frogs in the wayside ditches, and studying themselves in the little pools of water that spotted the muddy road.

"What *have* you got in that little basket, Sam?" said Primrose, coming to his side with both hands full of spring beauties. "Is it to hold flowers?"

"Not now; you may put them in by-and-by."

"But what's in it now?"

"Some jelly from mamma, for an ailing child."

"'Ailing!'" said Lily. "What's ailing?"

"He is not always very sick, but will probably never be well."

"Poor child!" said Lily, taking a jump over a little bright pool in her way. "It's nice of mamma to send him jelly. Sam, we're going to plant all the rest of our seeds to-morrow."

"Another time," said Sam, "try and plant just before rather than just after a rain. The ground is harder to work."

"Harder, because it's softer," said Lily.

"I did think of sowing mine yesterday," said Clover; "but it was so cold—and I didn't want to run any risks. Sam, when these are planted—sowed, I mean—and all the rest of my little seedlings are set out, my garden will be *quite* full. I've just left a place for each kind, all marked out and ready."

"And that's all the spare room you have?"

"Every bit. Except—there's one other little place," said Clover, hesitating.

"What is that for?"

"For—the geranium, you know," said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure, the geranium! I've not forgotten my promise; but the weather has been too cold for such tender things."

"I think our gardens will be splendid," said Primrose, "if Maria Jarvis *does* call 'em queer little places."

"Yes, mine is making quite a show already," said Lily; "it's getting all green. I saw it this morning from the window."

Sam uttered one of his provoking "Ah's!" and inquired whether it was green with flowers or weeds.

"Why, it can't be weeds, of course," said Lily; "I've just planted my flowers there, and there weren't any weeds even in sight."

"I pulled up two out of my garden," said Clover, shaking her head. "Sam, where do weeds come from?"

"They come from seeds; and the earth is full of the seeds, just as our hearts are full of seed thoughts and tempers, all ready to spring and grow the moment they have a chance. Then other seeds come sailing along on the wings of the wind, and drop down and lodge here and there; as some bad thought or impulse drops into our hearts from a poor book or a silly conversation. And as if that was not enough, we ourselves go and walk in weedy places—into foolish company, and bring home weed seeds or sin seeds, or folly seeds, in plenty."

As Sam spoke he lifted the corner of Lily's short cloak, and behold it was stuck full of burs!

"Well, what now?" said Lily. "Tiresome things! they would get on."

"You are taking them home to plant," said Sam.

"To plant!" cried Clover, in terror. "Oh, stop, Lily; let me pick them off!"

"If you throw them by the road-side they will grow there, and molest future travelers," said Sam. "Never help spread a bad thing."

"But what shall I do, then?" said Lily.

"Wear them patiently till we get to a fire, and then pick them off and burn them."

Lily grumbled a little at that; but she had not long to wait. A few steps more brought them to a little bit of a red house by the way-side, with only an old fence between it and the road. Sam pushed open the little gate and went in, and there, in the morsel of a court-yard before the house-door, was a child at work, earnestly, patiently, with great toil and effort, digging up the ground with an old fire-shovel. He stood up at the sound of the gate-latch, showing a pale little face, to which not even his work had brought a flush; but it came now, a flush of great gladness, as he looked at Sam.

"Well, Dick, how does your garden grow?" Sam asked, taking the little thin hand in his own.

"I've got it most dug, Sir; and my morning-glory seeds is up. They'll cover the fence, mother says. There's a blue seed and a white seed."

Two morning-glory seeds! It was a thing to see Clover's face when she heard that, and remembered her little paper bags full of precious hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine.

"Is that all you have to plant?" inquired Sam.

"Jane Lefferts gave me some marygoold seeds," said the child. "There was six o' *them:* all red and brown and yellow *they'll* be." And stimulated by the thought of the marigold flowers, little Dick plied his old shovel with great zeal; then stopped for breath.

"How do you do to-day, Dick?" said Sam, kindly.

"Better, sometimes, and sometimes worse," said Dick, with a smile.

"Dick, do you love flowers *very* much?" said little Primrose, sidling up to him with her wistful look.

"Oh, better'n any thing!" said Dick. "Just think, when the morning-glories runs all over the fence!"

Primrose drew a long breath of wonder and pity and sympathy, mingled with two or three other things that she herself did not know, looking up with an appealing face to Clover.

"It's a grand day for your garden to-day," said Sam.

"Yes," said Dick, with a happy look. "And just think; my mother says the sun's just as bright and the rain's just as sweet here on my seeds as in Mr. Jarvis's big garden."

"Ay!" said Sam, musingly; "the Lord maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

"Mother says that's why it's all good, because God sends it," said Dick. "And she thinks he'll make my flowers grow, because I love him and she loves him."

It was such a new idea, you should have seen the three children stand in silent wonder!

"Will *that* make 'em grow?" said Primrose, thinking of a patch in her own little garden where the seeds had not come up. But Dick gave her no help out of the difficulty.

"It must be that with mine," he said, "'cause there's nothing else. Mother says *we* never get any thing any other way."

"Happy people you and your mother are," said Sam. "Well, Dick, God has sent you something else to-day—he told my mother to make you some jelly, and to put a loaf of nice white bread in the basket too. So you can thank Him and nobody else. And whatever you want just tell Him, and He'll know just the best person to send with it." And Sam set down the little basket on the door-step and strode off into the road again, followed by his wondering little sisters.

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "how did God tell mamma?"

"In her heart," said Sam, promptly.

"Oh dear!" said Lily; "if he should tell me that Dick wants some of my flower-seeds, what should I do?"

Clover walked silently on, the pink flush on her cheeks deepening and deepening.

"You say such queer things, Sam," said Lily. "What made you say I was carrying those burs home to plant? I wasn't at all."

"Nobody can carry weed seeds or habit seeds about with him and not sow them, even when he least intends it," said Sam. "But now, chicks, see here—I'm going to give you a lesson in the art of making geranium cuttings. Come and sit down on these stones, and we'll rest and learn together."

"Where are the geraniums to come from?" said Lily, as the young ones grouped themselves round him.

"Out of my pocket," said Sam, taking out a parcel, from which he unfolded a long stem of geranium.

"Why, that's a cutting itself," said Lily. "*That* won't grow."

"Will you give your share of it to Dick?" said her brother, opening his knife.

"No, I won't," said Lily; "so you needn't ask me."

"I'll prepare Prim's cutting for her," said Sam, "because her hands are hardly strong enough to manage the knife; and you two older ones can look on and learn to do it for yourselves."

So Sam first cut the geranium shoot in three pieces, and giving one to Lily and Clover, he began to prepare the other for planting.

"First of all, and most important of all," said Sam, "you must make a perfectly clean cut at the bottom of the shoot."

"What's a clean cut?" said Lily.

"A perfectly smooth cut, with no rough edges. Cut straight across, and just below a joint. A joint is that part of the stem where a leaf springs out. Make this cut quite smooth and close, and then trim off the lower leaves—so. Don't cut them close to the stem, but leave a bit of the foot-stalk an inch long; and leave three or four full leaves untouched at the top. Then set the lower end of the cuttings in soft, nicely-prepared earth, in the open ground or round the sides of a flower-pot; put it down deep as the second joint, and press the earth *very* firmly round it. And then never let it be jarred or moved from its firmness. Then keep the earth a little damp—not wet; and if the sun is very hot shade the cutting for a few days, and your geranium will be almost certain to grow."

With earnest eyes the children watched him; with eager fingers Clover and Lily took the knife, and trimmed and prepared the two little cuttings; and then they all rose up and walked toward home.

SYMBOLS.

I WATCHED a rose-bud very long
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then, when I thought it should be strong,
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at even-song.

I watched a nest from day to day,
A green nest full of pleasant shade,
Wherein three speckled eggs were laid:
But when they should have hatched in May,
The two old birds had grown afraid
Or tired, and flew away.

Then in my wrath I broke the bough
That I had tended so with care,
Hoping its scent should fill the air;
I crushed the eggs, not heeding how
Their ancient promise had been fair:
I would have vengeance new.

But the dead branch spoke from the sod,
And the eggs answered me again:
Because we failed dost thou complain?
Is thy wrath just? And what if God,
Who waiteth for thy fruits in vain,
Should also take the rod?

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Sixth Portion.

CHAPTER XIII.

WEEKS and months had gathered into years since my sister and her husband went away from England. Anna's life was as varied and adventurous as mine was monotonous and calm. She wrote to me occasionally, but her letters were brief and far from frequent. I heard more clear and detailed accounts of her life from Madame de Beauguet than from herself, as long as they remained near Quebec. But soon commenced a series of wanderings and changes which took my sister and her husband further and further out of our old friend's ken. Things did not prosper with them. That much I could discover to my sorrow. Horace had a heavy burden on his shoulders now, and his health was far from good. Poor little Lily did not outlive her first Canadian winter, and Anna gave birth to three more children, who all, save the youngest, died in early infancy. The surviving little one, a boy, was cherished and watched over by his parents with great anxiety. Madame de Beauguet wrote me that it was piteous to see Anna's trembling apprehension lest he too should be taken from them. Old Mr. Lee had sunk into partial imbecility, and needed tending like a child. All these helpless beings had but Horace to lean on for support. My heart bled for them. Sometimes it seemed intolerable to me that I should be surrounded by all the comforts of my home at the Gable House, while they were facing poverty in a foreign land. But I was not allowed the solace of affording them any help. My uncle from time to time gave me sums of money "to do as I liked with:" and as those sums were invariably forthcoming whenever there was news of difficulty and struggle from Canada, I did not hesitate to send them to my sister. But poverty and misfortune, far from subduing, seemed but to heighten her haughty spirit. She sent back my offerings with a cold assurance that they were not needed. I could only forward the money to Madame de Beauguet, and beg her, if she saw them in any sore strait, to offer them assistance as though coming from herself.

Time had been very good to me. I believe I was, in some respects, older than my years. Never very sprightly or vivacious, the great sorrow of my life had sobered what youthful gayety I once possessed. But though outwardly, perhaps, too staid and quiet for my age, I was not without an inner peace and cheerfulness which seldom deserted me. I suppose the secret of it was the knowledge that I was dear and useful to my uncle, and, perhaps, to others. Ah, Lucy, you can never be quite unhappy so long as there is left to you one human being to whom your affection is precious! Prize well this inestimable privilege of loving. Love, love, my child, abundantly, ungrudgingly; it shall be given to you again ten thousand-fold.

Mr. Norcliffe was a frequent and welcome guest at the Gable House. My uncle found great pleasure and comfort in his society; and to me he was what he had promised to be—a friend, a brother. Once, since his first offer, he had renewed his proposal; but my earnestness on that occasion convinced him that his suit was hopeless, and he made me a voluntary promise never to address me on the subject again. This promise he kept with the most loyal good faith. "I can not afford to lose your friendship, Margaret," he said. "I may call you Margaret, may I not? I am so many, many years older than you, my child. I could not bear that there should be any constraint or pain to you in our intercourse, and yet to lose your kind companionship and good-will would be very hard to me. Trust me that henceforward you shall never more be pained by a word or look of mine. I will put all that away—bury it in the Red Sea, if you like. That is the place for laying unquiet spirits, is it not? Mine, at all events, shall disturb you no more." As I have said, he was most loyal to his word. By this time he had come to be intimately acquainted with our family history, and my uncle had acquired the habit of appealing to his judgment on many points. Although his home was still at Beachington he was much with us. As my uncle said, the Gable House was large enough for three, and it was a charity to come and cheer us as often as he could.

The story of one day's life was, as nearly as possible, the story of all the others in its outward details. The circling seasons melted into one another, and made us change, from time to time, the fireside for the garden. But there was no stirring event, no exciting incident, to startle us from the calm round of daily life.

One bright June day we were sitting out in the hayfield, my uncle, Mr. Norcliffe, and I. A wide elm spread its fresh canopy above our heads, there was a sleepy sweetness in the air, and silence had come down on us softly, with the peaceful shadow of the elm-tree. My uncle, leaning back in his garden-chair, had fallen asleep. Mr. Norcliffe lay on the grass, gazing up into the depths of the foliage above us. All at once he looked at me and said, in a low voice: "What did you tell me was the date of your last letter from Canada?"

"The third of April. It is time I should hear again."

"Your letter was from Madame de Beauguet?"

"Yes. It is long since I have had one from Anna. But they are moving about, and at the last accounts were in a wild, half-settled district. It seems very strange to me that Horace should have to be driven so from place to place."

"Ay. A rolling stone, you know—"

"But why should it be? It seems to me very hard."

"Margaret," returned Mr. Norcliffe, after a pause, "it is hard; but it does not surprise me. With all your brother-in-law's talent and good-will to work he lacks the mental and physical energy necessary to attain success in such a country as that to which he has gone. He will fight, but hopelessly; and that is not the way to win. When I saw him last, in the streets of Willborough, he looked broken. The heart had gone out of him. I saw it in his gait, in the carriage of his head, in the look of his eyes. Forgive me if I pain you, but you trust me, and I must speak the truth to you."

"I know you will say nothing but what is true and good," I answered; "but I can not help weeping to think of—of—Anna and the child. It seems too terrible that I can not help them. Oh, if uncle would but hold out a forgiving hand! From him Anna would take assistance. Could you not speak to him, Mr. Norcliffe?"

"Heaven knows my readiness to do what I can for your sister, Margaret. But do you not see how much more difficult it is now than it was before to appeal to Mr. Gough on her behalf? The sums he has given you he naturally believes to have been applied to her use. If we confess to him that she has obstinately and implacably refused to receive them, as coming through your hands, will that, think you, soften his heart toward her?"

I was silent.

"However, I will try what I can do. I understand well enough why—though your influence with your uncle is strong on all other points—your pleadings for your sister do not avail to induce him to forgive her."

"Do you? Why?"

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"Because it was you whom she most wronged, Margaret."

My uncle awoke from his short sleep, and no more was said between Mr. Norcliffe and me at that time. But this was the first of many similar conversations between us. He used his influence with my uncle on Anna's behalf, though without inducing him to take any active step toward reconciliation. At length, however, he prevailed so far as to gain from my uncle a half promise that he would reconsider his will. In the first force of his stern anger against Anna and her husband he had entirely altered the original distribution of his property, and had left every thing absolutely to me, as he had told Mr. Lee. Now he promised Mr. Norcliffe that he would think of making some provision for Anna's child. To her or to her husband he steadily refused to bequeath a farthing.

Thus the summer and autumn of that year passed away, and I received no letter from Anna. Our old schoolmistress still wrote with the affectionate fidelity that belonged to her. But she could give only meagre tidings of Anna. Two sad facts were plain to her, she said—that they were struggling with poverty, and that Horace's health was fading beneath the sharp breath of that inclement land. Meanwhile my uncle spoke to Mr. Norcliffe, from time to time, of altering his will. He would do it. He would think it out clearly. He would set his house in order before he should be summoned away. He grew quieter and more silent as the year went on, but you could not say more sad. His manner—always kindly—became softer than I had ever known it. Also he would sit for hours neither reading nor speaking, but gazing out before him with a look that seemed to contemplate something far, far away. On Christmas-day we had been to church together. It was bitter cold, and he was chilled and numbed when we came home. I mixed him some hot spiced wine after dinner, as my aunt had used to do, and we sat listening to the evening bells in the old fire-lighted room.

"Peace—and—good-will," he murmured, softly. "Peace—and—good-will. How plainly the bells say it, Madge!"

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As if the words had been put into my mouth, and were not my own, I rose and embraced him:

"Oh, dearest uncle, forgive her, forgive her!"

He put me gently away from him after a while, and made me no answer. But when we parted for the night he kissed and blessed me solemnly, and the last words he spoke to me were:

"Blessed are the peace-makers. I will try, Madge; I will try."

The sickly flare of a candle in the faint gray wintry daybreak was the first thing that met my eyes when I awoke next morning. The face of the woman who held it in her trembling hand startled me into complete wakefulness at once.

"Hester, what is the matter?"

"Miss Margaret! Master!"

"Is my uncle ill?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret! I'm afraid—"

I can not remember how I reached his room. I have a confused idea of her huddling a great cloak over my shoulders, and of the chilly feeling of the oaken boards to my bare feet. I had hardly made a step across the threshold of my uncle's chamber when a strong gentle grasp was laid on my arm, and I heard Dr. Dixon's voice, saying:

"One moment, my dear Miss Sedley. Stay one instant to collect your strength!"

"Dr. Dixon, let me go to him. He is ill; he wants me. You must not keep me from him!"

"My dear Miss Sedley, believe me, I would not do so if your presence could be of use and comfort to him. But—be composed, I beseech of you—he—"

I broke from him and advanced to the bed. Oh, my beloved guardian and benefactor! No passionate tone of the voice he had listened to so often, no loving touch of the hand he had held in his generous protecting clasp, could stir him now. Dead, dead!

I was not unsupported in this heavy hour. Our old doctor was kind and friendly, and Mr. Norcliffe responded with instant promptitude to the hasty summons I sent him. They agreed that some affection of the heart had been the immediate cause of my uncle's death, and that it must have been peaceful and painless. He had passed away in sleep, they believed, for he was lying quite placidly on his undisturbed pillow when they found him in the morning, lifeless and cold. There had been no change made in his will. With the exception of some legacies to the servants I was left absolute mistress of the property.

"I know," said I to Mr. Norcliffe, "that he meant to make some provision for Anna and her boy. I am thankful to remember now that his last words to me were words of softening toward Anna."

"I believe as you do, Margaret," said Mr. Norcliffe, "that he so intended. But the alteration has not been made. Whatever portion of your uncle's money goes to Mrs. Lee now she must receive from your hand."

"I will hold it in trust for her," I answered. And we said no more.

CHAPTER XIV.

"SOME one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

Hester's thin straight form stood in the doorway, and Hester's thin high voice spoke to me. I was sitting, very dreary and forlorn, in the old morning-room. The fire had died down to a dull red; the sky was leaden and lowering; winter was without the house and grief within. Only yesterday they had carried away its master never to return. The last journey across the home threshold had been made; that journey which we must all make some day, and which leaves those who remain behind so desolate. Mr. Norcliffe was staying with Dr. Dixon, and they had both gone home, and left me for the evening. I was sitting solitary and sad, as I have said, by the low fire, with a sensation of utter loneliness and a yearning void in my heart when I was roused by Hester's, "Some one wants you, please, Miss Margaret."

"Wants me, Hester? "Who is it?"

"They asked for master first, please, miss," said Hester, putting her apron to her eyes, "and I said as there was—as there was—was no one here but you."

A tremor in her usually measured tones roused my attention, deadened and dead though all my senses seemed to be, with much crying.

"Who is it, Hester?"

"Oh, Miss Margaret, would you step into the dining-room, please? I couldn't bring myself to tell her. Will you, please, step into the dining-room?"

I got up and followed her with a confused dizzy feeling, and a strange doubt of my own identity, if I may so express the sensation which I have experienced once or twice on occasions of strong emotion. The dining-parlor was without even the dull fire which burned in the morning-room. Its air struck cold and damp. Some leafless boughs in the garden, bedropped with sleet, tapped like elfin fingers on the window-pane. A woman, dressed in the deepest mourning, was sitting in the arm-chair—my uncle's chair—at the end of the room. She rose up on my entrance. "I want to see my uncle," she said.

"Anna!"

She put out one hand to hold me off as I rushed toward her, and then I saw that she held a little sleeping child, wrapped in her shawl. "I want to see my uncle. Do you mean to keep me from him?"

"Oh, Anna, Anna, for your own sake do not speak so harshly. My poor girl, my poor love—too late, too late!"

She staggered, and Hester, who had come with me into the room, made a step forward, as if to relieve her of the child. But she clasped him tighter, and leaned on the chair behind her for support.

"Too late! What do you mean?" I could barely hear the words, her voice was so low and faint.

"Anna, he is dead. He was buried yesterday!"

She sank down into the great chair, and the little child rolled from her arm, as its grasp relaxed, on to her knee; but Hester took him and laid him, still half asleep, upon the sofa, while I busied myself with my sister. She had swooned. I called the other women-servants, and by degrees we revived her, and half carried, half supported, her to my own chamber, where we undressed her and laid her on the bed. She resigned herself to our hands, but uttered no word, and her wan face was motionless and rigid. After a time I sent the others away and sat by her side, silently watching. A dim light from the shaded lamp fell on her face, and as I looked at it it seemed as if the years had been rolled back like a curtain, and I lived over again that moonlight night, when in that very room I had told Anna of my love. Poor, changed, pale face! Drawn, and haggard, and aged, how altered from the lovely girlish countenance which had lain on the pillow blooming out of its nest of soft dark curls!

I glanced at the black dress that lay beside the bed, and I read in it all the history of her return.

As I sat gazing on my sister's face the large dark eyes opened and looked at me.

"I have been very ill, Margaret; at death's door. That is why I am so weak. Oh, I have suffered much in mind and body!"

She followed my glance to the black gown which lay by the bed. "Yes," she said, slowly, in a faint hoarse voice, "I have lost him. I have come home desolate, with my fatherless boy. If it were not for the child I would pray that this hour might be my last. You think I speak calmly while you are weeping. How I envy you those tears! Mine are all spent, I think."

She closed her eyes again, and lay silent for a long time. Then her lips moved, and I heard her whisper:

"Margaret, bend down your face to me."

I leaned over her and touched her cheek with mine. I believe the same recollection rushed into her mind that had been in my own, for suddenly she threw her arms around my neck, burying her face upon my breast, and burst into a flood of hysterical tears. I let her weep, holding her in my arms, and speaking no word until the fit had exhausted itself. The tears eased her heart, and at last she lay, weak but tranquil, holding my hand in hers. Far, far into the night I sat beside her bed, and listened to the broken story she told at intervals.

"No! Let me speak," she said, when, in consideration of her bodily weakness, I would have urged her to try to sleep; "I can not rest until I have told you all my misery. You know that we were poor, but you can not imagine how poor we were. Failure met us at every turn. Horace struggled and suffered bravely, but I know now, and I knew then, that he felt it was all in vain. As long as we remained near Madame de Beauguet and her good husband things were not so bad. They helped us in a hundred nameless ways. When my poor little Lily lay sick, Margaret, I could not have procured the necessary help for her if it had not been for our old governess. I know," she added, hastily, "I know what your face says. But I could not [illegible] hardened against you, even then. My heart was how much better you were than I, and because I knew that it must be so with him. Every kind act of affection coming from you stung me; for I thought, in my jealous heart, Horace will love her the better for this."

"Oh, my sister!"

"Yes, I did. It is the truth. I was poor, ailing, worn. I rose early, and went to rest late, laboring feverishly to help in the daily struggle, with all my feeble strength. I tended the old man—my husband's father—till his death. I saw my little children, born in sorrow and poverty, fade and languish and die. But my wicked, proud spirit was not softened yet."

A spark of the old fire blazed in her eyes as she spoke.

"I could have endured it all and more, without flinching, if he had only been spared to me. But I would not bend, so I was broken—ground into dust by the only blow that could utterly overcome me. Horace, weak in body and weary in spirit, fell into a fever. We were in a wild, almost barbarous place, helpless—penniless. Then, Margaret, when he was struck down in his youth, and lay on a sick bed, then I was humbled and afraid. I would have gone on my knees before you to get him the least one of the comforts he needed. We were hundreds of miles away from the only friends who cared for us on all that vast continent. I wrote to Madame de Beauguet distractedly, imploring her to send me help. The good creature came to me herself."

"God bless her!"

"Amen! God bless her! Yes; she made that long dreadful journey alone, traveling day and night to reach us. Horace brightened when he saw her; but it was the last flicker of life. He would have our boy, our only surviving child, lifted on to his bed, and he would lie holding the tiny hand in his, and gazing on the wistful face. The little fellow, barely two years old, would sit mute and still, nestling by his father for hours. If we attempted to take him away he struggled and sobbed until none of us had the heart to remove him. Many times we have waited until he dropped asleep to carry him to his own little crib. One night I had fallen into an uneasy slumber from exhaustion, and I lay stretched on the floor at the foot of my husband's bed, when, in the dead silence of the night, I was awakened by hearing your name uttered in a loud, clear voice. I started to my feet, and saw Horace gazing intently in the direction of the door. 'You are come,' he said, with a smile; 'I knew you would come!' Margaret, before the avenging God, I believe that the anguish I endured at that moment might expiate even the great wrong I did you. 'My own love, my Horace!' I cried, frantically, clasping his poor, thin hand, 'don't you know me? Speak to me, my husband, or my heart will break.' His gaze never wavered from the door, but he pressed my hand with a feeble clasp, and whispered, 'Look at Margaret!' and so he died.

"Well! Grief does not kill, for I am here. I lay for six weeks, raving in brain-fever, and insensible to every thing around me. Our good friend nursed me, and took care of my boy, and fed us and clothed us, and, when I could be moved, carried us both to her own home near Quebec. And then she urged me to return, and cast myself at uncle's feet, and supplicate for pardon and reconciliation. She spoke firmly and openly to me. She probed my heart, and fearlessly showed me what a wretch I had been, even when I had most gloried in my strength. She told me that it was a duty I owed to my dead Horace to confide his boy to the loving care of those who could provide for him. Her counsel prevailed over the last remnant of perverse pride in my broken heart, and I came. If I could but have seen my uncle—if he could but have known how I longed for his pardon and his love, even when I was hardest and worst—but that consolation was not for me. It is just."

"Anna, he loved and forgave you at the last. I know that he dearly loved and fully forgave you. Had he not been taken away so suddenly he would have shown you by his will that—"

She laid her hand upon my lips.

"It is better so. I know that my boy and I must owe every thing to your generous hand, and I will take your gift from you as though it came from Heaven. I am not what I was. I have been taught in a hard, hard school. It is better so, Margaret, better so."

I have little to add, Lucy. By slow degrees Anna recovered some measure of strength; but she was never more the bright blooming creature she had been once. While she lived she shared my home, and daily, hourly, made some new return toward the old fondness which had united us as children. The haughty spirit sometimes rose, the wayward temper occasionally broke forth, but never again was there any serious breach between us. Her boy, little Sedley—your father, Lucy—grew and thrived, and was the joy and sunshine of our quiet home. Stock, bedridden and very near the close of his long life, permitted Anna's boy to climb up on a chair to the tall, old-fashioned chimney-piece in his room, and to reach down and fill for him his cherished pipe. Such a concession Stock never made before. Many and many a long church-warden was smashed by falling from the inexpert little fingers; but Stock resented any attempt to interfere with him.

"Let un be," he would growl out to Hester, who had constituted herself chief nurse-maid, and was a little jealous of her authority. "Women-folks knows naught about boys."

"Children should be obedient, Mr. Stock," Hester would retort, sharply.

"Ah! and so should women. Let un be. He'll be all right, I tell ye. He's got more sense in his little curly poll nor some as is more'n twenty times his age. Lord, it's a marvel to see the wisdom o' that child!"

Nor did any number of mishaps, in the filling of a long series of pipes, shake Stock one jot in his conviction that if the "women-folks" would only leave Master Sedley alone, he would infallibly come out wisdom. "I deem it a possible trial of his skill and when he came frolicking up to me in his gleeful way, his merry laughter and bright arch glance would make me sad for a season. For it was as if his father's spirit were looking out of his blue-gray eyes. But little Sedley, though he inherited Horace's sweet temper and buoyant disposition, was made of sterner stuff than his father. He had what poor Uncle Gough used to say Horace wanted—ballast.

You have heard of Mr. Norcliffe from your father. He took my nephew as his pupil and helped to make him the clever doctor he is now; and the pretty house where you and your brothers and sisters were born once belonged to him. After my sister's death I gave up the Gable House and came to be near Sedley Lee and his young wife. When children gathered round them, and their pleasant house was filled with the sound of fresh young voices, I begged to have you, my godchild, to be as a daughter to me. Your good parents trusted me with their treasure, and their treasure is very dear and precious to my heart.

Anna died with her head upon my breast, and my hand in hers. My name was the last word upon her lips, as it had been on the lips of him whom we both loved so well.

From my chamber window that looks on the sea I sit and watch the restless striving waves, that rise and fall, and fall and rise again. With very different eyes do I look upon them now, from those of that poor love-lorn girl who saw them through her tears near fifty years ago. The waves toss and leap wildly, but the heart that once beat more wildly than they is at peace. I look out at the sunset, and think with a thankful spirit that my life is setting, serene and bright, even as the daylight dies brightly in the west. I await the summons to depart, not impatiently—for life has many sweet moments for me—but with hope. The remembrances of my early life, its scenes, persons, and incidents, become, not less but more clear to me as I grow old. And sometimes it is with me, as the German poet has said: "The present and near seem afar off, and that which has disappeared becomes the only reality."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CHARITY TOWARD AN ENEMY.—A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the barony church of Glasgow during the war which England and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fa' in." This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis he laughed heartily at this new and ingenious method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterward gave as a toast "The good Scotch parson."

A NOTABLE DIFFERENCE.—The difference between a bank-note and a bird-note is, that the latter is "cheep" and the former isn't.

A distinguished Frenchman don't like American ladyhood, because the dear creatures eat with their hats on. Not now—a lamp-mat is no hat.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

An Insolvent Dairyman complained that his only persecuting creditor was his Dun Cow.

An Asylum for Lunatic Creditors would find an appropriate site at Duns-inane.

A gentleman was complaining that it cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you go oftener," asked a religious broker, "and reduce the average?" That was a poser.

The Koran has the following passage: "Mohammed, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven so large that his eyes were seventy days' journey apart." What an awful "bridge" he must have had to his nose!

The Telegraph Cable makes a bed of the Atlantic Ocean and pillows of the two continents.

A worthy man, when told that he was about to die, said he was glad of it; he was tired of putting his shoes and stockings on and off. And this is about what life gets reduced to at about seventy.

FOUND.—The individual who was lost in thought has since been discovered in a brown study.

An author-friend of ours says that all the elegant Cookery-books talk about the Still Room. He only wishes that his adored family would allow *him* such a room.

Why might carpenters really believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

SMITH. "Brown's a regular wag, isn't he? He's fond of cracking his jokes."

ROBINSON. "Yes, he cracks his jokes—that's the reason they're so bad."

MOVABLE FEASTS.—"Baked Taturs all hot!"

"My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about you." "What was it, dear?" "I dreamed I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What is that a sign of, dear?" "It is a sign of a foul stomach, my dear."

"Sambo, whars de hoe?" "Wid de rake." "Whars de rake?" "Wid de hoe." "Whars dey both?" "Dey both together."

JARRING.—A seller of cement described it as peculiarly useful in mending jars.—"Would it mend the jar of a door?" "There is no occasion for it in that case," said the peddler, "for that is sound enough." "Would it mend family jars?" "In that case, again, there is more sound than sense," replied the peddler, and vamosed.

A NICE HOUSE.—"Mamma," said a little fellow whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany side-board with a sharp nail—"mamma, this ain't a nice house. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet; but here we can't get any fun at all."

A Western Paradise is thus described: "No income tax; no infernal revenue; no spies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog-tax, school-tax, or bounty fund. And, to end with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

DRY-GOODS DRUMMERS AT THE SOUTH.

It would be singular if our Southern brethren did *not* despise us, if they judge us from some of the men who go among them, and who, in order to secure their custom, outdo rebels themselves in their expression of rebel sentiments. In fact, it must be admitted that now, as before the war, the class of Northern men who go Southward, seeking custom, or designing to make a permanent stay, are the most despicable representatives of the North, and form the most dangerous class of Southern citizens. We give on page 637 an illustration which represents a scene of too common occurrence upon our Southern railroads and in the hotels of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans. The picture tells its own story, and it is to us a very painful and disgusting one.

We shall hail the day with joy when citizens from Northern States going Southward shall fairly represent the people of those States. Then, and not till then, will frankness of speech and an honest, unflinching purpose become habitual, and do much to secure that freedom in the expression of opinion which is now in the South almost impossible.

SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.

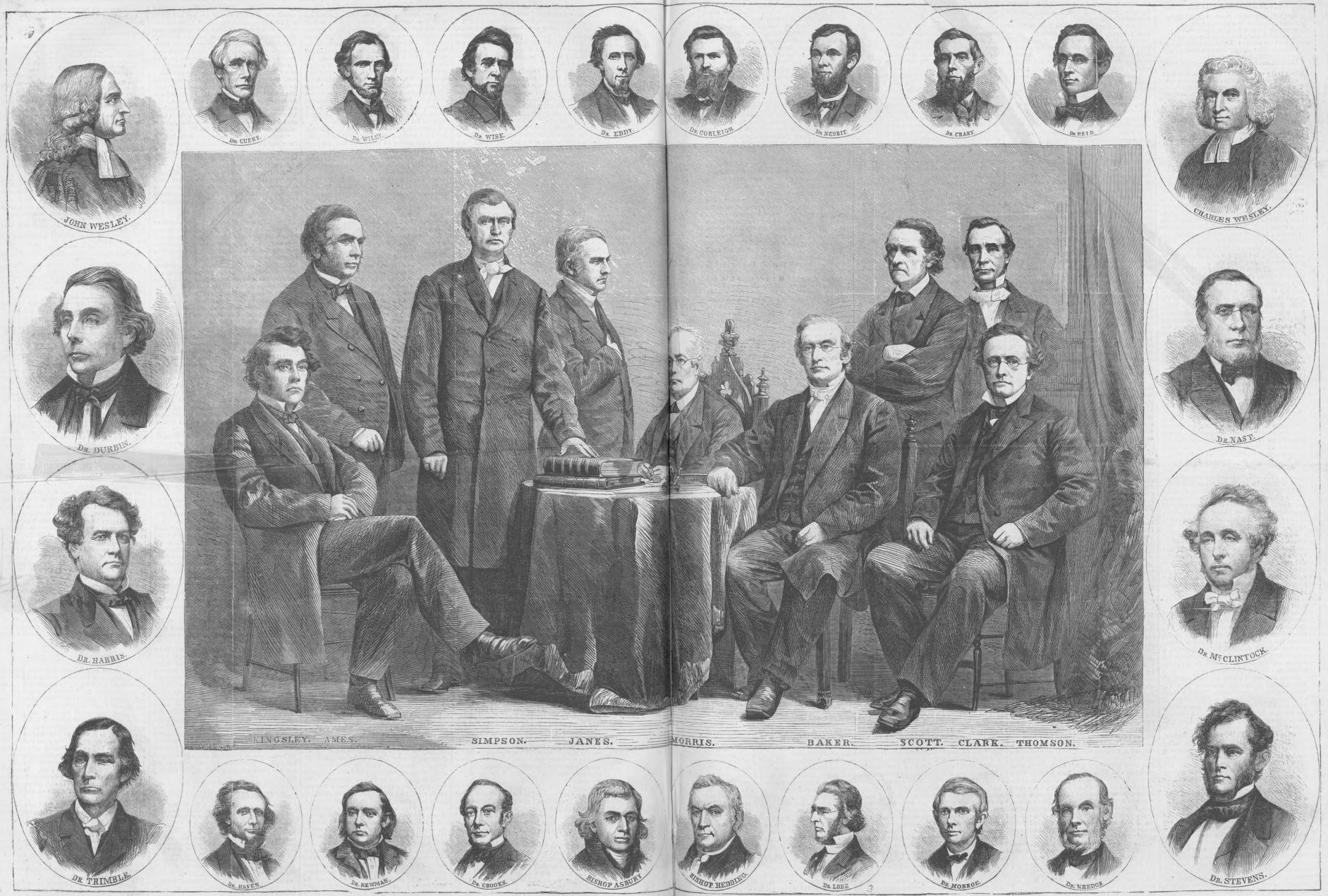
OUR soldiers could not very well carry bowling-alleys along with them, but General SHERIDAN supplied this deficiency by the invention of a game of ten-pins, which we illustrate on page 637. A ball, usually a 12-pound shell, was suspended from the limb of a tree, or from some convenient arrangement. The board on which the pins are set up was placed either beyond or in front of the spot over which the ball hangs when at rest. This is necessary, as it would be almost impossible to strike the pins otherwise. The game is played by throwing the ball so that it shall miss the pins on its forward swing and strike them on its return. In order to do this it is necessary to "english" or twist the ball as it leaves the hand. Some very nice calculation is necessary to do this with certainty. Three shots are given to each player; but he loses these if he strikes the pins on the forward swing.

"SHERIDAN," says our artist, "is by far the best player that I have seen, although some of his staff, among them Colonel SAUTELLE, are quite successful players."

Following his freely-expressed idea, "that a man is foolish who can not unbend, but makes an effort to be a great man all the time," General SHERIDAN has arranged a game among the trees about his present home in New Orleans. Here the General with his staff and friends amuse themselves occasionally during the afternoon.

The game was always a favorite in the Army of the Cumberland, but never, we believe, introduced into the Army of the Potomac. General SHERIDAN invented it for the amusement of the convalescents which camped near Murfreesborough.

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DISTINGUISHED MEN OF METHODISM.—From Photographs by Brady, Hallett, and others.—[See Page 634.]

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NOTHING TO SPARE.

WHAT! hast thou *naught* to spare? Alas! thy lot
Indeed is hapless; thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast "naught to spare."

Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden talent, where?
The look of pity which thou mightst accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast "naught to spare."
Bethink thee ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So *much* He giveth thee—so much "to spare."

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

THE Methodists celebrate in October their first Centenary in the New World. PHILIP EMBURY, THOMAS WEBB, and ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, were the earliest pioneers of American Methodism; they were "local preachers," or volunteers, not receiving salaries as do "traveling preachers" whose time is exclusively devoted to the ministry. From the formation of the *first* Methodist Society in America in 1766 its march has been triumphant. In our Centennial picture we present the heads of many representative men in the Church, with all of the living bishops. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY, the founders of the sect, are also there, but they are so generally known that we need only refer to them.

No man did more for Christianity in the Western hemisphere than Bishop ASBURY. When only eighteen years old he entered the itinerant ministry in England, and soon afterward emigrated to America. At the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year 1784, he was appointed Bishop. The Church had then less than 15,000 members, with 80 preachers; and when he died (1816), in his 71st year, the spiritual army which he led numbered over 211,000 Methodists, with 700 traveling preachers!

ROBERT WILLIAMS, a Wesleyan preacher, had arrived as early as 1769, then came JOHN KING, and during the same year RICHARD BOARDMAN, with JOSEPH PILMOOR, who were the first regular Methodist or Wesleyan Missionaries. Bishop COKE ordained Bishop ASBURY, and these were the first Protestant Bishops of the Western World, unless we should except the episcopal officers of some of the Colonial Moravian settlements. From this small beginning Methodism in America has achieved a greater religious work than any since the days of the Apostles. About two millions of church-members, exclusive of some six millions of congregational adherents, are now embodied in its churches in America.

ELIJAH HEDDING, D.D., was born in Dutchess County, New York, June 7, 1780, and died April 9, 1852. He was elected to the episcopal office in 1824. He established the earliest Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, and labored earnestly for the advancement of literary and theological education. He was a man of imposing personal appearance, of singular dignity and simplicity, of rare wisdom in counsel, and high authority in theological science.

Bishop THOMAS A. MORRIS, D.D., is a Virginian, born 1794. After serving as editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, etc., he was elected to the Episcopal office in 1836. Able, prudent, and exemplary, he still lives to bless the Church with his wise counsels—a man of extremely laconic speech, brief but always pertinent in his preaching, in conversation given to anecdote and pithy sayings and no little humor.

LEVI SCOTT, D.D., is a Marylander. He entered the ministry in 1826; in 1840 he became Principal of the Carlisle Grammar School, and subsequently one of the Book Agents at New York. In 1852 he was consecrated Bishop. In the performance of his episcopal duties he has visited the distant missions in Western Africa, and has recently ordained Bishop ROBERTS, a colored man, to that work. He commands the highest estimation of his Church for his piety, talents, and memorable services.

Bishop EDMUND S. JANES is a native of Sheffield, Massachusetts. He was born April 27, 1807, commenced preaching in 1830, was elected Secretary of the American Bible Society in 1840, and Bishop in 1844. He is a most efficient and laborious minister, and has visited officially the California churches and the Methodist Missions in Europe.

OSMAN C. BAKER, D.D., was born at Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1812. He studied under FISK at Middletown, Connecticut, became a teacher in Newbury, and at a later period Professor in the Biblical Institute at Concord. In 1852 he was elected Bishop. He is a man of sound learning, of singular prudence, and an authority in Methodist jurisprudence.

EDWARD R. AMES, D.D., is a Western man, a native of Ohio, born in 1806, and educated at the Ohio University. He became a Professor in an Illinois College, Missionary Secretary for the West, and, in 1852, Bishop. His personal appearance commands respect, and he is noted for his devotion and sagacity in the affairs of his denomination.

MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., was born in Ohio, June 21, 1810, and descended from Methodist stock. At first he studied medicine, then became the Professor of Natural Science in Alleghany College, and afterward President of the Indiana Asbury University. Next we find him editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and, finally, a Bishop. As a pulpit orator he is inferior to none in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He abounds in happy and brilliant illustrations; his voice is peculiar and monotonous, but his vigorous intellect and vivid sensibility give his sermons irresistible power.

DAVIS W. CLARK, D.D., was born on Mount Desert Island, Maine. He graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1836, and has been a practical teacher, and for several years editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. A writer of eminence, he has published several valuable works. In the year 1864 he was elected Bishop, and is universally respected.

Bishop EDWARD THOMSON, D.D., was born at Portsea, England, 1810, emigrated to the United States in 1819, and studied and practiced medicine. For some years he was either President or Professor in Western colleges. He also edited the *Ladies' Repository*, and in 1860 became editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He was made a Bishop in 1864. He is a polished writer and speaker, and is greatly esteemed.

Bishop CALVIN KINGSLEY was one of the last elected to the Episcopal office. He is a Western man, and a zealous and able fellow-laborer with his brethren who preside in the councils of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* for several years, and also a Professor in the Alleghany College at Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Our picture is so arranged as to represent on one side of the Bishops the Secretaries of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The portrait of JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D., is a most striking likeness. He is a Kentuckian, and was born in 1800. After his graduation at college, in 1825, he became Professor of Languages in Augusta College; in 1831 he was elected Chaplain to Congress; in 1833 he became editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*; and in 1834 was appointed President of Dickinson College. He afterward published his Travels in Europe, and in 1850 was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, for the responsible duties of which office he possesses admirable qualities. He is among our most eloquent and popular pulpit orators. WILLIAM L. HARRIS, his effective assistant, is also a Western man. He was born in Ohio, November 4, 1817. In 1847 he was appointed Principal of the Baldwin Institute, then a Professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1860 Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He is a ready debater, laborious, social, and a general favorite.

J. M. TRIMBLE, D.D., is the Second Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, a Western man, and resident of Ohio. He entered the ministry as early as the year 1828, and has occupied the most important appointments in the Church. He is greatly esteemed, and is a man of effective talent. He was elected to his present important post in 1864, and now devotes his whole time to its duties.

On the right of the main picture are the heads of three clergymen—DRS. NAST, M'CLINTOCK, and STEVENS—all eminent as scholars, writers, and pulpit orators. At the top and bottom are the likenesses of the present editors of the Methodist periodicals, and other representative men. DRS. CURRY (editor of the *Christian Advocate*), COBLEIGH (editor of *Zion's Herald*), and HAVEN (an ex-editor, and now President of Michigan University) are distinguished sons of the Wesleyan University. DR. CROOKS, the learned editor of *The Methodist*, graduated at Carlisle, and DR. WHEDON, the metaphysician of the Church, and editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, is from Hamilton. DR. REID graduated at the New York University; was formerly President of Genesee College, and is now the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. DR. WISE is at the head of the Sunday-school department of the Church, and is eminent, especially as a writer and editor for children. The Rev. DR. B. F. CRARY, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, is a good type of the Hoosier gentleman, ardent and plain-spoken. The Rev. DR. EDDY, editor of the *North Western Christian Advocate*, published at Chicago, is "a live man," and makes a lively paper. Ardently loyal (as indeed are all the editors of the Methodist papers), he rendered good service to the country during its late conflict. The Rev. DR. NESBIT, editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, is a writer of distinguished ability. His editorials are neat, sharp, and judicious. DR. WILEY has studied medicine, been a missionary to China, and is now the polished editor of the well-known *Ladies' Repository*. DR. NEWMAN has become one of the most eloquent and useful men of the Church. His Travels in the Holy Land have been published, and he now discharges the duties of an editor, etc., in New Orleans, and is Professor of a Theological Seminary there. DR. LORE is a gentleman of learning, and fills well the editorial chair; and DR. MONROE, a minister of great influence, and a successful preacher, now devotes his whole time and talents to the agency of the Church Extension Society, in which cause he has been most energetic and successful. The Church, from its organization, has shown great wisdom in the selection of its bishops, editors, etc. All those whose likenesses are given in our engraving are "men of mark," and, with two or three exceptions, have at various times been elected to office by the General Conference. Most of the bishops, it will be seen, have been selected from those who have been connected with the press of the Church.

How rapid and astonishing has been the progress of Methodism! On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundations of the *first* Methodist chapel in the world were laid at Bristol, England; and in November following the "Foundry," in London, was consecrated. The former bore the humble name of "The Preaching House;" and the latter took its former title of the "Old Foundry," having been once used for casting iron. At that moment JOHN WESLEY had no thought of founding a new sect. He was a firm Churchman, and opened these edifices for the temporary accommodation of his followers, and for a still better reason—the clergy of the Establishment had excluded him from its pulpits and his people from their sacramental altars.

The year when these earliest chapels were opened is considered the epoch of Methodism, for it was in the year 1739, also, that Mr. WESLEY organized his *first* society; and this, he says, "was the rise of the United Society," which has continued in unbroken succession down to the present day. WESLEY, the great founder of the sect, lived to see METHODISM established in the United States with an Episcopal organization. He also saw it planted in the British North American Provinces and the West India Islands, and died in 1791, with his religious system universally effective, and sustained by five hundred and fifty itinerant, with thousands of local and traveling preachers, and over one hundred and forty thousand members.

In the year 1839 was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of English Wesleyan Methodism, a festive day of religious observance by Methodists throughout their churches in all parts of the world. Pecuniary contributions were called for and answered by a liberality never equaled in their history, if in that of any other Christian body. The "Wesleyans" gave *one million and eighty thousand dollars*; and the American Methodists *six hundred thousand*. Signal indeed had been the blessings of Heaven upon their past history, and at that Centenary the denomination had increased to more than one million one hundred and seventy thousand communicants in the United Kingdom, British Provinces, West Indies, the United States, etc., including five thousand two hundred traveling preachers. Its missionaries were about three hundred and fifty, with some three thousand unpaid assistants, occupying about three hundred stations in Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Hawaii Islands, Vavau, Feejee, and West India Islands. In their mission-schools they enrolled fifty thousand pupils. More than seventy thousand communicants, and two hundred thousand hearers, attended their mission chapels.

Such was the *first* century of Wesleyan Methodism, clearly demonstrating its Providential mission and the revival of apostolic, spiritual life. Introduced into America one hundred years ago, it has retained the spirit of its original mission, as a revival of evangelical religion; and here its growth has been rapid beyond a parallel. Its first religious society was formed in this city in the year 1766. Before the end of the last century, in thirty-four years, its standards had been planted from Nova Scotia to Georgia, and westward to the furthest limits of civilized society. By this time there were eight annual Conferences, three bishops—COKE, ASBURY, and WHATCOAT—287 traveling, with several thousand local preachers, and about 65,000 members, of whom 13,000 were Africans. By the year 1825 its communicants had increased to 350,000, and its preachers to over 1300.

American Methodism, like the parent Wesleyan body, has ever taken an interest in education. As early as the year 1784 Bishops COKE and ASBURY commenced Cokesbury College, near Baltimore, and from this impulse numerous others have rapidly followed in the denomination. The Methodist Episcopal Church now reports not less than 25 colleges, including theological schools, with 158 professors and teachers, 5345 students, 105,531 library volumes, and property and endowments $3,055,861. To these must be added 77 academies, 556 instructors, 17,761 scholars, 10,462 of whom are females. Before the late war the Southern Methodist Church had 12 colleges, 77 academies, with 8000 students, making an aggregate in the two bodies of 191 literary institutions, with 31,106 scholars. Who can estimate the moral, social, and religious influences which these educational movements of Methodism have exerted in our land?

Methodism is diffusing literature among the people. WESLEY himself incessantly employed his pen. The Methodist "Book Concern," as it is called, is now one of the largest religious publishing establishments in the world, its capital having increased since the year 1789 from $600 to nearly $1,000,000. It circulates more than a million copies monthly of periodicals, one Quarterly Review, four Monthlies, one Semi-Monthly, with eight Weeklies. These probably have a larger circulation than any other works of the same class in the world. No one can affirm that Methodism does not greatly contribute to the progress of useful knowledge.

A most prominent place does Methodism occupy in the vital work of Sunday-school teaching. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone has now 13,400 schools, 918,000 scholars, 150,000 teachers, and during the past year claimed 19,000 converts to Christianity in these institutions. In the school libraries are more than 2,529,000 volumes, and nearly 260,000 Sunday-school papers are printed and circulated semi-monthly. We believe that no institutions in our land dispense a mightier power for private and public good than these Sabbath-schools.

Methodism continues essentially, as it ever has been, a missionary movement. From 1808 to the present time the Wesleyans have contributed more than twenty millions of *dollars* for foreign missions. Last year the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church reached almost $560,000, and it has now from this country missionaries in China, India, Africa, Bulgaria, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and South America. From its commencement to 1865 its funds have amounted to nearly *six* million dollars. It is to raise a million the present year.

According to the last United States Census Report the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a whole, is the richest in the land. Her property in churches and parsonages is there valued at $27,000,000; in colleges and theological schools, $3,055,000—making, exclusive of the Book Concern and other property, $30,055,000. Such statistics are by some thought dull and uninteresting, but they are the ledgers of history, and in Church and State contain the balance-sheet of social and religious improvement, and, as such, we leave these on Methodism without further comment.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in any thing; I think about him, and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the stick out of his hand, "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the overexcited feelings of the mother; she sprang toward him, and, seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about every thing that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, Sir!" she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you can not walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without any thing to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table-cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the

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table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr. Burton rarely said any thing to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit, and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say any thing that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings, in a little while, quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words, "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him, angrily, to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son," she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I can not find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Harry; "I could not see them any where."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want any thing else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first-fruits, and the gathering, even of so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for any thing it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and 'speak gently.'"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE fall season has fairly come, though sultry summer days have been sprinkled all through September. But the gay world, for the most part, lingers no longer in the green fields and beside the blue waters: Fashion, with beckoning hand, invites return, and the streets of New York are thronged with an animated crowd of "fair women and brave men," each intent on business or pleasure. Madame Fashion has not been rusticating in the country during the summer, but, with closed doors, has been ingeniously devising new laws to be promulgated this fall; and now, of course, ladies especially are turning their attention to autumn toilets. The eager gazers who threaded their way through Broadway on the Milliners' Opening Day last week, regardless of the drizzling rain, showed a degree of interest in the great exhibition of little bonnets worthy of a *larger* cause.

Although in some instances there seems to have been an *attempt* to "enlarge," the result appears to be that the new styles of those little ornaments denominated "bonnets" are rather smaller than ever. The two great classes of head ornaments, hats and bonnets, are divided into numerous orders—*Panchon*, *Empire*, *Lamballe*, *Luleika*, *Metternich*, *Suissesse*, *Chignon*, *Catalane*, *Ristori*, etc., etc.—and these orders into genera and species too numerous to mention. Each lady must examine for herself—with a microscope—and decide which species is the rarest, and the most becoming for her to adopt. The *Lamballe*, in all its unique varieties, still blossoms, fresh and fair; while the *Catalane* is a pretty novelty.

In Paris, simultaneously with the recent announcement that the Empress was about to start for Biarritz, some novel hats, christened "toquets Biarritz," made their appearance. These toquets are made of black, white, and light gray felt, and are bordered with a band of well-curled feathers. In order to give a feminine appearance to this rather masculine head-gear, either a beautiful, half-opened rose, a china aster, a tuft of pansies, or a bouquet of service berries, is added at the side. A Parisian journal, after describing a Lamballe bonnet made of black lace and jet beads, and ornamented at each side (on the ears as it were) with two bunches of violet velvet pansies, adds: "These tufts of flowers on the ears lead us to hope that we are not doomed to walk out with uncovered ears during the approaching winter weather, for although larger bonnets have been made in preparation for the colder weather, nobody will purchase them."

Among the various dress materials which are popular this fall striped and plaid goods of the brightest and gayest colors abound. Irish poplins are as fashionable as ever; and a new shade of blue, called *azure*, and of green distinguished as *petroleum*, are likely to be in special favor. For street dresses a gray mixed poplin, silk and wool, is new and stylish. Plain black alpacas continue to be much worn, and are always genteel. Black silk striped with satin is very fashionable. For dress occasions satin will be in favor. There is a new material, imported by Stewart & Co., called "satin cashmere," a rich twilled silk with a satin finish. It is to be obtained in all shades, and it is said will be a favorite fabric for bridal dresses.

Gored skirts are still in the ascendant, especially for house wear. Skirts are now frequently made slashed up at each side as far as the waist, and edged with deep fringe; they have the effect of a double apron, and are called *Sevillane* skirts. The fringe, which may be either silk or chenille, is never the same color as the skirt. The following description will serve as a model for this novel style: A blue silk petticoat, or rather under-skirt, with a blue ruche round the edge; over this a *Sevillane* skirt of striped blue and white silk, with a deep blue chenille fringe round the edge. With this skirt a white Figaro jacket ornamented with blue fringe and blue gimp would be worn.

Opera cloaks are made of thick warm material, either white or striped in colors. The circular will be the favorite style. Sometimes a hood is added, trimmed with jet fringe, and when drawn over the head it is very becoming.

The mixture of muslin and silk is at present very popular. The newest white muslin bodices are called "Loyses," and are made in puffings and trimmed with three cross-cut bands of silk, the two at the sides describing braces, both at the front and back. The waist is encircled with a silk band and sash, which fasten at the left side; the collar is pointed. The sleeves are formed with three puffings of muslin, which alternate with three cross-cut bands of silk. Velvet is also used for trimming these puffed white muslin bodices, and the velvet is embroidered either with jet or straw.

Among the various novelties of the season are chains which are extensively used for dress trimmings. They vary in size "from the delicate watch chain to the heavy ox-cable."

Portraits of favorite dogs and horses are used to insert in lockets and breast-pins.

A new kind of net is formed with gold and silver braid crossing at wide intervals, and united at every point with a tuft of colored chenille.

Boots are being made with colored heels. Among some recently exhibited in a London shop was a pair of white kid, intended for a bridemaid; they had blue toe caps and heels, piped with blue kid, and were fastened by a double row of fancy buttons up the front.

Buttons form an important feature in the way of dress trimmings. They vary from the size of a "pea to that of a small butter plate."

Ear-rings continue to be immensely long. Five or six interlaced rings, falling nearly to the shoulder, are a fashionable model.

There really is no end to the unique and pretty changes introduced by fashion; yet for the present we will make a period here and turn to other matters.

No one can fail to find in this great city such amusement as is suited to his individual taste. And if his taste happens to need cultivation, there is ample opportunity for training it here. Libraries are to some extent open to the public; and we believe ere long increased facilities in the way of public circulating libraries, reading-rooms, etc., will give to every one ample opportunity for indulging a taste for reading. Concerts of various kinds, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, are more than ever demanded by the public. The drama, the comedy, and the tragedy, in various grades of excellence according to the popular standard, are sources of entertainment to multitudes. Ristori's recent appearance has awakened a great enthusiasm in her behalf; and her wonderful power as a tragedienne has seldom been surpassed. The lovers of pictures will be able to gratify their taste at numerous places. Messrs. Goupil and Schaus have fine collections of engravings, to which they have lately added some very fine ones after eminent English artists, which are well worthy a careful examination. It has been projected by Mr. T. W. Dufrene of this city to establish a "Garden of Art." A site has been secured in the vicinity of the Central Park. The ground embraces two entire blocks, bounded on the north by Sixty-second Street, on the south by Sixtieth Street, on the east by Tenth, and on the west by Eleventh Avenue, an area of 41,600 square yards. Here it is proposed to erect a large building fronting on Tenth Avenue, covering the entire line of frontage—400 feet—from Sixtieth to Sixty-second Street. The great object claimed by the projector is to provide New York with a place of popular resort, refining in character—a place which will have the best artistic features if not the real greatness of the palace and gardens at Sydenham, Versailles, or other places world-famous for their scenic beauty: and while he administers to the pleasure of his visitors, he hopes to cultivate a taste for the truly beautiful in art by bringing them in communion with the embodied thoughts of the great Masters of the Past and of the Present.

We have received a communication with a request to insert, which we do with great willingness, regarding it as a very good item for our column:

"*Ed. Harper's Weekly:*

"In your issue of September 8 I notice under the head of Home and Foreign Gossip the following: 'A Western paper contains the following announcement: Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas,' etc. Now, as our 'Western' city of Leavenworth contains some 25,000 inhabitants, it is at least possible that a Miss 'Anna Gould' resides here; but as to having a 'John Candal' for City Marshal, I, as a resident of Leavenworth, deny the 'soft impeachment.' Our City Marshal is Joseph Mackle, a worthy soldier, who, I hope for the morals of our city, is *not* engaged to any young lady whatever, for he has already a charming wife; also, a 'sweet pledge' or two. Do you not think your announcement was a (s)candalous joke on our portly Marshal? E. J. M."

In regard to the above we would simply remark that we have never given our affidavit that nothing but the *truth* should enter the columns of "Home and Foreign Gossip." The name is sufficiently indicative of the general character of the items inserted. "Gossip" would scarcely *be* "gossip" if it were *always* true. And while we give our readers a variety of matter, both truthful and useful, a good story or amusing announcement is not withheld even if we can not prove its truth. However, we are now happy to notify the public that Miss Anna Gould and John Candal have broken off their engagement, or have never been engaged, or have never *been* at all, just as the case may be!

We have heard of sugar from saw-dust before, but now it is said that a chemist has extracted from coal a substance chemically undistinguishable from sugar. He has named it "phenoze."

Some people cover their eyes with green or other shades when any thing is the matter with them. It is now ascertained by the best oculists that shades injure the sight instead of strengthening it, from their creating heat and inflammation in the parts affected. If the eye be injured and light insupportable, the best way is to tie a cool linen handkerchief over it. We have heard it stated as a curious fact, that, when the English army returned from Egypt, those soldiers were least affected with ophthalmy who had worn no fronts to their hats.

Various accounts come to us of the immense opera-house which Louis Napoleon is building in Paris. It is estimated that it will cost $5,000,000. It will be constructed entirely of stone, brick, and metal, nothing combustible being allowed to enter into its composition. It will cover seven and a half acres, and be two hundred feet in external height, according to report. Every box will have a separate saloon attached, fitted up like a drawing-room, and a carriage way will be constructed from the street to the second story. This will be a little ahead of any thing built in modern times.

A French paper states that arrangements have been made to send some seventy female convicts to Cayenne, the Government having determined to take measures in earnest for the population of that colony. These girls, several of whom are remarkably handsome, are destined to become the wives of convicts in Cayenne who have distinguished themselves by industry and good conduct. Each couple will be endowed with a grant of land and a sufficient loan to pay for an agricultural plant. A hypercritical French journal inquires whether the consent of these prospective brides has been asked, and objects that marriage, and, above all, marriage with convicts, is not within the purview of their sentence.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

EVERY body in Harmouth knew little Johnny, with his crooked back and tiny crutch, with which he could get over the ground a good deal faster than most other people who had free use of their legs. A great favorite was he with the bluff, weather-beaten beachmen, who often used to take him out with them in their shore-boats to the luggers when they were bringing their night's catching ashore. Then they used to make him sing, for he had a capital voice, and had learned to give out the "Death of Nelson" and "Tom Bowling" with nautical emphasis and spirit not to be expected in a child of ten. Standing on the shore you could hear his notes sounding over the water, and presently the shouts and hurrahs of his audience when he came to a conclusion. Johnny had no mother; she had long been dead, having only lived to bring her child into the world, and then pass quietly away as if in a peaceful sleep. The only vestige that remained to him of her was a green mound under the great yew-tree in the corner of Harmouth Church-yard, and there every Sunday after the morning service he and his father would be found hand in hand, silent and sad. For though he had lost his wife close on half a score years, Joe Barton, rough and iron-hearted as he was, had not forgotten her who for one brief twelve months made life sunshine to him. "Poor little woman!" he would say, turning away; and as he passed through the gate that led out of the resting-place of the dead a great salt tear as big as a pebble would force its way out and slowly creep down his brown cheek. He and Johnny lived in a comfortable cottage outside the town, for Joe had been a successful man; from a fisherman he had gradually become part-owner of a lugger, then sole proprietor, and then at last had no less than three boats of his own. So in course of time he secured a very nice little nest-egg which he invested in the shares of the county bank, and then having labored long and well, retired to rest him for the remainder of his days. The bank had a local branch at Harmouth, and most of the fishermen and inhabitants deposited their money there. Joe always had an intense love of the sea. He was wont to say "that it did his heart good to hear the waves, and that they used to talk to him for all the world like human beings." When he gave up fishing he had built a small pleasure-boat, which was christened with great ceremony *The Saucy Jack*, and a smart, trim little craft she was, with sailing powers something perfectly miraculous. All through the summer she was kept fully occupied, and heart-rending were the appeals Joe had to listen to from the juvenile frequenters of the beach to take them out for a sail with him. But he always had plenty of company, and what with his sea stories and biscuits and ginger-beer Joe Barton was at last worshiped as a hero. Johnny ever went with him on these marine excursions, and despite his deformity and ever-attendant crutch, without which he could not move, he had learned to handle and manœuvre *The Saucy Jack* with the greatest ease, and was as expert at taking in a reef or "putting about" as the oldest salt in Harmouth.

It was a glorious summer's day, the sea so smooth that it rippled on to the beach without noise, and seemed to be coyly kissing the pebbles. So hot, too, that the rowers in the many boats floating about were leaning listlessly on their oars, allowing themselves to drift lazily along with the tide. All Harmouth seemed to be on the water, every thing in the shape of a boat was engaged. *The Saucy Jack* alone remained idle. There she lay, about a hundred yards from the shore, securely anchored, and every thing as neatly fastened up as when she had been left the night before. Many and anxious were the inquiries for Joe Barton, and general were the expressions of regret that he should not be in the way on such a lovely day. No one knew where he had gone, not even Johnny. All he could say was that his father had received a letter the night before, after reading which he had sat silent and gloomy all the rest of the evening, and gone out before six o'clock in the morning, when he was abed, without saying a word. So *The Saucy Jack* remained idle all through that livelong summer's day.

Evening came on, and Johnny, who had been lounging about uneasily, for he could not bear his father to be away from him, began to feel very tired and sleepy, and thinking that a nap on board would be cool and comfortable, hailed one of the passing boats, and was duly transported to *The Saucy Jack*. Creeping into the little cabin at her bow, in which spare sails, empty ginger-beer bottles, and such like were kept, he soon fell into a sound and heavy slumber. How long it lasted he knew not, but when he woke he was startled by hearing a rippling sound above his head; it was quite dark, too, and the boat felt as if she were moving smartly along. What could have happened? Had she broke away from her anchor? For a moment he lay still, frightened in spite of himself. Then slowly he raised himself on his elbow, and rubbing his eyes, peered through the narrow aperture through which he had entered. He could see the mainsail bellied out with the fresh breeze, and that was all. But was it not enough? He knew he was out on the sea, but how had he come there? Could any body out of spite have sent him adrift? No; he knew of no one who had a grudge against him; suddenly he was startled by a groan as if of pain. His heart thumped against his side, the perspiration broke out in great beads on his forehead, he neither moved hand nor foot. Then ensued an agonizing silence, and then a voice, hoarse and broken with emotion, burst into a passionate prayer. Johnny was braver now, and dragging himself along on his hands and knees as quickly as his infirmities would allow, he made for the entrance and thrust his head out. There was no moon, but the stars shone out bravely, and in their light he could see the figure of a man with his back toward him, rocking backward and forward, his face buried in his hands and murmuring to himself. Who could it be? Johnny essayed to speak, but his lips were parched, soundless, and glued together, his tongue rough and dry. He stared at the black shadow as if it were a spirit. Between it and him there was a seat running across the boat; he tried to reach it in order to pull himself along, but could not. The figure moved its head, and in a momentary flash of summer lightning Johnny saw that it was his father. He sought to speak again, but he could not, while his eyes eagerly devoured his every movement. He saw him move his hand down to the seat beside him, he saw him raise his arm with something that glittered in the silver light, he heard a click, and then, as if by inspiration, the truth burst upon him. Hurling himself forward with the energy of despair he caught his father by the arm. There was a flash, a report, and then he felt something graze his fingers. But he heeded it not; seizing the pistol from his hand he threw it with all his strength into the sea, and then sank fainting into the bottom of the boat.

Black grew the clouds, higher rose the wind, beating up the waves into angry contention. There was every appearance of the advent of a severe storm. *The Saucy Jack*, left to herself, was heeling over in the trough of the sea in a perilous manner, but still Joe Barton, for it was he, sat with his face in his hands; still Johnny lay silent and motionless in the bottom of the boat. Presently a great, green wave came curling along, and dashing against the boat's side, wetted both to the skin. It roused Joe from his stupor, it roused Johnny from his insensibility; in another moment they were in one another's arms. Still the wind freshened, still the waves rose higher and higher, those two clasped in that firm embrace heeded them not, for the mercy of God was in their hearts, and the storm and tempest had no fear for them.

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It blew a gale that night and morning, and a large vessel went ashore on Harmouth sands, but no lives were lost. The wives of the fishermen lay sleepless and uneasy in their beds, for their good men were out on the angry sea earning bread for them and the children. The hoarse voice of the wind and the angry roar of the waves sent a thrill to their hearts as they heard them, and many a prayer stole up through the black sky and gained the ear of the Unseen. When the morning sun broke bravely through the drifting clouds there was a heart-felt shout of thanksgiving to see the toilers of the night come safely into harbor. Huge were the breakfasts eaten, sound was the sleep that followed, for it had been a hard battle between man and the elements.

Later in the day a knot of men were lounging on the shore. "Where's *The Saucy Jack?*" asked one. "Ain't Joe Barton turned up yet?" said another. While old Murtoch, the patriarch of the group, mumbled out "She ain't drawed up, she ain't at anchor; I'm blessed if I don't think she's gone down head first." This inaugurated a conversation about Joe, and various and singular were the reasons given for his continued absence. While they were engaged in this discussion, a man, bareheaded and breathless, rushed frantically down over the pebbles, his face pale as death, his eyes almost starting out of his head. When he reached the group, he stopped and remained speechless. "Hullo, Silas, what's wrong, lad?" inquired one. "You look dazed, man," said another.

"The Bank," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Well, what of the Bank?" asked old Murtoch, impatiently.

"It's broke," he gasped, and then, without vouchsafing any further information, rushed away as quickly as he had come. The news he brought fell like a thunder-bolt in the midst of those to whom he told it; they seemed stunned for a moment, and then hastened up to the town to find if he had spoken the truth.

Alas! it was but too true, the County Bank, being unable to meet a run upon its resources on the previous day at the chief market town, where its head office was, had been compelled to stop payment, and close all its branch establishments. Considerable assets, however, were expected, the number of shareholders being amply sufficient to cover all liabilities. It was some time before the Harmouth fishermen could be made to understand that, if they were only patient, they would have nearly all their money back. They stood in a body outside the Bank door till the darkness took them home worn out and sad at heart to bed. There went out no boats that night from Harmouth to fish!

The morning following the day on which the Harmouth Bank had stopped, a boat was seen some distance out making its way for the shore as well as it could with a broken mast and a ragged sail. All eyes were strained toward it. Whose could it be? Where was it coming from? Old Murtoch, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed silently out over the watery space. Then in a moment he dropped his arm exclaiming, "Well, bless my heart, if it ain't *The Saucy Jack*, with Joe and the kid aboard." Immense was the astonishment; some said "it couldn't be," but by-and-by, sure enough, she glided in past the pier-head, Joe at the tiller, and Johnny making himself useful in hauling in the sails. They both looked pale and weary, but the shout of welcome



LITTLE JOHNNY.

with which they were received lit up both their faces pleasantly. When *The Saucy Jack* had been made fast, Joe and his boy came ashore. All were eager to tell him the news, but none liked to, for it was well known that he was a large shareholder in the bank. But he seemed to understand their whispering, and taking Johnny's hand, he merely said quietly, "I know all about it. It's been and ruined me, but that's neither here nor there," and then moved off toward home. But ere he had gone many steps he took Johnny up in his arms, crutch and all, and carried him home and up to his bed in his own tiny room. He would not undress him, for already was the poor little man in a heavy slumber, but laying him down tenderly on the outside of the counterpane, that great, strong man fell on his knees, and with his face resting on the hands of his sleeping child, thus remained for a long, long time. What he thought, what he prayed, what thanksgivings burst from his very soul only the Book wherein his life is written can reveal. It was one of those times in the existence of a man when the days that are gone are lived over again, and the lessons they have taught are appreciated. Then the clouds roll back, the dawn breaks with promise of fine weather, and he nerves himself anew to face the future, bring it sunshine or storm. Thus taking courage, Joe Barton raised himself from his knees, no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them. He was an altered man. And who had been the mysterious agent in the hand of Providence that had wrought his reformation? His poor, little deformed child, who through the night of storm and danger had been near him with lion heart and dauntless courage, who had taught him that mercy is extended even unto him who would take his own life.

A few words more. Years passed on; the expected call had been made by the bank, and Joe's goods and chattels were all sold, but he neither groaned nor grumbled: he set himself manfully to work once again, and though his hair grew gray, and he was not quite so hearty and strong as of yore, yet all were willing to lend him a hand, and he soon began to find his circumstances improving. But for one circumstance he would have been happy. Johnny had never been thoroughly well since that dreadful night of storm and disaster; his back had grown rounder, and he complained of a pain in his leg frequently. Joe grew very anxious; every spare moment was dedicated to his child. One day he took him to London to see a great doctor, and when he came back he looked ten years older, for there was a gloomy prophecy gnawing at his heart. From that day Johnny took to his bed. He was a good, patient little fellow, but he would have no nurse but his dear old daddy; and his thin, pale face, used to light up the moment Joe entered the room; and when his father sat down by him he would put his hand into his horny palms and smile as if supremely happy. One morning Joe came in to breakfast, and, as usual, bounded up stairs to see his boy. Johnny was lying on his back, his eyes turned expectantly toward the door. The window was wide open, and a delicious soft breeze from the sea came playing through it. The sick child was going to his rest, there could be little doubt about that; his eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheek strangely flushed; in a few moments the ebb of the tide must set in. Joe sat down beside him, and then, as he was wont, Johnny put his hand in his, and then slowly and quietly spoke thus:

"Dear daddy, I'm going home. The doctor was right when he told you I weren't good for long. I feel as if I hadn't got no blood in my body, and my legs feel so strange. Hold me up in your arms, daddy, I want to whisper to you."

Joe felt inclined to resist for a moment, for he would have gone for the doctor, but the child's manner chained him to his seat. Putting his arm round him, he brought his head close to his shoulder. Johnny nestled himself close, pressed his lips against the big bushy whiskers, and then continued:

"Daddy, don't lose heart again. Promise me that, won't you? Remember, daddy darling, the secret. I—I've kept it, you keep it too, won't you?"

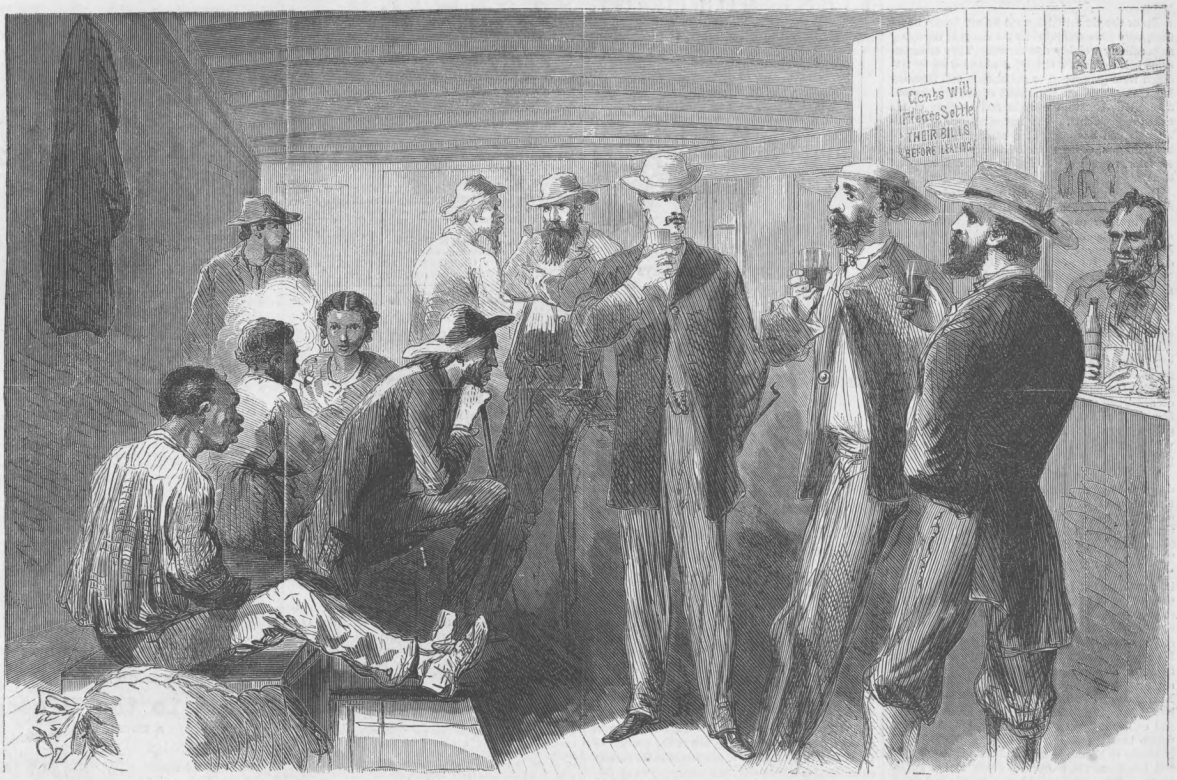
Pressing his hands to his father's face, he looked eagerly into his eyes, passed his fingers over his cheek, and murmuring, "The secret, remember," in a moment was dead.

They laid him in the corner of the church-yard, under the yew-tree, by his mother, and on Sunday mornings, after service, Joe has now to stand alone and gaze on the spot where rest the two beings he loved so well. But his secret is buried there too. What secret? That having received a letter to acquaint him of impending ruin, and found its information correct, he had sought to escape meeting his disaster by himself destroying the life that a merciful Creator had given him. How he was saved from this crime has been told, and the secret that was is a secret no longer.



A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES—A SCENE IN WESTERN LOUISIANA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—THE DRY-GOODS DRUMMER ON HIS TRAVELS.—SCENE ON THE GALVESTON AND HOUSTON RAILROAD.—"HERE'S JEFF, FELLOWS!"

Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 631.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—SHERIDAN'S TEN-PINS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.

[See Page 631.]

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LAST WORDS.

FROM the time that human beings began to reflect, they have treasured up the words of the dying as peculiarly weighty and sacred. They often become heir-looms in a family, are handed on by tradition from generation to generation, and from being emblazoned on the shield of the iron baron, descend at last to the seals and coaches of his silken descendants. The last utterance of a falling chieftain has often been made the war-cry of his followers, urged them on to deeds of unwonted valor, to recovery of lost ground, and conquest of new.

In Italy the sayings of the departed on their death-beds are sometimes written on scrolls, and hung in their parish church. We have seen a church in Florence, the walls of which were hung in this manner with the devout reflections of a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Crowds visited the spot before and after the day of the funeral, and were edified, no doubt, by the many good and wise things the young princess had uttered. All the schools of philosophy that have been ever founded, have failed to inspire men at the close of life with sentiments one half so beautiful, so thrilling to the ears of by-standers, so precious to the memories of mourners as those which the Christian religion has put into the lips of her expiring children. They are as flowers that blossom from the bier, and diffuse an immortal fragrance. They are golden texts, which cheer us and fade not away while the night of bereavement closes round our path.

This is rather a serious subject, nor would it be decorous to treat it lightly. There is no sound in the wide world so dreadful as the accents of remorse on a dying bed, nor any instance of it more striking than that of Julian the Apostate. The Persian army had attacked his rear, and he rode to resist them. The imperial standard bore the letters S. P. Q. R., "The Roman Senate and People," emblazoned on it, instead of the Labaram, under which, since the time of Constantine, the legions of the empire had so often rushed on to victory. The Persians were repulsed, but Julian was wounded. His physicians could not stop the blood, and he called for a horse. He tried to mount, fell back into the arms of his followers, filled his hand with blood, cast it into the air, and cried "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Not half so sad was the voice of Kosciusko when he fell, though not to die, pierced by Russian lances, and exclaimed, "An end of Poland!" The hero whose breast is clean, who has confidence in the goodness of his cause, meets his fate with dignity, and brightens the horrors of death with a smile. He may die on the scaffold as a traitor and rebel, and yet, like Lord Lovat, in the rising of 1745, exclaim with his latest breath, *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori!* Not that the noble sentiment came well from him. It was, in his case, a bitter mockery; for his life had been spent in the violation of every duty, and its sole object was self. "'Tis sweet to die for our dear country's sake" would have come better from General Wolfe; and is in fact, in other words, just what he did say when, having gained the heights of Abraham, and fallen on the French at Quebec, he received a shot in the wrist, which he wrapped in a handkerchief, pressed on, concealed a second shot in the groin, and then, being pierced by a fatal bullet in the breast, allowed himself unwillingly to be carried behind the ranks. When told that the French army was totally routed, he exclaimed, "Then I am happy," and instantly expired.

The composure and fortitude which mark the last moments of some heinous offenders is very baffling to moralists. The usual chain of moral causes and effects seem in them to be broken; and it is sometimes, particularly in Eastern countries, difficult to restore the links even in imagination, and to render a plausible account of the miscreant's inner life. Thus Nuncomar, the chief of the Bramins of Bengal, who practiced more than the usual amount of deceit which belongs to the timid and effeminate Bengalee, and who had been detected repeatedly in the most criminal intrigues, was at last brought to trial as a felon, and condemned to be hanged, during the Governorship of Warren Hastings, met his ignominious fate with the utmost calmness. His caste was pure, and the crimes he had committed were common to his race, and often accounted virtues. He conversed with the sheriff about his execution without a sigh or the motion of one muscle of his face. He looked round him from his palanquin on the scaffold and his frantic fellow-countrymen with unaltered serenity, mounted the steps with a firm foot, desired his best remembrances to his friends in the council, and gave the signal to the executioner amidst the wailing and howling of countless Hindoos. Yet all this was the dignity of a deceiver. It was but stage effect, or the stoicism of one whose leading idea is Fate. Very different was the resignation of the great peace-loving general and statesman, Washington, when dying at Mount Vernon. To him craft was unknown. No murmur of complaint or impatience passed his lips, though he suffered severely. His weeping family, his friends, his sorrowing servants stood round him, and a nation, to which he had given birth, was mourning without. "Let me be buried privately," he said, "and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains.....I am dying hard, but it will soon be over." Such were his simple words. He had never been an orator, nor would the arts of rhetoric, perhaps, have been consistent with the extreme simplicity of his character.

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The amount of these First Mortgage Bonds to be issued per mile is limited by law to the amount of United States Bonds allowed and issued to aid the construction of the Road, and the Mortgage by which they are secured is **declared by Act of Congress to constitute a lien prior and superior to that of the United States Government.**

The aid received from the Government (in amount equal to this First Mortgage) is economically and judiciously applied to the construction and equipment of the Road, together with nearly $7,000,000, received from Stock Subscriptions and other sources. The First Mortgage, therefore, amounts to but about 35 per cent. of the actual cost and value of the property which it covers.

The road is now completed, equipped, and running from Sacramento City to Alta, a distance of 73 miles, and the earnings for the three months ending August 1st were as follows, viz.:

May, 1866	. . . .	$65,115 83
June, "	. . . .	67,429 78
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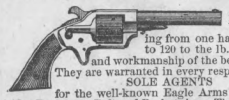
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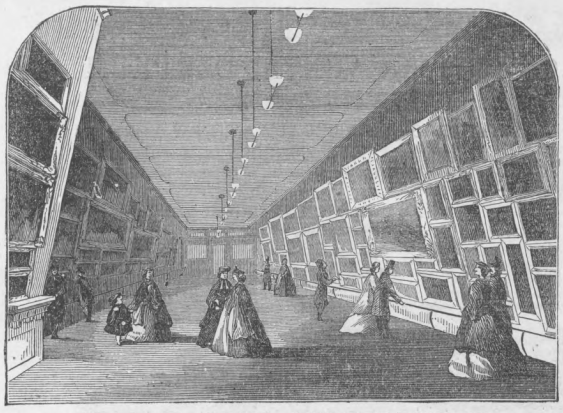
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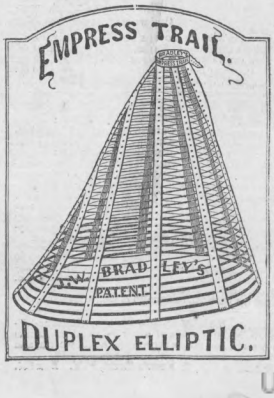
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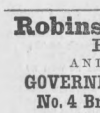
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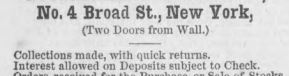
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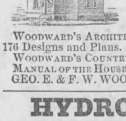
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Received during the Month of August, 1866.

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JAMES M. WEHLL."

"LONDON, *January 14th*, 1866.
"JAMES M. WEHLL, Esq.: MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in asking you to convey to Messrs. Chickering the expression of my highest approval of their instrument. It is, I consider, not merely the best instrument of American manufacture that I have tried, but one of the finest Grand Piano-Fortes that has ever come under my observation; and the Messrs. Chickering may well be proud of having turned out from their manufactory an instrument which, for touch, quality, power, and workmanship, it would be very difficult to surpass in any part of the wide world.
"Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,
CHAS. D. COLLARD,"
(*Firm of Collard & Collard, Piano-Forte Manufacturers, London.*)

"LONDON, *July 20th*, 1866.
"MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS: GENTS,—I have just been invited by Messrs. Collard to try a Grand Piano-Forte manufactured by you, and I have no hesitation in indorsing the opinion of my old friend Mr. C. D. Collard, viz., that it is the finest instrument that I ever played on.
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J. L. HATTON."

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"At Mr. Levitt's, in Leipzig, I have this day (July 24th, 1866) examined a Grand Piano-Forte from the manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, of Boston. It is a concert instrument of seven and one-third octaves, with regard to which I would make the following remarks:
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 511.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG.

THE Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Cleveland has met the same fate as the Philadelphia Convention of August 14. Neither of these Conventions were successful in their aims. They were, indeed, an expression of sentiments which responded to those of a large portion of our people. But, as the event proves, they did not touch the practical and immediate question before the people. They had their influence, but they did not create a new party. The Democratic party, condemned in every successive election since that of 1860, during the war insisted upon its claims to popular support, in a manner extremely offensive to all patriots; and now it has determined to reiterate these claims and calculates upon the prestige of Presidential support as a certain condition to its triumph. But the people have spoken in Maine and Vermont, and their verdict is clearly against trusting to the Democratic party the restoration of the country to peace. The case stands simply thus: the people are compelled to choose between a party which has carried them triumphantly through the most troublous and critical period of our history, and a party whose immediate antecedents excite their most hearty indignation.

It is at such a political turning-point that a Convention of soldiers and sailors has been held at Pittsburg, the assembling of which we illustrate on our first page.

The Convention met September 26. The evening previous there had been a torch-light procession. It was an occasion of popular excitement and enthusiasm scarcely paralleled in even the processions of our great metropolis. At an early hour on the morning of the 26th the City Hall of Pittsburg was thronged with an enthusiastic audience, of whom a good proportion were ladies.



GEN. J. D. COX, PRESIDENT OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

An eloquent speech was made by General MOODY.

At twelve o'clock General NEGLEY called the Convention to order, and General FRANCIS F. BARLOW, after the delivery of a prayer by Rev. GRANVILLE MOODY, read the call of the Convention.

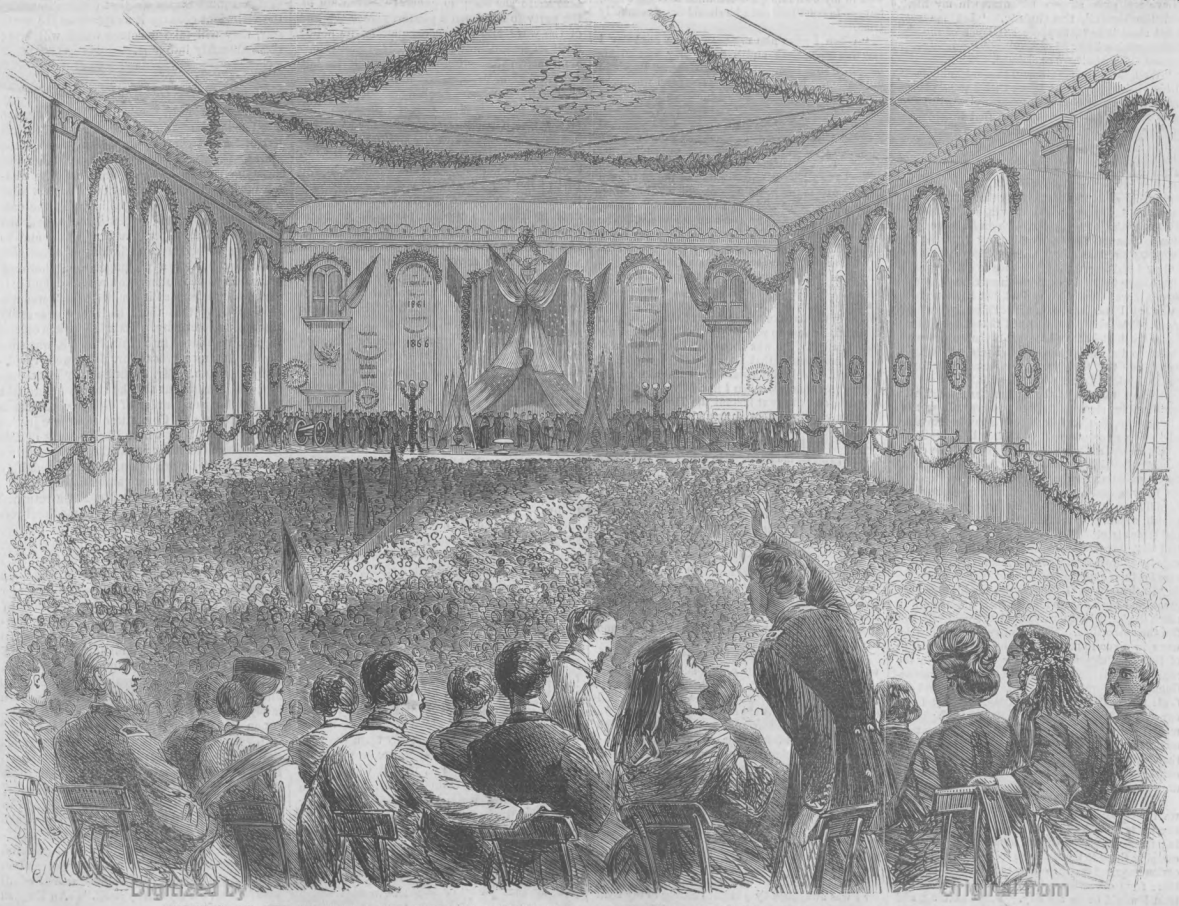
In the afternoon General JACOB D. COX, of Ohio, whose portrait we give herewith, and whose military record has been one of great and deserved distinction, was chosen President of the Convention. He took the chair, which had been temporarily occupied by L. EDWIN DUDLEY, a private of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and made a brief speech, in which he insisted that Congress had the sole right to determine upon the conditions of restoration.

General BUTLER, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following platform, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the action of the present Congress in passing the pending Constitutional Amendment is wise, prudent, and just. It clearly defines American citizenship, and guarantees all his rights to every citizen. It places on a just and equal basis the right of representation, making the vote of a man in one State equally potent with the vote of another man in any State. It righteously excludes from places of honor and trust the chief conspirators, guiltiest rebels, whose perjured crimes have drenched the land in fraternal blood. It puts into the very frame of our Government the inviolability of the National Debt, and the nullity forever of all obligations contracted in support of the rebellion.

Resolved, That it is unfortunate for the country that these propositions have not been received in the spirit of conciliation, clemency, and fraternal feeling in which they were offered, as they are the mildest terms ever granted to the subdued rebels.

Resolved, That the President, as an executive officer, has no right to a policy as against the Legislative Department of the Government, that his attempt to fasten his scheme of reconstruction upon the country was dangerous as it is unwise; his acts in sustaining it have retarded the restoration of peace and unity; they



MEETING OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY C. S. REINHART.]

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have converted conquered rebels into impudent claimants to rights which they have forfeited and places which they have desecrated. If consummated it would render the sacrifices of the nation useless, the loss of the lives of our buried comrades vain, and the war in which we have so gloriously triumphed what his present friends at Chicago in 1864 declared to be a failure.

Resolved, That the right of the conqueror to legislate for the conquered has been recognized by the public law of all civilized nations, by the operation of that law for the conservation of the good of the whole country, Congress has the undoubted right to establish measures for the conduct of the revolted States, and to pass all acts of legislation that are necessary for the complete restoration of the Union.

Resolved, That when the President claims that by the aid of the army and navy he might have made himself dictator he insulted every soldier and sailor of the republic. He ought distinctly to understand that the tried patriots of this nation can never be used to overthrow civil liberty or popular government.

Resolved, That the neutrality laws should be so amended as to give the fullest liberty to the citizen, consistent with the national faith that the great Union Republican party is pledged to sustain liberty and equality of rights every where; and therefore we tender to all people struggling for freedom our sympathy and cordial co-operation.

Resolved, That the Union men of the South, without distinction of race or color, are entitled to the gratitude of every loyal soldier and sailor who served his country in suppressing the rebellion, and that in their present dark hours of trial, when they are persecuted by thousands solely because they are now and have been true to their Government, we will not prove recreant to our obligations, but will stand by and protect with our lives, if necessary, those brave men who remain true to us when all around are false and faithless.

Resolved, That, in reorganizing the army, justice to the volunteer officers and soldiers demands that faithful and efficient service in the field ought ever to have place in the army and navy of the Union.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A THUG.

NOT long ago a party of six gentlemen were assembled at a private table in one of the pleasantest hotels in Manchester. Of this number I happened to be one, and the guest of the giver of the dinner. A pleasanter and more social gathering I never witnessed, and although we sat down to the table at a little after six o'clock it was near midnight before we rose from it.

When the cloth was removed and the wines were set on the real enjoyment of the evening began. Toasts, speeches, and stories followed each other in quick succession, and with a brilliancy that I have rarely seen equaled.

Among those present was General L——, a veteran, who had seen service in India until his face was as bronzed as his hair was bleached white by the suns of that burning sky. I was especially charmed with him. He was a frank, outspoken, genial man, and at once gained both your respect and friendship.

It was late in the evening, when some of the company called on him for a story.

"A story?" he said, with a smile. "I am but a poor hand, gentlemen, at story-telling."

"Surely, General," remarked our host, "you have seen too much active service in the East not to have passed through some remarkable adventure."

"Oh, if that is what you want, I can oblige you. I have had some strange adventures in my life," said the General, thoughtfully. "Let me see. What shall it be? Suppose I tell you of my adventure with a Thug?"

"By all means!" we exclaimed.

"Well, then," began General L——, leaning back in his chair, "you must know that I went out to India in the service of 'the Company' nearly forty years ago. I was a mere lad at that time, being barely eighteen. I left England with a determination to make something of myself in the land to which I was going, and when I reached my destination I began immediately to apply myself to the duties of my profession. I labored hard and soon made progress. I studied closely the manners, customs, and language of the natives, and spared no effort to make myself as thorough an Indian as possible. I wanted to fit myself for any station in the Company's service; for I meant to rise, and I knew that as I had no political influence to sustain me, I would have to depend on my own merits for promotion. It was slow work at first, but I persevered; and when I was forty-three, just fifteen years ago, I was a Colonel of cavalry, and I flatter myself that I was the best-informed officer in the service with regard to the country in which I was serving. I do not say this through vanity, but simply to let you understand better what follows.

"About that time the authorities at Calcutta were making strong efforts to suppress the sect of Thugs, who, you well know, are a band of fanatics who make murder a part of their religion. They rarely molest a European, on account of the great danger in which it would have placed them, but they carried on a regular system of operations against the natives, and especially against those who were friendly to us. Certain sections of the country were kept in a state of the most complete terror by them, and their atrocities had increased to so great an extent that the authorities thought it necessary to at once inaugurate the most prompt and decisive measures for their suppression.

"In the district of Benares the trouble was very great, and the Thugs managed their affairs with so much dexterity that for a time they completely baffled the authorities. The command of this district was now given to me, on account of my knowledge of Indian affairs, and my long experience in the country. I did not need the letter of the Governor-General to assure me that it was a delicate and difficult task which was assigned me, and that I was expected to discharge it. I accepted the appointment immediately. I was given a regiment of mounted men, picked for their long experience in the country, and at once set out for my new command, being determined to use no half-way measures when I got there.

"Upon reaching the neighborhood of Benares we halted and encamped near the Ganges, about five miles from the city. I had two reasons for doing this. One was, that I would be able by encamping there to move on the instant whenever occasion required it; the other, that I would be freer there from observation by the spies of the Thugs than I would be in the city. I said nothing, and permitted my men to say nothing of the cause of our coming, but at once set my spies to work. As I have said, I resolved to attempt no half-way measures with the assassins, but to proceed against them with the utmost vigor, and to spare none that offered any resistance to me. In short, I was determined to capture or exterminate them. Such as I captured were to be sent to Calcutta for trial, but it was my intention that these should be very few in number, as I knew that stern measures on my part would do more to strike terror to the sect than a hundred civil trials and executions.

"Through the instrumentality of my spies I learned that my district was infested with a band of Thugs, quite large in number, and under the direction of a leader named Runjheet. He was described to me as the most active of all, and as one of the most dangerous men the country had ever known. I set to work at once. I scoured my district right and left, by day and night, and with good effect, too.

"By the time I had been there six weeks I had sent ten prisoners to Calcutta with their families, had hung twenty caught in the act of strangling their victims, and had destroyed one of their towns and a temple. With my own hand I broke the image of their goddess Kali into a thousand pieces, knowing that this would be a severe blow to them. This act, together with the rest of my career there, came near being fatal to me. The Thugs began to consider me the cause as well as the means of their misfortunes, and at length made me the object of their special vengeance.

"When I had been in camp for about two months, my orderly informed me that there was a native waiting at the door of my tent to see me. I had him shown in at once. He was a small, spare man, of about thirty, and my first glance told me that he was possessed of more than ordinary strength. There was something unusually quiet and stealthy about him, and at first I loosened my pistol and regarded him with a suspicious glance. He did not seem to notice this, but saluted me humbly and respectfully. In reply to my demand to know his business, he stated that he wished to enter my service as a spy. He was well acquainted with the country, and was sure that he could made himself useful. He gave as his reason that his father and brother had recently been murdered by the Thugs and that he desired to avenge them. I looked at the fellow searchingly, but could gain nothing from his countenance, which was fixed and devoid of expression, save a strange and perplexing glitter in his eyes. He told me his name was Ali, and that he was a Mohammedan. I said to him that if he would come back at the same hour the next day I would give him my answer.

"After he left me I thought long and seriously of his request. I did not like his looks, but I thought he might be of service to me. I felt confident that, if faithful, he would make an excellent spy; and I thought myself competent to the task of watching him so closely that he would have no opportunity to play me false. So, after weighing the matter well in my own mind, I determined to engage him, but not to trust him until he should have been fully tried.

"When I gave him my answer the next day I saw his eyes flash and a smile play around his mouth. In an instant his face resumed its stolid expression. I was startled by this, and was more than ever resolved to watch the man closely. I gave him simple and easy tasks at first. He performed them with so much skill and celerity that I began to place more confidence in him, and gave him more difficult and important duties to perform. Thus ten days passed away. At the end of that time I went out one day at the head of a small party to follow up a scent which Ali had discovered. Toward mid-day I chanced to be alone, having sent the men away on various errands. The heat was intense, and I dismounted from my horse and stood for a short while under a large tree to enjoy the shade which looked so tempting to me. I had been there scarcely ten minutes when a rustling in the leaves above me caused me to look up. I saw a dark figure leap toward me from the tree, and from the handkerchief, which he held ready in his hand, I knew he was a Thug and bent upon my assassination. He was so sudden and unexpected in his movements that he might have succeeded but for a timely interposition. He had hardly sprung from the tree when I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the next instant the Thug fell crashing at my feet. I looked around in astonishment to discover whence came this timely aid, and saw Ali running toward me at full speed, with his discharged rifle in his hand. He asked me anxiously as he came up if I were safe, and seemed gratified when I assured him that I was unhurt. He listened calmly to my expression of thanks, and said he was glad to be able to show me that my suspicions of his fidelity were unjust.

"I could not help blushing with mortification as he spoke, and I felt heartily ashamed of having suspected him at all. I told him that he should have no occasion to feel hurt at my conduct again, as he had that day given me the best proof of his loyalty that I could desire. I could not see his face as I spoke, for his eyes were bent on the ground, and his head was lowered.

"A week passed away after this and the success which had attended our efforts suddenly deserted us. I could not account for it. My movements were as secret and as energetic as formerly, and I felt sure that we had not yet damaged the Thugs to a sufficient extent to warrant our departure, but each day recorded new failures for us. Somehow I could not help connecting Ali with our want of success, though for the life of me I could not tell why I should do so, and I did my best to banish the suspicion as both ungenerous and unjust.

"Toward the close of the week I sent out a party with a better prospect of success than had been vouchsafed to us during the past seven days. That night, feeling somewhat worn down by my constant exertions, I retired early without undressing.

"I could not have been sleeping very soundly, for I was awakened by a slight rustling in my tent. I endeavored to spring up, but in an instant I was seized by a powerful hand, and a handkerchief, which is the instrument used by the Thugs in their work, was twisted around my neck. I managed to thrust my left hand between the fold of the handkerchief and my throat, and thus prevented the scoundrel from strangling me at once. By a powerful effort I succeeded in gaining my feet, but the fellow hung on to me with almost superhuman strength. I was counted then one of the most powerful men in the army, and I was much larger and heavier than my antagonist, but it was just as much as I could do to keep him from mastering me. By the dim light of the moon which struggled in through the opening of the tent I recognized in my adversary my native spy Ali. Like lightning it flashed across my mind that the whole affair was a plot. Ali had been sent to win my confidence and throw me off my guard. The shooting of the Thug a week back had been simply a part of the plot. I knew that I had a powerful and desperate man to deal with, and I nerved myself to the task before me.

"The fellow's grip on the handkerchief was like that of a vice, and it seemed that he would crush my left hand. The strain on my throat was terrible, and I felt that unless it was released very speedily I would be at his mercy.

"A novel and desperate plan presented itself to me in this emergency, and I at once proceeded to put it into execution.

"Bracing myself for a mighty effort, I sank back slowly, as if being gradually overcome, and Ali with a triumphant glance tightened his grip on my throat, and bent over me until his flashing eyes were just above my face. With a sudden bound I sprang forward, recovering myself and throwing Ali backward. At the same instant I spit, with true aim, a mouthful of tobacco-juice straight into his eyes. Thoroughly astounded and thrown off his guard he relinquished his hold on the handkerchief, and with a yell of pain clapped his hands to his eyes. This was just what I had expected, and in another instant I put him out of the way of doing more harm by sending a pistol-bullet through his head.

"The next morning the expedition I had sent out returned, bringing two prisoners with them. From these I learned that my would-be assassin was no other than the notorious chief of the Thugs, Runjheet, who had sworn to take my life in revenge for the damage I had inflicted upon his sect.

"In a month more I returned to Calcutta, having thoroughly accomplished the work assigned me."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

THE UNION PARTY.

THOSE who are anxious to know the exact policy of the Union party must remember that there has been no general Convention of the party to lay down a platform since the end of the war; and that, consequently, its policy must be sought in the resolutions of State Conventions, in the action of Congress at its last session ending in July, and in the general tone of the Union press. Looking at such authorities, it is perfectly clear that the present policy of the Union party is the requirement of the pending Amendment as the indispensable preliminary condition to the restoration of the unrepresented States. There is a feeling in one part of the party that it is not altogether wise to insist upon such a condition; and there is another feeling in another part that no State should be restored except upon condition of equal suffrage. But those who hold these views in either extreme, as for instance the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, reserving their differences, act with the mass of the party which requires the adoption of the Amendment as the cardinal condition.

Congress, indeed, properly declined to commit its future action by any declaration upon the subject. But by the Report of the Reconstruction Committee it proposed the Amendment, which, in its judgment, was essential to restoration, and it promptly restored Tennessee upon the adoption of the Amendment. Virtually, therefore, Congress said that, in the present condition of public feeling, it was satisfied to admit a State which should do as Tennessee has done. The New York Union Convention, following the lead of Congress, declared that it should be glad to see any State restored which should adopt the Amendment; and, by common consent, the question to be decided at the elections is, whether such adoption shall be required as the condition of restoration?

This policy is practically opposed by the Democratic party only. Its habit of subservicency to the political interest known as "the South" is so strong that it is actually going before the States which have just subdued the rebellion of "the South" upon the proposition that they shall lose political power in consequence of their success! And this party charges revolution and treason and disunion and tyranny and want of Christian charity upon the people of Wisconsin, for instance, because they are not willing that Georgia, with a white population of less than 600,000, shall have seven representatives, while Wisconsin, with nearly 800,000 white population, will have only six! This is a more absurd and suicidal platform than the proposition of surrender to the rebellion which the same party made at Chicago in 1864. Indeed nothing more clearly proves the loss by that party of the shrewdness which marks a living and hopeful organization than this kind of stupidity. How can a party expect popular support which seriously proposes to the white people of the free States that after 1870 a thousand votes in the late rebel States shall be equal to more than two thousand in the loyal States?

It is not surprising, as the New York *Times* truly remarks, that, however desirous the loyal people of the country may be to have all the States again represented, they would much prefer a continuance of the present situation to the renewed ascendency of a party whose servile and reckless subservience to the most unjust and perilous demands of a spirit which is incompatible with the peaceful permanence of the Union produced the war; which in the midst of the war proposed surrender to rebellion; and which, now that the war is over, insists that those who rebelled shall have gained political power. Finding that this is the alternative, those who, like the *Times*, counseled another policy than that which the Union party has adopted, still prefer to intrust the Union to its tried friends rather than to its proved enemies. And this again is natural; for our late political history shows that, however unwise some conspicuous and most faithful Union men may be, the general good sense of the party dictates a reasonable, just, and humane policy—a policy which is alike mindful of human nature and of the structure of our political system.

Yet it must be remembered that in times like these convictions rapidly ripen and measures change. When President LINCOLN overruled the emancipation orders of Generals FREMONT and HUNTER he said that, in doing so, he did not question the rightful power of the Government to do what they had done; but he was not satisfied that the time had come, and if it should come, he held that he was the proper officer to take the responsibility. The time, however, did come, and came rapidly; and the Commander-in-Chief, who opposed the partial emancipation of his Generals, issued a decree of general emancipation. The present policy of the Union party is the expression of its present conviction. In perfect good faith it proposes to restore the unrepresented States upon condition of their adoption of the Amendment. Their refusal would create an entirely new situation, to meet which there would undoubtedly arise a new policy. But they will not refuse. Two years ago JEFFERSON DAVIS passionately exclaimed that he would rather fraternize with hyenas than with Yankees. Now a Mr. KELLEY reports him as declaring that not even all radicals are bad men. When the unrepresented States see that the sentiment of the victorious country is as steady as the north star, they will take a course which will bring them all safely into port.

CARLYLE AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

THE reception in England of Mr. EYRE, the late Governor of Jamaica, is curiously illustrative of English character. The accounts of the massacre of the colored population in Jamaica after the troubles had been repressed, the wanton murder of GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON after a mock trial, were so appalling that the outraged conscience of England compelled the Government to supersede Mr. EYRE and to send out a special commission to investigate the facts. After a prolonged and thorough examination the commission reported, and evidently as tenderly as it could. But it was unable to deny that there had been a severity amounting to cruelty. Its mild-spoken official verdict, translated into plain English, was simply that the measures of Mr. EYRE were revoltingly inhuman. Mr. JOHN STUART MILL proposed in Parliament that he should be brought to trial for the murder of GORDON, and he is the chairman of a Committee to secure justice in the case. The whole liberal party in England share the feeling that the honor and humanity of the British name have been indelibly disgraced by Mr. EYRE's conduct.

In the month of August Mr. EYRE returned to England, and a banquet was immediately offered him at Southampton, where he landed, by various noblemen and gentry of the vicinity. The speeches were by the Earl of CARDIGAN for the regular army, by the Earl of HARDWICKE for the navy, and by other untitled persons for the militia and volunteers; by the Earl of SHREWSBURY for the nobility, and by the Reverend CHARLES KINGSLEY, author of "Alton Locke" and "Yeast," and now Professor of History at Cambridge, for humanity in general. Mr. KINGSLEY's speech was the most atrocious and silly performance of the kind that has been lately known. Its atrocity was in the declaration that he took Mr. EYRE "upon trust;" which course he justified by the puerile assertion that "if they gave up taking men upon trust, especially rulers and official men, there would be nothing in the world but anarchy, which would be followed by despotism, and in due time by a big tyrant who would not take the people upon trust." Mr. KINGSLEY's folly was in his abject snobbishness. He declared the aristocracy of England to be "second in political value only to the most sacred of all institutions, the monarchy itself." An English

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LITTLE AZURE BLUE.

ONCE upon a time a poor bird-catcher was wandering along a stony, dangerous path up the Montagne Noire. His cloak was torn, his shoes were worn out, his knapsack was empty. He carried a number of cages tied together, but they were empty too, and he walked with the slow step of a tired man who has lost heart, and hardly cares to reach his journey's end. Otherwise he would have been afraid to linger so late on the Montagne Noire, where witches and wizards had their head-quarters, and all manner of evil spirits reside. That day, and many before it, he had not sold a bird or a cage; indeed the birds seemed to have fled out of the land, and the inhabitants would have been glad to do the same if they could, war and famine were so sore in it. He walked slower and slower, and at last he sat down, and looked from the mountain side far away across the country, where the sun was setting the color of a marigold in a pale sky; but he saw nothing, for his eyes were full of tears. The last sunbeams shone through them, and so dazzled him that a tall grave man in a flowing brown robe was close to him before he had noticed him. The bird-catcher started, thinking of sorcerers and spirits who take deceitful shapes; but he looked again, and made up his mind that this was no sorcerer but a good monk. He held out his hand, asking charity in a hasty, ashamed way.

"Thou hast an honest trade and shouldst take shame to beg," was the answer, while the new-comer looked gravely down upon him.

"Alas! holy father, who is there to buy my cages or my birds? You know yourself that the Spaniards have burned our towns and wasted our fields, and now the plague is on us."

"Alas! it is too true," said the monk, sorrowfully, "and the rich oppress the poor, and the poor have no pity upon one another. But if you, Raymond Caylon—"

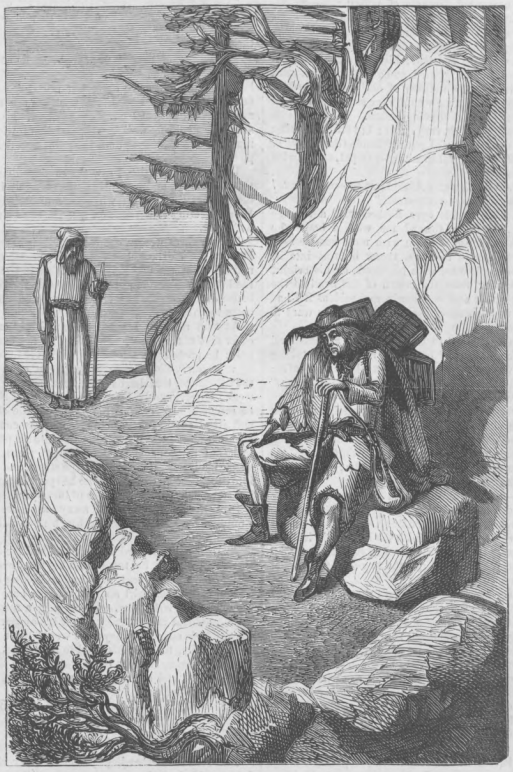
"You know my name!" exclaimed the bird-catcher, alarmed, and for a moment again suspecting sorcery; but his eyes sank ashamed as he met the grave, lofty look of the monk, who without answering his question went on: "When it is in your power to help others, remember what you felt in your own need. Show me your cages."

"This is the largest and best made."

"Return home; it is a league hence; but take courage, good news is waiting for you there. As soon as you arrive open the window, set the cage on the table, and say, 'Little Azure Blue, do your duty.' Farewell, Raymond Caylon."

Raymond would have caught at the brown floating robe to detain the monk, and ask a dozen questions, but it vanished out of his grasp, and only a few drops of dew remained in his hand. The monk was gone, and no trace of him was left; but Raymond fell on his knees among the evergreen oaks, and crossed himself in awe, for he knew now that he had seen St. Stapier.

You may be quite sure that he hastened home as fast as he could: have you never yourselves forgotten that you were tired and out of heart when some unexpected delight has proved to be awaiting you? Without stopping to rest a moment after he had reached his cottage, he put the cage on the only table in it, and said, in a trembling voice, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." In a moment a sky-blue bird came flying in, perched in the cage, and began to sing a song so wild and sweet that there are no words to tell what it was like. And while it sang the table became covered with dainty dishes, fish and game and fowl, a roasted peacock, a boar's head—dishes which only nobles ate of, and they not every day. Raymond stood gazing, too much amazed to eat; he only repeated "St. Stapier! St. Stapier! St. Stapier!" like one out of his wits, till hunger reminded him sharply that these good things were there to be eaten; and then he was about to fall to, when the thought of all the poor starving creatures in the village, as hungry as himself, crossed his mind, and he hurried out to bid them to the feast, as the good saint had enjoined him. The cottage was soon more than full; men, women, and children came, lean and pale with long want, but their great wonder almost took away their appetite. They eat on the floor, they crowded round the table, they stood outside, and there was abundance for all. Such a day had never been known in the village, even in the good old days before the Spaniards wasted the land, and the sire de Chaufontaine became their seigneur. A murmur ran through the little crowd that surely the lord of Chaufontaine would hear of this marvelous bird, and then—! But Raymond said that St. Stapier would surely protect his own gift. While they were yet speaking of this matter low and anxiously, like oppressed men, the sweet song of the bird suddenly ceased; it spread its blue wings and was gone in a moment. All looked on dismayed, all wondered whether it would ever return again; but Raymond's faith in St. Stapier was firm, and he assured them that the next day Azure Blue would provide another feast. And he was right. Day after day the whole village was fed; day after day Azure Blue sang his magic song, till a good harvest had brought back plenty to the country, and the Spaniards and fever had both left the land. And then, and not till then, did the seigneur of Chaufontaine hear of the gift which St. Stapier had made to Raymond Caylon.



THE TIRED BIRD CATCHER AND THE MONK.

No one ever heard who betrayed the secret kept so long, but one day a squire came from Chaufontaine with an order that Raymond should follow him instantly, with his cage, to the presence of his master. Raymond trembled as he unwillingly set out; all the villagers stood sorrowful at their doors and watched him go by, for they were sure that, even if he came back safe, it would be without the precious cage. The sire de Chaufontaine looked grim when Raymond came before him. "Is it thou," he cried, "who hast kept this treasure to thyself all these months past? a treasure not fit for peasants, for whom black bread and chestnuts are too good. It was thy duty to have brought it to me—thy lord! Thou dost merit death for this base knavery; but none can say that I am an ill lord; fix thy price, and it shall be paid thee."

Raymond looked helplessly dismayed. Not a vassal far or near dared disobey the sire de Chaufontaine; yet he faltered out, "My lord, I may not barter away the gift of St. Stapier!"

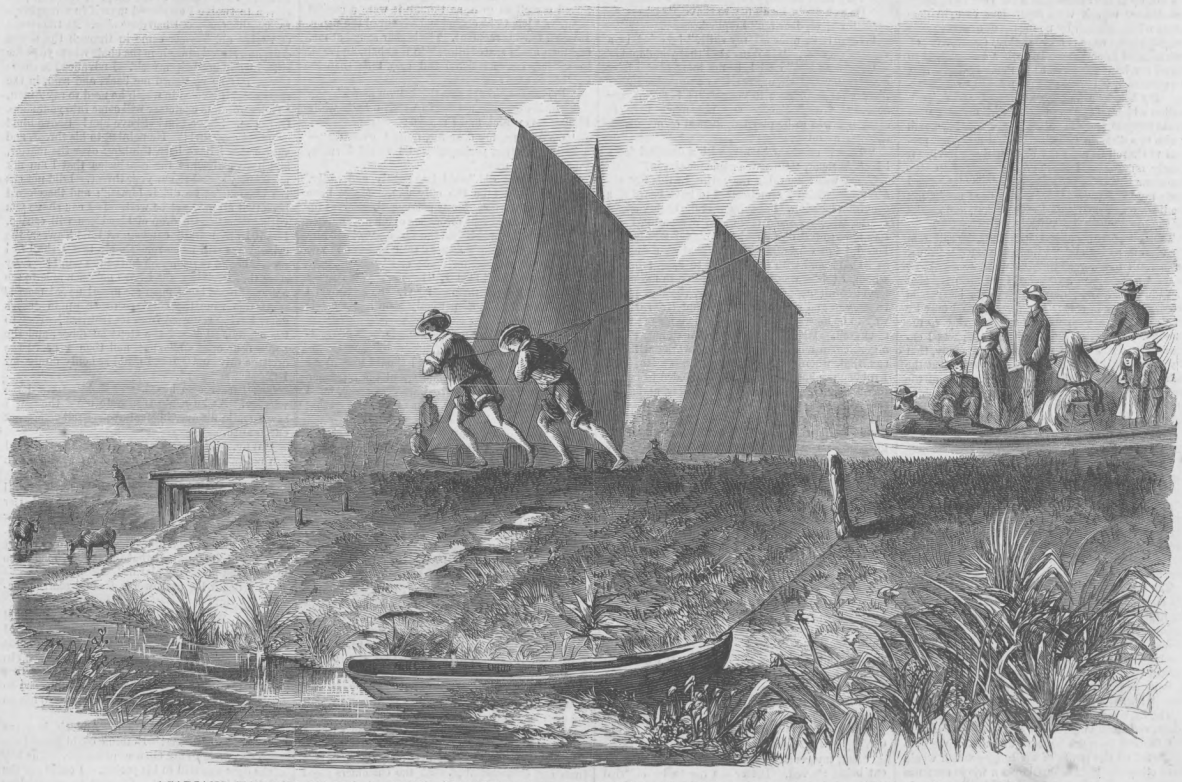
"Fool!" answered the baron. "Hast thou heard of my chamber of roses?"

Too well did all his vassals know that name; some had seen the inside of that dungeon deep down in the old gray tower of the castle, where the baron tortured poor wretches who had displeased him. He called it in cruel mockery his chamber of roses, and laughed to see the bird-catcher turn pale.

"Choose!" he repeated; and Raymond seeing there was in truth no choice, hoped that St. Stapier would forgive him—surely he would if he knew the sire de Chaufontaine—so asked boldly for the Mill of Croissac in payment for his cage.

"No more?" laughed his lord. "That shalt thou have; and here is my notary to draw up a deed of gift. Master notary, write that the Mill of Croissac belongs to Raymond Caylon and his heirs forever, and make it sure."

The baron put his large seal at the bottom of the parchment, and Raymond went away, on the whole well pleased, though he had left the cage behind him. Scarcely was he gone when the sire de Chaufontaine sent messengers all over Languedoc to invite his noble friends to a banquet where one single bird should furnish the feast. They came from far and near; the hall was decked, the tables covered with dishes, but all empty; the guests stood in wonder looking at their host. "Silence, noble lords," he said. "Listen!" and placing the cage on the table he shouted, "Little Azure Blue, do your duty." There was a deep silence of expectation. Suddenly through the open window with a great noise of wings entered a gray bird; its eyes were



ACADIANS HAULING BOATS—A SCENE ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

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yellow and large, its beak and claws sharp. It perched in the cage, uttered three loud shrieks, and went as it had come.

There was no feast at Chaufontaine that day; the guests went away hungry, leaving the baron in such a rage as no one had seen him in before, which is saying much. Doubtless he would have been revenged on Raymond Caylon, but he had not time. He fell ill of some unknown sickness that day, and died before the week's end. And the Caylons are still at the Mill of Croissac.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

"OH, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet—"
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet!

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress,
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet,
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are wet
With dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

* * * * * * *

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

MILES O'REILLY.

UNEASY SHAVING.

I WONDER whether a man is more likely to be sleepless on the night before he is married or on the night before he is hanged! I have experience of only the more blissful of these two kinds of anticipation; but I confess that the night before I was to be joined to my beloved Julia in the bonds of wedlock was one of the most restless I ever passed in my life. I am a timid man, a nervous man, a man ever painfully conscious of all his defects and deficiencies, but never before had I felt such a poignant regret that I could not add a couple of inches to my stature; and when I reflected that I had never had the courage to reveal to Julia a carefully-concealed bald spot on my head, which she would now be sure to discover, to my shame and confusion, my remorse was terrible.

I got up in the morning at a not very early hour, and dressed myself with scrupulous care in garments which, though by no means of overpowering magnificence, were unmistakably suggestive of matrimonial intentions. But when I attempted to shave, my hand shook so as to make it likely that the operation, if persevered in, would be sanguinary. My beard grows with a strength and determination which no one acquainted with my character would suppose possible unless he saw it. My beard is also of a dirtyish yellow color. I could not proceed to church to meet my bride without having it closely removed. I therefore determined to step into some barber's shop and get it done. And so I made my breakfast with what appetite I might, put the license and the ring into my pocket, and set out for the town where Julia lived.

This town was about twenty minutes by rail from our village, and I arrived there in very good time. Julia and I had agreed that our wedding should be as quiet as possible; and it had been arranged that I should walk alone to the church, while she should proceed thither in a carriage, accompanied only by an uncle and a younger sister. My way to the church lay by Julia's door, and, so much was I engrossed by thoughts of the coming ceremony, that it was not until I had arrived at that point that the sight of a barber's pole on the opposite side of the way reminded me that I had not yet got shaved. I glanced at Julia's window, but I was so early that no one was visible, and there was as yet no sign of a carriage at the door. I looked at my watch and stepped into the barber's shop.

The window of the shop fronted the street, but the door was up a little court by the side—so that, as the barber happened to be looking out of window when I entered, I could not see the barber's face, neither did the barber see me. It seemed as if he did not hear me either; seating myself in a chair in the middle of the shop, and placing my hat on a form, I said, in a mild tone of voice: "I want a shave, if you please."

The barber did not move, and the expression of his countenance—as far as could be inferred from an inspection of the back of his head—was one of melancholy abstraction.

Again I said, in a somewhat louder tone: "I will trouble you to shave me, if you please."

Still the barber did not move.

Surprised at this, I called out in a sharper manner: "I want a shave!"

The barber, with a callous indifference to all precedent, remained unmoved.

I fancied he must be deaf, and next time concentrated all the power of my lungs—which would have otherwise been diffused over a whole sentence—into a most emphatic pronunciation of one word: "*Shave!*"

This unwonted firmness of policy produced its effect, and the barber turned toward me.

He was a tall young man, slender but well built, tolerably good-looking, with a dark mustache, but without whiskers or beard; his eyes were large and well opened, but appeared, as he first looked toward me, as if they saw nothing of me, or my beard, or any thing else. One would have supposed that he had never heard of shaving before.

I thought all this very queer; but still supposing that he must be deaf, I put my hands to my mouth, so as to form a natural speaking-trumpet, and bawled out as loudly as I could:

"I want a—*shave!* And please to—make *haste!* I have a pressing—*engagement!*"

In a moment his eyes flashed with a strange light. Advancing toward me with a bound he seized a chair, set it down with most unnecessary violence opposite to mine, threw himself into it, and, leaning forward with his hands on his thighs, eyed me over, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot and back again, and said, as if I had made a most extraordinary request: "You want to be shaved?"

I was beginning to be alarmed at all this, and only thought now of beating a retreat; so, taking out my watch, I said: "Well—a—I did think of it; but I see I have not time now. Good-morning." And I rose to go away.

But the barber rose also; and, pressing me back into the chair by main force, stood over me with one hand on each of my shoulders, while I looked up at him in utter terror and astonishment.

"You came into this shop," said he; "you came into this shop to be shaved?"

"Ye—yes," was all I could stammer out.

"And by me?"

"Well, I—I suppose so."

"Then baste me," cried he, "but I'll do it!"

Stepping to the door, he locked it in the most determined manner, and put the key into the pocket of his light linen jacket.

I rather take credit to myself that I did not faint away at once; but that, on the contrary, I began to consider my chances of escape. The barber was certainly mad, but perhaps I might be able to pacify him, and induce him to let me go; or perhaps some other customer might come in. Surely somebody would come! I looked through the window, but the street was quiet and still. A dog lay basking in the sun; a horse seemed to be going to sleep where he was tied to the door of a public house next to Julia's dwelling; but scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

The barber went to the little fire-place, took up a pot of soap-suds, and stirred them round with a savage earnestness which I have never seen equaled, and then stropped a razor with such ferocity that I thought my last hour was come. My knees trembled, and a feeling of blindness came over me.

When I had somewhat recovered, I saw the barber again seated in the chair opposite to me; and when our eyes met, he said: "Ah, you tremble! Say, do you doubt my skill?"

"Oh no; oh dear no; quite the contrary," I replied.

"Do you see this arm?" He rolled up his sleeve. "Does it look muscular?"

"Oh, very, very muscular," I gasped, "exceedingly muscular." And so it did.

"Do you see this razor? Is it keen?"

"Very keen indeed," I replied, with a shudder.

"Do you doubt its ability to shave *you?*"

"Oh no; oh dear no," I replied.

"Then is it, after all, my skill?" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Is it my skill that you doubt?"

"My dear Sir," said I, in my most blandishing manner, "not at all, not at all. I assure you I have the utmost confidence in your skill; but time, my dear Sir, time." There was not much time to spare if I was to be married, instead of murdered, that fine morning.

"Time!" cried the barber, with a dreadful flourish of his razor, "time was made for slaves!"

There was something reassuring in this last observation, which I remembered to have heard at a convivial meeting. Fancying that the barber might not be wholly devoid of human sympathy, I determined to tell him on what errand I was bound. I said, in as wheedling and insinuating a manner as I could, and with an attempt to appear jocose, which, I think, was highly creditable to me under the circumstances: "My dear Sir, the fact is, between you and me and the post, that I am on my way to be married, and that it is time for me to be at church. Ha, ha! I am sure I need not remind a gentleman who is, no doubt, a favorite with the sex, that, when a lady's in the case— Ha, ha!" I rubbed my hands in a manner intended to be expressive of perfect ease and cheerfulness, and again rose to depart.

But my appeal did not produce the effect I had intended; for the barber started up and waved the glittering razor in my face in such close proximity to my nose that I dropped again into the chair.

And still the street remained quiet, the dog lay basking in the sun, the horse seemed going to sleep outside the public house door, scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

After the barber had ground the china ornament to powder, he again seated himself opposite to me.

"And you would really go to be married with that beard unshaved?"

"Well," said I, endeavoring to propitiate him, "well, I don't know. I think not. I think I won't be married at all, as the idea seems disagreeable to you."

"Disagreeable to me? Quite the reverse," he replied, with a wave of his razor. "It will afford me the greatest pleasure for you to be married; and I'll go to church with you, and while the ceremony is being performed I will assist the officiating clergyman by dancing a hornpipe on the top of the steeple! That is—that is," he whispered in my ear, "*if you survive the shaving.*"

"But, my good Sir," I faltered, "I can go without being shaved. Better for me to be married without being shaved, than to be shaved without being married."

"Quite a mistake," cried the barber; "quite a mistake, I assure you. Never was there a greater fallacy. Married with that beard? Perish the thought!"

Throwing a cloth over my shoulders, he at once began lathering away with prodigious rapidity—lathering not only my chin, but my cheeks, my nose, my ears, my throat, my nostrils, my teeth, my forehead, to the very roots of my hair. My eyes alone he avoided, working around them with as much care as if he were an artist painting a delicate picture.

Under this infliction I saw the carriage drive up to Julia's door, and presently drive off again in the direction of the church; while through its window I saw a fleeting vision of two white veils and a white waistcoat.

Two or three women came out of their houses to look at the carriage, but otherwise the street remained quiet, the dog still lay basking in the sun, the horse kept on going to sleep outside the public house door, scarcely any body passed, and nobody came to be shaved.

At that moment I saw a man walking on the other side of the street. He looked at the barber's pole; he paused; he passed his hand over his chin; he was a dirty-faced man. I could see, even from that distance, that he had not been shaved for a week; surely, surely, he would come, and I should be rescued. He crossed to our side of the street, and stood outside the window. He was coming! He paused again. He put his hand into his pocket, took out some pence, and looked at them. He shook his head. He recrossed the street, and went into the public house. I suppose he spent his money in beer. Oh, that horrid vice of intemperance!

Still the barber lathered away, as though he would never cease, using the brush now with the right hand, now with the left.

Another man stopped in the street and looked at the barber's pole; he, too, passed his hand over his chin. He was a decent, respectable-looking man; had on a cleanish shirt and an average hat. My heart bounded with hope. Surely such a respectable man would be particular about his appearance. Surely such an exemplary man would come to be shaved. He, too, put his hand to his pocket, but, instead of pence, he took out a watch. He looked at his watch and seemed startled. He shook his head and passed on.

And so the dog still lay basking in the sun, and the horse kept going to sleep outside the inn door, and few people passed by, and nobody came to be shaved.

And still the barber kept lathering away at me. I felt as if the lather must be an inch thick upon my face, and of the consistency of clay. I became sick and faint, and there was a buzzing noise in my ears, as if I had been under water.

The barber did not resume the use of the shaving-brush—both he and his soap-suds were pretty nearly exhausted—but he took the razor and passed it once or twice over the strop, and then, pulling a handful of hairs from my head, tried the edge of the blade upon one of them. The hair was split, and the barber appeared satisfied. He raised his left hand and took hold of my nose; he held my nose much more tightly than the exigencies of the occasion required; he twisted my nose about in every direction, he elongated and compressed my nose as if it had been made of gutta-percha. The pastime seemed to afford him grim satisfaction. I forced myself to grin, as though it were a capital joke. At length he ceased and advanced the razor. It was a terrible moment. The barber stared at me, and then again seated himself in the chair, and said, in a more conversational and easy tone than he had before used:

"Perhaps—perhaps you think I am mad?"

This, if any, was a time in which a little white fibbing was venial, and I replied:

"Oh dear no, my dear Sir, quite the contrary—a little eccentric, perhaps," and I forced a smile, "but nothing more."

"Oh, if you did," said he, lightly and airily, "you would not be the only one. Many have shared the delusion. Many persons, themselves insane, have formed that erroneous opinion. But woe to him," and he brandished the razor—"woe to him who does not instantly expel it from his mind! You—you do *not* consider me mad; eh?"

"My dear Sir," said I, "how can you suspect such a thing for a moment? On the contrary, I consider you the most perfectly sane and sensible person I ever met."

"Good. And my conversation is both instructive and agreeable to you?"

"Highly so," I replied. "I should like, above all things, to come back and spend the afternoon with you. But at present—I am very sorry, but I—I fear I must be going. In fact, that pressing engagement I spoke of—"

The comparative mildness of his manner had emboldened me to make this further attempt to escape; but it did not succeed.

He gave me a look which again made me shrink into myself, and said:

"As it is well known, and fully understood both by me and by yourself, that I *must* and *will* shave you, it is right and proper that I should, before commencing that difficult and delicate operation, explain to you the precise position in which we stand. I perceive that, unfortunately, you tremble a good deal; and, moreover, that you have a considerable mole on one cheek, and one or two dangerous-looking pimples on the other. I fear," he shook his head gravely, "I fear that those protuberances may cause most serious, if not fatal, difficulties. It appears to me, then, that, before commencing my arduous task, it will be advisable for me to relate to you a portion of my history, so that you may understand the perilous position in which we are placed."

"Know, then," said he, "that at a former period of my existence I had a shop of a similar kind to this. It was a Saturday evening; business was immense, overwhelming. As the customers stood waiting for their turns they were packed as thick as herrings in a barrel. They were mostly coal-heavers. Coals are beneficial to the growth of beards, though detrimental to razors. Can it be wondered at that my arms grew feeble and my eyelids heavy? I had no assistants—I always scorned assistance. I was happy, for on the morrow, on that very Sunday which was so close at hand, I was to wed my Jemima. O Jemima! It was half past eleven o'clock, and it seemed as if I were to have no more customers that night. But I did not close until twelve, and my razors were all blunted; so I determined to get one of them thoroughly sharp before I shut the shop. I took one, and honed it, and stropped it and stropped it until it was in wonderful order, and fit to shave the down from the cheek of a peach. This razor that I have just prepared for you is the nearest approach to it that I have ever seen."

He passed the razor a few times over the palm of his hand, and resumed:

"It was close on the stroke of twelve. I put up the shutters, and partly closed the door. I was about to turn off the gas, believing that work was over for the night, when one more customer entered. I knew him well. I had shaved him before. He was a little old weazen man. He was the clerk of the parish church, to which I sometimes went. His throat was long and skinny, and its larynx was very prominent. The larynx of *your* throat," and the barber stepped back a pace and looked at me with the air of a connoisseur, "reminds me forcibly of his. He was a bachelor, and was supposed to have money. His name was Towzer!"

The barber was moved to tears. While he wept I looked at my watch; it was twenty minutes after twelve. But the barber seemed more rational than before. I hoped soon to get away.

"The old man seated himself," continued the barber, "and pointed to his chin. I lathered him, and began to shave. I got on very well with his upper lip and the upper part of his chin, but when I came to the regions of the throat, being somewhat sleepy, I made a little slip and drew blood. The old clerk was very angry. I apologized and began again. In an instant, in a moment, a sudden choking fit of coughing seized him, and before I could withdraw my hand his throat came forward with a violent jerk against the keen edge of the razor, and the blood spurted out. He fell down in a wet heap on the floor, and was dead almost directly!"

The barber paused, and pressed his hand to his head. I was horribly startled at this unlooked-for incident in the tale. I had expected something mournfully sentimental about Jemima.

He continued, and his manner again became excited:

"I fled at once; fled all night, all next day, for a week, for a month, for six months; straight on, straight on, through fire, water, wind, hail, snow, fog, mist, thunder, soda-water, and treacle. But the pursuers were on the track, they were close behind, I heard them coming. I escaped them. The means by which I escaped I shall never reveal, as I may want them again. A short time since I arrived in this town. I came, concealed in the steam of an express engine. This shop was to be let. I took it. I put a constraint upon my tongue and upon my features. No one suspected me. Last night was the Towzer anniversary. As it approached I felt that something must happen. I did not go to bed. You would not have had me go to bed, would you? Very well, then, don't look as if you would. I staid alone in the shop. From half past eleven to twelve I employed myself in stropping a razor—this one—as I had done *then*. At the stroke of twelve old Towzer came in through the closed door, and seated himself in the chair where you now sit. I could not help myself. I advanced to shave him. But he motioned me back, and said, in the same creaking voice in which he used to say Amen, 'To-morrow one customer will come into your shop. Only one. Shave him! Shave him! Shave him! *as you shaved* ME!!' He pointed to his throat, and vanished. I have been thinking over the matter, and have arrived at the conclusion that I am not necessarily bound to cut your throat. I did not cut the old man's; he did it himself; and therefore I hope that all may yet be well. If I can shave you without drawing a drop of blood you will escape. But if I accidentally cut you, as I did Towzer, the coincidence will be so remarkable that I shall feel myself bound to go on. You see the point? Ever since that terrible night I have not been able to see a drop of blood but I must see more! more! more!"

At this time the carriage drove up to Julia's door, having returned from its fruitless journey to the church. I heard the steps let down, and the house door open and shut, and then I heard the carriage drive off. But I could see only dimly, for I felt sick and faint.

The barber also heard, and looked toward the window. As he again turned to me I thought I saw a smile flit over his features. I felt somewhat encouraged.

"Why, you are still trembling," he said. "I can not proceed, with any hope of safety, until you are more quiet."

I was glad to hear him say that; for, dreadful as was my present position, any thing was better than that he should commence the use of the razor under the terrible conditions he had mentioned. Lending a somewhat unnecessary aid to nature I shook to such an extent that the barber, mad as he was, looked positively alarmed.

As I heard his next words I could scarcely believe my ears.

"Why, you are getting worse than ever," said he, "and my hand might be more steady too. I had no rest last night. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us take forty winks a piece—you in that chair—I in this. The one who wakes first shall call the other, and then we will proceed to business. A nap will calm our nerves. What do you say?"

"The very thing!" I cried. And oh, how my heart beat with hope! Nothing could have been more favorable to my chances of escape. The key of the door was still in his pocket. I could see the handle of it peeping out. Oh that he would sleep quickly and sleep soundly!

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THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

WE present in this issue the portraits of the members of BRYANT, STRATTON, & Co.'s International Business College Convention, recently assembled in Convention at Cleveland, Ohio. This association of Colleges, as will be seen in the engraving, embraces nearly all the leading cities in the United States and Canada. The purpose of the Association is to combine the best talent in the country in perfecting and putting in practice a system of business education which shall be commensurate with the public demands. The enterprise was inaugurated by Messrs. BRYANT & STRATTON, in the city of Cleveland, in 1853, and has met with a success altogether unprecedented. In fact, through the individual institutions, and the admirable text-books which these gentlemen have produced, the sphere and limits of a purely business education have been as clearly defined as those of law, medical, and theological schools; and it is becoming almost as necessary that a young man, in fitting himself for business, should graduate at one of these Colleges, as that a contestant for professional honors and success should take a preliminary course in an institution specially devoted to the studies incidental to such profession.

The great interest which at present this subject is creating in the public mind renders this recognition of the leading enterprise eminently proper.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

THE threatening aspect of affairs on our western frontiers leads us to illustrate on page 644 some features incident to a trip across the Plains. In regard to these sketches we shall let the artist speak in his own words:

"Our party of eight (including three artists) had quite an adventurous trip over the Plains. One of our mishaps I have sketched; it is entitled 'Storm on the Plains.' A hurricane took down our tents and blew over heavy loaded wagons, on the night of the 9th June, near Cottonwood, Nebraska. Fortunately no serious damage resulted to any one, though many in the train were badly frightened. FORD says that just as he was crawling out of the tent his ears were saluted by a piercing wail and the pathetic cry of 'Oh, have you seen my baby!' He looked back and saw the tent down with his wife under it, turned his head, and lo! over went our wagon with the horses down under it; and here was a woman before him wringing her hands and screaming for her baby. 'Les joyeuses' are our ladies who, doffing fashionable attire, have enlivened the camp by their cheerful presence, and have made us, hungry, tired souls, much happiness with appetizing cookery. Though you have published one or two street scenes in Denver I send the one herewith, which gives a good view of the mountains beyond. It is a different view from any hitherto published, and I think from a better point.

"'Fort Wicked,' Colorado, is noted as the ranche where a brave man and wife named GODFREY held over two hundred Indians at bay for two days during the troubles last year—killing many and wounding others, and finally driving them off.

"The tide of emigration and enterprise is setting hitherward at an astonishing rate, yet it is not to be wondered at when one sees the immense wealth of this region. Denver, a city of seven thousand inhabitants, is well built, and is the commercial centre of a mining region where already over twenty millions of capital are invested in quartz mills and the like. It hardly needs the eye of a prophet to discern that as the prospective terminus of the Eastern Branch of the grandest national highway of the world—the railroad to the Pacific—and as the great outfitting place for trains for Montana, Idaho, and Utah, its growth must be rapid and its destiny that of a great city.

"Messrs. BAYARD TAYLOR, WM. H. BEARD, WHITTRIDGE, and Major-General POPE, are traversing this region. I have only met BEARD; but expect to meet him and Mr. TAYLOR in the South Park, whither I am now journeying.

"By courtesy of FRED ECKFELDT, Esq., Melter and Refiner, United States Branch Mint, at Denver, I was shown through all the departments of that establishment, and send a sketch of the Assay Room."

THE RACES AT JEROME PARK.

THE Americans have at last got a Derby of their own. A national course under the direction of "The American Jockey Club" has been organized at Fordham, Westchester County, New York, which has been laid out and finished in a complete and judicious manner, both as to the track, the stands, and the stables. The aim of the American Jockey Club is not simply to render horse-racing permanent at Jerome Park, but to dignify it, and insure the improvement of horses and the elevation of the public taste as to horse-racing generally. At the head of this laudable enterprise are gentlemen of the highest social position—such men as AUGUST BELMONT, LEONARD W. JEROME (from whom the Park is named), W. BUTLER DUNCAN, J. F. PURDY, and W. R. TRAVERS. Horse-racing is inevitable, and we are glad that this attempt has been made to give it dignity and to remove from it many of its degrading associations. An important feature of Jerome Park is the arrangement which has been made for the presence of ladies, and which secures them from all intrusion as effectually as if they were at a matinée in their own drawing-rooms.

The establishment of Jerome Park will inaugurate a new era not only in horse-racing but also in horse-breeding.

"From the most reliable statistics," says JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary of the American Jockey Club, "we may set it down in round numbers that there are now, in the different States, four millions five hundred thousand horses—including, of course, *thorough-breds*. Now, some of these command a high price. I know that $20,000 was once offered to my much-loved, valued, honored friend, Colonel HAMPTON, for Monarch, and refused. Priam cost a great deal more than this to import him. Kentucky, the invincible Kentucky, the noblest son of his noble sire, from the high reputation he has won for himself during his distinguished career on the turf, could command any price his fortunate owner thought proper to value him at. But $7000 is frequently given for colts and fillies of promise, in their three-year-old form; but putting all the horses down at the low estimate of $75 per head, even at this low rate of $75 per head, would make the prodigious amount of their value $337,500,000, or more than *three times* the whole *cotton and woolen manufacturing capital of the Union*.

"May we not contend with reason, then, that the breeding of fine horses, and the institution that more immediately promotes it, namely, *the Turf*, is a most important one to the prosperity of the whole country, and ought to be encouraged and patronized very universally by all classes and conditions of men?"

Mr. IRVING gives the following description of the Park:

"This race-track is located on the old Bathgate Farm, near Fordham, Westchester County, State of New York, on the road leading from Kingsbridge, and comprises some 230 acres.

"The land is of somewhat peculiar formation; the valley through which the Croton Aqueduct is brought into the city of New York runs through the centre of the farm, and is bounded on the sides by hills of some fifty feet in height, with a bluff or spur jutting out in about the centre, on which bluff the old homestead was situated.

"This formation made it necessary to have a track of somewhat novel shape, with a straight stretch and two curves skirting the foot of the bluff, and by placing the grand stand on the straight stretch, the whole course is brought under immediate view, as the track at the foot of the bluff is only about sixty feet distant from the home stretch.

"The course is about a quarter or a mile from the main road, and the main entrance to the course is on the new avenue now building, 100 feet in width, from the Central Bridge over the Harlem River, and extending on the east side of and through the farm.

"The grand stand is on the east side of the course, and is 450 feet in length, by 45 feet in width, with two tiers or galleries of seats, and will accommodate 8000 persons. The stand is divided into three sections; the centre one of which is exclusively for the members of the Club and their families—the other sections are for the public.

"The front facing the track presents an open colonnade, two stories high, supported by ornamental iron columns, surmounted by a cornice and pediments on the centre, and each end presenting a very airy and unique appearance.

"The galleries are fitted up with comfortable seats, from all of which a perfect view of the course and surrounding grounds is obtained.

"Immediately opposite the stand, on the bluff abovementioned, are the Club grounds, on which are the Club-house and other buildings, for the exclusive use of the members of the Club, including an observatory some fifty feet in height.

"The stands for judges, time-keepers, starters, and for the accommodation and convenience of the gentlemen of the press, are in keeping with the style of the grand stand.

"At the north of and adjoining the grand stand is an open stand to accommodate 2500 persons, and also several private boxes, having a perfect view of the home stretch.

"Further up the valley to the north, and in view of the stand, are located the stables for the accommodation of seventy horses, which are built in detached groups; each stable containing ten stalls, of twelve by sixteen feet each, and surrounded by sheds ten feet in width—also kitchens for the accommodation of trainers and others—adjoining the stables is a half mile exercising track.

Jerome Park was inaugurated by the celebration of its first horse-races on the 25th of September. General GRANT and Madame RISTORI were present, and there was a large and enthusiastic concourse of spectators. The inauguration race was won by Kentucky, owned by J. HUNTER, against Fleetwing, Onward, and Idlewild. It was a four-mile heat, and was run by Kentucky in 7.35.

The opening day was fine; but the remaining races had to be postponed, on account of the rain which set in the next day, until the following week.

BOATS ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE.

OUR engraving shows the manner in which boats are drawn when the wind is unfavorable. Those with sails set are progressing in the other direction. To see these men laboring along in the noonday heat of the sun, hauling their boats, is sufficient proof that white men can work in the South as well as negroes. Besides these Acadian boatmen of the bayous I saw other white men at work in this part of Louisiana; these were making sugar on their own plantations, and told me they stood it very well. People unaccustomed to the climate would probably grow sick, from the continual heat and dampness of the atmosphere; but it is certain that the whites born here can work in the fields if they choose.

A. R. W.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF CENTRAL PARK.

THE collection of animals at the New York Central Park, of which we give an illustration on page 652, has been for years steadily increasing until it now numbers nearly 800 specimens. Of these 552 are birds. There are eight specimens of the monkey, of which two are chacma baboons. The collection includes two American bears, two raccoons, five prairie wolves, two silver-gray foxes, quite a number of squirrels, white rats and white mice, an American beaver, English and Turkish rabbits, Guinea pigs, elk and deer, sheep of the finest breed, and a few buffaloes. Among the birds are eagles, hawks, and owls; pelicans, swans, bitterns; peacocks, pigeons, larks, parrots, and wild ducks. Besides these there are of the reptile class twenty-three specimens, including alligators and several varieties of the tortoise.

These animals have been presented to the Park Commissioners by private individuals for the most part, but some of the swans were presented by European cities. Thus the Senate of the city of Hamburg presented to them on one occasion twelve and on another ten white swans. Twenty-four swans were donated by the "Worshipful Company of Vintners" of London, and twenty-six more by the "Worshipful Company of Dyers" of the same city.

This collection, already one of great interest, is but the *nucleus* of what will in time become the Great Zoological Garden of America. Our illustration, drawn by STANLEY FOX, includes specimens of all the most interesting varieties of this zoological collection as it now exists.

A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

THE Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is the traditional representative of the parent afflicted with a large family. The Old Woman might have had seventy children; perhaps she had more, certainly she had so many "she didn't know what to do." There is a man in Bristol, however, who beats the Old Woman out of sight in respect to the number of his family. How many has *he*, then? the reader will ask. Well, to reply with the same precision of language as was used by the member of Parliament who, not being familiar with the principles of Euclid, once described a rent in a ship's side as "about as long as a bit of string," it may be said that George Müller of Bristol has more than a mile of children. Place them in a line, with a couple of yards between each of them, and then count up what space will be covered by one thousand one hundred and fifty children—that being the number for which George Müller has to provide daily. It is considered a large family when fifteen sit down to table; but eleven hundred and fifty! That is something like a family. What a fortune the man must have to fill so many mouths! It is a respectable colony that has to be dealt with! Eleven hundred and fifty dinners for three hundred and sixty-five days a year; ditto breakfasts and teas; eleven hundred and fifty children to clothe and to educate! Then they live in houses which are more like castles than ordinary dwellings. Beds for eleven hundred and fifty; school-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; play-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; nurseries for a large portion of the eleven hundred and fifty; play-grounds for those who are old enough to dance on the spring-board or swing on the round-about, and toys for the little ones. Then there is an army of nurses, and teachers, and servants. Again the reader will say: "What a fortune the man must have!" The surmise is entirely erroneous. George Müller is a poor man. He has nothing but what people choose to give him, and the rule of his life is never to ask any body for any thing, and never to publish the name of any body who gives him any thing. What! A poor man keep eleven hundred and fifty children in these handsome dwellings, feed them, clothe them, and educate them? Preposterous! So it would appear; and yet it is not preposterous, when the matter is explained, although it may have something of the wonderful and even of the miraculous in it.

George Müller, whose name will probably hereafter be identified with orphanages as the name of Robert Raikes is identified with Sunday-schools, is a Prussian by birth, having been born at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in 1805. His father was a collector of excise for the Prussian Government. In 1829 Mr. Müller came to England, with the intention of becoming a missionary in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This connection, however, never was formed, and he became the minister of a small congregation of "Brethren" at Teignmouth. In 1832 he went to Bristol, and with Henry Craik, the eminent Hebrew scholar, became a minister among the Brethren there. These co-workers stipulated that they should have no fixed salary—a practice which Mr. Müller adopted at Teignmouth; and from that day to this Mr. Müller has never had any salary, although he has preached regularly in Bristol for over thirty-four years. A man who has no means, who declines to accept a salary, and who also makes it a fixed rule of life never to ask any body for any thing, is in rather a peculiar position. Mr. Müller, having adopted this course, had nothing to depend upon but what people who knew his habits chose to give him. One person would send him a present of a hat; another would send him a suit of clothes; and it happened at times that these precarious gifts did not always come exactly when they were wanted, and Mr. Müller occasionally was dressed in the reverse of what is called "the extreme of fashion." Still he preached cheerfully; and shortly before 1836, notwithstanding the fact that many a time he had not sixpence in the world, he conceived the idea that it was his duty to do something in the way of providing for poor orphans who had lost both father and mother by death. Accordingly, on the 11th of April, 1836, he fitted up the house he was then living in at No. 6 Wilson Street, Bristol, for thirty orphans, who were to be supported in exactly the same way as himself—that is, by the bounty of donors, who under no circumstances were asked for any thing, and whose names, whether they gave much or little, were never published. Viewed as an ordinary attempt to provide for orphans, this was an extraordinary experiment. What followed is a perfect romance of faith and benevolence. Often, after Mr. Müller had filled his house with orphans, he was reduced to the last extremity to provide for them. Sometimes he had to sell furniture to supply them with food. He made it a rule never to go into debt, and to pay for every thing as it was bought; and many a time at the close of the day he had no money for next day's supplies. Still the orphans never went without either food or without ample clothing. The struggles were extraordinary; and the manner in which the extreme necessities of the hour were frequently met is one of the most singular stories that ever was written. Mr. Müller was an enthusiast in the work he had undertaken; and believing that all his needs were supplied in answer to prayer he went on increasing his accommodation for orphans. According to all ordinary calculations he had gone too far with his practical philanthropy; but as there were still more and more orphans brought to him he took them in, and then his house got too small to hold them. He was almost overwhelmed with pecuniary difficulties, but instead of being dismayed he took another house. The two houses became too small for his ever-increasing family, and he took a third house, and then a fourth. Into these four houses his family of orphans increased to one hundred and eighteen; and as the number continued to increase Mr. Müller decided to build a large house, in which he could place all the orphans together. He selected a site at Ashley Down, about two miles from Bristol, and the land and building cost over fifteen thousand pounds. Still he never asked for any money. People began to know the work he was engaged in, for they could see the orphans and the magnificent house which had been built for them.

The New Orphan House at Ashley Down was intended for three hundred and thirty orphans. Like the four rented houses in Wilson Street, however, this vast establishment soon became too small. Then Mr. Müller built a second house for four hundred more orphans but after both houses were filled orphans were still brought from all parts of the country to Mr. Müller's doors; and seeing that his accommodation was still too small, he erected a third house to hold four hundred and fifty more orphans. These three houses are now full. The expenses in connection with them last year—independent of the cost of building and furnishing—was over twelve thousand pounds, this being the current annual expense. Mr. Müller adheres to his old plan: nobody is asked for any help, and all this money comes up annually. There is no regular list of contributors, as in connection with other institutions. Since Mr. Müller commenced the orphanage work he has received for the orphans the extraordinary sum of £233,485, 11*s.* 1½*d.* He publishes strictly-kept accounts; but whether a donor gives a penny or a thousand pounds no name is given. It is no uncommon thing to see in these reports gifts of £1000, £2000, £3000, and upward; and the only indications of the personality of the donors are a couple of initial letters.

In the reception of the orphans there is no sectarian distinction whatever, and without favor or partiality the orphans are received in the order in which application is made for them. No interest is required to get a child admitted; the only limit is the accommodation. Some time ago Mr. Müller found that his three large houses, built for eleven hundred and fifty orphans, were full; and he has commenced the erection of a fourth, which is to be followed by a fifth. When these new houses are completed there will be accommodation for two thousand orphans.

The institution has already become more than national. It is known in all parts of the world, as we may see by the list of contributions received during the last year. These contributions include donations from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the East Indies, from Australia, from Natal, from Demerara, from New Zealand, the United States, Gibraltar, the Cape of Good Hope, and many other places. The donations vary from a few coppers saved by an errand-boy to a thousand pounds. Some people send jewelry to be sold for the benefit of the orphans, others send various articles of clothing, and others send money. Thousands upon thousands of pounds in cash and notes have been dropped anonymously into Mr. Müller's letter-box. The donors who reside in Bristol have before them the great work; and the New Orphan Houses being open to the public on certain days in the week, they are visited by persons from all parts of the country.

The three houses now in operation contain, as already stated, eleven hundred and fifty orphans. Each of the houses is built on the very best principles to insure the health of the inmates. The various rooms are heated by steam, and the ventilation being excellent, the rate of mortality among the children is very low. The girls are trained for servants, and remain in the institution till they are eighteen or nineteen years of age; the boys remain till they are fourteen, when they are sent out as apprentices to such trades as they may select. It is an interesting sight to see so many orphans well cared for; but when it is known how they are provided for—nobody ever being solicited by the founder of the institution to give any thing—Mr. Müller and his large family give a complete answer to the cynics who assume that ostentation is in some way or other mixed up with the world's charity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CAN we find any but *political* news to present to the readers of the "Gossip?" The journals of the day are overflowing with matter pertaining to the "Political Campaign," and quite a sifting process is necessary to obtain items which are not tinctured with "*Constitutional Amendment*," "*My Policy*," "*Action of Congress*," "*Objections to Amendment*," "*Amendment and the South*," "*Supporters of Constitutional Amendment*," and topics of similar import. The speech of Senator So-and-So on the Situation, and the announcement that Mr. What's-his-name is not a Candidate, are just now facts of vital importance to—those concerned. We do not ordinarily give political news in our column; yet this is not because we fancy *our* readers—especially the ladies—are not interested in the final issue of the great questions of the day. What concerns our country concerns us all; and we do not believe there are many in our land, even among the most fashionable and careless fair ones, who would say, with a certain poet:

"Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen;
Secrets of State no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show."

On the contrary, the great political questions which are constantly agitating our country as a *whole*, are enthusiastically discussed by all classes, as *individuals*, each one enjoying freedom of thought and speech. Yet, although no one is amenable to another in regard to *opinion*, there is a higher law which should govern all; and no one has a *right* to be on the *wrong* side in moral questions—and many of our political questions *are* moral ones.

We can not forbear quoting some expressive lines, written by a lady, whose views, in so far as therein exhibited, are worthy to be adopted:

"When a patriot falls must he fall in the battle,
Where the cannon's loud roar is his only death-

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There's a warfare where none but the morally brave
Stand nobly and firmly their country to save.
'Tis the war of *opinion*, where few can be found
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foes,
Who are prowling about them and aiming their blows."

At the recent Convention of Sailors and Soldiers, held at Pittsburg, many thousand warriors, heroes of many battles, from the highest officer down to the drummer-boy, responded to what they regarded as *another* call of their country, left their peaceful homes, and met together with flag, and banner, and various insignia of battle—although the battle in prospect was only one of *opinion*. Many a hero, maimed in his country's cause, enthusiastically proved at that Convention that, even though minus arm or leg, he had lost none of his keen interest in his country's welfare.

The war on thieves, commenced by the city authorities about a couple of months ago, still continues with unabated vigor. Although many, having become frightened, have left the city, enough remain to render watchfulness needful, especially as some of the more fashionable thieves, who have been securing booty at various watering-places and other summer resorts, have now returned to their ordinary field of operations.

This is a specially interesting year to all who are in any way connected with American Methodism. Throughout the country an enthusiastic benevolence has been awakened in the Methodist denomination to mark this Centennial year by extensive free-will contributions to important objects outside their usual charities. The Centenary Fund, which is largely designed for educational purposes, has been increased from time to time in a most liberal spirit. At the recent Centenary Jubilee of American Methodists, held at the Cooper Institute in this city, one of the most generous subscriptions ever known in the history of Methodism was taken up. It amounted to $613,450.

The making of paper collars is a very flourishing and important branch of business. It is said that there is at the present time about $10,000,000 invested in the manufacture of paper collars and cuffs; and from 5000 to 5000 persons are furnished employment in this business. Unfortunately, a quarrel has arisen among them, and there is a prospect that the lawyers will absorb a good share of the profits. The quarrel hinges upon patents. The validity of certain patents will be contested by the opposing parties; and it is quite likely the courts of the land will have to devote most of their spare time to the matter for some years to come.

REVELATIONS EXPOUNDED.—The *Times* announces that

"On Monday, October 8, there will be a partial eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in New England and in that part of the State of New York which is northeast of a line drawn on a map from the city of Rochester to the Light-house on Fire Island, Long Island."

What sun is to be eclipsed is not stated, but we presume it is to be *John-son;* as we believe an eclipse of that luminary commenced in New England not long ago, and has been making itself perceptible in the *Times* office lately. If otherwise understood the intelligence given would be truly distressing, as the *Times* proceeds to say:

"This eclipse will be *the last of the sun visible* in the United States, until the magnificent one of August 7, 1869,"

[Or are we to understand that old Sol himself is to be taken in for repairs, and that we are to be "under a cloud" for three years, when we shall receive a "reconstructed" sun, *magnificent?* No. It is obvious that a political prediction is intended, for the *Times* continues:]

"—when the shadow of the moon will pass over and produce a total eclipse in part of seven States."

What nice distinction is intended by the phrase "total eclipse in part," we can not say; but the seven States eclipsed are evidently seven States which will reject the Congressional Amendment, and which will be "totally excluded, in part," from the Union, by the Forty-first Congress.

The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, whose death recently occurred in this city, made many valuable contributions to literature during his life of nearly three-score years and ten. Several legal and historical works were prepared by him; and under the *nom de plume* of "Uncle Philip," he, at various times, issued through the Harpers a number of volumes of juvenile works.

Madame Ristori lately appeared in a very pleasant private character. Having learned of the peculiar misfortunes and destitute circumstances of the Italian family in Elm Street, whose case has attracted so much attention recently, she paid them a visit of condolence and sympathy last week, and after giving them something for temporary relief, Madame Ristori told the mother that she should place for their benefit $1000 in the hands of some party, who would invest it for their best interest. The visit of the noted actress was soon noised about the locality, and an immense crowd gathered about the premises, giving the lady a hearty salutation as she drove away from the scene.

A letter from Lucerne, in the Cologne *Gazette*, says: "Rarely has so wet a month of August been witnessed in Switzerland. In the Bernese Oberland the smallest stream has become a torrent from the heavy rain. The Rhigi and Mount Pilate offer magnificent cascades, such as are not mentioned in any guide-book, and the tops of these mountains are covered with snow as in the middle of winter." Abundance of rain and cold weather seem to have prevailed every where. A letter from Maine has just come to hand, from which we give an extract indicating the state of the atmosphere in that section of the country:

"I arrived here Friday night. It was very cold then, and it has been growing more and more intensely frigid every day since. The only redeeming feature about the weather is, that (as we say in January) it has been 'warm enough to rain;' and which it has continued to do vigorously ever since I came, with only one or two short hold ups just to take breath. As regards the weather this morning, I have not had the courage to go and examine. From the pattering up against the windows, I should judge, however, that it might '*set in*,' by-and-by, and be cloudy!

"Saturday the exercises consisted principally in my taking a severe cold (first appearance in such a character for a year). This little investment I doubled at the Old South Church next morning. A has a 'slight cold.' E. mentioned this morning that *she* had a 'slight cold;' and from a pretty wide range of observation, during my limited visit here, coupled with considerable research and inquiry, I incline to the opinion that a person isn't *well* in this latitude unless he or she has a 'slight cold.' The system seems to require it here; it is a normal condition of health. And if a person should wake up some morning and find himself minus this indispensable attachment he should at once consult the nearest regular physician. Instances of his kind, however, are very rare in this section."

Letters from Council Grove, Kansas, state that recently a tremendous shower of grasshoppers visited that place, completely filling the air as high as one could see, and looking like a driving snow-storm. In a few moments the ground, trees, bushes, and every thing green was completely covered. In less than two hours the leaves of trees, bushes, corn, and every thing green was devoured. This is about as bad as one of the plagues of Egypt in olden times.

A Mrs. Carson died recently in Georgia aged 103 years, 6 months, and 3 days. She had cut three sets of teeth, the last being small, and like a squirrel's. Up to six years ago she would walk two or three miles with the greatest ease. About eight years ago her sight failed; but when she cut her last set of teeth, about two years ago, it improved very much. Her eldest son died in Louisiana a few months ago, at the age of 81 or 82 years.

Cockroaches are a terrible nuisance in the city. All sorts of poisons and powders are used for their extermination, which, in general, are only partially successful. An English paper gives the following "effectual mode" of destroying them: and though we can not recommend it as being a *convenient* method, it certainly has the claim to *originality:*

A gentleman in Rothesay, whose kitchen used to be nightly overrun by cockroaches, procured a hedgehog and fed it on porridge and milk, allowing it a snug corner near the hearth for a lodging, as the creature is fond of heat. In a few nights his kitchen was quite rid of the insects. He had the curiosity to watch its proceedings. When the house was quiet, and the floor was covered with the insects, the hedgehog would issue from its hiding-place—a recess under the oven in the kitchen grate, and—clumsy though the animal looks—with the agility of a cat pounced upon its prey one by one till it had finished the mortal career of all in sight. Having thus killed them the hedgehog commenced to eat them up at its leisure. Although a very timid animal, it would venture out in the presence of any one who sat still and did not disturb it.

The following graphic account of a case of assault, recently brought before the Court of Special Sessions, occurs in one of the daily newspapers. We commend it to the notice of any of the legal profession who are about issuing Law Reports:

"It seems that Mrs. C. had a little dog in her lap, when Mrs. B. came and kicked the dog; and when Mrs. C. expostulated with Mrs. B. Mrs. B. threatened to kick Mrs. C., as well as the little D. Accordingly, Mrs. B. did pitch into Mrs. C. and the little D., and Mrs. C. brought Mrs. B. into court. The little D., not having been subpenaed, was not present. Judgment suspended."

The COLTON Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

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[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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WOODSOCKET, *September* 17, 1866.

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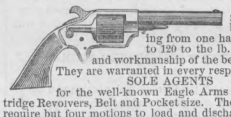
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over, was all in favor of a policy which his country has irrevocably condemned. The political tone of the last edition of "Wheaton" makes the book as obsolete as if it were three hundred years old instead of three. It is virtually made such a special plea for the rebellion that the State Department, which had been in the habit of supplying copies to its diplomatic agents, refused to take any more, and the sale of the work was absolutely stopped.

It is a matter of gratification to every statesman, jurist, or student of public affairs, who cordially accepts the true national policy of America, that this favorite volume has been at length rescued from the blight under which it had fallen, and that the preparation of the new edition has been intrusted to one of so ripe a scholarship, so truly judicial a mind, and so loyal a heart as RICHARD HENRY DANA. He is the worthy successor of Mr. WHEATON and of Mr. EVERETT in the chair of International Law at Cambridge; and his personal character is so spotless that the attempt of Mr. WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE, the late editor of WHEATON, to sully it with a charge of the meanest and most stupid plagiarism, is merely contemptible. It is like accusing him of picking pockets. It is impossible to be gravely angry, for the utter absurdity of the charge. Since, however, Mr. LAWRENCE seriously undertakes to specify instances, and alleges that Mr. DANA appropriates his translated matter, we may mention that the most careful examination of the whole of Mr. DANA'S annotated matter reveals a translation of the same passage by both editors in two instances only, and in each there is an entire difference of language. This is an illustration of the force of Mr. LAWRENCE'S charge of literary fraud upon Mr. DANA. But the whole matter is exhaustively discussed in a note in the *North American Review* for October, to which we refer the reader.

Certain points of method are especially admirable in Mr. DANA'S edition. In the first place, he has done well to discard all Mr. LAWRENCE'S labor. In the next, he has rendered a substantial service by numbering the sections of the work continuously throughout. Again, his conciseness, which is at first sight rather startling, when compared with the overflowing margins and appendices of the previous editor, commends itself to the judgment, upon reflection, as in keeping with the general character of the book, which professes only to give the *elements* of international law.

But Mr. DANA'S labors have higher merits than these. His style is extremely graceful and clear. He makes no disguise of his sympathy with liberty and humanity, while every where maintaining a judicial impartiality in declaring the *law*. So in dealing with controversies between his own country and foreign governments he cautiously avoids indulging so far in sympathy with his own nation as to allow his statements to be biased or his judgment to be perverted. For these reasons his notes will be likely to command the same universal respect which has been paid to the original text.

Many of Mr. DANA'S notes will be found very interesting and instructive to general readers. We should mention particularly the notes on the Monroe Doctrine, on Naturalization, on the Impressment of Seamen, on the Slave Trade, on Privateering, on Neutrality laws, on the dispute between the British and American Governments concerning the course of the former during the war, and on Blockades. It is very satisfactory to be able to find such concise, lucid, and impartial statements of the facts and decisions in affairs of such importance.

We could wish that Mr. DANA had carried his revision of Mr. WHEATON'S work one step further, and conformed the mode of citation to the established usage of law-books. No lawyer is accustomed to cite a case as "Dodson, i. 131. The Success." Mr. WHEATON, like some other eminent law-writers, was careless of these matters of detail; but so valuable a treatise should be made as perfect as possible.

A work like DANA'S Wheaton is a national benefit, for it is a work in which subjects of vast national importance are treated with a due sense of their gravity; with a candor which seeks the truth above all things; in a practical spirit which aims at substantial usefulness, and not merely at the demonstration of a theory; and finally, with a clearness and elegance which can not fail to charm the taste and reach the understanding of every intelligent reader. May the day soon come when all law-books shall be thus scientific without being uncouthly technical!

A NEW SANITARY COMMISSION.

IT is clear that the enfranchisement of all the people of the Southern States upon equal terms, by whatever authority, can not be very long delayed; and the education of those people is, therefore, a matter of national interest and importance. It is desirable in every way that there shall not be a vast population held in ignorance, whose votes shall be cast under the control of unpatriotic men whose interest might lead them to perpetuate that ignorance. And although education naturally follows the ballot there are social and political conditions under which obstructions will be thrown in its way. Thus, however rosy a view may be taken of the situation of the South, no wise man will spare any proper effort to diffuse education among the Freedmen as widely as possible. Indeed, from the moment the operations of the war opened the way there have not been wanting the most zealous and intelligent and persistent movements to arm the emancipated people with the alphabet.

This has been exclusively a voluntary movement. The Freedmen's Bureau is not charged with any interests of education. It can only incidentally help the work by defending the workers. The story of those workers, indeed, would be one of the most heroic chapters of our history. The earnestness, tenacity, wisdom, and moral intrepidity with which tenderly nurtured women and men have fought the frontier fight with ignorance and hatred, are but very vaguely known to the country. They have died quietly and unknown at their posts, many of them, as truly martyrs of the great cause as the most famous and beloved soldier who fell in the field, and over whose grave a grateful country builds an enduring monument. And the battle is instant. It is fought to-day, and all it asks of the country is a very moderate support. It is a fight, too, in which every blow tells, and tells permanently. Education is the natural security of emancipation. When the freedman can read, he is upon an absolute equality with his fellow-citizens, and has acquired a self-respect which is extremely incompatible with every kind of slavery.

Indeed, we waste words in urging the importance of popular education any where. But as the supplies of this work in the Southern States are failing, more, as we believe, from ignorance of the fact that supplies are needed than from any other reason, we commend to the most serious attention of our readers the following extract from the recent appeal of the American Freedmen's and Union Commission, the office of which is at No. 76 John Street, New York:

"There are 800,000 colored children in the South needing education and eager for the advantages of common schools; add to this nearly 600,000 whites who can neither read nor write, making in all nearly 1,400,000 that are capable of being made an immense blessing to the nation morally, religiously, socially, and pecuniarily. Of this number only 14,048 have been in our schools the past year. For want of funds only 250 teachers have been sent, where 25,000 are needed. Only 1405 teachers and 90,778 pupils have been sustained by all the volunteer societies. Our present engagements will deplete our treasury to the last cent, and we must soon announce to our old teachers that our treasury is empty, and that they can not be retained unless contributions come in more rapidly."

This is a mental and moral sanitary commission, which is the worthy successor of that other which during the war cared so effectively and nobly for the personal welfare of the soldiers. Now as then there are hundreds and thousands of devoted men and women in every State who are anxious to know how and where to serve the country. Let all such in their local circles organize a system of monthly subscription, which can be very readily done, and communicate with the office of the Commission. The character of the gentlemen who manage it is the sufficient security of the intelligence and economy with which all the funds will be employed. There are thousands who would gladly give a dollar a month, if no more, for the purpose if the opportunity were brought to them. Will not our country readers and friends consider?

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE Hon. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, an old and warm personal friend of President LINCOLN, in resigning his post as Auditor of the Treasury, speaks very plainly to President JOHNSON:

"You have betrayed the great Union party which elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and which, as an incident of the election, placed you in the office of Vice-President. You have deserted its principles, and are to-day in open cordial communion with those who sought the overthrow of the Republic, of those who for four long years made war upon our flag, and who crowned their long catalogue of crimes by the murder which placed you in the Executive chair.

"You are to-day persecuting and denouncing as traitors the life-long friends of ABRAHAM LINCOLN: those upon whom his great arm leaned for support in the hour of supreme peril for the Union; you are denouncing and persecuting these friends of MR. LINCOLN for no offense but fidelity to the principles and party which you have deserted.

"You have chosen as your friends and counselors from the lately rebellious States, not the persecuted, abused, faithful, heroic Union men, but those whose hands are yet stained with the blood of loyal men. In the loyal States your supporters and counselors are to a great extent with those whose sympathies were ever with rebels and traitors."

A MERE FALSEHOOD.

"A LIE well stuck to" is sometimes supposed to be much more serviceable than the truth. So the party which opposed the war, which nominates Peace Democrats or Copperheads for Governors, and whose sole political capital is hostility to equal rights, has been very zealously vociferating that Congress, in a law equalizing soldiers' bounties, had discriminated in favor of the colored troops, giving the latter three hundred dollars additional bounty, and the white troops but one hundred.

Of course this is a mere falsehood. There is not even a pretext for it in the law, in which the word white or black is not mentioned. But the assertion illustrates the spirit of the "Conservative" campaign, which is merely an appeal to popular prejudice and ignorance. But the elections show that it is popular intelligence and principle which at present govern the country.

VENTILATION.

LOOK at an asthmatic sitting before an open window, regardless of the cold, though it be winter, with his chest heaving laboriously and his countenance expressive of exquisite anguish. What is the matter? Is he in pain? No. What, then, is the distress? It is simply from want of a due supply of fresh air. The spasm in his lungs not only prevents the free admission of air from without, but the free egress of that which is within, so that the air which is in the lungs is a mixture of foul and good air. When so many died in the famous Black Hole at Calcutta, it was because the pure air was so shut out that they could not even get as much as the asthmatic does.

Here we have palpable results, and they startle us; and yet we may be suffering from day to day, in so small a way as to be imperceptible, the evil results of a deficiency of air, which may so accumulate as to impair the health, and even perhaps ultimately destroy life. It is only a few that occasionally lose their lives suddenly from want of air, but a comparatively slight but continuous deficiency in its supply is constantly destroying vast multitudes by a slow poisoning.

A good supply of fresh air is an imperative necessity. Such a supply it is easy to get when we are out of doors; but we do not get it when we are indoors unless we make special provision for it—or, in other words, unless we take measures to secure free ventilation. A proper supply of pure air in our habitations and places of public meeting *costs something*, at least in cold weather. That is the chief difficulty. Economy is in the way. Less fuel is required with defective than with proper ventilation. A small room, closely shut up, is warmed at less expense than a large room with suitable inlets for fresh air and outlets for foul.

The necessity for freeness in ventilation may be seen if we look at the amount of fresh air required for consumption. Each person requires a gallon every minute, that is fourteen hundred and forty gallons in twenty-four hours. It is easy to see that small and closely-shut-up apartments, and large gatherings of people in public buildings, as they are ordinarily constructed, are incompatible with any such supply as this.

That you may see clearly what the necessity for ventilation is, observe what the lungs actually do with the air which they receive.

Pure air is composed of three gases, in certain proportions: oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid; this latter being in very small quantity. These proportions are altered in the lungs, so that the air which is breathed out is different from that which is breathed in. It has less of oxygen and more of carbonic acid. It is less vivifying by the loss of oxygen—that is, is thus negatively injured—and it has also acquired a positively bad character by the increase of the carbonic acid. Much increase of this renders the air palpably poisonous. If, therefore, there be great lack of ventilation, as there often is in small rooms in dwellings or in crowded public assemblies, much injury is done to the health by the diminution of vigor from the loss of oxygen and by the direct poisonous influence of the added carbonic acid. And if the exposure to these deleterious influences be frequent there will inevitably be an accumulation of evil results, seen in a broken-down system, in positive disease, and at length in death.

Observe what provision is made in nature for the constant purification of the air, and how this is often more or less defeated by the arrangements of man. As oxygen is taken up in the lungs of all animals, and carbonic acid gas is sent forth from them, breathing is continually deteriorating the air. But this is remedied by a counter operation. Every leaf that you see is doing just the opposite of what lungs do—it takes in carbonic acid and emits oxygen—so that there is an exchange going on between leaves and lungs. In this way the due proportion of the ingredients of the air is every where maintained, so that if the chemist examine air taken from various quarters of the earth he always finds precisely the same proportions. But this is true only of air that is free, and not of that which is shut up where there are sources of contamination. Wherever there is breathing going on, if ventilation be not properly attended to, there is a want of these natural proportions, and the deterioration is increased by fires and lights, for they, like lungs, use up oxygen and return carbonic acid to the air.

There is still another important provision for the purification of air. The three ingredients of the air are not of the same specific gravity. The carbonic acid gas is decidedly heavier than the oxygen and nitrogen, and therefore has a tendency to lie below them, as water lies below oil. Now if this tendency were not obviated in some way the carbonic acid, generated from lungs and fires and various decompositions, would accumulate all over the surface of the earth, pushing up the oxygen and nitrogen above it, as water does oil, and would destroy life and put out fires every where. But this tendency is obviated by another—the tendency of gases to mingle together. It is just as the heavier water does not remain below the lighter alcohol poured upon it, but mixes with it. Agitation promotes this mingling, and therefore in ventilation the communication of motion to the air is an important measure, and should be accomplished so far as it can be done without inconvenience.

There are other deleterious gases besides carbonic acid produced in various ways, indoors and without, that are carried off by this same mingling and diluting process, but of these we will not speak, the carbonic acid being the most important.

What now is the inference from all this? Plainly that we ought to make it quite as sure that our lungs shall have a suitable supply of good air as that our stomachs shall have a suitable supply of good food. Oxygen, indeed, is food as really as what is put into the stomach, for it enters into the composition of the blood, and through this of the structures of the body. And besides, the carbonic acid gas which is discharged from the lungs is so much refuse, and should not, therefore, be introduced again, but should be carried off by the means which you see are provided so beautifully and carefully by the Creator.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

Our dispatches from Savannah, Georgia, bring intelligence of a sad marine disaster, accompanied with fearful loss of life. The steamer *Evening Star*, of the New York Mail Steamship Company, which sailed from this port on Saturday, 29th ult., bound for New Orleans, with about 400 passengers and a crew of 50 men, foundered off Tybee (here not mentioned), and nearly all on board were lost.

RESIGNATION OF RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., UNITED STATES DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

The following is a copy of Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jun.'s, letter resigning his office as United States District-Attorney:

"OFFICE OF U. S. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY,
BOSTON, *Sept. 17, 1866.*

"SIR,—Returning from an absence in Europe, kindly allowed me by the Government, I find a critical state of public affairs, in which I understand that the President expects of those who hold civil office sympathy with the opinions and sentiments he has of late expressed, and co-operation in the measures he has suggested on those important points as to which he is at variance with Congress.

"My sojourn abroad has given me, I think, opportunity to consider these subjects with something of freedom from local perturbations and contagious excitement, and I have endeavored to make use of it. I find myself unable to accord that sympathy and co-operation, and respectfully request you to place my resignation in the hands of the President.

"I am desirous, however unimportant my opinions may be, that this resignation, to which I am led by reasons satisfactory to myself, may not be construed as an approval of a practice of making the tenure of all civil offices, whatever their nature, conditioned upon conformity with the opinions of the President on all points, at his discretion.

"I shall, of course, continue to discharge the duties of my post until I learn that a successor has been qualified. Permit me to express, in conclusion, my acknowledgments of the consideration with which I have been treated by all Departments of the Government during my tenure of office; and I hope it is not out of place to add my grateful sense of the uniform friendly kindness I have received from yourself personally.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, RICHARD H. DANA, JUN.

"Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*"

DAVIS'S TRIAL POSTPONED.

Jeff Davis's trial has again been postponed, as no term of the United States Circuit Court is to be held this month at Richmond. The June term was illegal, and this invalidates the adjournment to October. It is probable that Davis's counsel will test the efficacy of a writ of *habeas corpus*, and if they fail to make application, the Richmond bar proposes to take the matter in hand.

NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Maria S. Cummins, daughter of Judge Cummins, died October 1 at her residence in Dorchester. She had been ill for quite a period. Her literary career began in 1853, when "The Lamplighter" was published. Within eight weeks so great was its popularity over forty thousand copies were sold, and as it has passed through several editions in this country and England, its sale probably exceeded one hundred thousand copies. In 1857 she produced "Mabel Vaughan," and in 1860 "El Fureidis," from her pen, was published simultaneously in this country and England. Subsequently she wrote another work entitled "Haunted Hearts."

The following circular letter from Major-General Rawlins, President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, has been issued:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Oct. 3, 1866.*

CIRCULAR LETTER.—The officers of the Army of the Tennessee who expect to attend the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee," to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th of November next, will please notify Major-General Manning F. Force, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, at Cincinnati, to that effect, that the Committee may have some definite idea of the numbers that will probably be present.

JOHN A. RAWLINS, President of the Society.

Morgan L. Harris is appointed Collector for the Eighth Congressional District of New York, in place of Mr. G. P. Putnam.

Of the 163 towns in Connecticut, about 140 held their elections for town officers October 1. Both parties figure up large gains, but the Republicans have carried Meriden, Seymour, Windsor Locks, Southington, Middlefield, and Danbury, heretofore Democratic, with most of the larger towns and cities, and the total returns from New London, Hartford, and Fairfield Counties give a Republican gain over the Hawley vote of last spring. The Democrats have gained Granby, Glastenbury, Canton, Simsbury, Somers, and Middletown. The issue in many of the towns has been strictly a local one. Of 71 towns 43 have gone Republican, and 28 Democratic.

Rear-Admiral Francis H. Gregory, U.S.N., died October 4 at the Mansion House, Brooklyn, after a short illness, in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Stewart proposes to devote one million of dollars to the building of small tenement houses for the use of the working-classes, to be let at a low rent, suited to the means of those in receipt of but small incomes, and to devote the accumulation of receipts for rent, etc., to the extension of the undertaking. For this purpose Mr. Stewart has applied to the municipal authorities for a grant of land, merely stipulating that the sole management of the matter, the appointment of trustees, and one or two minor points should be vested in his hands. Hitherto the required land has not been granted, but in case of a refusal, Mr. Stewart will not be daunted. He intends to carry out his noble purpose all the same, only of course the number of dwellings will be smaller at first, as part of the sum, which would otherwise be entirely devoted to the construction of the houses, will then have to be used for the purchase of land.

The celebrated horse-tamer, Professor J. S. Rarey, died very suddenly at No. 146 St. Clair Street on Thursday afternoon, October 4.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE ocean telegraph brings intelligence that the insurrection in Candia is spreading rapidly, and that the Government of Turkey contemplates suspending diplomatic relations with Greece, on account of the sympathy extended by that country to the insurgent Cretans.

Prussia has formally taken possession of Hanover, and demands the loyal submission of the people.

The treaty of peace between Austria and Italy gives the frontiers of Venetia to Italy. Austria assumes the Venetian debt. Italy has proclaimed a complete amnesty for political offenses.

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THE MULBERRY-TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

WHEN the long hot days are nearly gone,
And the fields lie misty in autumn dawn,
With spider-webs hung from blade to blade,
Heavy with dews the dark hours made—
Till the lazy sun rises late from his bed,
Large and solemn and round and red,
And changes them into diamonds rare,
Like Love,—which makes commonest things all fair:
  Then is the time—the golden prime—
Of the patient mulberry-tree.

O the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen!
Bare when the other trees are green;
But as June creeps onward, while none perceives,
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves;
Hides her fruit under them, hard to find,
And, being a tree of steadfast mind,
Makes no show of blossom or berry,
Lures not an idle bird to make merry
  Under her boughs, her dark rough boughs,
The prudent mulberry-tree.

But by-and-by, when the flowers grow few,
And the summer fruits dwindle, poor to view,
Out she comes in her matron grace,
With the purple myriads of her race,
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown:
While far overhead, hang gorgeously,
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye;
  For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry-tree.

And so she lives through her fruitful season—
Fairest tree that blows summer breeze on!
Till the breeze sharpens to fierce wind cold,
And the sun's warm beams wax pale and old;
Sudden hoar-frosts the white lawn cover,
And the day of her beauty and strength is over.
Her blighted berries strew all the grass,
Or wither greenly aloft. We pass
  Like faithless friends, when her summer ends;
Not a glance for the mulberry-tree!

Yet there she stands in the autumn sun,
Her fruits all gathered, her duty done:
And lets the wind rave through her emptied boughs
Like a mother left lone in a childless house:
Till some still night, 'neath the frosty skies,
She drops her green clothing off and dies;
Answering the call that nature sends,
And ending her life as a good life ends:
  Ripe without haste—dying, green to the last,
The grand old mulberry-tree.

THE SCHOOLMASTER M.D.

IN the State of New York ('tis a long time ago)
  A great operation occurred:
I am speaking the truth, and I'd have you to know
That I am quite willing to swear that it's so,
  Or affirm, if you dare doubt my word.

'Twas at Greenwich the school-house I'm speaking of stood—
  A battered old shanty, I vow;
Though 'tis twenty years since, it is standing there yet,
On an island not round; if you go there I'll bet
  You will find it's the same even now.

And in it, most likely, a hard set of boys,
  All ready for any high game;
All ripe for a frolic and fond of a noise;
And of girls, too, quite willing to share in such joys:
  In youth you and I were the same.

But just at the time I am writing of now
  The building was cheerless and lone;



FIRST HORSE-MEAT MARKET OPENED IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 660.]

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The windows were broken; and only a cow
Seen grazing beneath the old willow-tree bough,
And a mangy dog gnawing a bone.

And the reason no Busby would take it in hand
Was because of the tales which were told:
How Jack's finger was cut, and Joe rolled in the sand
By the widow's son Dick, and the Hollingshead band
Were licked by Tom Raynor the bold.

Then duly next morn came the mothers to pray
That the teacher would cowhide them well;
Or if Dick and Tom Raynor were not sent away
They wouldn't send Johnny nor Joe nary day,
And take away Kitty and Bell.

Poor teacher! Each day he was bothered and pained
To settle the wars of the eve,
Till, tired and weary, he fairly complained
"No mortal could stand it," and further proclaimed,
"That he had determined to leave."

'Twas long ere another was willing to try
The place thus vacated and torn,
Till a grave learned Doctor, who that way passed by
And heard of the trouble, without if or why,
Declared he would work a reform.

Being duly installed in the schoolmaster's seat,
The day passed without any rub;
But a friend sent next morning a note short and sweet,
To hint that a stick was no weapon discreet,
As his boy had been struck with a club.

'Twas read: and the boy was called forth pretty gruff,
And asked to exhibit his wound.
So, sniv'ling and wiping his nose on his cuff,
Georgy Williams his trowser pulled up with a snuff,
And held out a leg which was sound.

"Is it here?" said the teacher; "why, this is a burn."
"Oh no, Sir, 'tis here on the shin."
"'Tis a very grave case," said the Dominie stern;
"It might have been fatal." Though, reader, you learn
It scarcely discolored the skin.

"Why, Georgy, my son, did you walk to the school?
I declare it was rash so to do.
But as you are here you must sit on this stool,
And hold up your leg like a parallel rule
To the map which hangs over your view."

Then taking him gently with tenderest care,
In a loving and fatherly manner,
He called for a cushion, and then for a chair,
And seating poor Georgy he placed his leg there,
And bandaged it with his bandana.

On further inquiry the Dominie found
The name of the other young sinner
Who struck the foul blow: and in justice was bound
To call for his aid, when the play spell came round,
To bring Georgy Williams his dinner.

And to make him all day like a lackey to stand,
Or a priest doing penance for sins;
To hold Georgy's slate, and to place in his hand
Ev'ry book he required. While Georgy, right grand,
Sat in state, like a monarch on pins.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORY—"THEN YOU DO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?"

With his leg for a sceptre, stretched out on a chair,
He sat through the ne'er-ending day:
While Harry, the villain, did wait on him there,
And with rueful compunction his sorrow did share,
For neither could go out to play.

And when studies were o'er, lest the lame little lad
Should be to his sister a drag on,
The Dominie said, "She must speak to her dad
To gear up his horse, as the walking was bad,
And send down for George the light wagon.

Next morning the patient all rosy appeared,
Declaring his trouble was o'er;
And when his preceptor's inquiry was heard,
"How's your leg, Georgy Williams?" he stoutly averred
"It was better than ever before."

And in the prescription such virtue was found
(If you use it I don't care a peg)
That no child ever threatened, while playing around,
To tell of a hurt got on Greenwich school ground,
But was met by the cry, "How's your leg?"

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"GRANNY, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What has put that into your head, child?"

"Because to-day is the third of May, and Esther Lovell says she would not for worlds go near the old Hall to-night, for strange sights are to be seen there after nightfall."

"Esther Lovell's a goose," replied the old woman somewhat testily. "The worst that could be seen would be a sweet lady weeping and wringing her hands; and what harm would that do any one, I should like to know?"

"Then you do believe in ghosts?" said the child, timidly, drawing nearer to her grandmother, and throwing her arm round her neck. "I ran so fast by the Hall, and never once looked round; and I'm so glad I'm going to sleep here, for I never should have dared to go home again if it were dusk."

"You're a silly child, Meg; it's only wicked people that need fear ghosts, if there are such things. Mind you, I'll not say whether there are or not, for it's not for such as me to judge. One hears strange stories sometimes. But all you've got to do, Meg, is to be a good girl, and then you'll have no cause to fear ghosts or goblins, or any thing else."

"But I'm not always good, granny," returned Meg, despondingly; "and I've been particularly naughty the last day or two; so it's a comfort I'm going to stay here all night. But I did so hope, granny, that you would not believe in ghosts."

"I've never said I did, child, and I've never said I didn't; it's just one of those things that I've no belief about either one way or another; and I take that to be the best way of settling a doubtful point."

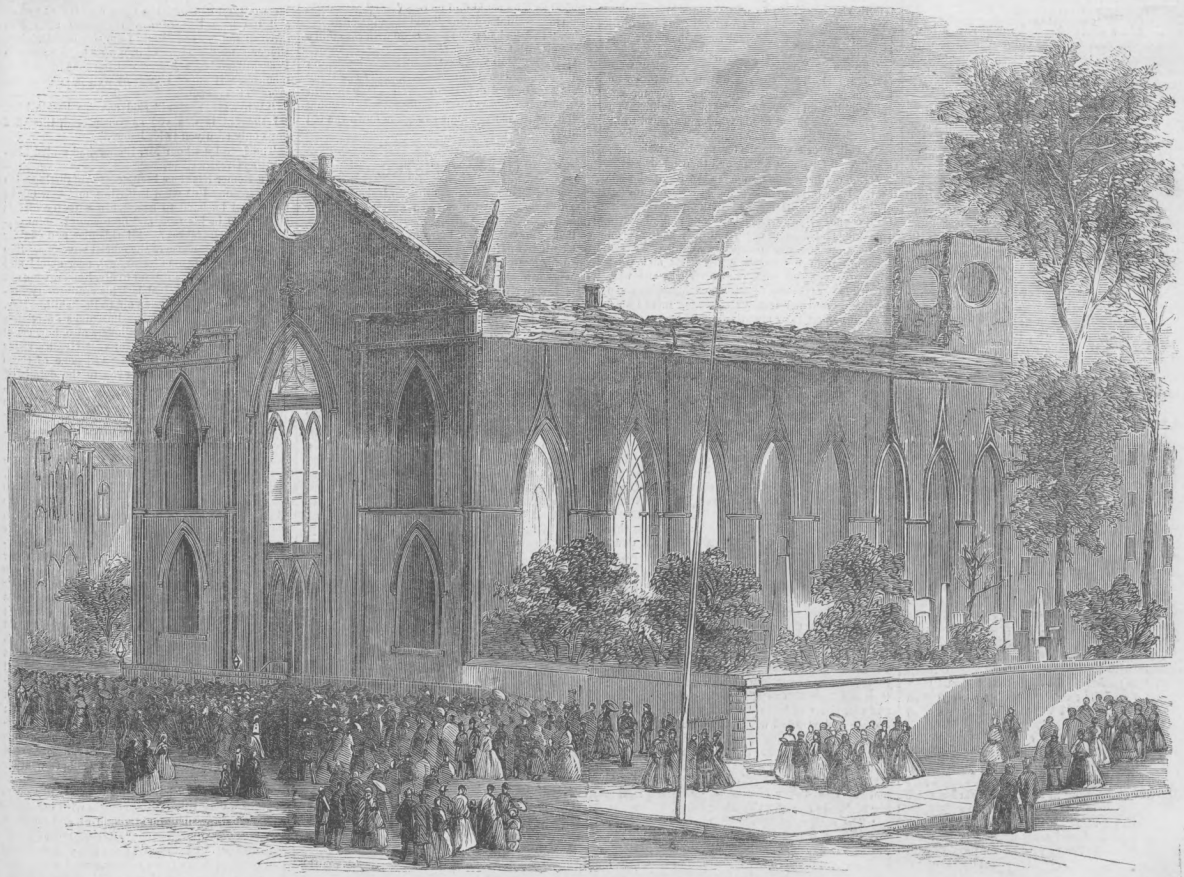
Meg looked as though she did not quite understand the force of her grandmother's logic, or at any rate as though no consolation were to be derived therefrom; but the subject being too deep for her childish meditations her thoughts reverted to what had been the primary cause of her question.

"Why is the third of May a worse day for ghosts than any other day, granny?"

"It isn't that I know of," returned the old woman.

"Then why should Esther Lovell be more afraid of passing the Hall to-night than any other night in the year?"

"That's because of the old story. I should not



THE RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

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mind telling it to you. Dear, dear, what a many years it is since! and it seems just to have come to me as fresh as when it all happened. Sit down to your tea, child, and after tea we'll settle down cozily, and have it all over. It'll be like calling up an old friend that's been dead and buried many a long year to have a chat with one."

Meg did not by any means consider this a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" the idea was not a pleasant one, and she would rather her grandmother had not mentioned it, for there were three chairs in the neat little kitchen, and who knew who or what the occupier of the third might be? Meg gave a little shudder.

"You're not cold, child, surely?" said her grandmother, pouring out another cup of tea.

"No, granny," answered Meg, her hand trembling as she stretched it out for the cup.

"Then you're frightened," said the old woman, looking at her. "I wish Esther Lovell and her nonsense were far away. I sha'n't be able to tell you my story, child. It's not well to fill young heads with fears."

"Nay, granny, you *must* tell it me now. I sha'n't sleep if you don't; besides, I shall think it is more horrible than it really is, and I shall go fancying all sorts of things."

"There's something in that," said the old woman, brightening up, for she had felt a little disappointed at the thought of not being able to indulge in old reminiscences, "and that would be a pity. So make haste and finish your tea, and then we'll clear away the tea-things and have a cozy evening together."

The tea-things were cleared away quickly enough, and Meg took a little stool and sat down close by her grandmother. She would not look at either of the chairs, for she could not divest herself of a queer nervous feeling with regard to them. So she gazed into the fire that blazed brightly in the grate, for it was a chill evening, though it was May.

"I've noticed," began the old woman, "that there's never been a third of May without some part of the day feeling chill. However warm it may have been beforehand, or may be the day after, there's never been a third of May for the last sixty years that I've not been all the better for a bit of fire.

"It's the anniversary of a day that sends a chill to all those who remember it, or were in any way connected with it, and it comes to me among the rest. I suppose I'm getting to be one of the last that it will come to, for I'm wearing on toward eighty, Meg, and what I am going to tell you happened when I was a girl sixteen or seventeen years old.

"One of the earliest things I can recollect is the old Hall being put into complete repair; for seventy or eighty years ago it was much in the same condition that it is now, and no one would take it, for there was an ill story hanging to it, and it was said that none who held it in possession ever came to any good.

"Well, as I said, it was put into repair. There were carpenters and bricklayers and masons at work, and in a short time you would scarce have known the house. The fine old gardens, too, with their terrace-walks and stone steps and fountains, were all set in order, and a grand place it looked altogether, though perhaps there was still a gloomy air about it; but that only made it the grander.

"The master of it was not the man to be daunted by any thing, and when he was told of the evil stories and the ghosts, as in duty bound, he curled his lip contemptuously, and made some mocking remark that no one at the time cared to repeat.

"He was a tall, dark man, nigh fifty, I should say, with a bronzed complexion, and a proud, stern look on his face, and his hair was black as a raven. He wore a pointed beard and a short mustache, but the rest of his face was close shaven.

"He came from foreign parts, and he brought a mint of money with him; there seemed to be no end of it, judging by the company he kept, and the horses and the hounds, and every thing belonging to him.

"My aunt was housekeeper at the Hall, and now and then I used to go up to see her; and sometimes, if it was very early in the morning, she would let me look through the stately rooms, when the housemaids were dusting and sweeping them. Very splendid they were; and at first I could see nothing distinctly, there seemed to be such a confusion of silk and satin, and gilded furniture and pictures, and vases, and statues, and mirrors, and flowers, and tapestry, and I can not tell you what; but by degrees I came to separate them, and to know each room and what it contained; for you see, Meg, it's as easy to get accustomed to fine things, when one sees them constantly, as to poor ones, and so it was with me.

"The room I liked best of all was my lady's boudoir, as they called it. It was at the end of one of the corridors, and had windows opening into a wide balcony that was always filled with the choicest plants. The walls were hung with blue silk, and the silken curtains were bordered with gold fringe. It was just such a room as one might expect to see in a fairy palace, and I was never tired of looking at the beautiful things heaped together there.

"One day I had obtained permission to go into this room with my lady's maid, and was so much absorbed in gazing at a picture that had just been hung up, that I did not perceive that she had gone away, imagining that I was following her; and so I was left alone.

"It was a picture of a child, a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, that had no look of the proud, stern master of the house in them—the Squire, as we country folks used to call him.

"I was still gazing at it, when I heard a voice say:

"'Who are you, my little girl?'

"I had never heard such a voice before: the words were not spoken as we English people would speak them, and the tone was so sweet that I scarcely thought a human being had spoken to me.

"I turned, and there stood a lady in a loose white dress, that seemed to float round her. She was very pale and fragile-looking, and her hair was like pale gold.

"For a moment I thought she might be an angel, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that it must be my lady herself. So I dropped a low courtesy, and said:

"'I am Mrs. Bridget's niece, my lady.'

"'So you are admiring my room,' said my lady; 'tell me what in it pleases you best?'

"My eyes involuntarily sought the picture, and I pointed to it.

"A flush of pain passed over my lady's countenance.

"'Yes,' she said; 'you are right, little girl—there is nothing to compare with it. My child! my sweet, sweet child!' and she put her hands over her eyes.

"At that moment who should come along the corridor but the Squire. My lady seemed all trembling-like, but she could not go any whiter than she was. The moment he caught sight of the picture he went into a passion, and began to swear at my lady.

"'How long has that been up here?' he asked.

"'Only since yesterday,' said my lady; 'Geronimo has just finished it for me.'

"At that moment a youth, who bore a wonderful likeness to my lady, advanced.

"'Is this the way you repay my favors?' demanded the Squire, fiercely. 'I thought that we were rid of that child when we laid him deep under the sod at Padua, and now he's risen again to be ever before me. As if I could help whether he lived or died.'

"The youth looked in amazement at the speaker, and then some new thought seemed to strike him, for he started back as if he had seen some dreadful sight, and then he gazed steadily at the Squire. And the Squire gazed at him in return, but I thought I saw a slight quiver on his under-lip.

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"The youth was hesitating whether to reply, when my lady, who had been intently watching the two, stepped forward and signed to the youth to go. Then I too crept away and went down to Mrs. Bridget; I had been too frightened to stir before.

"When I got back to Mrs. Bridget she first gave me a good scolding for being found in my lady's boudoir, and then made me give her an exact account of what had taken place; and then, my lady's maid coming in, she had to be told, and the two women put their heads together, and I could see they thought deeper of it than I could understand. For there were beginning to be strange stories afloat respecting the Squire.

"I must tell you that my lady was an Italian, and Geronimo, the youth I had seen, was her brother. He and my lady were living together in Italy in very slender circumstances, when the Squire was struck with her beauty as she sat playing with her child; for she had been married very young, and had been left a widow with one child, the beautiful boy whose likeness I had been looking at.

"The Squire fell in love with her at once, and at length she consented to marry him, on condition that Geronimo might not be parted from her until he grew to man's estate, and could make his way alone in the world.

"So the Squire gave his promise, and they were married, and all went well for a time; but soon he became jealous of the love of the mother for her child, and could scarcely bear it in his sight. You see he was very fond of his wife, and wished to be first with her; but he was not.

"Well, after a while the boy suddenly sickened; he lingered for many weeks, and then he died.

"But my lady was no nearer the Squire for all that. Indeed, a shadow seemed to spring up out of the child's death; and at last the Squire thought if he could get away from Italy and come back to England, and live a country life, keeping open house, that the gay company would drive sad thoughts from my lady's heart. But ah! what company ever did that, child? There she was, dressed in her brocades that stood of themselves, and her pearls and her diamonds, looking more like a beautiful spirit than any thing earthly. And the Squire was proud enough of her, as well he might be, and yet he was stern and harsh, and was half mad if she ever spoke of her dead child.

"And so things went on until the day that I was in my lady's boudoir.

"After then my lady began to droop more than ever. She had not the heart to don any of her fine dresses or to appear among the guests. She seldom left her own room, and she clung more closely to Geronimo than she had ever done before. Yet, strange to say, she was ever urging him to return to Italy; for she said she knew that she was dying, and what would he do in a strange land without her? But he would not listen.

"One day—it was early in May, and the weather had been unusually warm—Geronimo went down to the river to bathe.

"He did not return; and some one passing by and seeing his clothes lying on the bank and him nowhere about, raised an alarm, and after a long search his body was found. When the poor corpse was brought to the Hall my lady, who had been in a state of frantic grief, came to meet it.

"Every one was surprised to see how calm she went all of a sudden. She drew back the sheet they had flung over him and kissed his cold lips; then she bade them get ready the state-bedroom, and there he was laid out, and my lady sat by the bedside and watched until the day of the funeral, but she never spoke.

"When the day came she took a last look at him before the coffin-lid was fastened down; then she told her maid she was going to have a long sleep, and she went to her own room, where she took to her bed and gradually faded and faded.

"The days went by slowly enough now, for it was very still and quiet in the old Hall. The Squire sat moodily in the great dining-room, and scarce a soul dared to say any thing to him. Now and then he went to look at his wife, but she never so much as opened her eyes when he came into the room—whether it was that she was too far gone to speak, or whether from some other cause, none knew. But she spoke to no one now, and the doctor said the end was not far off.

"It was just one o'clock on the morning of the third of May—it wanted a few minutes to high-water, and then the tide would turn, and we all know that at tide-turning many a soul that has been waiting is called away.

"Well, as I said, it was just one o'clock, and all the household were abed excepting the Squire, who was still sitting over his sack-posset, and the old nurse who watched at my lady's bedside.

"Suddenly a low cry was heard, and it pierced through the house and woke many of the sleepers; but only one or two had courage to rise up and see what it was, and among these was my Aunt Bridget.

"As she opened the door that led on to the grand gallery she saw a white figure gliding down the great staircase, with its eyes staring in wild horror, wringing its hands, and moaning piteously. If it had not been that she was lying on her death-bed my aunt would have said that it was my lady herself; but she had heard of the spirits of departing people visiting those they desired to see at the last moment, and so great was her fear at the sight that she fainted away, as did the maid who had accompanied her; but a little foot-page, who had more courage and more curiosity, followed the figure and saw it enter the dining-room. The Squire, he said, started up; and the figure, slowly raising its hand and pointing one finger at him, said, 'Murderer!' And the Squire fell back in his chair and hid his face in his hands. The little foot-page saw no more, for, overcome with fright, he fled to his room and buried himself beneath the bed-clothes.

"When my aunt came to herself, being a woman of some nerve, despite the sudden terror that came over her, she determined to go to my lady's room, and there she found my lady, as she expected, stretched on the bed quite dead. The nurse was asleep, so of course did not know how long she had been dead; but my aunt knew that she must have died just as the tide turned, and that would be just at the time the white figure glided down the staircase."

"Do you think it was my lady's ghost, granny?" said Meg.

"How should I know? I only tell the tale as it was told to me, and it's not for the like of me to settle about such things. I don't either believe or disbelieve in ghosts, and that's the best way of doing. I've never seen a ghost, and I hope never to see one; but still I'll not say but what others have."

"I'm sure I hope I sha'n't," said Meg; "I should die with fright."

"My aunt didn't," replied the old woman, "and I see no cause that you should. Not that I think you'll ever see one."

"And what became of the Squire?" asked Meg.

"After my lady's death he never felt comfortable at the Hall, so all the fine things were sold and the house was shut up, and he went abroad, and I heard he wandered from place to place until he died. It seemed as if he could find no rest."

"Do you think, granny," said Meg, lowering her voice, "that he had any thing to do with the child's death or with Geronimo's?"

"Many thought so," returned the old woman; "still nothing could be made of it. But one thing has always been clear to my mind: my lady thought so, and that was the cause of the piteous moaning of the figure that my aunt saw glide down the old staircase."

GREEN'S SISTER.

As Mr. Romer was preparing to leave his office Green rushed in with a linen duster and other marks of travel about him.

"My dear fellow," said Green, "here is the most unfortunate affair in the world. My sister, who applied for a situation in some school, and has been dancing attendance for three or four weeks at Mrs. Custers's, in Nineteenth Street, decided to go back to Peekskill to-day. An hour ago I was ordered to catch the next train for Washington—time for nothing more than to seize my duster and bag and run; you know how it is with our firm. Just as I came down the steps on the run our messenger hands me this," flourishing an official-looking envelope: "opened it in the street and read it walking, and, by George! if it is not Addy's situation! I must catch the train. Somebody must head off Addy, who no doubt is packing her traps, or her situation will be snapped up. I thought of you, and, says I, Romer is my man; and now, my dear fellow, will you—if you could stop on your way up and leave this note for Addy—number 2067 Nineteenth Street, you know—will do as much for you some time."

And Green shot out again, leaving the envelope on Mr. Romer's table.

It was half past five. The day in question was the first anniversary of Mr. Romer's wedding-day, and he was under heavy bonds to Mrs. Romer to dine with her and her brother Jack punctually at six. From the first all things worked together for his confounding. A second visitor detained him till it only lacked a quarter of six. Then he hesitated between cars and stage-route, and decided for the former, because they do not stick fast in Broadway jams till the driver swears them out again; also the tram-way brought him nearer to 2067 Nineteenth Street, where he promised himself that he would stop only to ring the bell and hand in Green's official envelope. Half-way up town the car stopped with a bump and a jolt. Mr. Romer looked out and saw a car directly in front of them, another beyond that, and was told that, still further in advance, a car had run off the track. Mr. Romer sprang from the car and started up town on a quick trot, remembering as he ran that Mrs. Romer, as a phrenologist once assured her, "lacked self-esteem and overvalued the attractions of the rest of her sex," or, as I should brutally put it, was jealous; consequently that it would be undesirable to make Mrs. Romer wait for Green's sister. He rang the bell of number 2067 sharply, and thrust the envelope into the hand of the frouzy maid, saying, "Miss Addy Green."

"She ain't here," said the frouzy maid. "She's just gone to the dépôt."

What dépôt? and, good Heavens! what would Mrs. Romer say? The frouzy maid called shrilly to unknown people in the basement, and getting no answer, mounted the stairs sluggishly to find Mrs. Custers. All this occupied time, precious time! also Mrs. Custers did something to her cap before appearing, and was a slow, precise person, not to be hurried in informing Mr. Romer "that Miss Green had just left the house, and he would have time to see her at the Hudson River dépôt before the train started."

Romer confounded Green, and started once more in search of his sister. He could not in conscience throw the poor little girl's chance over; but wouldn't there be a row with Mrs. Romer! Fortunately the Twenty-third Street line makes good time, and a stage drew in sight as he reached Broadway. Romer hailed it; the driver shook his head and drove obstinately on; he hailed again; the driver passed him with calm contempt. The stage was crowded, and men were hanging on the step. Mr. Romer walked down Broadway. Same experience with the next upward-bound stage. In the third he secured a corner. On the next block they stopped to take in a lady and child—a slow process because of the shortness of the child's legs; three doors further and they stopped to let a lady out. On the corner five or six people lay in wait for them. That stage was never full; that driver shook his head at nobody. When Mr. Romer reached the dépôt the train stood ready on the track, cars coupled, and engine snorting in the usual ill-conditioned way. Mr. Romer had seen Miss Green and remembered that she was fair; also, that she wore a little curl just over a small pink ear, and that she had fine blue eyes; also, that she dressed chiefly in black. In the third car Mr. Romer found a young lady in black and with a curl over her ear; but on being addressed, "Sir," she answered, frigidly; and it was not Miss Green. He dashed forward. Two ladies blocked the passage, looking about for seats. Trying to edge past them he became conscious of a peculiar oscillation under his feet. The train was in motion. "Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Romer, dodging frantically about the two obstructive females, "do let me pass, Madam."

"Very sorry, Sir," returned the younger lady; "but see my bundles!"

She carried a box two feet square, a traveling-bag, a paper parcel as large as a baby, a basket, and a shawl. Mr. Romer ran back to the other door. Should he jump? Jack Driggs jumped, fell between a car and a platform, and died in three hours. Mr. Romer hesitated. *Should* he jump? Then or never. The speed of the train increased every instant. He saw the conductor.

"Where is the first stopping-place?"

"Peekskill. We run express to Peekskill."

Mr. Romer decided to jump, but now there was no longer a choice. The iron horse, warmed up to his work, dashed into the open country at speed, and the long line of cars skimming after him groaned and swayed dizzily from side to side. Mr. Romer sank despairingly into a seat. Express to Peekskill, and Mrs. Romer waiting for him at Delmonico's. It might almost as well have been express to Sacramento.

"Why, Mr. Romer!" said a voice beside him. "I thought it was you as you passed, though I have only seen you twice before."

The lady by whom Mr. Romer had seated himself was Green's sister.

Mr. Romer has since been accused of flirting with Miss Green. But what is flirting, and how ought the model husband to look when a pretty girl is smiling up in his face, and bestowing on him artless little confidences? All this glee and chatter was in reality because of the official envelope. She had been going home discouraged, poor child! and she was innocently grateful to Mr. Romer, who, out of pure good-nature, had lost his anniversary dinner, and was being carried off to Peekskill. Mrs. Romer is the object of her husband's affections; but, unless she is a pair of blinders also, how could he be unconscious of the fact that Green's sister was a pretty girl—a charming girl—one of those women that are delightful even to the details of their toilet, because of a certain exquisite freshness? I take sides with Mr. Romer, and I declare that the man who could sit cold and smileless by Green's sister should take his perch at once by St. Simeon Stylites or by Miss Riggs.

I shoot Miss Riggs into the story without previous description, because I have read lately that, according to the rules of art, I must not describe what my hero did not see. Mr. Romer did not see Miss Riggs. She sat, wrapped in a veil, in the corner of a seat in line with him; but Mr. Romer was busy in looking at the bright side of his journey, which was—Green's sister. Green's sister dressed in black, and black became her. In these days it would be presumptuous to decide whether art or nature was responsible for her hair, but it rippled and waved under her hat in a lovely way; and there was no doubt about the ungloved hand resting on the sill of the car window; it was as pretty as the little foot, of which Mr. Romer caught a glimpse from time to time. In fact, a gradual resignation possessed that gentleman. It was certainly a thousand pities, and he quaked to think of Mrs. Romer nursing her wrath at Delmonico's; but he had devised a little plan in which, to be perfectly frank, no mention would be made of Green's sister to Mrs. Romer, and, though he foresaw a squall, concluded that he should be able to weather it.

Miss Green was less at her ease. After overhauling a very thin porte-monnaie with great privacy, she grew silent and thoughtful, and finally—

"It is very disagreeable," she said, blushing distressfully, "but I suppose I must ask you, as David forgot to send me more money, and I must take the return train; and if you could—I mean if you would—"

Mr. Romer did not suffer her to finish her sen-

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tence. No man likes to see a young creature, with fine blue eyes and a lovely complexion, blushing and embarrassed before him on a money question; but in assuring her of the pleasure he should find in serving her, involuntarily Mr. Romer laid his hand on the pocket in which he carried his purse, and a tingle of dismay went up from his finger-ends to his brain. That pocket had ordinarily a fat feel. It was now flat. He explored it again.

"Have you lost any thing?" asked Miss Green.

"Oh no, nothing; that is, it is of no consequence," muttered Romer, making frantic dives into other pockets, and as his hand came hopelessly down in the bottom of each pocket, rapidly culminating to a nervous agony. He excused himself to Green's sister, and retiring to another car commenced the search anew, raking every pocket and discovered the slit in his coat, made by some confounded pick-pocket, but no wallet. Here was richness! Here was a predicament! Green's sister had no money. He had no money. Did he know any man in Peekskill? No, he knew no man in Peekskill. Green's sister would be hungry. He was hungry. How should he procure a dinner, and tickets for their return? He thought of his watch, and looking down saw the guard dangling loosely from his button-hole. The pickpocket had relieved him of that also. As a last hope he went through the train, hoping to find some man who knew him, but strange faces stared at him from every seat. He had confounded Green. He now confounded his sister. I admit that he was a brute, but look at the position! What could a man do in Peekskill with Green's sister on his hands and no money. He went back to his seat, perfectly limp. Something would be done of course on reaching Peekskill, but what that something should be he did not even try to think.

"Mr. Romer," said Miss Green, who meanwhile had been consulting with herself, "while you were absent I have been arranging a programme."

"Oh!" observed Mr. Romer, and, to himself, "I wonder how much it will cost?"

"As we are to return so soon, it will hardly be worth while to carry my trunks about to hotels, in an expensive way," pursued Miss Green, smiling; "and so, if you please, Mr. Romer, we will leave them in charge of the baggage-master, or some such person; and then I have been examining my time-table, and if we return to-night, it must be in half an hour after reaching Peekskill. We shall get into New York late in the evening, and I confess I am tired and hungry already; and if you please, again, Mr. Romer, I should very much prefer to go direct to my cousin's house. My cousin is Mrs. Drake, and her place is so near that we can walk there from the dépôt, and she will be charmed if you will stay at her house, Mr. Romer, when she hears how kind and thoughtful you have been for me."

"And then," said Miss Green to herself, "I can borrow money of cousin Fanny, and not be further obliged to Mr. Romer."

"And then," said Romer to himself, and cutting a mental pirouette, "if there is a Mrs. Drake there will be a Mr. Drake, and he will understand that I am not a swindler, and I can borrow ten dollars of him!" and to think that three minutes before he had privately sworn at this blessed little girl, and wished her at—Ispahan. He could have fallen down on his knees before her if the arrangement of the car seats and the manners and customs of the American people would have permitted, and he came out from his anxious look like the sun from behind a cloud. He would telegraph to his wife, and he saw his way clear now to that little plan in which no mention should be made of Miss Green; but before leaving him let us look for an instant at the Riggs view of the case. Miss Riggs saw Mr. Romer searching for some person in the cars. He was recognized by a pretty girl, evidently on the look-out. Mr. Romer's manner was devoted, and Mr. Romer was completely absorbed in his companion so that he did not see her, Miss Riggs. They left the train at Peekskill; neither had baggage that Miss Riggs could see, but walked away in an easy, at-home manner. Miss Riggs considered it her duty, as a neighbor and a member of the same church with Mr. Romer, to follow them. They went, not to a hotel, but to a private house, where they were welcomed in a way that showed they were often there, and Miss Riggs came away, bowed down by the dreadful inferences that she drew from these suspicious facts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Romer waited at Delmonico's, with brother Jack, expecting her husband calmly, till six o'clock, the appointed hour. After that her little watch was often in requisition, and she watched the door till her neck ached and her eyes were tired. Jack proposed to order dinner, but Mrs. Romer indignantly refused. Twenty-five minutes of seven—twenty minutes. "I am sure something has happened," sighed Mrs. Romer. "Nonsense!" said Jack, and ordered dinner. Seven o'clock! Mrs. Romer could not eat a mouthful, but sat with her eyes on the door. Quarter past seven. "I know something has happened!" cried Mrs. Romer, her eyes brimming.

"Romer's head clerk boards in the next street. If you say so I will go there," said Jack, vaguely, uneasy himself, to tell the truth. Mrs. Romer waited, her eyes on her watch. Jack returned presently, looking quite sober.

"George tells me that he left the office before six o'clock."

Mrs. Romer grew ghastly.

"Come, don't faint! Let us go home. He may be there, you know; taken ill, or something," said Jack, hurrying her out. At the door they met Dillon, whose office adjoined that of the missing man.

"Seen any thing of Romer?" asked Jack, in passing.

"Romer: No! Yes, I have too. I met him a while ago in Nineteenth Street, somewhere, about six o'clock, I think."

"Do you know where in Nineteenth Street?" put in Mrs. Romer, reviving suddenly, and growing very red.

"At Mrs. Custers's. I know the house; for I visit there," answered Dillon, eying her curiously, Number 2067. He was coming down the steps. I did not speak to him: he seemed in such a hurry." The brother and sister looked at each other.

"Do you know any body in Nineteenth Street?" asked Mrs. Romer of Jack. "I shall go there myself," looking fierce.

"Better go home first," insinuated Jack. "He may be there, as I said."

"Mrs. Romer and Jack went home. No; Mr. Romer had not come."

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Romer. "He thought I was safely out of the way. He is there in Nineteenth Street."

"Dillon saw him coming away," urged Jack.

"Then some one will be there who will know where he has gone," said Mrs. Romer, dropping Jack's arm, and walking on alone. She believed in her heart that Jack was trying to screen him; that Mr. Dillon had fibbed; that all the men were in a conspiracy together. Mr. Romer was at number 2067 that moment, and she would have carried its door by assault if the frouzy maid had withstood her. She would have done, I do not know what dreadful thing she would have done to Mrs. Custers, if that lady, in virtue of the masonic sympathy existing between women, had not intuitively comprehended the case.

"A gentleman was here, Madam," said Mrs. Custers. "A gentleman about twenty-eight, I should say. Light mustache—rather a handsome man. He asked for Miss Green."

Here Mrs. Romer faced about on Jack, who quailed before her, as if he had asked for Miss Green.

"She had just started for Peekskill, and he seemed disappointed," pursued Mrs. Custers. "It is my belief that he started on after her. He had time, as I told him, to catch the train."

Mrs. Romer clutched her brother's arm.

"Come, let us go, Jack! On the anniversary of his wedding-day! Think of it! Come, I say!"

"Where?" asked Jack, looking obstinate.

"There is no use in going to Peekskill, unless we can find a further clew. You are overexcited. Do you know this Miss Green? Don't jump at conclusions."

"I have seen her," returned Mrs. Romer. "One of your round-hat and waterfall girls. Do you know where this Miss Green was going in Peekskill, Mrs. Custers?"

"I don't, ma'am," said the Custers; "and, from what I hear now, I should say the less any one knew of her the better."

"You see," urged Jack, "we had better go home;" and home they went again. Mrs. Romer threw herself on a lounge. Jack lighted a cigar, and wished he knew what to say to her. Close on bedtime the house was startled by a furious ring. Two telegrams for Mrs. Romer. Mrs. Romer tried to read, but her hand shook, and her sight failed her. "He is dead!" she said, chokingly. "Read it, Jack." "Stuff!" quoth Jack, and read out:

"Mr. Romer is at Peekskill with a young lady. Should you like to know where, will meet you at dépôt, and show you the house. Excuse if mistaken; but it looks suspicious. ELIZA RIGGS."

Mrs. Romer sprang to her feet.

"There! didn't I tell you, Jack! there! there! You see now, don't you? you see, don't you? you see, Jack—" beginning to sob.

"What is this?" said Jack, taking up the other telegram.

"DEAR JULIA,—Have been called away suddenly on important business. Home soon. Will explain.
"HENRY ROMER."

"Important business indeed! the hypocrite! the wretch! That is the way you men treat women. I think he will explain! Home soon! He may see me in Peekskill. When is the first train, Jack?" Mrs. Romer had done with tears now, and walked about excitedly. Jack took both her hands, and looked down at her with genuine sympathy.

"Poor little sis! The first train leaves at six, or thereabout; and you had better go to bed now and get what sleep you can. You will need it."

But Mrs. Romer scorned the idea of sleep. She was too busy thinking what she should say to Mr. Romer, and how she should behave. She thought over the various lines of conduct all that night and all the way to Peekskill, sitting quiet and silent to Jack's relief. At the dépôt they found Miss Riggs, to whom Jack had telegraphed at Mrs. Romer's orders, though sorely against his inclination. "My poor friend," cried Miss Riggs, pathetically, "I will take you there at once," meaning Mrs. Drake's house; and on the way she favored Mrs. Romer with her view of the story that we know. Jack they dropped. There was an evident lurking unbelief in that young gentleman, spite of facts, disgusting to both the ladies. As Fate would have it Mrs. Drake came in person to the door.

"Is Miss Green here," asked Mrs. Romer, "or," with an effort, "Mr. Romer?"

Mrs. Drake looked astonished.

"Miss Green and Mr. Romer went down in the first train this morning."

"Down? You mean to New York?"

"Yes."

"And they spent last night here? Mr. Romer spent the night here? You dare to tell me that?" reading in Mrs. Drake's eyes assent.

"Come, come," said Jack, hastily interfering with his usual formula. "We had better go home. Good Heavens, Julia! would you quarrel in the street?" and he fairly dragged Mrs. Romer away, leaving Mrs. Drake stupefied with astonishment. So Jack, Mrs. Romer, and Miss Riggs came back to New York. Mr. Romer and Miss Green were already in New York, and had driven to Mrs. Custers's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Take them trunks back," was her first salutation. "They don't come in here. We have none but ladies here."

Miss Green came up to explain.

"They are mine, Mrs. Custers. Don't you know me? I—"

"They don't come in here. I know all I care to know of you," returned Mrs. Custers, grimly.

Mr. Romer interposed.

"Here is some mistake, Madam."

"No mistake at all," said the lady, sharply; "and you can take yourselves off. I have heard enough about you both since you left."

The trunks were replaced, and they drove to the boarding-place of Mr. Green. He had not returned, and there was not a room vacant, not to mention the fact that it was a gentleman's boarding-house. Then Mr. Romer took a heroic resolve. He would take her home till she could find a boarding-place; and for Mrs. Romer, she must hear reason. Why the deuce were women so hard on each other? and because Mrs. Romer was perpetually jealous should he leave this poor, friendless, pretty, plucky little girl, who would not cry, though her lip trembled, in the streets, with two monstrous, unmanageable trunks, a stranger to New York and its ways? Was not he, Romer, master in his own house? I think if he had met Mrs. Romer then he might have conquered her; but instead, on entering he found an unexpected silence and emptiness, and was struck dumb by the first words of the servant.

"Mrs. Romer, Sir? She has gone off, Sir, with Mr. Jack. I think she said, Sir, she was going to Peekskill."

Gone to Peekskill! Mr. Romer stood thinking. Miss Green explained to him that having found a resting-place for her trunks, she would go and search for a boarding-place; that she knew many of the streets, and had a map of New York, etc. Mr. Romer scarcely heard her. What on earth took Julia and Jack to Peekskill? He sat and smoked and pondered on the question, though it was long past business hours. As he smoked a carriage drove furiously to the door, from which descended Jack, his wife, and Miss Riggs. Mr. Romer's wonder increased. What was Miss Riggs doing there? He hastened to meet them.

"Come in, Miss Riggs," said his wife, brushing past her husband without looking at him. Mr. Romer turned to Miss Riggs. She recoiled on Jack, who shook his head and looked doubtful.

"What the devil is this?" said Romer, with rising wrath. At the same moment, "What is this?" demanded Mrs. Romer, coming in view of Miss Green's trunks, that had been left at her request in the hall.

"Those," said Mr. Romer, coloring and going forward, "why, those are—Miss Green's trunks."

I do not attempt to describe the scene that followed. You will get the nearest parallel by throwing a hand-grenade into a powder-magazine. Mrs. Romer went to bed in hysterics. Miss Riggs went home in like condition. Mr. Romer took Jack into the library, told him the whole story, and begged him to take the poor little fire-brand, Green's sister, who might be expected back at any moment, in charge. Jack came out splendidly: met Miss Green at the door, gave her lunch, excused the host and hostess, escorted her to her boarding-place—fibbed the whole thing straight through, in fact, so that the poor child never suspected what mischief she had made. When Green returned from Washington Mr. Romer called on Mr. Green. Mr. Green in his turn called on Jack, and both gentlemen waited on Mrs. Romer. Letters were sent to Peekskill, explanations made and received, and then the party went in force to explain to Mrs. Custers. Mrs. Romer confesses that she was too rash, and she has cut Miss Riggs; but she still insists that Miss Green is a forward, designing girl, and lectures Jack, who is sweet on her; and she still preserves Mr. Romer's mendacious telegram, and flourishes it at times in a way to seriously annoy that worthy gentleman.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MASTER BOBBY. "I say, Gus, why do women always suck the knobs of their parasols?"

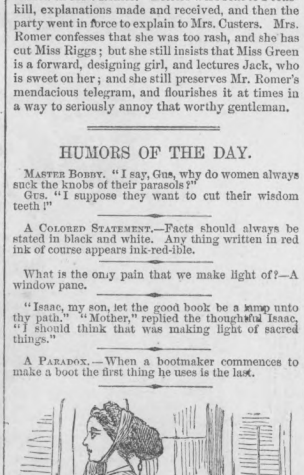
GUS. "I suppose they want to cut their wisdom teeth!"

A COLORED STATEMENT.—Facts should always be stated in black and white. Any thing written in red ink of course appears ink-red-ible.

What is the only pain that we make light of?—A window pane.

"Isaac, my son, let the good book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

A PARADOX.—When a bootmaker commences to make a boot the first thing he uses is the last.



CHAINS! CHAINS!

Chloe. "BRESS US ALL!—IF DEM WHITE FOLKS AIN'T DONE GONE CRAZY 'BOUT CHAINS JEST AS OUR FOLKS HAS CAST 'EM OFF!"

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been first-rate;
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales; play as well;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, oh!
German, Italian, and French they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease:
Choose out your partner, whichever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell;
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a millionaire.
Hoy! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my dear daughters! Who wants a bride,
That can give her a carriage and horses to ride,
Stand an opera box for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline.

Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait!
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short, all she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell,
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

A DEFINITION.—An Irish gentleman of our acquaintance says that the difference between a constitutional monarch and a despot is that the latter need only issue a u-kase for his orders, while the former must supply a "be-kase" for his.

THE GREAT TIE-COON.—Calcraft.

A few weeks after a late marriage the husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets, and then exclaimed:

"My dear, what are you doing?"

He deliberately responded: "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one for myself."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me too!"

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour-barrel and asked her husband to read them if he could: O-I-C-U-R-M-T.

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it—
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

DESCENT ON THE FEMALE SIDE.—The Emperor of Austria, to judge from recent events, must belong to the House of Mis-hapsburg.

"And you have been married, Patrick, three times?" "Yes, indade, Sir." "And what do you say of it—which wife did you like best?" "Well, Becky O'Brine, that I married the first time, was a good woman—too good for me—so she got sick and died, and the Lord took her. Then I got married to Bridget Flannegan. She was a bad woman, and she got sick and died too, and the devil took her. Then, fool that I was, I got married to Margaret Hagerty. She was worse, bad, very bad—so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I have to keep her myself."

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.—2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant-girl to bow down to her and serve her; for I am a jealous wife, visiting, etc.—3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.—4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectably.—5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.—6. Thou shalt not fret.—7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.—8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.—9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.—10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his wine, nor any thing that is behind the bar of the rumseller.—11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard-hall.—And the 12th commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—Breakfast is ready.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"What *is* the 'Poet's License,' say?"
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a poet;
"Now give me an example, pray,
That when I see it I may know it."
Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Where perfect kisses always fall.
"Nay, Sir! what liberty is this?"
"The Poet's *License*—that is all!"

CONSIDERATE.—We once knew a city man who never got up till twelve at noon, because, he said, it was only fair, as day broke in the morning, to give it a chance of redeeming its position before beginning business with it.

"I want to buy a sewing-machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" inquired the clerk. "Sakes, no! don't want any of your fellers about me."

Why are your lips often at variance?—Because words are frequently passing between them.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—They have occasioned the fall of man.

A dealer in musical instruments, in one of his advertisements, declares that his drums, among other articles which he has for sale, "*can't be beat.*" Will he be kind enough to tell us what they *are* good for, then?

Never chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked: "Can virchue, fortchitude, gratchitude, or quiechude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectitchude?"

Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half of them fell in the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

A SENSATION STORY.

BY A VEGETARIAN.

He had done the deed! But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligent potato in the next field was upon him. The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its (e)talk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence. The culprit was overtaken by justice and several scarlet-runners, and taken before a justice of the peas. The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, O reader, the wretched man's guilt? He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would ever turn up in evidence against him. He was executed, of course, the mode of execution decapitation, in order to sever the carrot-ed artery.

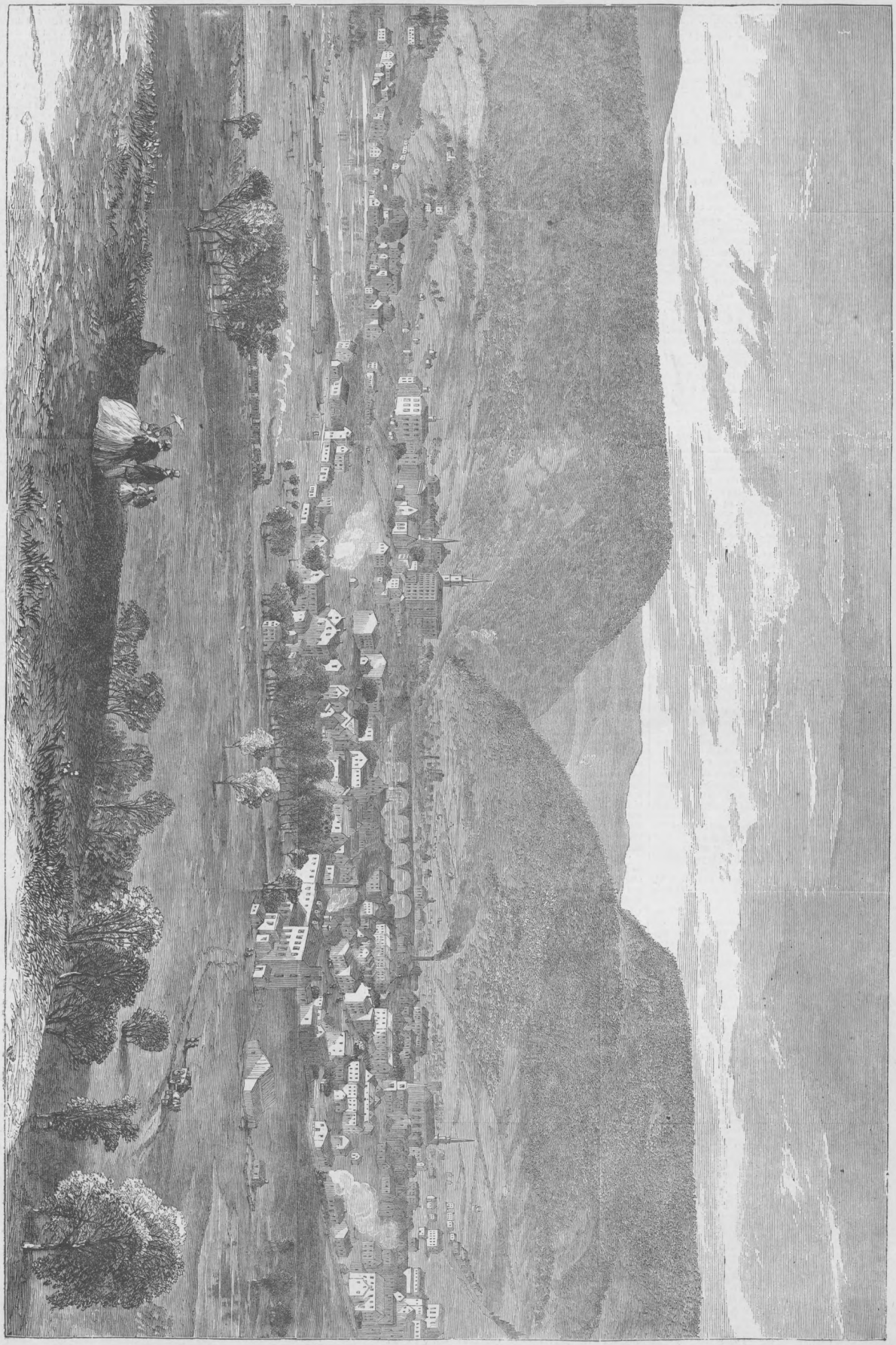
No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.

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FERRY-BOAT TO BRASHEAR CITY, ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

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CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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THE THREE SUITORS.

"I'LL woo her in a golden shower!"
The rich Purpureus cried;
When suitors bring a mighty dower
They may not be denied;
My castle, by a silver lake,
Shall lure her to my side;
My all-prevailing wealth shall break
This haughty beauty's pride.
He came!—his love to Ella told;
She spurn'd his name and scorn'd his gold.

Honorus, politic and wise,
Essayed her heart to move;
Deep-read, his lore each passion tries,
And masters all—save Love!
He spake of Glory—her bright eye
Flashed the full meed of Fame;
Each tale of woe and misery
An answering tear might claim.
"Hah! ah!" thought he, "the maid is mine!"
She heard, but bade him hope resign.

Sir Edmund listened to her fame,
And donn'd his armor bright;
He laugh'd to scorn Don Cupid's name,
And dared him to the fight.
Ah! bootless vaunt! Behold him now!
Low at her feet he lies;
His Milan coat of burnish'd steel
Pierced through by Ella's eyes.
She pitying—loosed her captive's band,
And gave the conquer'd knight her hand.

GHOSTS' GARMENTS.

"I CALCULATE from a slight but smart glance at your physical peculiarities that you don't believe in ghosts, youngster."

Now, besides being called "youngster"—a thing very irritating when you can catch hold of your mustache without disfiguring your upper lip—there is something very irritating to an Englishman in being addressed thus summarily and personally by an entire stranger. We, the only occupants of a first-class carriage on the North-Western Railway, had only just emerged from the first bridge after leaving Euston Square Station. I, with a dignity which would convince most people of my majority, drew myself up to my full height (and I sit high, though not at all on account of the shortness of my legs), and replied that I was glad that so short an acquaintance had been sufficient to assure him of my freedom from any such ridiculous superstition.

"Ha!" said the stranger, with a strong nasal twang, "so that's how the land lies, is it? Wa'al! Then I reckon that the sooner you begin to believe the better, and if you've got such a thing as a cigar about you I'll commence your eddication at once."

"Thank you," said I; "here is a cigar, but I prefer my present state of ignorance and incredulity."

"Very well rounded that for a youngster," retorted my tormentor. "Dr. Johnson didn't make his dixonary for nothin', I see; but still, as long as you don't believe in ghosts, your eddication ain't the thing quite, neither."

By this time he had selected the biggest cigar from my case, had lighted it with a match which he struck on his trowsers, and had begun to smoke it, rolling it from one side of his mouth to the other, and regarding me with a cool impertinence which stifled me with indignation.

"Wa'al!" he continued, after a puff or two, "it's a rank Britisher, is this cigar; but it was the best you'd got, so I won't grumble. Now stick another in your own mouth and then I'll begin your eddication."

I had intended to smoke, and I was not to be stopped by any false notion of dignity; so I did as he requested, and resigned myself to my fate. No sooner had I done so than he exclaimed, "Now that's what I call comfort!" smacked his legs and his fingers, and evinced such a high state of uncouth hilarity that I began to be afraid I was locked up with a lunatic.

"Ha!" he cried, snapping his fingers, "I'll make your hair stand on end, I will, spite of all your pomatum and bandoline; and your legs won't hurt by a little stretching neither. Air you ready?"

Hoping at least to draw off his attention from my personal appearance by inducing him to begin a story at once, I nodded, and he commenced:

"Wa'al, I'm only a-thinkin' which of 'em it shall be. I've got one story as kills outright; but I want to cross to-night, and being found with a corpse might be inconvenient, so I'll let you off that. I've another as mostly brings on fits; but this carriage is narrow for fits. And I've another as completely takes away the breath, 'cept the story's told slow, which I ain't clever at. And I've another—well, you're a good-natured fellow, you air, and so I'll tell it you; it's only dangerous in heart disease."

"My heart is perfectly sound," I said, in as steady a voice as I could assume.

"Wa'al, then! Here goes. About two months ago I was traveling by express from Dublin to Cork, meanin' to cross to my native land in a sudden bust of affection toward an old uncle o' mine who I heerd was about to leave this world for a better; and I was a-moralizing on the shortness of life, and consoling myself with reflexions on the admirable arrangements of Providence, which don't allow rich uncles to take their ile springs with 'em, when I had the most extraordinary adventure with a faymale ghost that I remember in all my experience.

"I was all alone in the compartment with my luggage, which consisted of a male portmanteau, a faymale trunk, and a bandbox, as I had promised my old woman to bring her some finery from Paris. The bandbox was none of your pasteboard flimsies, but a true Parisian, made of shingle; so I wrapped it up in my traveling rug. I put it under my head, and I went fast asleep. I'm a sound sleeper. Many a time have I gone to sleep when peggy-fishing, and I slept all night in spite of the bull-frogs a-leaping and a-croaking all over me, but I never had such a restless nap in *my* life as in that compartment. First of all I had a tickling in my nose, as if a drunken centipede was a-trying to open his door with a tooth-pick. In the ensuing irritation I lifted my head, when—whish! went my traveling-rug. Still I didn't rouse up definite, but snored on. Presently the irritation increased, and I lifted my head again, when away went bandbox and all. I said to myself, 'Now they'll be satisfied, I hope' (for I knew it was ghosts fast enough, being used to 'em); and sure enough, whatever it was left me alone a while; I only heerd a noise in my sleep like a mouse in the faymale trunk. Presently, however, I come aware of pinchin' going on in various portions of myself. I am averse to pinchin', natural, and I twitched and twitched, determined to sleep it out. But the pinchin' increasin' from the desultory to the vicious, I knew it wasn't any good, so I opened my eyes and sat up, and, bless my sôul, if there wasn't a faymale figger of exceeding beauty dressed complete in my wife's garments! Parisian bonnet with yaller ribbons, bright-green velvet jacket trimmed with red gimp, blue slippers, and pink silk stockings, *complete*! And if I didn't stare, why this cigar's tobacco, that's all!'

He paused a moment, and looked at me with a most evil expression of enjoyment; I let his impertinence pass without the smallest remark, and he continued:

"Wa'al, I wasn't skeered a fig, but looked at her fixed, took out a pipe (I smokes pipes usual), and asked her if she objected to my lightin' up. 'Not a bit,' she answered, quite pleasant, and she smiled, opening her lips, through which I saw the back of the carriage."

"The back of the carriage?"

"Yes. Ghosts is hollow, and got no teeth, no bones, no hair, nothin' but flesh and skin, and only the very outside o' that: a sort of nothing without innards. If she hadn't had my wife's bonnet on, her head, with the compartment light over it, would a looked like the globe of a paraffine lamp afore it's lit; but when the mouth's shut you can't see through; it's only semi-transparent, like ground glass, and if it hadn't been one of those new-fangled hats, like a captain's biscuit with strings, I could only a seen the cushions at the back through a chance chink in the straw. As it was I saw three buttons and puffs *complete*."

"Nonsense," I said. I was delighted when a question suggested itself which I thought would prove a poser to the man. "But," said I, "if ghosts are made of such slight material, how can you account for your friend's supporting the weight of the bonnet with 'yaller' ribbons, the velvet jacket with the gimp trimmings, and the rest of it?"

"Very clever for you, youngster. That was what had precisely puzzled me about ghosts for a long time, as it has puzzled most incred'lous writers on the subject, old and new. Ghosts of clothes, they says, air ridiculous, and so *I* thought; though, being natural of a religious temperament, I didn't say so; and if the clothes ain't ghostly they can't be real, 'cause the immaterial couldn't support a paper bonnet, let alone crinoline. Such was the state of my feelin's on the subject when this lady figger started 'em from their dormant apathy. 'Here's a chance of settling the question,' says I to myself, 'as may never occur again. Here's a faymale ghost, as I knows a ghost, 'cause I've seen the buttons of the carriage through her bump o' philoprogenitiveness, and she's wearin' clothes, as I know—all real and material clothes, because I've paid to the tune of five hundred dollars for 'em; and this here immaterial ghost is wearin' these material clothes as well as if she was made of Bessemer steel. Here's an opportunity,' said I, 'of asking a question—'"

"Now then, my friend," said I, "I am impatient to hear the answer." For there was a want of alacrity in his tone, and a falling off in his spirit, and he had taken his cigar from his mouth and was studying the ceiling; all of which, I thought, betokened that either his invention or his memory was failing him.

"Wa'al," he replied, "there is one lesson I never have forgot, 'cause I had to write it seventy-seven times in one mornin', at the age of six: it was Patience is a Virtue, and the sooner you lav it to heart the better for your wife, if you ever have one; which, looking consumptive, you won't, perhaps, so it don't matter much."

I again took no notice of his gross want of delicacy.

"Wa'al, you're beginning to learn, I see," he went on, "so I'll humor you. 'Feminine sperit,' said I, 'would you oblige me and the live world in general by informin' me how it is you appear in clothes?' 'It's like your impudence to ask the question,' she replied, turnin' green—which is ghost for blushin'; 'you wouldn't dare put the question to a live lady. But all of you on that side the dust seem to think a sperit hasn't got any feelin's whatever. I've heerd questions asked, when I've been forced to lay up a while in a table, as made me ashamed of ever havin' lived.' 'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' said I, feelin' very small-lager indeed, 'but I meant no harm. P'raps I should a said, how do you manage to bear the weight of 'em?' 'Why, do you think we haven't any strength?' she said; 'then how do you imagine we turn tables?' 'Trew,' I answered, feeling I had met my match for the first time in my life; 'but that didn't occur to me.' 'Shake hands, if you doubt me,' said she, holding out as pretty a little gloved hand as it ever was my fortune to see. Now it's rather a ticklish crisis in a man's existence when a ghost asks him to shake hands, but I wasn't going to be afraid of a human soap-bubble, especially being faymale. So I shook hands with her, and got such a grip as I never had, except from Heenan. 'Now,' she said, a-holding out the pretty hand again, 'give a poke at that with your finger.' I giv' a poke, and the glove tumbled all of a heap on the floor, as if I'd knocked it off a peg; and there were five as pretty little bare white semi-transparent fingers as were ever manufactured out of opal glass. Wa'al, I was skeered a little at that, though I might a known how it would be if I'd a reckoned; and I said, handing her the glove, which she put on all at once without unbuttonin', 'Excuse my asking an impertinent question, but where on airth do you inflated nothings get your strength from?' 'Will,' she answered, with another smile, 'will and sperit.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I. 'And what might you mean by sperit?' 'Sperit,' she replied, 'is a kinder gas, which blows us out to shape, like *balloons*.' 'Oh, indeed,' says I; 'you're blown out like *balloons*, air you?' 'Yes,' she says, 'we air; and if you don't break our *film*, which you can't when we don't wish, we are as strong as you felt just now.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I, not understanding quite puspicuous; 'and when I knocked that glove off just now did I break the *film*?' 'I *rayther* guess you did,' she said; 'it's only just healed up.' 'Then, Madam,' said I, thinkin' I'd caught her tripping, for these ghosts most of 'em lie like everlastin', 'if you're blown out like a *balloon*, how is it you didn't collapse right away? It wasn't *will*, was it?' 'No,' she answered, quite ready; 'I'd given that up; it's the nature of the sperit not to.' 'How so?' said I, thinking it rather a faymale reason. 'Why,' she said, 'sperit and air is like ile and water, and won't mix, you can stir 'em as hard as you like, but they won't mix.' 'Oh, indeed,' said I again, puzzlin' my head for another question. For mind you, youngster, whenever you meet with a ghost, ask 'em questions, and never leave off. They're compelled to answer them out of politeness, and I will say ghosts are pretty mannered as a rule. But once let 'em out of harness and they always run to their own stones, like a horse to his stable, and there's no stopping 'em; and of all bores, I guess a ghost's life tops 'em, they're all so long and dreffal melancholy. But she was politeness itself, was this young sperit. Seeing me a-puzzling what to say next, she asked me with unusual delicacy whether I had any more questions to ask her, and just at that moment one rushed into my head with such impetuosity as knocked my pipe clean out of my mouth. 'Wa'al, as you ask me,' I said, 'I have just one or two or so. You were speakin' of lying up in a table. What did you mean by that? Were you sick?' 'No,' she said, 'that isn't the reason; we sperits are never sick. *It was because I hadn't any clothes on.* I was lying spread out most uncomfortable in the wood-work of this kerridge till you was asleep and I could dress myself.' 'Why didn't you get into one of the cushions?' said I. 'There wasn't room,' she answered; 'these cushions on this line are all loose, and I couldn't get into two without solution of continuity, which is dreadfully painful for a ghost, and very dangerous. Why, I remember a friend of mine who did that, and the passengers took one of the cushions to play cards on, and then another, each giving up his seat in turn; and what with changing partners, and putting down the cushions the wrong way, and one thing and another, one half of him didn't know where the other half had got to, and, as they both began searching one for the other at the same time, they were near a week before they got together, and then he kicked himself three times in the eye before he found the join.' 'Wa'al,' said I, ready with another question this time, 'are all ghosts equally ill-provided with clothing?' 'All,' she replied, 'except those that are buried in clothes, and *they* don't last long. Ghosts used to go about in their winding-sheets, but it won't do now. A young ghost soon learns that. I had mine torn to rags the first night, and had to get into my own tombstone—the greatest indignity a ghost has to suffer. And even them that have dresses haven't the right sort. A friend of mine was buried in her bridal dress; but she got so chaffed about it, that she left it off after a week.' 'I suppose you can find clothes generally, can't you?' said I. 'Yes, if a ghost is not overparticular and not *lazy*,' she answered. 'You see, we only want them at night, not being visible by day, even to one another; but it's very awkward sometimes when we are obliged to put on the clothes you livin' bein's have just taken off, for if you want them in the night we have to evacuate in a hurry, and creep into any refuge we can find, and that's the explanation of many of those stories of crockery falling down—not but what some ghosts like a bit of mischief sometimes, but they are the worst sort. Now, I remember—' 'Excuse me,' said I, interrupting her, 'but what do you mean by *lazy* ghosts?' 'Them that don't care about going about decent,' said she, 'they are the sort that mostly fills your furniture. *They* don't care, as long as they are safe in the leg of a table, and they have no sense of decency whatever; they crowd together any how, and never put on clothes from one year's end to another. They have greatly increased of late, having got a new pleasure in duping the living; but they are down upon by all respectable ghosts, and they go by name of *casuals*.' 'You are a respectable ghost, I presume?' said I. 'Of course I'm respectable,' she replied. 'I allus go about at night well dressed, if I can; but allus dressed. Not but what I am put to straits occasional. The other night I was staying on business, at an old castle on the Rhine, and there was no faymale wardrobe there whatever; but I found a chest up stairs full of queer old dresses, and I had to fix myself up in them as best I could. I met the old baron as I was a goin' down stairs, and nearly frightened him into fits. I saw he sent an account of it to a paper, in which he swears he had a visit from his great-grandmother. How I laughed to be sure, for my bisness had nothin' to do with the old gentleman at all.' '*Bisness?*' I says, catching a clew. 'Do you have bisness?' I saw I had made a mistake at once, as she began shakin' her head from one side to the other like a pendulum turned the wrong way up. 'Ah,' she said, 'I have; but our bisness is punishment. We have to go about all over the world, tracin' the history right away threw, of all our sins. Some of our sins die out at once, but some little things we never think twice of at the time of committin' go rolling on like snow-balls forever. I've only got two left now. One of them is a lie I made a child of mine tell to get me out of a scrape with his father, which has already led to two murders, a suicide, and frauds without number; I don't know when that will die, but it's not active at the present moment. The other, on which I'm traveling now, is in consequence of the way I left my property. I left it to a distant relation, who was a spendthrift, and every penny he spent ill I have had to watch the effects of; but it's pretty well worn out, as a great deal of it has passed into charities, which relieves me. Indeed, the last evil done with the money was by the housekeeper of that baron on the Rhine. The son of the man the property was left to is now dying of gout, the pro-duce of port-wine bought with part of his father's fortune. I must be in at his death, and then I think there'll be only seven and sixpence-halfpenny left.' 'Where are you off to now?' I asked her. 'To Americay,' she answered. 'But what brings you here in this carriage? I thought you sperits had a quicker way of transit.' 'By day we fly through the air, being invisible, but not by night; and the man whose death I am to be in at will die before morning. By night we are obliged to travel dressed, and so can only go by mortal conveyances.' 'But how ever will you get to Americay in that time?' 'Ah, I forgot to mention it, but we can go by telegraph. I should have gone the whole way by telegraph, but the line between Dublin and Valentia is broke. *Now*, however, I guess I can go through. Just be good enough to turn your face aside one moment.'

"I did so, and I heard a rustle of drapery. After waiting a minute, I looked—and darned if my wife's togs weren't lying all in a heap on the floor, and not a ghost of a ghost to be seen. I will say that for her, that, except the gloves were a bit stretched, the clothes weren't damaged a cent. Now, youngster, this is my Station, and if you don't believe in ghosts by this time, it's my opinion you never will."

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAM might well talk about the weeds! Oh, how they grew! The flowers might break beneath the harsh wind, or dry up in the sun's fierce rays, but nothing hurt the weeds. In sunshine, in cloud—cold or hot, wet or dry—no matter what the weather was, it suited the weeds. Which, to be sure, proved, as Jack said, that they were of an extremely amiable disposition, and made the best of every thing; but Lily said if that were so, she thought it was much better to be cross, for what good did *such* amiability do any one?

The weeds gave Lily a great deal of trouble. First of all, to find them out; for when pinks live in a nest of sorrel who could tell which was which? at least of such young gardeners. Then chickweed looked "so like a flower" when it first came up; and thistles had such beautiful white and green leaves; and other mischievous things dressed themselves with such very innocent appearances that before she knew it poor Lily's weedless garden showed sorrel and chickweed and mallows enough to supply the county. So Jack said.

Lily fought the invaders bravely; hoeing up some, and grubbing up others, and uprooting the very obstinate ones with her little weeding-fork. At first she tried only the hoe; and before long every weed had it head cut off, and the ground was raked smooth again. Lily was delighted.

"I don't think the weeds matter much, after all," she said; "I've got rid of them already. Oh, aren't my poor pinks glad!"

"Glad to have a breathing spell," said her brother Sam; "but how long do you think it will take your weeds to grow up again?"

"Don't call 'em *my* weeds," said Lily—"how long? why they won't come at all: I've cut their heads off."

"And what do you think sorrel cares for that? It's a hydra—with a hundred heads."

"Well, I believe that's true," said Lily; "I never saw such stuff. The roots just run on and on, all over the ground, and there's a head every where. But I've cut 'em all off."

"Look here," said Sam, digging up a trowelful of earth—"here are any number of *underground* heads—little tufts of young white leaves, ready to start up with the first shower. You did not hoe deep enough."

"I guess I did, though," said Lily. "Why, I had my shoes just covered the whole time."

"Had your shoes covered! How did that come about, pray?"

"Why—so," said Lily, taking her hoe and walking backward, hoeing the earth toward her at every step.

"But that is not the way to hoe," said Sam: "you must walk forward instead of back, else you hoe the earth and cut the weeds right over the uncut, and cover them all up."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Lily, "and it was very troublesome. I couldn't tell where I had been."

"Well, do the other way next time," said Sam; "this ground will want hoeing again in a few days; and then use your eyes as well as your hoe. There is a young mullein comfortably established at the root of your rose-bush."

"The mischievous thing!" said Lily. "Well, it sha'n't be comfortable very long." And with a fierce grasp she seized hold of the mullein and pulled off a handful of leaves. "Dear, dear!" said Lily; "what shall I do now?"

"Wait till the leaves grow again, and then take your trowel and weeding-fork."

"Why shouldn't I take 'em at once?" said Lily.

"Why should I wait?"

"Because now you have nothing to take hold of, and it would be harder work. Come, let's go up and see what Clover is about."

"Oh, Clover is always weeding!" said Lily, as

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she followed Sam up the hill. "Her garden must be a great deal worse than mine."

On the contrary, there was not a weed in it.

"Always weeding!" Sam repeated, with a smile, as he stood by the neat little patch of ground where Clover was tenderly watering her seedlings; "always weeding—that is the great secret of never having any weeds."

"Well, I don't think she has many flowers either," said Lily. "Just see how many empty places—here—and here—and here. Two somethings in one place, and three somethings else in another place. There's hardly a whole patch of any thing."

"How is that, Clover?" said Sam, watching his sedate little sister, whose cheeks crimsoned in a moment. "I thought you had taken such pains with your flowers?"

"Yes, I have tried to take a great deal of pains with them," said Clover, looking very uncomfortable.

"Ah! you see pains won't do every thing," said Lily, triumphantly. "Now I just planted my flowers slap-dash, and my garden's quite full."

Sam whistled a little, thinking of the sorrel and mallows, of which also Lily's garden had been full.

"It looks to me," he said, gravely, bending down to examine the little garden—"it looks to me as if the hedge had been encroaching here and there."

"The hedge!" said Lily. "I don't see any hedge."

"I thought I saw signs of it," said Sam, passing on to another place and scanning that. Clover looked at him anxiously. Did he really know what had become of her flowers? But Sam's face was imperturbable.

"What *do* you mean?" said Lily. "You're as good as a puzzle-book any day."

"What do I mean?" said Sam. "I was only alluding to one of the properties of matter—where one thing is another can not be. So, of course, where the hedge creeps in the flowers must creep out."

"Well, I give it up," said Lily. "Why, Clover, I thought you had ever so many of these—what do you call 'em?—and here's only three!"

"My balsams?" said Clover. "Oh, I'm glad you spoke of them! I wanted to ask Sam something, and I forgot all about it. Look here!" and Clover pushed aside the overhanging leaves of her three balsams, and showed a strange state of things. The ground was disturbed and turned up, lying in small hills and valleys; and right up from the highest hill stuck out a small brown paw, all furry and motionless.

"A cat!" cried Lily, darting forward.

"No, it's not a cat's paw," said Clover, "and I'm sure I don't know *what* it is; nor how it could get here among my balsams."

"It is a rabbit's paw," said Sam, looking close at it; "and what's more, the rabbit is here too."

"Oh, has he hid away there to eat up my poor flowers?" said Clover, remembering that squirrels had a taste for abronias, and there was no telling what rabbits might like.

"Not he," said Sam, "he will never do any more mischief. That rabbit did not hide himself there."

"But who could have done it?" said Clover. "Not Jack?"

"It must have been Mat," said her brother. "I saw him with a young rabbit in his mouth yesterday; but he does not like raw meat, you know, and so did not eat it."

"What's the use of hiding it away, then?" said Lily.

"Ah, that I can not tell. A dog generally seems to act upon the supposition that a famine *may* come some day; and in that case Mat probably thought he could eat raw meat."

"Funny old Mat!" said Clover, laughing. "But I wish he had buried his rabbit somewhere else! I don't want to touch it."

"Then I wouldn't touch it," said Sam. "The balsams will not be troubled, in fact they will rather like it!"

"Like it!"

"Why yes," said Sam; "they have not the least objection to raw meat, and have great appetites."

"There's another puzzle!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Not a bit; I mean what I say. Your balsams are great feeders, and will send their little roots to get many a rich meal from the rabbit."

"I don't like that at all," said Clover, with a little disgust.

"It's what many plants will do, however," said Sam; "though some are too delicate to relish quite such a hearty meal."

"Plants ought not to eat at all," said Lily, "little do-nothing things."

"Do nothing!" exclaimed Sam; "is it nothing to fill the world with beauty and fragrance; nothing to purify all the air for us to breathe; to furnish our clothing, to provide our fuel, our lights, our food?"

"Dear me, how you run on!" said Lily. "I don't know any thing about that, Sam. What I say is, that they don't *work*—my flowers, I mean."

"Well, when you are half as busy as they are I shall have great hopes of your turning out a useful woman," said her brother.

"Great hopes!" said Lily, scornfully. "I should think you'd better begin 'em right away then."

"But, Sam," said Clover, "oh, won't you please tell us all about that? It sounds so interesting."

"Can't this afternoon," said Sam. "I promised Primrose that I would help her train her sweet-peas. Where is the child all this time?"

"Oh, she's singing to her garden; didn't you hear her?" said Lily.

"Singing to her garden!"

"Yes, and it's so funny. She does it every day, but she'll never let any body get near her."

"It *is* funny," said Clover; "only it's so pretty, too. I think she tells mamma about every one of her flowers, and then I *think* mamma makes up little verses for her. And then Prim goes out and watches her flowers and sings the verses. But she'll never tell what they are!"

"I'm bound to hear some of those verses," said Sam, beginning to move softly along by the fence. "I shall creep up and listen."

"May we come too?" said Clover.

"If you'll not make the least noise."

So very softly and slowly, moving on tip-toe, and not venturing to speak a word, they crept up the hill and round the house, coming at last to a corner very near Prim's little garden; and a pretty sight it was. The flowers were beginning to bloom quite freely—a white rose on the little rose-bush, and a scarlet blossom on the young geranium; with white tufts of alyssum, and green ones of mignonnette. A splendid datura blossom held up its purple-tinted cup, and the rich fragrance of the sweet-peas filled the air; while high above all mounted the ipomœa superba, stretching across on wires even to the railing that crowned the bow-window, and bearing two or three flowers of the most exquisite blue. In front of all these beauties, her little hands clasped tight together, her little face grave with intense enjoyment, stood Primrose—now looking at one treasure, now at another. But most of all her eyes watched the ipomœa, mounting ever upward toward the sky, its own blossoms almost rivaling the summer blue. Then all at once she began to sing, but never turning her eyes from the beautiful vine; singing softly to herself, so that the silent listeners could but just catch the words:

"Climb, climb a little way,
Follow Jesus every day.
Holding fast his precious hand,
Mount at last where angels stand.
Little creeper, weak and small,
He is strong enough for all.
In his tender love and care
Fresh, pure blossoms daily bear.
All your beauty is from him:
Let him train and let him trim:
Hide the sun, or bid it shine—
Still climb higher, little vine!"

And Prim stooped down for a sprig of mignonnette and one of sweet alyssum, and carried them off into the house for "mamma."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FEW events—unless it be the annual May-day moving—occasion more commotion in city homes than the "getting settled" after returning from a summer in the country. Every lady who takes a *personal* interest in the welfare of her household—and what *true* lady does not?—meets with experiences at this era of her life which, although by good chance *may* be agreeable, are far more likely to be vexatious. She *may* come back to the city and find her house in nice order, those left in charge having proved faithful to their trust. But in many cases it is very different.

Perchance the house has been closed during the summer, that is, it was *supposed* to be closed; but, alas! the cellar grating has been filed through (it must have been the labor of *nights*), a clear opening made, and burglars have thoroughly ransacked every nook and corner, and carried off every available article, not leaving even carpets. Apparently they have worked at their leisure, with none to molest or make them afraid. And the bereaved lady looks dismally at her sacked apartments, and feels inclined to fold her hands in despair. But perhaps servants were left in charge; and the general appearance of things, at first sight, is neat and comfortable. But on inspection the best rooms bear a strange aspect of hard usage—the carpets, surely, never were so dingy nor the furniture so marred; and the owner can not understand it until rumors come from neighbors that all through the summer the parlors were often lighted, and the "sounds of revelry" issuing therefrom broke upon the midnight air. But the chagrined lady's investigations meet with a stout denial that any but a few "cousins" have "once or twice of an evening" dropped in.

But it may be that a "careful family," with only "one or two children," were left to guard the house and furniture against the inroads of burglars, moths, and dust. There must be somewhere a broader definition of "*careful*" than Webster gives; for the good lady looks with dismay at the blackened walls, marred furniture, at the heaps of dust and rubbish half hidden in corners and drawers, gathers up her skirts in disgust from the armies of cockroaches that revel in the basement, ascertains that door keys are missing, chairs and windows broken, and kitchen utensils, generally, battered and spoiled, and she scarcely refrains from an indignant outburst. But what's the use? The "careful" family have been "careful" to leave before her return to town. So at length, with the energy of hope, she gathers her willing maids about her, arms them with brooms, scrubbing brushes, and cloths, soap, sand, and Lyon's Powder, and commencing at the top of the house she institutes a thorough cleaning, to which, for once, not even her husband objects. And when, one after another, the rooms emerge from the process, fresh and clean, and the old familiar home-life is re-established, how comfortable it seems!

It is a matter of deep interest to all, and one in which, as citizens of New York, we may feel a commendable pride, that our city affords such excellent facilities for free education. Not only do the public schools present unusual advantages for thorough education, but a few years since a system of evening schools was inaugurated for the benefit of those unable to attend the day schools. These schools have been very successful, as the fact that last winter not less than 25,000 pupils attended, either as regular scholars, or as constantly as other duties permitted. Recently the Board of Education have opened an Evening High School in the Grammar School Building in Thirteenth Street. The design of this institution is to afford young men facilities for obtaining a higher education than can be obtained in the ordinary evening schools. Experienced instructors have been appointed, and no effort or expense will be spared to make this experiment thoroughly successful, and to give to every student the means of pursuing that branch of education which he deems most needful for himself.

The question whether turtles suffer pain in the modes of confinement often employed by dealers, which agitated certain circles in our city not many months ago, has been referred to Professor Agassiz. Here is the gist of his answer:

"To say that turtles do not suffer when dragged from their natural haunts, tied that they may not be able to move, turned upside down, etc., is simply absurd. It is true that they can live for a long time with out food or drink; but they do feel pain, and are indeed very sensitive to some injuries. That of turning them upside down among others is sufficient, for instance, to prevent their eggs from hatching. Their suffering may be inferred by the violent and convulsive movements to which the perforation of their fins gives rise. And yet to this proceeding dealers in turtles generally resort in order to tie them more closely and pack a larger number in a smaller space. Of course, when tied in this manner, they may suffer less by being turned upon their backs, because the fins are thus relieved from the pressure of their whole weight; but the best evidence I can afford that they suffer in that position is that they *die* if it is much protracted; and yet turtles are among the animals which resist longest privations of all kinds. Is not the fact that they may die merely from the attitude in which they are forcibly kept the most complete evidence of their suffering? For what else would cause death if not pain and the unnatural pressure of parts brought into unaccustomed positions?"

The latest case of good luck is related of a young Englishman, in New York. It seems that some months ago he left his native country, and, not caring where he went, took the first ship that came across his path, which happened to be one bound for this country. Arrived in New York, he soon squandered all the money which he had brought with him in riotous living, and being too aristocratic for manual labor he was soon entirely destitute. In this sad plight, with his clothes nearly falling from his back, he gained his bread by begging from door to door, making the steps of the City Hall and the barges floating on the river his nightly places of repose. At last, having been reduced to a wretched state of weakness, he succeeded in gaining employment as porter in a grocery store. A few days ago, however, he received information from England of the death of a titled relative, who had left him heir to property to nearly the value of £10,000; and the letter bringing the welcome intelligence also contained a draft to pay his passage home. He is now on the way.

A new style of robbery was practiced upon an unfortunate Bostonian who was a passenger on the steamboat train for New York the other evening. He had his hat stolen at a way-station by some fellow who thrust his hand in at the window just as the train was starting, grabbed the hat from the Bostonian's head, and disappeared in the darkness.

The following mixture is said to be a sure cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth commonly called "scandal:"

Take of "good-nature" one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mind your business," one ounce; mix these with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth." Application: The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips; when you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

When the cholera was ravaging New York in 1832 Hon. Edward Everett visited the city. In a description he gave of the appearance of this city on the 21st of July of that terrible summer, he said:

"Business seemed almost wholly at a stand; more than half the population had gone into the country; many houses and shops were shut up; ready-made coffins were exposed at every corner. It happened to be the day of the greatest mortality—two hundred and twelve persons had died that day. The cold gripe of death was upon the heart of the great city; terror aggravated the ravages of disease; and all the energy, the resource, the vitality of the mighty metropolis quailed for a time before the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. It was a sight never to be forgotten."

The sanitary measures and scientific resources of our Board of Health have, by the blessing of God, saved our city this year from the virulence of the disease and the dangers of panic; while some of the Southern and Western cities have suffered severely.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the resignation of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., who has been a leader in the work for forty-four years, was received with deep regret by the Board and numerous friends who loved and honored him. Among other testimonials of esteem two checks of $10,000 each were presented to him by a few friends from New York and New England.

A Southern paper says, "The other day a wolf came into the door-yard of a certain Mr. H——, and commenced catching chickens. A woman of the house chased it to the fence, and as it attempted to pass through laid hold of its hind legs and held it fast, while another woman procured went to the opposite side and with a club beat it to death. Might not something of that sort be tried with good effect upon the persons of a certain class of *gentlemen* (?) who infest the street corners in our city, amusing themselves with petty impertinences toward ladies who are unfortunately compelled to pass them? It seems that even our Central Park is not secure from the annoyances of insulting intruders.

In a recently published statistical work there are said to be in London one million four hundred thousand persons who never attend public worship; one hundred and fifty thousand habitual drunkards; one hundred and fifty thousand living in open profligacy; twenty thousand professed beggars; ten thousand gamblers, thirty thousand destitute children, and five thousand receivers of stolen goods. It is a pity the compiler does not give also the number of city missionaries. It ought to be respectably large.

We would recommend Tecumseh, a town in Michigan, as a good place to live in. As proof we quote the following items from the Price Current of that place: Butter, per pound 23 cents; lard, 15; chickens, 14; turkeys, 15; eggs, dozen, 12; beef, per 100 pounds, dressed, $8; corn meal, per 100 pounds, $1 50; apples, per bushel, 50 cents; apples, dried, per pound, 10; honey in box, per pound, 20.

People fond of betting on the results of elections should remember what risky business it is—the betting, we mean. Curious election penances, paid in times past by the foolish, are still fresh in the memory of many. For example: A gentleman in Chicago had to carry a fat Republican on his shoulders through the streets, preceded by a band of music. A well-known New Yorker, as an appropriate punishment for being a Copperhead, was condemned to wear for a year a hat two feet high, with a brim seven inches wide. A student in Maine was compelled to part with his cherished whiskers and mustache. Another man had to whistle two barrels of shavings in the street. A well-known citizen of Boston, in fulfillment of the terms of a wager, wheeled a barrel of oysters all the way from Portland to his house in Bondoin Square—a journey which occupied him nearly a week.

Fair warning against dangers of *all* kinds should be made public; consequently we also give our readers the following cautionary quotation:

"Marriage is like a flaming candle-light
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in butt to get out again!"

There is a new bonnet on the horizon. It is made of one large, full-blown rose, which lies flat on the top of the head, sewn on a scarf of dew-bedropped tulle, which is crossed under the chin, where another small rose peeps forth. The whole is called "chapeau puff." In less than three weeks it will be in struggling rivalry with the "Lamballe."

Cases of *absent-mindedness* are frequently recorded; but here is one quite equal to any we have recently seen:

"I say, cap'n," said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer *Potomac*, at Natchez, "I say, cap'n, this here hain't all."

"There is all the baggage you brought on board, Sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, I grant it's all O K accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two bun'-boxes, a port manty, two hams, one part cut, three ropes o' inyans and a tea-kettle; but you see, cap'n, I'm dubersome, I feel there's somethin' short. Though I've counted 'em over nine times an' never took my eyes off 'em while on board—there's somethin' not right, some how."

"Well, stranger, the time is up; there is all I know of; so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, as we are off."

"Them's 'em! them's 'em! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'!"

The Chicago *Post* records a singular instance of a woman's revenge. It seems that a certain man in that city, previous to his marriage, had betrayed and deserted a woman to whom he had paid marked attention, and she solemnly swore that she would be revenged. She waited patiently for years, and then aimed a blow at the hearts of those she hated. One day a beautiful little girl, four years old, the pet and darling of the family, while playing around the door, mysteriously disappeared. The father and mother were in an agony of grief, as month after month passed away, and their anxious search brought no news of their child. Meanwhile the child had been carried through various cities to Milwaukee, and, by means of a false and pitiful story, was adopted into a family who became tenderly attached to her. At length she was discovered, and the parents hastened to clasp her in their arms. But the little girl had forgotten her real parents, and her affections were entirely centred on those she had learned to regard as such. She absolutely refused to be taken from them, but the parents, however, insisted upon taking her home. The child cried herself into convulsions on being separated from those she had grown to love so fondly. Her own parents were utter strangers, and all their endeavors failed to pacify her. She refused to eat or be amused with any thing, but sat moaning continuously for home. This continued for about a week, when she was seized with a sudden spasm and died. The woman who carried her off, wherever she may be, will have the satisfaction of knowing that her revenge has been indeed complete.

The following advertisement, which appears in an English paper of recent date, is a unique specimen of style and grammatical construction:

"UNMANAGEABLE BOYS, or Youths (up to twenty years), made perfectly tractable and gentlemanly, in one year, by a clergyman, near town, of thirty years' experience, whose peculiarly persuasive, high moral, and religious training at once elevates children of peculiar tempers and disposition (because not understood) to the level of others. A most liberal education (including modern languages, successful preparation for every examination and vocation in life, and every gentlemanly comfort) on moderate terms.

We do not know the author of the following outburst; probably the writer was afraid and ashamed to take any other signature than "Anonymous:"

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a tea-spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet; choke a mosquito with a brick-bat—in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't."

The following is a translation of a passage from a Persian poet:

"The Heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the World is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the Sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the Sky is a bubble on the Sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin hidden in the thick veil of darkness: He made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from His own face on every atom."

A lake, about two miles in circumference, from which borax is obtained in extremely pure condition and in very large quantity, has been recently discovered in California. The borax hitherto in use has been procured by combining boracic acid from Tuscany, with soda. It is used in large quantities in this country, the potteries of Staffordshire alone consuming more than 1100 tons annually.

A curious book has just been published at Paris, in which the author endeavors to prove that the destiny of the human race is influenced by the earth's magnetism. In like manner as the zodiacal light, shooting stars, and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so, he thinks, are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For example, the 9th of November is the day of least magnetic circulation and of least physical and moral energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy.

Then, again, the author declares it is to magnetism that certain great moral events are due—Teutonism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Gallicanism in France, and Catholicism in the Papal States. This is a novel solution of difficult questions.

MOTHER'S WORK.

Toiling all day like a galley slave,
Teaching the little brats how to behave,
Hearing the older ones quarrel and fight,
Slapping and cuffing with all her might;
Washing and brushing and blowing their noses,
Such is the mother's work till the day closes.

Sewing up rents in their best pants torn,
Patching on new cloth over the worn:
Never once pausing to count the stitches,
Darning alike the boys and the breeches:
Thankful in heart when they're out of the way,
Such is a mother's life day by day.

Sending each night-gowned urchin to bed,
Longing to hear the last word said:
Wishing them happy in heaven above,
With all the warmth of a mother's love:
Now, may the good angels be thankful alway,
That they never work like mothers all day.

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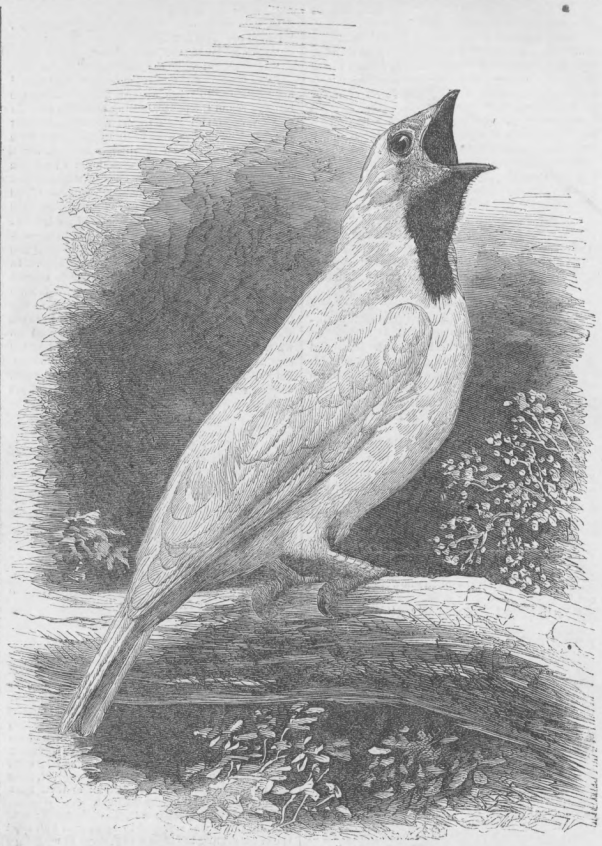
STATUE OF THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

MONUMENT OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THE accompanying illustrations give an idea of the monument recently erected to the memory of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, the lamented hero of Arctic navigation and discovery, in Waterloo Place, London, and of the bas-relief sculpture on the front of the pedestal. The statue is cast in bronze, and is eight feet four inches high. The pedestal is of polished granite.

The moment selected for representation in the statue is when FRANKLIN was addressing his officers and crew, and telling them that the Northwest Passage had at last been discovered. He grasps in his hand the telescope, chart, and compasses; and wears the uniform of a naval commander, with a loose over-coat of fur as a protection against the extreme coldness of the Polar climate. The sculptor's great object was to give the character of FRANKLIN in the statue, and as far as possible by outward form to indicate those qualities of the mind which enabled Sir JOHN, by his deeds in life and by an example of heroic endurance in death, to add to the fame and glory of his country. The likeness has been pronounced by Lady FRANKLIN, and others who knew her husband best, to be characteristic and excellent.

The bas-relief on the front of the pedestal represents the funeral of FRANKLIN, at which Captain CROZIER reads the burial service. He is surrounded by the other sorrowing officers and crew of the two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is well known that not one of the whole number of these brave fellows ever returned. Their names, however, with the name of FRANKLIN himself, are recorded on bronze panels at the side of the memorial. In the panel at the back of the tribute there is an embossed bronze chart of the Arctic regions, showing the position of the two ships and their crews at the time of the death of FRANKLIN. The pedestal is further adorned with the representation, in bronze, of a large cable at the cornice, to indicate at once the tribute commemorating a sailor; and there is also a bronze moulding at the plinth, enriched with oak-leaves and acorns, to denote strength and magnanimity.



THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE BELL-BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA.

OUR illustration of this remarkable bird (the *Chasmorhynchus nudicollis*) is taken from a living specimen. It is not of the same species known and described by the late CHARLES WATERTON, but one very nearly allied to it; in fact, so near that the absence of a singular wattle over the upper bill constitutes almost the only difference in their shape.

The difference in the vocal powers of the two species is, however, very remarkable. It is generally in the early part of the day that this bird sends forth its loud and wonderful notes. The first note is a loud, harsh, and somewhat grating noise; this is followed by six or eight fine, clear, metallic-ringing notes, with an interval of about a second between each note. The resemblance of these to the sound of an anvil is most extraordinary, and has given rise to its local native name of the Anvil-bird, though it is called by Europeans the Bell-bird. The clear metallic ring, repeated at about the rate a blacksmith strikes upon the anvil, is so perfect that many persons upon hearing it were unwilling to believe the sound could be produced by the delicate organs forming the vocal apparatus of so small a bird. The bird is a native of Brazil, and is said to feed almost entirely upon fruit.

This bird is a little larger than a missel-thrush. The plumage is perfectly white, the eyes pale gray; the naked throat and skin round the eyes are a fine bright green.

WATERTON, in his "Wanderings," page 108, speaking of the Bell-bird, says. "His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at a distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see the campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest—not even the clearly-pronounced 'whip-poor-will' from the goat-sucker—causes such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute; then another toll, then a pause again; and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so



BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE LATE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, IN WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

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on. Actæon would stop in mid chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel, and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero. He is never seen to feed with the other species, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest."

NATIONAL CEMETERIES IN VIRGINIA.

THE erection of National Cemeteries over the Federal dead who now lie on the battle-fields of Virginia devolves upon Colonel JAS. M. MOORE, of the United States Army. For some time extensive parties have been engaged in this humane labor.

Cold Harbor Cemetery was commenced February 27, 1866, and was completed April 30. This Cemetery contains one and one-half acres of ground, laid out in the form of a square. It is divided into four sections—A, B, C, and D—each section containing 216 graves. A mound, fifteen feet high, stands in the centre, over which always float the National colors.

To the rear of the graves are two large trenches, numbered 1 and 2. No. 1 contains 568 unknown Union soldiers; No. 2 contains 321. The total number of known bodies in the entire Cemetery is 685; of unknown, 1245. Of these 50 are the remains of officers, from the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel down, one chaplain, and 89 non-commissioned officers.

The selection of the site for Cold Harbor Cemetery is peculiarly appropriate. It was here, June 3, 1864, that five successive charges were made by our troops—the Sixth Corps on the left, the Second and Ninth in the centre, and the Eighteenth on the right. The fifth and final charge was successful in securing position for the Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps, the Eighteenth flanking the rebel General HOKE'S Corps, and inflicting heavy loss upon the latter. HOKE was finally reinforced by PICKENS, and drove back the Eighteenth Corps, thus establishing the broken lines of the rebel front. The Union army then threw up intrenchments and held its position for ten days, skirmishing all the time, when they withdrew to a point many miles southward.

The immediate neighborhood of the Cemetery presents a most desolate appearance.

Seven Pines Cemetery, twelve miles from Richmond, was commenced May 1, 1866, and completed June 27. This is also square in form, and of about the same size as that at Cold Harbor. It is divided, like the latter, into four sections, each of which contains 202 graves. But here there are no trenches. Only 154 out of 1356 bodies here interred have been identified. There are 32 commissioned and 17 non-commissioned officers buried here. All those interred in this Cemetery fell in the engagements at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines.

Bodies in many cases have been found unburied on the fields.



DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

HORSE-MEAT IN PARIS.

WHEN it was reported some months ago that a new institution in the shape of a Horse-meat Market was to be inaugurated in Paris, the Parisian public smiled incredulously. But in spite of incredulity, and even of disgust, the thing has been done, and a horse-meat market has been opened in Paris.

They sell horse-meat in Paris and they eat it, as our illustration demonstrates.

It is said that all those who have laid aside prejudice, and have eaten this new style of viand, have found it excellent. The soldiers of Confederate General PEMBERTON'S army, we believe, are willing to corroborate this testimony. Doubt is no longer in place.—The Hippophagi have reason on their side.

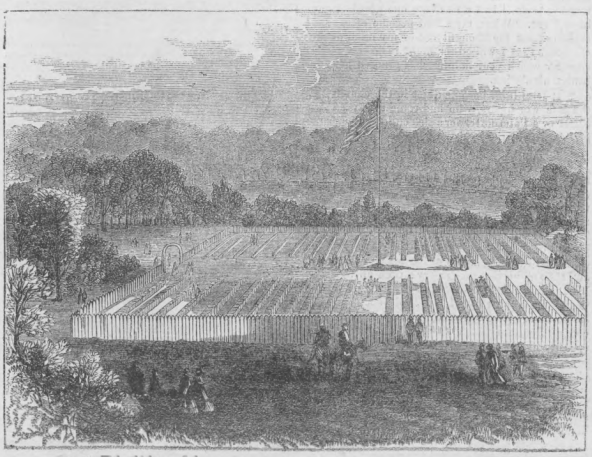
A restaurant adjoins the market, where the Parisian gourmands may eat horse-meat steak or horse *à la mode* at twenty *centimes* a plate. We recommend the experiment to those in our city who, in fashion and in *cuisine*, are imitators of Parisians.

FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

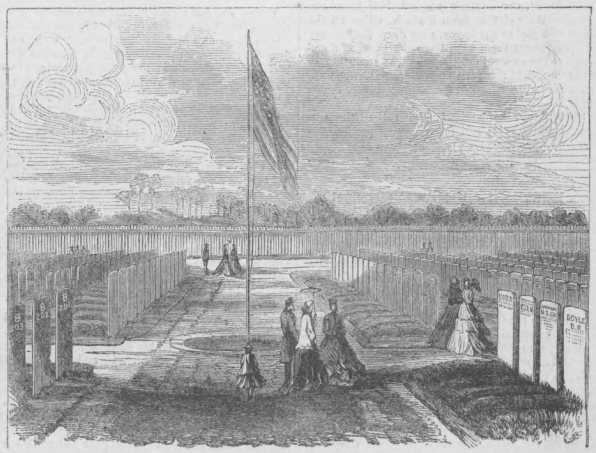
WHY should flower-gardens be laid off in round, square, oblong, or other formal beds? This question must have occurred to many who have laid out or planted a garden, be it large or small. But custom, which dulls even the most inventive faculties, has in this matter been supreme. Flower-beds of meaningless and not beautiful shapes, surrounded by stiff box edging, are still the prevailing fashion.

Our Central Park, which has done so much to improve and cultivate the taste of our people in laying out grounds, planting trees, and making roads, affords just now a fine example of what a flower-garden may be. It has occurred to Mr. I. A. PILAT, one of the principal landscape-gardeners engaged on the Park, that, in forming flower-beds, he might avail himself of the shapes of leaves; and by a proper and harmonious arrangement of beds cut out of the turf, in the shape of different leaves, he has produced an effect which will no doubt strike all lovers of flowers as both beautiful and simple.

The sketch given on page 670 presents an outline of this flower-garden, which is now attracting attention from visitors to the Park. It is about an acre in extent, and is kept in full bloom. It forms

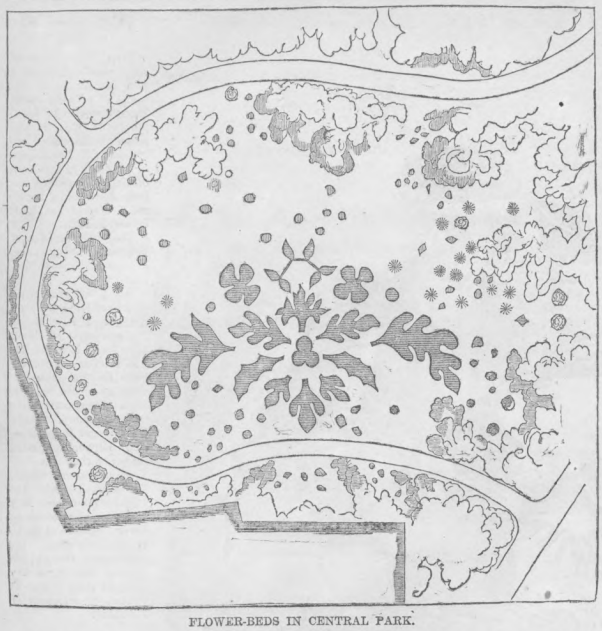


NATIONAL CEMETERY AT SEVEN PINES, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. WIRE.]



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT COLD HARBOR, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. WIRE.]

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FLOWER-BEDS IN CENTRAL PARK.

one of the most attractive objects in the Park. The flowers are planted in masses, which gives an opportunity for the harmonious arrangement of colors as well as forms, in which Mr. PILAT has succeeded admirably. Our lady readers, even if they have but small gardens, will find it a pleasure to work upon the hint Mr. PILAT's plan gives them. They need use but two, or three, or four leaves; and may produce a beautiful effect, in this way, upon a space but a few feet square as well as upon an acre.

ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA.

THESE primitive people are the descendants of Canadian French settlers in Louisiana; and by dint of intermarriage they have succeeded in getting pretty well down in the social scale.

Without energy, education, or ambition, they are good representatives of the white trash, behind the age in every thing. The majority of all the white inhabitants of these parishes are tolerably ignorant, but these are grossly so—so little are they thought of—that the niggers, when they want to express contempt for one of their own race, call him an Acadian nigger. Their views of the future life are principally confined to the prospect of meeting Monsieur VELSIN, a prominent man among them, who departed this life a good while ago. Some of them are devout Catholics, to which Church they are all attached.

To live without effort is their apparent aim in life, and they are satisfied with very little, and are, as a class, quite poor. Their language is a mixture of French and English, quite puzzling to the uninitiated. During the civil war, although forced into the Confederate ranks, they were considered Unionists, and were kind to those who needed their help.

With a little mixture of fresh blood and some learning they might become much improved, and have higher aims than the possession of land enough to grow their corn and a sufficiency of "goujon" (gudgeon). They have suffered a great deal by the overflowing waters, even to making their escape from their houses in boats, or knocking the upper works off and floating to safety on the floor for a raft.

Washing-day is a sketch from life. These simple folks have no acquaintance apparently with the wash-board, nor do they employ their knuckles. Placing their clothes upon a plank, either on the edge of a pool or the bayou, they draw their scanty drapery about them with the most reckless disregard to the exposure consequent, and squatting, or kneeling, beat them with a wooden bat. The approach of a stranger does not disconcert them much, if at all.

The Bayou Lafourche is higher than the surrounding country; and this picture shows the figures on top of the levee, or banquette, as the French residents call it. A. R. W.

BURNING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

ABOUT ten P.M., October 6, a fire broke out in the packing-room of VOGHT & Co.'s porcelain warehouse, 44 Crosby Street. The building, belonging to Messrs. C. GODFREY GUNTHER & SONS, had a marble front on Broadway, and was five stories in height. The inflammable material in the packing-room gave the fire a rapid headway. The building was only partially destroyed, but the fire spread into the adjacent streets, destroying altogether property valued at over half a million of dollars.

The principal loss involved in this conflagration was that of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the roof of which caught fire from blazing fragments falling from the GUNTHER building. The Cathedral was entirely destroyed. When the rumor spread that the Cathedral was on fire there was the greatest excitement among the Roman Catholic citizens in the streets. Led on by their priests, they succeeded in securing and carrying away from the edifice a large amount of valuable property—carpets, candle-sticks, sacred vessels, vestments, and oil-paintings. The sacred vessels and vestments were estimated at $20,000. One set of vestments alone, brought from Paris by Archbishop HUGHES, was valued at $3000. But all the efforts made to save the building were fruitless. By 2 o'clock on Sunday morning the Cathedral was a complete wreck.

The aggregate loss sustained by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral is about $150,000 in round figures, upon which there is the following insurances: On the building, $10,000 each in the City, Harmony, Bowery, and Jefferson Insurance companies; on the organ, $6000 in the Stuyvesant; and $5000 on vestments in the Eagle and Equitable. This Cathedral was built in 1811 by Bishop DUBOIS, and the additions were made by Bishop HUGHES in 1838, who had the entire edifice redecorated and repainted at that time. It was for many years the pride of the denomination which had erected it, and the edifice was endeared to the congregation attending there by many sacred memories, among which may be mentioned that its vaults contain the remains of the late lamented Archbishop HUGHES, and the Right Rev. Drs. CONCANEN, CONOLLY, and DUBOIS. Great efforts were made during the progress of the fire to preserve these vaults, and these efforts were successful. The organ was a very valuable one, and was, at the time of its erection in 1838, considered the finest in the United States. The frescoes adorning the edifice were fine works of art, and very costly.

FERRY-BOAT ON BERWICK BAY.

As the business done between the opposite shores of this beautiful sheet of water is limited, so the ferry arrangements are of the most primitive character—a flat-boat propelled by a couple of negroes, who push the oars instead of pulling them. Infinitely picturesque, however, is this boat, with its freight of oxen, country carts, stray Texans with their mustangs, Acadians, and negroes, forming a picture, as it floats by the moss-draped oaks, exceedingly attractive to an artist's eye. A. R. W.

A THIEF IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

EARLY one fine spring morning the saintly precincts of the Vatican were disturbed by the agitated vociferations of a rude-looking peasant man, endeavoring to pass the Swiss guards, who are the particular custodians of the priestly temple. He was thrust back as a person not good enough to be admitted to the presence of his holiness the Pope. But, notwithstanding all their refusals to admit him, he still prayed very earnestly to be allowed to see the Pope, or at least one of his immediate attendant priests.

His loud cries and vociferations at last reached the ears that he intended, for the Pope happened to pass near the spot when the earnest tones of the man met his ear. With his usual good-nature Pio Nono asked what was the matter, and who it was who wanted to see him. He was told it was a poor man in great agitation, who said that he had to say something which he would only tell to the Pope himself. "Let him enter at once. Let him be brought in."

The Pope sat in his easy-chair—not the chair of St. Peter—when at the door appeared a man all soiled and weary, while suffering, fright, and agitation were written on his face. On approaching the Pope he prostrated himself, and in agonized tones demanded absolution.

"Absolution! and for what?" said the Pope. "Has your confessor refused it that you come to me?"

"No, holy father; I come to ask absolution for a crime I was about to commit; for I have to tell you of a tale so dreadful. There is no time to lose; but I must have the promise of absolution first."

The Pope, seeing the violent agitation of the man, made him approach him—for he had remained prostrate at the feet of the Pope, and, stretching forth his hand, gave the man the requested absolution, "Ego te absolvo."

The poor man still continued kneeling, and thus began his story:

"I am now, your holiness, going to confess to you the crime I was about to commit, and for which I have obtained your holy absolution.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon I was passing the church of ——, when I bethought me that I would go in and say a Paternoster, or I might be in time for vespers. I entered the church, and oh, holy father!—but I have absolution—the sight of the gold and silver, and the jewels on the holy image by the great altar, made me think that with one, only one of the many that are there, I might get many things I want." The poor man looked up timidly into the face of the Pope, and read there the horror which he felt at the confession of his quondam penitent, and he seemed afraid to go on.

"Go on," said the Pope, "and tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." The man then proceeded, endeavoring to keep clear of the searching eyes of him to whom he was telling his story.

"I looked about me to find a hiding-place where I should be safe from any of the many priests employed about the church; and, thinking that, as vespers were at hand, no more persons would come to confession, and seeing at the farther end of the church near to the altar a confessional rather smaller than the rest, I hid myself there, closing curtain and door after me, determined to wait until all the services should be over, and the church left quiet for the night.

"But still, holy father, the thought of passing the night alone in the church, under the stones of which so many dead lay sleeping, nearly made me give up my place. Again the thought of the silver, and the gold, and the jewels made me quiet, and I remained in my hiding-place.

"Among the many who came in and out of the church, there came—oh, how shall I tell your holiness?" began the man, trembling violently. The Pope soothed the man, being anxious himself to hear the end of his most extraordinary revelation; and at length, after shedding even tears in his agitation, he resumed: "I was saying that among those who came to the church that afternoon was a young girl about seventeen years of age. I heard her inquire of the sacristan for one of the father confessors. My fright was great, for fear she should enter the confessional where I was hidden; but no, at this moment—for I could see through the curtains—one of the monks came toward her to the altar very near to where I was, and, bending his head to speak to her, I heard she had come to confess herself.

"I knew the girl by sight, as the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood, a girl who was noted for her modesty and beauty. The priest, by name Father Mura, told the *bella donnina* to go into his room, as there were so many persons in the church that he could not give her his attention as he ought. This placed me more at my ease, as I now felt sure that there was no time for any one to come to the confessional, as vespers would commence in a few minutes."

The Pope thought it wise to have some one as a witness for the strange story to which he was listening, and, touching a silver bell, he ordered that a certain priest, who served as secretary, should be called.

The poor man thought that his hour of pains and penalties had come, and, prostrating himself before the Pope, he most loudly begged him to let him finish his recital, saying, "If it is not true, your holiness may punish me as you think fit."

The priest for whom the Pope had sent here arrived, bringing writing materials with him, and, having been told already what had passed, prepared himself to hear what was further to be told, and the man proceeded.

"I was still in the box of the confessional when vespers began and ended. The sacristan was going here and there, putting the church in order, when I saw the same priest who had told the girl to go to his room come into the church in conversation with another priest. They walked up and down, talking together, and evidently both were agitated in no common degree. But suddenly a thought came over me; where was the girl who had gone to the priest's room for confession? She had not passed through the church, because, in my position, with nothing to do, I had seen every one who had gone in and out. What, then, had become of her? I could not get the thought out of my mind during the hours that I waited for night to do the wicked deed for which your holiness has granted me your benign absolution.

"At length all became quiet in the church; all the late worshipers, who had come to say an Ave Maria or a Paternoster for a sick child or a husband, had departed; the sacristan had shut the doors, and I remained in entire silence. Still I must wait, for I did not dare to leave my hiding-place until after midnight, as some of the priests or monks might come to say their midnight prayers; so I waited until the great clock of the monastery chimed midnight, when I had made up my mind to leave my hiding-place, and was about to creep softly forth. I was startled at hearing, from the corridor which contained the apartments of the priest, a loud cry, and then an entreaty for mercy; then all was still. What could I do but go back to the confessional and wait? In a short time I was again about to come forth, when I perceived a light, and heard footsteps coming from the monks' corridor to the church. I speedily hid myself again, and had scarcely got into my box when a kind of procession entered the church, which, oh, holy father! makes me tremble to think of. First came a priest, holding a long iron bar in his hand, such as is used to lift up the stones in the church; another priest, bearing a lantern; while, dragged in by two other priests, one of whom was the monk Father Mura, was the hapless girl who had entered the convent church in the afternoon. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders, and her dress disordered, and her face was pale with death. I dared not put my head out too far, but was trembling all over, well knowing that if I was seen I should never live to tell your holiness of it.

"The priest who bore the crow-bar now lifted the stone over which they had been standing, and discovered a large vault; here they threw the body of the girl, and, replacing the stone, went their way, thinking that there was no witness of their diabolical crime.

"I can not tell how I passed the night. The fear that some one should return and find me, as also the terrible deed which I had witnessed, kept me from even closing my eyes; and, as soon as the sacristan had opened the doors, and as soon as he had turned his back, I left my hiding-place, and came at my best speed to tell to your holiness all I had seen."

The Pope was deeply moved at the recital, and, giving the man into the custody of the priest his secretary, he ordered that some of the carabinieri should go to the monastery, with a mason to lift the stone, and verify the truth of what had been said. When the carabinieri arrived at the church they found the vile Father Mura endeavoring, as it seemed, to give consolation to a neat-looking woman, something above the peasant class, who was deeply distressed at the absence of her daughter, whom, she said, she had not seen since she left home for the purpose of confession the night before or rather evening.

"Your daughter has no doubt gone to visit some of her friends," said the wily priest, "and will return before night."

The poor mother little thought that she was almost standing over the grave of her child. At this moment the monk caught sight of the carabinieri, and he became rather agitated; but, recovering himself, he asked them what they wanted.

"We will show you, but our orders are to say nothing."

Upon this the guards formed themselves around the stone which had been described to them, and the mason, advancing at their order, raised the stone, and there lay a heap of what seemed clothing, but when taken up proved to be the body of the poor girl, with a stiletto stab in her breast. Horror took possession of every one who saw it, and all wondered who could have done such a wicked deed as to murder that innocent, childish-looking form. But there was one whose guilty heart told him that God's justice takes reckoning with men, and that deeds done in the darkness are sure to be brought to light. Had this thing happened in any other place than Rome nothing would have saved the monk from the just wrath of the people; but in that wonderful but priest-ridden city the papal clergy act almost with impunity.

The carabinieri bore back to the Vatican the lifeless body which but yesterday was the pride and support of a mother, and the Pope himself came forth to verify the truth of what he had been told.

The grief of the mother we must not speak of. May He who has her in his holy keeping pour balm into her wounded heart. The Pope ordered masses to be said for the girl's soul, and gave her a Christian's burial.

And the monks, says the reader, how were they punished? A secret conclave sent from the Vatican, and charged with *a severe reprimand*, met at the monastery, and the next morning it was known that the inmates had all left under cover of the night, and had gone to another monastery in the hills.

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WOONSOCKET, *September* 17, 1866.

GENTLEMEN,—I once more forward you an order for Teas, and I hope you will still continue to send as good a quality as you have heretofore, for I must say it has given general satisfaction so far. I think the thing is going along first-rate in this place. I never thought when I sent the first $20 last February that it would have got along so fast, but all like it, and it must go on. I hope you will send this as soon as you get the order, for some of them that have sent live quite a distance from here, and I told them that it would be here on Thursday. I remain, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, JAMES WOODHOUSE, for Club.

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PITTSBURG, *May* 10, 1866.

Messrs. Hostetter & Smith:

GENTLEMEN,—During a visit to the West, last fall, I contracted chills and fever, which brought me to my bed, and finally terminated in typhoid fever, and confined me to my room for several months, during which time I was physically so prostrated that I almost despaired of ever recovering my health; having almost entirely lost my appetite, for days not being able to eat a morsel, added to which I was distressed with a reeling sensation in my head, and passed many sleepless nights—all from debility, caused by my prostrate condition, brought about by fever. At this stage of my condition a friend recommended me to use your celebrated Stomach Bitters, but, being morally opposed to the use of stimulants in any form, I at first declined, but afterward yielded my prejudices, and, after taking the medicine for several weeks, my appetite returned, and with it I am rapidly regaining my former strength and vigor. My sleep (from the loss of which I have suffered much) has never been better than it is now, and the reeling sensation (before alluded to) has entirely left me. My bowels, which were much constipated and irregular, are now quite natural, and, in fact, I am glad to say that I feel myself a new man, and tender you this testimonial of my appreciation of your valuable preparation, in order that others may avail themselves of its virtues, which prejudice kept me from enjoying for so long a period. I may also add that my physician, after seeing the beneficial effect of your Bitters on me, recommended that I use them regularly.

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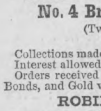
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 513.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WE need not direct special attention to the picture of the Lady Lobbyists given below. The picture itself calls attention to what all good men and women must regard as an evil, and, we are sorry to say, a growing one. The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the scene at the White House:

"There was no diminution of the crowd at the White House to-day, nor of the persistency manifested by those present to secure interviews with the President. The usual number of females were conspicuous in the throng. It is a noticeable fact, and by no means creditable to the age, that there is a growing inclination to use the gentler sex in manipulating the political wires. In the lobbies of Congress during the last week, about the Departments at all times, and at the White House, this element largely prevails. And it is observable that they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters of those whose interests they represent. In most cases they are purely professional wire-pullers, who for a consideration undertake the prosecution of any claim, secure the appointment of their principals to office, or labor for the passage of bills. Relying on the deference universally paid to the sex, they thrust themselves in where the most venturesome man would be repulsed; and once obtaining the official ear they plead their cause with a pertinacity that will not be denied. It has come to be quite a common remark of late when a difficult job is on hand, 'Get a woman to work.' So numerous have these female politicians and agents become of late that the heads of Departments and official personages are compelled to denounce them as nuisances. At the White House this afternoon there were upward of fifty of them at one time awaiting an audience with the President. The courtesy due to womankind forbids that when once they are admitted they should be treated precisely as are the sterner sex, hence their interviews are usually protracted, greatly to the inconvenience and annoyance of others who may be in waiting. If ladies throughout the country could fully understand the estimation in which these female lobbyists are held here the number of them would certainly not be increased."

It is only too notorious that, with few exceptions, "they are not the wives, sisters, or daughters" of those whose interests they represent. As a rule they dress well, few of them deeming it necessary to plead poverty in approaching a public functionary, especially one upon whose too susceptible heart "beauty wreathed with smiles" may be supposed to make a quick impression.

The class of female lobbyists has always existed in Washington, as in all other political capitals, and has included many ladies of high social position and brilliant accomplishments. From these bright particular stars of the *salons* of aristocracy, however, the quality of feminine influence employed to influence refractory heads of bureaus or obstinate Congressmen shades downward—to just what depth and infamy we do not care to say.

Old Washington story-tellers are full of "funny" things in which by-gone political magnates and by-gone beauties figure not exactly as heroes and heroines. In the past, however, the halls and anterooms of the Capitol, especially of the Lower House, were the peculiar field of the female lobbyist, and no doubt this is still measurably true; but it is only lately that they have appeared in any considerable numbers at the White House end of the "Avenue." No doubt their numbers and character indicate with fair correctness the usual extent of their success—their well-known sagacity and experience may be trusted for that much.

In Mr. LINCOLN'S time it was no unusual thing to see some pale and anxious petitioner, in sober and often threadbare habiliments, waiting in the ante-rooms for an opportunity to beg of the "good President" a pass to visit some sick son or husband or brother, or mayhap to petition for the life or liberty of some erring but loved one; but Father Abraham's well-known dislike for professional lobbyists, male or female, was a sufficient security against the occurrence of such scenes as our artist has so well depicted. He could be kind and tender, even if justice or necessity compelled him to refuse the petition of honest sorrow; but even his courtesy and chivalry did not prevent the plain expression of his disgust for the character and pertinacity of such women as have earned in this day so unenviable a notoriety as "pardon brokers."

Some noble and devoted women there were, laboring as true women should, and honoring their sex by merciful and charitable deeds, who always had free access to Mr. LINCOLN; but they were few in number, and unexceptional in all respects.

It may be that the many anecdotes in circulation of the manner in which lady applicants were thus received stimulated the professional sisterhood to their apparently extensive and successful assault upon the susceptibilities of Mr. LINCOLN'S successor.

We read, in the annals of the most corrupt days of the French Revolution, of the vast influence exercised by the brilliant but unprincipled galaxy of wit and beauty which shone in the Parisian *salons* of that day. Can it be that we are to furnish an ignoble copy of the folly and frivolity of that day of feverish excitement and gilded vice! Not that among the suitors for Executive clemency or favor there are not now to be found ladies who really represent the subjects of their application, and among these also some of the gifted leaders of that Southern aristocracy which is now laboring to resuscitate its plantation nobility; and *their* animus may be gathered from the following anecdote, the verity of which is beyond question:

The widow of a prominent rebel Senator called upon Mr. JOHNSON for such a pardon as should release the immense estates of the family from the operation of the Confiscation Act. After so employing her eloquence and other fascinations as to secure a favorable result she flounced out of the White House *à la reine*, and proceeded to report of a sympathizing coterie of Southern ladies.

"Well, Mrs. ——, and how did you succeed with *the beast?*"

"Oh, very well; of course he consented to every thing."

"But how did he receive you?"

"Why, well enough; but do you believe, the beast had the impudence to invite me to make the White House my home during my stay in Washington!"

"How ridiculous!

"And you know *we* never even *visited* with the JOHNSONS in the South! As *if*—indeed!"



LADY LOBBYISTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

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MY ANSWER.

I AM a widow—grief and many a care
Have worn the furrows deeply in my face:
Thick are the threads of silver in my hair,
And my poor trembling hands can hardly trace
The Good Book's words, or turn from place to place,
As mind and eyes go wandering every where.

Little I know of politics or laws—
Had women made them there had been no strife;
No deeds half done, no patching up of flaws,
With the heart's-blood of many a noble life;
No promises unkept, or treasons rife,
To clog the feet of Freedom's holy cause.

They tell me wicked men are plotting still
Their schemes of ruin, and that good men lend
A thoughtless ear to mischief and to ill.
For now they cry, Let every difference end!
And those who should a worthier cause defend
Turn and reject it with a stubborn will.

I will not weep—and yet I can not take
My grief in silence, smother all my fears.
Men say we moan at trifles—I will make
My humble answer, and through gathering tears
Pray that my words fall not on heedless ears.
Mothers! bear with me for your children's sake.

There are two graves upon the Southern plains,
Far, far apart, perhaps, and overgrown
With the rank grasses—where the summer rains
Blot out the letters on each time-worn stone,
If there are any. I am all alone!
No one to call me "Mother" now remains.

They rise before me now, my precious dead!
Their faces beautiful with Christian peace;
Those lips which yearned for mine, when they had said
Their dying prayers, and waited for release;
Nor did they murmur then that life must cease,
Who had not cowered by the way, nor fled.

And yet I glory, and can offer praise,
That I had sons to give at such a time.
Their feet ran early in the pleasant ways
Of Justice and of Freedom—truths sublime
Were their first lessons, and to manhood's prime
They loved the precepts learned in early days!

But can it be that this was all in vain?
Were those two nameless graves heaped up for naught?
Must I, when thinking of my children slain,
Bewail the love of country which I taught?
Losing by this the only thing which brought
Comfort and gladness to me in my pain?

Must we obey and follow the commands
Of men my boys faced on the battle-field?
Our nation turn or falter where she stands,
And to their trust her hard-won treasure yield?
How can we reverence laws which they have sealed,
And with our dear ones' blood upon their hands?

We, who in wakeful moments of the night
Hear voices calling from the stillness deep;
Or, sitting by our lonely fire-light,
Listen for footsteps, and can only weep.
Those prison-cells their horrid secrets keep—
In unknown graves our children's bones are white!

Oh wretched, wretched country, if she needs
To take rebellious offspring to her heart,
And to be schooled anew in sinful creeds,
Which tear the laws of God and man apart!
What glorious harvests from the earth shall start
If unrepenting traitors sow the seeds!

Oh, loyal women! 'tis to you I speak—
And some of you have shed more tears than I—
Your prayers were faithful when man's soul was weak,
When armies wavered, and defeat seemed nigh.
He is not dead who gave us victory,
Let us again His aid and favor seek!

Men of New England! of the East, the West,
Whose mighty will no slavish thoughts can tame,
Grasp hands and onward! Falter not nor rest
Till the good work all hands and hearts can claim.
He who 'mid changes is unchanged, the same,
Will bless your cause who do His high behest.

H. B.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

THE President has for some months declared plainly that, in his judgment, Congress is not a constitutional body; and the air has been full of rumors and surmises as to his probable action upon the meeting of Congress. Indeed, the late story in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, although immediately confessed to be false, was not so improbable but that the public mind was at once directed more earnestly to the actual situation. Nor ought that attention to be relaxed. This is not a time in which any good is to be gained by refusing to consider every possibility.

The case will bear to be constantly stated. The President differs with Congress as to the conditions of restoration which ought to be imposed upon the late rebel States. He speaks of their "exclusion," and of their "right" to be represented, and of the "usurpation" of Congress in requiring conditions, but it is nevertheless true that he himself united in such exclusion; that he denied their "right" to representation by exhorting them to form governments which should be satisfactory to Congress; and that he imposed certain terms satisfactory to himself. The theory now adopted by him is utterly subversive of the Government and of a harmonious Union, for it allows any State to make war upon the Union, and at any moment, by laying down its arms, to resume all its relations within it without any guarantee whatever of future security.

That such is not the theory of the people who have maintained the Government during the war is made perfectly clear by the autumn elections, and nothing is plainer than that they will not submit to its practical enforcement. If the President should undertake to withstand their resolution, he could succeed only by totally overpowering them, and surrendering the Government to its most envenomed enemies and the Union to the care of those who hate it. His success would, of course, be the present end of the American Union, and the discomfiture of the principle of popular government. But as his chief reliance in the struggle would be upon the late rebels, it would be for him and his friends to remember that his opponents would be the mass of the lately victorious people of the loyal States together with all the Union men of the South of every color.

Every patriotic and thoughtful man is naturally unwilling to believe that so grievous a contest is possible; but with a man like the President every thing is possible. No fear of being an alarmist should prevent every man from looking steadfastly at the facts, or from considering the drift of the situation. The President has not ceased to vituperate Congress as an illegal body. The difference between them has been presented to the people, and they have declared every where for Congress. That is not a result which is likely to pacify such a man as the President. He knows that he is openly threatened with impeachment. Mr. BOUTWELL, at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston, announced that he should move in Congress an inquiry looking to impeachment. Mr. LORING, in supporting the nomination of General BUTLER, says that he is pledged to the same course. Is it probable that the President will meet Congress and send in his Message as if nothing had happened? If he be persuaded that he is likely to be impeached, is it not possible that he might endeavor to gain the advantage in advance over the impeaching body?

These are questions that can not fail to suggest themselves to every man.

But we hope sincerely that the President may not only hear but fully understand the result of the elections. He has constantly asserted his faith in the people, and certainly he has now heard from the people. But as the spiritual medium always insists when the experiment fails that the conditions are not favorable, so the President may contend that "the people" means the whole voting population of the country at the South as well as at the North. If, however, he plants himself upon that ground, he should remember that even then the majority of an entire Congress must be held to indicate the popular will, and that that has decided against him.

Since it has so decided, the President may now wisely and properly say and do what he did when the Civil Rights Bill was passed over his veto. He may declare that he differs, but at the same time he may submit to the superior will. It is well for us all to anticipate that action upon his part, without losing sight of the possibilities of which we have spoken. That is the plain way of peace, and his own satisfaction in walking in it would be beyond his most ambitious dreams. Should he acquiesce in the popular decision, public opinion would forbid Mr. BOUTWELL and General BUTLER from fulfilling their pledge.

THE LOSS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

THE fate of the New York and New Orleans steamship *Evening Star*, which foundered at sea a fortnight since, with almost three hundred passengers, of whom but a score escaped, is another of the terrible warnings which seem to pass almost unheeded. No voyage has become so perilous as the Southern coast passage. And what is the reason? Why at this moment is there such untold sorrow in so many homes? There seems to be no doubt of the reason whatever. Many of the ships that sail for the Southern ports are utterly unfit to go to sea. They are sent to sea also, when known to be unseaworthy, and crowded steamers have been floated upon the Southern coast passage only by the most strenuous exertions; while those who officially knew the facts and the dangers have been for various reasons silent.

The insecurity of this particular steamer has been alleged by "one who knows," and who ought to have known enough to sign his name to his testimony. He says: "Speaking generally, every thing about her was in a loose condition;" while JAMES BYRNE, Secretary of the Steam Firemen's and Coal-passers' Association, writes to the *Times* that the *Evening Star* was manned by men who did not understand English and who were unused to the sea, and who were hired because they could be had upon better terms than proper seamen. And of how many other ships is not the same thing true!

We do not forget that, in the excitement of so great a disaster, it is very easy and very common to exaggerate defects and to believe in carelessness. Moreover, at this season there are furious hurricanes before which the best and stanchest vessels may go down. But the knowledge of many of our readers will assure them that nothing also is easier, and nothing more common, than the most culpable carelessness in regard to steamers that carry an enormous crowd, and that the most frightful risks are often unnecessarily taken. Indeed it will be found that most of the melancholy disasters at sea, recorded within a year or two past, have happened to ships of whose security there was great doubt, or of whose insecurity there was full knowledge. The Australian steamer that foundered some months since in the British Channel was notoriously unfit for sea-service.

It is not easy to indicate a remedy. The only sure one is the conscience and knowledge of the owners or examiners. But official examiners may sometimes be bribed, and owners are sometimes capable of bribing. It would be a true service to humanity if passengers who have known of any real danger, or who have even experienced actual discomfort, would report the facts to the papers upon their responsibility. For these great companies are virtual monopolies, and the only check which the public has upon them is patronage. But while nothing is said of the perils escaped, and when a great accident is put off upon "Divine Providence," instead of being charged where it belongs—to the avarice or carelessness of men—of course no sufficient remedy will be applied. Yet if every such Company felt that the ship's passengers were a body of witnesses who would give ample evidence, it would take the necessary care that the evidence should not be damning.

THE NATIONAL BUDGET.

THE Treasury Department has at length published its official account of the public revenue and expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1866. From this it appears that the expenditures of that year were $518,347,337, of which $281,449,701—or more than half—were for the War Department, and $43,519,632 for the Navy Department; while the gross revenue was $559,039,195, of which $179,046,630 were from customs, and $309,226,812 from internal revenue. There was thus, on the business of the year, an excess of revenue over expenditure of $37,691,857.

It need hardly be observed that though the war had ended before July, 1865, the year 1865–66 must nevertheless be classed, financially, among the years of the war. The war expenditures of the first quarter of that year, during which period three-fourths of the volunteer army were paid off and mustered out of service, were almost, if not fully, as heavy as those of any corresponding period of the conflict. They amounted to over $165,000,000, being at the rate of $660,000,000 per annum. From 1st October they declined rapidly. During the two quarters beginning on 1st October, 1865, and ending 31st March, 1866, they amounted to $104,000,000, and for the last quarter of the year ending 30th June last they were only $12,000,000.

Were it not for the bill of last session equalizing the bounties paid to volunteers, the army expenditures during the current fiscal year would not probably exceed $40,000,000, or at most $45,000,000. The Navy expenditure will probably be brought within the compass of $25,000,000; say, at the outside, for both arms, $70,000,000 a year. For interest a sum of $125,000,000 will probably suffice; and for civil, foreign, and miscellaneous service, including pensions and Indians, $56,000,000. At this rate the aggregate public expenditure (exclusive of the money voted to the volunteers by last Congress) for the year 1866–67 will be as follows:

Army	$45,000,000
Navy	25,000,000
Interest charge	125,000,000
Civil, foreign, miscellaneous, pensions, etc.	56,000,000
Total expenditure	$251,000,000

On the other hand, the customs revenue last fiscal year was $179,046,630. Thus far the customs revenue this year shows a considerable increase; and though it is not particularly safe to speculate upon the probable course of our foreign trade, especially in the present condition of the gold and exchange markets, the prospect now is fair for a revenue in customs (gold) for the current fiscal year of not less than $190,000,000. The internal revenue may be estimated more nearly. During the first quarter of the fiscal year 1865–66 trade was in a depressed condition, owing to the heavy fall in gold and the general dislocation of commerce produced by the peace; hence the revenue from taxes was light. Thus far this year trade in all branches has been prosperous, and if no commercial revulsion occurs the chances are that it will continue so throughout the remainder of the year. In this event it would be fair to estimate the product of the internal revenue tax at not less than $400,000,000 as against $309,226,812 in 1865–66. The miscellaneous revenue of government, which was large in 1865–66, owing to heavy sales of government property and war material rendered useless by the end of the war, will be less this year—possibly $40,000,000 as against $65,126,966 in 1865–66. At this rate the public revenue of the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1867, would be as follows;

Customs Revenue	$190,000,000
Internal Revenue	400,000,000
Direct Tax and Lands	2,000,000
Miscellaneous	40,000,000
Total Revenue	$632,000,000
Deduct Expenditure as above	251,000,000
Estimated surplus	$381,000,000

In other words, if these calculations be verified, the country will have an excess of income over expenditure equal to 15 per cent. of its total indebtedness, and will be enabled to cancel so much of the principal of its debt after paying interest on the whole.

If any thing could be more remarkable than this statement of income and expenditure by a country just emerged from a four years' exhausting war, it would be the fact that, in the face of this astounding display of resources, the obligations of this same country are offered for sale at a discount of 25 per cent. At 70 @ 71 per cent. Europe can purchase as many of our six per cent. bonds as it wants; and at home, the United States dollar, for the due payment of which are pledged the entire resources of this great country, with an income more than double its expenditure, will only purchase seventy-five cents of coin. A merchant who could show as large an excess of income over expenditure as the country shows would think himself outraged if his paper did not sell readily at 5 @ 6 per cent. interest—assuming that his character were good, and his record clean. Why is it otherwise with the National credit?

Something must be allowed for past mismanagement of the public finances. The throwing away of thirty odd millions of coin in May last transferred the control of the gold market from the Government to the Gold-Room, and even at this day enables the unscrupulous operators of that locality to corner the market, and force up the premium. Yet so little wisdom do people learn by experience that even now the *Tribune* keeps, from day to day, hounding on Mr. M'CULLOCH to repeat the blunder of May, and sell the reserve upon which rest our only hopes of a resumption of specie payments.

Nor is the record of the Government entirely clean. A large proportion of the current legal-tender notes bear on their back the covenant that they are exchangeable for Five-Twenty six per cent. bonds. Many holders have applied to the Department for such bonds. They have been told that the Department can not fulfill its bargain for want of appropriate legislation. This is quite sufficient to account for some depreciation of the public credit. Our securities will never command the price to which our revenues and our resources entitle them so long as the slightest taint of repudiation adheres to the administration of the public finances.

For the rest, we must have patience. Our vast capacity to bear taxation is comparatively a new discovery. Only a couple of years ago, sound and loyal men doubted gravely whether the people would submit to be taxed an amount sufficient to meet the interest—to say nothing of the principal of the public debt, and with the best wishes in the world for the prosperity of the nation, dissuaded their friends from purchasing Five-Twenties at 45 in gold. Opinion has made a vast stride since then. Its financial effect follows, though at a slower pace. Our sweet friends of the London *Times*, who predicted that Amsterdam would be ruined by its purchases of Five-Twenty bonds @ 40, almost recommend the investment of British capital in the same securities at 70. By-and-by, when the true financial status of this country is realized, they may seem cheap at 90. And as to the Gold-Room, it, too, may once more realize that riches have wings. Twice or thrice since its establishment has an unexpected turn in the market stripped the kings of that unclean realm of their money. Let them beware of the Ides of November! Gold is scarce, the necessities of the merchants are pressing, and "the game is a sure one, if you have nerve," so they say; but for all this we tell them: Beware of the Ides of November!

THE POPULAR JUDGMENT.

THE elections of this autumn are full of triumph for every man who honestly believes in the intelligence of the people. Indeed there is no hope, and of course no confidence, for any one who does not. A man like Mr. THURLOW WEED, who never appreciated the force and value of the moral conviction which underlies popular action, is of course terror-stricken and utterly adrift at a time when the only sure reckoning is to be made by confiding in the good sense and justice of the people. He is therefore reduced to the ridiculous plight of flying from the storm into the cave of the winds. He thinks there is danger ahead, and incontinently betakes himself to the society of those from whom the danger is now to be apprehended, as it has always proceeded. Mr. WEED in the same breath complains of the appointment of a Copperhead to office by the President, and declares that he hopes a Copperhead may be elected to office by the people. That is the exact measure of the value of his judgment.

But his hopes are being sadly disappointed. The elections show that there is no reaction, and that the whole weight and blandishment of the Executive patronage are not powerful enough even to bend the line of loyal hearts, that beat still as they have beaten for six years, true to the Union and to liberty. The plan of the Executive and Copperhead alliance has been to devote every energy to carrying certain Congressional districts, so as to secure a majority

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of the whole number in a full Congress by uniting the Copperheads with the members elected in the Southern States. This plan has utterly failed. The people have defeated it exactly as they defeated every rebel and Copperhead combination during the war, and exactly as they will defeat every other similar attempt.

Questions of tariff and finance, however radical and important, must, in the nature of things, yield to a question of the national existence. For nothing less than that is the exact central point of the present situation. Should the President's policy succeed, the national unity is a reopened question. Parties would continue grouped as they now are. On one side there would be the party of the old State-rights school, and on the other the Union party. The difference between them is not one of policy under the Government, but of the very nature of the Government itself. And while such a party division exists no other is possible.

It seems to us very necessary that all Union men should constantly bear this fact in mind. While the present situation continues, while part of the States are unrepresented, and the main question is upon what conditions they shall be admitted, all other debate is impertinent and disastrous, except as a discussion of expediency within the party. If a Union man who favors protection sees Congress inclining to free-trade, or a free-trade Unionist sees signs of a tariff, let him remember that though it may be an evil, and an evil sufficient to drive him in ordinary times from the party, yet now the alternative is support of the Union party or surrender of the Government to the party which is still warm with the effort to destroy it.

The grand proof of the capacity of the people is, that they see this just as plainly as any man can state it. They have not gone astray in the mists of theories of trade, or upon any point of mere material expediency, but they have held steadily to the primeval principle of the national existence. It is this which binds their victorious columns together from Maine to Iowa. It is the voice of fidelity to this essential necessity which is heard ringing out of the mines of Pennsylvania and over the prairies of Indiana. When the national security is beyond doubt—when the unrepresented States have returned under just conditions, and the ground is firm beneath our feet, then we may turn to other issues, and other parties will arise upon secondary policies and expedients.

SHEEP AND DEMAGOGUES.

THE Richmond *Times* has an easy explanation of the situation. It all comes from the fact that "The masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves. They are led like sheep by their demagogues, and evil times having put bad men in office, the grooves of error into which they have slided are now difficult to leave." It adds that the "North has not had such a deluge as would cleanse all her gutters." The South has apparently been equally unfortunate; some unclean gutters remain.

Does the *Times* suppose that any sensible man will imagine that such stuff is written for people who think for themselves and who are *not* led like sheep by demagogues? If good sense and moderation are the necessities of the time is it sensible and moderate to say, as the *Times* does, that "Cimmerian darkness envelops the intellect of that howling faction which will neither heed the voice of justice nor listen to the cry of suffering which comes up from this stricken land." Of what does the *Times* complain? Of the unwillingness of a sensible nation to put a premium upon treason. In the view of the *Times*, not to reward States which have convulsed the country with bloody war by giving them twelve additional representatives for a population which those States themselves disfranchise, is to be enveloped in Cimmerian darkness and to be a howling faction.

The *Times* also alludes to the "fell spirit and demoniac party which drenched the land in blood." That is a truthful description of the spirit and the party which stole custom-houses, forts, and ships, and fired upon Fort Sumter; which hung, drowned, shot, and maimed Southern Union men, and tortured Northern Union men in prison pens. Is it because "the masses of the Northern people do not think for themselves" that the Richmond *Times* imagines they will believe the Government of the United States to have been that "demoniac party?" Or is it because the masses of the Southern people are *not* led like sheep by their demagogues that they swallow such chaff as food?

Once more the Richmond *Times* speaks of "that fierce tempest of blind hate and passion which, urged on by all the arch-fiends of Radicalism, is now sweeping the North from centre to circumference." What, again, is this tempest? It is the resolution of those whose hearts and homes are bleeding, that the hand which smote them shall not be paid for its devilish work. This "blind hate" does not call for a word or an act of vengeance; this "passion" demands only that the worst conceivable treason shall not be made honorable; these "arch-fiends of Radicalism" ask only that the States shall be equal in representation.

These are the "grooves of error into which they have slided," these unthinking masses of demagogue-led sheep, and they are now very "difficult to leave." Indeed, they are quite impossible. The Charleston *News* sees this clearly. Having seen the election returns, it says:

"Disagreeable as the prospect may be, we are forced to conclude that, without any power in us to control the tide of events, we are drifting slowly back into the Union on the basis of the Constitutional Amendment, and that we will only cease to occupy our present anomalous position when we are represented in Congress by men who can take the test oath, and when our State offices are filled by men who have never violated an express oath of allegiance to the United States."

We trust the eyes of the Richmond *Times* may soon be opened likewise.

MR. STEWART'S TENEMENT HOUSES.

THE proposal of Mr. A. T. STEWART to give a million of dollars for the erection of good tenement houses, upon condition that proper ground shall be supplied, is a generous offer in which the whole public is interested. For so large a sum, judiciously expended, should be sufficient to establish the models of all such dwellings. There has been a great deal of attention devoted to the model lodging-house, especially in London, and it is quite time that something were done in this country to furnish better houses to those who are able to pay only the smallest rents. The extortion practiced upon the poor by the owners of the horrible rookeries in which the poorest people of this, or of any great city, huddle is among the chief infamies of civilization. If half the zeal were given to the prevention of crime that is bestowed upon its punishment, the sum of human happiness would be infinitely increased, and every man's taxes would be lessened. At least half our taxes go to correct consequences which a very little foresight would have avoided.

Mr. STEWART's example in this matter is one which may be most profitably followed. It is one also which is not only most serviceable but most natural to this country. The system of our society is happily free from the necessities which exist wherever a family is to be "founded" or maintained, and where, consequently, great hereditary estates are to be acquired and sustained. That is a sublime selfishness which is entirely uncongenial to our climate. When a rich American has built a fine house in town and country his whole establishment need not be wastefully expensive, even if it be profuse and splendid, for our scale is entirely different. Of course any man may toss money away; but the seat of an English nobleman, for instance, and his expenses are very different from those of the American merchant. The tendency here is, happily, not merely to the private enjoyment of great fortunes, but to the participation of their advantages with the public. The Vassar College, the Cooper Union, the Astor Library, the Cornell University, are illustrations which at once occur to every New Yorker, while other States have their own monuments of the same kind.

We do not understand that Mr. STEWART's intention is to erect a "Poor-house," or a place in which poor people are to be made paupers and treated as such, but that he designs healthful and pleasant dwellings at truly moderate but just rents. He does not offer a premium upon poverty; but he hopes to furnish pleasant, airy, and convenient lodgings at the same price which is now paid for noisomeness, filth, darkness, disease, and death. Probably he knows quite as well as the rest of us that clean houses alone are not enough to make clean people; but he doubtless is also fully aware that dirty and detestable houses do not make people clean. He sees, also, we may infer, that a vital reform of the inhabitants of the slums must begin outwardly in the material conditions. Sunday-school tracts, however excellent in themselves, are very pointless to a starving man; while the Christianity which begins by stimulating and helping those who are willing to help themselves in any way, at once proves itself to be a system of brotherly love. Good tenement houses in New York will be a model for all other cities, while the wise generosity that builds them will inspire similar designs every where.

IMBECILE FURY.

THE *National Intelligencer* of Washington—a paper latterly known only by its abject servility to the President—says, with amusing falsity and fury, "They know that they are sworn to resist the restoration of the Union to the last extremity and with every means of violence which they can invoke." The desperate fellows who are thus intent upon national destruction are those who do not think that rebellion ought to be rewarded, and who believe in those who have been true to the Union, rather than in those who have made war upon it for four years. They also hold that the people in Congress are the proper authority to settle the questions arising from an armed effort to destroy the nation, and they object to the admission of accused persons to the jury-box at their own trial. They also believe that the honor of the nation and its most solemn pledges are to be inviolably respected by the people; and they are now engaged in expressing at the ballot-box their judgment upon such "conservative" influences as the *National Intelligencer*.

That delightful journal sees national safety only in the Conservative course of patriots like his Honor Mayor MONROE, of New Orleans, and perceives vital fidelity to the Constitution and the Union only in Judge RAPHAEL SEMMES, of the Probate Court of Mobile, or the Northern worthies who were sorry to hear that the Judge's yacht, the *Alabama*, had come to grief two or three years ago. The people who have saved the Union are its only enemies, thinks the *National Intelligencer*. Those who by fire and blood and unimaginable tortures of Union soldiers strove to destroy it, are its proved friends. The nest of Copperheads that hissed and darted at every act of the Government during the war is the true Union League; while those who elected LINCOLN and held up his arms are a disorganizing, incendiary crew, of which the delectable *National Intelligencer* exclaims with anguish, "Anarchy is its opportunity; cruelty is its pastime; and falsehood its genius." The anarchy of the Union party was proved, probably, by saving the Government; its cruelty by not imitating the "conservatism" of Andersonville; its falsehood by asserting the truth of the Declaration of Independence.

It has been understood for some years that the *National Intelligencer* survived only by liberal alms; but what an enormous supply of Executive cold pieces must have been bestowed to produce such a ludicrous explosion of "Conservative" gratitude.

"AND, MOTHER! DRAW IT MILD!"

CARL SCHURZ took the liberty of observing that the freedmen universally celebrated the last Fourth of July while the late rebels did not. Thereupon the Fayetteville *Observer*, in Lincoln County, Kentucky, remarks:

"Is that any of your business, you squash-headed, flop-eared, beer-swilling, garlic-eating, negro-loving, German convict? What do you know about the South, or the Fourth of July either? We loved our country, and always celebrated the anniversary of its independence in a becoming manner until it was overrun by several millions of foreign thieves and cut-throats like yourself, whose votes were bought up by Northern demagogues at a pint of lager beer each."

The gentle *Observer* is, of course, a warm friend of "conciliation" and "magnanimity," and has no patience with an "unconstitutional Congress," which suggests that rebellion shall not be rewarded with increased political power.

VENTILATION AGAIN.

IN a previous article we developed the principles of ventilation; but there are some practical points in their application which we will now very briefly notice.

Before coal was introduced so extensively, and the open fire-place was in general use, there was ordinarily sufficient ventilation, at least among people in comfortable circumstances. The upward current in the chimney secured both that agitation of the air in the room which is necessary to the diffusion of noxious gases, and that change of the air by which it is renewed from without. This supposes, however, sufficient inlets for the introduction of fresh air. There was generally no difficulty about this as houses were formerly constructed—enough air would get in through crevices about the doors and windows, with the necessary occasional opening of the doors, to supply the want. But not so with tight joinings, and especially when there are double windows, making an almost air-tight arrangement. Then there must be some special provision for the introduction of air from without.

In heating rooms from a hot-air furnace it is easy to effect proper ventilation. Here fresh air is constantly introduced, and in such a way as to agitate the air in the room. All that you need in addition, therefore, is sufficient outlets to afford a proper escape for the air, and thus secure continual change. An objection is sometimes made to this mode of warming, that the air is *burned* by the highly heated iron of the furnace, and therefore is not fresh air. But what is meant by burned air? The gases which compose the air can not be changed in the least by the heated iron, unless it be the oxygen, and that only by oxydizing the iron, which can not be done to any appreciable extent, if at all. Impurities in the air may be burned, and the products may or may not be deleterious; but we are supposing that the air which goes to the furnace to be heated is pure.

If the furnace be a steam-heater, the apartments being warmed by reservoirs of steam, there is here no provision at all for ventilation, as there is in the ordinary furnace, and it must be secured by entirely independent expedients. These are very commonly not adequately provided, sometimes wholly neglected, and it is probable that the great majority of houses heated by steam are nothing like as well ventilated as those which are heated by the common furnace.

In our arrangements for ventilation it is important to avoid having currents of cold air strike upon individuals. In ill-ventilated public rooms, where resort is had to temporary expedients, much harm is often done in this way, especially to persons who are in delicate health. It is not our intention to discuss the various plans for ventilating rooms for public assemblies; but we would say that, in all cases, such permanent means of ventilation should be provided that there shall be no necessity for resorting to temporary expedients. It will cost something to do this, for the simple reason that, besides the expense of apparatus it costs more to heat a suitable supply of fresh air than half or one-third of that quantity. A few hundred dollars will cover all the expense of apparatus for any church or hall. This expenditure should be considered, in every case, an absolute necessity; and it it can not be provided for in any other way, it should be taken from the ornamentation of the building; for pleasing the eye is of small importance compared with the vital necessity of giving the lungs their due supply of air. But this is not the common sentiment; and any one who advocates the securing of ventilation in the construction of a public building will encounter opposition from the great mass of those who are interested. The difficulties that he will meet with are thus given by a clergyman, who succeeded in having his church properly ventilated at an expense of only three hundred dollars: "First, he will meet with indifference and opposition, and even ridicule, from the mass of those who are to be the most benefited. Secondly, not one architect in a hundred will render him the least assistance. Thirdly, builders will be sure to regard the whole thing as a humbug, and if not closely watched will brick up his flues or floor over his tubes, or do some other careless or malicious thing which will frustrate all his plans."

If harm is done to the health from imperfect ventilation in churches and halls, much more is it so in ill-ventilated factories and work-shops; for here the effect is both prolonged and often repeated. And to say nothing of humanitarian considerations, securing ventilation in a manufactory is a matter of economy to the owner. Just so far as there is a lack of supply of fresh air will there be a diminution of vigor in the workmen, and consequently a diminution in the amount of work which they will accomplish. Their efficiency depends as much on their being well aired as on their being well fed.

If the halls as well as the rooms of a house warmed by a hot-air furnace, and there be freedom in leaving the doors of rooms open, there is no difficulty in effecting due ventilation by very simple means. The letting down of a window from the top here and there will answer. But when each room is warmed by itself more care is requisite to guard against exposure to cold currents. The smaller the room the greater is the difficulty. It is exceedingly difficult to ventilate properly a small room heated by a close stove; and therefore, even among well-informed people, a great deal of air is breathed over and over again in such rooms to the constant deterioration of the health. If we remember that sixty gallons of fresh air is the requisite supply for one person every hour, we can have some appreciation of the failure of this supply to persons who spend day and night in small, close rooms, and the consequent depressing influence to which the physical system is subjected. The effect is like that of a slow general poison, breaking down the health gradually but surely. Defective ventilation is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease, especially in our cities, where there is so much economy as to room, even among people that can well afford to have enough good air.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

GENERAL GEARY'S majority for Governor in Pennsylvania is over 16,000. There was a falling-off of the Union vote in Philadelphia, but this was counterbalanced by other portions of the State. There is also a gain of two Union Congressmen, Mr. Cake succeeding Stroude, and Mr. Covode, Dawson.

The Union majority in Indiana is about 15,000. The Congressional delegation remains of the same complexion as in the present Congress.

In Ohio the Union majority amounts to nearly 50,000. The Congressional delegation remains essentially unchanged.

Iowa goes all one way. She has not a single Democratic Congressman.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another city in Maine suffered severely from fire on October 9—the fifth in that State within two years. A fire broke out in Wiscasset, and raged for nine hours, destroying half the business portion of the place, and rendering forty families houseless.

Letters from Port-au-Prince, dated September 18, state that the arsenal, containing a large quantity of gunpowder, took fire and exploded. The fire spread and destroyed the greater part of the town. Several vessels were burned. The loss of life is reported as very heavy.

On the 15th October a fire broke out in a suburb of Quebec, in the house of a grocer, and destroyed from two to three thousand buildings, rendering homeless upward of eighteen thousand people.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE Emperor Napoleon left for Biarritz on the 20th of September. The state of his health, according to all accounts, is such as to excite alarm. At Biarritz, which is on the Bay of Biscay, the Empress Eugenie has a chateau, and is staying there with the Prince Imperial. At Biarritz Count Bismarck met the Emperor shortly after the arrival of the latter. The Roman Question is that which now presses most heavily upon the Emperor's attention. The Emperor's late manifesto promises to withdraw the French troops, but also to pledges the honor of France to the protection of the Pope. But some of his Generals have intimated that not only the security but the defense of the Pope's authority is to be maintained. The Pope's person is probably safe enough in any event, but a mercenary legion of 1200 men (to whom Marshal Randon intrusts the functions heretofore performed by French troops) will scarcely suffice to uphold the Papal authority against the wishes of the Italians. The latter will proceed with caution, and will not spoil their chance of success by any violent outbreak. If the Emperor keeps his word, it will not be long before the Pope's sovereignty will be limited by the walls of the Vatican and St. Peter's. As to the soldiers offered by the Queen of Spain for the Pope's protection, they will never be allowed on Italian soil.

The Cretan Insurrection appears to be confined to that island. We hear nothing further of the progress of revolutionary movements on the Turkish main land. Epirus and Thessaly are free from disturbance. Turkey will be able to throw continually fresh troops into Crete as they may be needed, and the Greeks will be compelled to flee to the mountains or leave the island. This latter course many are taking, and no less than 45,000 of the Turkish peasantry have quitted their homes in the interior and fled for refuge to the city of Candia. If this continues the wealth and labor of the country will be scared away from the scenes of outrage and bloodshed that may take place, and the passions of the savage combatants will have free scope over the solitude they have made. It is possible that foreign interference may seem, in this state of affairs, to be advisable in the interests of humanity.

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"BABY HAS DROPPED ASLEEP."

Now Franky, boy, 'tis time for bed:
  Put up those books, I pray:
And Katy, dear, those toys of yours
  Must all be cleared away.
The clock struck six some time ago,
  Sounding through all the room;
And ere it gives us seven, you know,
  Father will be at home.

He says there is no place to him
  So sweet as this his home;
So sweet that he can never care
  Elsewhere for joy to roam.
So let us make it nice and snug,
  That he may not complain,
But feel it e'er his guiding-star
  Through all the dark and rain.

Now softly, Frank; don't make a noise—
  Baby has dropped asleep:
She's been as good as gold all day;
  I want her so to keep.
Off with your boots, and say your prayers;
  You must be ready quite
To go to bed when father comes,
  And you have said "good-night."

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

IN the year 18— our ship, the *St. Albans*, anchored off Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

The vessels in the harbor were mostly whalers; but there was a large merchantman anchored to windward of us; and about fifty fathoms ahead lay the Russian frigate *Diana* of fifty guns. Beneath me, on our decks, the men were at work, hoisting water-casks from the hold, under the superintendence of Mr. Gibbs, the first mate, who, to the amusement of some of the Russian officers leaning over the quarter-rail of their vessel, was constantly breaking one of the ten commandments in a manner peculiarly his own. Suddenly he paused and colored with confusion as a tall, thin, benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had come off in a shore boat, stepped aboard, and, touching him on the shoulder, offered him a tract. The visitor was immediately recognized as the Rev. S. C. Damon, Seaman's Chaplain, and editor of a Honolulu paper. His timely arrival was hailed with pleasure by the persecuted workmen, to each of whom he presented a tract and a copy of his interesting little paper, *The Friend*. Soon the first officer, who had dodged into the cabin, reappeared, dressed in shining broadcloth. He seemed to think that the splendor of his attire would atone for his late violent behavior; he strutted rather than walked toward the "divine," and grasping his hand, pompously remarked that "he was *now* in a fit condition to welcome his visitor to the ship in the absence of the captain, who was ashore."

The Chaplain was evidently amused. He said, however, that he was very glad to be so kindly received. Then, having by this time distributed all his tracts and papers, he turned to depart, gently declining an invitation from the mate to step into the lower hold and see the "ile" (oil).

An hour later I was ashore. Having a few reals to spend I entered a shop kept by a Chinaman to purchase a straw-hat. While trying one on I heard a plaintive voice outside of the store, and turning saw an old Kanaka—a pitiful-looking object, who seemed to have lost the use of both legs—clinging to the sleeve of a gentleman whom I recognized as a well-known and very benevolent "missionary."

The native was begging for a few cents; he declared that he had not eaten any thing for several days, except a piece of a water-melon, thrown to him by a sailor.

To my surprise the missionary, turning a deaf ear to the man's pleading, disengaged himself from his clutches and hurried off.

"That is very strange," I said, turning to the shop-keeper; and I put down the hat, remarking that I had concluded to give my reals to the beggar.

The Chinaman could not speak a word of English. He posted himself between me and the beggar, however, and motioned me back, rattling off at the same time a whole volley of words in his own tongue, which I could not understand. I pushed past him and gave my reals to the beggar, who thanked me with tears in his eyes, after which he dragged himself toward a bake-shop not far distant.

Feeling very glad that I had found an opportunity to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-creature, I returned to the ship.

Early the next morning, while seated in the steerage, I heard on deck such cries as are seldom heard in port.

"There it is!" screamed a number of voices—"there blows!—off there toward the reef—a big blackfish!"

I rushed on deck, and glancing to leeward saw, sure enough, the well-known spout. It was seen, I believe, almost at the same instant, by every man on the decks of the whole fleet; for a simultaneous shout, that seemed to pierce the very caverns of the clouds overhead, now was heard, followed by clamorous orders to "clear away the boats there!"—to "hurry up that line"—to "get those harpoons ready," etc. etc.

In a few minutes the waters of the harbor were dotted with hundreds of boats, their crews with rolled up sleeves and strained eyeballs, pulling like madmen toward that single spout. Poor blackfish!—it had certainly ventured upon dangerous ground. The din of voices was terrific; while each officer, anxious for the honor of being the first to strike the fish, encouraged his crew with all the power of his lungs; the rigging of the merchant ships and the frigate swarmed with spectators, who laughed, clapped their hands, and applauded. I belonged to the larboard boat, which, on this occasion, contained the best oarsmen in the fleet, as was soon proved by our leaving our competitors many fathoms behind us.

On we flew, and presently I heard the mate order our harpooner, Tom Chimes, to "stand up."

A moment later we peaked our oars, when the voice of the first officer, shrieking the well-known order, "Give it to him!" pierced our ears. Whiz went the iron from Tom's hand, and, turning, we were sorry to discover that he had missed.

Breeching its full length out of water, the frightened fish now bounded like a shot over the surf that sweeps, booming, across the reef at this point to a great height.

To stem the careering wall of water in a whale-boat was out of the question, so the whole fleet of boats now became nearly stationary, their crews and officers uttering yells and groans of disappointment.

Suddenly, however, all eyes were riveted upon a canoe, which, worked by a single native, was rapidly approaching the reef. In the bow stood another Kanaka, armed with a well-sharpened harpoon of great length and calibre. As the light vessel shot past us I was astonished to recognize in this man the old beggar to whom I had given my reals!

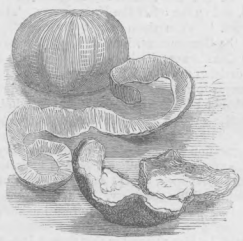
I pointed him out to Tom Chimes, and told my story in a few words. "You've been imposed upon," said he; "that chap is an old Kanaka who is worth his thousands, earned by whaling in different vessels as harpooner. Of late years he's grown lazy and taken to begging for a living, pretending to those who don't know him that he has lost the use of his legs. Now, however, as there's a chance for him to make something in an easy way—for he's one of the best at an iron that was ever known—he's grown smart again!"

Even as my shipmate spoke, the canoe, skillfully worked by the man at the paddle, was borne forward over the reef with terrific velocity on the crest of a sea that rose to a height not less than thirty feet!

This manœuvre is often practiced by the natives of Oahu, and is performed with a skill that usually enables them to clear the reef without shipping a drop of water into their frail vessels. Very soon we perceived that the Kanaka was fast to the blackfish. He had contrived to strike that tender part of its body which by whalemen is termed the "life spot." The creature came up near the beach, spouting blood, and died in a few minutes.

Subsequently the Kanaka sold his prize to a whaling captain in the harbor for fifty dollars, after which, I believe, he continued his occupation of street begging, until he was arrested and locked up in the calaboose.

When released he shipped in a vessel bound to the United States. I do not know whether he is now living or dead; there are few old whalemen, however, who have not heard of "Kanaka Jim," once the best harpooner that ever hurled an iron from a boat's bow.



ORANGE-PEEL;

OR, A NEW-TESTAMENT LAW.

"EMMA," said a faithful nurse, "don't throw that orange-peel on the flags, and thereby break a New-Testament law."

"What! is there a law in the New Testament about orange-peel?"

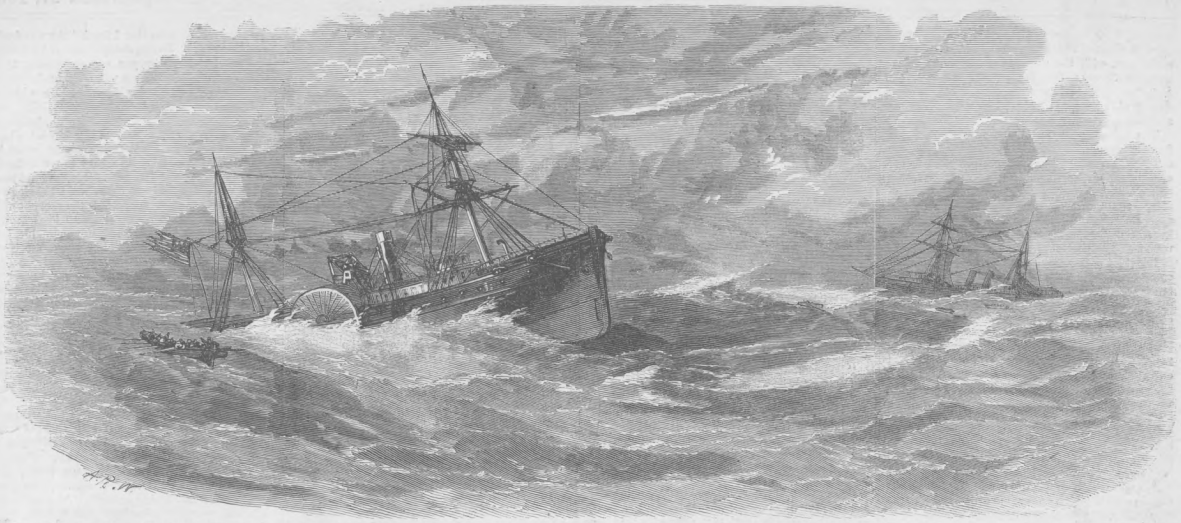
"'*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*' *You* would not like any one to throw *you* down, or cause *you* to stumble, and perhaps injure a limb for life. Do not, then, endanger the life or limb of another. Many have been lamed for life by people throwing, as you have done, pieces of orange-peel on the flags. Some time ago a porter in New York was carrying a heavy bag on his back, when he stepped on a piece of orange-peel which a boy had carelessly thrown on the flags, and that fall caused his death. When his poor wife and children arrived at the hospital he was a corpse! I could tell you of several cases of persons who are cripples for life through falls by orange-peel. If, therefore, you would love your neighbor as yourself never throw orange-peel on the flags."

"Thank you, nurse, for so kindly reproving me of a very thoughtless habit. I will strive not only to remember what you have said about the New-Testament law, but will also throw off from the flags any pieces of orange-peel that I may find left there by others."



ORANGE-PEEL.

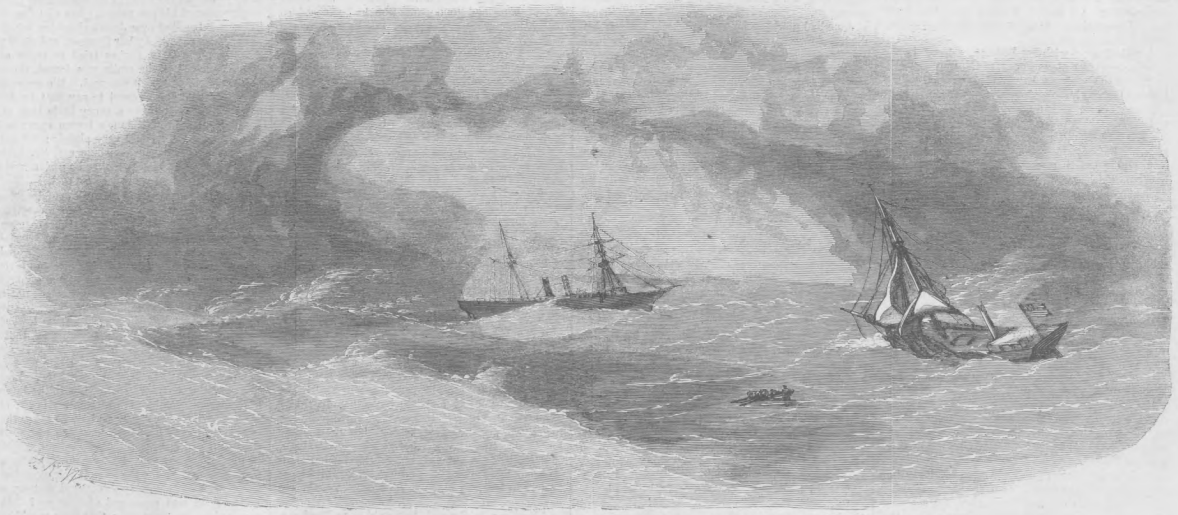
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SINKING OF THE "DANIEL WEBSTER," AND SAVING OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW BY THE "GEORGE CROMWELL," OCTOBER 3, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY W. D. HEMPSTEAD.]



SINKING OF THE "EVENING STAR," OCTOBER 3, 1866.



THE "GEORGE CROMWELL" PICKING UP THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "MINNEHAHA," OCTOBER 4, 1866.
[SKETCHED BY W. D. HEMPSTEAD, PURSER OF THE "GEORGE CROMWELL."]

THREE SHIPWRECKS.

WE illustrate on this page three shipwrecks—those of the *Daniel Webster*, the *Minnehaha*, and the *Evening Star*, occurring during the recent disastrous gales off the Atlantic coast. The *Daniel Webster* and the *Minnehaha* were so fortunate as to prove shipwrecks fatal only to the vessels, while the *Evening Star* foundered and went down with nearly all of her passengers.

The *Daniel Webster* (Captain J. BOLGER), a side-wheel steamship of 1050 tons, was owned by Captain GEORGE S. WRIGHT. She was used as a transport during the war, but has since plied as a regular trader between New York and Mobile. She started on her last trip for Mobile September 27, with a crew numbering 25, and 18 passengers. On the 29th she encountered strong gales, with a heavy sea and rain. The gale increased, and on the evening of October 2 there came on a heavy storm with a tremendous sea, the vessel laboring heavily and shipping large quantities of water. Before the morning of the 3d the gale had become a hurricane, and the ship hove to. The guard and wheel-house were broken up at 4 P.M. on the 3d, and the vessel had the appearance of a wreck. That night a heavy sea stove in the forecastle hatch, and every sea that came on board went below and the ship filled rapidly, the water putting out the fires.* The pumps now gave out, and all hands, including the passengers, went to bailing water. The vessel was soon at the mercy of the elements and sinking. At 7

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A.M. on the 4th the *George Cromwell* (Captain VAILL) hove in sight. The boats were launched and the passengers, with the greater portion of the crew, were transferred to the *George Cromwell*. At 10.35 A.M. the *Daniel Webster* sank, stern foremost. She was an old vessel, and believed by some to be unseaworthy.

The schooner *Minnehaha*, of Baltimore, sailed from Savannah for Richmond September 29. On the 30th, about 80 miles east from Charleston, she encountered a gale which soon increased to a hurricane with a tremendous sea. The vessel sprang aleak, and all hands applied themselves to the pumps. On the 4th of October the crew, numbering five persons, were saved by the *George Cromwell* from a disastrous death by shipwreck.

But the *Evening Star* had no saving *George Cromwell* near her when she went down, October 3, in a hurricane. The *Evening Star* was considered a good vessel, and was built in this city at a cost of $500,000. She was one of the celebrated Star Line of steamships, plying between New York and New Orleans. She was under the charge of WILLIAM KNAPP, an officer of acknowledged ability and experience. She encountered a severe gale on the 2d, when 180 miles east of Tybee Island. After weathering the storm for seventeen hours she foundered at 6 A.M. on the 3d, with 270 souls on board. Only twenty-three persons are known to have been saved. All of the women but two seem to have been lost. The captain was drowned. There were on board nearly one hundred young women of the *demi-monde*, a New Orleans opera troupe, comprising 59 singers who had been engaged in Paris, and a circus company numbering about 30 persons.

It appears that the ship went down, boats and all. But a few of the crew and two or three of the passengers were fortunate enough to lay hold on the life-boats when they came to the surface. Purser E. S. ALLEN and nine others were two days out on the open sea without food or water, when they were picked up by the *Fleetwing*, bound for Southampton, England. On the 6th they were transferred to the *J. S. Waving*. The *Morning Star* picked up three of the crew and four passengers, two of whom were women. The third mate, three sailors, and a passenger, FRANK GARRARD, of Brooklyn, New York, succeeded in reaching Fernandina, Florida, October 7.

COUSIN JANE.

WHEN my little cousin, Jane Lumley, came to me one morning, and said in her blushing way: "Cousin William, Mr. Forbes has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," I felt that I must be a very old cousin indeed, a very safe cousin as girls would say, or she would never have chosen me for a confidant.

I was pleased, and I was sorry, to hear the tidings. I was pleased, because it was a very good offer; and I was sorry, because Mr. Forbes would take Jane away—selfish animal!—and though I had never cared to marry her myself, I thought it a hard case to see her marry another. However, as pleasure had come first, so it was the predominant feeling, and I shook hands with Jane, and congratulated her on her good fortune. For it was decidedly good fortune. Mr. Forbes, though a widower, was not thirty; he was good-looking and accomplished; he was well off too, and had a charming home within a convenient distance of London; in short, he was a most eligible husband for Jane, who had not a farthing of her own, and who owed the very clothes she wore to my father's kindness. Not that he thought it much kindness, dear old boy! Jane was his pet, and I feel pretty sure that he considered Mr. Forbes a very fortunate man in having secured her. Of course, I thought so too, for I knew Jane's value. Still Mr. Forbes's offer puzzled me.

Jane had come with her little story to me in the garden: we were alone in one of the green arbors. She stood in the shade, bareheaded, modest, with a happy blush on her cheek, and a soft dewy light in her brown eyes. I had never seen her look half so well in her whole life as she looked then—and, shall I say it?—Jane did not look at all pretty! No, not at all. No one, indeed, could call Jane ugly or even plain; but there was an absence of beauty in her face, which was the more remarkable that pretty girls abounded in our county. She had a nice figure, a graceful carriage, a pleasant voice, and a happy look; that she had, and no more. She was also a sensible girl, clever, well-bred, and amiable, though dreadfully shy with strangers; but how could Mr. Forbes know any thing of Jane save her shyness? He had not seen her more than a dozen times in all, and Jane was so quiet that he must be a very penetrating and far-seeing man indeed if he had discovered her merits during those brief interviews. I ventured on expressing some surprise. "How sly you both have been, Jenny," I said.

"No, William, not at all sly, I assure you," she replied, gravely. "I had no idea Mr. Forbes thought of such a thing till he mentioned it the other day."

"Then you did not say 'yes' at once, Jenny?"

"How could I? I was so confused that I should not even have asked for time to think over it, if he had not made the suggestion."

It was very plain that Jane was not in love; but then how odd if he were! I had seen them together the day before this, and Mr. Forbes, for a young man, was a cool lover, to say the least of it. Despite her inexperience in such matters, Jane felt some surprise too, and she expressed it with a mixture of sauciness and simplicity which she often displayed with me, but which she had certainly never showed to Mr. Forbes.

I was alone with her on the evening before the wedding-day. We sat in the parlor, by one of the open windows, and we looked out at the garden. I could not help thinking that this garden would seem very dull and lonely when my little cousin Jenny was gone. No more should I hear her gayly carolling in the morning, as she ran down the alleys, light and blithe as a bird on the wing. No more would I see her reading in one of the arbors as intent as a young Muse. No more would the waving of her muslin dress or the pattering of her little feet on the gravel give me pleasant thoughts of youth and girlhood. She was going off to Paris with that cold Mr. Forbes, and after their honey-moon trip he would take her to his house and keep her there forever. These were dismal thoughts; so, with a groan, I said:

"You are going away to-morrow, Jane?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Do you know, I can scarcely believe it cousin William."

"Nonsense," I said, a little crossly. "You like it. I have no doubt you are desperately in love with Mr. Forbes by this time."

"No, I am not," she replied, with one of her little solemn ways; "it is very odd, but I am not in love with Mr. Forbes, in spite of all his devotion to me."

Mr. Forbes's settlements had been very liberal indeed, but other devotion I had not seen.

"It is very wrong," continued poor Jenny, in a tone of keen remorse; "but it is no fault of mine, you know. Nevertheless, I spoke to Mr. Forbes about it the other day."

"Did you, though?" I exclaimed, rather startled at this unnecessary piece of candor.

"Yes; and he said it did not matter, that we should be very happy together, and that I would be, he knew, a good mother to his little boy."

I don't exactly know what reply I gave little Jane; I dare say some truism about the non-necessity of ardent love on her part, for she said, in her serious way:

"So I think, cousin William; besides, you know, feeling that deficiency, I must, of course, make it up by being ever so much better than I might have been if I had returned all Mr. Forbes's feelings."

But she sighed; perhaps the prospect of being so very good seemed a little austere to my young cousin. Aunt Mary came in and put an end to the conversation. I went out to smoke a cigar, and did not see Jane till the next morning.

A pleasant blushing bride my cousin looked, almost pretty and quite happy. Mr. Forbes was, as usual, very handsome; a little pale, perhaps, but I am bound to say that he went through the trying marriage ceremony with manly fortitude. When it was over he seemed to have cast a weight of care away, and accepted our congratulations and good wishes with something like a happy smile. The wedding-breakfast was late, and I did not see much of him before we all sat down; but, when we did so, I thought Mr. Forbes looked a very excitable bridegroom, and that even quiet little Jane had very fitful spirits for a bride. I drew no conclusions until Jane entered the library, where I stood alone, to bid me good-by. We had spent many pleasant hours in that library, and I did not wonder that Jane showed some emotion on finding me there. But when she came up to me, and, instead of taking my hand, threw her arms around my neck and laid her cold cheek to mine, and burst into sobs and tears, I felt a wonder verging on alarm.

"Jane, my dear girl, my darling, what ails you?" I said, anxiously.

"I am going away," she sobbed; "oh, cousin William, I am going away!"

She would say no more. She was going away, but surely she had known that all along; and surely it was not to go and leave us that could put her in such a state of despair as this. I could get no explanation from her. There was no time. The carriage was waiting; they were looking for her.

"I am coming, I am coming!" she cried, darting from me, and speaking in a light-hearted voice. I followed her out. Mr. Forbes handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and my little cousin Jane, now Mrs. Forbes, was gone forever from among us.

Jane had not been long married when my father died. Aunt Mary was ordered to the south of France, and I remained alone with the housekeeper. These were dreary days. I wished now I had proposed to Jane and married her; I fancied we should have made a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. She wrote now and then; she never complained, but she never once said, "I am happy." She praised Mr. Forbes and his house, and spoke of her position and her comforts—of herself, never. The theme that most frequently recurred in her letters was Arthur, Mr. Forbes's little boy. She recorded his sayings and doings with evident fondness, and I began to think that a young bride whose mind was so much engrossed by her husband's child could not be a very happy one. I had received a general invitation to Mr. Forbes's house, and though Jane did not once remind me of it, I resolved to visit the Elms. It would be a change; besides, I wanted to see why Jane was not happy. I am bound to say that, though my visit was unexpected, Mr. Forbes received me very cordially.

"Jane will be delighted to see you," he said; "she is out with my little boy."

Jane came in presently with a sickly, peevish-looking little fellow—the wonderful Arthur, about whom she had had so much to write. She colored on seeing me, but delight in her face I saw not. If I could have believed it of Jane I should have thought she was sorry I had come. She stammered a welcome, however; but, as I soon perceived, shunned every opportunity of remaining alone with me. Once I caught her on the staircase.

"Well, Jane, are you happy?" I whispered.

"Oh, quite happy," she replied, airily. "Is not the Elms a charming place?" And she made her escape.

Yes, the Elms was a charming place; a brown old house, spacious and convenient, with a gay flower-garden around it, and beyond this a region of ancient elm-trees scattered on a grassy slope. Truly the mistress of this pleasant abode and well-ordered household, the wife of that handsome, agreeable gentleman, ought to have been a happy woman; but she was not. I saw it at once. Jane had grown thin and pale, and looked sad and careworn. Nor did Mr. Forbes look a happy man. I did not like the rigid lines which a few months had made in his handsome face. He was very kind to his wife, and strictly polite; but of fondness, of love, of tenderness, I saw no sign. He kept these for his child, who was certainly one of the most ill-tempered little three-year-old wretches I had ever seen. Yet Jane seemed to rival her husband in doting affection for that little monkey, who began our acquaintance by making faces at me, and followed it up by biting my leg before dinner. "He was a great sufferer," apologetically said his father.

I thought I was the sufferer in this particular instance, but I bore the pain—I have the mark to this day—with that heroism which politeness alone can inspire. I did not intend paying Mr. Forbes and his wife a long visit; but our intentions have little power over the course of events. That same evening I took a walk with Mr. Forbes, stumbled over the root of a tree, and sprained my ankle. It was very provoking. My sprain was one of the worst; the doctor who was called in ordered rest—total rest, he said. In short, I was condemned to spend many days, some weeks, perhaps, at the Elms. Mr. Forbes behaved unexceptionably; he was cordial, he was kind, he was hospitable; and my little Jane, on seeing me in severe pain, became once more my dear little Jane of old times. She was a good deal with me—I mean alone with me. Her husband had business in London, and went there daily; and while I lay stretched on a sofa in the parlor, Jane sat and worked and watched Arthur and his maid out in the garden.

"Jane," I said to her one day, after biding my time, "why are you not happy?"

Jane became crimson, and I saw her little fingers tremble as she vainly tried to thread her needle.

"I—I am very happy," she stammered.

"No, Jane, you are not; neither is Mr. Forbes. I do not want to meddle between you; but yet, Jane, if a word of sound, sensible advice from cousin William would help to set matters right, why not give yourself the chance, and him the pleasure, of that word?" Her color came and went; her work dropped on her lap; she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh! if you could—if you could tell me something—advise me, I mean. Oh! cousin William, if you could make my husband like me!"

"I always suspected this," I replied, rather ruefully; "but, child, I must know why he married you. Do you know?"

"Oh yes," she answered, in a very peculiar tone; "and that is just the mischief. If I had known nothing, all might have been well."

This was very mysterious. It took me some time and trouble to make Jenny more explicit; at length she told me all.

"When we were really married," she began, "and I came home his wife, and looked at him and felt proud of him, I was happy. Oh! so happy. Perhaps you remember that, even before changing my dress, I went down the garden. I had a foolish fancy to gather some of my favorite flowers and take them with me. I thought to be alone there; but some one had given Mr. Forbes a letter on our coming in, and he had gone to the garden to read it. I saw him in the summer-house, sitting in your chair, his head flung on the table, his arms clasped above it; and I heard him groaning as if he were in great agony. I turned cold and trembled. I knew it was no physical pang that wrung those moans from him. The letter he had been reading was on the ground by him. I picked it up and stood with it in my hand, looking at him. He had not heard, and he did not heed me. I looked just at the first words; and when I had read them, I could not leave off till I had finished the whole letter. God help me! It was a love-letter, written to my husband by one who had been compelled to betray him; but who, at the eleventh hour, repented her error and asked to be forgiven! She wrote full of hope and fondness. She had suffered so much that he could not, she said, be long angry with his own Annie! Yes, she called herself his own. I was his wife; I had not been an hour married; I still wore my white dress, my veil, and my orange-wreath, and another woman wrote thus to my husband! He now roused himself and saw me. I still held the letter in my hand, and my face, no doubt, told him that I had read it; for he took it from me and walked away—both without a word. I wondered how he felt. Was he sorry the letter had not come sooner? Would he have given me up even at the foot of the altar? I know better now—I know Mr. Forbes could not be dishonorable; but then my mind was not my own. One thing, however, was clear. He did not love me. He had wished to marry me in order to punish the ingrate, and to hurry our marriage in order to forestall hers, and show her how little he felt her faithlessness. He had taken me, poor, plain, and unattractive, that I might owe him much, and he, the rich, handsome gentleman, owe me very little. That was it, and, cousin William, it was very bitter.

"You know now why we are not, and can not be, happy. It is because I read that letter. I am like Psyche, and, like her, I pay for my error. If I had remained ignorant I should have been content. Mr. Forbes would have acted his part to the end, and to the end I should have thought that I had fascinated him. But my poor little pride has had a fall, and little cousin Jane has been sorely humbled. She knows, what you knew all along, that she was never loved, but merely made the instrument of an angry lover's revenge. Still, I must be just to him. I am sure he meant to make me very happy—to be generous, kind, and attentive, and perhaps, in the end, he would have liked me. Only, you see, now he can not. I know too much. As he is in your presence, so he is in private—a perfect gentleman. I, who meant to be so good, so devoted, so dutiful even, never find a word to say to my husband. I answer when he speaks, and that is all. I am cold as a statue when he is by. I feel it, I know it, and I can not help it: that Annie is ever between us, and she freezes me. I have never seen her; I do not know who she is, what she is like; but sometimes I lie awake at night and think, 'If he were to find me dead to-morrow, would he be very sorry; he could marry his Annie?'"

Poor little Jane! My heart ached for her, and it ached all the more that I fancied she was fond of her husband. "Jenny, Jenny," said I, with a sigh, "I will tell you why you can do nothing to win Mr. Forbes; it is because you like him."

She hid her face in her hands, and I saw her forehead, her neck even, turn crimson.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, looking up and turning pale again. "I like him—I who reproached myself for not caring enough about him when we married—I who meant to try so hard to get that liking. I like him. He does not see it, he never will see it; but if he should I shall be the most wretched of women. It is the thought of my indifference that reconciles him to his lot; if he knew the truth he would find it unendurable."

"How do you know that?" I asked, much startled.

"I can not tell you, but I know it. I nearly betrayed myself once, and I can not forget his look of uneasiness and alarm."

"Jane, you slander your husband."

"No," she replied, quietly, "and you must not misunderstand me and wrong him. I am quiet, you know; well, I believe that Mr. Forbes took me partly for that. 'Here is a girl who will expect no devotion, no fondness, no nonsense,' he thought, 'nothing, at least, that I can not give her.' Suppose he finds out that I am not the woman he thought me, and that when I married I did expect to love and to be loved, will it not be misery to him to try and fulfill his part of the compact?"

Alas! that was true, and because it was true I heaved a deep sigh. At that moment the parlor-door opened and Arthur came in. At once he crept up to his young step-mother. She took him on her knee, and twining his arms around her neck he nestled on her bosom, and thence looked at me with a pale, pitiful little face that made me forgive him all his sins.

"Jane," I said, and I am not ashamed to add that my eyes were dim—"there is your hope and your link with the father."

Jane shook her head rather sadly.

"No link," she replied, "but, if possible, a cause of further division. When I came and found this poor sickly thing my heart yearned toward it, perhaps because it suffered like myself; perhaps," she added, with a faint blush, "because it was his. I called it, and it came. I caressed it, and it fell asleep in my arms. When it was sick I tended it; when it was peevish and fretful through pain I bore with it; and thus, I suppose, it loved me. But, you see, it loves me too much. One who ought to be first is second now, and second far away. I am obeyed when another is not heeded; I am sought when another is left; and I am not his Annie that the preference should not be resented; not against me, indeed, not against the child, but resented as a wrong. For if there be a being passionately loved it is this little pale creature. His mother died when he was born, and his father almost became a woman for his sake. He nursed him, he tended him, and I reap the sweet fruit of love—I, who had not the care of the tree. But I can not help it. This is my comfort in sadness; this little warm living creature clinging to me, and I can not give it up. When I talk to it and play with it, when I dress it, as I like to do daily, I feel almost happy. Arthur is not always cross as you have seen him, cousin William; Arthur does not always bite, for Arthur is not always in pain, poor little fellow! He has days when he is bright and merry and frolicsome, without mischief, just like a young kid. Eh, Arthur?"

Arthur looked up; she stooped, and their lips met in a long fond kiss. They were thus when Mr. Forbes entered the room. I saw his color change as he perceived the child in his wife's arms; but he soon recovered his composure, came up to us cheerfully, and, bending over Jane's shoulder, asked Arthur to kiss papa. Arthur frowned, and gave papa a sulky push. Mr. Forbes tried to smile as he walked away, but the smile was forced, though a blush which followed it was real. We are none of us perfect, and I am bound to say that as Arthur pushed his father away a saucy little look of triumph passed through Jane's brown eyes: a look that to me, at least, said very plainly: "I am not Annie; but some one can love me, Mr. Forbes." It was this look which, whether he understood it or not, made Mr. Forbes color like a girl.

Nothing is easier than to solicit confidence under pretense of giving advice; nothing more troublesome, to a conscientious person, than to give the proffered counsel when the confidence has been made. So, at least, I now felt, and I dreaded being alone with Jane again; but I found, to my great comfort, though not without some mortification, that Jane had spoken to get relief, not to be advised. At least, she never asked me to suggest what line of conduct she should pursue toward her husband, and I believe she even forgot that any thing of the kind had been mentioned between us. I pitied her from my heart, but I saw no remedy to her sorrows. I pitied Mr. Forbes too. You see, it is one thing to marry a woman with the intention of giving and receiving affectionate regard; and it is another thing to marry a girl who takes the liberty of falling in love with you, and who feels aggrieved if you do not, or rather can not, follow her example. What should I have done, for instance, if, marrying Jane for the sake of being comfortable with her, I had suddenly discovered that my saucy little cousin was enamored of poor me? It has occurred to me since then that Jane would not so have committed herself with me, but, at the time, I did not think of that. I rejoiced that I had not proposed to her, and I pitied her husband; for if Jane's misfortune was to have read the letter, his trouble was to read her heart rather too truly. Poor little simple Jane! It was like her to think that she could keep such a secret from a husband who had not love to blind him.

I watched him without seeming to do so, and I felt sure that Mr. Forbes's grief was to see his wife's love and not be able to return it; his grief was to have married, as he thought, a sensible, mercenary girl, and to find out that he was wedded to a fond and tender-hearted woman. I do not mean to say

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FANEUIL HALL.

FANEUIL HALL has been denominated "the Cradle of American Liberty," having been the popular gathering-place of the Sons of Liberty during the incipient stages of the Revolution. It was erected in 1742, at the sole expense of PETER FANEUIL, Esq., of Boston, and by him generously given to the town—the basement for a market, with a spacious and beautiful hall above for public meetings. It was burned in 1761, nothing but the brick walls remaining; but the edifice was immediately rebuilt. It was enlarged in 1805, by the addition of another story and an increase of forty feet in its width. The hall is about eighty feet square, and contains some fine paintings of distinguished men. The original vane, copied from that of the London Royal Exchange, still turns upon the pinnacle: the vane is in the form of a huge grasshopper. In 1776 Faneuil Hall was converted into a theatre by the British. When the news reached Boston of the passage by the British Parliament of the Boston Port Bill (providing for the removal of customs, courts of justice, and government officers of every kind from Boston to Salem, and for the discontinuance of landing, discharging, and shipping of wares and merchandise at Boston), a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, at which SAMUEL ADAMS presided. The meeting voted to stop all importation from or exportation to "Great Britain and every part of the East Indies;" and with this declaration in his hand PAUL REVERE took his celebrated ride from Boston to New York, inflaming the country as he went along.

It was in Faneuil Hall that THEODORE PARKER and WENDELL PHILLIPS aroused the citizens of Boston to resistance against the Fugitive Slave Bill in the case of the slave BURNS.

COUNT BISMARCK.

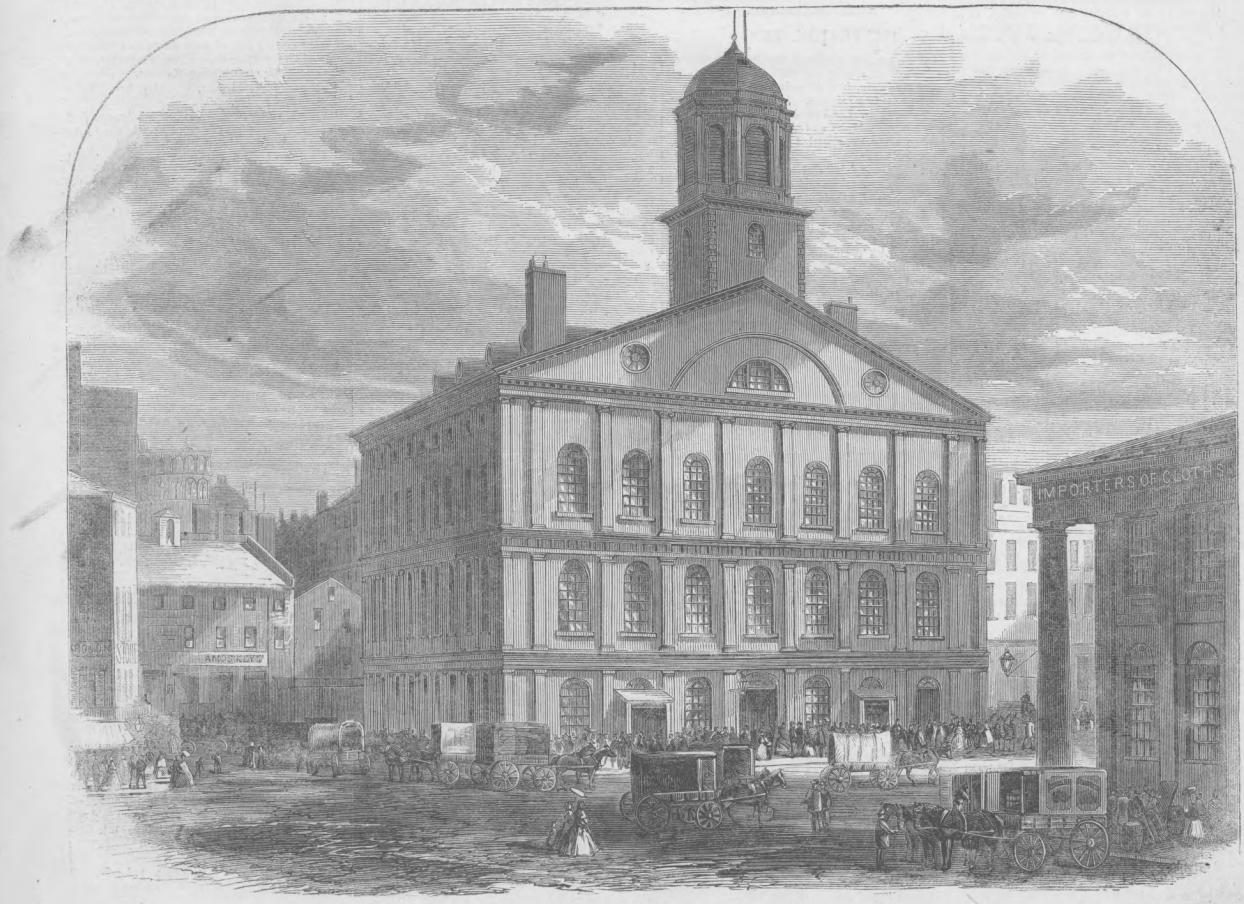
KARL OTTO VON BISMARCK auf Schönhausen, the bold and dextrous Minister who has conquered Germany for Prussia, was born at Brandenburg, in 1813, the year of that great uprising of the German nation against the empire of NAPOLEON I.,



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

from which may be dated the movement in favor of national unity among the different populations of the German race. It has been the fortunate achievement of Count BISMARCK in Germany, as of Count CAVOUR in Italy, to invent the political emergency which has enabled the progressive tendencies of the divided nation to rally around one of its principal States, on the occasion of a great military victory won over the rival Power, which had long been viewed as the representative of illiberal and anti-national interests. The kingdom of Prussia has by this means gained the same kind of supremacy in Germany which devolved seven years ago in Italy upon the kingdom of Sardinia—or rather, as it should have been styled, of Piedmont. The parallel, however, between the conduct of the German and of the Italian statesman can not be pursued further by an examination into their dealings with the internal affairs, and especially with the constitutional liberties and franchises, of the State which each Minister respectively ruled. For while CAVOUR applied himself fairly and honestly to the working out of parliamentary government, on the English model, in order to win the attachment of the other populations of Italy to the Piedmontese monarchy by the attractive example of freedom, BISMARCK, on the contrary, persisted in outraging and corrupting the Prussian representative constitution till he had almost made the King an absolute despot, prepared to cope on equal terms with the Austrian military empire.

In the earlier part of his career Herr von BISMARCK does not appear to have shown any promise of future distinction. He was educated successively at the Universities of Göttingen, Greifswalde, and Berlin, where he is said to have been addicted beyond measure to the boisterous pleasures of the German Burschen, and to have displayed no great proficiency in his studies. It is even asserted that he failed to pass the requisite examination for entering the civil service, and was admitted by special favor. His father was a country squire of noble birth and moderate estate; but more than one member of his family had held high



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

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office, and OTTO VON BISMARCK was not without the aid of influential patrons. Nevertheless, he had obtained no higher promotion than the post of Superintendent of Dykes in the Altmark up to the time of his election, in 1847, as a member of the Prussian Diet, having previously had a seat in the Provincial Assembly of that part of the kingdom where he dwelt. He was immediately noticed as one of the most vehement and even insolent champions of the Junker or Tory party, as he ostentatiously professed his contempt for the principles of constitutional government, ridiculed the practice of parliamentary debate, denied that the King of Prussia was bound to grant those franchises which had been solemnly promised at the time of the war against NAPOLEON, and declared that the Royal prerogative was derived, not from the consent of the people, but from the grace of God, and was practically unlimited save by the voluntary concessions of the Royal bounty.

These opinions were not the extravagant conceits of youth, but have been asserted by Herr von BISMARCK on all occasions since he began to take a conspicuous place in public life, which was in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He has repeatedly denounced the freedom of the press, and the spread of intelligence among the working-classes; he has gone so far as to express a wish that the large manufacturing and commercial towns could be destroyed, so that a purely rural population might submissively obey the behests of an absolute ruler. These and similar utterances of rampant Toryism, such as can scarcely be matched by any instance in the history of English parties, rendered Herr von BISMARCK one of the most unpopular men of his time. He was excluded from the German National Assembly of 1848, and lived some months in retirement; but in the following year, upon the triumph of the reactionary party, he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies at Berlin as member for the district of Zauche. Here, again, he was the bitterest assailant of the Moderate Liberals, and was accustomed to deride the aspirations toward German unity which the so-called Gotha party already began to encourage, as associated with the cause of constitutional liberty in Prussia. Herr von BISMARCK, for his part, maintained that it was to Prussianism, not to Germanism, that they must look for the safety and advancement of the State. He affected in those days to venerate Austria as the proper representative of the ancient power of Germany, while he censured the struggle for Schleswig-Holstein as a petty act of revolution, and an infringement of the rights of the King of Denmark. As an instance of his sagacity on questions of political economy, it is remembered that he was the advocate of a law by which the trade guilds should be empowered, as in the Middle Ages, to fix an arbitrary price for every sort of goods to be sold, and to prescribe the number of apprentices who should be brought up to each trade.

In 1851 Herr von BISMARCK was admitted to the diplomatic service, and sent as First Secretary of Legation to the Prussian Embassy at Frankfort; but, within three months of his arrival at this post, was elevated, by an extraordinary promotion, to that of Embassador at the sittings of the Federal Bund. He had evidently been selected for his independent and supercilious bearing, on purpose to bid defiance to Count RECHBERG, who was then Austrian Embassador at Frankfort and President of the Diet. Many amusing stories are told of the encounters between them, Herr von BISMARCK, by his high spirits, wit, and courage, usually getting the better of his more dignified antagonist, who was once so plainly insulted by the Prussian that they were on the point of fighting a duel. It became necessary, therefore, to recall Herr von BISMARCK from Frankfort, and he was transferred to the embassy at St. Petersburg, where he entered into intimate relations with Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, then busy with schemes for a triple alliance of Russia, Prussia, and France, by which each of those Powers was to acquire an extensive addition to its territories at the expense of Austria, Turkey, Belgium, and the smaller German States. The Crimean War, however, prevented, or at least postponed, the execution of these projects, which seem not to have been agreed to by the Emperor of the French, and were afterward disavowed by the Prince Regent of Prussia, who at that time was unwilling to entertain any plans of self-aggrandizement at the expense of his brother sovereigns.

After his accession to the throne a change, apparently for the worse, came over the state of Prussia. The Liberal influences of the Crown Prince, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and their friends, now gave way to the intrigues of the Junkers—or, as they are sometimes called, from the title of their newspaper organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung* party. Count BERNSTORFF having become Minister of Foreign Affairs instead of Herr von SCHLEINITZ, a new line of foreign policy was resolved upon, though it was necessarily to be kept dark till the views of the other European Powers could be ascertained. Herr von BISMARCK, leaving Count GOLTZ to succeed him at the Russian Court, had no sooner returned to Berlin than it was intimated by the French Minister that the Emperor NAPOLEON would like to see BISMARCK as Prussian Plenipotentiary at the Tuileries. He had more than once spoken in favor of a French alliance, under certain circumstances, previously to the war between France and Austria in 1859. Herr von BISMARCK thus became Prussian Embassador at Paris; but what passed between him and the Emperor NAPOLEON is best known to themselves.

In September, 1862, Herr von BISMARCK was summoned home to Berlin and intrusted with the task of forming a new Ministry, over which he has since presided, with the port-folio of Foreign Affairs, Count EULENBURG being Minister of the Interior; Herr von ROON, Minister of War; and BODELSCHWINGH and Von der HEYDT successively Finance Ministers. The whole course of their administration, from 1862 down to the outbreak of the late war, has been a pertinacious conflict against the majority of the Chamber, whose votes have been impudently set at naught, and whose Constitutional power to control the public expenditure has been nullified, while the Prime Minister has coolly declared that he and his colleagues will not be responsible to Parliament, and that they consider themselves only servants of the Crown. The subject-matter of the original dispute was the augmentation of the army estimates and the law extending the period of compulsory service in the army to three years. The Chamber having, by majorities of 272 against 68, and of 251 against 36, decided these questions against the Government, BISMARCK dissolved the Chamber, after a series of angry altercations, and informed them that the King would dispense with their approval of the budget, and would put in execution whatever measures he thought best for the public service. The newspapers which ventured to comment on this high-handed procedure of the Government were prosecuted with great severity; and those public officials who dared to raise their voices on behalf of the Constitution were punished by removal to distant places, if not by the loss of office.

Thus practically despotic, the rule of King WILLIAM I and BISMARCK, his Minister, during the last three or four years, has been directed with astonishing success, though by conduct which history will perhaps stigmatize as perfidious and double-dealing, to the achievement of those grand objects, the expulsion of Austria from the German political system, and the consequent union of the several States of North Germany to the Prussian Kingdom, which are regarded by most impartial observers as a change beneficial to the interests of European peace and civilization. Nor can we doubt that these results are equally acceptable to the national spirit of the Germans. It is unnecessary here to review the series of transactions relative to the Schleswig-Holstein provinces, which led to the open quarrel between Prussia on the one hand, and Austria, with the minor States of Germany, on the other, finally issuing in the rupture of the Federation, and the short but decisive war of last midsummer. It would be a difficult task to attempt to vindicate the honesty and good faith of the Prussian Government in these transactions; but the skill and valor of the Prussian army, the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the Prussian people, have justly earned for their country a degree of political and military importance second to none of the Powers of Europe.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

THE city of Houston, Texas, is situated in Harris County, on Buffalo Bayou, 45 miles by water from its entrance into Galveston Bay. It is a flourishing town, the second of the State in commercial importance, and is advantageously situated for trade, at the head of steamboat navigation. It is the principal shipping port for several adjacent counties, in which cotton, sugar, and maize are produced, and toward which a copious tide of emigration is flowing. A railroad is being built which is to extend westward to the Brazos River, and probably to Austin. Houston was settled in 1836. Its population in 1860 was nearly five thousand.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

THERE are few towns in the South where so much Northern energy and the effects of Northern capital are as visible as in Galveston. The reason of this seems to be simple. It was looked upon at the close of the war as a good place to make money. Army officers, soldiers, and other persons connected with the army have settled here, seemingly for a permanent home.

The climate is delightful and the people, generally speaking, courteous and hospitable.

On the Strand, or principal street, there are some fine stores and other buildings. A bank, the First National of Texas, has been established, with a South Carolina president, and an ex-General—Major-General W. T. CLARK, of the Army of the Tennessee—for cashier. The bank is doing a fine business, and is cordially supported by the people.

A fine Custom-house, in which is located the Post-office, attracts the attention of the new-comer almost the first thing upon his entrance into the city.

The Collector, General KENT, was General GRANT'S Provost-Marshal at the time of the surrender of Vicksburg, and did the tedious duty of paroling PEMBERTON'S army. General KENT has not forgotten his army discipline, and looks sharply after the interests of Uncle Sam, to the evident disgust of parties that used to "slip things through."

The Galveston beach is said to be finer than any beach in the country. D.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I REALLY think," said Mr. May, one morning, at the breakfast-table, "that you children have done wonders with your three dollars. Why, the gardens are splendid!"

"Yes, indeed," said Lily, "I think they are. If it wasn't for two or three things gardening would be too delightful."

"What are the two or three things, pray?"

"One is the weeds, papa."

"Aha!" said her father, laughing; "I thought you did not mean to have any weeds?"

Lily shook her head with an air that said very plainly if *she* had not meant it the weeds had.

"It's so hard to take 'em off, papa. I hoe them up ever so nicely, but the minute I begin to rake away comes the earth and every thing, as if I was going to take off the whole garden."

"How do you hold your rake?" asked Mr. May.

"I don't know, papa. In both hands."

"Yes, of course. But is the end of the handle high or low?"

"Pretty low, I guess," said Lily.

"Hold it high next time," said her father. "When you rake a bed after digging, and have to level it here and there, the handle must sometimes be held low; but when you are raking off weeds you can hardly hold it too upright. Then the earth sifts through the teeth of the rake, and only the weeds are drawn off. What's the other hindrance to the perfect felicity of gardening?"

"My clothes!" said Lily, with such a pitiful intonation that every body laughed in the most unsympathetic manner.

"You may believe that, papa," said Jack. "If you don't, just ask Malvina."

"I will when I desire any of Malvina's conversation," said Mr. May, who had the greatest possible dislike to hearing the kitchen quoted for any thing. "What's the matter with the clothes, Lily? They will get muddy just as the weeds will grow?"

"Oh, papa, muddy don't express it!" said Lily, despairingly.

"Well, keep up your courage, my dear," said her father, laughing. "I am much inclined to fear that you will see little more mud this summer; it seems like the beginning of a dry time. Clover, I have seen no balsams so fine as yours any where, except at that little house of Nobody's by the hill-road. I can't imagine where they got them."

"But oh, papa!" cried Primrose; "have you seen my heart's-ease?"

"Your heart's-ease?" said her father, lifting her up in his arms; "why, you are heart's-ease yourself! If you can show me any better I should like to see it."

Prim pulled him away out of the room, followed by Lily and Clover, the one talking eagerly about her own flowers, the other, in a happy muse, thinking of the beautiful balsams of little Dick Nobody.

Mr. May was right—a dry time set in; and Lily soon began to wish for the mud again, with all its troublesome qualities. The soil in the little gardens lost its rich brown hue, and looked hot and dusty; while the poor flowers hung their heads in the pitiless sunshine and cried for rain. Lily would fain have watered them at all hours of the day, but Sam assured her that that was the very way to kill them.

"Wait till the shady hours come," he said, "and then water thoroughly. And do not begin watering at all unless you are sure your patience will hold out."

"Mine will—till the cistern fails," said Lily. "But why do you say that?"

"Because a little watering only cakes the earth round the plants, and makes matters worse than ever," said Sam. "Keep the earth as loose and soft round your plants as ever you can in dry weather."

"That's odd," said Lily. "I should think it would just let the heat in."

"It lets the air in, but the air brings moisture with it. And it leaves the roots at liberty to go every where in search of all the ground may contain."

"Ah, I think the ground must contain very little just now!" said Clover. "It seems as if all the water I put on my plants at night was just drunk up by the rest of the earth before morning."

It did seem so, indeed. However, the children took good care of their corner of sweet herbs in that dry time; and Mr. May ordered Robin to draw and carry to the little gardens as much water as they would put on; so you may be certain the three watering-pots were not idle. Lily, to be sure, made a good deal of splashing with hers, and sometimes had more mud (for a while) than she cared for; the holes in the rose of her watering-pot were so large. Often, too, she quite washed away the earth from some of her flower-roots, and had to coax it back carefully with her trowel; though still the plants took thankfully even too much of a good thing. But Clover's garden at sundown, when she had done watering for the night, looked as if there had been a gentle, thorough shower from the clouds; for with her long-nosed watering-pot she could reach even the tops of her plants; now and then Sam borrowed it to give Prim's tall flowers a shower bath. But both plants and children were very glad when the weather changed and there came a rain. And how the plants grew then! how the blossoms opened, one kind after another! Prim's heart's-ease were the loveliest things that could be; and of ever so many kinds; and though just in the heat of the weather (for heart's-ease does not bear the sun) the flowers were rather small, yet as the cool days came on they grew larger and larger, till they were a wonder to look at. There was the King of the Blacks—a great black purple pansy with a small yellow eye; and another pansy that was bright yellow, and another that was pale yellow, and another that was yellow, with crimson marks. Another was all royal purple, and another purple and gold, and another purple and blue, and another crimson and white. Almost every plant as it came into bloom seemed to be of new colors or markings; and Prim would come running into the breakfast-room with a breathless

"Oh, mamma, there's *another* heart's-ease out! Won't you just come and see it?"

Then when the snow-white œnothera began to open its large flowers every evening, there was no end to the joy. Jack declared Prim's eyes grew as big as her primrose blossoms.

Clover, too, could boast of beauties; the balsams, with spotted blossoms, as double as any rose; and tall showy zinnias; and the rich crimson tassels drooping till they touched the ground of love-lies-bleeding. Stocks promised to make a fine show by-and-by; and the fence, quite covered with hyacinth beans and canary-bird vine, looked almost like a green bank, spotted with purple and yellow.

Lily's garden was, to say truth, a little wild: things had been planted without much thought about such trifles as color and height, and some of her flowers had reason to think themselves badly treated. For instance, the little dwarf convolvulus was planted so far back in the bed that, without stepping in among the flowers, it was hard to see its delicate trailing colors. On the other hand, the hollyhocks were so near the front that their broad and somewhat coarse green leaves stretched out even across the walk. Petunias were every where—Lily had set them out wherever she could find a bit of room—and they roamed hither and thither, ran over the delicate little scarlet flax (which was a real beauty), and climbed quite over the head of Lily's small rose-bush. But then they did furnish a great many flowers—pink, and purple, and white-throated, and white-edged. Lily was loud in her praises, and, in fact, seemed to have almost adopted Mr. Jarvis's maxim of "Quantity—quantity," and actually said that the flax was pretty—what there was of it. The hollyhocks were not in bloom yet, and the asters were mere green tufts; but the pinks were exquisite, and the canna spread out its broad pale leaves with quite the air of a distinguished foreigner.

"The three gardens are as like the three children as possible!" Mr. May declared.

"How?" said his wife, smiling.

"Excellent, brilliant, and poetical," said Mr. May.

"I am sure Clover's is brilliant too," said Mrs. May.

"Yes, but in a way so perfectly orderly and neat that the lady-like qualities strike you first. Look at Lily's petunias, running wild, after a most brilliant fashion! And there's my little Prim dreaming over her pansies! This gardening is a great business."

Nothing had been heard of little Dick Nobody's garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to see it she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by and the showers had come to make every thing fresh, Sam proposed they should take a walk that way and see Dick's balsams.

"We'll see if they look like yours, Clover," he said.

"Has Dick got any heart's-ease, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"I think not."

"Then I'd better take him some," said Prim, with a very grave face.

"But you'll kill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they're all full of flowers," said Clover; "or at least kill the flowers."

"It's only the flowers I mean to take," replied Primrose, as gravely as before. "I will take Dick a bunch of 'em."

"What's that for?" said Sam, putting his hands under her chin, and bringing the little sober face into view.

"Because," said Prim, "I've been thinking about it a great deal—about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart's-ease I shouldn't like to say I'd never given Dick one."

"Oh, if that's all," said Lily, "I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do 'em good too—they want cutting."

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparing hand, Primrose crouched down by her patch of heart's-ease, carefully culling one of each shade and tint that she could find, putting them lovingly together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

"Exquisite!" said Sam, watching her. Prim looked up and smiled.

"Dear me! how splendid!" said Lily, running up with her hands full of petunias; "but just look at these! What will you take, Clover?"

"I think—I shall not take any thing," said Clover, slowly.

"Nothing! out of all your garden!" said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

"I'm not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of my flowers," she said, in a low voice. "Maybe I can find—" And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half open rose-bud, which she quietly put in Prim's hand, to go with the heart's-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden—he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him now that he had flowers to show. He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures.

Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose to see the very same flowers in Dick's garden that there were in Clover's. The beautiful camellia-flowered balsams, and the graceful amaranthus, and the showy zinnias. Even a canary-bird vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

"But where did you get them all?" cried Lily.

"A lady," said Dick. "She's a good one, and that's all I know."

"Where does she live?" inquired Sam.

"Don't know, Sir," said Dick. "Nobody didn't tell me that. Man that fetched 'em—that's the seeds and the little green things—he said, says he, 'These be out of the young lady's own garden,' says he."

"A young lady!" said Lily. "Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she's got such *loads* of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of 'em, and all."

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road. And when Sam looked at her, he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep from laughing. It must have pleased him—Clover's face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something; for the first thing *he* did, when they were all outside the gate, was to put his arms round Clover and give her a good hearty kiss.

Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting kiss, Prim said:

"Mamma, I don't think God will ever ask Clover what *she's* done with her flowers."

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Because," answered Primrose, sedately, "I think He told her what to do with 'em—and I think she's done it!"

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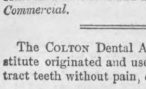
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

CONTENTS:

THE CIDER MILL.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—New England Valley.—The Cider Mill.—Pouring out Apples.—Sucking Cider.

THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
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THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.

VENICE.
With an Illustration.

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AMONG RELATIONS.

MY SISTER MARCIA.

PICKED UP AT SEA.

SISTERS.

THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.

THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.

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THE SWEETEST DAYS.

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STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these many profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperags, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

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To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey St., N. Y.:*

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very great satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but order in advance. Send C. O. D.

Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	$20 00
16 lbs. Imperial	at 1 25	20 00
10 lbs. Gunpowder	at 1 25	12 50
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25	6 25
5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25	6 25
Total		$65 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

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Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

100,000

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Yours respectfully,
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BECAUSE they cure *indigestion*, and impart unwonted vigor to the *stomach.*

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BECAUSE they *strengthen the nerves*, clear the brain, and cheer the animal spirits.

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BECAUSE they are a specific against Ague and Fever and all intermittents, and with all their potency as a preservative and a remedy, are as *harmless as water from the mountain spring.*

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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Will positively take place at the Wabash Avenue Rink, Chicago, Illinois, on Saturday, November 17, 1866, *or money refunded;* on which time HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES, including $100,000 in GREENBACKS, will be presented to ticket-holders.
A CARD.—We announced that the North American Prize Concert would be given on the 28th of September; but the time set has been found to be too short to complete a work of such gigantic magnitude; and in justice to ticket-holders we have extended the time of drawing to the 17th of November, 1866, at which time it will positively take place. For fifteen years we have been engaged in the gift business, and we point with pride to the reputation we have won for honesty and integrity. Many of the prominent citizens in Chicago will bear us out in the statement that we never have made any promises to the public which we have not sacredly fulfilled. In spite of all opposition, and in spite of every obstacle, we *still live*, and shall prove to the public that the *North American Prize Concert* will be given at the time advertised, and all the prizes advertised will be distributed *fairly, impartially,* and *without reserve.*
WE ADVISE ALL PARTIES WANTING TICKETS TO SEND FOR THEM AT ONCE, AS THE BOOKS WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, 1866, AND THE DRAWING WILL THEN COMMENCE.
Number of Tickets issued, 500,000. Price, One Dollar each.
EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.
The drawing will take place, after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to take charge of the same.
All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the drawing as soon as published.
Tickets are for sale at the principal news agencies, hotels, and book stores, and at our office, 105 Randolph Street. Price of tickets, $1 each. Send by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.
Great Great inducements are offered to agents, who are wanted every where. Write for our terms at once. Send reference with application.
SPECIAL TERMS, OR CLUB RATES.
5 tickets to one address for $4 50 | 20 tickets to one address for $17 50 | 40 tickets to one address for $35 00
10 " " " 9 00 | 30 " " " 25 50 | 50 " " " 43 50
In every case send the name of each subscriber and their post-office address. Money by drafts, P. O. order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
References.—Tappin, M'Kellop & Co., Commercial Agency, Chicago: Lot C. Whitford, Wholesale Paper Dealer, Chicago; John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia; James L. Harlem & Co., Importers, New York; Van Valkenbergh & Co., Importers, New York; S. B. Cobb, Chicago; Crosby & Ainsworth, Publishers, Boston; Sheldon & Co., Publishers, New York.
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of the *Review*, is the most vigorous, shrewd, and able assault yet made upon our civic iniquity. The dangers of that iniquity are so plain and appalling that no man can doubt the truth of the closing words of the writer: "The thieves must be driven out, if it costs a bloody war; and it will cost a bloody war if they are not." Nor is it at this moment the least startling of the facts of the case that Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, a Copperhead during the war, is the present candidate of this shameless "Ring" for Governor of New York.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE AMENDMENT.

WE observe that many of the Southern papers are very urgent that the Amendment shall not be adopted. Governor HUMPHREYS of Mississippi speaks of it as an insult, and Mr. WADE HAMPTON declaims upon the duty of the North to conform to the terms upon which the rebel armies surrendered. All of them talk of the section of the country in which they live as their "country," and wish us to understand that they will never submit to indignities, and will die with dignity in the last ditch before they will acquiesce in the Amendment.

Now let us be as frank as these gentlemen. If there were any thing which seemed harsh or unjust in the Amendment we should at once concede that it ought not to be adopted. But they will strive in vain who undertake to prove that it is not magnanimous to take the most legitimate and reasonable security for the future, or that it is unjust upon one side to insist, or upon the other to allow, that the basis of national representation shall not be increased by those whom the States disfranchise. The question at issue is not of sides, or terms, or parties, or sections, it is simply of the existence and security of the nation. When Mr. WADE HAMPTON tells us, of an unsuccessful and utterly causeless and cruel effort to destroy this nation, that all is lost but honor, what idea of honor can he be supposed to entertain, and how is it possible for him to conceive the amused contempt with which honorable men listen to his words?

The adoption of the Amendment is regarded by the loyal people of the country as essential to the national security. It is repudiated by the late rebels as insulting and dishonorable. If, then, it becomes a point of tenacity, which party is more likely to yield? There is nothing said at the South about rejecting the Amendment which is comparable in fury to what was incessantly said and reiterated during the war about never surrendering. But those who said it most stoutly and most sincerely, and those who believed them, have seen the result. The last ditch was nothing but the consciousness that further fighting was useless. And has the war thrown no light upon the quality of Northern tenacity? Do the elections leave the Northern determination doubtful? Do the late rebels and their friends still suppose that the stale threat of staying out forever rather than assent to the Amendment has any other effect than to fortify impregnably the resolution of the people?

The editors and orators of the Southern States forget that it is not the country of fifteen, or even of six and seven years ago, with which they have to deal. They forget that those who, affecting to be their friends and to know Northern sentiment, urge them to oppose and reject the Amendment are utterly scorned by the controlling masses and opinion of the loyal States, and are wholly powerless to stem the great flood of popular conviction and purpose. They should remember that assent is required to the Amendment not as an arbitrary condition upon which the unrepresented States may be restored, but as a measure of essential justice and national welfare. It is a mild and moderate proposition which assumes a certain state of feeling in the Southern States. If that assumption proves to be mistaken, another policy will become just as certainly the necessity of the situation, and it will be just as universally supported as the present. The paramount right of the nation is to secure its existence, and it will do it just as decisively in legislation as it did in war. It is an incalculable misfortune for the true interest of our fellow-citizens at the South that the action of the Government and the real public opinion of the country are misinterpreted to them by such intolerable gasconade as the speech of WADE HAMPTON and the Message of Governor HUMPHREYS.

ABUSES OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

THERE are certain abuses in the conduct of our railroads which have been brought into recent notice by the tragical death of Mr. DWIGHT, and which the people ought not to tolerate any longer. The trains ought never to be moved without due and sharp warning, and a careful observation of the proper officers that there is no evident risk; and railroad companies should be restrained by law from locking any car when there are passengers in it. In the station at Jersey City Mr. DWIGHT, an old gentleman of seventy, was thrown from the train, which moved without sufficient warning, and his daughter, being locked into a car, was brutally insulted by the conductor, and finally put out upon the track at her request, and, with her child, made the best of her way back to her father, who on the next day died of his injuries.

Upon all railroads there are among the officers with whom the passengers are thrown many truly kind and thoughtful persons whom we remember with pleasure, and who would certainly agree with us that from very many others passengers are subjected to the most surly and even insolent treatment. If questions are answered at all by these gentry, it is with a mixture of surprise at the audacity of the questioner, and of contempt for his insignificance which is not encouraging to the further pursuit of knowledge upon such terms. The arrival of baggage they resent as a personal indignity, and they wreak their vengeance in a manner of which the trunks of every traveler are fatal witnesses. Indeed the experienced traveler has learned by experience to avoid all intercourse with the persons of whom we speak, so far as avoidance is practicable.

And why are drunken men permitted to travel in the cars with decent people? Whoever travels much by rail is sure frequently to find himself sitting near a man who whistles, sings, shouts, and threatens in the madness of drink. Scores of times we have ourselves seen a conductor pass such an offender with a half-confused half-ashamed smile, as if he knew that it was a rank offense, but that he had no remedy. Why has he no remedy? Why do not the New Jersey Railroad Company, and the New Haven Company, and Mr. VANDERBILT, who is the Hudson and Harlem Company, strictly order their conductors to stop any train at a proper place and put out the drunkard, or secure him in some fit solitude upon the train? Or why do the passengers, gentlemen with their wives or mothers or daughters, submit to it? Why do they not demand that the conductor shall remove the sinner? Is not a fair share of our reputed national good-humor merely pusillanimity?

For the remedy is in the hands of the travelers. The trains will be clean, orderly, and safe, if the passengers insist that they shall be. Officers of every grade will cultivate good manners if their ill-manners are publicly exposed. There is no sanitary purifier like the sun, and the sun of publicity will purify many of the serious annoyances to which railway passengers are now exposed. Nothing is more for the interest of the companies and of the various assistants than the friendly feeling which springs from pleasant manners. They cost nothing, says the proverb; but they bring in a great deal.

Yet locking cars and starting without the sound of bell or steam or voice are offenses of which the law should take cognizance. If companies and conductors know that heavy damages must be paid for immuring passengers or for exposing them to the consequences of unwarned jerks and starts, they will be as careful to avoid them as they now are to obey the Connecticut law, which stops every train before crossing a draw-bridge. The improvements of railway travel are very few and very slow; but the sad death of Mr. DWIGHT warns every man how foolish a risk the railroad companies make him run.

A FIRE ON THE "PLYMOUTH ROCK."

WE have as yet seen no published account of an incident which might have had the most lamentable consequences, and which was apparently the result of a negligence which should be exposed.

A passenger by the *Plymouth Rock* steamer from Stonington, upon one of her late trips, was aroused at about two o'clock in the morning by a cry of fire, and saw that his state-room was crimson with the light. He sprang up, and opening his door he saw the flames rising from the floor of the saloon as if they had burned through from below. At the same time another passenger, who had given the alarm, came from his state-room with all the bedding from his berth, to which our informant added his, and the two gentlemen succeeded in smothering the flame before the rest of the passengers had assembled. But the cry had gone through the steamer, and as the saloon was full of thick smoke, and it could not be known that the fire was stopped, the alarm and agitation were very great. Gradually, however, it was understood that the danger had passed, and the passengers slowly retired.

The gentlemen who discovered the fire were, of course, ignorant of its origin until a kerosene lamp was taken out from under the bed-clothes which had been thrown upon the flame. One of the gentlemen had heard a fall, and upon looking out, discovered the fire; so that the conclusion was inevitable that it had been caused by the fall and explosion or merely the emptying of the lamp upon the floor. It seems most probable that some one had been reading at a late hour in the saloon by the light of a kerosene lamp which had been left upon the table, and the jar of the machinery had moved the marble pedestal of the lamp along the marble surface of the table until it fell from the edge. The sound of the fall was fortunately heard, and by the good sense and activity of the two gentlemen the steamer and how many lives were saved!

Is it the habit of the Sound steamers to supply kerosene lamps to midnight readers? Is it the custom of the watchman in the saloon to drop asleep, or is there no watchman? Do these or other steamers often take fire or escape mortal peril without any general knowledge of the fact? These and other equally interesting questions naturally suggest themselves to the reflecting reader. There seems in this instance to have been culpable carelessness somewhere, and it is very clear that the police of the steamer might be improved. We might add, also, for the information of the benevolent passenger who nimbly brought a pail of water and emptied it upon the legs and feet of the gentlemen who were extinguishing the fire, that water only spreads burning kerosene without extinguishing it. Of course he could not know at the time that the fire was caused by kerosene, and he will certainly take our suggestion kindly.

One obvious moral of the tale is, that when passengers are ready to go to bed upon the Sound steamers they should glance at the marble-topped tables in the saloon, and see if any marble-bottomed kerosene lamps are dancing on them.

LITERARY.

THE November Number of *Harper's Magazine* completes the thirty-third volume, and the thirty-fourth opens upon a prosperity which is alike gratifying and remarkable. *Harper's* is truly the People's Magazine. It touches the popular interest and sympathy with constant skill, and it is an established domestic institution in thousands of households all over the land. The secret of its success is to be found partly in the careful variety of its articles, and the graphic and admirable illustrations which adorn them, but chiefly in the editorial sagacity which apprehends the popular taste so nicely that, after its long career, the *Monthly* enters with unflagging freshness upon its new volume. This popularity is an agreeable and significant illustration of American character. For the Magazine which is thus foremost in public regard is of a quality which no other such periodical in the world rivals. Among the promises of the new volume is a tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, the author of the remarkable novel, "Inside," lately published by the HARPERS. It is called "The Virginian in Texas," and will be, like "Inside," the work of one who thoroughly understands the life of which he writes, and whose power and skill in narration are established. The papers of picturesque travel, of natural history, of popular scientific research, with all the pleasant literary miscellany of story, poetry, biography, and humor, will be continued; and the new friends and readers of *Harper* will understand why its old friends and readers never tire of their cheerful and instructive monthly visitor.

The HARPERS have published a new and convenient library edition of "Felix Holt, the Radical," which will enable all those who place "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" among the best novels upon their shelves and tables to give them a uniform companion. The popularity of this novel is very great. It has been strictly the novel of the year, both in England and this country, and has a peculiar interest for us at this time, when the electoral question, which was the great debate of England in the time of Felix Holt, is engaging every intelligent mind in this country.

"An American Family in Germany," by J. Ross BROWNE, is a volume of humorous descriptive sketches just issued by the HARPERS, which are not amusing merely, but have a great deal of shrewd observation and mother-wit. Mr. BROWNE is known for a vein of peculiar humor, which has found much of its subject in the extreme frontier life of this country; but his "Yusef"—a book of Eastern travel—is perhaps the work by which he is most generally known, except to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who know him as one of the most entertaining *raconteurs* of life at the mines. The present volume contains observations in Germany, a "Whirl through Algeria," and "Visit to the Saltmines of Wieliczka," and is illustrated by the author's graphic and lively pencil. His criticisms upon life in Germany are unique and original, and the reader may be very sure that he will find nothing stale or wearisome in Mr. BROWNE's pages. "I have here given my experiences of life and character," he says, "warning you that they were picked up in a reckless, harum-scarum way, as the vagabond who lies down in a haystack or a stubble-field to pass the night picks up the husks, burrs, and seeds that happen to stick to his coat." But we warn the reader not to take the author at his word, or in throwing away what is called chaff he will reject plump wheat.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

THE Mississippi Legislature met October 16. Governor Humphreys delivered his message at the opening of the session. The Governor said in regard to the Constitutional Amendment:

"Though our voice can not be heard nor our rights respected in the adjustment of our federal relations, many questions present themselves for our consideration and action as citizens of the State that may affect our condition as citizens in the Union. Prominent among them is the amendment proposed by Congress as No. 14, which, at the request of the honorable Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, I herewith report for your action. This amendment, adopted by a Congress of less than three-fourths of the States of the Union, in palpable violation of the rights of more than one-fourth of the States, is such an insulting outrage and denial of the equal rights of so many of our worthiest citizens who have shed lustre and glory upon our section and our race, both in the forum and in the field, such a gross usurpation of the rights of the State, and such a centralization of power in the Federal Government, that I presume a mere reading of it would cause its rejection by you."

The Governor also opposed the Civil Rights bill, on the ground that it conflicted with State law. He added: "While the Civil Rights bill can not be received as a rule for our guidance, the interests of the white race will be subserved by the relaxation of the rigidity of our laws, which, in order to guard society against threatening evils, was rendered necessary. Public justice to both races demands the admission of negro testimony in all cases brought before the civil and criminal courts. Now that the negro has shown a confiding and friendly disposition toward the white race, and a desire to engage in the pursuits of honest labor, justice and honor demand of us full protection to his person and property, real and personal. Firearms are not essential to his protection of property or his happiness, and society should be guarded by requiring him to procure a license to carry them—a privilege he can always secure where his character for good-conduct and honesty is known."

DEATH OF JOHN VAN BUREN.

The arrival of the *Scotia*, on October 16, brought the intelligence of the death of John Van Buren, the son of President Martin Van Buren. He took passage on the *Scotia* for this country against the advice of his physicians, and died October 13, three days before the steamer's arrival. He had intended to take a prominent part in the political campaign in this State.

John Van Buren was born at Hudson in 1810; graduated at Yale in 1830, and has been for twenty-five years prominent before the public as a lawyer and a politician. In 1845 he was appointed Attorney-General of New York State by the Legislature. He has always acted with the Democratic party.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Republican majority in Iowa is estimated at from 40,000 to 45,000.

The Texas House of Representatives has rejected the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 67 to 5.

Hon. Charles Sumner was married in Boston, October 17, to Mrs. Alice Hooper, daughter of Jonathan Mason, Esq., of that city. The nuptial ceremonies were performed by Bishop Eastburn.

Mr. George Peabody has given $150,000 to found and maintain a Museum and Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology in connection with Harvard University. He has also donated $100,000 to Yale College, to establish a Museum of Natural History.

On the 22d of October a base-ball match was played at Philadelphia between the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia, the latter club gaining the victory by a score of 27 against 12.

Since the fire at Portland on July 4, there have been between six and seven hundred buildings erected, including fifteen three-story brick and granite blocks, containing in all twenty-four stores. The total contributions received by Mayor Stevens of Portland for the relief of the sufferers by the fire lack but $12,000 of half a million.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 19:

(FLORENCE.)—The cession of the Province of Venetia to the Italian Government was fully completed to-day.

(BERLIN.)—Rumors are afloat that the Prusso-Saxon Military Convention have agreed on a basis of a common occupation of Saxony.

(PARIS.)—The French statesman, M. Thouvenel, died to-day.

October 22:

(MADRID.)—Spain has announced her intention to uphold the temporal power of the Pope after the French forces leave Rome.

(HAMBURG.)—The United States iron-clad *Miantonomoh* and the other vessels of the American fleet are at Hamburg.

(BERLIN.)—The Prusso-Saxon treaty of peace was finally signed to-day.

(FLORENCE.)—The plebescitum of Venetia has resulted in nearly a unanimous vote for union with Italy.

(VIENNA.)—A steamer will sail from Trieste for Mexico forthwith by express order of the Emperor Francis Joseph. [May not this be confirmatory of the rumor that the Empress Carlotta is afflicted with insanity?—ED.]

HURRICANE AT THE BAHAMAS.

The results of the late hurricane at the Bahama Islands are thus portrayed by Lieutenant-Commander William Gibson, commanding the United States steamer *Tahoma:* "The centre of the hurricane passed over the Island of New Providence on the 1st inst., and the scene of wreck and devastation is marvelous and very sad to see. More than half of Nassau is in ruins. Most of the houses are unroofed; many blown to pieces; and some moved bodily from their foundations into the streets. Churches, warehouses, and other buildings of solid stone are shattered as if by a bombardment. The trees are destroyed, leaf and branch, as if by a conflagration. Nearly every vessel and boat is sunk or swept high and dry. On the outer islands the destruction of property and the consequent suffering is said to be dreadful. The important light at the "Hole in the Wall" is not burning. The harbor light here is only a temporary lantern. The lights on the Stirrup Key, on the Great Isaacs, and on the Gun Key are reported to be uninjured, though the tower on the first-named is crooked. Judging from the dismantled and otherwise distressed vessels that we have seen, both at sea and in this port, the chapter of casualties from this hurricane will not be a brief one."

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have dates from Rio Janeiro to the 25th, and from Buenos Ayres to the 12th ult. The Brazilian fleet in the Paraguay had suffered a severe loss in the blowing up by a torpedo of the fine iron-clad *Rio Janeiro*, and with her a small mortar-boat. This happened in the bombardment of a fort near Curupaiti. Nearly all the crew of the iron-clad perished. There are conflicting stories of a heavy battle on the lines around Curupaiti—one account saying that the Brazilians captured a strong fort, but at the great sacrifice of more than a thousand men; the other story discredits the affair altogether. Brazil is preparing to send 10,000 more men to the Plate; and a call has been made by President Mitre for 3000 more in provincial contingents.

TREATY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

A Florence dispatch says the following are the principal conditions of the treaty of peace, signed October 3: The mutual exchange of all prisoners of war; Austria consents to the union of Venetia with Italy; the frontiers to be ceded to Italy are those which constituted the administration distinct of Venetia while under the Austrian dominion; the amount of the debt assumed by Italy is 35,000,000 florins. The Venetians residing in Austria are to have the right of preserving their Austrian nationality. All objects of art, as well as the excusives belonging to Venetia, will be restored without exception. The iron crown of Lombardy will also be given up to Italy. Another provision of the treaty stipulates for the restitution of the private property belonging to the Italian Ex-princes, which has been sequestered by the Italian Government, with the reservation of the rights of the State, or one-third. A complete amnesty will be accorded by both Austria and Italy to all persons condemned for political offenses, to deserters from either army, and to persons compromised by their political conduct.

THE CANDIAN INSURRECTION.

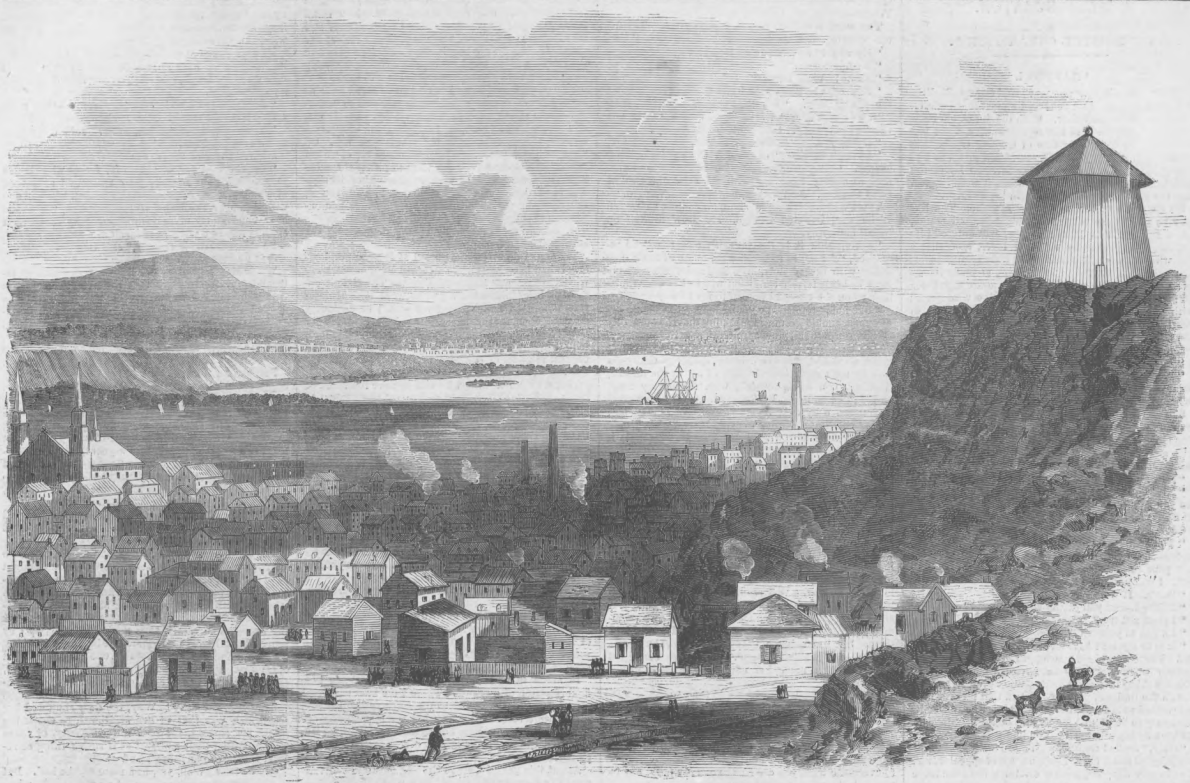
The Candian insurrection is said to be less formidable, and there are rumors that the insurgents offer to negotiate. There were 30,000 Turkish troops in Epirus and Thessaly.

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VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOR OF QUEBEC FROM MONTMORENCY RIVER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN, MONTREAL.]

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC—VIEW OF THE RUINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. A. LEGGO & CO., QUEBEC.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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ST. ROCH, QUEBEC—THE PORTION OF THE CITY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—SKETCHED BY C. D. SHANLY.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THERE are no particular novelties in fashion at the present moment in Paris. One would have to seek for them at Biarritz, where all the beau-monde are now congregated. The most striking toilet we have recently seen was a robe of light gray taffeta, with a train of moderate length, made without gathers in the front and trimmed at the bottom with a silk fringe. A large "biais" of gray satin, in the centre of which was an entre-deux of white cluny, ran down the entire front of the robe, half-way down each side of which was a similar ornament. A small Figaro vest, cut out at the bottom in squares and trimmed at the shoulders and cuffs with gray satin and white cluny, supplied the place of a corsage. The belt, which fastened behind, was of gray satin, and also trimmed with cluny. This robe was worn with a chemisette of plain white crape, with a frill of very fine cluny round the neck. Another toilet worthy of mention consisted of a robe of black foulard, cut round the bottom into large vandykes and lying flat upon a jupe of scarlet cashmere, except at the sides, where it was caught up by two scarlet rosettes. The casaque, also of black foulard, was very short and trimmed with a narrow scarlet piping at the shoulders, the collar, and the cuffs, and with scarlet and black silk buttons. We may mention, as an example of a quiet evening dress, a robe of brown taffeta, with black satin stripes, with a long black sash tied behind. The corsage is made extremely low. With this dress a Spanish "basquine" of black lace, closed at the front with small rose-buds, is worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Robe of black taffeta, scolloped at the lower part and trimmed with small white balls; belt ornamented with jet beads. Under-jupe and sleeves of blue silk or cashmere. Chapeau Lamballe, encircled with small gold coins, with similar coins attached to a chain of white lace, which falls beneath the chin.

Fig. 2. Robe of silver-gray mohair, trimmed at the lower part with cerise-colored ribbon, above which is a narrow row of black guipure. Cassaque of the same color and material as the robe, and trimmed to correspond. Cream-colored glazed sailor's hat, also trimmed with cerise-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. Robe of black moire antique. Paletot of black cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments and with a fringe of the same. Chapeau Lamballe of lemon-colored tulle, trimmed with flowers and violet-colored ribbon.

Fig. 4. Robe and casaque of striped foulard, trimmed with black and white galloon. The jupe of white cambric, with broad plaits. Straw-hat, encircled with a garland of flowers.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

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A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"THEN, then, is your answer?" said George Gosling, in a voice that emotion rendered almost inarticulate.

George was twenty-four. With the famed old baronetcy of which he was the representative, there had descended to him the estate of Gosling Graize, and sixteen thousand a year. These, with himself, he had placed at the disposition of Miss Mildred Mulcaster, and, from the tone of his observation, it would appear that the young lady had decided in his disfavor.

Sir George had been taken by surprise. The like may be said of the ingenuous, single-hearted reader, when apprised that Miss Mulcaster had entered into deliberate engagements with her lover, accepting a betrothal ring, supplemented with gifts innumerable; had written to, or received from him, as many letters as an ordinary postman of these degenerate days could lift; had polked, deux-tempsed, and otherwise circled with him at least one hundred and fifty miles; had, in effect, deported herself on all, or most occasions (for she was wayward and given to teasing), as an engaged young person should.

"This, then, is your answer?"

"Yes. Take it," said Miss Mulcaster; "and," extending her white hands, "as they say in melodramas, *be* happy."

She was laughing. But George had not studied the map of that fair face three anxious years for nothing. The laugh was a disguise. Therefore, though stricken with a miserable apprehension, he hesitated for an instant to accept his fate.

"But, Mildred—"

"Miss Mulcaster—Sir George Gosling," interrupted the young lady, as though reintroducing those parties on a new footing.

George resumed:

"You will, you must, forgive me, Mil—Miss Mulcaster—if, for the moment, I can not successfully imitate your self-possession. It is a great gift. I envy you. I will not ask—"

"Don't. It would be useless."

"Mildred—can you justify this conduct?"

"I shall not try."

"I mean to yourself?"

"It is to myself I have already appealed—my calmer self. Flattered at being at length consulted, that extremely sensible and discreet adviser frankly declares that the thing is impracticable—was never, in reality, within the limits of possibility—and that its ever having seemed so is a weakness on my—my common self's part, only to be atoned for by an instant dismissal of the idea by my other self. You understand?"

"Only," replied George, with a sad smile, "that the complicated machinery of such a court of appeal would, if generally adopted, greatly diminish the confidence we delight to repose in every act and word of those we love. Ah, Mildred—there, forgive me—we are creatures of habit; is it only now that you have deemed it worth the pains to inquire, of one or both these differing selves, what were your real feelings toward me? *Now?*"

"No. I knew them. They have never changed," said Mildred, slightly flushing.

"How! Not changed? And our union impossible?"

"Quite. I abandon it, taking every consequence."

"And your words—your professions—"

"Go—as bets do—with the stakes!" laughed the young beauty, recklessly. But the still augmenting color entered a sufficing protest against this assumption of indifference.

"And—and those presents?" stammered George.

"Await your disposal, Sir."

She pointed haughtily to a side-table, absolutely laden with articles of the costliest kind.

"Good Heavens!" said the young man, "*that* was not my meaning. I appealed to these things but as witnesses of the position in which we stood to one another. Your acceptance alone gave them value. At least, spare me the pain of looking upon what you approved—accepted—have used, and worn. Bestow them upon whom you will, destroy them, do any thing but fill my rejected hand with my gifts, alike deemed worthless."

"I am too easily entreated, much too easily," said Miss Mildred, looking so exquisitely beautiful that poor George's heart thrilled with a wild despair. "But, on certain conditions, I may grant you this one thing. Do you hear, Sir? It must be distinctly provided and understood that, neither by look, word, nor deed, will you ever recur to the position we have lately held to one another. Do you agree?"

"I am at your mercy. But—"

"Now, remember, I never threaten. I act," said the imperious young lady. "The coolest footing of ordinary acquaintance. Think of me, when you *must* think (and don't say I didn't frankly warn you against doing so at at all), no worse than circumstances seem to demand, for, somehow, I would like to retain the—the fringe—the hem, though somewhat frayed—of your good opinion—honest simple garment as it was! And now, Sir George Gosling, as I believe I have already remarked, farewell! Be happy."

She rose, with a company-air, to which George would have preferred a stab, and seemed expecting him to leave her. But the young man still hesitated. The enigma was yet unsolved.

"Miss Mulcaster," he said, very calmly, "I have bowed to your decision, and to the utmost of my ability I will observe your somewhat difficult conditions. I put aside all pretense of a *right* to question you, and, only as a matter of further generosity on your part, do I entreat of you to furnish me with some clew to the fault—the misadventure—I know not how to term it—that has produced this change. You see I do not plead for a reversal of the sentence, I do but inquire its provocation."

Mildred looked sorrowfully at the imploring face of her young lover.

"You ask what you have done? Nothing."

"Nothing? No fault?"

"None—of your own."

"What, then, can you mean?"

"The errors of one generation," said the young lady, gravely, "are frequently adopted by its successors. So far, Sir George, you can not be held guiltless, and must, at all events, bear the penalty, like others of your name."

"My ancestors have not, I believe, been wholly undistinguished," replied the young man, with quiet dignity. "True, in the course of a descent of more than twenty generations, *some* unworthy deed may have cast a temporary stain on our escutcheon, but—"

"The crime to which I refer," said Miss Mulcaster, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "has been transmitted—willfully and wittingly—from sire to son. Your n—n—"

The word was lost in a suffocating sob. Mildred was weeping without restraint.

"My *what*?" said her bewildered lover.

"N—na—name!"

"Name! What name?"

"Nonsense! You know I like G—George," sobbed the young lady. "It's the—oth—the other. How your e—eldest ancestor could have c—come by it, is a m—mys—mystery. Stupid old b—b—booby!"

"Booby!" repeated George, aghast.

"Enough of this!" exclaimed the spirited young beauty. "No power on earth would induce me to appear in society burdened with the style and title of Lady Gosling. And that is the secret you wanted."

There was something in her manner that, enamored as he was, irritated George. He drew himself up rather haughtily.

"Seeing that it is the prevailing custom," he remarked, "for ladies to assume the name of those they honor with their hands, Miss Mulcaster must surely have had this terrific condition within her contemplation when she engaged herself to my unworthy self."

"She had," replied the young lady, "she had, however, reasonable grounds for hoping that the absurdity which, you yourself must admit, attaches to your name, might be softened—either by returning to what, I make no doubt, was the original spelling—Gausselin—or by the simple introduction of a *t* in the middle, Gostling, you know—which, with the *o* very long, wouldn't be so bad. Both these hints were suggested to you—once by dear mamma, once by Louey—but, except eliciting a display of temper for which, I dare say, you were afterward sorry (if you were not, it wasn't *my* fault), the remonstrance had no effect."

"Fancy remonstrating with a man on the name his fathers have borne for six centuries!" said George. "I should have been greatly to blame if I had allowed you for one moment to believe that I could comply with either of your ingenious schemes for the amelioration of my patronymic. Still, Miss Mulcaster permitted her engagement to continue."

"She did. (It's a capital idea of yours, that of speaking in the third person, as if I were at the antipodes.) Miss Mulcaster, Sir, acted as you describe. She was, in some respects, a very remarkable woman—possessing considerable strength of mind, and a singular persistence in purpose. She fought with her own prejudices, and imagined, at one time, she had overcome them. She liked—she honored—nay, well, she *loved*—the bearer of a hideous name. But, under the actual burden of that name, her nature would have pined, succumbed."

"Enough, Miss Mulcaster," said the young baronet, thoroughly roused. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning."

"I am not jesting, Geo—Sir George"—(and the young lady became suddenly grave). "Do not leave me under a false impression. I did strive—strive honestly—to overcome what you are free to call my folly, but in vain. It is most unfortunate. Any other name I could have borne. But, so long as you remain a Gosling, George, I can not, will not, be your wife."

"You are aware that a change of name involves the loss of the estate; but, Mildred," added the young lover, "*if you* are content to be poor—"

"I am *not*," said Mildred, frankly.

"Can this be so? Neither share my poverty nor my name?"

"I have proved to you that I can not help myself," said Mildred. "I am a naughty, foolish girl, and should have no excuse, had I not, with all my might, combated this strange feeling. You are very good and generous, and, if I have pretended to treat the matter lightly, it was because I dared not approach it in a serious spirit. George, forgive me"—and the beautiful head, under the influence of one of Mildred's rare touches of feeling, stooped penitently forward—"all that I have said is true. Granted, I should have known my weakness sooner; but better late than *too* late." And she held out her hand.

"For pity's sake, reflect!" said George.

"That's nonsense," retorted Mildred, imperious to the last. "George, I tell you it is all over; shake hands, and go."

Sir George took the little cold white hand, adorned with one ring—a beautiful sapphire—his first gift (she had retained that), and held it wistfully for a moment. In one month it was to have been his own. He looked at it, dropped it as if it had given him a mortal sting, gazed once in Mildred's face, and left her.

As the young baronet rode down the lime avenue just beginning to be touched with the first tints of autumn, he felt as if the summer of his own life had departed too. He might live on this many a year, live to pardon the wrong he had sustained, live to marry some other than Mildred, perhaps to tell, in after-years—names suppressed—the warning story of his first youthful passion. But the first, the peerless flower of love, had been rudely stricken down ungathered; and there are hearts which, in such a case, disdain to produce another.

George reviewed the whole history of his blighted affection. He had known Mildred nearly twenty years—at all events, at their first interview, the young lady, clad in a white spencer, a frill, and a coral necklace, came, led by her nurse, to pass the day with his sister Clara. The intimacy increased. There were adventurous excursions upon a rocking-horse—an exceedingly restive animal, which Mildred would only consent to mount on condition that George restrained him firmly by the bit. There was a long-remembered gooseberry-raid, in which blood was shed and a frock severely compromised; likewise a long and fond inspection of that inexhaustible phenomenon, the golden fish; and, finally, a tip-toe visit to the extraordinary novelty of a chaffinch's nest, redeemed at a ransom of twopence from the gardener's boy.

Even at this early period the question of a matrimonial alliance had been apparently mooted, since George, rescuing his love from a gloomy dungeon of three chairs, escaped with her on the rocking-horse, the lady holding on with difficulty by the untrustworthy tail. Overtaken in a distant province of Tartary by a pursuing band composed of Clara Gosling the fugitives surrendered, but only on condition of being united on the spot, the ceremony being obligingly performed by the pursuer herself.

Upon the death of General Mulcaster his widow gave up her town-house, and, with her two children—Mildred being at that time thirteen, and Louisa ten—came to reside at The Haie, a pretty but not very extensive property, some five or six miles from Gosling Graize.

There was no talk now of little husbands and wives. Miss Mulcaster, aged thirteen, understood no ribald jesting with her dignity. With this young lady the process of spoiling—instituted by her father—had been carried out with such fidelity and success by her mother, that, but for the child's really generous and loving nature, she would have been the most intolerable little tyrant that ever ruled a household. Few could resist the spell of her marvelous beauty; fewer still the thousand witcheries the little despot had at her command. As for the household themselves, they had long been willing bond-slaves, the only strife among them being which should be the readier to obey.

It was, perhaps, sister Louey, bright and clever as her elder, and so pretty that, but for a sister so unfairly fair, *she* might have been the spoiled one—it was Louey alone who dared, on very great and critical occasions, to run counter to the sovereign's will. On some of these poor Louey—like other too-forward revolutionists—had been the victim of a cruel treachery. Her mother—her very mother—after instigating her by every species of argument to insurrection, would, if the movement failed, after a feeble demonstration of support, desert her ally, and, craven as she was, purchase immunity by openly denouncing the mutiny she had fomented!

There had occurred one period of intense perplexity. It had been hinted by a devoted band of real well-wishers—nay, was tacitly admitted at The Haie itself—that a brief interval of *school* between Miss Mulcaster's childhood and womanhood would be decidedly advantageous to the latter. But how to effect it? *School!* School for the indomitable Mildred—petted, willful idol, whom one and all had joined in placing beyond the pale of restraint or reproof of any kind! But for the heroic devotion of Louisa nothing would, perhaps, be done. She, who was to have remained at home, undertook not only to present the project to her sister's mind, but, in the event of success, to accompany her, as school-mate and general attendant, her duties being to dress, soothe, and comfort her, assist her with her lessons, take her punishments, if any, and generally abet and promote all such whims, fancies, and eccentricities as might be found compatible with scholastic life.

Louey's proposal elicited but little surprise. It was, every body felt, a natural thing, and merely fell to Louey, as it were, in the line of duty, no other slave being eligible for the office required. So, gravely kissing her mother, as though she were bound on some remote and perilous mission, Louisa sought her sister.

To the unspeakable amazement of the whole house Miss Mulcaster received the unexpected representation not only with clemency but with pleasure. She had been in search of a new idea. She was a little wearied of always having her own way. "School!" School was the very thing she had been wanting. (Louey assented.) When should they go? To-day?

In about three months Mrs. Mulcaster made her final selection of a school. There were but seven pupils, and the terms, owing to the carriage and ladies'-maids, were somewhat high; but the opportunity of two vacancies with Mrs. Lofthouse was not to be let slip, and thither, accordingly, the young ladies repaired.

About this period George Gosling quitted Eton and went to a German university; and, with the exception of a few weeks, during which he and Mildred did not meet, was not again in England until the decease of his father summoned him, at the age of twenty-two, to take possession of Gosling Graize and the oldest baronetcy in Britain.

Prepared as George was to find his little wife grown into a lovely woman, he was absolutely startled by her excessive beauty, and scarcely less so by the extraordinary facility with which she seemed to have acquired accomplishments not often perfected in an ordinary lifetime. Her governess, Mrs. Lofthouse, had managed, with excellent tact, to win the child's love and confidence from the outset, and, becoming warmly interested in the beautiful but undisciplined little genius that had come under her care, labored so successfully to develop her singular gifts that when, at the end of four years, the young lady, duly completed, made her entry into society, she at once carried it by storm.

George Gosling, returning to England just as Miss Mulcaster made her triumphant sally from the ambush of Mrs. Lofthouse's, hastily enrolled himself among her slaves, and, skillfully using the opportunities afforded at certain seasons by the vicinity of the country residences, soon distanced his many competitors, and became an affianced husband.

It was an unwise proceeding of the rejected lover, as he rode mournfully under the yellowing trees, to trace back this history. Before it was half finished his stolid resignation had melted quite away. "Not win her, after all? And who—*who*, then—" He looked round, as if to assure himself that he was not riding in a dream. Not so happy. There were the familiar paths and trees. He passed the famous larch-tree, pride of The Haie, one hundred and thirty feet from crest to root.

"Steadfast old boy!" said George, giving it an envious lash with his whip as he passed, "Quiet, jade," to his startled mare. "*Will* you dance? Ho, then, for a rattling gallop! Ho for a frantic leap! Going—going to be married!" he shouted, waving his hat in the air as his mare bounded forward. "But ho, the bride! Where's my bride? Hurrah, my ladies! Who will be Dame Gosling? Stay—I have it. I will have my fancies—my caprices, too. Home! home! And, as I am a living man, the first woman I speak with—marriageable and consenting—shall be my wife! I swear it—I swear it! Yes, by this living face of nature!" He pulled up, took off his hat, and turned his excited face to the sky. "And may my pledge, if broken, bear the penalty of a violated oath! I will ride home, and the first woman I meet shall be my wife. Conditioned always"—his heart gave a half-hopeful thrill—"that she will not relent. And, by Heaven, I will put that to the issue!"

The next moment he had wheeled his horse and was speeding toward The Haie. As fortune would have it, Mildred was coming out, flower-basket and scissors in hand. Gravity—a rare visitant—always became Mildred. She was grave now, and when, as George, dismounting and leading his horse, came to meet her she lifted up her violet eyes with not well-pleased astonishment, the young man thought he had never till that moment fully realized the true character of her loveliness.

"Returned?" she said, the smooth brow slightly contracting, but expanding again as she noticed his agitated face. "Heavens! what is the matter?"

"You ask that!" said George, bitterly. Then he added: "Miss Mulcaster, I have returned to tell you what I have already done in acquiescence with your decision. In losing you I lose all that constitutes the worth of human affection. Henceforth it is a matter of indifference to me what objects cross me or associate their interests with mine. So listen, you who for two years owned yourself my affianced wife. My heart, Mildred, recognizes no degrees of content. If you will not be my wife all women are the same to me. I have sworn, in the face of Heaven, that if you persist in this destruction of my hopes I will return by the way I came and take to wife the first woman I may see—no matter of what station—willing to accept what you have cast away."

Mildred gazed at him for a moment, as if considering whether he were in jest or not. Then she burst into a silvery laugh, and clapped her little hands like a pleased child.

"An excellent idea! George, George—what a romance it would make! May I tell mamma?"

"You do not believe me, then?" said the young man, with heightened color.

Mildred's manner changed:

"Believe that you would so far forget what is due to yourself, your friends, your renowned ancestors, of whom you are so proud—believe that, had you actually formed a resolution so preposterous, you would have been guilty of the additional folly of using it against me, as a weapon of insult and menace?"

"Farewell, Miss Mulcaster," said George.

And he rode away.

When Mrs. Mulcaster and her younger daughter returned from their drive they perceived at a glance that something had ruffled the tranquillity of the spoiled sovereign; and, by dint of respectful cross-examination, at length elicited the startling truth. George was dismissed! George—the old playmate, friend, accepted suitor, betrothed husband—banished to the Siberia of distant civility, without hope of recall.

Perhaps for the first time in her life Mrs. Mulcaster experienced a burning desire to box her darling's ears. The latter had never been at the pains to conceal her aversion to George's unlucky name, but none dreamed that it was so deeply rooted. Sacrifice an amiable, honorable man, whom she unquestionably liked (not to mention sixteen thousand a year!), for a name—a word! Dismiss the familiar George into the region of ordinary acquaintance—perhaps alienate him altogether—perhaps goad him into some foolish alliance, such as, in his passion, he had hinted at!

"Child! child!" cried Mrs. Mulcaster, breaking all allegiance, and wringing her hands in despair, "what—what have you done?"

The child evinced on this occasion a less imperious bearing, and made a far more feeble fight than might have been expected of her. Still, the necessity of defending her prerogative induced her to vindicate with some warmth her title—so long allowed—to do precisely as she pleased. She really could not understand the unprovoked attack thus made upon her, and by those from whom, of all others, she had a right to look for solace and support. Two to one (Louey had not opened her lips) was usually considered unfair odds, and, but for a sense of duty, she would decline a controversy conducted on such principles.

What was the duty? Why, the duty she owed her sex, which was that of her assailants, to check the proud pretensions, the cool self-sufficiency, of those who preferred their suit just as if such a thing as refusal was not to be dreamed of.

Consented? Well, yes, in a manner, she had. But that was beside the question. She was saying, when interrupted by clamor, or was going to say, that really any young lady who, at her own expense, administered a wholesome rebuke to such pretenders deserved well of her sex, her country, and her family—not, at all events, to be chidden like an infant by those to whom she fled for suc—for suc—succe—succor in her ma—mise—misery; concluding with a burst of tears, which completed the business, and caused the much-injured beauty to be soothed, entreated, idolized, for the rest of the day.

Speculation now set in.

"But whom," resumed Mrs. Mulcaster, "can George marry? Suppose him serious in this mad idea, it is the merest chance in the world that he should meet with any woman of respectable station before reaching home. Suppose it were a village-girl, gathering fagots! Imagine a gipsy! You may laugh, but, take my word for it, George Gosling is the man, of all others, to adhere to a resolution once made, however intrinsically absurd. Ridicule would not deter him. His regard for a pledge, or promise of any kind, is almost fanatical. Let me see. At his own lodge he is happily safe. There are only the old people. Sally Downey's gone to service. *There* would have been a chance for Sally! And she was a plump, rosy little woman. I've seen him chat and laugh with her."

"Perhaps," said Miss Louisa, unguardedly, "George recollected that Sally was the usual portress."

"He did nothing of the sort," said Mildred, decisively. "I wonder, Louey, you dare to make so unworthy a suggestion."

"It was a foolish observation, my love," said her mother. "Your sister, I am sure, already regrets having made it."

"No, I don't," said Louey, hardily.

"Hush, my dear. (Footstool nearer to your sister. So.) Now then, who is there at Gosling Graize?"

"No visitors at all," said Louisa. "As to the servants, if you can possibly allude to *them*, they're almost all oldish, and—and fattish—the cook enormous! Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, is laid up with rheumatism. But really, dearest mother, we may spare ourselves these grotesque conjectures. That George will do his best to keep his wicked vow, or whatever he chooses to call it, I think very probable. But his safety lies in the respect of those about him. Not one of the household would be so forgetful of all decency, so wanting in duty, as to regard such a proposal as any thing more than a boyish jest!"

Mrs. Mulcaster coughed gently. She had seen something more of the world and its ways than her daughter. That look of manifest uneasiness provoked the petted Mildred.

"I do think, mamma—it is positively cruel in you!" she said, in a fretting tone.

"'Cruel,' dear? In *me*? To do what?"

"To make so much of such utter nonsense. You *must* see how it annoys me; yet you pursue the subject."

"Pursue, my dear! I did not say one word," pleaded poor Mrs. Mulcaster. "I appeal to Louey."

Louey came gallantly to the rescue.

"Mamma said nothing, Mildred. It was I."

"I am obliged, Louisa, by your flat contradiction," said Mildred, with dignity. "But I never said mamma *had* spoken. Her looks, however, were eloquent; and I repeat—"

"Mildred, Mildred," said her mother, "this is too bad! Is it not, Louisa?"

"It is unkind and unfair," said the latter, warmly, "and I—"

Mildred burst into tears.

"Louisa, Louisa!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulcaster, turning fiercely on her ally. "How dare you address your elder sister in that tone? Do, I beg, restrain that impetuosity of temper! There! Wipe the pretty eyes. Come, now—compose yourself. Hark, love! A visitor!"

Mildred started, and became composed.

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Paley in your room. But here is Edwards to say the 'bus is here. Good-by, good-by!"

As my friend left me I felt more desolate than I had ever before felt in my life. I was far too distant from home to think of returning for the few days I could spare from reading for my degree, so had accepted an invitation to London, where I was to have escorted two pretty cousins to all sorts of concerts and balls. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and it was a bitter disappointment. My relations lived in Cornwall, so it was quite out of the question that they could come down to me. The weather was such as is only to be seen in Cambridge; the thick fog choked up the courts, which seemed to contain the thick damp air like boxes; all the rooms were empty, and there were no lights burning to give a look of life to the ivy-covered court. The grass-plot was covered with dusty patches of thawing snow, and the university bells, which were ringing for Christmas, came like a muffled peal ringing for a funeral through the thick atmosphere. The kitchens were shut up after one o'clock, and the head cook was to be seen, for the only time in the year, clad in ordinary apparel. The streets were full of men, looking like a degenerate class of university men. The same short, shooting, and long Noah's Ark coats, the same boating hats and ribbons; as Wilkins said, it was like a terrible dream; you crossed the street over and over again, believing that you saw a friend, but immediately recoiled back again when you found it was but his gyp in his old things. The time of the university was passed, gyps and shop-boys were the ruling power, and the unfortunate university man who remained up during Christmas was withered by the contemptuous glance of the servants and shop-boys, who looked upon him as an intruder, or any how as a man without a friend, and therefore to be despised.

The streets, lit by the lamps, which had to be lit before three o'clock, looked sad enough, but some of the colleges were terrible. King's College Chapel, with its four corner towers, looking like some hideous mastodon or other antediluvian animal, lying on its back, with its four legs lifted up into the misty air, and the screen running along the streets like ghastly skeletons of mysterious beasts that the huge animal now lying supine on his back had devoured and was vainly endeavoring to digest.

The big Court of Trinity was sad beyond description, vast, damp, and mysterious. The fountain in the middle trickled with a terrible monotony, only broken by an occasional drip of snow water from its roof, and a large icicle hung and dripped from the nose of the king above the gate. But the hideous climax of desolation was on the Bridge of Sighs which joins the new court to the old buildings of St. John's. Large masses of ice floated slowly along the river, and the cold evening air sighed in the iron frame-work, and made the passer-by gather his coat tighter round him and quicken his pace, shuddering at the terrible gloom of the grim black buildings, dripping corbels, dark mysterious river, and the abomination of desolation around him.

Perhaps the most cheerful college room in the university that Christmas-eve was mine, sad and desolate though it appeared to me. The fire burned brightly, and the mustard-plaster which Mrs. Car had put on my chest helped to keep me warm. The doctor had said that I must not be left alone. Mrs. Car had a party at her house, to which several bed-makers and my washer-woman had been asked. I hear it went off very cheerfully, as my illness caused a pleasing topic of conversation.

"A delicate man was Mr. Maitland always, and to think of him a-rowing yesterday, which to me is madness, seeing instead of putting on great-coats on that p'isonous river, they strips as eels without their skins. An inflammation at this time in those rooms, always damp, is most dangerous, and he too in face the moral of poor Mr. Avis." This led to all the college funerals that any of the party remembered being talked of. Mrs. Car began with poor Avis. "Raving to the last," she said, "poor senior wrangler, that X=g—g, and such like un-Christian remarks, to which I said, 'And oh, Sir, to think as you be a-dying;' to which he said, and I still shudders as I thinks of it—'Therefore MX=BI, quod erad digestrandum,'* them is the very words; and he died seeming content like, that being so proved."

Of course I did not hear any of this, but Betsy the help, who came into my room directly after the tea was over, full of the exciting topics that had been discussed, repeated them all for my edification.

Betsy was to sit up with me, and as I could not sleep, I encouraged her gossip, which amused me.

"And who else died here, Betsy?" I said.

"Oh, many a one, Sir. Mr. Baker, number two, took p'ison, so at least Mr. Cannon the coal-porter avers, but for, Sir! none of 'em had such a tale as I had, but I did not tell it, seeing bed-makers take precedence over helps, and it was not my turn when I had to come to you, Sir."

"What was it, Betsy?" I said, feeling almost inclined to laugh at the little demure woman sitting bolt upright opposite to me, her face drawn up with a look of importance and mystery I had never noticed before.

"Well, Sir," she said, and though I shall give the story nearly word for word as she gave it me, I shall simplify some of the sentences which were somewhat involved, and not inflict Betsy's H's and omissions on my reader.

"Well, Sir, I must tell you, though only a help myself, my family for three generations have been connected with this college, my mother being college washer-woman, and my grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplices there never was, at least so my poor mother used to say. It is many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home: she was then nearly ninety, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory as ever, and many was the tales she used to tell me about the gents she did for. Of course you know, Sir, college isn't now as it was then. The room we are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fire-place is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms; through that paneling across the staircase was a door leading to a long passage which the Master in old times used when he wanted to go to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, Sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master—a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentlemen did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest faults gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentlemen in general, was a Mr. Bond, as handsome a man, my grandmother declared, as ever came up—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh that did one good to hear.

"The college servants would have done any thing for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave suppers, and never asked about perquisites, and had a cheery word for every one; and that is, after all, what they like better than any thing.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than any one else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of my story.

"Well, Sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the noise used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favorite with the Fellows and Master. If he was loved by servants and young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having gated several gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and every one believed it to be Mr. Bond.

"Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her blue eyes, bright golden hair, and tall, slight figure; Miss Dorothy was her name.

"Her mother had died when she was a child, and the poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much time to his daughter, and too proud (for he was well born) to let her associate much with the other young ladies in the town; and so the poor girl lived a dreamy solitary life, always looking out of the window into the court-yard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

"There was no college chapel in those days; the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there for his family, which was generally only occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grandmother would say) fluttering in by herself like a pretty bird, and hide her blushing face behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more, she knew it.

"Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman, but not one single chapel did he ever miss; and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. The bed-makers used to say that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though sure it is they used to meet each other. I dare say, Sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know as much as she did; but you see, Sir, there was a great deal of talk at the time, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation-time, and so won the sweet young lady's confidence that she used to tell her every thing, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

"I told you, Sir, that across the landing there was a private passage to the library; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to use it but he.

"The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was screwed up. The Master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove any thing against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Dorothy had often noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, Sir, to have taken such a fancy to him that every hunting morning, which was Wednesday and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and get on his splendid black horse, Eagle. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call it Eagle too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a bird, and very shy, when she met Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the stair-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still this meeting soon led to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, feeing her groom handsomely each time not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides went on well enough, till one day who should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and pretended not to recognize the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

"'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him. 'It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

"'And what for?' asked Mr. Bond, doing his best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, Sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, Sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; 'and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.' There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, Sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, Sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed—'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet! I care not for the honor you would bestow on me: leave me, Sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by Heaven, Sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-by for the present, Sir!"

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear, good father—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do any thing else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool!' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer she sallied out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up stairs and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, Sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my jailer. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good-by. Here's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Mr. Bond's taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing), 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of Heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library; as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there; it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study: the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage-door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened: the place was as still as death. In a few seconds' time she heard the door open and a heavy footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine Miss Dorothy stole down stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in, miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. Oh, dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am!'

"'Quiet, miss, for Heaven's sake. Get into the fly; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, Sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognized Mr. Hanly, the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognizing her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'uts up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young lady, sobbing. 'Oh, Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"'Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, "let the fly be ready." "Says I, "Yes, Sir; but shall I see you before night?" "Yes," says he, "I'm just a going to say a few words to your young missus, and then I shall see you." But he never came, so I follers former orders and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?"

"'Oh, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss,' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know any thing about it. He thinks you safe a-bed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'Oh, Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"'Oh no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"'Oh no, Williams; I should die if I met any one in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, Sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now?

* Betsy must have meant "demonstrandum."

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Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders and ran down stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the buttery-men at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened: there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bedroom door and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bed-maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew any thing about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the discreetness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, Sir, by this very same fire here, Sir; but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterward proved it to be no fancy. Well, Sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to



A LEGEND OF CORPUS—"YES, I PROMISE; GOD FORGIVE ME."

his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the mean time strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-paneled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bedroom by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'Oh! did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the book-shelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding-place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the book-case, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

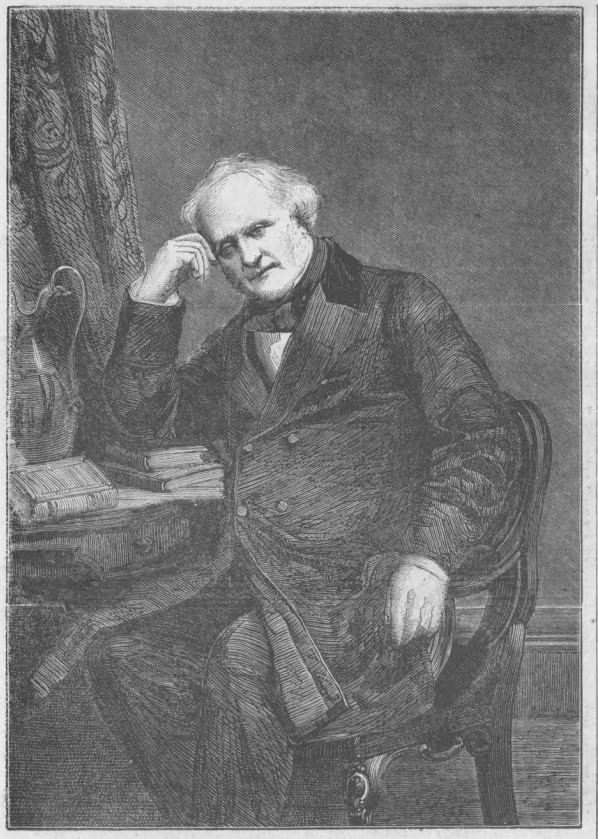
"And this, Sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there; and indeed, Sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—SKETCHED BY J. IVES PEASE.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

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THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.

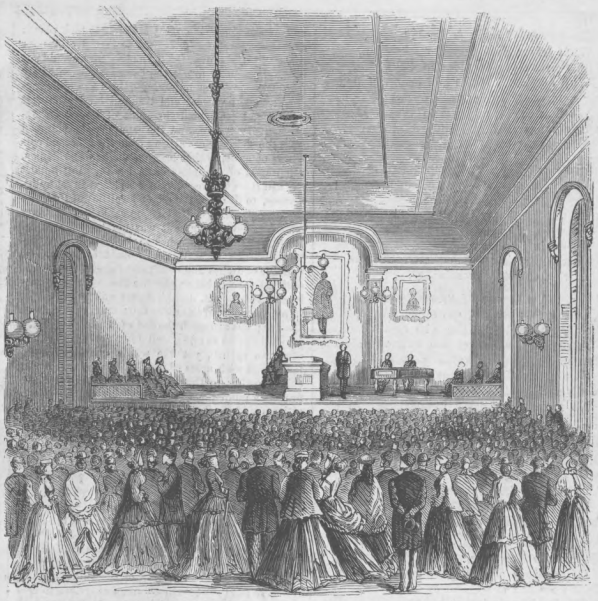
WE give on this page a portrait of GEORGE PEABODY, Esq., the eminent American banker in London, and public benefactor, accompanied by a poem; also sketches of the exterior and interior of the Peabody Institute at South Danvers, Massachusetts, and of the snuff-box presented to Mr. PEABODY by the Lord Mayor and citizens of London.

The Institute is a brick building, ornamented with freestone. It was erected in 1853, and was Mr. PEABODY'S gift to his native town. It was dedicated in December, 1854. The library on the first-floor contains 12,000 volumes. On the second story is the lecture-room. In an ante-room there is an original portrait of General HARRISON, painted in 1840. The portrait of Queen VICTORIA, soon to be presented to Mr. PEABODY, will be deposited within the Institute in a fire and burglar proof vault. The gold snuff-box (about 5 inches long by 3½ wide, and 2 deep) is kept in the library for public inspection.

On the arrival of Mr. PEABODY in this country from England last spring he was tendered a reception by the citizens of his native town, South Danvers. This at the time he declined; but in accordance with his own wish, on October 15 he met the school children of the town. The Hall of the Institute was entirely filled with children; all the schools in town, eight in number, were represented, and between eleven and twelve hundred scholars were present.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Mr. PEABODY entered the Hall, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. DANIELS, Mrs. EBEN SUTTON, and the Board of Trustees; and as he ascended the platform the children rose in a body and greeted him who had done so much for their welfare with waving handkerchiefs, to which Mr. PEABODY responded by waving his own in return; on seeing which a shout of welcome arose spontaneously from the scholars.

Mr. PEABODY delivered the following appropriate address to the children who had assembled to greet him:



GEORGE PEABODY ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SOUTH DANVERS, MASS. [SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Nearly two generations have passed away since I left this my native town, with probably less education than even the youngest among those I now address, and with no prospect of future success in life beyond that of any boy now before me who possesses good health, industry, and perseverance, with a heart and mind determined to make pure principles his guide.

"My course is well known, and, I fear, too much appreciated by our whole country; but praise, even but partially deserved, tends to stimulate to extra exertion, both physically and morally, particularly the young; and I hope and pray that every one who is now within the sound of my voice may experience, as I have, the truth of these remarks, and derive that pride and satisfaction which are sure to attend all those who conscientiously strive to do right and benefit their fellow-men. All of you, my young friends, should aim at a high mark in this respect, and undoubtedly many of you, members of both sexes, will arrive at distinction in society.

"But neither my regard for truth nor past experience will justify me in promising any one of you that great success which has ever attended me; scarcely one in any age attains to it; and I feel most sensibly that it is only by the guidance and blessings of my Heavenly Father from early life to my present advanced age that I have been enabled to accomplish so much for the purpose of laying the foundation for the physical comforts of the needy, and the promotion of knowledge and morality for the present and future generations."

"As you advance in life you will find that years will appear short in comparison to those occupied by your studies at the present time. This is my second visit to my native land for thirty years, and the period appears brief to me; time and generations pass most rapidly. Ten years ago last week, on a beautiful autumnal day, I addressed, from the front of this Institute, the scholars of the Danvers schools, numbering, I think, over seventeen hundred, and I then said to them, 'I would bid you remember that but a few years will elapse before you will occupy the same position toward your own children which your parents now hold toward you. The training you are now receiving, therefore, is a precious talent, for the use or abuse of which each one will be on a future day called upon to give an account.' This language, my young friends, I wish equally to apply to you now, as I then applied it to them. Where are now that assemblage of nearly two thousand scholars? In this short space of time I doubt whether fifty of them occupy the place of scholars here to-day.

"Many of them have become husbands and wives, and nearly all have entered upon the duties, the cares, and anxieties of more mature life. You have taken the places which they occupied in 1856, and by the great centennial celebration of the birth of our glorious Union, in 1876, they, your fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, will have taken another step forward on the stage of life, and you will take the places they now fill.

"Be prepared for that important change while your present high privileges of learning remain open to you. On the 9th of October, 1856, I did not anticipate the pleasure of being here at this time, but God has graciously permitted me, living beyond the allotted limit of threescore years and ten, to return and enter upon the realization of hopes and plans which I have entertained for many years.

"And to endeavor to show my gratitude for His goodness and watchful care by taking further and wider action in extending to the inhabitants of my native town, of my native State, and my native country, not only for the present generation but to those who will appear and act upon the stage of existence in future ages, the means of mental culture and moral improvement.

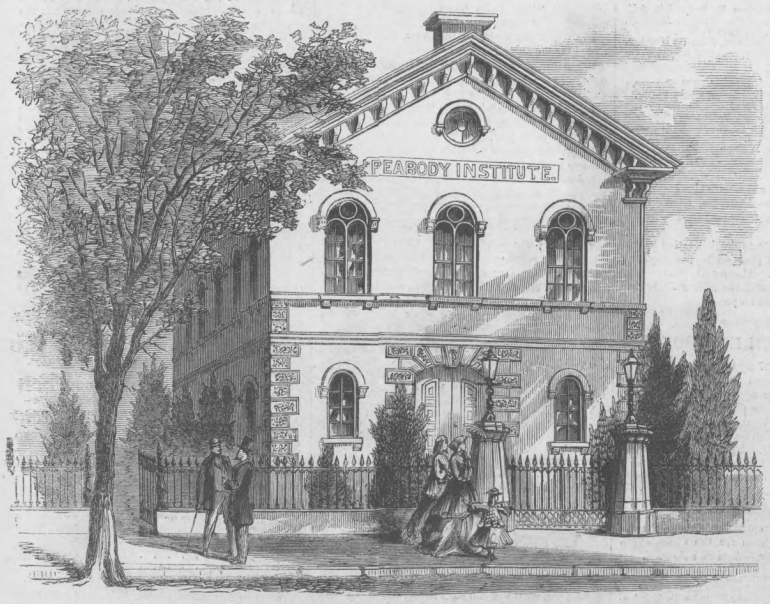
"At my advanced age I can not expect again to meet you, collectively, and it is to me a saddening thought, for though since I addressed your predecessors at the time I have mentioned I have met many assemblies of children, and to some I have spoken, founded on a long experience, words of simple advice and caution; yet in none on either side of the Atlantic can I feel so deep an interest as in the children of the schools of South Danvers. They seem intimately associated with thoughts of my childhood and early youth; they take the same lessons, they occupy the same play-grounds, and their feet tread the same paths over which I once trudged to school.

"With such feelings, therefore, I earnestly exhort you, my dear young friends, to strive by your present advantages to prepare yourselves for a life of usefulness in the responsible positions which you are to fill; to honor, and, if necessary, protect and support your parents; to never depart from the path of honor and integrity; and, above all, 'remember your Creator in the days of your youth, and when you are old He will not forsake you.' Farewell! Farewell!"

GEORGE PEABODY.

WE mourned the old chivalric times,
Their virtues, with their glories, dead—
Life stricken wholly from romance—
"And what is left to us?" we said:
Up through the land the murmur rose:
"Oh for the days that are no more,
When love of God wrought love of man,
And all were human to the core!

"The great Arthurian days we mourn,
And all the lapsing years that wrought
Change after change, yet evermore
Some varying phase of splendor caught;
Still noble deeds, still gentle lives,
Till every knighly heart grew cold,
And Valor's sunset-radiance lit
The tourney of the Cloth of Gold.



THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]



THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

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"The poetry of earth *is* dead:*
What lesser grief should we bemoan,
With Science in the place of Faith,
With quicken'd brains and hearts of stone?
Our noblest triumphs mock our skill,
We link the Continents in vain—
It only tends to sordid ends,
And whets the appetite for gain."

So from our lips remonstrance fell,
When through the land a rumor went—
"The old heroic fire revives—
Its pulsing fervor is not spent!
The record of the glowing past
Shows in its dim and doubtful page
No deed like that which greets the eyes
Of this debased, prosaic age.

"For, lo! a Queen of sovereign sway,
Of zoneless empire, quits her throne,
Stooping to welcome one who comes
A stranger, nameless and unknown:
No comely youth in knightly guise
Shining at ruffled beauty's knees—
A silvered head, a homely form—
No more the queenly woman sees.

"No more; but in her heart there glows
The memory of a noble deed,
Of succor to her people lent,
Of princely aid in sorest need.
And gracious is her tearful smile
As forth she thrusts a trembling hand,
And bids him in her name receive
The homage of her grateful land."

Homage to Goodness! Queenly meed
Of generous thanks to simple Worth!
Thus does the old chivalric soul
Survive in us of later birth;
Nor doubt its promptings in the heart
Of him—his nation's noblest son—
The largesse of whose liberal hand
A sovereign's thanks has rightly won.

Never did truer beauty clothe
The radiant limbs of courtly knight,
Than clothes that brow serenely smooth,
And fills those eyes with gentle light.
To latest times that homely form,
And that familiar, kindly face,
The holier memories of men
Will with a tender beauty grace.

Where'er that honored name is heard
The tears will gleam in woman's eyes;
The hearts of men will stir and creep,
And blessings to their lips will rise.
Though Science join'd the sunder'd worlds,
It needed yet what he has done—
A noble action, meekly wrought,
Has knit the hearts of both in one.

Yes, and as, far above the glow,
When all the West is fierce with flame,
A faint star brightens to the night,
Deep'ning about it—so his fame,
Surviving all the transient bloom
That makes the passing present bright,
Will shine, and still resplendent shine,
An orb of ever-gathering light.

* "The poetry of earth is never dead."—KEATS.

ST. ROCH, QUEBEC.

To the north of the Rock of Quebec, and in the very shadow of the steep old cliff, lies the suburb of St. Roch, which, previous to the disastrous conflagration of the 14th October, was a closely-packed agglomeration of houses, occupied by some 20,000 inhabitants. The present writer, having resided for some time at Quebec, can realize the scene of desolation now presented by this district, which has been almost exclusively inhabited by French Canadians of the poorer class. Ship-carpenters, riggers, and mechanics in the various branches of skilled industry connected with the ship-builders' craft here had their homes; for the River St. Charles—commonly known at Quebec as the "Little River"—winds close by the northern edge of the suburb, and it is on the banks of this narrow but deep stream that the principal ship-yards of Quebec are situated. There are few more picturesque views than that to be had from the high cliff near Mount Pleasant, where the road winds down Savagean's Hill to the flat, marshy tract beneath, called the *Bijou*. It is from this point that the sketch looking over the suburb is taken—a point just below where the martello-tower stands upon the edge of the cliff. Here, while St. Roch yet stood intact, it was pleasant to stand and look down upon the dense mass of buildings that stretched away to where the "Little River" empties its waters into the great St. Lawrence. Beyond this stretches the Bay of Quebec, sweeping in deep indentations along the Beauport shore to a point where the eye rests upon a deep cleft in the precipitous bank, and a short way above the opening of this cleft the magnificent Fall of Montmorency hangs sheer down like a silver scarf tossed against the dark-brown rock. From the point just referred to, however, Montmorency is not visible, being shut in from the spectator by the western bank of the cleft. Further away there extends a serrated ridge of blue mountains, which form the horizon beyond the beautiful Isle of Orleans, a glimpse of which, dotted with white villages, is visible in the middle distance. Nothing can be more lovely than this scene on a calm autumnal day, when the bright tints of the foliage on the nearer mountains lend the charm of color to the landscape.

Many years ago it was the fortune of the writer to view the scene just described under circumstances of a visitation similar to the one by which St. Roch has just been desolated. It was about midsummer when the great fire of 1845 took place; and the spectator who looked from the cliff near Mount Pleasant, over the burned district, would not be likely soon to forget the contrast presented by its blackened and smouldering gables and chimney-shafts with the sweet and tranquil landscape that lay beyond. Charred skeletons of timber framework every where, and the summer air, poisoned with the sickly odors arising from the scorched carcasses of animals that had perished in the flames. Thousands of homeless beings wandering amidst the lost lines of streets, vainly seeking, in many instances, to discover the exact localities of their obliterated dwellings. Relief soon came in from many quarters, however, and it was not long before St. Roch arose from its ashes in fresh and improved form. Much of it was now built of brick, and massive churches and convents of gray stone reared their steep roofs here and there above the more lowly structures. St. Joseph Street was by far a finer street than any in the more aristocratic portions of Quebec; but although the red of the brick was the prevailing hue as one gazed down from the heights over the suburb, yet the whole quarter was interspersed with nests of wooden houses, and it was chiefly owing to these tinder-boxes that the late fire early gained such headway that no human exertion could avail to check it. The pressure upon the destitute *habitans*, now left again homeless in St. Roch, is heavier by far than it was after the calamity of 1845. Then they had much of the summer before them, wherein to arrange for shelter while their houses were being rebuilt. Now the inclement—nay, savage—winter of Eastern Canada is close at hand. In the neighborhood of Quebec the trees are bare of their leaves already, and the summer birds have flocked away to more hospitable climes. In four weeks at furthest the ground will be shrouded with snow. Tents will be of little avail then for the protection of the sufferers; and it will require almost superhuman exertions to provide them with substantial shelter in time to save them from terrible hardships. The great wealth of the various religious *fabriques*, however, will enable the priesthood to do much toward alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate citizens of St. Roch.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A VERY beautiful Monument of brown freestone has been erected in the public square in front of the Episcopal Church at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to the memory of the brave soldiers who went from that town and laid down their lives in the recent war against the Rebellion. The Monument is 24 feet high (exclusive of the 3-feet foundation), was built by J. G. BATTERSON, Esq., of Hartford, Connecticut, and cost $2000.

On the front, or south side of the Monument, are the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts and the shield of the United States; and above this, on the shaft, are a spear and flag and two swords crossed. The whole is surmounted by an eagle, most beautifully executed, with wings outspread, as if just taking its flight.

The inscriptions on the Monument read as follows. On the south side:

To
HER SONS,
Beloved and Honored,
Who died for their Country
In the Great War
of the Rebellion,
Stockbridge,
In grateful remembrance,
Has raised this Monument,
A.D. 1866.

On the north side:

To Bravery and Patriotism.

On the east and west sides are the following names of soldiers from that town who died in the service:

2d Mass. Inf.—Major William D. Sedgwick, Adj. Gen. 6th A. C., Joseph Rathbun, Michael Mullany, Thomas Dailey, John Dier, William T. Mix.
37th Mass. Inf.—Thomas M'Cabe, John W. Newton, John O'Brien, Cornelius Miller, Stephen Kirby, Frederic Mills.
1st Mass. Cav.—James W. Clary.
37th N. Y. N. G.—Lieutenant Marshall B. Brewer.
49th Mass. Inf.—Godfrey Woltinger, Wells Fuller.
54th Mass. Inf.—Luther Willard.
5th Mass. Inf.—Captain Edson T. Dresser, Sergeant Henry S. May, Sergeant John Crosby, Charles Jones, John O'Neil, Charles Rathbun.
9th Conn. Inf.—Harry H. Watson.
20th Conn. Inf.—Sergeant-Major John S. Root.
1st Conn. H. A.—Henry Brace.

On the four sides of the shaft are also inscribed: Wilderness, Gettysburg—Antietam, Chancellorsville—Spottsylvania, Petersburg—Donaldsonville, Andersonville.

The services appropriate to the dedication of this beautiful Monument took place on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 11 o'clock. HARRY D. SEDGWICK, Esq., of New York, delivered the address. WILLIAM PITT PALMER delivered a poem.

BASE-BALL MATCH IN BROOKLYN.

WE publish on page 697 portraits of the "picked nine" of the two celebrated Base-Ball Clubs—the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn and the "Athletics" of Philadelphia. These Clubs played a very interesting match game in Brooklyn, on Monday, October 15, which resulted in a victory for the "Atlantics," who scored 27 against 17. This Club is thus far the Champion Base-Ball Club of America. In our illustration the portraits of the "Atlantics" occupy the fore-ground of the picture.

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BECAUSE they cure *indigestion*, and impart unwonted vigor to the *stomach.*
BECAUSE they are the best *appetizing medicine* at present known.
BECAUSE they are the only preparation upon which persons of a *bilious habit* can safely rely to *keep the liver in good order.*
BECAUSE they *tone* and *regulate* the bowels, and invariably relieve them when constipated, without causing undue relaxation.
BECAUSE they *strengthen the nerves*, clear the brain, and cheer the animal spirits.
BECAUSE in case of an attack of spasms or bilious colic, they are the best thing that can be administered on the instant.
BECAUSE they combine the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and a nervine in their utmost purity and perfection.
BECAUSE they are a specific against Ague and Fever and all intermittents, and with all their potency as a preservative and a remedy, are as *harmless as water from the mountain spring.*

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These Pills are safe and sure. They are prepared by a process which secures all the best qualities of the herbs of which they are composed, without any of their bad. They benefit in all cases, and do harm in none.
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Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STROTHER will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

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*** The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

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Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription *expires*, as entered on our books. In *renewing* a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to *commence* should be stated. The name of the subscriber, and full address, including County and State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number ——. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

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STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50.

The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

SEVENTH ORDER FROM THIS CLUB.
MADISON, IND., *Sept.* 10, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey St., N.Y.:*

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but order in advance. Send C. O. D.

Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	$20 00
10 lbs. Imperial	at 1 25	12 50
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25	6 25
5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25	6 25
Total		$65 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

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THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, by Virginia Gabriel . 40c.
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MABEL WALTZES, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
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No Smoke. No Smell. No Chimney.

Gives double the light of a chimney lamp, and consumes less oil. This is no humbug patent burner affair, but a lamp peculiar to itself, and the only one ever invented that will produce a pure white flame from common kerosene or coal oil. The right for the sale of this invention can be secured in every county; and parties purchasing supplied with lamps and fixtures at manufacturing rates. A rare chance for persons of large or small capital to make money. H. DANFORD, Salesroom No. 2 Cortlandt St., New York.

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AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

Home and School for the Maintenance and Education of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union. Its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied* solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth St., New York) now occupied must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the Public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FOSDICK, 2d Vice-President.
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Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. JNO. H. WHITE, Manager.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.

Major-General JAMES F. HALL.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. PULESTON.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, *October* 6, 1866.

Whereas, Messrs. Thomas & Co., as Managing Directors of a Charitable Enterprise, have made due application to T. M. Egan, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Ninth Collection District of the State of New York, for permission to hold a "FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL," and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of such Enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to the said Messrs. Thomas & Co. to hold said FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL exempt from all charge, whether from special tax, or other duty in respect of such FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

(Copy.) THOMAS HABLAND, Acting Commissioner.

The following Card will be fully appreciated by the Public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"*To the Managing Directors of the Festival:*

"Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, New York, Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Avenue E, Jamaica, N.Y.	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N.Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
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1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
100 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	7,000
200 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Muk Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
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THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

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The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
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Address all orders and communications to
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N. H. DAVIS, General Agent for the Home and School, }

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors.

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OF
Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware,

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches . . . each $125 00
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10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases, each $5 00 to $8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

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Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address
A. H. ROWEN & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

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Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

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Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
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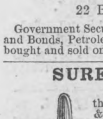

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WHISKERS.—WE WARRANT a Heavy BEARD in Five Weeks to those who use RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price by mail, 50 cents.
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MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
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SAPONIFIER.
Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

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J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability,* and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World.*

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This Monthly, begun in January, 1865, has already won the reputation of being "*the best Juvenile Magazine published in any land or language.*" Prominent Educators, distinguished Clergymen of all denominations, and the Press generally, have commended it in the highest terms. Its contents are always thoroughly interesting and healthy, at once variously attractive and useful.

Among its contributors are the most eminent American writers, and it is profusely illustrated from designs by the best American artists. Full-page Illustrations are now given in every number. An ample department of Evening Entertainment and Correspondence makes OUR YOUNG FOLKS A HOUSEHOLD DELIGHT.

TERMS: $2 00 a year in advance; Three Copies, $5 00; Five Copies, $8 00; Ten Copies, $15 00; Twenty Copies, $30 00, and a copy *gratis* to the person procuring the club.

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This popular Weekly reproduces promptly for American readers the best and most readable portions of European periodicals. These embrace Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays—Biographical and Descriptive—Poems, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Literary Intelligence, and popular papers on Science. Translations from the admirable French periodicals are a prominent feature.

Among the authors represented in EVERY SATURDAY are many of the wisest and wittiest writers of Europe. EVERY SATURDAY contains weekly 40 double-column large octavo pages.

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TRADE MARK JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Designating Numbers. WITH
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Stammering
Cured by Bates' Pat. Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d. St., N.Y.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. CAPITAL PRIZE, 30,000 DOLLARS.
KELLEY'S GRAND NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT will positively take place at the WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 17, 1866, on which occasion 250,000 Prizes, valued at HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, including $100,000 in GREENBACKS, will be presented to ticket-holders.

A CARD.—We announced that the North American Prize Concert would be given on the 28th of September; but the time set we found to be too short to complete a work of such gigantic magnitude; and we were compelled, in justice to ticket-holders, to extend the time to November 17, at which time it will positively take place. For fifteen years we have been engaged in the gift business, and we point with pride to the reputation we have won for honesty and integrity. Many of the prominent citizens of Chicago will bear us out in the statement that we never have made any promises to the public which we have not sacredly fulfilled. In spite of all opposition, we *still live,* and shall prove to the public that the *North American Prize Concert* will be given at the time advertised, and all the prizes advertised will be distributed *fairly, impartially,* and *without reserve.*

Arrangements for the drawing are completed. The checks, 500,000 in number, are ready.

The plan of drawing adopted is the following: Duplicate numbers from 1 to 500,000 are placed in a wheel: the first number drawn out takes the highest prize, the next the second highest prize, and so on, until the whole 250,000 prizes are drawn.

We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them at once. All orders for tickets up to Saturday, 17th November, will be promptly filled.

NUMBER OF TICKETS ISSUED, 500,000. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR EACH.
EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

1 Gift in Greenbacks			$30,000	1000 Gifts in Greenbacks, $5 each	$ 5,000
1 "	"		10,000	1 Gift, Residence in Chicago	5,000
1 "	"		5,000	10 Gifts, Lots in Chicago, $600 each	6,000
1 "	"		4,000	40 " Pianos, $500 each	20,000
1 "	"		3,000	20 " Melodeons, $150 each	3,000
1 "	"		2,000	100 " Family Bibles, $20 each	2,000
20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each			20,000	200 " Gold Watches, $150 each	30,000
20 "	"	500 "	10,000	200 " Ladies' Gold Watches, $100 each	20,000
20 "	"	100 "	2,000	200 " Silver Watches, $65 each	13,000
20 "	"	50 "	1,000	300 " Silver Watches, $40 each	12,000
800 "	"	10 "	8,000	247,043 other Gifts, worth $200,000.	

EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

The distribution will take place, after the concert, where 20,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by ticket-holders to take charge of the same.

All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the awards as soon as published.

Price of tickets, $1 each. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.

Special Terms, or Club Rates.—Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and sending us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission. We will send five tickets to one address for $4 50; ten tickets to one address for $9 00; twenty tickets to one address for $17 50.

Send the name of each subscriber and their post-office address, with town, county, and state in full.

Money by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

Read what the Chicago Press say:

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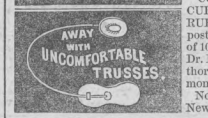
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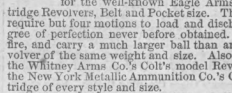
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 515.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.—SKETCHED BY A. F. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

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ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.

IN regard to the picture of ARKANSAS TRAVELERS on our first page our artist, Mr. WAUD, says:

"Being desirous of making a perfectly truthful representation, I have refrained from adding a fiddle to the outfit of either of these gentlemen, although, out of respect to the time-honored custom of Arkansas travelers, the temptation was great. The little group is sketched just as it appeared. They are calculating the chances of crossing a bayou and cedar swamp. On what enterprise they were bound deponent hath no knowledge; and being rough-looking fellows, armed with the long rifle, no intimate acquaintance seemed desirable. It is not fair, however, to judge from appearances, and they were probably good citizens enough as times go; certainly the presence of the bundles of corn-fodder which some of them carried gave no evidence of their intention 'to live off the country.' If they were bound on a hunting excursion they have the artist's best wishes, out of a powerful fellow-feeling for the sport."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S MANIFEST.

THE most important recent political publication is the letter of Mr. O. H. BROWNING, Secretary of the Interior, to some of his former constituents. Its importance is not due to its authorship, for Mr. BROWNING is not a gentleman known to the country; and although he was for a time Senator in Congress, he did not succeed in making his opinions necessary for the public guidance. The significance of his letter is that it speaks for the President, who read and approved it. It is therefore a Presidential manifest. It apprises us of the spirit in which he receives the popular judgment to which he has incessantly appealed.

Unfortunately the letter abounds in platitudes. It gravely announces that our Government is worth preserving—a truth of which the people who have carried on the late war may be supposed to have some glimmering consciousness. But mere platitudes are harmless. When, however, the Secretary of the Interior proceeds to argue he is simply dogmatic and feeble. He tells us that the Legislative Department of the Government is the only one from whose encroachments serious danger is to be apprehended for our institutions. In this he differs from JEFFERSON, who considered the Judiciary the menacing department, and from the loyal people of to-day, who see in the conduct and claims of the Executive the plainest public peril. If Congress were not restrained by the Constitution, says Mr. BROWNING, what might it not do? The President also is restrained by the Constitution, but what has he not done, and tried to do? If Mr. BROWNING had been born a Spaniard of the thirteenth century, if his father had been his mother, there really is no knowing what would have been the present price of sweet-apples. Inasmuch as Congress is created by the Constitution, and acts in obedience to it, it is rather useless to speculate upon its possible action if there were no Constitution.

We are further instructed that our system is destroyed if the States are not respected in their appropriate spheres. That is indisputable; nor does it admit of much debate that twice two make four. But the constitutional limits of State rights—the national authority in composing a prodigious war—these are our present questions. Mr. BROWNING leaves us to infer that one of the sovereign rights of a State—for like Mr SEWARD he falls into the bad habit of speaking of State sovereignty, a thing which has no existence—is to exhaust every effort to destroy the Union, and upon its failure to resume all its national relations without the smallest security against a similar effort, except the fact that the first has failed.

Mr. BROWNING objects to the disabling clause of the Amendment, without the slightest reference to the fact that the disability may always be removed by Congress, either in special cases or altogether, as good policy may prescribe. He says that it is an unparalleled proscription, and that it is not to be supposed that the educated—by which he means the late rebel—class of the Southern States will submit to it. This is an echo of the DOOLITTLE Philadelphia address. But the New Orleans *Picayune* says that there are plenty of able men at the South who are not disabled by the Amendment, and the Charleston *News* is of opinion that there is no way of return to national representation but by submission to the Amendment. And what, after all, is this despotic and inhuman provision? It is simply that those who in order to overthrow the Government have violated an oath to support it shall not hold office until Congress is satisfied that they safely may. It provides that a man caught in an attempted murder shall not have a knife presented to him with the respects of the intended victim. This may be an outrage greater than any since the days of PHILIP II. of Spain. But there are minds to which the late rebellion and its Andersonville and other methods were not altogether an airy jest and gallant tournament, and to which the conditions now offered to the offenders are the most clement ever recorded. The Administration theory apparently is that there are several millions of criminals at the South who owe their lives to the law. But as it is impracticable to hang men by the hundred thousand, that the only alternative is to give them greater power as legislators.

The President, it appears from this letter which he has read and approved, does not regard the result of the elections as indicative of public opinion upon the Amendment. We are sincerely sorry that he is so deluded. He has read the speeches, platforms, and papers of the political parties very carelessly if he has not seen that the whole canvass has turned upon the Amendment. Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa have spoken to that point and to no other. They have not, indeed, expressed themselves upon impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration, which Mr. BROWNING insists is the real question, for the question of the contest has been the policy of Congress or of the President. That of Congress has been triumphantly sustained, and that policy has been indicated not only in the Report of the Committee and the proposition of the amendments, but in the admission of Tennessee. If the President has not seen it, it is but another illustration of his blindness. The truth remains nevertheless, and if the Southern States see with him, who does not see at all, they will surely stumble to their own sorrow.

But we find one passage of this letter which is valuable. It is that in which the action of the President toward Congress is foreshadowed. Mr. BROWNING denies that the President has ever done any thing to encourage the assertion that he would try to force rebels into Congress, and, by implication, the Secretary says that the Executive will not fail to treat Congress as the representatives of the people, however wrong he may consider its conduct toward the unrepresented States. This is by far the most important remark the President has made—for it is really his. It denies upon his part any intention to do any thing but protest. That is his constitutional official right, and the right of every citizen. If the Secretary's letter had been confined to that statement, and published as approved by the President, it would have been a valuable public service; and as we have no doubt it was written for the express purpose of saying that, our regret is the greater that the statement should have been drenched with such prolix fallacies and follies.

HIGH PRICES.

IT is again asserted that the Government has been selling gold. Mr. M'CULLOCH and his subordinates, after the fatal blunder of May last, assured all inquirers that the Government would not sell any more gold. To that determination they adhered at a time when the operators of the Gold-Room had cornered the market, and gold was worth one half per cent. a day. They did not depart from it at the time when gold was above 150, and the mere rumor that the Government was selling would have put down the price 5 @ 10 per cent. But now, when gold is 146 @ 147, when there is no scarcity of specie for the payment of customs, and on the eve of the disbursement of $24,000,000 in gold for interest on the public debt, the Department is understood to be a seller once more. Explain the phenomenon who can. Wall Street is baffled, and profanely remarks that the Treasury moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

It was understood among those who are supposed to enjoy the confidence of Treasury officials that Mr. M'CULLOCH'S newest theory was to accumulate in the Treasury a fund of specie sufficient to enable him, at some not very distant day, to resume specie payments upon a part if not the whole of his demand obligations. For instance, if he had paid off his compound legal tenders and exchanged the bulk of the first series of Seven-Thirty notes for long bonds, he might, it was said, with $100,000,000 of gold in the Treasury, resume payment on half the existing legal tenders, dividing them for the purpose into classes by date or numbers. If this succeeded, a still smaller accumulation of coin would enable him to retire the remainder of his legal tenders, or to make them equivalent to specie. And, with the large excess of specie revenue over expenditure, the scheme seemed feasible enough. But if the Treasury is going to continue to sell its surplus coin, it is clear that this theory will never work.

So far as we can judge, the country is getting tired of high prices. Almost every thing which we eat or drink or wear or use in any way is dearer now than it was during the war, when gold was 250. Some portion of the advance is due to the existing heavy taxation. But by far the greater portion is the fruit of the general unsettlement of values resulting from an irredeemable paper-currency, which enables manufacturers and dealers to gradually advance their prices without check from the public. The only true standard of value being removed, all commercial values become capricious; if all the dealers in eggs should combine to refuse to sell eggs under a dollar a piece, we should after a time submit to the extortion, and the consumption would not materially decline.

Let us take three articles of common use—beef, butter, and milch cows. Before the war we in New York used to pay 15 @ 20 cents for the best beef, 25 @ 30 cents for butter, and $35 @ $60 for the finest milch cows. When they rose in price during the war the butchers and dealers were ready with an explanation. It was mainly owing to the interruption of our trade with Texas and other Southern cattle-growing regions. The rise in butter was in good part due to the advance in gold, which, being 250, rendered butter a good article of export. Well, the war is over; we have unrestricted intercourse with Texas; gold is down to 146; and yet we are paying 30 @ 35 cents for our beef, 60 @ 65 cents for butter, and $150 @ $250 for milch cows. It can not be pretended that we eat much more beef or butter than we did in 1860, or that the country produces much less than it did in that year. The increase in the demand can not be any greater than the increase in the supply. Why, then, should prices have doubled? The reason is simply that an irredeemable paper-currency has unsettled all values, and that drovers and dealers, having begun to advance prices in order to pay themselves for the taxation to which they are now subject, discover no obstacle to further successive advances, to which the public submit after a moderate demur. Competition, which may generally be relied on in such cases to check attempts at extortion, fails to work in this case, because the great prosperity of the country affords a market for all; and the vast bank expansion has actually—for the time—abolished the needy class.

Take the case of buildings. An authority in this trade calculates that it costs 10 @ 20 per cent. more now to build in New York than it did when gold was 250. Iron and a few other articles which can be imported are cheaper; but lumber and labor are both higher than they were in 1864. Yet the supply of labor has been swelled by the disbandment of half a million of men, and by an unexampled immigration; and building is far from active. Lumber is no scarcer than it was, and we do not see that the demand for it can have increased much. It is the same story. Carpenters who used to think themselves well off when they got $2 a day now strike for an advance from $4. They tell you that the cost of living has more than doubled. It has increased, no doubt, not only in consequence of the depreciated currency and increased taxation, but much more from the increased profits demanded by dealers of all kinds; and the carpenters, in their turn, think that when prices are rising they may just as well have an advance of 75 as of 50 cents. The only true standard thrown away, there is no reason why prices should stop any where.

A daily journal has been looking into ladies' hats. Every fashionable reader is aware that the price of one of the modern hats—which are so diminutive and gossamer that you can hardly tell when they are on the head or off—is $40 @ $60. A sensible lady bethought herself that she would buy the materials and make her own hat. She made a very pretty one at a cost of less than $15. The *modiste* would have charged $50 for the same article. The difference was the extra profit which the *modiste* deemed it necessary to charge in order to pay the extra profit charged by the butcher and butter-dealer, who had to charge enough to pay the extra profit charged them by the drover and farmer, who had to charge enough to meet the extra profit charged them by the country store, which had to put on something extra to defray the extra profit charged by the New York jobber and the manufacturers, and so on throughout the list. Every body, in a paper-money era, wants more than a fair profit, and charges accordingly. Nothing will check the universal rage for exorbitant profits but the competition which will follow a tightening of money.

With these facts before him, and a country groaning audibly under oppressive taxation, it will be interesting to note what Mr. M'CULLOCH will have to say to Congress next month.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THERE is some talk in the newspapers about a new heroic foreign policy to be adopted by the Administration. Payment in full is to be demanded of England for the *Alabama* piracies, and the French claims in Mexico are to be guaranteed, the Republican Government in that country recognized, and permission given to it to cede certain territory to the United States.

If this is intended to affect the elections it is too late. If it means war with England the Administration miscalculates, for this country does not wish war with England, and is perfectly capable of seeing the national disgrace of answering Lord STANLEY'S late friendly suggestions with a threat. The British Government is by no means a model, and British opinion was stupidly hostile to this country during the war. But the question of the *Alabama* claims is, in the present state of international law, peculiarly a subject for wise and amicable arbitration, toward which the disposition of both countries evidently inclines. It is not in the least a matter for the Captain Bobadil statesmanship which mistakes bluster for bravery and threatening for firmness. It is desirable for every nation that the principle which shall hereafter govern neutral action in such cases as that of the *Alabama* shall be determined in friendly council, and the Government of the United States will greatly err if it proposes to adopt any curt and offensive method of settling a point of general interest, which would remain exactly as it is even if war should be invoked.

As for Mexico, if the proposition be that the United States shall pay France and be indemnified by a slice of territory, the Administration must show the necessity of enlarging our present domain and the advantage of buying off LOUIS NAPOLEON. Why should we interest ourselves to secure his debts, which he has just failed in trying to settle by measures based upon jealous hostility of this country? The French-Austrian empire in Mexico is visibly crumbling. We have never recognized any government in that country but the Republican. Let us continue to do so, and if that Government asks for a loan to pay a debt which menaces her if not paid, and offers us the security of territory, let the question be generously considered.

Upon all such questions, however, the Administration can merely propose. It is for Congress to determine—a fact which should be carefully remembered; for Congress is not likely, we believe, to permit the friendly relations of the United States to be foolishly imperiled. It is, however, always surprising and mortifying that so few of the intelligent members of Congress protest against the bold Buncombe of the resolutions often offered upon these subjects. At the present time the fewer foreign complications we have the more speedy and satisfactory will be the solution of our domestic questions. Any proposition tending to foreign entanglement must therefore be regarded as intended to divert the public mind from the great duty of the hour.

THE EXCISE LAW.

ONE of the chief private arguments against the Union party during the campaign, although it has not been very publicly urged, is that it is a party whose tendency is to make it difficult to get drunk. The Excise Law of the last Legislature prohibits the sale of liquor on Sundays. But that law is more liberal than we have ever had in the State, or than there is now in any other State. It is not new except in its liberality. The law of 1857, which is still in force in the State outside of the city of New York, forbade selling upon Sunday; and although the law was by its terms applicable to the city as well as the country, the protection of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and the easiness of the Excise Commissioners and of the courts, caused it to be generally disregarded in the city.

The prohibition of the sale on Sundays was intended to preserve public order, not to promote private morals; and a very few figures will show how well it did its work. It was enforced only during May and June, and has been suspended since the 4th of July, in consequence of the decision of Judge CARDOZO that it was unconstitutional. Now the Sunday arrests for the four weeks of May, 1865, were 503; those of 1866 were 257; those of June, 1865, were 575; in June, 1866, they were 255, being a reduction, in growing proportion, of about one half during the months of the enforcement of the law. Since the Cardozian decree the comparative figures are these: the Sunday arrests in July, 1865, were 779; in July, 1866, they were 748; in August, 1865, they were 584; and in August, 1866, they were 580. If the Court of Appeals should sustain the law the sale of licenses will yield more than $1,000,000, and save so much taxation to the city. But the Ring, which delights in free rum and high taxes, is naturally opposed to a law which tends to public order and economy; and was the more willing to nominate Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN because he had declared against the law.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, but it is the strict truth, that Mr. HOFFMAN is the candidate of the "conservatism" of the grog-shops on the one hand, and on the other of the "conservative" dining-rooms in which sympathy with the rebellion was feasted during the war. He is the candidate of that "conservatism" which fostered slavery, the source of our troubles, and invoked the assistance of the British Minister to end them.

THE RETURN OF THE FAIRIES.

SINCE the Arabian Nights there has been no good genius like Mr. GEORGE PEABODY. Like a meteor, he leaves a golden track behind him. He sends princely fortunes hither and thither. He buttresses colleges with coin, and with his autograph calls institutes into affluent being. He gives two millions of dollars to build houses for the poor in London. He tosses a hundred and fifty thousand to Harvard College. Before Yale can look jealous he appeases her with a like sum; and reaching Baltimore, his song of *Cure luoghi* is a gift of half a million. How many country churches, organs, libraries, halls, he spills by the way nobody can tell. But there seems to be no limit to his liberality. What a sublime balance he must have at his banker's!

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We fancy him buying apples of the old women at the street corners and paying in C greenbacks, refusing the change. He drops a thousand-dollar note into the plate at church. Indeed, nothing is extravagant when we read of this Pactolian purse of PEABODY forever flowing. His benefactions gleam among the morning news like a bird of Paradise among lions. Every reader is surprised with a fine glow of expectation. If t comes to the Arabian Nights —who knows?—why s ould not *I* be the lucky porter? asks the pleased an speculating reader.

Lately reading the romance of 'Codlingsby' we were struck by this passage: 'She had three necklaces on, each o which would have dowered a Princess; her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.....'My lord's pipe is out,' said MIRIAM, with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest, who in truth forgot to smoke; and taking up a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper, and proceeded to reillume the extinguished chibouk of Lord CODLINGSBY." There seems to be a touch of extravagance in this passage until you read o Mr. PEABODY'S last in the morning or evening paper. Then it becomes commonplace literature.

Of course the good fairy who chooses now to appear as an amiable London banker, no longer young, will choose what guise she will. But she can not really conceal herself. We presume that Governor SWANN and the authorities of Baltimore knew perfectly well that they were receiving and honoring the fairy godmother of Cinderella, and that the Connecticut Professors were fully conscious that they had received a letter from that benign being who could make good little girls talk pearls and roses. As for the fairy mouth itself, it can not open but amply-endowed institutions of learning drop softly out. It is a touch of kindly humor that this generous spirit which is in its very nature immortally young should select the form of a venerable and respectable merchant through which to work its beneficent will. But its pleasure must be respected, and since it deigns to be known as GEORGE PEABODY, as GEORGE PEABODY it shall be honored.

"SEZ GUV'NER ORR, SEZ HE."

GOVERNOR ORR, of South Carolina, authorizes the *South Carolinian* newspaper to deny that he is in favor of the Amendment, or that he will recommend its passage to the Legislature. This is not surprising. Mr. ORR is a politician. He was a ringleader in the rebellion. He was a Senator in the rebel Congress. He was one of those who, despite his oath to support the United States Government, took up arms to destroy it. And he is consequently one of those whom the Amendment would disable from holding his present office or any other. It is not surprising that he opposes it.

But had Mr. ORR frankly comprehended the situation, and proposed to the South Carolina Legislature to ratify the Amendment, how long does he think it would have been before Congress removed his disability? Mr. ORR prefers to fight on—to resist the inevitable. Is there, then, no one of the old leaders who will say to his neighbors: "We believe our cause was just; we put it to the decision of the sword, and we have lost. Now, then, the Amendment is naturally disagreeable to us, but we certainly can not expect the people who have sustained the Government to believe our cause just, nor can we be surprised that they require security for the future by embodying the fair results of their victory in the organic law. Let us honorably accept the judgment we invoked, and adopt the Amendment."

When we hear this tone from the States lately in rebellion we shall have reason to believe that there is acquiescence in the result of the war. But the acquiescence which consists in demanding increased political power as the result of unsuccessful rebellion is an acquiescence which is not very likely to deceive Yankees. Governor ORR is not in favor of the Amendment, but the loyal people of the country, including General GRANT, are. Which does the Governor think most likely to prevail?

MR. LINCOLN'S POLICY

WHILE the loud orators of the party which opposed the war and vilified Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON are now urging the support of Mr. JOHNSON on the ground that he follows the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, it is worth while to understand what President LINCOLN'S policy would have been—for, whatever his action during the war, he died before he could develop a policy of restoration.

The Hon. CHARLES A. DANA, Assistant Secretary of War during the latter part of the LINCOLN Administration, made, in a recent speech, a most important statement, showing precisely what President LINCOLN'S opinion was. "I can affirm," says Mr. DANA, "that, previous to the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, the reconstruction of Virginia was considered by the Cabinet, and a printed document was prepared setting forth the plan of reconstruction to be adopted in regard to that State. That printed document never became official, but it met the hearty approval of Mr. LINCOLN. That plan of reconstruction provided for the calling of a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State of Virginia, and states most positively that all loyal citizens, whether white or black, should be allowed to vote. And it further stipulated that rebels should be denied the right of suffrage. That plan was Mr. LINCOLN'S idea of reconstruction."

This is conclusive, even if Mr. LINCOLN'S letter to General WADSWORTH, and his sympathy and sense of national duty toward the colored men who had borne arms for the Union were not universally known. It is, indeed, abstractly impossible that the restoration policy of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON should be the same. The dominant characteristic of Mr. LINCOLN was a clear sense of justice, while it is plain that Mr. JOHNSON considers the colored race an impertinence and a distraction. The point of view of the situation was essentially different in the two men, and their policy must inevitably have differed. It is not conceivable that Mr. LINCOLN would have deserted the Union party; that he would have been supported by the Copperheads; that he would have removed from office the stanchest friends of the Government during the war t make room for its bitterest enemies, as in the case of the Brooklyn Post-office; that he would have compassed the slaughter of Union men in New Orleans; that he would have insisted upon abandoning the freedmen to the exclusive care of an angry population; or that he would have resisted an amendment to the Constitution so reasonable and generous as that proposed by Congress.

Mr. SEWARD, we are told, declares that Mr. JOHNSON is merely fulfilling Mr. LINCOLN'S policy. But a policy is a public, not a private, affair; and every man who understood Mr. LINCOLN'S character and views, and who is familiar with his acts, is as competent as Mr. SEWARD to form an opinion upon the subject. What that public opinion is the elections show.

MR. SEWARD TO SIR F. BRUCE.

SOME months ago, when a band of maraunders crossed the Canadian line and killed two or three Canadian citizens under pretense of making war upon England, the Government of the United States instantly and properly took the necessary measures to prevent our soil being made the base of predatory and murderous incursions upon a neighboring territory. That the people of that territory had done otherwise and had encouraged destructive raids upon us was a reason why honorable men should despise them, but it was no reason whatever for conniving at the violation of our laws and for justifying one crime by another.

Some of the raiders have been sentenced to death, and the United States Government, by the Secretary of State, now informs the British Minister that it will make careful scrutiny into the legality and regularity and justice of the trials, and communicate its opinions upon the subject. It further recommends the British Government to adopt a policy of tenderness and forgiveness toward the Fenians.

Every Government should doubtless see that none of its citizens are unfairly dealt with, and to urge a generous policy toward offenders is always commendable. But we presume that the Government does not suspect any irregularity in the Canadian trials, and does not believe the condemned to be unjustly accused. The President and the Secretary are doubtless glad that an opportunity was offered before the election of appearing as the interceding friends of the Fenians. We believe, however, it is very well understood that the condemned are not to suffer, and we have no doubt that the Canadian authorities will perceive that pardon in this instance is better than punishment. But the offense of the invaders is none the less glaring, while in sentencing them to death the Canadian courts justly judge the character of the St. Albans raid from their own side of the line.

COLD AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

"A GREEN Christmas makes a fat church-yard," is an old English proverb, expressing the supposed fact that a mild, open winter is of course unhealthy. But statistics show that this very common supposition is incorrect. By comparison of different winters it has been found that the colder is the weather the greater is the mortality. And this result of cold is seen most in the two extremes of life—in the young and the old—the middle-aged being best able, from their confirmed vigor, to resist its depressing influence. Cold is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease. Let us see how it operates.

If on going out in a clear, cold day we have a fine glow in the fresh air, we feel that the cold is a source of vigor to us—that it promotes health instead of impairing it. Why is this? It is because, from the circumstances of the exposure, the cold air, acting upon the sensations, awakens a reaction in the system. It is in this case a stimulant, and an agreeable one. Now, it is when this reaction does not occur that the cold is injurious to health, and it is by its depressing influence. It is simply in this way that it is so largely productive of disease.

We will suppose a very common case. A student who is obliged to be economical sits in a room that is not sufficiently warmed, and is scantily clothed when he goes out into the air, so that he is, for much of every twenty-four hours of all the cold season, chilled, though only slightly. He is suffering from a continuous depression of the vital energies, which will inevitably undermine the constitution and sow the seeds of disease. Such a course is quite as injurious as the enervating course of those who go to the other extreme, subjecting themselves continuously to too high a degree of temperature. When we are sitting still in the house we should aim at keeping such a temperature of the apartment as will make us comfortable. And when we expose ourselves to cold we should aim at maintaining the same comfortable condition, either by shutting in the heat generated in the body by a suitable amount of clothing, or by wakening a proper reaction by exercise, or by both conjoined. The robust can secure this result with much less clothing than the feeble and delicate, who should be very careful in relation to outdoor clothing. The modes of dress of children and females have often been exceedingly faulty in this respect, and many a life has been sacrificed in obedience to the behests of fashion.

The hardening, as it is termed, which some attempt to accomplish, is always a failure. The depression occasioned by the inuring to cold adds to the evil that it is intended to remove. So far from invigorating it renders delicate and feeble. We have known students to ruin their health by an habitual use of scanty clothing, with the delusive idea of hardening themselves. In one sense the system may, it is true, in this way be accustomed to bear the cold—that is, the sensations produced by it may come to be disregarded in a measure by habit. But there is no real gain in this. The only true hardening is in accustoming the system to react under the impression of cold. To do this more or less help is needed from exercise and clothing. With care on this point exposure to cold is a prominent means of invigoration.

It is often said that our well-warmed houses are far from being an improvement on the open fireplace arrangement of former times so far as health is concerned. This is only true where ventilation is neglected, and too high a degree of temperature is maintained. With proper regulation of circumstances the diffusion of heat throughout the dwelling is decidedly promotive of health. It may bring no injury to the robust to dress in cold rooms; but any such continuous exposure of the delicate and the very young to cold, when they are not in such action as will maintain the proper temperature of the body, must impair vigor. Discomfort is always injurious. Many a delicate female has been rendered consumptive by the depression of the daily discomfort of dressing in a pinching cold atmosphere, who would have escaped this malady if she had not been subjected to this exposure.

A large cause of disease among the poor is the daily depression of vital power from their poorly-warmed apartments and the inadequate clothing which they wear out of doors. It acts in consonance with those other depressing causes which operate upon them—defective ventilation, emanations from filth, scanty food, and the discouragements of life. The diseases of the poor generally most clearly indicate the presence of the element of depression in the action of the causes that produce them.

Too great heat will enervate the system, and so render it very susceptible to the influence of cold. If one is shut up in a small room heated by a stove, the temperature is very commonly too high—far above that which is needed for comfort. This is in itself injurious, relaxing the system, and inducing debility; but besides this direct result it enhances the depressing influence of cold in the frequent exposures to it both indoors and out. The poor, and even those who are well-to-do, as it is expressed, subject themselves often indoors to changes from a high temperature to pinching cold. The liability to such alternations is always a difficulty with contracted accommodations. With the most careful and judicious management it is not easy to regulate properly the temperature of small apartments; and carelessness, with the ill-proportioned and ill-adjusted arrangements that are so commonly found, makes an entire failure of it. And when you add to the alternations from overheating to shivering in the cold at hom the exposures to cold without with the scantiest clothing, you can see how largely col must operate in inducing disease in the poorer class especially in the small apartments of the ten ment houses of our cities.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

LEAVE the flag with us who loved him,
Whom the Copperheads assailed,
As he stood, our chosen leader,
When the storm of treason rose.
'Tis the flag that waved above him
As the ship of State he sailed—
Freedom's last and grandest pleader,
Struck to earth by Freedom's foes
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who bore it
Under Lincoln's watchful eye;
At his call we sprung to battle
When the walls of Sumter fell.
On the bloody field we bore it,
With the hosts of treason nigh,
Where the cannon's sullen rattle
Was our dying comrades' knell.
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who saved it,
Standing close by Lincoln's side;
Not with those whose lips defamed him
Till death hid him from their view.
He smiled on us as we waved it
Where its colors were denied,
For our friendship never shamed him—
We're the Country's boys in blue!
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

INDEMNITY FOR BRITISH PIRACIES.

THE New York *Times* of October 24 has the following from its Washington correspondent: "In regard to our affairs with England, growing out of the depredations during the late war of the privateers *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, Mr. Adams, our Minister to the Court of St. James, was some time since instructed to make a peremptory demand for indemnity for the losses sustained by our commercial interests. To this demand Mr. Adams received an evasive reply. He was immediately instructed to repeat the demand. He did so, but no definite response has yet been received. The British Government is now putting out feelers in its various organs, showing its disposition in the matter. From these it appears that it is willing to submit the claims to arbitration or to a Board o. National Commissioners. Our Government will accept no arrangement of this sort, but will insist on a prompt and full payment of the claims. This is our *ultimatum* as contained in the instructions under which Mr. Adams is now acting."

NEWS ITEMS.

Brevet Major-General George W. Getty has relinquished the command of the District of Texas, which is assumed by Brevet Major-General Heintzelman, Colonel of the Seventeenth United States fantry.

On October 25 the Stonewall Cemetery, at Winchester, Virginia, was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, a leading feature being the int ment of the bodies o General Ashby and his bro er, Captain Ashby, Ex-Governor General Wise d vered the address. The Virginians are making systematic efforts to gather the remains of the rebel dead from the various battle-fields, to reinter them in cemeteries, and the performances at Winchester will shortly be repeated at Fredericksburg and Petersburg.

Official returns have been received from the counties of Pennsylvania, and the vote for Governor at the recent election foots up: General Geary, Republican, 307,355; Heister Clymer, Democrat, 289,496; Geary's majority, 17,859. The total vote is the largest ever cast in Pennsylvania, and aggregates 596,851. At the election in 1865 the total vote was 454,263—Republican 238,400, Democratic 215,740, and the Republican majority was 22,660. At the Presidential election in 1864 the total vote was 572,707—for Lincoln 296,391, for M'Clellan 276,31 ; Lincoln's majority 20,075. Since 1864 the Republicans have gained 10,264 votes and the Democrats 20,180, the aggregate increase in the State being 31,144.

Captain James L. Fisk, who has taken a large train through to Montana over the Northern route, under date of Helena, Montana, Septem writes that more than 3000 emigrants have bee y the Indians this season. At a recent bat ne Yellow Stone, seventy whites were killed, and the whole route, known as Bowsman's Cut-off, is strewn with fresh graves. Captain Fisk had no trouble with Indians over the Northern route.

On the 25d of October the Vermont Legislature elected United States Senators as follows: To fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Collamer, Hon. L. P. Polan ; to fill the unexpired term of Senator Foote, Hon. George T. Edmunds; for six years from the 4th of March next, Hon. Justin S. Morrill.

General Sheridan has written a letter advising, as the true policy, that the Liberal Government under Juarez be supported, and all violations of the neutrality laws by the Imperialists and others be promptly dealt with.

It is reported on good authority that Governor Wells and Judge Howell, who claims to be Presiden of the Constitutional Convention of 1864, are about reconvening that body, and that they have ordered elections of delegates to fill vacancies. The Governor says that he has assurances from leading members of Congress that he will be sustained by force if necessary.

Colonel Lynch and Rev. John M'Mahon, the Fenian prisoners, have been tried at Toronto, Canada West, and are sentenced to be hung.

The work of boring the Hoosac Mountain, in Western Massachusetts, is going forward at three principal places—on the easterly side, near the Deerfield River, at the top, and on the west side. The shaft on th top is 317 feet deep, from the bottom of which the bore is extended east and west. The distance already drilled is about 1000 feet. Nitro glycerine is used in blasting, and found more effective than gunpowder. The progress made in the cut is from 16 to 24 feet per week. The total distance gained is more than a mile. Three miles of solid rock yet remain to be tunneled.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have reduced the tariff on messages 50 per cent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 23:

(VIENNA.)—The Vienna *Presse* of to-day says that Baron Von Beust is very likely to be the Foreign Minister.

(LONDON.)—Lord Clarendon is seriously ill.

October 25:

(BERLIN.)—The treaty between Prussia and Saxony has been fully ratified. Pursuant to its provisions Saxony is to pay ten million florins. The Army of Saxony has already been dissolved.

The Baden House of Deputies has rejected the proposed alliance with Prussia.

(PARIS.)—Rumors are current that changes in the French Cabinet are imminent. The threatened rupture is caused by the Emperor's insisting on the negotiation of a large loan.

It is now said that the French troops will leave Rome in December.

(VIENNA.)—Field-Marshal Benedek, of the Austrian army, has been placed on the retired list.

October 26:

(PARIS.)—The condition of the Empress Carlotta is described as being hopeless.

The Emperor Maximilian will probably return in the Austrian frigate which was recently dispatched from Trieste by the Emperor Francis Joseph.

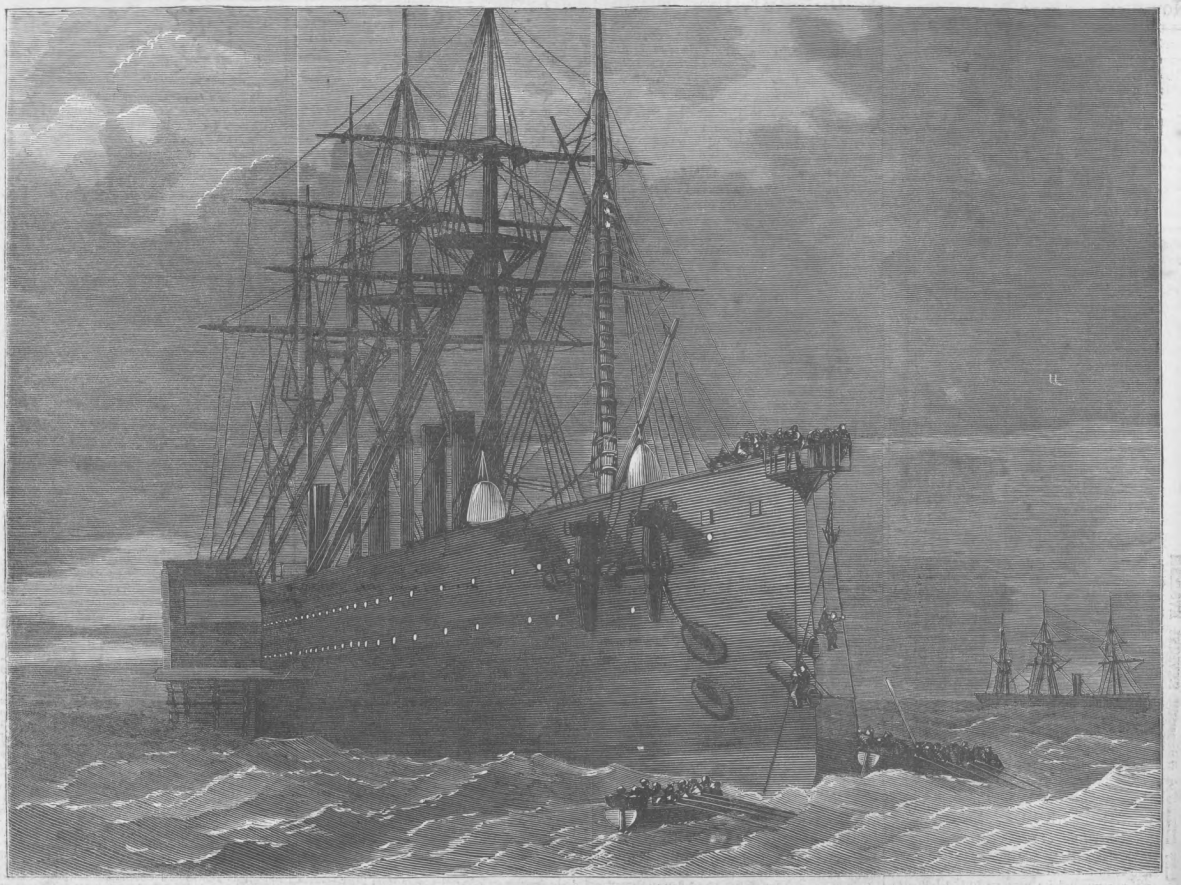
It is said that twenty war steamers will leave for Mexico in November to bring home the entire French force now in that country.

October 27:

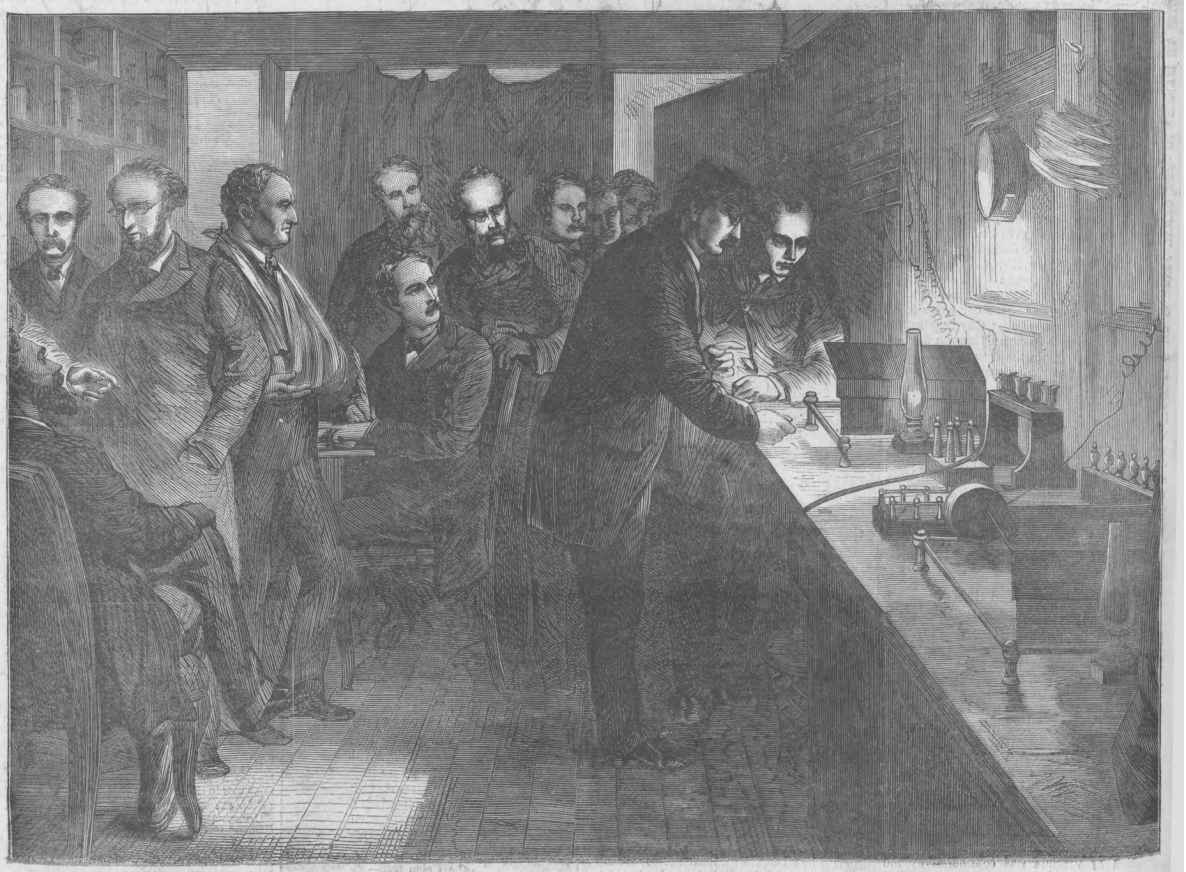
(LONDON.)—The project submitted by France and England to the Spanish Government for the settlement of the Chilian difficulty has been approved by the Queen and her Ministers.

(FLORENCE.)—An arrival from Candia states that another great battle took place on the 17th instant. The Greeks report that the Turkish army was repulsed.

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THE "GREAT EASTERN" PICKING UP THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



TESTING THE RECOVERED ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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MEXICAN INDIANS BRINGING FLOWERS AND FRUITS TO MARKET BY THE CANAL FROM LAKE CHALCO.

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THE WIFFLES AGAIN;

OR, THE WAY OUT.

How to get out of it! That was the question with which Georgiana Wiffle occupied her days and nights. Perhaps you remember Miss Wiffle, mentioned in a late issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and the unprincipled stratagem by which she imposed on an unsuspecting druggist. I have been asked if she paid the druggist. Of course she did, and till that happy day arrived walked three blocks out of her way to avoid his corner. Meanwhile, as I have said, the Wiffles were ravening for a dinner, and went about broiling imaginary chops, and looking hungrily at empty platters and gridirons.

The Wiffles rented the upper half of a house. The lower part was occupied by Mrs. Kahn, the round, rosy wife of a grocer in prosperous circumstances. Mrs. Kahn broiled ham for breakfast, roasted chickens for dinner, and fried fish for supper, and these appetizing odors beset the Wiffles continually, and made their hunger more poignant. If Mrs. Kahn could ever have seen the Wiffles sitting down to their dry bread she would have found an excuse for sending more than the odors of her table up stairs; but Mrs. Kahn stood just a little in awe of the Wiffles, and in her wildest imaginings could never have figured those genteel women, so evidently ladies, as hungry. So she broiled and roasted and boiled, to their unspeakable aggravation, and set about cooking a beef-steak, unluckily, just as Miss Wiffle set herself about four little verses on the "Drift of Life."

Miss Wiffle had not even yet received the check for "At Low Tide;" but it is necessary to take editors as well as time by the forelock. As Georgiana commenced operations Mrs. Kahn commenced also below, trotting briskly about, and humming cheerily to herself as she laid the steak on the gridiron. It smelled so deliciously that Georgiana could not write a word. The Drift of Life is a fine subject, but you can not butter it, and pepper it, and turn it over, and move it about a little, that the fat may crisp and not brown; and Miss Wiffle knew as well what Mrs. Kahn was doing as if she had been clairvoyant. She tried to fix her attention on the slate, which served her for paper till she could buy foolscap. She wrote her title, "The Drift of Life," in large capitals, with a flourish under it, and, on second thoughts, added her *nom de plume*, May Lillian; and then, glancing up, found her sister Harriet looking at her.

"I declare," said Harriet, solemnly, and laying down her work, "it is almost more than I can bear! How can people eat continually?"

I have not detailed these circumstances with intention of offering an excuse for what Miss Wiffle did next. This is a photograph, not a fancy sketch, and I am responsible only for the accuracy of my statements, not for the moral make-up of my characters; neither do I believe that we have a right to make roaring lions of ourselves, and go about the world seeking whom we may devour. Suppose Miss Wiffle's butcher could have fathomed the guile under Miss Wiffle's quiet face! What would have been his opinion of his fellow-mortals from that time forward? Could the dinner thus procured for the starving Wiffles have balanced the butcher's loss of confidence in his race? He never guessed, honest man! that Miss Wiffle had left her pocket-book at home because there was nothing in it, and the confiding and friendly pat with which he shut down the cover of her little basket should have smote on her heart, only that druggist business had left her conscience a trifle crisp.

Mrs. Wiffle, however, stood aghast, and "I do believe it is hardening," declared Harriet.

"I presume it is," returned Georgiana, recklessly. "Put the steak on the fire, and I will take another turn at it," and down she went to Mrs. Kahn.

"Can you spare a little butter, Mrs. Kahn? When I was out I—"

"Dear heart, yes!" cried Mrs. Kahn, delighted, and so the Wiffles had a dinner.

That afternoon they were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement, for Mattie, watching for Georgiana, who had gone to the post-office, announced that she was coming back with a brown envelope, and that she had waved it as she turned the corner. Mrs. Wiffle peered out between the blinds, and then ran away to Harry's room, because, she said to herself, "if we are disappointed again I know I shall cry." Harriet sat down, trembling very much, and pretended to be surprised when Georgie opened the door. You see it is only people who lead monotonous lives who affect scenes and demonstrations. Those who deal familiarly with strong emotions slur them over with an affected indifference, and deaden them, as far as possible, by leaving them unuttered, or life would be past bearing; but Mattie, who was only a little mirror, and not yet arrived at feeling, on her own account, burst into a clamorous shout of, "There, mother, I told you so; she has got it!" That brought Mrs. Wiffle from the bedroom. Then Georgiana drew out ten dollars in triumph, for the grocer had cashed the check in one-dollar notes, and piled them in an imposing manner on the table. Mrs. Wiffle began to reckon.

"One dollar and a half for the—"

"Dear me!" cried Harriet, petulantly, "why could you not let us feel rich for five minutes, mother?"

"One dollar and a half to the butcher," pursued Mrs. Wiffle, calmly; half a dollar for Harry's lemons and sugar, one dollar for the druggist; and, as we have to buy butter to repay Mrs. Kahn, and matches, and salt, we may as well call it four dollars."

"Four dollars from ten leaves six," put in Georgiana, sharply, as if something had hurt her. "We must lay aside at least two dollars for Harry."

"I thought I was to have shoes," observed Mattie.

"I met Miss Gregory yesterday, and she almost asked me for that fifty cents," added Harriet.

"I used our last flour yesterday," commenced Mrs. Wiffle, "and the coal—"

"We are in worse plight than before," interrupted Georgiana, sullenly. "I can not get the 'Drift of Life' in print, at the very best, before two weeks. Mrs. Duvernay will not return till next month, and there is no work yet. I stopped at the shop this morning. I can not get credit as I did before, or people will suspect. What are we to do? When people are unable to live in a groove, I suppose it is a clear indication that they are to get out of it. How are we to get out of it?"

Looking over this paragraph, I see that in the heat of writing I have dropped out a secret: a secret which I kept in reserve, because I was a little ashamed of it. There might be a show of gentility in the little poems, and the fine sewing for Mrs. Duvernay being very fine, and done very privately, was not wholly vulgar, though deplorable. As I proceed, however, I can not help saying to myself that I should have preferred to write a story that dealt entirely with the aristocracy, if I knew any thing of them; for even if I had not pronounced the words shop and work how am I to get on in a domestic history that reckons up the Wiffles to their last cent, unless I frankly admit at once that Georgiana earned on the average four dollars a week by sewing for a ladies' furnishing establishment, and so contrived to cover their rent and firing? And now that we understand each other, let us go back to the Wiffles discussing how to get out. Here are the methods discussed:

A Boarding-house.—Dismissed, because they had no furniture, no money to buy it, no money to pay the rent in advance, and no one who would act as security, or lend them money.

Teaching.—Dismissed, because they had no money to rent a room, buy its furniture, and advertise, while teachers in public schools must be graduates of the city schools, and the vacancies were to the applicants in the proportion of one to fifty.

Governessing.—Dismissed. Georgiana, as the prop of the family, could not be spared. Harriet, besides educational deficiencies, was equally indispensable for the domestic service, as Mrs. Wiffle was infirm and much of the time confined to her bed.

Other Branches of Seamstressing.—Dismissed. Neither of the ladies understood mantua-making, or millinery, and Georgiana made as much money by her sewing and her verses as she could have done by operating on the machine.

Removing to the Country.—Dismissed. No money for moving expenses, and no work when there.

The trouble evidently was with that abstraction Fate, who had given a woman a man's responsibilities.

"What a pity that we could not freeze up for a few hundred years or so, and come out on better times, when somebody has made a place in the world for working-women," said Georgie, sighing. "If I were a young man, exactly as clever as I am now, there would be an opening for me in business, and a few years would see me a thriving merchant, or something of the sort, and the Wiffles family would take bread and butter as a matter of course, and not as a thing to be agonized about. Being women, we are doing the best possible now, and need hope for nothing better. I wonder how many butchers and grocers there are in the city. I shall be obliged to try them all, you know, in the course of time."

"Hush," said Mrs. Wiffle, "some one at the door!" and at this juncture came in Mr. Weltie.

You may not know Mr. Weltie, though he is a member of a firm in fair standing in Worth Street; but if you have a good-looking, unmarried, imperative daughter in your house, make no doubt that a man exactly similar visits her. He is a gentleman a little beyond thirty. You know all about him. Where he commenced business, and what he is worth, and you mention the last item with respect. He is a moderate man, inclined to safe, conservative views. He is fine friends with your little boy, and if he wanted any body in your family he would be quite welcome, always excepting the unreasonable Maria, to whom he offers a persistent devotion that she metaphorically tears in pieces and throws in his face, declaring, in answer to your remonstrances, "That if he does not like the treatment why does he come there, she should like to know!"

Why indeed! Not an unmarried neighbor of Georgiana Wiffle that did not indignantly ask that question concerning Mr. Weltie, partner in the firm of Weltie, Maple, & Co.—a man that owned his own house and his horses. They, the unmarried aforesaid, would not have turned their backs on Mr. Weltie, or scornfully refused his invitations, or talked over his head, or pretended to fall asleep, as one entirely worn-out by the length of his visits!

Now all these things Georgie did, and, notwithstanding, Mr. Weltie continued to adore Miss Wiffle.

Mrs. Wiffle rose at once to welcome Mr. Weltie. Georgiana started as if she had a shock.

"Does 'a way out' ever come walking in?" she asked Harriet, in a low voice. "We were looking for one, you know;" and rising, graciously offered the new-comer her hand. Harriet looked bewildered; so did Mr. Weltie. When had she condescended so far before? Several good openings for snubbing Mr. Weltie presented themselves, and when Georgiana passed them by Mrs. Wiffle began to look seriously at her daughter. Miss Wiffle looked seriously also, but not at any one in the company. She was taking a mental survey of their extreme and hopeless poverty. How was Mattie to be educated? Harry would always be ailing. Mrs. Wiffle grew daily more infirm. She had no prospect. She prospered as well as a woman without genius and friends had a right to expect. In fact Miss Wiffle had decided already, when she flashed out that quick question at Harriet, but she pretended with herself that it was still an open question, and asked herself should she take this way out, if life would be bearable with that man? She had her romance like other girls. Her dreams of a perfect love. Was she strong enough to put the romance and the dreams away under seal, and trust her own promise that the seal should never be broken?

Mr. Weltie did not know why Georgie looked at him, and was civil; but he was flattered that she was civil at all, and gathered courage to propose a walk. Mrs. Wiffle and Georgiana accepted the invitation, while Harriet staid at home with the children, and the elements were good to Mr. Weltie, and got up a shower of such proportions that the ladies, being near Mr. Weltie's house, were obliged to shelter there.

Bachelors' houses are apt to be damp and ghostly, and Mr. Weltie's house was no exception to the rule. Leave out the kitchen and his little library, and a more dispirited set of rooms, moped in linen and darkness, were never seen. But then, such a house! marble mantles, and Brussels carpets. And privately lifting one of the linen covers, Mrs. Wiffle ascertained that there was brocatelle beneath; while Mr. Weltie, bustling about for a slight collation, and apologizing for deficiencies, remarked that he kept his silver in the bank.

Hereupon, all unconsciously, Mrs. Wiffle looked at Georgie with an unconscious appeal in her careworn face that made the girl wince, and yet grew in complaisance toward the delighted Weltie.

When a young lady has already elected to be won courtship becomes an easy matter. Mr. Weltie wooed Georgiana with bouquets and silks, with Delmonico's and Dodworth's, with much driving about in carriages, and continual arrival of costly packages in brown paper. The neighbors looked on enviously. The Wiffles beamed, though they were sorely embarrassed and driven to their wit's end for flour, coal, sugar, butter, and dinners generally, in the midst of Georgie's silks and jewel-cases; but there was a way out, for Georgie had told Mr. Weltie, with dignity, "that though she did not love him, she could respect him, and for the sake of her family was willing to marry him," and Mr. Weltie had eagerly taken her at her word. If Miss Wiffle shuddered, and thought about Stamboul, and Circassian girls, and hated the things Mr. Weltie brought her, and saw spots and stains on the whiteness of her bridal robes, no one else was troubled by such unpractical fancies. Mrs. Wiffle looked ten years younger. Harriet grew actually gay. Harry could go to the sea-shore, and Mattie rejoice in new shoes and frocks. A number of people, who had suddenly recollected the Wiffles, declared every where that Georgiana was a sensible girl, and would do well for herself. Shall we throw stones after their carriage, or bid them God-speed, and admit Georgie's excuse: "What other way was there out?"

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE time occupied in the ride home had wrought no change in George's resolution; but it had shown him sufficient of the danger and perplexity of the course he had determined on to suggest some slight cautionary measure. He resolved, therefore, to proceed, without halting, straight to his own dwelling, where, admitted as usual by one of the male domestics, he would retire to his chamber or study, and enjoy a season of reflection, with the consolation, at all events, of being in a position still to exercise some liberty of choice. The idea of present security was thus yet dominant in George's mind, when the door at length opened.

"You have not hurried yourself, I hope," he began. But the fatal words were still on his lips when George became conscious that he was standing face to face with his portly cook!

The young man literally staggered, as if he had received a blow, and his face became deadly white. Collecting himself, however, he gave his horse to a groom, who came running up, and entered the house.

Mrs. Turnover, executing an apologetic bob, or courtesy, was beating a hasty retreat, when her master's voice recalled her.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Turnover, come with me a moment."

He went into a side apartment and sat down. His agitated face alarmed the cook.

"You're ill, I'm afeerd, Sir George. Shall I make you any thing? Cup o' tea: little drop o' sperrets?"

"Nothing. Sit down, if you please."

"Sir!"

"Sit down."

Mrs. Turnover obeyed.

"Tur—Mrs. Turnover, by-the-by, what is your other name? I forget," said her master.

"Barbary Hann, Sir."

"Barbara Ann," his voice trembled.

"Sir!" said the good lady, getting more and more uneasy.

"Barbara" (Mrs. Turnover started), "don't be surprised or annoyed at what you are about to hear."

"Certingly, Sir George," said the cook, getting up to courtesy, and subsiding again. "'Owever, if 'tis about the butter, I've—"

"It has no especial reference to butter, or any thing of that description," said her young master. "Barbara, I give you warning—"

"Warning, Sir!" ejaculated the cook, in consternation. "Whatever 'ave I done?"

"A warning, truly," said her master, with a dismal smile, "but not exactly to—no, Barbara, not to leave me. Listen. I am perfectly serious, perfectly resolved, and I shall presently require of you as serious and as resolved an answer to the perhaps unexpected question I am going to put to you. Without at present entering into fuller explanations, are—are you w—willing, Barbara, to—become—my—*wife?*"

Mrs. Turnover gave utterance to a slight scream, and leaned back in her chair, which creaked, sympathetically, as though exhorting the sitter to take heart. Her first idea was that Sir George had returned home in that peculiar condition, originally invented by the police, and defined in their reports as "been drinking"—that is, while not wholly deserving the jovial adjective "drunk," ripe for any of those little aberrations to which drinking leads. But, remembering his temperate habits, this idea speedily gave place to a worse—namely, that he had gone suddenly mad.

Now the good cook had both heard and read that the prevailing mode of dealing with lunacy at the present day involves a pretended coincidence in, and promotion of, any remarkable fancy. Demeaning herself accordingly, Mrs. Turnover, with a coolness and presence of mind that really astonished herself, returned a soothing answer.

"You're werry good, Sir George" (poor creeter!), "and a werry natural thing" (George started) "it were of you to wish for to give me such a nice little surprise. But—but I don't think you're quite your own quiet self this night. There, now, there! Don't, like a hexcellent gentleman, hexcite yourself. P'raps you're a bit flustered like, with riding so sharp home. You feels that, too," continued Mrs. Turnover, in persuasive accents, "and, at this werry individgial moment, I sees you whisperin' to yourself—Barbary's right. I'll lay down for 'alf an hour, and 've a cup o' tea, and then enjoy any further conwersation comfortably."

"Thank you," replied Sir George. "You're a kind-hearted creature, and you mean well. But, Mrs. Tur—that is, Barbara—understand, I pray, without more words, that I am as sane, as sober, and as heartily in earnest as ever I was in my life. Come, does that satisfy you?"

"O' course it do, Sir George. Unappy creeters! it's what they all says," added Mrs. Turnover, aside. "Never did I see a saner gentleman than him's a settin' there. In hearnest?—why, o' course you aire. What was poor Turnover's last words, Sir George, when sinking?"

"I don't remember—I never heard," said the baronet, absently. "Words?"

"'Putt every confidence in the sperior sect,' he ses. 'Trust 'em. They knows what they're about, and if they does mislead you, why, they're sometimes werry sorry, which makes,' he ses, 'all square.' Whereas, Sir George, I putts trust in *you*, and werry grateful feels for your kind preference," concluded Mrs. Turnover, rising as she spoke, in the hope of putting an end to the embarrassing conference.

"Listen to me, Turnover," said the young man, gravely. "On the supposition that I am mad, you affect to indulge what seems to you an extraordinary fancy, and to receive it as something perfectly natural; nay, to be expected! This is nonsense. Having taken the matter in its insane aspect, suppose you try it now in its reasonable one. Granted the step I propose to take is unusual, and may be judged of by the world in a manner not flattering to my self-esteem, there are reasons which outweigh such considerations. I once more distinctly place before you, Barbara Ann Turnover, heretofore my servant, the opportunity of becoming my *wife*."

"I thought I should ha' dropped," said Mrs. Turnover, subsequently, "when, repeating it so steadfast, as though actially asting the banns, master putt out his hand, kivered with rings, and smiled as sweet as a angel. While I were hesitating and wiping my hand on my apron he came forrard, impatient, and said: 'Come, my good Barbara, I have giv' you a unfair surprige. Go now, for the present, and think over what I have proposed. I don't require you for to kip it,' he ses, 'anyways secret. You will let me know to-morrow morning—yes, to-morrow—to-morrow—' His voice got choky like, and he sot hisself down again, kivering his white face with his hands. 'Which I courtesied," concluded Mrs. Turnover, "and, upset as I were, didn't I go, as fast as ever I walked in my life! But I didn't get no further than the staircase, for thcer I simmed to forgit whear I was, and all about it."

George had raised his eyes in time to witness that precipitate movement of retreat Mrs. Turnover has herself described. It recalled so vividly the action of a frightened goose that he could not repress a bitter smile.

"She will do justice to the name in *one* particular at least!" he muttered.

He was in the act of rising to go to his chamber, when a loud, singular sound, such as, if a pony ever uttered an audible laugh, might be produced by that animal, echoed from the staircase, followed by a wail and sobs so unmistakably human that the young man rushed out to inquire their source, and beheld the poor cook on the upper steps in high hysterics. Before he could summon assistance the distressful accents had reached other ears, for somebody—it was a young person George had never before seen—came bounding from an adjacent apartment to the rescue. For a second their eyes met. George had only time to note that the face, though somewhat haughty in expression, was of singular beauty, and further, that a crimson flush mounted, unnecessarily as it seemed, to the stranger's brow, when other help arrived, and the young master of the house discreetly withdrew.

"What noble features! and, by Jove! what a complexion!" was his comment. "That blush alone was perfection. Ah, nature, who can paint like thee? Who *is* the girl, I wonder? Not of these parts, surely. No servant, I am sure. Perhaps a seamstress of Clara's. Perhaps—"

He fell into a strange reverie, standing so long with one boot off and leaning on a chair that he positively started when, rousing himself, he looked at his watch. Night was coming on, a fact of which he was further apprised by the appearance of Mr. Fanshaw, the butler, bringing candles, and a request to know if he would be pleased to take dinner.

Sir George declined the superior meal, but ordered coffee to be brought to his room, and prepared to write. Thereupon Mr. Fanshaw, after a slight and purposeless buzz about the room, and a wistful but stealthy look at his master, withdrew.

George had caught the look in his mirror.

"They all know it, then, by this time!" was his correct conclusion.

When Mr. Fanshaw reappeared with the coffee George forced himself to inquire for Mrs. Turnover.

Either the good lady anticipated the query, or Mr. Fanshaw was good at improvisation, for he at once replied:

"Mrs. Turnover's duty, Sir George; she 'ave laid down for a few minutes, Sir George, and feels quite charmin', Sir George."

The suitor uttered something between a cough and a groan, and turned steadily to his writing.

He was occupied with one letter full half an hour. The pen traveled swiftly, but the journey was apparently in vain, for at the end of several pages George suddenly stopped, glanced back hastily at what he had written, and tore the whole to atoms.

"To *her*, to-morrow," he muttered. "To-night I am distraught. Poor Clara!"

Poor George! may be added. For it is no easy matter to communicate in an entirely satisfactory manner, to the most attached of sisters (especially if she be the wife of a haughty earl) that you are about to be affianced to your cook.

"It is too late for the post, I suppose?" said George to the butler, who entered at this moment.

"Not if 'tis sent immediately, Sir George," was the reply. "Dawes can take it at once, Sir George; he's at the stable gate now, Sir George, with the dog-cart, Sir George."

"The dog-cart? Why?"

"Going to take Miss Esther, Sir George."

"Who is Miss Esther?"

"Miss Vann, Sir George. Mrs. Turnover's niece, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, promptly.

"Mr. Dawes does not consider it necessary to await my orders, it would seem," said the young baronet, with unwonted tartness. "Be good enough to desire

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him to put up the dog-cart instantly. I have *no* letters to-night."

"And, and the young la—, person, Sir George? 'Tis too far for such a girl to walk at night, and all alone, Sir George."

"Who wants her to walk? She can sleep here if she chooses."

Mr. Fanshaw quitted the room.

"Not badly managed," thought George. "Two things gained. I must keep down this disposition in my household to treat me as they please. This will be more than ever necessary *now*. And I shall perhaps also see how the *morning* roses bloom. How pretty she was!"

The butler reappeared.

"I beg pardon, Sir George; Mrs. Turnover is quite agreeable, Sir George; but Miss Esther herself insists on walking home, Sir George, nor we can't perwent her, Sir George."

"Present my compliments to Miss—what name did you say?—Esther—and request her, as a favor, not to put me to the pain of sending a lady from Gosling Graize, even in a carriage, at this hour of the night, when twenty chambers are at her disposal. Dawes will receive her orders in the morning, at any hour she pleases."

"Yes, Sir George, very good, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, evidently approving the amended message, and went his way.

George thought of Mildred till he went to sleep. A revolution then occurred, and slumber, which has a tyranny of its own, decreed, and somehow contrived, that he should dream of Esther Vann.

CHAPTER IV.

In the mean time there had been proceeding, in the apartment occupied by Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, a grand council, or divan. Stretched upon a couch (for she was, as has been stated, a victim to rheumatism), Mrs. Mapes, excited by the astounding intelligence which had reached her, looked less like an invalid than might have been expected, and took an ample share in the deliberations. Truth to say, these were almost exclusively of a conjectural character, and had reference to the enigma present to every mind, and expressing itself *there*, in the simple terms "how ever master can mean to make such a fool of hisself as *this* comes to!"

The heroine of that eventful day—Mrs. Turnover herself—was seated in a chair of state, close beside the presidential couch, surrounded by her admiring, not to say wondering, friends, while Esther sat apart, pale, sad, bewildered, hardly able to believe that what she saw and heard was not a foolish dream. Compelled to yield to Sir George's proposition, she was content to let it be thought that the restraint put upon her movements had slightly affected her temper, and made her disinclined to take part in the debate.

"And you are *sure*, my dear soul, he ain't mad?" said Mrs. Mapes, affectionately (for she didn't like her), placing her hand on the pudgy paw of Mrs. Turnover.

Some hours, it will be remembered, had now elapsed since Sir George's return, and the observant reader, aware how readily the human mind adapts itself to the most unexpected contingencies, will not be surprised to learn that Mrs. Turnover began to be a little annoyed at the circumstance of every body at once jumping to the conclusion that nothing short of insanity could explain their master's choice. She therefore replied with a little acerbity, that he might have been mad, for aught she knew; but, at the same time, he evidently know'd well enough what he was a doing on.

"Don't be angry, my dear creature," said the mild housekeeper. "*We* don't think it strange, we that know your value, that you should have a handsome offer. But master's seen so little of you, so *very* little, hasn't he? What ever can be his reason?"

"To be sure, he've seen a good deal more of *you*," retorted Mrs. Turnover. "But it don't seem to have made any difference, in a matrimonial pint o' view."

"He might have heard what a hexlent creetur you be," said Gertrude, going in betimes for serious flattery.

"It's not a sudding thing," remarked the laundry-maid. "Depend upon it, this has been a long time shimmering in his mind. He wanted to be quite sure of his feelins. It's ockard, when a man ses slap he loves you, and then finds he don't. That's why master was so long speaking out."

"Well, at all events he done it effectually at last," said Mrs. Turnover, hardly knowing whether the last speech could be taken in a complimentary sense or not.

"There's no guessin' o' men. They hides their feelins so," said Gertrude, who squinted, had a snub nose, and from whom mankind in general had managed to conceal their feelings most successfully.

"Did you notice any simtims of offection at hodd times, such as when he was a-hordering dinner, or paying your wages, and that, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Fanshaw, whose presence in the lady's room was tolerated in consideration of the importance of the occasion, and on condition that he did not sit down. "Come! did he never make no excuse for to squeedge your hand?"

"I—I don't remember as he ever did—no, I am positive he never did," said Mrs. Turnover, after due reflection.

"Or was you ever sittin' by him permiscus any where, when he's nudged you, or pinched your helbo?" pursued Mr. Fanshaw, whose ideas of wooing seemed exclusively muscular.

"Never," said the lady.

"P'raps he's heard as you're 'titled to some money!" suggested a voice in the distance. But this spiteful idea was scouted.

"It can't hardly be my figger," said the cook, frankly. "N' more it couldn't be my face, for I'm changed a bit since Turnover first kep company with me at Habbot's Hann. I *veer* pretty then."

"Why, what airs you *now*, ma'am?" put in the unblushing Gertrude. "Look at your heye, and your 'air. I've heard tell it used to be sot upon."

"Law!" said Mr. Fanshaw. "Is that good for the hair?"

"Turnover was as proud as a peacock of my curls, just as if they was his own," said his relict, with a sigh. "His last words to me, huttered just as his voice was failing, was these: 'Barbary,' he ses, 'give me some drops.' We giv' 'em. Then he goes on, 'French is good 'air, specially for middle-aged fronts and puffers. North German makes good working wigs; but Swish is best of all,' he ses. 'I've paid,' he ses, graspin' my hand, 'as much as three pound siven, ay, and three pound twelve, for Swish light brown, afore baking. But into any thing like *yours*, for substance, glosh, and fibre, I never yet did put a comb! —Adoo.'"

"Well now, to business," said Mrs. Mapes. "What shall you say, my dear? Of *course*, if master's offer's serious, you accept it. The only question then is, *is* it serious?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," said Mrs. Turnover, resolutely. "Make yourself quite easy as to *that*. When a gentleman asks you in plain words whether you'll be his wife, I suppose he means to ask whether his wife you will be."

Mrs. Mapes admitted that the phrase might be regarded as convertible; but, as a final conjecture, would submit to the general suffrage, whether it were not possible that the young master's desire to retain permanently near him a person so skilled in her peculiar vocation was the real motive of his choice.

Mrs. Turnover thought within herself that the object might have been attained on somewhat cheaper conditions; but she made no reply.

"Well, *I* always fancied there was some one else master fancied," said the housekeeper.

"You mean—hum—down there, the Hale," said Mr. Fanshaw, darkly.

Mrs. Mapes nodded. Esther suddenly felt herself becoming interested in the conversation; but it was not pursued in this direction, and, feeling weary, she bade the party good-night, reminding them that she had to be stirring early.

"Master's made a mistake," said Mr. Fanshaw, in an undertone to the housekeeper, during the little movement caused by Esther's exit, "and took the wrong mimber of the family!"

Mrs. Mapes smiled, and the council, too much interested in their subject to think of separating at present, returned to the discussion.

"Don't you feel all in a twitter, ma'am?" inquired Dolly.

Mrs. Turnover responded to the effect that "twitter" time was past, and all she was conscious of was a sort of heavy settlin' down.

It occurred to some of the circle that this state of things would shortly become more applicable to the other party to the projected alliance.

It being now universally assumed that Sir George's suit was to receive a favorable answer, the next consideration was *how* it should be conveyed; and on this point Mrs. Turnover, after a little coquetting, frankly avowed herself at fault, and invited co-operation.

"*I* should do it respectful but cordiwal," said Mr. Fanshaw.

Assent, qualified by an unspoken impression that, on such a subject, Mr. Fanshaw should have permitted the ladies to speak first.

"Pop upon him when he leaves his room," proposed Gertrude. "He'd take it kind."

"I think I wouldn't be *too* forward," said the housekeeper.

"Send word you couldn't come for orders about dinner, being that you was hupset," said Dolly.

"I think I wouldn't be too *backward*," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Meet him promiscus, and say you've loved him these twelve long year, and is it come to *this*?" was the daring counsel of Martha, the kitchen-maid.

"I won't do nothin' o' the sort," said the honest-hearted cook, indignantly. "Besides, a precious fool you'd make me out to be, spoonin' on a little boy in fall-down collars! Catch me saying it."

"You *must* give master his answer, child," said Mrs. Mapes, in full enjoyment of the difficulty. "Come, now, rouse yourself, and think about what you're to say."

"I won't say nothin'," said the cook; "I'll—I'll write."

But this craven resolution was received as it deserved, with manifest disfavor. Nevertheless the lady was firm. She would reply by letter.

"And slip it under his door," was one suggestion.

"Or pin it on the breakfast 'am," was another.

"Or lay it in a hopen tart," was a third.

It seemed that the idea of sending such a letter in the ordinary way was not to be dreamed of.

"Well, now, about the letter," said Mrs. Mapes, settling herself comfortably. "I suppose you don't want any assistance *there*."

(In other words, "I know we shall have to do it for you; so now for some fun!")

Mrs. Turnover declared that she would be greatly obliged for any suggestions.

"The last words Turnover ses to me, so as to be understood distinct," added the good lady, deliberately, "was these: 'Never, Barbary, never be above hearing advice that's freely offered. The best of *that* sort generally is, that you needn't foller it. Adoo!'"

Far from being deterred by this last qualification, the council plunged at once into the discussion, and a consultation ensued, in which every body, except Mr. Fanshaw, took part at the same moment. That gentleman, remarking that the subject was becoming delicate, took his departure.

Numerous were the forms of love-letters adduced as precedents, and many interesting quotations—chiefly, it would seem, derived from valentines—imparted a poetic character to the debate. But none of these exactly hit the point. It is not every day that a young baronet of ancient lineage, aged twenty-five, proposes to his cook, of fifty.

"This will never do," said the lady-president, getting rather weary of the bootless clamor. "Suppose I write down what each or any one has to propose, and we can correct the letter afterward."

The proposition was adopted. Paper and ink were produced, and Mrs. Mapes, whose right hand was fortunately effective, commenced the epistle thus:

"'Honored Sir—'"

"I don't know about 'honored'" said Mrs. Turnover. "Don't it read distant?"

"I thought we were to *write* the letter first," said the housekeeper. "Now, then—'Honored Sir—'"

"'Being as you wished an immediate answer,'" suggested Gertrude, and stopped, exhausted.

"'To your ansum propojial,'" said Dolly, rushing to the rescue.

"'Made to your umble servant, Barbary Hann Turnover,'" prompted Martha.

"That'll do capital!" cried Mrs. Turnover, thinking the letter finished. "Who's got a seal?"

"I don't think *that* would satisfy any body," said Mrs. Mapes. "Do you accept, or *don't* you?"

"'Which,'" said the lady chiefly interested, making a great effort—"'which, if you really think it's for your 'appiness—'"

"'Happiness'—yes?" said the lady-president.

"'Why, *you* know best,'" said the laundry-maid, timidly.

Mrs. Turnover nodded approval.

"Shouldn't you add something about not being fully prepared—you know, unexpected—that sort of thing?" asked the housekeeper.

"'Took by surprige,'" resumed the inexhaustible Dolly.

"'In my hapron and all,'" put in Mrs. Turnover.

"'I might have simmed—have simmed,'" said Gertrude, and again collapsed.

"'More cooler,'" suggested Martha.

"'Than suckemstarnces required,'" said the laundry-maid, timidly interrogative.

"'But, for the futur, you sha'n't—you sha'n't—have no—no—'" hesitated Dolly.

"'No call to complain,'" said Mrs. Turnover, desperately. "There, that'll do. I signs it."

"Oh, Mrs. Turnover, ma'am, there's something forgot," said Dolly.

"Forgot?"

"They usually, so they tells me" (Dolly blushed), "sends a lock of 'air."

"Bless my heart, *do* they?" cried the lady.

"Yes, and yours is so beautiful thick! Let me cut off a bit. There, don't be shy, ma'am," said Gertrude, playfully.

"Well, here, hunderneath, wheer it ain't so gray," said Mrs. Turnover, hitching up her cap.

An iron-gray tuft being presently secured and tied—to avoid dangerous contrasts—with white thread.

"Now, listen," said the lady in the chair; "here's the letter." She had made some improvements in the spelling, but retained the sense intact:

"'HONORED SIR,—Being as you wished an immediate answer to your handsome proposal made to your humble servant, Barbara Ann Turnover, which, if you really think it's for your happiness, why, *you knows best*. Took by surprise, in my apron and all, I might have seemed more cooler than circumstances required; but, for the future, you sha'n't have no call to complain.

"'YOURS to command,

"'BARBARA ANN TURNOVER.'

"Well," concluded Mrs. Mapes, "will it do?"

"I don't like 'honored Sir,'" said Mrs. Turnover, returning to her former criticism. "It reads cold, and besides, ma'am, he *didn't* ask for an immediate answer, nor I never said he did."

"Very good, my dear. I cut that out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now she needn't put her name theer, since 'tis signed at the end," remarked Dolly.

"*That's* out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now, ain't *this* rayther queer; 'if you railly thinks it's for your happiness, ansetterer,'" said Gertrude. "O' course it's for his happiness, and o' course he know'd it so to be. 'If' sounds humbelieving."

"Truly, ma'am," said Mrs. Turnover.

"*That's* out," said the lady with the pen.

"Mrs. Turnover, ma'am," said the laundry-maid, humbly, "I ask for information. Don't it seem as if 'took by surprise' meant to reproge him?"

"Good gracious, child! Reproach! Not for any sake!" exclaimed the lady, much disturbed. "Out with it, please, ma'am, quick!"

"It's out," replied the president. "Now about 'the future?'"

"If I were Mrs. Turnover, little enough I'd promige about *that*," said Dolly, darkly. "Fust you see how he beyaves hisself."

"Perhaps you're right, child," said the cook. "The very last hordible words poor Tur—"

"There, *that's* out," interrupted Mrs. Mapes, and she laid down the pen.

"Go on, if you please, 'm," said Mrs. Turnover.

"That's all."

"Why, bless me! what's gone of the letter?" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, looking at the document in some dismay.

"There's nothing left but 'yours to command,' the name, and the hair," said Mrs. Mapes.

There was a subdued giggle in the assembly at this unexpected result of their labors, but Mrs. Mapes, who was becoming sleepy, comforted them with the assurance that nothing in the world could be better than what still remained. The hair, and the "yours to command," at once announced that the offer was accepted, and that Mrs. Turnover purposed to be a dutiful spouse.

This appearing satisfactory, thanks were presented to Mrs. Mapes for her "able conduct in the chair," and the council separated to their respective apartments, leaving Gosling Graize under the guardianship of the ever wakeful ancestors, who frowned and smirked below.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In an article which recently appeared in one of our daily journals it was stated that last year, during the "ball season," at least *one thousand* balls were given in New York city; and that it was probable the number would reach *twelve hundred* during the five regular months of the coming season. This is exclusive of the innumerable soirees, private parties, and other convivial gatherings where dancing is practiced. It was also estimated that an average of one hundred and fifty persons would attend each one of these balls; giving a total of 180,000 persons. An additional estimate was made something as follows: that if, out of the above number, 30,000 gentlemen attire themselves as fashion dictates, and attend half a dozen of these balls, their expenditures would amount to the enormous sum of $5,700,000; and if but 5000 ladies expend on their ball-dress what would be regarded as a reasonable average by many fashionable ladies, we should have an additional sum of $1,425,000. This gives a grand total of $7,125,000—an amount sufficient to build more than 3500 comfortable houses for the poor, at $2000 each, or to supply something like 20,000 poor families with food and fuel during the dancing season!

Whether such considerations as these will have the effect to turn any of the above-mentioned seven millions into benevolent channels, or whether any of the 180,000 dancers will wisely conclude that *all* species of gymnastics are more healthfully practiced at other times than at the "wee short" hours of night, we can not say. We trust, however, that a recent revolution in fashions, just reported from Paris, will prove a *financial* advantage—and that ladies will be content with the diminished quantity of material put into ball-dresses, and not be foolishly ambitious to add the *cost* of the formerly fashionable *trains* to some other portion of their dress.

We are forgetting, by-the-way, to enlarge upon the latest fashions—a matter we had in mind on first taking our pen. For the question of dress is a very perplexing one; and though an unfortunately large number devote undue care and thought to the subject, there are many who desire to bestow upon personal adornment only such attention as is fit and proper. Both classes, however, wish to keep somewhat "posted up" in regard to the changes of fashion.

The Paris journals state that the Court dress-maker has actually made ball-dresses with short skirts—a great innovation, since trains have so long been regarded as essential to a fashionable evening toilet. It is said that the Empress wishes trains to be worn on all ceremonious occasions; but that she will encourage short skirts for dancing as trains are so inconvenient.

This shortening of ball-dresses will probably lead to the same operation with dinner-dresses and evening toilets of all descriptions. Trained skirts in the streets are now absolutely suppressed in Paris.

Tartatan skirts are now made very simply; they have either a plain ruche or three narrow-quilled flounces round the edge. A pretty addition to an evening dress is a *basque* cut out round the edge in six scollops. This *basque* is entirely closed in front, and is trimmed with buttons; it is usually made in some heavy material, and particularly in velvet. Black and white lace peplums are intended to be worn over rich silk, satin, and velvet evening dresses. Sleeves are very short in evening dresses, but bodices are not cut so low as they were a few months ago.

Paletôts for the approaching winter season are all lined, even cloth ones; consequently thick cloths are not used. Young girls will wear out of doors exceedingly short velvet *casaques*—indeed so short that they look nothing more than house-jackets. They are trimmed either with broad braid or fringe, and they never fail to have the long reins or streamers appended to the back.

A graceful style of arranging the hair for evening is formed with four small rolled *bandeaux* which taper one above the other, and leave the ears perfectly uncovered; in order to separate these small *bandeaux*, either a narrow gold cord, or an equally narrow velvet ribbon of some bright and becoming color is used; the *chignon* is a row of thick curls pinned up at the ends, which is covered with a fine net made either of gold, silver, or hair. A bow of velvet with long flowing ends is added at the top of the *chignon*, but if gold cord has been used to separate the *bandeaux*, then gold cord and tassels are substituted for the velvet bow.

The Commissioner of Statistics in the State of Ohio reports that the number of marriages for the year ending July 1, 1866, is full twenty per cent. above that in any previous year, making the aggregate increase in the State six thousand over any previous year. This is a pretty decided indication that the young men who served in our army were wearied with excitement and the loss of home comforts, and desired when they were discharged from service to possess a home of their own.

A Washington journal records a climax of "matrimonial coincidences." A short time ago a gentleman residing in Philadelphia celebrated his "golden wedding," his eldest daughter's "silver wedding," and at the same time the wedding of his youngest daughter. Relatives were present from Indiana, Ohio, and Germany. Such a triple celebration is truly remarkable.

An exchange, in comparing the children of nowadays with those of olden times, speaks of our first parents in the following unique strain:

"We talk about Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very 'happy condition,' but one thing they missed—*they were never children!* Adam never played marbles. He never played 'hookey.' He never drove tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played 'ball,' or rode down hill on a hand-sled. And Eve—she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl from the tea-table set out with the tea-things. She never rolled a hoop, or jumped the rope, or pieced a baby-quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played 'blind-man's buff,' or 'pussy wants a corner,' or 'hurly-burly,' or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts."

The following extract from an English letter will afford food for thought to many a person who has searched vainly through this great city for a nice clean place where a good dinner can be served at a trifling cost; and, moreover, this same extract might be easily "*digested*" by some benevolent individual in this country.

"A man of benevolence and wealth in Glasgow has opened a large number of establishments where meals, simple but sufficient, are provided at a very small cost—breakfast for seven cents, and dinner for—well, wait till I tell you. I entered, determined to make actual trial of the ordinary bill of fare prepared for the working-man, paid my money for the usual plain dinner, and sat down to a little table. The dinner instantly laid before me consisted of three courses. Course first—A bowl of pea-soup, well made and hot, which I ate with good relish, being fond of the dish. Course second—Corned beef and three mealy potatoes. The beef was tender and not too salt, and the potatoes just as they should be. Course third—Plum-pudding, savory and toothsome, plentiful in raisins, without being heavy. There was a dinner not to be despised by any hungry man, and it cost just nine cents. So much for purchasing and cooking food in large quantities. The proprietor manages to make his outlay return him the ordinary interest on his money."

A California paper, in commenting upon the great temptation to profanity in that country, gives the following incident:

"An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning this talk, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath and the taste of suds, which together produced the desired result."

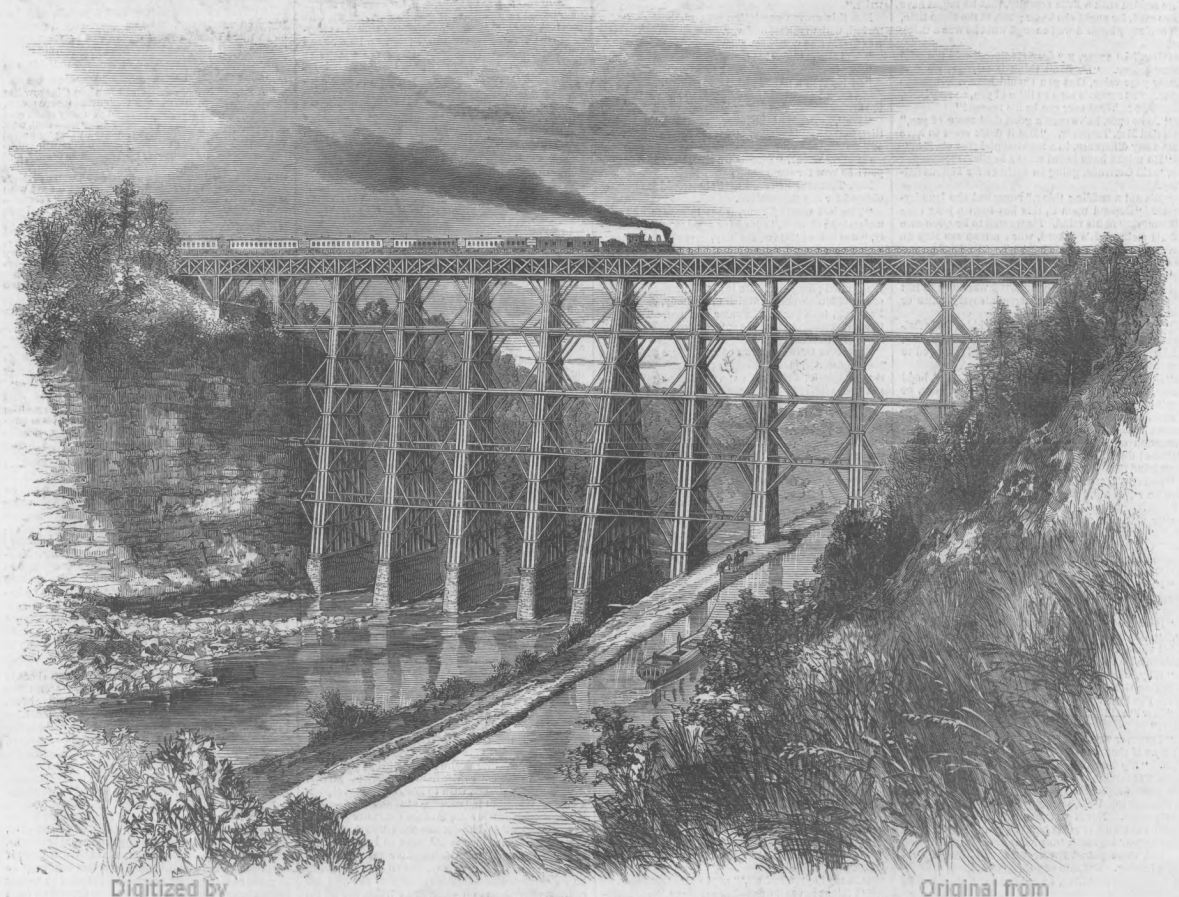
By all means go to the Paris Exhibition; especially if you like chocolate. The latest announcement is that one "kiosk," whatever that may be, will be "wholly devoted" to chocolate. In the centre will be the cacao-tree. A person thoroughly understanding the subject will explain the process of gathering the bean, of drying, and of preparing it. Another will enlighten the ignorant as to how it is crushed, pounded, and mixed with sugar and flavoring condiments. Making bonbons and tablets will be done by machines in constant work; and, finally, visitors will be enabled to appreciate the merit of the system employed by imbibing cups of chocolate, which will be handed around by young women. We deem it a matter of importance to have that chocolate carefully tested, and its merits made public; therefore we shall try it—if a cup is handed to us!

Among the curious discoveries of modern times is one which has just been made in Milan. It seems that in one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which, from time immemorial, miraculously poured its tears on infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution it wept copiously. But at length it happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue, when, behold, it was found to contain a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base. The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran drop by drop over the cheeks. A very ingenious arrangement that! We wonder if some contrivance for weeping by steam could not be introduced into society generally. It would be a great convenience sometimes to ladies who depend on tears to move hard-hearted papas or miserly husbands.

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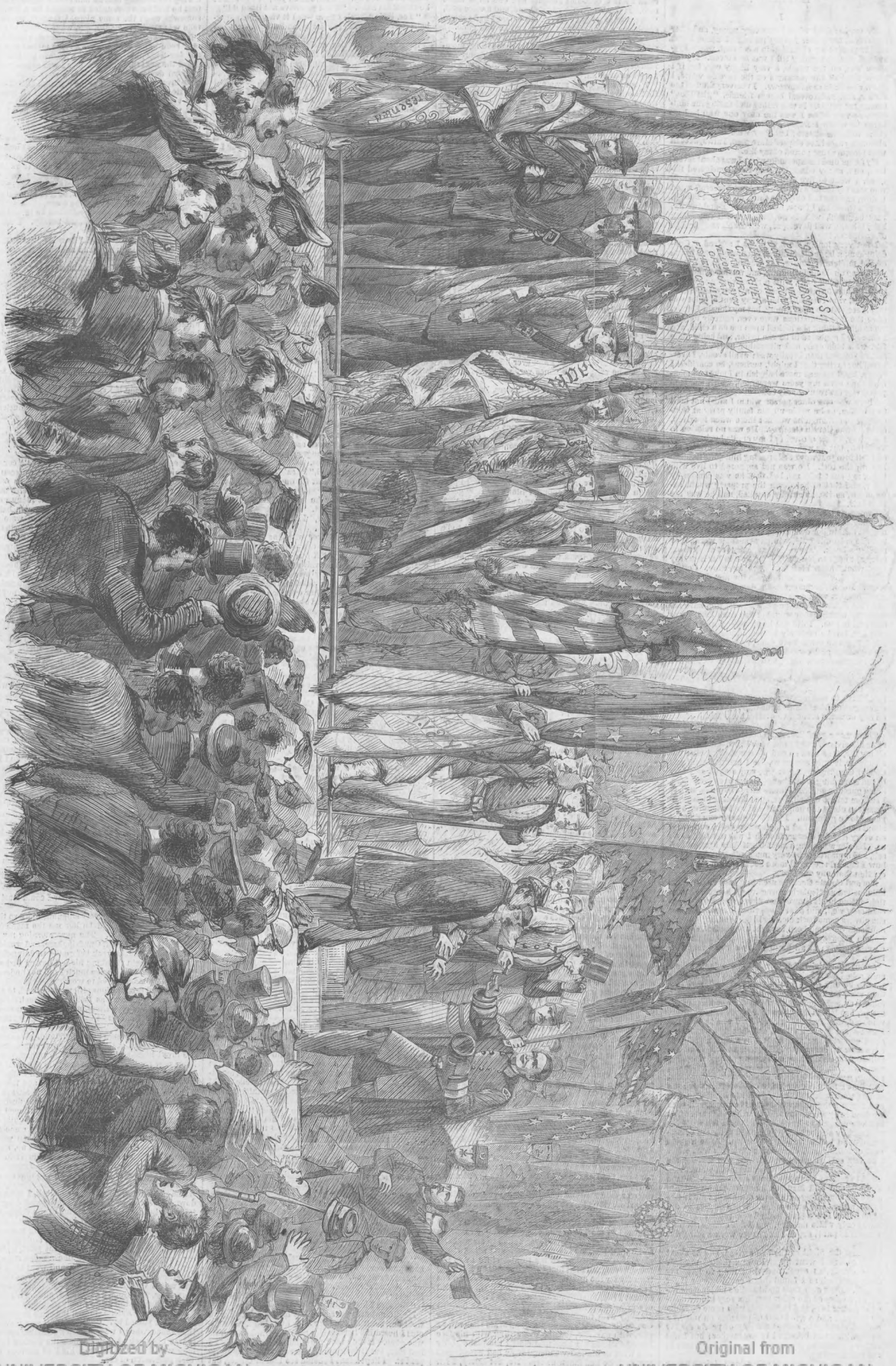


THE INTERNATIONAL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, TWO MILES BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO, 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE GENESEE RIVER AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

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PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN, OCTOBER 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

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ESTELLE.

I.

My mother died when I was very young, and after her death, my father having no settled home, I was sent to receive my education in a convent, where I remained almost entirely till I was seventeen. My life there was, on the whole, a very happy one, for, if I knew little of the pleasures of the outside world, I knew also little of its sorrows. I was very fond of the sisters, and had several bosom friends, "girl like," among the pupils. It was rather dull during the holidays, as very often I was the only one who had no home to which I might go, and I was left entirely alone with the sisters; but they were so kind, that, although years have elapsed since then, I always recall with pleasure that period of my life.

My father died unexpectedly when I was about seventeen, and, as my education was then considered finished, I went to live with my aunt, Mrs. Verecroft, who was my father's sister. My Aunt Verecroft was a widow, and she had only one child, my Cousin Estelle. Estelle was then, I fancy, about five or six-and-twenty, very beautiful, with large flashing dark eyes, dark hair, tall and well developed, with the air and carriage of a princess.

I felt very lonely the first night I arrived at Gundringham, a large old-fashioned house, situated in one of the midland counties. It was built in red brick with deep mullioned windows, and was surrounded by a richly wooded park, with a river winding away in the distance, forming altogether a pretty landscape. My aunt, who seemed to be a very gentle, quiet woman, received me most kindly, but my Cousin Estelle, after the first salutations were over, scarcely noticed me at all. I think she looked upon me as a child, and I dare say I appeared to be one to her, and being quite fair, with blue eyes, and altogether petite, I fancy I looked younger than I really was: at all events, I overheard her saying that I might, perhaps, be considered pretty, but I seemed more babyish in looks and manners than even my years warranted, which she supposed was the result of my convent education.

There was one other person whom I must not omit to mention, as he made up the family party at Gundringham, although he was not there when I arrived, and this was Cousin Geoffrey. He was no relation to me really, being a cousin of my aunt's husband, Mr. Verecroft, but he was always called Cousin Geoffrey, so I fell into that way of addressing him quite naturally with the rest. He was not supposed to live with them, my aunt told me, but that he was constantly there, and that at her death the property would become his, as it was strictly entailed, and he was the next heir.

I was very glad when Cousin Geoffrey did come, for Estelle hardly took any notice of me, and my aunt was a great deal in her own room, and even when she was not she sat quite quietly in an arm-chair working or reading a book. The real management of every thing seemed to fall to Estelle, and I think in her heart my aunt would have been afraid to interfere. Cousin Geoffrey took quite a load off me the first day he arrived. He was about seven-and-twenty, tall, and very good-looking, with a certain careless freedom of manner that seemed to oblige people to let him have his own way whether they would or no; even Estelle was different to him. I did not know what power he had over her, but he certainly influenced her as I did not think any one could have done, and she deferred to his opinions and consulted his wishes in a manner that surprised me; and she was softer, too, in her manner to him than any one else, and I noticed her eyes would follow him when she thought no one observed her. Cousin Geoffrey was very kind to me; he helped me to arrange my collection of wild flowers, and sometimes he took me out walking, and he never on any occasion seemed to overlook me as the others did.

There was a good deal more bustle at Gundringham after his arrival, and to me, who had lived so quietly all my life, it seemed an endless round of gayety; but I suppose it only *seemed* so, for I heard Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey saying it was very stupid, and they hoped something would happen soon to enliven them. Some guest or another dined nearly every day, and, as I seldom talked myself, I enjoyed listening to the conversation about the neighborhood and whatever happened to be going on. I don't think any one thought about me at all. I had a high white dress, so I put it on every day for dinner, though I was not told to do so. Estelle was always most beautifully dressed herself, and appeared to be very much admired, but somehow I fancied she cared more about Cousin Geoffrey's opinion than any one else's now.

She and Cousin Geoffrey used to go out riding. Estelle looked particularly attractive on horseback; the tight-fitting habit showed her figure, and she rode exceedingly well, and after those rides it struck me that she always came back looking bright and happy. My aunt said they had been brought up together, she and Cousin Geoffrey, so that naturally they liked each other's society; at all events, they seemed very intimate.

About a fortnight after Cousin Geoffrey's arrival my aunt asked me if I should like to go to a ball, as there was to be one given in the neighborhood, and that they were invited. I hardly knew what to say. Estelle, I thought, looked as if she did not want me to accept, but it was finally settled by Cousin Geoffrey, who said, decisively, that of course I was to be introduced some day or another, and that this was a very good opportunity; and so it was arranged. A few days after we drove into Allington, a town about five miles off, for Estelle to select dresses. Cousin Geoffrey went with us, but declined going into the milliner's, saying, gayly, that he hated seeing the raw materials, and that he could only judge of the effect when the things were worn. We watched his handsome face and figure going leisurely down the street, and then we went in by ourselves to Madame Mackenzie's. The milliner seemed to know Estelle, and I felt quite bewildered by all the lovely things she drew out of cupboards and boxes for her inspection. After a great deal of talking and choosing, a pink silk with white lace was settled upon, and Estelle was leaving the shop without even remembering me at all, when I ventured to ask if I was not to have a dress also. So she stopped, and told Madame Mackenzie, hurriedly, to make me something—whatever she liked, only it was to be white, and quite plain. When my dress did come home, I thought it looked very pretty, although it was only white tarlatan, and I felt quite childishly anxious to put it on, as I had never worn a low dress before.

At last the night of the ball arrived, and at about eight o'clock I went up stairs and plaited my hair quite simply, as usual, and then rang to have my dress fastened, as I found that I could not do it for myself. Both my aunt's and Estelle's maids were engaged, so one of the other servants very kindly offered to do her best, and succeeded, with some difficulty on her part and a good deal of patience on mine. I had no ornaments, except a string of pearls for my neck, which had belonged to my mother; but I was rather pleasantly surprised at my own appearance in the looking-glass.

Just as I was thinking of going down stairs a knock came to my door, and a hand put down upon a table close by it a beautiful bouquet and one large white rose. It was Cousin Geoffrey's hand, and a voice said, "The rose is for your hair;" but before I had time to speak the door had shut again, and he was gone. I took up the rose. I don't think I have ever seen such a rose since, and the perfume of it lingers in my memory still. I felt my fingers tremble with pleasure as I fastened it in my hair, at the thought that I was not forgotten after all.

When I went down my aunt said we were late, and that Cousin Geoffrey had gone on. We waited some time for Estelle, who presently sent a message, desiring us to get into the carriage, as she was coming immediately. How beautiful Estelle looked that night! When she came down stairs she had forgotten her fan, so she stood waiting for it, and trying to button her glove, just under the hall-lamp, so that I had a good view of her, and I thought pink silk and white lace the most magnificent costume, especially when contrasted with Estelle's masses of black hair.

When we arrived at the ball, which was given in the Assembly Rooms by some officers who were quartered at Allington, I felt quite bewildered by the lights and the music, and I kept close to my aunt as we passed up the grand staircase, which had a guard of honor stationed on either side. Nor did the ball-room reassure me: it all seemed like the fairy land I had read about, and I felt that I must be the enchanted visitor to some genii's palace. Presently I was startled by Cousin Geoffrey asking me to dance. I hesitated for a moment, with a kind of uneasy conviction that Estelle would not like it: he seemed to understand my thoughts, for he pointed to Estelle, who was quite at the other end of the room, leaning on the arm of some grand-looking man with a mustache, and a uniform all covered with gold lace; so I put my hand into Cousin Geoffrey's arm, and he led me into the middle of the room, and then he put his arm round my waist, and he seemed to float rather than dance to the most lovely music I had ever heard. When he stopped he said, "You dance very well, little Mabel, and you look very well."

I tried to thank him for his flowers, but he only laughed, and danced off with me again. I felt my cheeks flush with pleasure, I was so unused to flattery, and I had received none since I left the convent; and the praise of the sisters was not often given to any thing but my lessons, work, or general conduct.

When the dance was over he took me to get some ices, and then I went and sat by my aunt. I did not expect to dance any more. I thought it very kind of Cousin Geoffrey to have danced with me at all, when there were so many beautifully-dressed people in the room, and I thought him especially good-natured when he brought up some officer for the very next waltz, saying something about his wishing to be introduced. Of course he could not have really cared to be introduced to me, but I was very glad not to be sitting still, although I did not like dancing with him nearly so much as with Cousin Geoffrey. After that several other partners were presented to me, and I had so many engagements that Cousin Geoffrey said, later in the evening, quite gravely, that he should be offended if I did not mean to dance with him again. I know it was very foolish, but I thought he was angry, and I could not help the tears coming into my eyes; but he only laughed, took my card and put his name down, and then went off to Estelle.

I enjoyed that other dance with Cousin Geoffrey very much, and then he took me in to supper, and after that we went home. I could not sleep that night, I was so haunted by the ball. Estelle had not come home with us, but had returned to stay for a few days with some friends in the neighborhood, which my aunt told me she was often in the habit of doing, and that she should send her some clothes in the morning. I think I was glad, and especially the next day at breakfast, when Cousin Geoffrey told my aunt that I had been christened the "White Rose," and that, "after all, little Mabel had produced quite a sensation:" for I knew Estelle would not have been pleased, although she would have thought that Cousin Geoffrey was only saying so to please me.

After breakfast, when, as usual, I was going out into the garden, there being in it a favorite summer-house, where I spent a great deal of my time arranging and drying plants, or reading, Cousin Geoffrey stopped me, and asked if I should not like to go out for a ride. I hesitated for a moment, for, although I felt that I should like it very much, I was rather afraid, never having been on horseback.

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," he said; "I will promise not to let you come to any harm."

I felt myself color at his guessing my cowardice, and I was ashamed that I had let it be seen; so I said at once that I should like it exceedingly, but that I feared my aunt might not. He shook his head, and promised to make it all right, if I really did wish it; and on my reassuring him he went straight and asked her, and brought back her consent.

Then I remembered I had no habit; this perplexed him, but he sent for the housekeeper, and finally a cloth skirt of Estelle's was produced, which I wore with one of my own winter jackets. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed that ride. At first I was naturally a little timid, but Cousin Geoffrey reassured me, and led me insensibly from thinking of myself at all by telling me all sorts of amusing stories, and pointing out all the objects of interest in the country through which we rode.

I had been out so little since I arrived at Gundringham, and, indeed, so little any where all my life, that every lane we went through had a charm for me which I could not find words to express; and if I ever fancied that my horse was getting restive, there was Cousin Geoffrey's hand upon the bridle-rein, and his dark gray eyes smiling down into mine. When we came home he said, if I liked, we should ride again the next day, and I eagerly acquiesced; nor was that all the pleasure I had in store. In the evening my aunt was tired, and went early to bed, and Cousin Geoffrey and I went out walking. Generally his evenings were spent with Estelle, so that I had got quite used to wandering about by myself, and it seemed so nice having a companion.

There was an avenue called the Lovers' Walk, which ran by the side of the river. It was some way down the park, but I often went there and took my books or work, and sat upon some rustic benches which were placed against the trees, knowing that I should not be disturbed, and it was to this spot that Cousin Geoffrey and I bent our steps that evening.

We staid there till it got quite dusk, and then we returned to the house, and Cousin Geoffrey said that he was my guest, and that I was bound to amuse him; so he took me into the music-room and asked me to play. No one had asked me to play since I had left the convent, and I felt that I would rather do any thing than try for the first time before Cousin Geoffrey, but I did not like to refuse. At first my fingers trembled so that I could hardly go on, but at last I felt my courage growing, till my old love of music came back so strongly with the familiar sounds that I forgot even Cousin Geoffrey, and on looking up some time after I saw, with surprise, that he was sitting with his face buried in both his hands. I closed the piano softly and went to him. I wondered if he had been listening, or if he had fallen asleep. No, not asleep, I felt sure, for there was an expression of pain in his face when he looked up. "I have tired you," I said. But he shook his head. "Then you have not liked it?"

"Yes, little Mabel, I have liked it very much—perhaps too much." And he got up, and wished me good-night quite suddenly.

We rode the next day, and the next—indeed, every day that week, till Estelle's return. I was sorry when Estelle came back. Gundringham was no longer the same place to me. Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey rode together, and I was nearly always alone. I missed Cousin Geoffrey so much, but I don't know if he even thought of me. Sometimes I fancied he did; but Estelle never offered to take me any where with them, and I knew he would not ask her.

One day when I was sitting alone in the music-room, my aunt having given me leave to practice as much as I liked, Cousin Geoffrey came in. He was waiting for Estelle, who had gone to put on her habit and hat. I stopped playing at once.

"Why don't you go on?" he said.

"It was nothing you would like," I replied.

"Perhaps I might like any thing you played," he said.

I shook my head.

"Little Mabel!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "were you ever in love?"

The question surprised me very much, but I replied "No" at once.

"Do you think you could be?"

He had come nearer, and was looking at me intently, so intently that I felt myself color, and at that moment Estelle came into the room. There was an angry flash in her eyes; I was sorry Estelle was vexed. I thought, perhaps, she fancied we were talking about her.

The next day Cousin Geoffrey asked me to ride, and I was so glad that I ran up stairs quite eagerly to put on my things, but I could nowhere find the cloth skirt. Estelle passed my door at the moment, and I ventured to ask her for it, although I saw by her face that she was vexed about something.

"It is a pity," she said, coldly, "that my habit won't fit you, for I have given that skirt to the gardener's wife to make jackets for her boys." And then, without another word, she swept past on her way down the passage.

I was so disappointed that I felt inclined to cry as I went slowly back again to Cousin Geoffrey. That was the first time that I had ever seen Cousin Geoffrey's handsome face look really angry; but it did so after I had explained my difficulties.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said, "you shall ride in spite of every thing; wait for one hour, and I will come back to you."

At the end of an hour he returned, triumphantly holding up a dark gray skirt.

"You must be a conjuror," I said, as I took it from him.

He laughed. "A conjuror who has time, a good horse, and a willing friend, can work wonders."

I ran up stairs and put it on; when I came down again Cousin Geoffrey was waiting to lift me on to the horse, and as we rode away we saw Estelle standing at her open window. She smiled and nodded to Cousin Geoffrey, but I thought her eyes had the same angry flash in them which I had observed the day before.

We had a lovely ride; I remember every detail of it so well, for it was the last. I was not quite sure if Cousin Geoffrey was out of spirits or not, but he was just the same to me—if any thing, more tender than usual. He never spoke to me of Estelle, and it struck me that he avoided the subject on purpose; but he was always amusing, and had a great deal to say on various kinds of interesting subjects. That day was marked by two other events; one was, that after our return home, when I was walking in the garden, I came quite suddenly upon Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle. They were talking very earnestly together; indeed, so earnestly that I don't think they even saw me, and I walked away at once in another direction; but I could not help hearing Estelle say:

"It's all very well for you to say so, Geoffrey, but I can not bear it much longer."

I wondered so what Estelle had to bear!—Estelle, who was so grand and indifferent—Estelle, whose slightest wish seemed to be law throughout the entire Gundringham establishment.

The other event occurred later, and came upon me as a terrible enlightenment.

There was a dinner-party that day, and Estelle went away with some of the guests for one of her little visits, and I went up stairs to bed early with a vague feeling of happiness. I opened my window and leaned out. Cousin Geoffrey and I should have some more pleasant days at home together; we should ride, walk, and do so many little things which were impossible when Estelle was there. I had not lit my candle, so that I could not be seen. It was a very hot night, but dark, as there was no moon. Presently I heard footsteps on the gravel-walk beneath. I could not distinguish *whose* they were, but two fiery cigar-ends glowed warm and bright through the darkness. The figures stood for a second directly under the window, and I heard something about the White Rose. That was Cousin Geoffrey's name for me, so it attracted my attention. I leaned forward, but nothing more was said till a minute after, when, just as they were turning the corner, the other voice replied:

"Bah, that *must* be imagination. I tell you I know for a *fact* that Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin Estelle in six weeks."

I started back. I felt as if I had been stunned. Why had it never struck me before that Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle might marry? Perhaps it was that I was so inexperienced about love and lovers that Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey had been lovers all this time without my ever knowing it. The idea pained me intensely. I think it was that I was afraid Estelle would not make him happy, and I felt, too, something like indignation that Cousin Geoffrey had never told me himself. Perhaps he thought me too childish to be trusted with his secret—a secret that all his other friends seemed to know. I had never felt so miserable as I did that night; all my anticipated pleasure had vanished, and I went to bed and lay awake, saying to myself over and over again:

"Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin Estelle in six weeks."

II.

THE next day I avoided Cousin Geoffrey. After breakfast I went up stairs to my own room, and did not go down again till I had seen him get on his horse and ride off, and then I went to the music-room. I had not been there more than a quarter of an hour when Cousin Geoffrey came in.

"Mabel," he said, "I came back, for I thought perhaps you would like to ride with me."

"No, thank you," I said, quite coldly.

He looked surprised. "Will you tell me why, little Mabel?"

"Because I had rather not," I replied.

He did not ask me again, but he looked hurt, and went out, shutting the door after him. In a few minutes I heard his horse's feet pass the window, and he was gone. It only took me a moment to say what I had said, but it took me all the rest of the day to repent it. I hoped that I should see him at dinner, but I was disappointed, and quite accidentally I heard during the evening that he had sent a message to say that he had been persuaded to remain for a few days somewhere—at the same place, I fancied, where Estelle was staying. That night, when I went to bed, I was so miserable, so much more miserable than I had ever been in all my life, that I cried myself to sleep, and found my pillow all wet with tears in the morning.

For the next three or four days I was entirely left to my own devices. My aunt was always more or less of an invalid, and I only saw her occasionally. I think I fretted more than was good for me; at all events I was very unhappy. One afternoon I took up a book and went out to sit in my favorite avenue. It had been oppressively hot all day, and the cool, shady trees were very refreshing. I laid the book on my lap and began to think instead of reading. I don't know how long a time passed, but when I did look up I was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey standing before me. I felt so guilty, for I knew that there were tears in my eyes, and I saw that he noticed them.

"What are you unhappy about, little Mabel?"

I laid my hand upon the book, as if to imply that its imaginary sorrows had been the cause.

He took it from me, and smiled as he turned it toward me. It was an illustrated botany. I felt my cheeks grow crimson.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said; "let us take a turn." And he took my hand and drew it within his arm.

"You are come back," I ventured to say.

He nodded.

"For good?" I added.

"That is to be proved. If you mean to remain—yes."

I did not know what to make of Cousin Geoffrey that afternoon, but I knew that I felt very glad to have him back again. We walked up and down almost in silence, and then he said something about its being late, and we turned in the direction of the house, and I then found that Estelle had come back also; so, in reality, except that the house seemed more cheerful, I saw very little of them. The next day my aunt sent for me, and asked me if I should not like to be Estelle's bridemaid, for that she and Cousin Geoffrey were going to be married. I thought that I would much rather not, but I did not like to refuse, so it was settled, and an order given to have my dress got ready. I believe several other young ladies had been selected by Estelle, but I did not know any of them, and Estelle never mentioned the subject to me herself.

After that day the whole house seemed in a constant bustle of bridal preparation. Estelle's trousseau was evidently intended to be as magnificent as money could make it, and I supposed every thing else was to be on the same grand scale. A great many guests were expected, and I heard rumors about a ball. I wondered if Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle were very happy. I did not think they looked so. Cousin Geoffrey was pale, and he was much quieter than usual, and Estelle's face had an anxious, restless expression.

One day, about a fortnight before the wedding, my dress came home. It was very pretty, I thought—some clear white material with a broad lilac silk sash, and a wreath of white and lilac lilies. I fancied perhaps my aunt would like to see me in it, so I put it on and went to her room to show myself. As I was returning I met Cousin Geoffrey, and he started so on seeing me that I thought he did not recognize me, so I said:

"This is my bridemaid's dress, Cousin Geoffrey. Do you like it?"

"Your bridemaid's dress!" he repeated. And he shaded his face with his hand, as if the light were too strong.

"Yes," I replied; "did you not know that I was to be your bridemaid—yours and Estelle's?"

"God grant, little Mabel," he said, hastily, "that I may be able to bear it." And without another word he turned away abruptly and left me.

I went back to my own room and laid my finery in a drawer. I felt somehow as if I had vexed Cousin Geoffrey. Perhaps he did not like my mentioning his marriage, as he had never done so himself; and I certainly thought that for the rest of the day he avoided me.

A day or two after this my aunt sent me with a message to one of the lodges, and, happening to look out into the high road, I was surprised at seeing Cousin Geoffrey apparently in very earnest conversation with a foreign-looking man, who wore a dark beard and mustache and very shabby clothes. I did not know that Cousin Geoffrey had seen me at all, but he overtook me before I reached the house.

"Mabel," he said, hurriedly, "don't mention that you saw me with a stranger just now. I have reasons for not wishing it to be known."

Of course I promised.

"Thank you," he said. "I knew I could trust you, little Mabel."

I thought his manner very singular, more so than I had ever known it, and he left me the moment we reached the hall-door. The next morning my aunt told me that he had left Gundringham, and would not, in all probability, be back before the wedding-day. I certainly thought it unkind his not having wished me good-by, but there was so much I did not understand that I had almost ceased to wonder.

The bridal preparations still went on, and, to all appearance, Estelle was as brilliant as usual. She received numbers of visitors, and took the greatest apparent interest in every thing, but somehow I thought she was not happy. There was a wan, anxious look in her face that I could not understand. Was she not going to marry Cousin Geoffrey—and somehow I felt she loved him—and was not Gundringham her own home now for life?—what more could she want?

The Verecrofts were a very old Roman Catholic family; they had been so for centuries, and there was a chapel attached to the house. I had always been used to saying my prayers in the chapel during my convent life, and at Gundringham I continued to do the same thing. Going down by myself quite early one morning, I was attracted by seeing some faded flowers which I recognized as having been worn by Estelle the evening before. I took them up, and the thought flashed across me that Estelle visited the chapel after the rest of the household had gone to bed. I did not think Estelle was religious, so that I was the more surprised.

The same night, about twelve o'clock, I crept softly down stairs, and gently opened the chapel door. Estelle was kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin Mary. There was a perpetual light burning, so that I could just dimly see her figure, her back being toward me. Her hands were folded on her breast, and she swayed backward and forward as if in great grief, while every now and then something like a moan came from her lips. I shut the door again, and went back to my own room, but I could not sleep. What was the mystery which was hanging over Gundringham and the Verecrofts, the mystery of which I, although I lived in the same house, knew absolutely nothing?

The next day Estelle seemed the same as usual, and so a week passed by. One evening I was walking in the avenue, when I was startled by hearing footsteps; it was about eight o'clock, and the avenue being a long way from the house, a kind of nervous terror took possession of me.

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"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," a voice said; and in the stranger I recognized Cousin Geoffrey.

"Cousin Geoffrey!" I exclaimed, "here—and at this hour—"

He took my hand, and said, gravely, "I wanted to see you. I have waited to see you all the afternoon, and I fancied you would come here this evening."

I wondered why Cousin Geoffrey wanted to see me, and I felt as if something were going to happen.

"Little Mabel," he continued, "I know I can trust you—I have trusted you, and I have come here to-night, because I want you to do something for me. Will you promise to do it, and ask no questions?"

I promised. I should have promised to do whatever Cousin Geoffrey asked me. He drew a sealed packet out of his breast-pocket.

"Will you give this to Estelle?" he said. "Will you give it to her to-night, when she is in her own room and alone?"

I took the packet in my hand. It had no direction. "For Estelle," was simply written upon the cover.

"I dare not stay any longer," he said, "and I can offer no explanation now, but I promise, 'God willing,' that on some future day you shall know the reason for my strange visit here to-night. Heaven bless you, little Mabel!" And, before I had time to say another word, he was gone.

I went home directly; I felt afraid of being out alone; my life had begun to seem haunted and unreal. I carried the mysterious packet about with me till bedtime, and then I waited in my own room till I thought Estelle would have dismissed her maid, and at about twelve o'clock I went to fulfill my promise.

Estelle's room was in exactly the other side of the house to mine, hers being in one of the wings, and mine in the other. Strange as it may seem, I had never been inside Estelle's room; she had never asked me. I knocked softly at the door, and, in answer to the "Come in," I entered. What a strange room I thought it! Gundringham was a very old place, but this room looked older than any other part. The walls and bed were hung with faded tapestry, and a curious oak wardrobe stood against the wall; but the most striking thing of all was a large and beautifully carved black crucifix, beneath which was a prie-dieu, the black velvet covering of which seemed worn away by being constantly knelt upon. Estelle was sitting by the fire-place, in which, although the night was hot, the embers of a fire were smouldering. She was wrapped in an embroidered cashmere dressing-gown, with all the masses of her raven hair hanging over her shoulders. She started on seeing me, and said, in a tone of great surprise:

"You, Mabel, and at this hour?"

I closed the door behind me, and bolted it.

"I have come, Estelle," I said, "because I promised to give you this letter, and to give it to you when you were alone."

She seized the packet with trembling fingers, and hurriedly broke the seal. I watched her reading it, for I did not like to go away till she had spoken. I never saw any face change as Estelle's did. It not only turned white, it became absolutely gray and livid. Her teeth chattered as if from extreme cold; and, when she did look up, her eyes were dilated, as if she had been horror-stricken. She moved her hand to her head as if to recall her senses, and then for the first time she seemed to remember me.

"Who gave you this?" she said, pointing to the letter.

I told her how I had received it.

"And you know nothing of its contents?"

"Nothing," I replied.

She came across the room and stood before me.

"Mabel, you must never mention to any living being what you have seen here to-night; do you promise?"

I promised.

"Now you may go."

"Estelle!" I exclaimed, "can I do nothing for you?"

Something like a mocking smile came across her ghastly lips as she said: "Nothing; you have done your work, Mabel, and done it well." And she waved her hand in the direction of the door.

I looked back as I went out: Estelle was still standing pointing to the door, and I thought her hair looked unnaturally long and black, contrasting as it did with her ashy face, and involuntarily I shuddered with an undefined feeling of terror as I crept back to my own room.

I could not go to bed. I was fascinated to watch Estelle's window, which, being in the opposite gable to mine, was well in view. Her lamp never went out, and all night long I saw her shadow passing to and fro. What was the mysterious letter that had been so fatal in its effects? What was the mystery hanging over the Verecrofts and Gundrighams?

The next day I heard that Estelle was ill, but that no one was allowed to go near her except her own maid, who was a Frenchwoman. My Aunt Verecroft sat and cried in her arm-chair, and all the bridal preparations were suspended. I wondered and wondered till I felt my brain turn giddy, but I arrived at no conclusions. Cousin Geoffrey never came, and was never mentioned, and no other visitors were admitted. The wedding-day came and went by. I supposed all the guests had been put off; but whether it caused any surprise I don't know.

Every day I heard that Estelle was ill, and sometimes I thought she would die, and that unknowingly I had been made the instrument. At last, one evening, my Aunt Verecroft told me that she and Estelle were going away for a time at all events, and that she wished me to remain at Gundringham under the care of the housekeeper.

"I shall write to you, Mabel," she said; "and, in the mean time, I wish you not to go beyond the park gate, and to receive no visitors."

Of course, situated as I was, I could only promise obedience, but I felt more lonely and miserable than ever; and when I saw myself in the glass I looked so pale and frightened that I thought the sisters would hardly have recognized the little Mabel Lyndhurst, from whom they had parted when she left them to go into the world only a few months before.

The next day when I got up I found that my aunt and Estelle had gone. A fortnight after I received a letter from my aunt, who told me that Estelle had decided upon becoming a nun.

III.

I CAN hardly recall all the weary, miserable weeks and months which passed away before I saw any of them again. I had no companions, and nothing to do, so that I wandered about the place till I felt myself becoming full of sickly fancies, from which I could not get away. One was, that I could see Estelle's lamp burning in her room every night as I looked out of my window, and the shadow pass up and down; of course it must have been fancy, for I found that no one ever went into that room, Estelle having locked it and taken the key away with her. The trees, too, seemed to moan and shudder in the strong autumn winds, and throw their weird arms about till they assumed strange, fantastic shapes, and the dead dry leaves would go whirling down the walks as if pursued.

I was obliged to remain a great deal indoors, as sometimes, for days together, a dull heavy rain would patter down upon the windows, and going out became quite impossible. The housekeeper, under whose care I had been left, was very kind and respectful, but she was also very old and deaf, consequently no use as a companion. Most of the other servants had been sent away, so that we were nearly alone in the house, she and I. Sometimes (for she had always lived with the Verecrofts of Gundringham) she would tell me stories of those she had known in her youth—Verecrofts who had long been dead and sleeping in the chapel vault, and whose portraits now only remained. They were not cheerful stories, but I fancy she liked dwelling upon any thing that could be made horrible or a mystery.

My Aunt Verecroft had forbidden my going beyond the park gates; but to this rule there was one exception, and that was on Sunday. On Sunday the old housekeeper and I attended service in a little chapel belonging to the village about half a mile off. One Sunday, just before Christmas, as I was kneeling in the pew belonging to the Verecrofts, I happened to look up suddenly, and was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey sitting just opposite to me, only on the other side of the church, and watching me intently. For a moment I fancied that it was one of my mistakes, but I saw that the housekeeper had observed him also. I can't describe my intense joy. I felt as if I must burst into tears, and I did not realize till then how very miserable I had been before. I had hardly patience to wait till the service was concluded.

Cousin Geoffrey was standing at the door, and looking out for us.

"I have come back, little Mabel," he said. And he drew my hand within his arm, and we went home together across the park.

"No, not indoors," I entreated, when he reached the house, so we turned again and walked straight down to the old avenue.

"Little Mabel," said Cousin Geoffrey, "you look pale and unhappy!"

I could not help it any longer. I burst into tears. How sweet it was to be soothed by Cousin Geoffrey. How often I had wept for whole hours, and there had been no one even to notice it. Still I tried to stop my choking sobs, for I was afraid Cousin Geoffrey might be vexed.

"I am not unhappy now," I said, as soon as I could speak; "but oh! I have been so lonely."

He drew me more closely to him.

"Poor little Mabel, you shall not be lonely any longer. Mabel, do you know why I have come back?"

I shook my head.

"I have come back to ask you to be my wife. Little Mabel, can you learn to love me?"

I had never thought of it before, but I felt then that I had always loved him. I could hardly realize that such happiness could be for me, but, somehow, I crept into his arms as if they were my natural resting-place.

"God bless you, little Mabel," he said, and grant that I may be worthy of your love."

And it was so that Cousin Geoffrey and I became engaged.

"Tell me," I said, as we walked slowly on, "something of Estelle."

"Estelle has taken the veil."

"Cousin Geoffrey, I want to know something more. Why did you not marry Estelle?"

He looked pained.

"Mabel," he said, "there is a mystery connected with Estelle that I can not tell you now, but which I promise you shall know one day, when the time comes. Can you trust me, Mabel?"

I could not help saying that I trusted him, for I did down in my heart so fully and entirely; but I felt something like a pain, as I remembered that he had loved Estelle. I think he guessed what I wanted to know, and that my face had no secrets from Cousin Geoffrey, for he went on, quite gravely:

"Estelle and I were brought up together, and betrothed when almost children by our parents, with the intention that in future years we should be married. I liked Estelle, and never thought of freeing myself from the bond; and, in a way, Estelle liked me. I went abroad when I was about nineteen, and circumstances occurred to prolong my stay for some years. On my return our engagement still continued, but the wedding was indefinitely postponed. I was quite willing for it to take place, but I think the mutual belief that we should at some future day fulfill our promised relationship made us linger out the intervening time. At last, just before you arrived, all the arrangements were made. I think, until then, I was more anxious for it than Estelle; for although I felt that Estelle liked me better than she had ever appeared to do before, still she had wished to put off the marriage."

I looked up at Cousin Geoffrey. What difference had my coming made?

"I never loved Estelle," he said, "after I knew the White Rose; but I must have married Estelle—I was bound by every tie of honor to do it. What I suffered, little Mabel, God only knows; and my release even came to me in a manner that was too terrible."

"Then something happened?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "a fearful revelation was made to me—what, little Mabel, I can not tell you now, but you shall know it some day, when the time comes. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," I said, "fully and entirely."

Oh, what halcyon days those were! the days of my early engagement to Cousin Geoffrey, before I had got used to being happy, when I trembled for fear something would come, and that I should wake and find it was a dream. Cousin Geoffrey did not stay at Gundringham, but in the neighborhood; still he managed to see me every day, and we walked and rode together, as we had done before. At last my Aunt Verecroft came back, and we were married quite quietly in the little chapel.

My Aunt Verecroft was just the same, except that she looked older, and there was a frightened expression in her eyes. She talked even less than usual, but dreamed away her days with her hands folded, and sitting in an arm-chair. She never mentioned Estelle, and I did not like to do so either. She seemed very anxious that Geoffrey and I should come back and live at Gundringham, but this Geoffrey refused to do till the place became his own, and I was very glad, for I thought I could go back to it better when some of the old memories had worn away.

We went abroad, Geoffrey and I, all through sunny Italy, guided only by our own sweet will, reveling in its lovely scenery and its cloudless skies, its marble palaces and gorgeous scenery. Every thing was so new to me, every thing both in nature and art.

"You have the wondering look of a child in your blue eyes, little Mabel," my husband would say; and I did feel as if I had never really lived before. We came home by Paris. How dazzled I was by all the beauties of that enchanting city! How lovely it was to walk and ride in the Boulevards with Geoffrey, and watch all the gayly-dressed people, and listen to the bands of music playing!

One day, as Geoffrey and I were riding home, we passed a nunnery, and this circumstance reminded me of Estelle. I checked my horse, and, bending down my head, whispered:

"Geoffrey, has the time come?"

And he answered, "Yes, little Mabel, it has. To-morrow you shall know."

All the next morning I watched my husband's face, but I did not like to ask him any questions, for I felt sure he had not forgotten me. In the afternoon an open carriage came to the door, and Geoffrey handed me into it. After giving some directions to the coachman, he placed himself at my side, and we drove off. We left Paris and went out for some miles into the country, out among the fields and lanes, and the waving corn bright with scarlet poppies.

"Where are you taking me to, Geoffrey?" I said.

"Wait," he replied, "and you shall see."

We stopped at last, and he took me out of the carriage, put my arm within his, and led me through an iron gate. It was a little cemetery. There was a tiny chapel in the middle, where a light was burning, and all around were graves—graves marked by wood or marble crosses, bearing their inscriptions to the memory of the dead who slept beneath. Bright immortelles were thrown on some, and natural flowers on others, which had been placed there by the mourners—mourners who even then were kneeling about in different parts of the burial-ground, dressed in their deep black dresses, and shedding bitter tears over those loved ones who would never come back to them again.

Involuntarily I clung more closely to my husband's side, but he led me past all these far away to the other side of the grounds, and there we paused before one little grave. There was no cross to mark the name—no immortelle—no flowers laid there by loving hands—only long dank grass. I looked wonderingly up into my husband's face.

"Mabel," he said, "that little mound of earth covers Estelle's child."

"Estelle's child!" I exclaimed, starting back.

"I told you, Mabel, that I left England for some years, but what happened during that time I never knew till within ten days of my expected marriage. The packet you delivered to Estelle revealed my knowledge of it to her. It came to me quite accidentally through a relation of Estelle's French maid—a man who expected to make money by it. I started at once for Paris, in order to make investigations, and my worst fears were confirmed."

"Poor Estelle!" I said, "if she has sinned, how fearful must be the expiation."

"Poor Estelle!" he repeated. "God grant that she may be forgiven; but there is a crime connected with that little grave which even you must never seek to know. I have told you this, little Mabel, because I love you so dearly, and because there should be no secrets between a man and his wife."

How good and noble he was. I drew closer to him, and my hot tears fell upon his hand. We lingered on for some minutes more, and then he led me away and put me back into the carriage.

We were very silent for all the rest of that day. Estelle's story had sunk deep into my heart. "Surely," I said to myself, "if she has repented, though her sins may have been as scarlet, the mercies of God are infinite."

Some years after, when Mrs. Verecroft died, we went back to live at Gundringham. Estelle had taken the black veil, so she was dead to the world and to us. Her room was never afterward reopened. People used to say a light really was seen burning there, and a shadow passing up and down; but I fancy it must have been imagination, or a tale that had got about in consequence of one of the old housekeeper's stories—stories which are likely still to be handed down to other generations of the Verecrofts of Gundringham.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we can not help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow the muzzle, letting the hammer slip from under the foot and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded you will be notified of the fact.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

A sentimental old bachelor says a woman's heart is the "sweetest" thing in the world; in fact a perfect honey-comb—full of *sells*. Beeware.

A story is told of the meeting of a joint-stock company at which the chairman proposed the customary vote of thanks to Heaven for the successful operations of the society during the past half year. The motion was on the point of being carried by acclamation, when a cautious shareholder rose to move as an amendment, that the vote should be deferred until the amount of the last year's dividend had been ascertained.

On Sterne's entering a coffee-room at York a conceited fellow, staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson; upon which Sterne said, "And so, Sir, does my dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock he commences to bark."—"Indeed!" replied the offender; "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, Sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

A gentleman resident in Edinburgh, whose personal dimensions were somewhat similar to those of Falstaff, was in the habit, when traveling by coach, to secure half the inside of the vehicle for himself. Having a new servant, he sent him one day to book him for a neighboring town. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence: "There weren't two inside places left, so I took one in, and another out."

"Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the response.

"MATCHLESS MISERY!"—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

CAN THERE BE HARM IN KISSING?

The waters kiss the pebbly shore;
The winds all kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud
For the odor it distills.

The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,
The cereus dew at eve;
The fern and flower, in circling clasp,
Their mystic beauties weave.

The moon-beams kiss the clouds at night;
The star gems kiss the sea;
While shadows dreamy, soft, and light,
Are kissing on the lea.

The zephyrs kiss the budding pink
That blooms on beauty's lip,
And ruder blasts, though cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn till eve,
And clouds still kiss the hills.

Even heaven and earth do meet to kiss
Through tears of sparkling dew.
In kissing, then, can there be harm?
I don't think so—do you?

A lady, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live any where now," replied the girl, "I'm married."

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

A tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole: List, list! oh list!"

The Democracy recently held a meeting in Dresden' Ohio, which was attended by quite a number of the faithful from Zanesville, who requested a reciprocal delegation of Dresden Butternuts to come down the week following to swell the crowd at a mass meeting to be held in Zanesville. On the day appointed for the meeting at Zanesville some eighteen coppery citizens of Dresden marched down to the boat; and on consultation it was thought best that they should provide themselves with provisions for the trip, as there would probably be a great crowd at the meeting, and victuals would be scarce. A collection was made, and fifteen dollars were raised. A committee of two was sent back to town to lay in supplies, who in due time returned with fourteen dollars' worth of whisky and one dollar's worth of crackers. This was brought aboard the boat and tested by all hands, and declared to be good. "But," exclaimed old Phil K——, "boys, what in h—ll did you get so many crackers for?"

As the steeple of a church was being painted recently the attention of a little girl was attracted by the staging put up about it. She appeared unable to comprehend it; but finally, after a moment's reflection, said, "I guess it is the crinoline!"

A whisky-drinking Irishman was brought before a magistrate named Porter, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him that would give him time enough to curse whisky. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and *Porter* too."

It is related of Sydney Smith that once, on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem:
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherish'd was—his own:
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

A gentleman calling on his butcher to order something for dinner, was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a *bridle*, as I should then certainly stand a better chance of getting a *bit in my mouth*?"

What is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

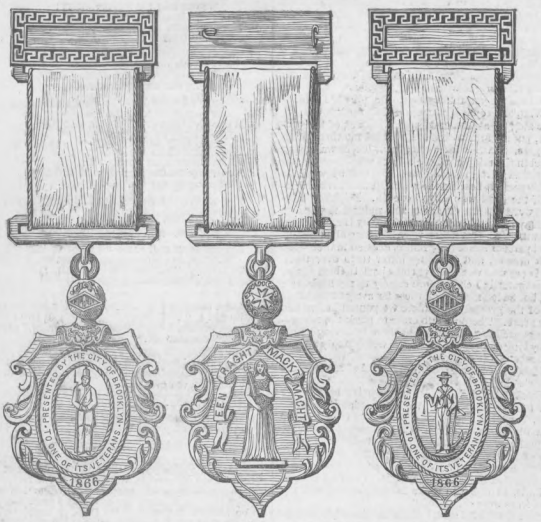
"THE LONG STRIKE"—Twelve!



CONVOLVULUS SEASIDEIENSIS.

"THIS DELICATE ANNUAL HAS BEEN SEEN IN GREAT ABUNDANCE THIS AUTUMN ALL ROUND THE COAST. IT FLOURISHES BEST IN EXPOSED SITUATIONS, AND DURING INCLEMENT WINDY WEATHER."—*Vide "Jolly Gardeners' Chronicle."*

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MEDALS PRESENTED TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS IN BROOKLYN.

THE presentation of Medals to Veteran Sailors and Soldiers of King's County, at Brooklyn, October 25, was an occasion of much interest. We give an illustration of the presentation ceremonies on page 713.

Governor FENTON and Staff and a large number of invited guests were present, including Admiral BELL and Staff, General NEWTON, General VODGES, General DE LACY, and other military men. The members of the Board of Supervisors, the various judges, and many leading clergymen of Brooklyn were present.

The persons present were introduced to Governor FENTON, who cordially greeted them. At the close of this ceremony Admiral FARRAGUT was announced, and received with applause. The veteran was introduced to many of the gentlemen present.

Dr. VINTON called upon Governor FENTON to make a few remarks, when the Governor said that he was glad of an opportunity to visit the prosperous city of Brooklyn, and to extend his acquaintance with her citizens. In introducing his military family among them, he was grateful for their warm reception.

Admiral FARRAGUT was called upon for a speech, and said he would follow the example of the Governor, and be brief. He had understood that the occasion was meant as a compliment to the veterans of Brooklyn. As he was not a soldier of this district he esteemed the honor of this warm reception more highly.

The procession was then formed. The avenues through which the troops moved were thronged with spectators. Flags were displayed from windows and balconies, and the veterans were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs all along the route.

The military looked well, and the procession was very imposing in respect to numbers. There were over one hundred carriages in the line, and about eight thousand troops. The column marched from the City Hall at about twelve o'clock, moving through Remsen Street to Henry Street, through Henry Street to Atlantic Street, through Atlantic Street to Hanson Place, through Hanson Place to Fulton Avenue, through Fulton and Gates Avenues to Clinton Avenue, and through Clinton and Myrtle Avenues and Cumberland Street to the Park. On reaching the Park the Governor and Staff took a fine position in the centre of the east side of Fort Greene, where he reviewed the procession.

After passing the Governor the troops entered the Park at the northeast gate. On the centre of the hill a large platform was constructed, from which the prizes were to be delivered. The police kept a large space open in front of this platform, in the centre of which the veterans took position.

The other troops marched around the brow of the hill, and halted at various elevated points. Notwithstanding the fact that a cold wind was blowing there were from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators present, who remained until the close of the ceremonies.

The view from the platform was very imposing. It took in several thousand troops, and a greater number of citizens. The review occupied over an hour. At its close the Governor and Staff proceeded to the stand in front of which the veterans had gathered, and the medals were presented to those entitled to receive them. In order to avoid delay they had been put up so as to deliver to the respective captains under which the men had served.

The medals were presented by Mayor BOOTH, and were received by ex-Mayor WOOD on behalf of the veterans, who made an able and eloquent speech.

The members of the committee had a beautiful gold medal made for Admiral FARRAGUT, which was presented to him at the dinner.



ACCIDENT AT CHICAGO ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 21, 1866.—SKETCHED BY W. H. ADAMS. [SEE PAGE 717.]



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 713.]

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FALL OF BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

WE illustrate on page 716 the terrible accident which happened at Chicago on the night of October 21. The event is thus described by the Chicago *Tribune* of October 22:

An appalling calamity befell a portion of the city during the violent storm of last night. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a terrific crash resounded ominously over the whole of the central portion of the city.

It proved to be the fall of a huge brick structure in process of erection near the corner of Madison and State streets. It was one of those hastily and cheaply-cobbled-together pieces of architecture which are a disgrace to any city. The gale last night, though not excessively fierce, proved too much for this fragile mass of uncompleted mason-work, and the whole edifice caved in and fell like an avalanche, carrying death, and tortures worse than death, to the homes of many families who lived in the surrounding tenements.

Such a scene of devastation and misery as presented itself immediately after the edifice fell it would be difficult to describe. Almost from M'Vicker's Theatre, on Madison Street, round the corner and along State Street for some distance, making a very considerable section of a square, the frame tenements which had stood there were so completely flattened and crushed that the upper stories were on a level with the sidewalk. The sidewalks were entirely uprooted from the ground, and the outer edges stuck out in the form of an abatti. Clambering up to these swaying planks, one had to slide down an inclined plane to the horrible mass of ruins in the centre. The police were summoned, and from every station they soon began to muster in large force. The fire-bell pealed forth its alarm, and the department were speedily on hand. The citizens, too, came to the spot in crowds, attracted by the alarm from the Court-house. Then the work of excavation began in earnest. The inmates were dragged forth from their living graves, some terribly mangled, some only cut and scratched, and some entirely unscathed. Every one was of course eager to help, and the real difficulty with the police was now to keep the volunteers from overcrowding the scene of action. Body after body was carried out, most of them fortunately alive, and again the search was prosecuted, until about two o'clock it was supposed that the great majority of those who had been buried were recovered.

How so many escaped being crushed to death will seem little short of miraculous to every one who views the ruins. Yet such hair-breadth escapes are often heard of in such accidents.

The building which has been the cause of all this devastation was being erected by Mr. SWATZ as a wholesale store. It appears that the walls of the new block were but sixteen inches thick, much too thin for the great height to which they were carried up, and during Sunday they were found to have bulged out in an alarming manner—so much so that the opinion had been expressed that they would fall before morning, and the families in the adjoining buildings had retired with a considerable feeling of apprehension.

TROUTING.



SCRAMBLING over boulders,
Grumbling over "falls,"
Rambling through green meadows,
Where the May-fly calls;
Tumbling out by daybreak—
"Madam" in a pout—
Gracious! this is pleasant,
Tripping after trout!

Violets by the brook-brink,
Sweet as "Stella's" eyes;
Bluebirds flood the morning
With a glad surprise:
Off before your mother
Fairly knows you're out—
Goodness! ain't it jolly
Tramping after trout!

Tripping over mosses,
Slipping over stones,
Creeping through morasses,
Chill'd through blood and bones;
"Dipping" into spring-holes,
Ripping *something* out—
Goodness! but 'tis pleasant,
Whipping after trout.

Stumbling over saw-logs,
Where they've made a jam;
No one can say *this* stream
Isn't worth a dam:
Water, "cold as *blazes*,"
Foams your feet about;
Catch your death of—"Whist, man!
Did you *see that trout?*"

Ply him gently—kindly—
Horse-hair is but frail:
There's a speckled "beauty!"
Crook's hooks never fail.
Twenty ounces, plump, Sirs
(Heft him if you doubt);
Silver, gold, and garnets—
What can match a trout?

Lightly drops the "hackle,"
Blithely sings the stream,
Brightly burst the foam-bells
Like a poet's dream.
Splash! There goes a "lunomer!"
Whir! and he is out!
What school is so charming
As a school of trout?

Now you spread your luncheon
'Neath a spreading tree;
Never son of "Walton"
Half so glad as "we."
Berkshire skies above us,
Berkshire hills about,
All the pools a-sparkle,
Bright with speckled trout.

Clambering over cascades,
Where the senses reel;
'Stonishing the "natives"
With a well-fill'd creel:
Whipping out the "*bait*"-ers,
Who at "*palmers*" flout,
Maybe 'tisn't pleasant
Angling after trout!

Soon you hook your "fifty"
('Tis a *bet* you're on)—
Soon you join "The Colonel,"
Who declares he's *one!*
Soon you reach your cottage—
Kiss *the Madam's* pouting
Lips (still in your *dote*-age):
And so ends your trouting!

Rattle-snakes! and 'sketers!—
Wet feet and burnt faces!—
Who says anglers' *lines* are
"Cast in pleasant places?"
Try it in "*Green*" River;
But, before you trout it,
Just ask Mr. Editor
What *he* thinks about it!

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

OUR latest news in regard to the Candian insurrection is a telegram from London of October 23, which conveys the intelligence of the defeat of the Turkish army by the Christians after four days of heavy fighting.

Four months ago the Christians of Crete demanded justice according to the laws of the Ottoman Empire, and asked for the execution of the privileges conferred on them by the Hatti Humayoum. That phase of the movement is passed. They now assert the inalienable right of nations to enjoy political liberty, and in virtue of this right they have declared Crete independent, and decreed its union with the kingdom of Greece.

A virtual declaration of war on the part of the Christians took place on the 12th of August. The population of several districts about Mount Ida published a decree establishing a "Sacred Battalion" of 400 veteran soldiers to fight for the cross, and appointed a chief to command it. Several revolutionary proclamations have been subsequently published in different parts of the island. At last, on the 2d of September, a number of leading men from the Eparchies, in the western part of Crete, met and signed a document decreeing the perpetual abolition of the Turkish authority in Crete and its dependencies, the union of the island with Greece under GEORGE I. as King of the Hellenes, and intrusting the execution of the decree to the valor of the people, the assistance of all Greeks and Philhellenes,



CANDIAN INSURGENTS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE.

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and the intervention of the great protecting and guaranteeing Powers of Europe.

The first engagement with bloodshed took place on the 28th of August, not between Hellenes and Ottoman soldiers, but among the Cretans themselves. The Mussulmans of Selinos and the Christians had a skirmish, in which it was said that the Turkish troops took no part; but this was perhaps only the first spark to the train which has since lighted up the Greek fire for a general conflagration.

It is to the mountainous character of the island that the insurgents probably owe their present security; for, besides being traversed throughout its whole length by the lofty range running parallel to the south coast, there are other ranges dispersed over the whole surface. In the centre of Crete is Ida, more modernly known as Mount Psiloriti, 7690 feet high. The other loftiest summits are toward the west, in the Sphakian or white mountains, where the heights are covered with snow for three parts of the year. The highest elevations there are about 5000 feet. The greater part of these mountains are clothed with forests of olive, chestnut, walnut, and pine trees, oaks, and cypresses. They contain a remarkable number of caverns and grottoes, including that famous classic labyrinth, the extensive and intricate natural excavation at the foot of Mount Ida.

Crete is unquestionably an island worth winning, if it can be won either by writing about it or even by fighting for it—which is a thing the Athenians seem less inclined to undertake. In size and population Crete is little inferior, and in fertility and position far superior to Corsica. Its forests have not yet been all destroyed by repeated conflagrations, like the trees which once covered the mountains of Greece. The population exceeds 200,000, of whom upward of 60,000 are Mussulmans of the Greek race, and who speak only the Greek language.

Our illustration is taken from a sketch of an insurgent encampment in the mountains, where, with that defiance of fatigue and that indifference to luxury which are such prominent characteristics of the people in a time of national tumult, the men are waiting for intelligence from the main body of their irregular army, amidst the massy rocks of that chain from east to west, the culminating point of which is Mount Ida.

FISHING UP THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

WE give on page 708 two sketches taken by Mr. ROBERT DUDLEY on board the *Great Eastern;* the first representing the *Great Eastern* at the moment of raising the cable, while another shows the interior of the electricians' testing-room on board the ship, with the group of gentlemen anxiously watching the process. The following narrative, which is from Mr. DUDLEY's own pen, will be read with much interest.

"For nearly three weeks—from August 12, when we reached the grappling-ground in mid-Atlantic, until September 1—had hope and disappointment alternated in the hearts of those who, hovering like the fish above the quarry, watched and waited to secure the prize that lay 2000 fathoms deep below. The claws of grapnel after grapnel had felt along the dark bed of the ocean in search to grasp the truant rope; and on one memorable occasion they not only secured the treasure, but held it firmly until the eyes of those who eagerly hung over the bow bulwarks saw the veritable cable dragged slowly out of the water, giving for once and all (even had no subsequent triumph been won) the *coup de grace* to all the doubts, the questionings, the denials, the scientifically irrefragable proofs that to expect ever to raise the lost cable to the surface was to look for the working of an impossibility. The cable had been seen, *but* it had been again lost. The huge ship, though under most skilful handling, and obedient as she had proved to the directing hand of her ever-watchful commander, had been the sport of unaccountable currents, driving her just where she was not wanted to go. The elements had been adverse, and the mighty sea had so tossed and foamed as to render vain all efforts to continue the work; and still had Darkness and Adversity hoped, almost against hope, that a more propitious time might come; that, late in the season as it was, we might yet be favored with calmer and brighter weather, were it but for a day or two. 'Weather—calm weather!' that was the hopeword. And well was their indomitable perseverance rewarded. That day or two was given; for on the last day of August the sun shone out; the pulse of the ocean, though still beating high, was rapidly calming down; the wind was lulled; and as the grapnel went down, bright and high hope followed.

"No need to write now how during that and the following day the hope trembled, fluctuated, rose, became assured, and found its climax in certainty; that story is known, though it would be indeed difficult for any description to convey a full idea of the anxious watching for the appearance of the cable on the night of September 1. A hope almost painful in its intensity seemed to be felt by all, as from midnight until two o'clock the bows of the great ship were filled with earnest, eager faces; her forward bulwarks alive with gazers seeking to pierce the darkness of the shadowy sea below; the long, ceaseless swell sometimes revealing more of the straining grappling rope as it dragged its slow but sure length over the bow sheave, and so along over V wheels and past the recording dynamometer to the huge drums that were so well performing their Titan task. Slowly but surely it came on, and as the wire grappling rope was succeeded by the strong chain upon which hung the grapnel, fruition in the nearest was breathless, one's heart seemed in one's mouth; scarce a word was heard from the entranced watchers; the rapid words of command from Captain ANDERSON or forward by the wheels sounded clear and sharp in the night air, and as the grapnel, holding in a vice-like grasp the best treasure, emerged still more slowly from the long rolling waters, it was in almost whispered eagerness that the words passed from mouth to mouth, 'It is there! it is there!' We were restrained, perhaps, by reconsection of the former time, when, on the 17th of August, the sight of the old friend called forth a ringing welcome of false hope; it may be that the solemn night and the half-revealing, half-concealing mystery of moonlight made unconsciously their quiet influence felt. And so we hung breathless, as it were, upon the cable's life, and a long hour it seemed, while the various and most necessary measures were taken for securing the cable by means of rope and chain-stoppers from which strong hawsers passed over the side V wheels in the bows. At length all was secured, and the cable freed from the grapnel, which, hauled in on the port side, was carried aft past us by two sailors, though not without much examination and interest expressed for the faithful servant; and now the cable itself appeared over the centre wheel. How it was scrutinized by such light as the moon and ship's lamps afforded—how it was followed in its course along the platform toward the drums by many fond admirers! For my own part, with others, I made my way, in accordance with an invitation from WILLOUGHBY SMITH, to the electricians' room (the 'testing-room,' to speak more technically). Here, after another hour's preparation, during which time the cable had been carefully passed round the drums of the picking-up machinery and a sufficient length drawn in on board, the severed end was received. And now, in their mysterious, darkened haunt, the wizards are ready to work their spells upon the tamed lightning. Not 'unholy spells' are these, or secret; for, though the wizards' den is but of limited dimensions, they have not been averse to the presence of a few visitors. Mr. GOOCH is looking on; Professor THOMSON, be sure, is here, a worthy Wizard of the North; CYRUS FIELD could no more be absent than the cable itself; I think, too, CANNING, hard at work, as he is, forward in the ship, *must* have dropped in just for a moment; CLIFFORD, LAWS, Captain HAMILTON, DEANE, DUDLEY—all have in their several ways a great interest in every movement of WILLOUGHBY SMITH and his brother (and able assistant) OLIVER; and, when the core of the cable is stripped and the heart itself—the conducting wire—fixed in the instrument, and these two electricians bend over the galvanometer in patient watching for some message from that far-off land of home to which the great news had just been signaled; then the accustomed stillness of the test-room is even deepened; the ticking of the chronometer becomes monotonous. Nearly a quarter of an hour has passed and still no sign! Suddenly WILLOUGHBY SMITH's hat is off, and the British hurrah bursts from his lips, echoed by all on board with a volley of cheers, evidently none the worse for having been 'bottled up' during the last three hours. Along the deck outside, over the ship, throughout the ship, the pent-up enthusiasm overflowed; and even before the test-room was cleared the roaring bravos of our guns drowned the huzzas of the crew, and the whiz of rockets was heard rushing high into the clear morning sky to greet our consort-ships with the glad intelligence.

"Then came the splicing of the recovered cable with that coiled in one of our tanks, and the very delicate operation of passing the cable round from the bow to the stern of the ship. This successfully accomplished, the order was given, 'Full speed ahead!' and we soon had our screw clear and the cable streaming out in the wake of the ship; and so, by eight o'clock in the morning (scarcely any one, I think, had 'turned in' that night) we were safely paying out again, and the ship's head was once more toward the shores of Newfoundland."

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE International Suspension Bridge, of which we give an illustration on page 712, is two miles below Niagara Falls. It connects the Great Western Railroad of Canada with the several railroads of New York. The bridge is a single span of 800 feet in length, elevated 230 feet above the Niagara River, which runs beneath it at the rate of 25 miles an hour, with breakers dashing from 10 to 20 feet high. During the season of travel the *Maid of the Mist* makes trips from the village of Suspension Bridge to the foot of the Falls. It was from the deck of this vessel that CHURCH made the sketch after which his celebrated painting of Niagara Falls was made. The view from this point is the most magnificent which can be obtained.

The Suspension Bridge is supported by four wire cables 9½ inches in diameter, with an ultimate capacity of sustaining 10,000 tons.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.

THE railroad bridge across the Genesee River at Portage, on the Erie Railroad, which we illustrate on page 712, is unsurpassed by any wooden structure of the kind in the world. It is built across a deep defile, into which the Genesee enters at this point, upon thirteen stone piers set in the bed of the river, the stone being built sufficiently high to avoid all danger of freshets. The bridge itself is a huge mass of timber, rising to the height of 234 feet, and is 800 feet in length. It was completed in 1853, and is undoubtedly the finest wooden bridge in the world. It is said to be so constructed that any timber in the bridge can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The Genesee Valley Canal passes under the bridge.

The scenery at this point is wild and picturesque. The Genesee River enters the ravine only to seek lower and still lower depths. Directly below the bridge, and in sight of the cars, is the first fall, a half horse-shoe, about 40 feet high, and a quarter of a mile farther to the north is another fall, one of the most beautiful cascades in America. The fall is 80 feet high, and when the water is low the appearance is that of a most exquisite veil of lace thrown out in front of a black rock.

BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA.

THE illustration which we give on page 716 represents a scene very characteristic at the South. The special occasion for the barbecue which we have illustrated was a desire on the part of the citizens of Augusta, Georgia, to do honor to Generals STEADMAN and FULLERTON, sent by President JOHNSON to investigate the Freedmen's Bureau.

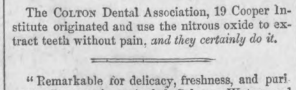
Barbecues are very frequent at the South in times of political excitement. The negroes also have their barbecues, generally at the close of their labors in getting in the cotton crop.

THE COLTON DENTAL Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity."—BURNETT'S unrivaled Cologne Water, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

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Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

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Containing pure Medicines of very best quality. Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

Permanent and wide-spread Success is the best evidence of the goodness of

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They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the

Cholera must be treated as a Poison,

and your safety demands that it should be got rid of without delay. Colds, rheumatism, asthma, pleurisy, diarrhœa, colics—in fact, all sickness—is the consequence of active impurities in the blood. These being removed, the health is restored at once.

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ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

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BINOCHROMATICS.—Ag'ts wanted. $5 a day clear profit in selling, manufacturing, or teaching. (Business easy and light.) Any person can do it. Instructions sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. Address A. THOMAS & CO., 264 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 60 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these enormous profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.	OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.	IMPERIAL, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.	ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.	GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER EIGHT MONTHS' TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *July* 31, 1866.

Great American Tea Company, 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTLEMEN,—Accompanying this I send you our regular monthly Club List, which you will perceive is still increasing in proportions. We have now tried your Teas and Coffees for upward of eight months, and have come to the conclusion that we get as good an article from your house, and at about half the price that we would be forced to pay our merchants here.

I congratulate your Company at the great success that has crowned its efforts in its endeavor to lighten the burden of high prices borne by our laboring people; and also congratulate our Club upon its good fortune in procuring those luxuries of life at prices so fair and reasonable. Hoping you will continue to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours, L. CASS CARPENTER.

2 lbs. Japan	H. H. Knight	at $1 25	$2 50	Amount brought forward	$76 70
1 lb. Green Coffee	H. H. Knight	at 35	35	1½ lbs. Young Hyson	T. H. Brooks	at 1 25	1 88
1 lb. Japan	Miss Duffy	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Ground Coffee	T. H. Brooks	at 40	40
1 lb. Japan	Miss Allen	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Ground Coffee	F. Dutton	at 40	40
1 lb. Japan	M. Affee	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Oolong	F. Dutton	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	W. S. Waller	at 1 00	1 00	1 lb. Oolong	A. S. Stirtevant	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Imperial	L. D. Roberts	at 1 25	2 50	2 lbs. Souchong	J. F. Burr	at 1 20	2 40
1 lb. Japan	C. Becker	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Japan	J. M. Adam	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Green Coffee	C. Becker	at 35	35	½ lb. Gunpowder	J. M. Adam	at 1 25	63
5 lbs. Rio Coffee	W. Mirty	at 28	1 40	5 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Colnes	at 40	2 00
4 lbs. Green Coffee	W. Stidham	at 35	1 40	1 lb. Japan	E. Kenny	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Oolong	S. R. Brown	at 1 00	2 00	1 lb. Oolong	J. Cook	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	S. R. Brown	at 1 10	2 20	1 lb. Gunpowder	J. Cook	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	D. S. Holland	at 1 25	1 25	2 lbs. Japan	S. A. Thomason	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Green Coffee	D. S. Holland	at 35	2 80	3 lbs. Roast Coffee	S. A. Thomason	at 40	1 20
2 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Dooley	at 1 00	2 00	5 lbs. Roast Coffee	F. H. Campbell	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	Mrs. Dooley	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Gunpowder	F. H. Campbell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	—— Trewitt	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Oolong	C. S. Tinsett	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	—— Smead	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Ground Coffee	C. S. Tinsett	at 40	40
1 lb. Imperial	—— Smead	at 1 25	1 25	2 lbs. Ground Coffee	M. Cross	at 40	80
1 lb. Mixed	J. A. Domal	at 1 00	1 00	1 lb. Souchong	M. Cross	at 1 20	1 20
5 lbs. Green Coffee	J. A. Domal	at 35	1 05	1 lb. Oolong	S. M. Wooley	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. J. M. Gill	at 40	1 20	1 lb. Ground Coffee	S. M. Wooley	at 40	40
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	S. J. Gass	at 40	80	2 lbs. Ground Coffee	W. H. Bartell	at 40	80
1 lb. Japan	S. J. Gass	at 1 25	1 25	2 lbs. Ground Coffee	M. Burnett	at 40	80
2 lbs. Japan	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	2 50	1 lb. Oolong	J. E. Brady	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Imperial	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Young Hyson	E. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	2 50	1 lb. Japan	E. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Green Coffee	E. Goodrich	at 35	70
10 lbs. Rio Coffee	—— De Mowbray	at 28	2 80	5 lbs. Ground Coffee	L. Carpenter	at 40	2 00
6 lbs. Oolong	—— De Mowbray	at 1 00	5 00	1 lb. Imperial	L. Carpenter	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	H. Pitts	at 1 00	1 00	1 lb. Oolong	L. Carpenter	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	H. Pitts	at 1 20	1 20	1 lb. Oolong	M. St. Clair	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	B. Masser	at 1 25	1 25	1 lb. Imperial	M. St. Clair	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	J. D. Suchden	at 1 25	1 25	2 lbs. Gunpowder	F. Armstrong	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. B. Farkman	at 40	80	1 lb. Oolong	F. Armstrong	at 1 00	1 00
10 lbs. Green Coffee	D. M. Lawrence	at 35	3 50	5 lbs. Roast Coffee	F. Armstrong	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	A. Watts	at 1 25	1 25	2 lbs. Roast Coffee	M. Burnett	at 40	80
1 lb. Ground Coffee	A. Watts	at 40	40	6 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. Doyle	at 40	2 40
2 lbs. Green Coffee	J. Cox	at 35	70	1 lb. Imperial	R. Doyle	at 1 25	1 25
6 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Ramsay	at 1 00	5 00	1 lb. Oolong	R. Doyle	at 1 00	1 00
4 lbs. Imperial	—— Putney	at 1 25	5 00	1 lb. Souchong	Edgar	at 1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Oolong	—— Putney	at 1 00	2 00	2 lbs. Oolong	R. Calf	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Oolong	A. Thomas	at 1 00	2 00	2 lbs. Ground Coffee	D. Green	at 40	80
1 lb. Oolong	T. H. Brooks	at 1 00	1 00	1 lb. Souchong	J. H. Robinson	at 1 20	1 20
Amount carried forward			$76 70	Total			$181 36

The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

SEVENTH ORDER FROM THIS CLUB.

MADISON, IND., *Sept.* 10, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey St., N. Y.:*

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but order in advance. Send C. O. D. Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	$20 00
16 lbs. Imperial	at 1 25	20 00
10 lbs. Gunpowder	at 1 25	12 50
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25	6 25
5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25	6 25
Total		$65 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

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$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

TO THE

DEBILITATED

AND THE

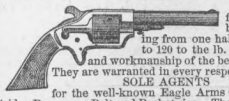
DECREPIT.

For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty Restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and reinvigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer in the Valley of the Monongahela writes thus to Dr. Hostetter; "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful Tonic, and it is administered with great success, in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

MERWIN & BRAY,

202 BROADWAY,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Ballard Breech-Loading Rifles, Military and Sporting Styles.



These Rifles carry a ball varying from one half oz. each to 120 to the lb. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

SOLE AGENTS

for the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridge Revolvers, Belt and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger ball than any other revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridge of every style and size.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated circulars furnished when desired.

202 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NEW MUSIC.

COME BACK TO ERIN, by Claribel; price ..... 35c.
THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, by Virginia Gabriel . 40c.
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES, by that celebrated composer, Chas. D'Albert; for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
MABEL WALTZES, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
GUARDS WALTZ, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
208 Bowery, N. Y.

SNELL'S CORN CURE.

No Knife or Poison used. Mailed and warranted for 50 cts. Address N. S. SNELL, Watertown, N. Y.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, PARKMAN, OHIO.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
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Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. HENRY BATTER.
Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. W. GERMOND.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Major-General JAMES F. HALL.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. PULESTON.

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE,

NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

CONTENTS:

THE CIDER MILL.
THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
VENICE.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
MANASQUAN.
THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.
AMONG RELATIONS.
MY SISTER MARCIA.
PICKED UP AT SEA.
SISTERS.
THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.
THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.
LOOKING UNDER THE BED.
THE SWEETEST DAYS.
OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STROTHER will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

Terms for Harper's Magazine and Weekly, 1867:

MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year....$4 00
WEEKLY, One Copy for One Year.... 4 00

An extra copy of either the Weekly or the Magazine will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance, or Six Copies for $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for six months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, and sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each Volume containing the Numbers for one year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid.

*** The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable quarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

*** Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription *expires*, as entered on our books. In *renewing* a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to *commence* should be stated. The name of the subscriber, and full address, including County and State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number ——. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

In changing the direction, the *old*, as well as the *new* address should be given: Thus—"Change address of [Magazine or Weekly] from John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio, to Mary Adams, Franklin, Alleghany County, Pennsylvania."

The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped when the term of subscription expires. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for JUNE and DECEMBER of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

Back Numbers of both Magazine and Weekly can always be supplied.

In remitting by mail, a POST-OFFICE ORDER or a DRAFT upon New York, *payable to the order of Harper & Brothers*, is preferable to bank notes, as, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

*** *Those who wish to renew subscriptions, or to commence with the present Volume, are requested to notify the Publishers at once, in order that the Subscription-Book may be promptly adjusted.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

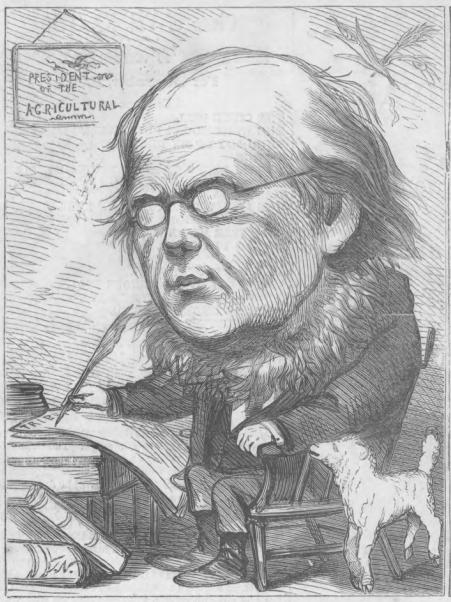
Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

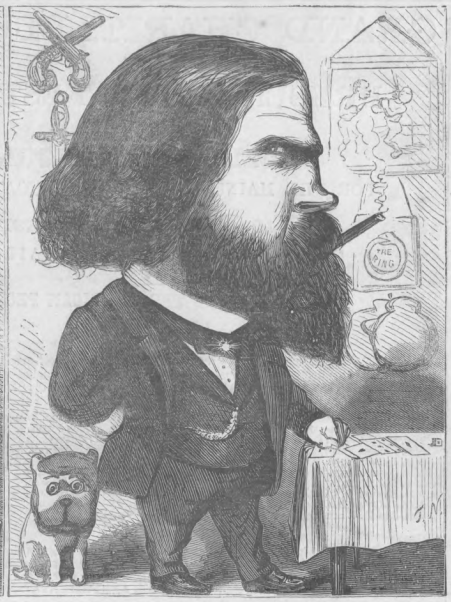
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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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The Candidate of the Blood-thirsty Radical Faction in the Fourth Congressional District. (GREELEY.)



The Conservative Candidate of the Peace Democracy in the Fifth Congressional District. (MORRISSEY.)

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D. & Co's **SOFT CAPSULES**
See Advertisement Inside.

STEEL SHIRT COLLARS, 50 CENTS; CUFFS, $2; BOSOMS, $5; ENAMELED, "SNOW-WHITE." MAILED FREE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. BILLON & FOGGAN, 73 NASSAU St., N. Y.



At Reduced Rates. POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

JOHN BONNER,
Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET.

Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

Dyspepsia,
Rheumatism,
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Swollen Glands,
Eruptions of the Skin,

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of those Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use Strumatic Mineral Baths. For sale at every respectable drug store.

STEREOPTICONS AND MAGIC LANTERNS,
With the latest improvements and best lenses, suitable for Schools, Public Exhibitions, and Parlor Entertainments. Priced catalogue, with list of over 2000 artistically colored Photographic Views, sent free by mail. T. H. MCALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

Economy is Wealth.

If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most serviceable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the

PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR

MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
AGENTS,
WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON.

SURE PILE CURE.



Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. ROMAINE, Manager, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

1866 Fall Fashions.
J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability,* and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World.*
AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,
WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.
Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

BROWNE & SPAULDING,
JEWELERS,
WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,
568 and 570 Broadway,

Having opened their new Store under the METROPOLITAN HOTEL with a choice selection of novelties in their line, solicit the inspection of the public and their friends.

French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,
BRONZES, AND OBJETS D'ART,
Suitable for Bridal Presents and Holiday Gifts, in great variety.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS' STEEL PENS.
TRADE MARK JOSEPH GILLOTT. WITH Designating Numbers.
HENRY OWEN, SOLE AGENT. MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE. 91, JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT!
F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER, 727 Broadway, New York,
Are Sole Agents for the celebrated
"DUCHESSE KID GLOVES,"
Equal to the "Alexandre," and sent by mail to any part of the United States at $1 25 per pair. Also the genuine brands of "JOUVIN," "BAJOU," and "ANGELE"
KID GLOVES.

WHISKERS.—WE WARRANT a Heavy BEARD in Five Weeks to those who use RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, N. Y.

"GET THE BEST." WARD'S PAPER COLLARS
For Ladies and Gentlemen. The largest assortment in the New World.
TO BE HAD EVERY WHERE.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 516.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

WE give herewith a view of the Confederate Cemetery at Franklin, Tennessee—the scene, as our readers remember, of the battle between General SCHOFIELD and the rebels under General HOOD, a little before the great and decisive battle of Nashville. The Cemetery is beautifully situated, about a mile southeast of Franklin, on the farm of Colonel JOHN M'GAVOCK. It contains 1485 graves, and in its general appearance is an improvement upon some of the National Cemeteries which we have had occasion to illustrate.



CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. J. TERRY.]

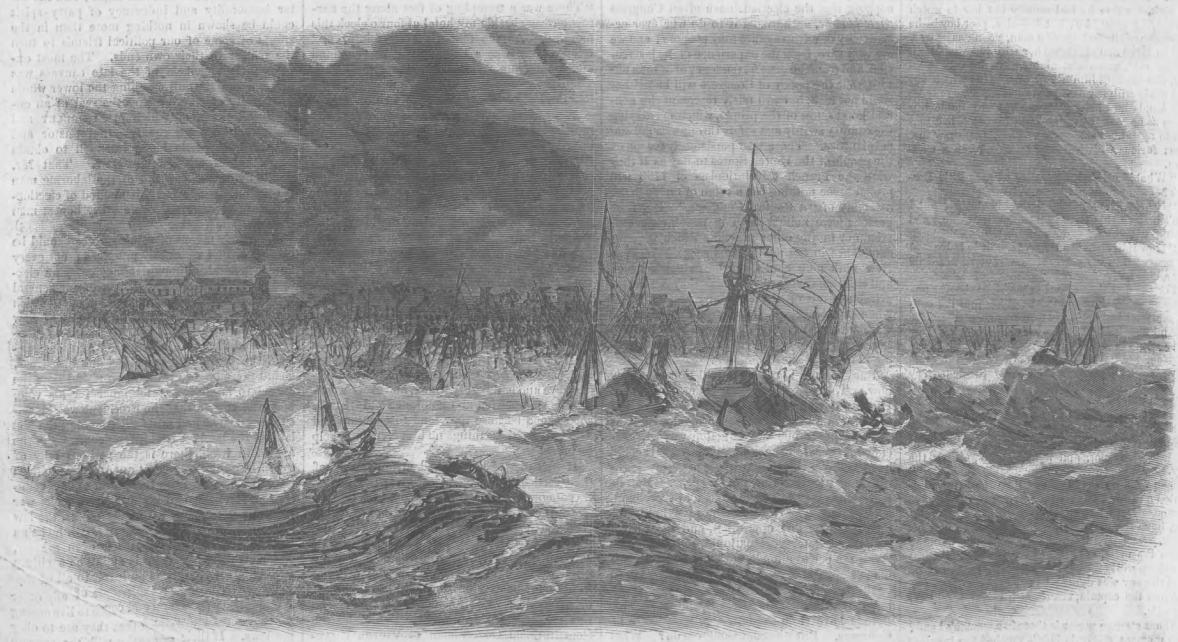
HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE storm at Nassau, which we illustrate below, was but a portion of the sweeping hurricane that, on the 1st of last month, visited the Bahamas.

At Nassau the storm came on gradually. The day before its violent outburst the gale blew a fresh breeze from the sea, which increased during the night, and the next morning became a regular gale, accompanied with rain. The bar of the harbor appeared a ridge of foam, and the harbor itself, though protected against the main sea, had no shelter from a gale which was every moment increasing in violence. The ships, as far as they could be seen up the harbor, began to sway to and fro. The shipping along the wharves soon began to suffer. Small boats, lumber, and various fragments began to be scattered about on the wharves, and spacious stores and warehouses in the vicinity were unroofed, and the sheets of metal of which the roofs were made were whirled along in the wind and torn up like sheets of paper. Soon the whole thoroughfare was covered with fragments of shipping and stores. Both the violence of the wind and the missiles which it hurled recklessly about made it perilous to walk the streets, and the few foot-passengers out might be seen clinging to lamp-posts waiting for a lull.

About 1.30 or 2 P.M. it was impossible to remain abroad; it was dangerous to take shelter under walls or houses, and totally impossible to remain standing when exposed to the presence of the wind, which shook every building. The sensation within doors was like the vibrations of a railway-car attached to an express train; the noise of the wind, combined with the sound of the waves, kept up a loud bellowing roar, varied with thunder-like gusts, and were succeeded by a crashing sound which indicated destruction of some kind or other. Green seas were now breaking upon the wharves of the town and Government property, sending their spray over the tops of the houses, and, together with the heavily falling rain and hail, made the air as obscure as the thickest fog, which, as it now and again cleared partially for a few moments, shows some further damage, houses being dismantled in all directions, and the fragments intermingled with branches of trees, swept along at an alarming pace. The trees that remained standing were being rapidly stripped of their leaves. About 3.30 fully a third of the roofing of the Officers' Quarters came off and fell with a heavy crash into Fleming Square, and shortly after the shingles began flying off the roof of the west range of the men's barracks like feathers. The pinnacles of Christ Church Cathedral had gone—the flag-staff at Government House likewise—and the roof of that building began to show signs of going; every house was in a state of commotion, the wind and rain penetrating every where, doing every kind of damage, and causing indescribable inconvenience. A lull in the storm occurred about 7.30 or 8 P.M., which fortunately enabled those who had some shelter remaining to offer a share of it to their less fortunate neighbors. Next morning the whole scene was indeed a desolation, the most familiar objects were scarcely to be recognized; some gone entirely. The fine Methodist Church had fallen, together with many minor buildings; the landscape was bleak and dreary, the leafless trees, a dull gray sky with dusky scudding clouds gave quite a wintry aspect, very unusual in a tropical climate.

The United States Consul, Mr. KIRKPATRICK, under date of Nassau, October 9, in addressing the Secretary of State, says the hurricane on the 1st inst. was one of the severest and most destructive that has occurred since 1813. "There is scarcely a house in this place," he adds, "or on the Bahamas, that has not suffered to some extent, while the destruction to the shipping in the harbor and along the coast has been alike fearful. The loss of life, although small here, has been severe on some of the out islands. Out at sea a large number of vessels were wrecked.



THE HURRICANE ON THE BAHAMAS—SCENE AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND, OCTOBER 1, 1866.

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A RING POSY.

JESS and Jill are pretty girls,
Plump and well to do,
In a cloud of windy curls:
Yet I know who
Loves me more than curls or pearls.

I'm not pretty, not a bit;
Thin and sallow-pale;
When I trudge along the street
I don't need a veil:
Yet I have one fancy hit.

Jess and Jill can trill and sing
With a flute-like voice,
Dance as light as bird on wing,
Laugh for careless joys:
Yet it's I who wear the ring.

Jess and Jill will mate some day,
Surely, surely;
Ripen on to June through May,
While the sun shines make their hay,
Slacken steps demurely:
Yet even there I lead the way.

NOTES FROM A SEA JOURNAL.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

THE weather was cold and blustering; we had rounded Cape Horn, and were now rolling along, under close-reefed topsails and jib, past the dreary Isle of Desolation. Muffled in their great pea-jackets, the men would walk the decks briskly, occasionally dancing, sparring, etc., to keep themselves warm. I used to amuse myself for hours watching their movements from my post of observation on the quarter-rail, where, rolled up in my Esquimaux coat, I loved to sit and smoke my ivory pipe, made of a whale's tooth.

Not unfrequently some anxious tar would come up from the snug forecastle to take a look at his best clothes, recently washed, and now whipping about on the line extending across the deck.

Alas! the poor clothes, incapable of keeping themselves warm by exercise, were all frozen as stiff as pasteboard; so that their owner must carry them to the galley in his half benumbed fingers, and thaw them by the stove if he wished to have them ready for Sunday.

The captain's wife was aboard; she was a neat little body, with hair combed very smooth, kind blue eyes, brisk manners, and a sweet voice. The rough fellows—every man of them—liked her, and I believe would have gone through fire and water to serve her; for she was always sending forward something nice for them to eat, and there was no end to the unexpected watches below which were accorded them through her influence. On pleasant days—there were few of *them* lately—she would bring up her sewing, and sit near the binnacle chatting to the man at the wheel, and taking his part by coaxing the skipper, in her own peculiar way, whenever he was disposed to find fault with the steering. I remember one delicate lad of sixteen, with brown hair and a white, gentle face, who was saved many times from the blows of a "rope's end" by the "little lady." She seemed to take quite a fancy to this boy, who hadn't a single chum aboard the ship. In fact he was so reserved, so devoted to a few old books which he had brought with him, that there was no chance for the men to cultivate his acquaintance. He seemed well disposed, however, never interfered with his shipmates' business, and was always ready to give away a part of his allowance to the man who was not satisfied with his own.

Well, as I said, the "little lady"—so *we* called her—seemed to like the lad. Not one of the officers dared to say a cross word to him when she was near. She felt for him a sort of motherly interest, I think, because he had nobody but her to watch over and protect him; but *he*—alas, poor boy!—he had some of the feelings of a man, young as he was, and so loved and cherished her with his whole soul.

One cold, moonlight night, while he was steering, she brought him a pair of mittens which she had made with her own pretty hands. One of these soft hands he kissed by some uncontrollable impulse as he took the mittens; but he soon had reason to repent of his temerity. The captain saw that kiss; furious with jealousy, he raved like a madman.

"What!" cried she, "jealous of poor little Derrick?—of a mere boy?"

"Hy, ay," he replied, grinding his teeth, "but I don't believe this is the first of your 'billing and cooing' with him."

"How ridiculous!" answered the little lady; and by every art in her power she endeavored to soothe her angry lord.

For the first time since her marriage she was unsuccessful. The captain ordered her into the cabin, and shut her up in her own room.

And now it fared hard with poor Derrick. Day after day, night after night, with but little intermission, he was kept hard at work by the cruel skipper. Thinner and paler grew the lad every hour. I believe the absence of the woman he loved affected him fully as much as his hard tasks; for he would often glance toward the quarter-deck, robbed of that gentle form, and breathe heavy sighs.

Many of us remonstrated with the captain; but he heeded us not, and went on overworking the boy. Soon the sufferer was reduced to a mere skeleton—a walking shadow—and then the skipper relented a little. His victim was permitted to go below once in a while to rest himself. He kept pining, however, and was finally unable to leave his bunk. The men were not surprised one morning when the mate, entering the forecastle, looked at the sharp white face, the damp brown hair, and said that the boy was dying!

Then the captain, struck with remorse, sent for his wife.

What strange power is there in a woman's hand? The moment the little lady's touched the invalid's brow he seemed to revive.

A week later he was able to go about the decks.

One evening about a month from that time, during a heavy gale, the captain's foot slipped while he was on the lee rail, and he fell into the sea, but contrived to cling to the main chains. There was his wife, half distracted, begging somebody to save her husband—endeavoring to save him herself, periling her own life for his, but without success.

It seemed as if the captain must soon let go his hold. The men were all aloft, and could do nothing in time to save him.

Derrick, who had been steering, now bounded into the waist, fastened around his body a rope, one end of which was attached to the ship, and plunging overboard, succeeded in holding his captain until both could be lifted from their perilous situation by the crew.

The skipper received his half-fainting wife in one arm, and with his disengaged hand clasped that of the boy.

"God forgive me for my jealousy!" he cried. "You are a noble lad, Derrick; and had I allowed you to die my own fate must have been sealed a moment ago."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

CONGRESS.

THE Congressional elections of the autumn have been another and a noble vindication of the principle of our Government, and a prodigious warning to any officer of the Government who ventures even to seem to erect the one-man power against the popular conscience and conviction. The grossest insult ever offered to the American people was the declaration of the President that he might have made himself Dictator, and the most stupid political blunder was the assertion of the Postmaster-General that the officers of the United States Government were the eaters of the President's bread and butter. Both of the remarks were rhetorical, doubtless; but they stirred that righteous, popular indignation which is the salvation of the Republic. For the first time Congress was publicly derided by the Executive. And what is Congress? It is the people of the United States representatively assembled. The Congressional elections have been the prodigious, threefold protest of the people—first, against the assumption of the President to have a policy in a matter entirely beyond his authority; second, against the fatal incompleteness of the conditions he proposed; and third, against the Executive audacity or stupidity which dared even to hint at military subversion of the Government. The elections of 1864 were not more significant than those of 1866.

And now that the Union majority in Congress is fully determined, and that there is no question of its overpowering ascendency, it is natural to ask what Congress is likely to do. Will it impose severer conditions of restoration? Will it impeach the President? Will it pass a high tariff? Will it adopt a peremptory tone toward England upon the *Alabama* claims? Will it be a rash or a wise Legislature?

The Congress that meets in December is not, indeed, the Congress that has been just elected, but it is composed in great part of the present members, and the elections have been a distinct popular approval of the general Congressional policy. But we are not of those who suppose that the elections have given Congress *carte blanche*, authorizing it to do whatever eccentricity or extravagance may propose; and we are very sure, from the experience of the last session, and from the general tendency of human nature, that the policy of Congress will be neither timid nor rash, but will fairly represent the general good sense of the people, which is carrying the country swiftly and safely through its present perplexities. Those who persistently reason of the people of the United States to-day as if they were the French Revolutionists of 1793 will probably see nothing but a reign of terror in the assembly of "a Radical Congress." But such persons have neither faith in popular government nor in any other principle which requires confidence in the public good sense. When a New York mob hangs and burns colored men and children these persons think they see the inevitable result of a free popular system. But when the American people wages tremendous war for Union and Liberty the same persons can see no reason to believe that the American people know what they are doing.

But they did know then, and they do know now. The new Congress will be like the late Union Convention in this State. There has never been a Convention so harmoniously radical, and never one whose action was so sagacious. It could have done anything. It could have said anything. To the most radical sentiment it was like tinder to a spark. But its good sense was as conspicuous as its profound conviction. The very consciousness that it was unchecked by any opposition, and that it was really acting for vast national ends, toned its warm temper to a moderate speech, and its wisdom disappointed its sincerest enemies. It will be the same with Congress during this session as it was during the last. The President and his friends have tired the language with abuse of Congress. But what did Congress do? What Radical leader did it follow? Congress completes the conditions upon which alone the President approved the restoration of the rebel States; and while it honored, as all faithful citizens must, the fidelity to liberty and justice of men like Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS, the Congressional policy was indicated by men like Mr. FESSENDEN.

Unless in the Maryland difficulty or some other matter the President shall exasperate and alarm the country, we do not believe that in the present condition of public opinion he will be impeached. Mr. BINGHAM and General BUTLER and Mr. BOUTWELL will doubtless reflect that the strong feeling against the President has been in great degree placated by the elections. So long as there were doubt and fear as to the condition of the public mind and the President's opportunities and intentions there was naturally extreme bitterness toward him. But as it appeared that the public sentiment and resolution were unshaken, the Presidential chances and designs, whatever the latter may have been, dwindled so as to become mainly matters of curiosity. Nor do we anticipate at this session of Congress the proposition of any severer conditions of restoration than the adoption of the Amendment. The precedent of Tennessee will undoubtedly be followed. If any unrepresented State ratifies the Amendment she will resume her place in Congress.

The experience of the last session in regard to the tariff will not be lost upon Congress. The Union party as such takes no ground upon the subject. It is neither a Protective nor a Free-trade party, while it does, without question, favor a tariff for revenue during the present exigency. But the attempt to frame a protective tariff during the last session was direct aid and comfort to the President in his plan of demoralizing and destroying the party. The alienation of a certain portion of the party in the early summer was greatly due to the extremely unwise and inexcusable course upon this subject of some prominent representatives. Their policy could be repeated only with the same result, and at a time when Union is the most sacred, patriotic duty of the party.

The tone of Congress in our foreign policy ought to be dignified and moderate. The only disturbing questions are the position of France in Mexico—a question which is conclusively answering itself, and which needs no rhetoric or bravado from us—and the *Alabama* claims, which can equally dispense with BUNCOMB in their settlement. All that is necessary is, that Congress shall apply the same vigilant good sense to the foreign affairs of the country which the members individually devote to their private affairs. And it will be of the utmost service in the saving of time, money, public vexation, and national honor if those members who may be classified as the sensational members should be held by the whole country at their just value, and not regarded as especially representative of any body but themselves, or of any purpose but their own ambition.

The country has indicated the policy of restoration. It has expressed its confidence in Congress, and it remains for Congress to work rather than to talk.

THE END OF AUSTRIA IN ITALY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily News* writes, on the 19th of October, from Venice: "There was a trampling of feet along the narrow passage beside my hotel at four o'clock this morning. As the footfalls grew fainter and fainter there was a hoarse word of command and a hurrying forward of the rearmost files. Then there was a dead silence again, and we had the last of the Austrians in Venice."

What a ghostly end is here of one of the most cruel tyrannies known in history! How impregnably intrenched in the very heart of Northern Italy this tyranny was may be seen in the graphic pictures of the famous Quadrilateral or military square of fortified cities, published in another part of this paper. This was the point at which the iron hand of Austria clutched and held Italy. The records of the old Venetian Council of Ten can not be more tragical than those of the Austrian rule. The dull, steady oppression has almost ruined a nation, and has nothing to show but a few military roads. The traveler in Lombardy for the last generation has never been able to escape the perception of the nightmare that brooded upon the land. The young men lounging and listless, frivolous or secretly conspiring; the Austrian eye and hand every where, and every where hated; superstition and ignorance and frivolity encouraged because they tend to enervate and demoralize; these things no observer could help seeing.

It was one of the wicked arrangements of the "settlement of Europe," upon the fall of NAPOLEON, which disposed of countries according to the ambition of rulers, and not in obedience to the wishes of the people. But that settlement, so cordially hated by all lovers of national liberty in Europe, was not only overthrown by the Prussian arms at Sadowa, but its destruction has now been formally ratified by the popular vote of Venetia. The question was simply, "Do you wish to live under the Constitutional Government of VICTOR EMANUEL, King of Italy?" and the whole male population of adult age voted. The vote was enormous, and almost uniform in its result. In the city of Venice, out of 30,000, 26,180 voted, and almost all affirmatively. In Padua 8000 votes were cast. In the country district of Polo the people marched to the polls with the priests at their head, and 7170 persons voted out of a total of 7700 electors. In the city of Verona there were 16,075 votes, and only one in the negative. At Udine there was but one negative out of 5473 votes. Chioggia and Rovigo more than 10,000 affirmative votes and no negatives were thrown. At Vicenza two negatives out of 8810 votes.

There was never so unanimous a vote, and Italy now enters with all her heart upon her new career. The Pope is the only essentially disturbing element, and surrounded by a free and constitutional Italy, it is not possible that the Pope can long sit upon his temporal throne. Whether he will choose to remain upon his old ground merely as supreme head of his Church, or emigrate to some island where he can still be political lord paramount, the immediate future will disclose. Austria can no longer defend him upon his throne, and poor old Spain, which can hardly stand, proposes to him that they shall combine their weakness and try to hold each other up. It will be a mummy trying to prop a falling statue. Meanwhile the ocean telegraph will at any moment bring us news of the entry of VICTOR EMANUEL into Venice, and then it will be for Italy to show by the energy and sagacity of her legislation that she was wholly worthy to win the victory which restored her unity, but which is due to other arms than hers.

FLATTERING THE FENIANS.

IT seems to us that honorable men can have but one opinion of the Fenian foray into Canada, and consequently but one opinion of the attempt to excite hostility against the President for his action in the matter. It is, indeed, the one energetic, praiseworthy, and thoroughly American act of his administration. The laws of the United States were deliberately defied by a mob which sought to make our soil the base of a murderous and predatory assault upon a peaceful neighbor. It was not only defiance, but contemptuous defiance, and the President instantly and irresistibly stopped the whole enterprise. It is foolish to say that he had encouraged the Fenians before he opposed them. He received a deputation of them, and at their request liberated JOHN MITCHELL; but he was very careful to say no more than that the release was a compliment to the large "section of our countrymen with whom he was previously identified." It was the usual subservience of a Democratic politician to the Irishmen, and it was not as a Fenian that MITCHELL was released.

That the President's action was prompt and decisive the moment that overt acts were committed shows that his sense of official duty properly transcended his inclinations as a politician. He did not hesitate to take the risk of alienating that part of Irish sympathy which is Fenian, and which Mr. STEPHENS, the Head Centre, numerically estimates at 20,000. This was a course in which the President was fairly entitled to the most generous and cordial support of all lovers of the honor of the national name; and the utter immorality and indecency of party-spirit could be shown in nothing more than in the efforts of some of our political friends to turn the matter to their own ends. The most extraordinary spectacle of the late canvass was General WALBRIDGE extolling the lower wards of the city of New York as the seat of an enlightened press, of which Mr. GREELEY and Mr. BENNETT were the fraternal Castor and Pollux—the whole being intended to obtain Fenian votes for Mr. GREELEY. That Mr. GREELEY is a true friend of the laboring man is unquestionable; but this method of electioneering must certainly strike every honest man with disgust.

Every fair means of gaining votes should be constantly and vigorously practiced; but every unfair method, although it may carry an election, loses a cause. The danger of our general politics is the kind of corruption upon which the Democratic party relies in the city of New York. It is the spirit which panders to ignorance and vice, and if ignorance and vice succeed the recoil is tremendous and disastrous. Could there be any thing more pitiful than the appeal to an ignorant foreigner for his vote, upon the ground that the President was his enemy because he had faithfully executed the just laws of the land? Besides the enormity of the appeal in itself, there is the perilous folly of supporting the theory that an American citizen is an Irishman. If an inhabitant of this country is a foreigner and undertakes to make war from our soil against a friendly power, the law deals with him very promptly. But if he be an American citizen his offense is even greater, and his pretense that he is acting as a citizen of some other country is an insult to all of us.

When Irishmen, or the people of any other country, leave their land and come to live among us, they must understand that they are to obey the laws. If their sympathy with the sorrows of the friends they leave behind inspires them to help them strike for their liberty, let them return and help them. But an Irish Republic

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which establishes its head-quarters in New York, and murders a few innocent Canadians by way of making war upon England, is not an Irish Republic which commands the respect of honorable men; and to attempt to propitiate its supporters by complaining of the President for enforcing its laws is a betrayal of the authority of law and a blow at public morality.

JOHN BRIGHT AND ENGLAND.

MACAULAY used to say that the next great convulsion in his country would be the contest between Parliament and the People, as in 1645 it was between the Parliament and the King; and the speeches of JOHN BRIGHT seem to announce the approach of that contest. His present movement is the most significant political event in England since the revolution of 1688. It is the suggestion of an actual, although not necessarily a forcible, revolution. English statesmen and political philosophers hitherto have agreed in recognizing the balance of classes as essential to British stability. The objection of certain liberal papers, like the *Spectator*, to Mr. GLADSTONE'S bold claim of the suffrage, a few years since, for every innocent and intelligent man, was that it tended to throw all political power into the hands of one class, and thereby to destroy the sacred class organization. This was also the argument of Mr. LOWE, in his famous Parliamentary speeches which Mr. BRIGHT constantly and bitterly reviles. Mr. LOWE made his speeches offensive by declaring that the class to which this controlling power was to be given was the most ignorant and vicious class in the country.

JOHN BRIGHT says that the government of the balance of classes has failed; that its historical tendency is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; to concentrate the ownership of land in a few hands, and to exclude the great body of the population from political power. He proposes that an appeal be taken from the governing class to the nation, and that the nation govern itself. This means nothing less than the disappearance of King, Lords, and Commons—the end of a monarchy, and the erection of a republic. It sends a shiver through the kingdom, where traditions are sacred by reason of their moss and mould, if there be nothing else to endear them. It sets all England to thinking of MIRABEAU and the Tennis Court, and the flight to Varennes; and already one quivering letter-writer thinks that JOHN BRIGHT may yet cause the London mob to cry *à la lanterne*, and to take to hanging Mr. LOWE and his adherents.

The striking fact of the situation is, that the movement is confined entirely to the laboring, unenfranchised class. The middle class holds as far aloof as the aristocracy. Indeed, the aim of the middle class in England is to amass money enough to buy land, and so to aristocracize itself. JOHN BRIGHT may be said to head this unenfranchised and landless class, which is the vast numerical majority against all the other classes, the political power, and the impregnable traditions of the monarchy. The foreshadowed contest is tremendous. But Mr. BRIGHT'S demand is not forcible revolution. He asks the governing class merely to consider history and human nature, and to be warned in time. Dogged resistance he wishes them to see is sure destruction. Yielding and yielding more and more they may indeed at last yield the very British system itself, but better that than an earthquake which will shatter every thing. Shall we learn nothing? he earnestly asks. What is the part of common-sense but to see what is unavoidable, and adapt ourselves to it? And what is statesmanship but common-sense making laws?

We rank JOHN BRIGHT'S movement in England, in its ultimate scope, with the vindication of popular government in this country and the prostration of the Austrian empire.

WHY WAS THE "EVENING STAR" LOST?

A SHIP-MASTER who has had more than twenty years' experience at sea in every kind of vessel, and three years upon the Southern coast in the naval blockading service in all seasons and all weathers, writes to give us his views of preventing such accidents as that of the *Evening Star*. Our ships, he says, are as stanch and swift as can be built; and the *Evening Star* was not lost, he thinks, because of her weakness. The storm was not unusual for the latitude and the season, but at the height of the gale "the rudder-chains gave way, or some accident happened to them, and the ship became unmanageable." A similar entanglement of the rudder-chains was almost fatal to the *Great Eastern*.

The great mistake, says our sea-faring friend, is, that "almost all our large steamers have no steering gear immediately connected with the rudder-head, while the chains pass at many angles, and along the length of the ship, and in many obvious ways can be entangled. An extra tiller attached to the rudder-head directly over the main deck, with a pair of relief-tacks ready at all times, which could be worked with a few hands, the course dictated by the officer in charge of the deck, could have been used effectively to keep the *Evening Star* head to the sea; or if not head to, might have kept her before it, and in either position, in all probability, she would have weathered the gale." Our correspondent says that during the blockade many vessels of all classes, which were never intended for sea-service, rode out at anchor many of the most severe gales upon the very worst parts of the coast; but had they been exposed "broadside to, or in the trough of the sea, many of them would have gone to the bottom." Whether the facts upon the *Evening Star* are correctly apprehended or not by our correspondent, he makes a very sensible suggestion, which can be very easily followed.

The loss of the *Evening Star* is attributed, by the report of Captain MEW, who has charge of the enforcement of the United States laws in relation to steamships, to bad management. The hull of the steamer was sound, the machinery in good condition, but she needed another engineer, and instead of her proper complement of fourteen men, she carried but ten, and some of these are reported to have been employed otherwise than as seamen. The force was not enough to handle the ship; the facilities suggested by our friend, a ship-master, were not at hand; no effort was made to get her head to the wind, though her rudder was intact most of the time; and down went the ship and two hundred passengers. The report does not say that a larger crew would certainly have saved the ship, but it does say that she would probably have been kept afloat, and a full crew could have manned the boats, which were large enough for both crew and passengers, and in that way many more lives might have been saved.

The owners and officers of the *Evening Star* certainly owe some explanation to the public of a great disaster for which this report makes them partly responsible.

FIRE!

As all Americans travel more or less, we are all peculiarly interested in making travel safe. Nothing tends to that result so surely as the publication of the accidents and carelessness of management which travelers observe; for when the officers of railroads and steamboats fully understand that any negligence will be promptly reported to the public, they will take good care to avoid all accidents that are not inevitable. The American is a pusillanimous traveler; but John Bull grumbles until his discomfort or his danger is remedied. We lately described a fire upon the *Plymouth Rock* steamer which was happily discovered by a passenger and extinguished before serious harm was done. We have received a letter from the *Occupant of State-room 53*, who was the passenger of whom we spoke, and who makes the following statement, which we commend to the attention of the Company and of all travelers by the Sound boats.

"The boat that night was lighted by lamps having a temporary standard made of wood or pasteboard, and placed on the marble tables without being fastened. This lamp [the occasion of the fire] being the nearest to the engine, owing to the jar of the machinery fell first. Suppose there had been a collision, there would have been thirty fires instead of one to put out ....Returning East the next night some of the gentlemen who knew of the fire the preceding night *had the lamps tied to the tables with strings and appointed themselves watchmen to see that no more fires occurred*. They saw, although they could not prevent it, some of the hands or passengers smoking cigars around the baggage [freight], which consisted in part of cotton and wool."

No one who travels by the Sound steamers but perceives the perils to which they are exposed. But does not this system of lighting foolishly multiply those perils? How grave they were felt to be in the case of which we have spoken is proved by the fact of some of the passengers forming themselves into a Vigilance Committee. It is quite time, as our correspondent suggests, that we should be on our guard against the abuses that are stealing in upon us to such an alarming extent.

BATHING.

HUFELAND, a German physician who wrote on health at the end of the last century, said that the whole body ought to be bathed in cold water every day, and this has been very commonly repeated by writers on health up to the present time. And yet there are very few, even among those who conscientiously intend to take suitable care of their physical condition, who comply with this injunction. Are they who neglect it altogether in error? It certainly would be a great inconvenience to most of them to comply with it; but still, if the measure be requisite for securing the full health of the body, the inconvenience should be no bar to its employment. That bathing should be used far more than it is by most people there is no doubt; but the question is, to what extent is it required, and in what ways should it be used? We will answer this briefly as well as we can.

There are two objects in bathing. One is to cleanse the skin. This organ (for it must be remembered that it is an active organ, and not a mere covering) is continually discharging a large quantity of refuse matter from the system, in the form of both insensible and sensible perspiration. For this purpose there are innumerable tubes closely set together. It is important that the outlets of those tubes, the pores of the skin, should be kept well open. They are liable to be obstructed, both by the accumulation of some of the matter which passes out of them, and by the lodgment of matter brought to the skin by the air, and in various other ways. These accumulations are removed in three ways—by becoming attached to the clothing in its friction from the motions of the body, by the application of water, and by the washing out of the tubes of the skin by the free flow of perspiration occasioned by brisk exercise.

The second object of bathing is to influence the skin as an active and sensitive organ. We see this in a marked manner when cold bathing is attended with a good reaction. The skin is highly endowed with nerves, and, as a sensitive organ, has an important play in the economy of the system. The impressions that are made upon it, therefore, exert a decided influence upon the great central organs of the body.

You see, then, that as the skin is an active secreting organ it can, to a considerable extent, take care of itself. It is not entirely dependent on bathing to clear away the refuse which is disposed to collect at the outlets of its tubes. The whole of the skin does not, therefore, need to be washed every day as a measure of cleanliness. Only the most exposed portions of it need this. The frequency with which it should be done in other parts depends much on circumstances. We had better, however, err on the side of doing it too much than too little. Not that no harm ever comes from doing it too much, for there is such a thing as making the organ too sensitive, and impairing its functions by too frequent stimulation. Daily bathing, accompanied by friction, may necessitate too active a renewal of that very delicate covering of the skin which we call the cuticle, and so injure the true skin, from whose surface this is constantly forming, the outer portions of it being as constantly thrown off in the shape of very minute scales.

Neither is the skin wholly dependent on cold bathing, as some seem to think, to give it tone and activity. This is only one of the many means of doing this, and, we may add, a subordinate one. Free exercise is one of the most important of these means, giving vigor to all the organs, the skin as well as the rest. This can not be dispensed with. It is absolutely essential, while cold bathing is far from being so, for even a high degree of healthy vigor is often maintained without it, if there be habitual brisk exercise.

Observe that it is as true of bathing with cold water as it is of exposure to cold air, that a good reaction is essential to a healthy influence. If this do not occur the effect is depressing to the vital powers, and tends to produce ill-health and even positive disease. A disregard of this plain fact has led to much injury, especially in the case of persons of delicate health. So popular has been cold bathing of late that its use has been too indiscriminate.

Let us look, then, at some of the points of discrimination which should be observed. The robust can use cold bathing with comparatively little caution, because they have a reaction so readily excited; but even with them it should not be resorted to when the system is much fatigued. For this reason it is generally improper in the after-part of the day. The best time for its use, in relation to securing a full reaction, is toward the latter part of the forenoon, for the system is then in its most vigorous condition. But early in the morning is the most convenient time, and after the rest of the night there is sufficient vigor for a suitable reaction in most persons.

In using cold bathing as a tonic (and it is a capital one), there is no necessity for bathing the whole body. Sometimes one part can be bathed and sometimes another. We have known all the requisite tonic effect to be secured by merely putting the feet into cold water every morning. Neither is it essential that there should be immersion—sponging will do as well. What is required is simply the impression of cold followed by reaction. The benefit that results comes from accustoming the system to thus react on receiving the impression of cold through the nerves of the skin, instead of succumbing under it into a state of depression. It is in this way that cold bathing is so serviceable in ridding one of the disposition to take cold by using it in the summer and continuing it on into winter.

Many persons of delicate constitution, as already hinted, reap injury instead of benefit from cold bathing by the failure to have a reaction. They can ordinarily succeed in obtaining this result, however, if they manage in the right way. It may be necessary to begin with using water somewhat warm, having it cooler from day to day till they get to use really cold water. Or they can first apply the water over a small portion of surface, daily enlarging the bounds of its application as the habit of reaction becomes established. Of course friction may be employed as an auxiliary in securing reaction, the exercise requisite in applying it and the stimulation of the skin both uniting to produce the effect.

THE ARTISTS' FUND WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE artists have wisely resolved to devote one of the galleries at their Seventh Exhibition to *paintings in water-colors*; and so generous has been the response of private owners that so complete and beautiful a collection of water-colors has never been seen in this country as that which has been gathered at the National Academy rooms in which the Exhibition takes place. Our readers are aware that some of TURNER'S finest and most characteristic works are in water-color; and until really good works in this style have been seen it is impossible to know of what force, variety, and exquisite tenderness water-colors are capable. The collection is composed of works by the most famous painters, which will be so arranged that they can be most comfortably and satisfactorily studied; and the Exhibition will unquestionably be one of the freshest and most interesting ever held in the city.

LITERARY.

A LITTLE book just published by LIPPINCOTT, in Philadelphia, "With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign, by a Staff Officer," is a peculiarly valuable chapter in the story of the war; for although the author assures us that General SHERIDAN will not know what is in the book until he sees it, and has in no way prompted it, yet it is clear that the writer had the General's fullest confidence, and that his views are those of SHERIDAN. The book is a luminous and graphic account of the part borne by SHERIDAN and his men in the closing campaign. It goes at a hand-gallop, and is the most brisk and breezy reading. Moreover, its frankness, heartiness, and generosity give great weight to all its statements upon disputed points; and it is especially interesting as presenting General SHERIDAN'S view of his own action in relieving General WARREN, who has also published his version of the affair. It is plain, it seems to us, that SHERIDAN felt a want of confidence in success upon the part of WARREN, and knew that his distrust must inevitably paralyze the troops and imperil the victory. Whether SHERIDAN was justified in his feeling can only be determined by the reader upon consideration of the facts; and as related in this little work it is hard to see how he could have done otherwise than he did. The relief was no imputation upon General WARREN'S capacity or fidelity, as was proved by his appointment to an important command immediately afterward. The portraiture of SHERIDAN in this book is very striking and satisfactory. He is evidently a clear, electric man, of marvelous energy and celerity. But his "dash" is not recklessness. It is not a mere gush of fine animal spirits. It is the fatal swiftness of insight and genius. If SHERIDAN is the most romantic, he is also one of the ablest heroes of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, through direct orders from Washington, has received extended privileges, in being allowed the liberty of the grounds during the day, and the removal of the guards both day and night.

The receipts of Internal Revenue for the month of October, ending October 31, are $26,414,430 99, against $20,457,973 63 for the month of October last year. The aggregate receipts for the four months of the present fiscal year, commencing July 1 and ending October 31, are $125,361,843 14, against $194,181,409 29 for the same period last year.

Memphis, in 1852, had a population of between 12,000 and 13,000. The *Avalanche* states that in 1860 the lowest estimate of the number of inhabitants was 40,000—an increase of 250 per cent. over the census of 1852 in eight years. The general estimate now is that the population will number at least 60,000, some placing it as high as 70,000.

In Nashville colored children are heartily invited to attend the Catholic Sabbath-schools with the other children, and no distinction is made on account of color or previous condition of servitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 27:

(PRAGUE.)—An attempt was made to shoot the Emperor Francis Joseph as he was leaving the theatre this evening. The culprit aimed a pistol at the Kaiser, but before the ball was fired he was seized by an Englishman and placed under arrest.

October 29:

(LONDON.)—The latest advices from Candia state that fighting between the Christians and the Turkish army continued, but the accounts of its progress are unreliable.

October 30:

(LONDON.)—The *Times* of to-day again editorially urges the reference of the claims of the Government upon Great Britain for the property destroyed by the *Alabama* to a joint commission to be appointed by the two Powers. The *Times* thinks this would be an act of policy, if not of justice.

(BERLIN.)—King WILLIAM has directed the celebration of a solemn *fête* in this capital on the 11th of November, for the restoration of peace.

October 31:

(LONDON.)—The Turks claim great victories over the Christians in Candia. In a hard-fought battle near Oresse, the Cretans lost 700 men, while the Turkish loss was very heavy. Three thousand Cretans had been drowned in a cave where they had sought a hiding-place and refuge, a tide rising and submerging them. Large submissions were being made by the Christians to the Turkish authority.

(ROME.)—The Pope has delivered an allocution condemning the conduct of Italy, declaring that he is ready to die in the defense of the right, and that in case of need he will seek the free exercise of his ministry in another land.

November 2:

(PARIS.)—The *Presse* says the alliance between Prussia and Russia is a fixed fact.

(ROME.)—The Italian Press denounce the allocution of the Pope against the conduct of Italy.

(PARIS.)—It is said that Count De Montholon has been ordered to return from Washington and repair to Lisbon, and that Count Berthemy will go to Washington and take his place there.

November 3:

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The Military and naval forces of Russia have been ordered to be raised to their full strength.

(VIENNA.)—The Diet of Hungary has been convoked for the 19th.

November 4:

(VIENNA.)—Decrees have been promulgated relieving Mensdorf from the Foreign Military Office, and appointing Von Beust as his successor. The decrees also appoint Baron John Minister of War, *vice* Esterhazy, relieved. The Ministry is without port-folio. Von Beust has issued a circular, wherein he declares himself separated from the past. He says he enters the Austrian service free and unprejudiced. Austria will maintain a true and peaceful conciliatory policy, but will uphold the dignity of the Empire.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Saxony and his family reentered Dresden yesterday, and were well received by the people.

November 5:

(MADRID.)—The Queen of Spain has made an offer to the Pope of a residence at Granada, and Spanish vessels of war are placed at his disposal in case of emergency.

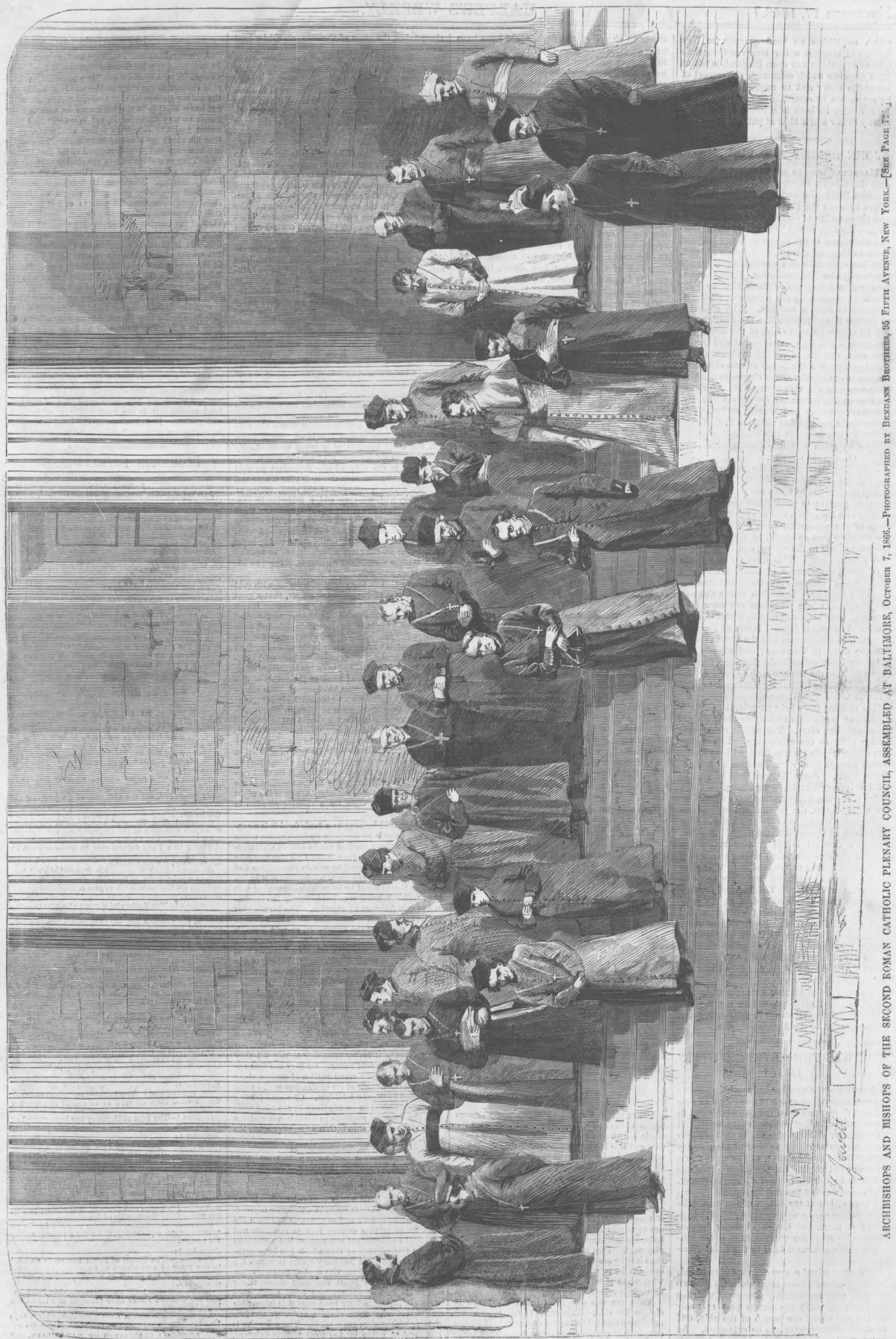
(ST. PETERSBURG.)—The war is renewed in Bokhara, and the Russian forces have besieged and taken the city of Urtunbe.

(LONDON.)—A telegram from Tien-Tsin, China, says that the French have declared war against Corea.

RUMORED ABDICATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

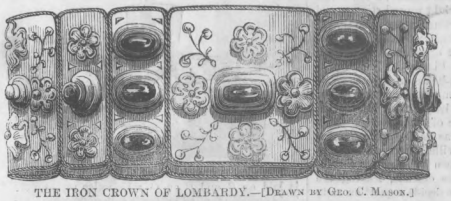
The Mexican Minister has received a letter from Vera Cruz, dated October 25, by way of New Orleans, stating that the Emperor Maximilian left the city of Mexico on the 23d instant, resigning verbally in favor of General Bazaine.

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ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE SECOND ROMAN CATHOLIC PLENARY COUNCIL, ASSEMBLED AT BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 7, 1866.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENDANN BROTHERS, 95 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 725.]

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THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—[DRAWN BY GEO. C. MASON.]

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.

THE transfer of Venetia to Italy, which is now completed by treaty, and will soon be complete as a practical fact, imparts a special interest to the capital city of the province, and to the four fortified cities constituting the Quadrilateral, of which we give illustrations on pages 728 and 729.

VENICE,

for many centuries the capital of a celebrated republic, the first maritime and commercial Power of the world, and one of the finest cities in Europe, is unique, both as regards position and construction, being built entirely on piles, and occupying seventy or eighty small islands, separated by 149 canals, which are crossed by 306 bridges. The chief of the former is the Grand Canal, 100 to 180 feet wide, and bordered by magnificent palaces and churches; it separates the city into two nearly equal portions, which are connected by the bridge of the Rialto, built of white marble, and consisting of a single arch. The streets or lanes are so narrow and intricate as to render the city a vast labyrinth, and, being fit only for foot-passengers, the place of wheel-carriages is supplied by small barges called gondolas, the peculiar form and great number of which constantly traversing the principal canals presents one of the chief characteristics of the city. The largest street, the Merceria, in which are the best shops, is only 15 feet wide; the principal promenades are the square of St. Mark, and the public gardens, which are nearly surrounded by the sea. Among its many squares, the most remarkable for extent, regularity, and beauty of situation, is the Piazza di San Marco (St. Mark), on the south side of the city, at the entrance of the Grand Canal. On the east side of this is a smaller square called the Piazzetta, and at the angle, between these, is the Church of St. Mark. Venice contains a vast number of magnificent churches and palaces, adorned with the paintings of Titian and the frescoes of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The chief edifices are the palace of the Procuratie Vecchie and the Procuratie Nuove, which occupy the greater part of the square of St. Mark, around which extends a vast gallery containing elegant shops and cafés. The former palace of the Doge, built by MARINO FALIERO in the fourteenth century, is remarkable for its architecture and its imposing mass; its interior is decorated with many of the finest works of the great masters. The Bridge of Sighs connects this palace with the former prisons and dungeons of the Inquisition. Among the ecclesiastical edifices the most magnificent is the Church of St. Mark, with its golden ceilings, its pavement of jasper and porphyry, its 500 columns of black, white, and veined marble, bronze, alabaster, verde antique, and serpentine.

In the Middle Ages Venice had a monopoly of the manufacture of glass; but this has greatly declined; and its manufactures are now confined to mirrors, jewelry, artificial pearls, silks, and porcelain. The imports comprise sugar, coffee, and other colonial produce: cotton and woolen fabrics, cotton yarn, and raw cotton; hardware goods, dyestuffs, salted fish, and grain. The exports, silk and silk goods, glass wares, and books.

Venetia attained the height of its prosperity in the fifteenth century. It began to decline at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and its overthrow was completed by the French in 1797. By the Treaty of Presburg, in 1805, it was made over, with the provinces of the continent, to the kingdom of Italy; and was held by the French till 1814, when it reverted to Austria. In 1848 the Venetians revolted against the Austrians, and held the city for several months. The Government of Venice comprises eight delegates, which bear the names of their capitals—Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Rovigo, Treviso, Belluno, and Udine.

Venice is not only an interesting relic of past magnificence, but a great fortress capable of holding back an army from penetrating within her ports and canals, and also able to act as a point of concentration for a force that might assemble here and threaten the rear of a southern army marching against Goritzia or the Tyrol. Around the city there are no less than eighty-two forts, fifty-eight of which are permanently armed, and the remainder would receive their guns on the first tidings of the enemy's preparing to attack. The place is provisioned for four months, and the works are capable of holding out for a still longer period, especially since Admiral TEGETHOFF took the command of the sea, and thus insured the freedom of communication with Trieste. The great high-roads and the railways to Venice approach the city through Mestre, a small unfortified town to the northwest, only important as the junction of the routes from all directions. The railway is continued over the lagunes by a bridge about two miles and a quarter long.

THE QUADRILATERAL.

The sensations with which one regards a nest of fortresses such as the Quadrilateral are very different in war and peace. When the Archduke fought the battle of Custozza

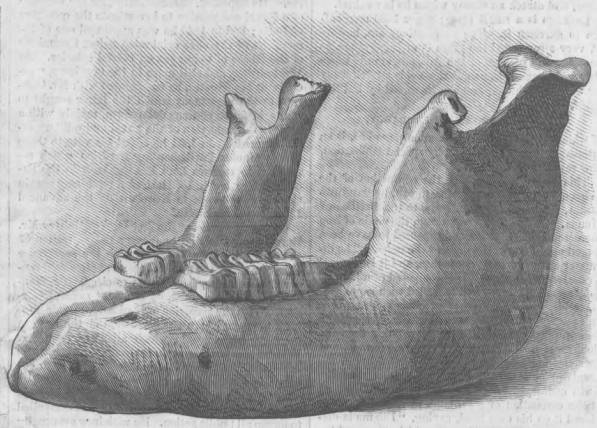
VERONA

was regarded as a port in a storm—a refuge in the hour of need; for his whole army might have sought shelter within the line of her forts if the fortunes of the day had turned against the Austrians, and defeat instead of victory had attended their arms. But now that Italy has achieved her long self-set task, and it only remains for diplomatists to settle the exact terms of the treaty, there is a crushing weight in the parapets, ditches, and detached forts that makes one long for the free mountain air so near in space and yet so far removed in nature from these oppressive fortifications. Josefstadt, Königgrätz, and Theresienstadt are border strong-holds; Olmütz is a great fortress; Venice is a pearl placed in an almost impregnable casket; but Verona is a fortified camp, built to contain a host, which it can shield from sudden attack, and yet suffer to go forth against the enemy without a check upon the mobility of the mass of men. The town contains some 60,000 inhabitants, yet it seems but a garrison of soldiers; some of its fine old churches are turned into hospitals, its theatres into corn stores, and the most perfect Roman amphitheatre in Europe, a contemporary of the Coliseum at Rome, was used as a prison for the Italians taken at the battle of Custozza.

PESCHIERA, situated on the northwest corner of the square, where the Mincio leaves the Lake of Garda, is commanded by heights surrounding it, which gave it the name of the Spittoon. The town is small, containing about 2000 inhabitants, principally engaged in fishing. Peschiera is connected with Verona by a railway. A treble circle of walls and bastions, raised on the surrounding heights, enables the fortress to contain an army of at least 30,000 men, thus giving the commander the opportunity to act on the offensive as well as the defensive. The terrain of the Upper Mincio from Volta to Lonato—to which, besides Peschiera, Valeggio, and Salionzi serve as bases—is extremely favorable for the defensive. The town and barracks of Peschiera are surrounded by strong walls and bastions. These fortifications, however, are now of very secondary importance for its defense. It has been surrounded by a chain of very strong forts, nine in number, which lie at from half a mile to a mile distance from the town, and about a quarter of a mile from each other. Fort No. 1 is on the shore of the lake looking toward Lombardy. Fort No. 9, on the shore to the north of Peschiera. These forts are all very strong; they are of earth-work, with stone containing-walls, and are surrounded with moats. Peschiera, with this chain of fortresses, appears to be, like Verona, Mantua, and Venice, absolutely impregnable.

MANTUA,

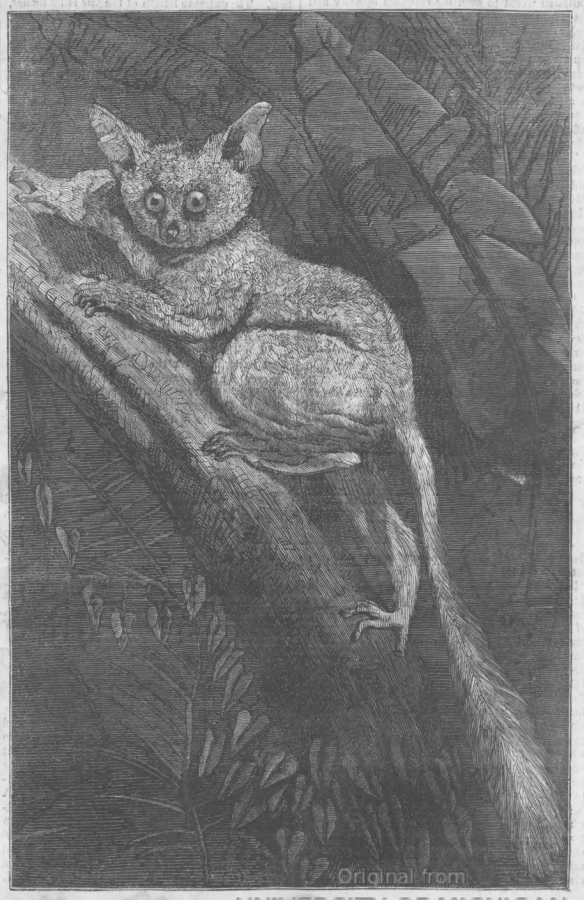
at the southern point of the line of the Mincio, distant from Peschiera twenty miles, is a town of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and is one of the few fortresses that inspired even NAPOLEON I. with respect. It is built on a flat island in the River Mincio, which forms here several small arms and a tolerably large lake, that bound Mantua on the north and east, while the river proper and a wide marsh surround it on the south and west. The fortifications of the town itself are of no great importance, and consist only of an old wall and bastions. It derives its great strength from the forts around it. The River Mincio, widening above and below Mantua, and the whole country around being extremely marshy, would render it very difficult for a besieger to construct bridges near enough to each other to secure



JAWBONE OF A MASTODON, RECENTLY FOUND AT COHOES, NEW YORK.
SKETCHED BY R. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 726.]



JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. [SEE PAGE 726.]



THE GALAGO MAHOLI. [SEE PAGE 726.]

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the necessary support. The besieged, on the other hand, can change with ease from one bank to the other, and attack an enemy where he is weakest.

Legnago is a small place; about 1000 men suffice to garrison it. The fortifications are, however, very strong, and the place is of importance, as guarding the passage of the Adige, which is tolerably wide here. Immense rice-fields stretch away far to the southwest, and are traversed by but few roads.

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY,

of which we give an illustration on page 725, is an interesting heir-loom, which, by special stipulation, now reverts to Italy.

This crown was used for the coronation of the kings of Italy, and was given, in 616, by THEODOLINDA, Queen of the Lombards, to the Basilica of Monza. It derives its name from the circle of iron incrusted in the interior, and supposed to have been forged out of one of the nails of the cross. The diameter of the crown is six inches, and it is two and a quarter inches wide. It is composed of a kind of jointed collar in gold, and is loaded with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, uncut and interspersed with flowers of gold. Apart from its antiquity, it possesses no other merit than the richness of the materials of which it is formed, and does not manifest any great artistic talents in the Lombard or Italian goldsmiths at the end of the sixth century—the date of the crown. It served at the coronation of NAPOLEON at Milan, when he placed it on his own head, saying, "Dio me la diede, qui a chi la tocca!" words which afterward became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown.

PRELATES OF THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL.

ON the 7th of October the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore commenced its session. It was a religious gathering of great importance to the Roman Catholic Church, comprising seven archbishops and thirty-nine bishops. The venerable appearance of most of the delegates, clad in robes fashioned after a model eighteen centuries old, had an impressive effect. We may readily believe the *Catholic Mirror* when it says that "the representative character of those who composed the central figures in the Council, their eminence of station, the collected wisdom of those present in all departments of sacred and profane lore—letters truly typified as the handmaid of religion—revered age and experience, united harmoniously with the strength and fire of early manhood; the splendor and richness of decoration, such as our Church ritual requires, blended with the pomp of ceremony; the swelling strains of sacred music, pouring forth in consonance with the Pontifical High Mass; each and all conspired to ravish the heart, and entrance the soul with the transports of divine adoration."

The State of Maryland may well be proud of her Catholic history. Her CALVERT was the great pioneer in the cause of religious liberty. "He was the first," says BANCROFT, "in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a Proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

The objects of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore were the re-establishment of discipline, and the general well-ordering of the affairs of the Church in America. It is fourteen years since the First Plenary Council met. These Councils are assembled by express direction of the Pope, who appoints a representative of his authority in the Apostolic Delegate he commissions to preside over them. In this case the Delegate was Dr. M. J. SPALDING, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Our engraving represents the archbishops and bishops assembled in front of the Cathedral, and is after a photograph by BENDANN BROTHERS, of this city. Mr. BENDANN spent two weeks in making a series of pictures—single figures and groups—of the various prelates at the archiepiscopal palace, and the results, apart from the interest attaching to them as portraits, are remarkable as works of art. These and other choice pictures are on free exhibition at the BENDANN BROTHERS' Gallery, No. 95 Fifth Avenue, corner of Seventeenth Street. The BENDANNS deserve great credit for their efforts to elevate their art, and we trust that success will crown their enterprise.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, Esq., member of the British Parliament for Birmingham, the great agitator in the interest of manhood suffrage, and one of the firmest friends of America and her institutions, is the son of JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and was born in 1811. He is a partner in the firm of JOHN BRIGHT & BROTHERS, cotton-spinners and manufacturers, of Rochdale. Though he had taken part in the reform agitation of 1831-32, Mr. BRIGHT first distinguished himself in political life when, in 1839, he became one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which sprung out of an association formed in 1838 to obtain the repeal of the corn-laws. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, for which, however, he was returned in July following; and he continued to sit for Durham until 1847, when he was first returned for Manchester. He made his maiden speech in Parliament on the motion of Mr. EWART for extending the principles of free-trade, August 7, 1843. During the interval between his election for Manchester and the accession of the first DERBY Ministry to power Mr. BRIGHT's activity in Parliament and on the platform was varied and continuous. In the House of Commons he proposed to apply the remedy of free-trade in land to the state of things which produced the Irish famine. He appealed, unsuccessfully, for the dispatch of a Royal commission to investigate the condition of India; and in 1849 he was appointed one of the members of the once celebrated Select Committee of the House of Commons on official salaries. At Westminster, and still more in the provinces, especially at Manchester, he co-operated with Mr. COBDEN in the movement which the latter sought to create in favor of financial reform, mainly with a view to the reduction of the naval and military establishments. In 1851 he added his vote to those of the famous Parliamentary coalition which attempted to censure Lord PALMERSTON in the Pacifico affair; and in 1852 he took a prominent part in the welcome given to KOSSUTH by the advanced Liberals of Lancashire.

On the formation of the first Derby Ministry Mr. BRIGHT aided in that temporary reorganization of the Anti-Corn-Law League which the acceptance of free-trade by the new Government afterward rendered unnecessary. He was re-elected for Manchester, after a contest, at the next general election. With the accession of Lord ABERDEEN's Ministry to power began the discussion of the Eastern question, his share in which alienated from Mr. BRIGHT many of his former supporters. Mr. BRIGHT denounced the policy of the Russian War with energy; but his protests against it were stopped by an attack of severe illness, and just as the war had been brought to a close Mr. BRIGHT was compelled to forego all public action. He withdrew eventually to the Continent, and the news of the defeat of Lord PALMERSTON on the Canton question reached him while in Italy, in March, 1857. Although he had, of course, taken no personal part in the debate or division which produced Lord PALMERSTON's appeal to the country, yet he avowed his entire approval of the vote of censure which had been proposed by Mr. COBDEN and seconded by Mr. MILNER GIBSON. While offering himself for re-election at Manchester, he was forbidden by his medical attendants to appear on the hustings; and Manchester rejected both Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GIBSON by large majorities. A few months afterward the death of Mr. MUNTZ caused a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham. The constituency invited Mr. BRIGHT to become a candidate, and he was elected in the August of 1857.

Mr. BRIGHT has sat uninterruptedly for Birmingham since, no opposition to his return having ever been attempted. He is now the acknowledged leader of the more advanced school of reformers, and is certainly the most talked-of, and perhaps the best-abused, man in her Majesty's dominions.

A MAMMOTH JAWBONE.

OUR engraving on page 725 represents the jawbone of a mastodon, found recently by some workmen in their excavations at Harmony Hill, in Cohoes, New York. This relic is quite perfect as regards preservation. The right jaw has but one tooth, while the left has three, all in good condition. The extreme length of the jaw is 32 inches, the greatest width at the hinge being 21 inches; it weighs 48 pounds.

Professor HALL of Albany, the geologist, has visited Cohoes, and pronounces the bone to be the jawbone of a mastodon. The excavation has now been arched over and the work of building commenced; hence we may conclude that the other wonders in that great curiosity-shop of nature, the peat bed, are forever sealed from the public eye.

THE GALAGO MAHOLI.

THIS beautiful little animal is a native of South Africa. Its habits are very nocturnal, feeding chiefly upon insects and fruit. Dr. KIRK met with it on the wooded mountains about Tete, on the Zambesi, and also on the shores of the Nyassa Lake. He says it would leap at least 6 feet in a horizontal direction, as noiselessly as an owl. Mr. FRAZER observed this species, or one closely allied to it, at Cape Coast, Western Africa, in a tamarind-tree, at the top of which it had its nest, composed of loose leaves in the forked branch of the tree. The quick and froglike leaps of this pretty little animal are most remarkable for the perfect manner in which the animal alights firmly on the branches, after the fashion of the tree-frogs. Our illustration represents the living specimen which was lately added to the collection of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park Gardens, London.

OUR MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMONG the various battles, sieges, captures and recaptures, executions and retaliatory executions which now diversify the military annals of Mexico, not the least interesting incident is that which is the immediate occasion of our illustrations on page 732.

The Liberals have of late suffered more serious loss from their mutual dissensions than from MAXIMILIAN's soldiers. In the anarchy which at present exists, with the prospect of an early withdrawal of the French, every ambitious Mexican chief thinks himself the Coming Man, destined to control the country and to bring order out of chaos. And these leaders of factions hate each other more than they hate the French. A few weeks since Colonel CANALES usurped the control of Matamoras, and imprisoned General TAPIA, the legitimate Governor of the State of Tamaulipas. To rescue TAPIA, and to restore to him his legitimate authority, was the object of an expedition undertaken on the night of September 21. The expeditionary force, under command of General FORD, was not large. It consisted of about 175 Americans and 30 Mexicans. A reinforcement of 300 Texan Volunteers was expected, but did not appear in season to participate in the attack. The expedition was to be supported by the gun-boat *Chinaco*, armed with a 12-pound rifle and a smooth-bore howitzer, and manned by a crew of eight men, under command of Captain B. S. OSBON, of New York. The attack was to begin at midnight. The expeditionary force was in camp on the American side of the Rio Grande, a few miles above Brownsville. The night proved stormy, and hours were wasted in collecting the force, so that it was three in the morning before the attack began. The fighting was of short duration. The troops went forward, seized the Plaza, the Department Head-quarters, the Custom-house, and were storming the Jail when, from some unaccountable cause, the order was given to fall back. Only a few shots had been exchanged; none of the advancing party injured. As soon as it was daylight the *Chinaco* steamed across to Brownsville, where, as CANALES threatened to open fire upon her, she was surrendered to the United States officials, leaving the United States authorities to decide a question as to who was justly entitled to her, CANALES, a usurper, or the JUAREZ Government. The expedition was mostly made up of Americans. It is claimed by the reports which we have that TAPIA was released. Since the affair of the 21st September General FORD has organized a larger force, with which he intends to make another attack on CANALES.

Our illustrations give a view of Matamoras from the opposite side of the Rio Grande; a view of the outer defenses of Matamoras—Forts Zaragossa and Monterey—where the American-Mexican troops under General FORD were quartered previous to the attack which we have described; a sketch representing the attack on the Government House, CANALES's head-quarters, in which General TAPIA was confined; and portraits of CANALES and his right-hand man, Colonel CERDA.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THERE are a number of simple mechanical tricks which can be, and indeed often are, performed in the parlor and drawing-room, which depend on some amount of practice, as well as a reliance on some mechanical or philosophical principles. Others, known as "jugglers' jokes," are simply absurd, and are occasionally introduced to vary an evening's entertainment, or to distract the attention of the audience. Among the best of these feats is

THE REGAL PROBLEM.

It is said that in the early days of the Royal Institution King Charles II. inquired of the learned fellows how it was that, if a gray mullet was placed in a bucket of water, full to the brim, the water would not overflow? Several learned answers and explanations were given, but the Merry Monarch demanded that they should be submitted to the test of practical experiment. The fish and the vessel of water were procured; souse went the fish, bespattering the astonished philosophers and laughing king with the splashing water. A modification of this regal problem may be thus solved: Fill a clean, dry wine-glass with water to the brim, so that apparently a drop more would cause it to overflow. Now, in place of the gray mullet, you propose to place pins in the water. How many do you think could be dropped in without causing the water to overflow? Probably a spectator would say, "Not one; more sanguine individuals would say, "Forty;" others, "Twenty;" but the most credulous would not believe that several hundreds could be dropped in without causing one drop of water to overflow. Nay, by carefully dropping them in, one at a time, point downward, you can continue until the glass is pretty closely packed with the pins, and they are piled high above the surface. This trick depends on the capillary attraction of the glass at the margin, which prevents the water rising where it is in direct contact. The water rises in the centre until it assumes a convexity proportionate to the displacement below. This displacement is more apparent than real, as the metal in one hundred pins, if melted together, would be comparatively small—in fact, equal to the water displaced. The greater diameter at the top of the glass, the larger the number of pins which may be placed in it. Should the brim of the glass become wet the trick will fail.

THE IRON HAND.

This is a mere piece of deception. You tell your audience that by a certain preparation you have rendered your knuckles like adamant, so that nothing can hurt them; in proof of which, raise your firmly clenched hand to strike a marble mantlepiece; but as you bring it down open your fingers suddenly and strike the marble, then close them again. If this is quickly done it will seem as if you had struck your knuckles in the most violent manner.

THE SMOKER'S TRIPOD.

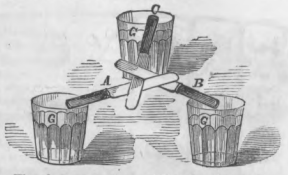
This ingenious trick consists in so placing three tobacco-pipes with the bowls downward (as shown in the engraving), each stem resting upon the stem



of its neighbor, close by the bowl, so that it would support a decanter of water or wine, a pot of porter, or other similar weight.

THE BRIDGE OF KNIVES.

This is a pretty feat in mechanics. Three glasses are arranged in the form of a triangle, and three knives are arranged on them so as to form a bridge, as shown in the annexed diagram:



The glasses are shown at *G G G*. The knife *A* is laid on *B*, and *B* on *C*, which also rests on *A*. This cleverly formed bridge is self-supporting.

THE FLYING KNIFE.

To perform this trick with adroitness requires some skill and no little practice. A decanter about half full of water is placed on a *square* dining-table, about three inches from the edge. A dessert knife is then shown, and the blade is inserted between



the decanter and the table, just sufficient to keep it in a horizontal position. The problem is to introduce the knife into the decanter by one blow of the hand. To do this seemingly impossible feat the handle of the knife must be struck a sharp blow by the index finger of the right hand. This, if properly done, will cause the knife to fly upward and descend into the mouth of the decanter.

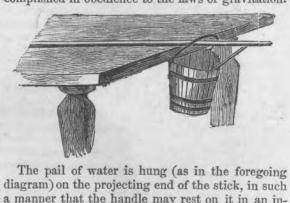
Another curious instance of mechanical force, acting in an apparently magical way, is the

MAGIC STROKE.

A stick which has been tapered off from the middle toward each end, if placed with its tapered ends resting on two wine-glasses, may be broke without injuring the wine-glasses, if struck smartly just in the centre. The stick must not be too thick. The firing of a candle through a deal board or a bullet through a glass window are parallel instances of the law of force applied in a similar manner.

SELF-BALANCING.

There are two or three feats performed which depend on the laws of gravitation. I will here briefly describe one of the simplest. A stick is laid across a table, so that one-third of it projects over its edge. You may then undertake to hang a pail of water on it without either fastening the stick on the table or letting the pail rest on any support. This is accomplished in obedience to the laws of gravitation.



The pail of water is hung (as in the foregoing diagram) on the projecting end of the stick, in such a manner that the handle may rest on it in an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. To fix it in this position another stick may be placed with one of its ends against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end (as shown) against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it: this prevents either the pail or stick moving. On the same principle a pair of common fire-tongs may be hung on an ordinary tobacco-pipe, care alone being taken to let the fire-tongs incline inward under the table.

These tricks are childish, but, strange to say, they display the principles of the most astonishing tricks. Some years ago an Asiatic juggler made his appearance in London, who performed some extraordinary tricks. Among others, a shawl was suspended between him and the audience for a brief space, and when taken away the old fellow was discovered seated in the air in the following pos-



ture, quietly smoking his hookah. His left arm alone rested on a small bar of iron, which was at-

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tached by an upright rod—as shown in the engraving—to a small stand. Though no explanation was ever vouchsafed of this wonder, it is now known that finely-wrought rods passed through the loose drapery of the Arab conjuror, and formed a seat on which he rested; the centre of gravity being so placed that it enabled the conjuror to keep the apparently impossible position without any extraordinary effort whatever. Some curious illustrations of the same principle have been given by modern conjurors in different ways.

There is a toy called the "prancing horse," and several descriptions of rope-dancers and balancers, which will illustrate the same principle. A good parlor trick is to lift a bottle with a straw; the straw being bent or hooked into a V shape, so that a fulcrum is obtained against two sides of the bottle. It is only necessary to choose a stout straw. Another feat for the parlor is to steep a piece of thread in a strong brine of salt and water, and, when dry, a ring may be tied to it and the string burned, but it will not let the ring fall. Paper is made fire-proof by being steeped in strong alum and water. These tricks will serve to vary the more pretentious and difficult feats of legerdemain.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE day was very young indeed when pretty Esther, bright and fresh as the morn herself, stole out of her little chamber, and, thanks to instructions received overnight, made her way out into the beautiful gardens for which Gosling Graize had long been renowned. She was to leave at eight, before which hour Sir George seldom quitted his room, and thus the young lady calculated that she might enjoy a ramble in the gardens, if not a short run in the woods, without attracting the notice of her host.

But she reckoned without that host.

She tripped gayly on, across the lawns, up one walk, down another, trying to lose her way in that, to her, enchanted labyrinth, and almost dancing in the buoyancy of spirit which a fair morning, lighting up lovely things, commonly brings to the young. For a moment she sat down on a rustic seat; now she peeped into an arbor; now lingered beside a crystal spring, and caught the liquid diamonds as they glittered forth. Passing up a path shaded with laurel and arbutus, she approached what appeared to be a garden more private than the rest. It was, however, guarded only by a light wire fence. The gate was open, and a flush of roses beyond proved too tempting. Esther glided in. It comprised about half an acre, and was filled with rose-trees. It was the famed rose-pleasance of Gosling Graize, pride and solace of many a defunct Dame Gosling, and fruitful source of heart-burning among all gardeners of the district whose hearts were in their office.

Rose-time was past, but a few varieties were yet in bloom, and Esther, whose passion was a rose, examined them with delight. One, just attaining perfection, turned its glowing face toward her. She gathered it tenderly.

"When I die," she said, aloud, "may the last of God's beautiful works I see—except the dear human face—be one of *you!*"

"Who comes into the giant's garden at cock-crow to steal his favorite roses?" said a voice of assumed ferocity, as the speaker, looking as unlike Cormoran or Blunderbore as a handsome youth might, issued from a trellised arbor artfully concealed in an angle of the pleasance.

Esther uttered a startled exclamation, and, in catching back her hand, scratched it somewhat smartly with a thorn.

"I am the unluckiest fellow in the world," exclaimed the giant, at once contracting into the ordinary dimensions, "in practical jokes! See, now, what I have done! My savage kinsman, Hurlo-Thrumbo the Three-headed, could do no more than shed your blood. Let me assist you, I beg."

The hand had to submit, and afforded George an opportunity of noticing what *we* have learned already—that it was a pretty hand, but one that had not spared itself in the battle of life, and now accepted the thorn-scratch with the indifference of a veteran.

Esther thanked him, and murmured some excuse for her intrusion.

"My dear young lady, not a word," said the baronet. "It was by the merest chance—a fortunate one for me—that I rose so early, and wandered hither; a corner precious to my sister, but which I rarely visit. I observe," he continued, "that you called me by my name. Was that a guess?"

"Not quite. I saw you last night, for a moment, on the stairs."

"You knew me *then?*"

"I—I had been looking at your picture," said Esther, hastily. "But, indeed, I might more properly ask, how do *you* know *me?*" she added, laughing to cover her embarrassment.

"I—I had been questioning my butler," replied Sir George, with affected hesitation. "Come, Miss Vann, since the giant has a fancy for retaining you in his den (though without, I do assure you, any culinary purpose), let him do what he may to atone for the detention, by showing you the treasures of his garden."

Sir George looked at his companion. Esther was without a bonnet, and the burnished hair, in its smooth bands, was the sole protection to the little shapely head, well set upon a white and not too slender neck. Her countenance betrayed a rare mixture of firmness and sensibility. Her mouth and chin might have been cut in stone, so inexorable was their expression; while, on the other hand, her ready color, moistening eye, and an occasional quick nervous movement in conversing, betrayed the excitability of a nature that must have attained the self-government Esther usually displayed.

She wore a dress of poor material, with, here and there, a neat though palpable darn, but adapting itself perfectly to her little, faultless figure, and set off with collar and wristbands like the driven snow.

It would seem that Sir George speedily forgot his promise concerning the flowers; oddly enough, Miss Vann appears to have forgotten it also. Certain it is that, without any pretense of visiting the choice parterres, the two strolled on, from walk to walk, in a state of perfect contentment. It would be difficult to say which had been the more surprised. Expecting in Esther a half-educated girl, whom a few polished remark, made in an easy, patronizing way, would more than satisfy, perhaps instruct, the baronet found himself engaged with one whose information seemed fully equal to his own, in whose taste he could detect no flaw, and whose modes of expression, singularly terse and clear, were wholly free from those conventionalities which are frequently indicative of superficial education.

As for Esther, the more she listened to her companion's discourse, the more overpowering became her amazement that a nature so refined should have been prompted to seek such an association as that which impended! Good soul as she knew her aunt to be, Esther's taste and judgment had long since convinced her that the worthy woman was not above, if indeed she might not be considered a shade below, the station to which she belonged. Could there be some misconception? Or was it an idle jest? The latter theory did not seem to harmonize with Sir George's character and bearing. Was one or other of the parties *mad?* If so, *which?*

"Why did you look at me in that quick way?" asked George, abruptly, but with a smile.

"*Did* I?" said Esther, caught in the fact.

"Yes, more than once; and as I do not remember," continued George, "that my observations were, in either instance, of a startling character, hence my curiosity. You must have discovered by this time that I am a tame and civil-spoken monster, and can have no serious misgivings on that score. Come, Miss Vann, something prompted that quick movement. You hesitate? Then I proceed to guess. You have been debating in your mind whether there is not in my family a slight taint of—of insanity—"

Esther colored.

"—and endeavoring," continued George, "to detect some evidence of it in my face?"

The blush deepened.

"An eloquent answer," said the young man, laughing. "Now tell me, Miss Vann, is it, or is it not, incumbent on us to observe a solemn pledge?"

"How can you ask?"

"At hazard of every thing?"

"Yes, at—"

Esther made a sudden pause. A thought, suggested she hardly knew how—most probably by a remark she had heard overnight—flashed across her mind.

"He has had a love-quarrel with—with the lady they spoke of at the Hale. This absurd proposal to my aunt was made in pique and passion. Wrong—foolish—cruel to all three!"

"You don't answer me," said George.

"Nor do *you* need the assurance of a nursery-governess," said Esther, rather spitefully, "that *every* promise should be kept, unless—unless—"

"What?"

"—canceled by its wicked rashness."

"I should have said, a deliberate promise."

"There is a deliberation in passion itself," said Esther. "I spoke, of course, of that rashness which willfully blinds itself to former obligations, inconsistent with the new."

"But if the penalty of such doings attached only to one's self—"

"It would be simply what we deserve."

"Only, it rarely does," said George.

"Rarely," said Esther.

"That's the worst of it," said George.

"The worst," assented Esther.

They walked on in silence for a few moments, following their respective trains of thought.

Esther's: "Poor, rich, unhappy man! A whole life of regret, remorse, and mortification, for perhaps one moment's anger! Two happy, beautiful lives spoiled, a third not benefited, for what happiness could poor dear old aunt find in a position so false as *this?* What a fate for each! Can nothing be done? Nothing?" And the girl's heart swelled with genuine compassion as she glanced at the fortunate descendant of twenty-five generations walking at her side.

The musing of George: "She would have me pause. Now *why?* From pity? What interest can she have in my individual self to outweigh the advantage, to her, of the connection? Stay, now: is *this* possible? Can the old wo—" (George shuddered, as he checked the epithet in his mind)—"can she have reflected on the absurd anomaly of such a union, and, by way of experiment, cast this fair temptation in my way? In that case, my vow compels me to accept it. She is not a Mildred" (he sighed), "but, at all events, an Esther, fair, sweet, and, if I am not mistaken, singularly lovable. Not an atom of vulgarity, no false refinement, no pretense. Ah, if it be so. The good old creature!" thought George, glowing with gratitude for the supposed reprieve, "the faithful old cook! The sacrifice is noble. It invests her whole fraternity with a dignity of which one would not have conceived it susceptible. Now, the question is—"

"It is time for me to return, Sir George," said Esther, at this moment stopping short.

"Our progress shall end among those myrtles," said George, pointing onward.

"There will be little made of verbs and pronouns," returned Esther, laughing, "if I am not at home by school-time, ten o'clock." On her turning to go back, like one accustomed to have her own way, Sir George had to yield.

They had scarcely made a step or two, when Esther, seeming to take a sudden resolution, abruptly addressed him:

"Sir George, I wish to do you an essential service. I have heard that you have made an offer of marriage to my aunt. Do you forget that she is your cook?"

"I by no means forget that she *has* been. If—if she is my intended wife," said George, "the situations are incompatible."

"You reply so frankly that I am encouraged to continue my catechism," said Esther, with the beaming smile with which she was wont to reward a promising pupil. "Do you think she will prove a better wife than cook?"

"Scarcely possible," said George, laughing.

"Do you consider her a fitting wife for yourself? How will your sister receive this news?"

"That alone is *my* especial affair," replied the young man, in a low voice.

"You are right, Sir," said Esther. "I shall presently have done with my impertinent questioning. Will you answer three times more?"

"According to my usual indiscretion—*yes*," said George.

"Had you any thought, before yesterday, of making my aunt your wife?"

"None in the least," was the prompt reply.

"Was this condescending offer the only courtship you pursued yesterday?"

"No—I—yes—well, upon the whole, *no*," said the catechised.

"Last question—it will be long and somewhat circumstantial; but if I am wrong in the minutest particular, you are at liberty to put the whole aside unanswered. Were you not yesterday paying your addresses to a lady of your own condition, whom you believed not averse to them? Had you not some difference with her, ending in grief and anger—at least on *your* side? And was not your proposal to my aunt the offspring of that momentary passion?"

"That may be called a triangular query," replied George, smiling. "No matter. All is true. But the story is not fully told."

"Enough is told," said Esther. "Now listen to the lecture that concludes my catechising. Whatever your motive, *self*, Sir George, was at its root. It was the act of a being naturally reasonable, but who, casting all moral guidance to the winds, willfully commits himself to the current of wrath, not knowing—nor, for the moment, heeding—what wrong or peril it may entail. Because you have become indifferent to the vessel of your own happiness, are you entitled to run down the barks of others? Can this fully compensate for the slight, whatever it be, that you have suffered at your lady's hand? Is it intended for revenge? If she does not love you, there is none. If she does, will nothing less than a life-long penitence satisfy your resentment? What can she have done to merit that? Nay, what has my poor aunt herself done, that her thirteen years' faithful service should be so rewarded?"

"You speak, my dear young lady, as if it were a penalty."

"*It is*," replied his monitress. "To be dragged up from a station in which she was contented, useful, and respected, to one in which she can only be a mark for ridicule and envy."

"If your aunt partakes these sentiments," said the young baronet, with resignation, "far be it from me to press my claims. Does she?"

"I might reply, 'That alone is her especial affair,'" said Miss Vann. "It is quite possible that she may not yet have fully weighed the incongruities, the endless inconveniences and absurdities, of such an alliance. See, we are at the end of our walk. The last words you will ever hear from my lips shall be honest, if not agreeable. You have insulted—not honored—your old servant by the preposterous offer you have made her. If she does not herself regard it in that light, that is a greater reflection upon your openness than her judgment. I wish you good-morning!"

"A moment," said George. "The last words I shall hear from your lips? Not so, I hope. Should the marriage take place, we shall be—"

"Strangers," said Esther, almost fiercely. "May this foot wither it ever it passes the threshold of these gates!"

The young man hesitated, and the color rose to his brow.

"Had I had such a counselor before, my course might have been wiser. Even now," he added, "since it is not wholly certain—" He stopped.

"Since what is not wholly certain?"

"That my offer has been accepted."

"Pardon me. As I have said, that is no affair of mine," said Esther, coldly.

"Pardon *me*," returned George. "It may be. Condescend to hear me for an instant," he continued, noticing her impatience. "You have lectured me with some severity, but not without justice. Though undeserving of such a lot, I would fain, were it possible, retain the privilege to be so lectured when my judgment is disposed to stray. Tell me, Miss Vann—Esther, if I may call you so—should your good aunt view this matter in the same sensible and dispassionate manner as yourself, would you, or in other words, might I—to speak, in short, explicitly, should she—"

"When we arrive at the dominant verb," said the young governess, unable to forbear a smile, "I shall be better able to reply."

"I am not accustomed to stammer at my lessons," replied Sir George. "The consciousness of having made one grievous mistake—"

"Sometimes betrays one into another," said Esther. "Is it so? Have I, then, no hope?"

"Hope, Sir!"

"Let me, for Heaven's sake, make myself understood. Esther, you who have penetrated the secret of my selfishness, and restored me, I hope, to better reason, will you—should your aunt's refusal leave me free—accept this hand? Worthy of more than I can offer—"

"Worthy of *more!*" interrupted Esther, turning her face upon him, and speaking in a calm, low voice. "Worthy, at least, of more than a love some minutes old—a hand pledged to one person, and offered to another—and a fortune I despise as heartily as I do the infatuation of supposing it a passport to the favor of any woman whose love is worth winning. Good Heavens, Sir! in dissuading you from the folly you were bent upon committing, do you dare to imagine that I would win you for myself? Our conference has been too long. I am obliged to you for your courtesies. Not another word is needed. Farewell!"

She turned, and walked away.

"Another false move," muttered George, as he gazed after her. "Shall I never regain my balance?"

He walked thoughtfully toward the house, taking, however, a different path from Esther's, but had not made many steps when one of the under gardeners, bursting through the belt of shrubs, came running, hoe in hand, to meet him.

"Redditch! what now? What's the matter?" asked his master.

The man thrust his hoe into George's hand.

"Swartz—Swartz—Swartz!" he gasped, breathless ly.

"Swartz! What of him? Collect yourself, man. What do you mean?"

"He've gone mad, Sir George! Raging wild about the garden, snapping savage at every thing he come near! Here he comes, by the Lord!" added Mr. Redditch, with a decided disposition to take to his heels.

A large black object was visible, for a moment, glancing across the flower-beds, and taking a direction which, intersecting at a right angle the path on which they stood, would lead the infuriated beast upon Esther's track.

"Stand behind me," said George. "Keep quite still. I am going to whistle. If he notices it have no fear. A mad dog never regards his master, nor turns to signal."

Mr. Redditch did not seem to relish the experiment, but he stood his ground.

The black mass came bounding into the gravel-walk, some forty yards distant. George whistled sharply, and called:

"Swartz—Swartz!"

The animal seemed to swerve, as though recognizing the summons, but next moment, with a sprawling plunge, dashed himself through the opposing shrubs, and continued his furious way.

Seriously alarmed, George set off at once in pursuit, followed by Redditch, armed, by this time, with a stout stake. At the place where the dog had made his blundering charge through the covert, beads and flakes of foam were plainly visible on the stems. It seemed but too plain that Swartz, a powerful mastiff, had become rabid.

The alarm had already spread. Shouts and cries were heard from the vicinity of the stables, and thither the young man bent his flying steps. All was evidently in commotion.

"Where is he, boy? Where is he?" called out George, catching by the sleeve an excited stable-boy who came rushing forth.

"Oh, Sir, the gun! the gun!" cried the boy.

"To my room. The first you find. Away with you! Is—is Miss—"

But the lad was already out of hearing.

In the stable-yard a singular scene presented itself. Crowded in the stable windows, mounted on ladder, wall, the roofs of dog-kennels, or any other secure position, almost the whole household of Gosling Graize were assembled, watching with intense anxiety the proceedings of Swartz and a little stable-lad, the brother of him who had been dispatched for the gun.

The dog had penned the boy into a corner, and, though as yet without doing him any injury, lay on the ground within a yard of him, his great black head between his paws, wallowing in foam, and his blood-red eyes glaring as if each moment he were about to make a deadly spring. Why he did not, seemed to be the mystery. With the spurning of his hinder paws the animal had thrown up a regular outwork behind him, and it was manifest that this incessant movement was edging him nearer and nearer to his prisoner. As for the latter—a fine little boy about ten, and hitherto enjoying the most friendly relations with Swartz—he sat paralyzed with terror, his blue eyes opened to their full extent, as if fascinated by the danger from which he could not escape. Attempts to drive the dog away had so evidently added to his fury that it had been resolved to leave him alone until fire-arms were at hand.

The young master thought differently. To his generous heart the boy's danger seemed too imminent to admit of a moment's delay. Disregarding the remonstrances of his servants, and taking no notice of a spasmodic shriek emitted, as in duty bound, by Mrs. Turnover, George walked steadily toward the crouching dog, and spoke to him in a tone of quiet, sharp command.

Swartz uttered a low growl, and flung the foam from his vexed jaws, but never took his eyes from his little prisoner.

"Lister ..y," said George; "I am about to take off the a attention. The instant his eye is off you, use you legs."

The boy's lips moved in assent.

"Come, Sir, to kennel," said George, and, as he spoke, struck the hoe he carried sharply on the ground close to the dog.

Quick as lightning the brute was upon him, seizing him by the leg. It was an exchange of prisoners, for, hardly less swiftly, the boy had vanished from his perilous position, and was in safety. A loud cry burst from the spectators, and two or three of the men, shamed by the urgency of the occasion, were hastening forward to their master's assistance. But he motioned them back. Though held as in a vice, George's boots had resisted the animal's teeth, and he was as yet perfectly uninjured.

But what was now to be done? A gun had been brought and charged with swan-shot, but none dared use it while man and dog retained their relative positions. Neither was it possible to convey the weapon into George's hand, it being all but certain that the infuriated beast would only quit his present hold to fasten, perhaps with more fatal effect, upon the first who approached him. To complete the difficulties of the situation, the iron portion of the hoe had, when struck upon the ground, become detached from the handle, thus depriving George of all chance of dealing an effective blow at his dangerous assailant.

At this moment Esther, prepared for departure, and astonished at the sudden solitude that seemed to reign within the house, made her appearance on the scene. A few words made her acquainted with the danger that impended over the young master of the house, and the difficulty of interposition. The girl's face became scarlet, then white as snow. Without betraying the slightest apprehension, she approached within a pace of the dog, and, stooping slightly, strove to engage his attention. The animal's rolling eye met hers, and became fixed. He ceased to shake and mouth the object on which his fangs had closed, and George was even sensible of some relaxation of his vice-like hold. Inwhich he sprang upon the new-comer?

"For God's sake," began George, trying a last appeal.

"Be silent!" was Esther's only reply, her eye never quitting that of the dog. To the amazement of every body, Swartz now displayed evident symptoms of qualling. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he detached his teeth from George's boots. Then Esther slowly extended her hand. Swartz shrank back an inch or two, shook the foam from his jaws, and uttered a piteous whine. As if this had been a signal of surrender, the brave girl, without further hesitation, put her hand between his collar and his shaggy neck, and turned him in the direction of a vacant kennel, close at hand. Yielding to the impulse, Swartz suffered himself to be conducted thither, and secured to the chain. But the excitement was not yet over. In turning, Esther's foot came in contact with the water-can placed there for the usual occupant of the kennel, and upset it. With the bound of a tiger, the dog instantly flew at her; but, checked by the chain, only touched her wrist and hand sufficiently to smear them with the mucous fluid that fringed his jaws.

George had recognized the fatal sign—even if the frightful appearance of the dog, reared on end, and snapping with convulsive fury at fancied objects around, had not of itself been proof sufficient. There was but one thing to do, and no time to lose in doing it. The staple that held the chain was of no great strength, and might yield before the powerful strain. He beckoned to the keeper, who put the gun into his hand.

"Farewell, my brave old boy!" he said, regretfully, and fired.

The foam changed to blood, and Swartz rolled over dead.

"Where is Miss Vann?" asked George, looking round for his young preserver.

"In the 'ouse, I think, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw. "I think she got a little faintyish, Sir George. Shall I tell her you wants to see her, Sir George?"

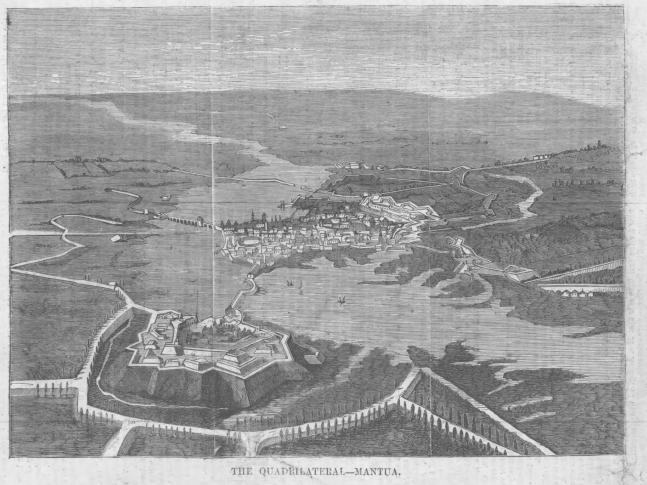
"Do no such thing," said his master, and walked into the house.

Mr. Fanshaw took a letter from his pocket, and examined it.

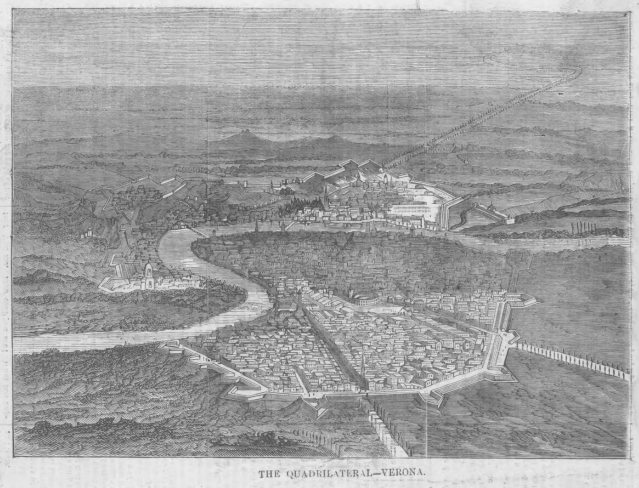
"There's somethin' inside o' you, I can feel," he muttered. "Now, wot? Shall I give it him now? I ort to. But somehow, he don't seem in good cue."

And Mr. Fanshaw thoughtfully followed his master.

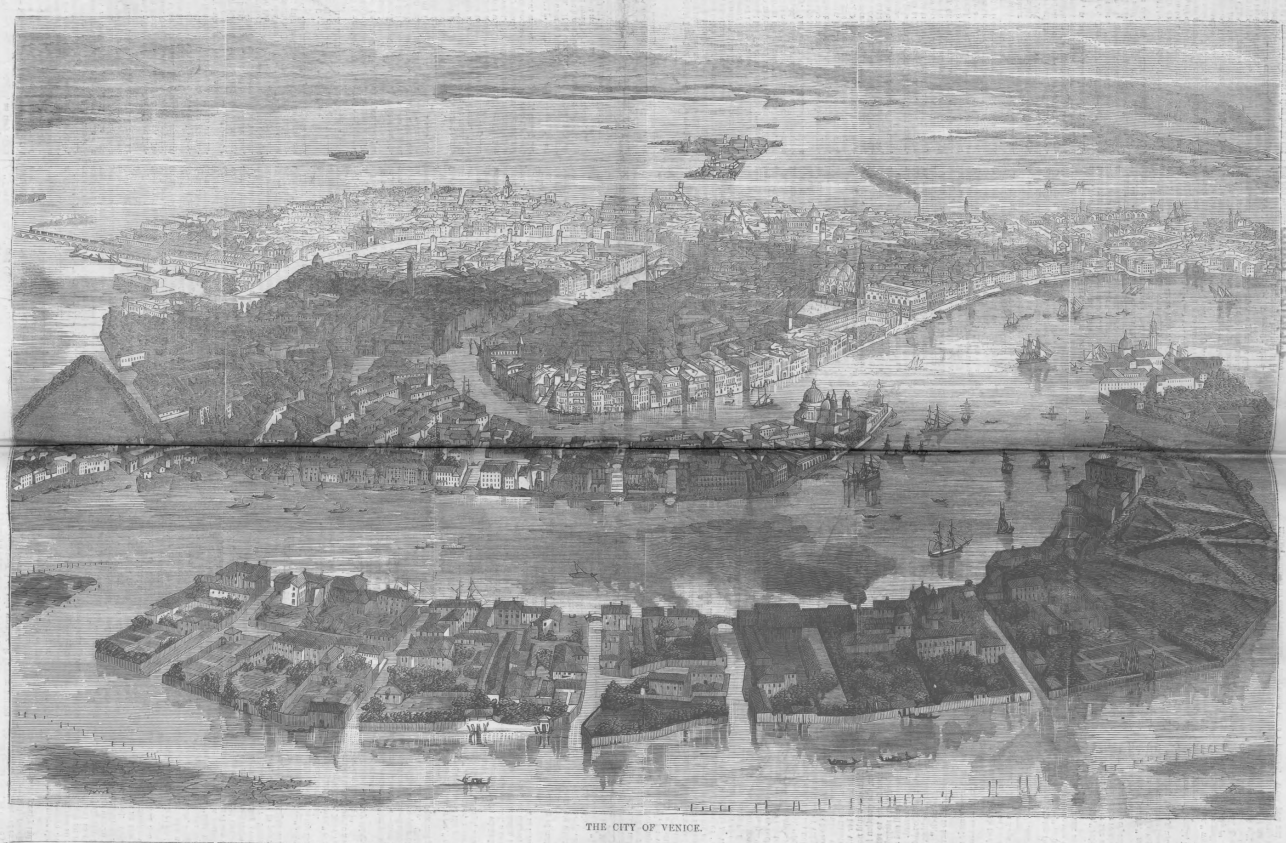
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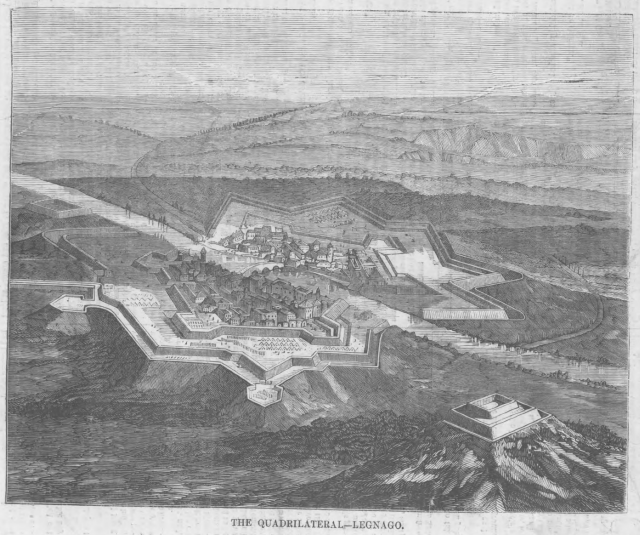
THE QUADRILATERAL.—MANTUA.



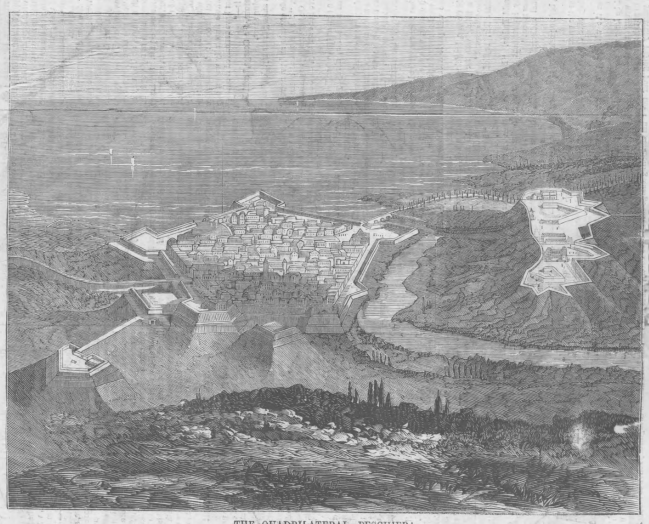
THE QUADRILATERAL.—VERONA.



THE CITY OF VENICE.



THE QUADRILATERAL.—LEGNAGO.



THE QUADRILATERAL.—PESCHIERA.

VENICE AND THE QUADRILATERAL.—[See Page 725.]

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AUTUMN DAYS.

AGAIN the year throws down her golden horn
On thankful harvest field and granary floor,
And sun-flecked fruits roll out, and ears of corn,
And bulbous roots sweet to the inmost core.

What wealth is hers! Earth's hidden, rocky veins
Of gold, slow-curdled as the ages passed,
Are paupered when the shining harvest plains
Spread out the store her short life has amassed.

Nor wealth alone. Lest man should grasp the prize
With thankless hands, and hasten to depart,
In holy beauty through his softened eyes
She passes in to sanctify his heart.

Her ministrant glory lightens on the leaves,
Her soft air folds the earth in deepest calm,
Her voice is in the rustling of the sheaves
And dropping fruits—the low, glad harvest psalm.

Her days are full of charity. The sun
Clasps warm the purple bubbles of her vines,
And dries her dusty bulbs that, one by one,
Are rolled from their damp beds in golden lines.

Perfect and pure is all the season's good,
Health-giving, tranquil, unto heart and brain:
So may life's harvest draw through heated blood,
And lull to rest its weary toil and pain.

NARCISETTO.

I.

ON the afternoon of the 22d of December, 186–, a stylish cab, driven by a young gentleman, drew up at the gate of "The Limes."

The cold was of that ferocious kind which devours most men's good-humor, and makes their faces appear ugly and ridiculous, painting their lips indigo, and with icy flame scorching into redness every feature where red ought not to be. But the young gentleman in question appeared to advantage amidst frost and east wind; nor did it seem that his temper suffered any more than his outer man. His large green-gray eyes shone with a wild unirritated lustre, like studs of gleaming aqua-marine. His cheeks were deeply colored just on the right spot; his lips appeared of a crimson exactly strong enough to set off his even white teeth to best advantage, and wore a smile which told of inward content.

The small tiger alighted, rang, and stationed himself under the tall iron-gray's nose. The iron-gray jingled his silver bells, fluttered his blue ribbons, pawed the ground with pompous self-appreciation.

Half a minute more and Narcisetto descended from his cab, showing a brief, tight figure, well-built and comfortable, made up with just carbon enough to keep the inner fire cheerfully aglow; showing too a perfect *toilette*—boots, gloves, and all the tests unimpeachable.

Narcisetto's errand to the Limes, be it known, was important; but as he walked the short paved pathway to the door he looked comfortable—almost careless.

He was shown into the drawing-room, which was pretty but not pretentious, full of proofs that the arranger owned good taste, if not great means. After the youth had waited as it seemed to him twenty minutes, actually three, the door opened, and a lady entered.

The lady of the house—Mrs. Arlingford, widow of the late Captain Arlingford (lost at sea two years back in his pretty clipper-built *Sea Spray*, homeward-bound from Hong Kong). She was beautiful. She might be forty, but there was no silver among the gold of her plain braided hair, no wrinkle on her blonde face. Weeds had just now given place to modified mourning, which became her well.

Did she slightly change color, give just a nameless hint of inward disquietude as she entered? Her visitor thought so, and wondered. But he could not reason on the subject, being a trifle flustered himself. His heart had shied, and now bolted off in a manner almost alarming.

And no wonder. For Narcisetto was come to the Limes, as we have said, on an important matter. He was come, in fact, to make an offer.

But the cardiacal hack soon fell again into his usual amble. Narcisetto's being was wont to flow on smooth as a stream of glycerin, and nothing could give turbulence to the soft, easy current for any length of time.

The conversation remained for a while comfortably general and vague. But through it all, perhaps, both speakers were conscious that this kind of thing could not last. Madame seemed, with her great deep eyes, to dive below the surface stratum of the good-humored, boyish talk. Her face—and her companion knew it—was a perpetual note of interrogation. For his part Narcisetto grew mildly puzzled. There was that in my lady's manner which showed (as his quick intelligence taught him) that she not only scented out the true object of his visit, but that her scent, for some reason or other, was preternaturally keen on the subject.

How it came about that the conversational breeze veered from the quarter of light literature and other generalities to that of love we do not know. The change was accomplished.

Its effect upon Mrs. Arlingford was remarkable. Her head sank gradually back upon the crimson chair on which she sat. Her words grew fewer and fewer; her features—fine Grecian features they were—became paler, more statuesque each moment; till at last, when she heard in plain but pretty English the announcement which a strange prescience had all along told her was at hand, when she knew positively that Mr. Harry Beresford was in love with her daughter Lucy, and that he asked leave to make known his attachment to the young lady herself, she seemed on the verge of fainting.

Now that Mr. Harry Beresford, sole son of a wealthy country squire, was a good match or catch for Lucy Mrs. Arlingford knew well. But—

The cause of, and what hung upon this "but" will be placed before the reader in these pages.

We will not undertake to say how far Narcisetto was really enamored of Lucy at this time. To what extent a good-natured young gentleman who is deeply in love with himself may be capable of passionate attachment to another we are not able to decide. It is certain, however, that Harry Beresford wished to marry Lucy Arlingford, and that he expected to succeed with his suit.

He was therefore surprised and disappointed at Mrs. Arlingford's reception of his declaration. The manner of that lady, in fact, became extremely embarrassing, and evinced a nervous excitement quite unintelligible to her visitor. It was plain that she struggled to repress her agitation, but her efforts were painfully unsuccessful. There was a mixture of severity and of gentle chiding in her disjointed remarks. She did not refuse, she would not assent to, an interview with her daughter. She smiled sarcastically, then wept. She rose and reseated herself repeatedly.

Meanwhile Mr. Harry Beresford gazed upon the beautiful lady before him with a childish surprise which would have been supremely entertaining to any third person. He wondered whether he had been a fool; strove hard to be, at any rate, perfectly gentlemanly; stole glances at his shapely boyship in the mirror, and puzzled himself as to what could be the objection to him; wishing heartily at last that he were safely out in the frosty air behind his iron-gray, rolling on the open road to the music of silver bells. Love and ladies, he concluded, might go to the antipodes if they were to be so unintelligible as this.

A glass door led from the room to a conservatory, which door was covered this cold weather by a thick crimson curtain. Presently the lady gently and warily moved the curtain aside, motioning to her visitor as she did so to look through.

Nothing could be more puzzlingly dramatic than this gesture. Narcisetto immediately thought of the vision displayed to Faust, and irreverently said to himself, "What can this fair Mephistopheles have to show me?"

But a glance into the conservatory made plain the lady's meaning. The vision was clearly intended to disenchant, not to enamor, like that shown to Faust.

The conservatory was long, and well clothed with foliage. At its further end, near the outer door, stood Lucy Arlingford; but she was not alone. A tall dummy, the cut of whose clothes and the length of whose whiskers were equally marvelous, was at her side. Her face was turned from the drawing-room; she did not know, therefore, that they were observed. Her knight, also, appeared too intent upon his suit to notice it either.

Lucy's tall figure was planted firmly; but her head was bent down, and a glossy loop of raven hair, resting upon a neck like snow, was all that Harry could see of the neighborhood of her sweet face. There was no divining her state of feeling from this point of view, but Narcisetto readily accepted the interpretation of the scene which he saw that he was intended to put upon it. He colored slightly, and turned away.

"I see," he said, with well-bred considerateness in his tone, "I have disturbed you, Mrs. Arlingford, by making a proposal to which you can not assent. I am too late in the field, that is the truth. I hope that you will forgive my ignorance and blunder, and that the fortunate gentleman there—Mr. Adolphus Churchill, I see—is worthier of the prize than I. I shall try to behave properly, and get over this. Will you be my friend still?"

"I will indeed—always."

The youth started at the earnestness with which this was said. Mrs. Arlingford gave him her hand—it trembled, he observed—and he left her.

The jingle, tramp, and roll of Narcisetto's cab had scarcely died away when Mrs. Arlingford, losing more completely than before her wonted womanly calm, flung herself into a chair and burst into violent sobbing.

II.

BUT a few minutes had passed when the crimson curtain was again drawn aside, and Lucy entered the drawing-room, her vivid face beautifully burning with the fire of some evidently strong emotion.

"Oh, mamma dear!" she exclaimed, not at first noticing her mother's own distress, "how *could* you leave me there? I thought it cruel—*cruel*. But you have had visitors. Who has been? That foolish Mr. Churchill is gone now, thank Heaven!—gone for good, as I trust. Oh, mother, it won't do! I can never consent. He is an unreality—a sham. I will not, can not love a dandy, a mere 'clothes-wearing man,' as Carlyle would say."

She knelt by her mother's side as she concluded, and now for the first time saw that Mrs. Arlingford was crying, and that her cheeks were ashy pale.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter? Tell me. How cold you are! What has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing," said the mother, rising. "So, Lucy, you have dismissed Mr. Churchill? Well, it is your own business."

"But surely, mamma," said Lucy, throwing off her hat, and displaying a proud plaited coronet of hair in its place, "you would not, could not wish it! Are you crying about this? It is unreasonable—wrong. I will not be forced to marry. I will marry whom I please."

She drew herself up; her brown eyes flashed, her brunette cheek flushed scarlet.

"I do not intend to force you," said mamma, coolly. "We will drop the subject, Lucy. You had better go now."

"I *will* go, mamma; and you shall not see me again till this matter is settled forever. I will write him such a letter as even this and dinner as he will not forget to his dying day!"

So speaking, Lucy quickly left the room, and running up stairs to her own chamber, locked herself in, and began to cry vehemently.

Those two ladies felt miserably unhappy after their sudden little quarrel. Each accused herself, and longed to "make it up" and kiss the other. Lucy wondered whether, after all, it were not her duty to listen to Adolphus Churchill, dandy though he was. Poor mamma's self-reproach was stronger, because better founded.

But there was pride in both hearts, and each lady chose for the time being to be miserable, rather than to say a few soft, compromising words. Lucy was still determined to write the threatened letter. She went to her desk, and hastily penned this note:

"THE LIMES, *December* 22.

"SIR,—When, a month ago, you made me an offer of marriage, I told you, in a manner which you ought to have considered final, that I could never be your wife. You had not the courtesy, however, to accept my 'No,' but have continued to tease me ever since, and have this afternoon again inflicted upon me the annoyance of an interview. Such an annoyance, I am determined, shall not be repeated.

"Since you will not take any gentler hint, I beg now plainly to tell you that I am already in love. If this be an unwomanly avowal, upon you rests the shame for having provoked it.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LUCY ARLINGFORD."

There was dash and spirit in this, Lucy thought, and those were qualities she loved. She folded and sealed the note, then ran down with it to the kitchen, and finding there the little garden boy, she dispatched her missive by him to Adolphus Churchill, Esquire, Beechwood Court, and returned to her room.

She now felt sorry and unhappy, thought that it was the most wretched thing on earth to have a misunderstanding with your poor dear mamma; feared nervously that her mother might perhaps die that night, and leave her in hopeless remorse at having been unkind the last thing; resolved finally that she would go presently and have a complete "make up."

But somehow the "make up" did not come off. Mother and daughter met at dinner in coldness and constraint. "They stood apart, the scars remaining." The evening passed in the same way. Music, which both loved, could not bridge over the ugly chasm. Both wondered whether they were to part for the night without a reconciliation. Each sighed in the hope of softening the other's heart, but neither would own her heart softened.

The bedtime came. There was but a single icy kiss; no warm embrace, no "God bless you, my darling!" or "God bless my mother!" And so they went to separate rooms—for by a tacit understanding they had agreed not to sleep together to-night, as they often did.

It was long before Lucy closed her eyes; she fell thinking of the real cause (as far as she knew it) of this unpleasantness. It was this—she loved Harry Beresford. Narcisetto—she had herself given him the title—had possessed himself of her heart's key. Narcisetto, with his easy, well-bred manners; his clear, sunny intelligence; his bright, boyish good looks; his golden curls, and large, true baby eyes! He was self-centred, something whispered; he was a trifle of a "dandy," too, as well as Mr. Adolphus! She *loved* him, nevertheless. But for this fact she would have said "Yes" to "Adolphus," or any body else, to please her mother. While this was true, she would not for the world.

Then followed a deep woman's resolve to love Harry with whole heart and soul to life's last day. No one should know it; but this love should be the grand secret reality of her existence. Lucy had determined so far when she fell asleep.

She awoke in confusion and terror. A sound, piercing and prolonged, had traveled to her from her mother's room. She started to the floor. There was another cry—her own name was pronounced.

In the darkness the furniture all seemed out of place to the frightened girl—the distances all wrong. She struck a light at last, and, with little bare feet, ran, half paralyzed with terror, to her mother's room.

She expected to find blood and death when she got there. But as the light of her candle fell upon her mother's bed she saw that her fears had run on in advance of the truth. Mrs. Arlingford was sitting upright, looking pale and bewildered, to be sure, but nothing worse. She had evidently undergone some severe fright.

"Dearest mother, what is it?" cried Lucy.

"Oh, my child, come and kiss me, and don't leave me again. Such a horrible, horrible dream I have dreamt, Lucy!"

"Mother, it is nothing. We have had a misunderstanding to-day, and that has made us both wretched. But it is all over now. I will stay with you and you will sleep calmly."

"Oh, but Lucy, I *must* tell you. I thought my wicked heart was full of jealousy and vengeance toward *you*, my only, darling daughter. I thought a strange, horrid passion seized me, and I felt that I must take your life. And I *did*—oh, Lucy, I did! I saw the blood, and I heard your last faint groan."

The girl embraced her mother soothingly.

"It must have been dreadful for you, dearest mamma," she said. "But never mind now; be calm. It was nothing but an empty, unmeaning dream. This will be a lesson to me not to say any thing to grieve you again. God soothe and comfort you!"

Lucy observed with relief and thankfulness that her mother now wept. She did not try to restrain these tears, but only gently kissed the dear wet cheeks, and as the sobbing became less convulsive laid the head upon its pillow, and stroked that pretty, broad, fair forehead.

"Oh, my child!" said Mrs. Arlingford, presently, "I never felt the want of your dear father as I have done this afternoon. If he were but here! If the cruel sea would but give him up alive! I can not tell *you*, my child—but if I could lay my head on *his* bosom, all my pain would melt away to nothing."

How could Lucy help crying now? Her tears fell silently but long, and they were sad yet healthy ones. At length mother and daughter sunk alike into deep and calm sleep, and did not wake until the late winter morning looked in through the frosted pane, and familiar sounds of household life banished into the realm of "airy nothings" the night's strange terror and tears.

III.

THE note which Lucy had written to the "rejected clothes-wearing man" had met with a remarkable adventure. Little garden boy, speeding with it to Beechwood Court, had fallen in by the way with farmer Butterfield's bull, which animal was in the habit of going, morning and evening, with his ladies "to be milked," *viâ* the Beechwood Road. Garden boy, having an excusable dread of being "tossed," had taken sudden alarm at supposed hostile demonstrations on the part of his taurine majesty, and had made a quick disorderly retreat from the highway through a hedge. In the course of his rapid "strategic" movement the note had been dropped, and the growing dusk had prevented its recovery. The boy, however, had maintained a prudent silence on the subject.

Next day, at about noon, Narcisetto's cab came gayly along that Beechwood road. The young gentleman, to all appearance, had borne yesterday's rebuff well, for he looked just as smiling, comfortable, and ornamental as ever. Not a single indication was to be detected that his moral coat had been stroked the wrong way. He was now driving with characteristic amiability and content to the house of a neighboring squire, on some mission of inquiry, at the request of his calm, patrician mamma.

At a certain point on the road Master Tiger was ordered down to adjust the curb-chain. During the pause, the aqua-marine eyes fell upon something by the way-side which looked like an unopened note.

In a few moments the envelope, addressed in Lucy's writing to Mr. Churchill, was in Narcisetto's hands. He winced slightly, fancying he had really liked Lucy very much indeed, lifted his wide eyebrows, and then drove on. There was only one thing to be done, of course—he must deliver the note himself. But even *his* steady-going temper plunged at the notion of his "coming Mercury" between Lucy and his rival; for, as the reader will understand, he little guessed what was the true tenor of the communication.

The silver bells jingled up toward the lodge of Beechwood Court. As Narcisetto came near to the sacred portal he observed emerging therefrom a coat, waistcoat, scarf, and other clothes, on the top of which appeared the semblance of a human countenance, decked with long appendages of hair. The clothes, mask, and hair combined, constituted Adolphus Churchill, Esquire.

"How d'ye do, Churchill?" said Narcisetto, in his quick, bright tones. "I've met with something that belongs to you. I suppose it was accidentally dropped. It has the look of having been out-of-doors all night."

"Thanks," said Sir Dandy. "What can it be?"

During the solution of this question Narcisetto moved off.

He executed his commission, drove home, and feeling just a trifle disturbed, went to his smoking-room for solace. He took a cheroot and a magazine, and stretched himself on a couch by the fire.

But he was soon aroused. There came a knock at the door, and he was told that Mr. Adolphus Churchill wished to see him directly.

In some surprise Harry directed that the visitor might be shown into the room where he was. On his entrance Mr. Churchill gave evidence of serious disquietude. He appeared, in fact, to be laboring under an oppressive burden of wrath. But any thing more pitifully undignified than the exhibition of his anger could not be conceived.

Harry looked at him first in wonder; then broke out into a hearty, but not ill-natured laugh. "Why, what on earth disturbs you, old fellow?" he inquired.

"You are a snob," said Churchill, "to insult me in this manner."

Harry rose and laid down his cheroot, opened his eyes, stirred the fire, and, restraining his strong impulse to respond by a purely physical demonstration, said, quietly,

"Come, explain. I don't understand these words at all."

"Ha! And to what limit, then, Beresford, do you expect my patience to extend?" replied Churchill, a suspicion crossing his mind for the first time that he was in the wrong box. "You don't mean to deny that you knew the contents of the note you brought me just now?"

"It strikes me I won't trouble myself to deny any thing," said Harry, quite cool.

If Churchill had happened to be any thing else but the arrant ass he was, he would here have drawn in his horns, acknowledged his blunder, and patched up an understanding with his good-tempered neighbor and college friend, Harry Beresford. But the donkey element in his nature was so large that he was unable rightly to estimate his situation. He retained, probably to his dying day, the belief that the note ignorantly handed to him in pure courtesy was virtually the offspring of the innocent bearer's brain. And Harry was far too proud to make any attempt at obliterating such a belief.

"You are dealing falsely with me," continued the enlightened young dandy; "you fancy that I have no discernment, and that you may impose upon me; no spirit, and that you may insult me with impunity. But you are mistaken. You shall pay for your impertinence."

Harry quietly rang the bell; then relighted his cheroot, and sat down perfectly silent. When the footman opened the door, he said, composedly, "Show this gentleman out, if you please. I hope, Churchill, you will see before long that you have been making a fool of yourself. If you wish to ask me any question, and will do so by letter in civil terms, I will reply to it. At present I think we had better part."

Even now any man of common intelligence might have escaped from the fix that Churchill was in. But he had not the wit to extricate himself. He had, however, just sufficient sense to perceive that if he staid where he was he would probably get a good thrashing in two minutes. So he withdrew, saying, "You will hear of this again. You do not deceive me, though you fancy it."

What particular object Mr. Churchill had gained by this dignified visit we can not say. His love had just natural instinct enough about it to lead him to suspect the right person of being the rival to whom Lucy referred in her note, and this suspicion alone had brought about his purposeless intrusion. Narcisetto himself, however, had certainly acquired something. He had learned indirectly that Lucy's feeling toward Churchill could not have been such as he had been led to suppose.

His heart fastened with strange persistency upon the truth evolved from the late visit—that Lucy was still free. And lying on his back, the sofa drawn near to the cozy fire, his cheroot sending through his whole frame a soft, comforting calm, Master Narcissus pondered long, rolling his bright aqua-marine eyes about the ceiling, till at last the eyes closed, the cheroot fell, and there came a fast sleep and a vivid dream.

That dream, which amidst some confusion was the pleasantest that the dreamer had ever experienced, was rudely disturbed by the butler, who suddenly appeared, stirring the fire, and saying that dinner would be served in ten minutes.

IV.

THAT same afternoon Mrs. Arlingford, full of distracting thoughts, went to her own room for the sake of solitude. She locked the door, sank into a chair, and hid her face in her white hands.

"A mother," she thought, "a woman of forty years, a *widow*—the helpless victim of a foolish passion for a boy scarcely half her own age."

She would have sunk into the ground with shame had she been compelled to make the avowal to any fellow-creature. She blushed scarlet on confessing the truth even to herself. And yet it was only too true that a morbid, unworthy love had risen in her heart for the very man who had wished to marry her daughter.

But worse—she had rejected the young man's suit for her own sake. In act, if not in word, she had made a representation to Beresford which was not true, that she might divert his affection from her daughter. She had created a false impression in his mind, while she had encouraged Lucy's acceptance of Churchill's offer, knowing that the girl loved another, the one *she* loved.

How base, how unnatural, how unwomanly her conduct seemed! How she doubted of her poor frail heart, wondering whereunto this unruly affection might grow! How she strove with herself, setting before her harassed mind every consideration which might tend to deliver her from the horrid thralldom.

Oh! if *he* could only come back, her one *true* love and hero! How the sight of his sun-face would dispel this unwholesome mist, and lay the ghost of the foolish, uncanny passion! But he was silent forever in his "vast and wandering grave." Alas, alas for him!

Anon the *ignis fatuus* of her new wild love would spring up again athwart the lady's holier thoughts. Then she would look in the glass to satisfy herself that beauty was still left to her, measuring her chances of success with that dear fascinating boy! Then she would wish herself a girl again, with curls of flowing gold, and jewel eyes, and lips of coral, walking by his side, admired and loved by him before all others.

Again, with a start, she would wake from the degrading dream—hating, despising herself; and yearning over darling Lucy, her precious lost husband's child, she would resolve, God helping her, never to let a soul guess the real state of her sad, distracted heart.

It was a weary, miserable struggle. We can not closely follow the windings of those tangled thoughts, or minutely anatomize that morbid soul. Certain it is, however, that when Lucy came, late in the afternoon, to ask for a solution of her mother's long self-banishment from the drawing-room, Mrs. Arlingford's impetuous thoughts had hurried her to a goal, the true and dreadful nature of which she scarcely realized.

At the moment the gentle rap at the door sounded, Mrs. Arlingford held in her hand a small vial. It contained a narcotic, familiar in most households, and often thankfully taken by the restless and suffering in small doses. But the lady had now taken up the drug with feelings far different from those with which she had ever done so before.

"Why not," she had thought, "end the wretched conflict in a sleep? Better to die than to live so as to degrade one's self. None would know. Lucy would only be the better off for my death."

In the midst of these thoughts the mother replied to her daughter that she would come down stairs shortly. She scarcely knew what she said, and certainly at the moment did not mean to keep the promise she made.

But the vial proved to be empty. Presently, therefore, Mrs. Arlingford did leave her room, but not until she had written a note to a chemist at Gaisford, a town

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two miles off; which note, upon going down stairs, she left in the kitchen to be sent by the old errand-woman next day.

This evening passed almost as sadly as the last. The mother was sometimes absent, sometimes irritable and excited. Lucy began to be seriously apprehensive about her, but she did not express her fears.

Next day was Christmas-eve. The dear old season came venerably in, bearded with icicles and snow. As Lucy rose, she thought, sadly, that this did not promise to be a cheerful Christmas for her. Her love, as far as she knew, was unrequited. Her mother's state was inexplicably sad and alarming. No; the old man brought for her, she fancied, no pleasant gifts this year.

But as cheerfully as she could she went through the time-honored Christmas forms; prepared, or overlooked the preparation of, little comforts for the poor; wove natty decorations of holly, mistletoe, and ivy; and every now and then would come smilingly to her pale mother's side, who sat alone, strange, gloomy, and abstracted.

"We should not be dining by ourselves to-day, mamma," said Lucy, as the hour for the meal approached. "Even two years ago, amidst all our sorrow, some one was with us on Christmas-eve."

The mother scarcely noticed the remark.

"Has the errand-woman brought any thing for me?" she inquired of a servant, who entered at the moment with candles.

"Nothing, ma'am. She passed half an hour back."

"What did my mother expect?" asked Lucy. "Had she ordered herself some little Christmas present?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arlingford, covering her pale face.

At this point a ring was heard at the front gate. Immediately after the admission of the ringer to the house, the servant came to the drawing-room door. Her face was unusually flushed and excited as she said, "Some one from Mr. Arnold's, the chemist's, ma'am. He wishes to see you himself."

Mrs. Arlingford swept into the hall with her usual calm dignity, and observed, at the open front door, the figure of a tall large man, muffled in winter wraps, his black eyes bent eagerly upon her.

"What is it?" she asked, hardly able to see the stranger's face distinctly.

"It is only *this*," said a full bass voice, "that your errand-woman forgot, a small packet from the chemist's. I accidentally learned her omission, and, as I was coming this way, undertook to supply it. Here is your physic."

Something in the speaker's tone had arrested Mrs. Arlingford's attention. She turned a searching glance upon him, clasped her hands, uttered an indescribable cry of joy, and ran forward to his arms.

Heaven! it was her long-lost sailor! It was the husband whose reported death she had mourned for two weary years!

She fell, weak and trembling, upon his bosom; and there fed upon his life-restoring kisses, like the dying desert traveler who meets with unhoped-for luscious fruits beside his arid path; there she realized the truth that in her dire extremity God had helped her in the way just most effectual; that He had reserved this mighty happiness until the moment when it would bring with it the fullest cup of blessing.

What an evening that was! Think of it, reader. To find a two years' sorrow a fiction; to awaken all of a sudden from saddest experiences, and to learn they were but dreams! The size of such vast joy no human words will stretch.

For a time the excitement of delight was extravagant, but an hour or two sobered while it confirmed the bliss. When they had seen him eat, heard him explain, then they grew calmer, and rested happily content on the broad basis of unquestionable fact.

But ere long a new thought sprung up in the mother's heart. She had wronged, deeply wronged, her darling daughter. With her generous, loving soul restored, as it now was, to perfect health, she could not sleep, she knew, until that wrong had been righted.

She hastily wrote and dispatched the following note:

"THE LIMES, *Dec* 24.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you do me the kindness to let me have a few words with you here at once on the subject of which we spoke at our last meeting? I then misled you entirely. Pray come, if possible, directly.

"You will probably have heard of our wonderful happiness before this reaches you. I am sure you rejoice with us.

"Yours very faithfully,

"MARY ARLINGFORD.

"HARRY BERESFORD, Esq."

Narcisetto lost no time in obeying this abrupt summons. He was shown privately into the dining-room, where Mrs. Arlingford first saw him alone. There was no constraint or awkwardness now. The foolish fancy had fled like a Will-o'-the-wisp from the woman's now happy heart. Her girlhood's love was restored to her, and her late passion had dwindled to a myth and a phantom. She could speak now to Harry as a mother to her son. She did not tell him of the motive which had urged her late strange conduct; but she made it clear to him as day that no obstacle now lay between him and Lucy.

It was not unreasonable that he should ask for an interview with the young lady then and there. He asked and obtained it.

She came to him in a glow of girlish beauty. Her mourning had been hastily set aside, and she swept into the room in a dress of queenly purple, with a diamond lustre in her eyes, and berries peering bright from amidst her hair, which seemed afire with them.

He did not speak a word. His volubility all failed him at that strange moment. It was so new, so overpowering—this sense of total absorption into the life of another. In some nameless, inarticulate language he told her that he loved her; and she, scarcely better able to express herself, made to him the same confession.

He was unworthy of her. He knew it. He had hitherto been a self-centred, frivolous creature; but he felt that a new life was now infused into his soul—or rather, that his life was drawn into that of another. Fair Arachne had sucked his being into her own, and the old, butterfly, "Narcisetto" nature had fallen from her silken toils—fallen clattering down to dust—an empty, shriveled shell!

What a wonderful Christmas-day followed! Lucy said that it was like the last page of the overture to "*Der Freischütz*." It was all joy; joy unsullied as the snow upon the lawn; deep, as the ocean which had yielded up the long-lost *pearl;* substantial, as—turkey and sausages.

The general merriment was increased when a report (intended to have the air of casualty, but clearly sent by design) reached the Limes, that Mr. Adolphus Churchill, of Beechwood Court, was just engaged to Miss Fenella Fotheringay—the best dresser in the county.

Of her design in ordering the "physic," and of her late wild fancy, the now happy wife never spoke—not even to her husband. And surely she was right to be silent. Some phantoms of our foolish brains, some frailties of our poor, fond hearts, are better never painted by the tongue or whispered into any human ear. The lovers, now happy in mutually-avowed affection, did not care to inquire into the cause of that strangeness of manner which Mrs. Arlingford, before their engagement, had in different ways shown to them both.

Harry proved to demonstration that he could love with complete self-forgetfulness. As Lucy's nickname for him, therefore, seems henceforth to lose its appropriateness, we think the time has come for us to close the story of "Narcisetto."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent opening of the new Steinway Hall is an event of special interest to the lovers of music in our city. New York has been deficient in places suitable for musical entertainments; but this promises to be just what is needed. This Hall is immediately in the rear of the warerooms of Messrs. Steinway and Sons; and the main entrance is through the marble portico on Fourteenth Street. It is a thoroughly substantial building, capable of seating 3500 persons comfortably. Special arrangements are made to secure good ventilation, and the hall is heated by steam generated in an outside building as a security against accident. At present the walls are perfectly plain; but when they have become entirely dry they will be elegantly frescoed. The Bateman Concert Troupe have satisfactorily tested the acoustic properties of this new Hall; and Madame Parepa, Signor Brignoli, and other fine performers have seldom been more warmly received by the public than in the present series of concerts. It is said that the Philharmonic Rehearsals and Concerts will take place in the Steinway Hall.

Last week the corner-stone of a new Hebrew temple was laid on the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. The congregation "Emanuel," who are to erect this building, have increased in about twenty years from thirty to three hundred. This temple, which will cost about $600,000, promises to be of great architectural beauty. It is to be built principally of Ohio and Newark stone, and will probably exhibit the characteristic features of several styles of architecture.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is the old saying, recently exemplified by a singular freak of fortune, whereby a lamp-trimmer in the United States navy comes into possession of $300,000 in gold, together with the title and estates of a Hungarian count. It seems that the individual in question, Edward Louis, Count Batthyanyi, many years ago left his country, his father having been executed for participating in the rebellion under Kossuth. Supposing that his father's possessions had been confiscated, and knowing little of the real position of his family, he obtained employment in a steamship, and never hinted to any one about his high rank, but discharged his duties quietly and satisfactorily. Not long ago, however, a newspaper advertisement hinted about "something to the advantage" of Edward Louis Batthyanyi, and the sequel was as we have stated—a romance in real life, furnishing first-rate material for a novelist.

The following curious and comforting announcement appears in a Connecticut paper:

"Last evening a lady asked for epsom salts at a drug store in this city. An inexperienced clerk filled the order as he supposed correctly, but he made the serious mistake of giving her oxalic acid instead of epsom salts. As the lady is unknown we are requested to give this public notice, warning her that if she takes the oxalic acid it will surely kill her."

Very consoling this to the lady in question should she chance to see it just after she has given her youngest child a dose of the above-mentioned *salts!* We suggest, however, that the "inexperienced clerk" who "supposed he filled the order correctly," be allowed to study chemistry a little longer, and perform experiments *privately*—upon *himself* if he chooses—before offering his services to the public.

Considering that the city railroad companies "*don't pay their expenses,*" how very benevolent they are to extend their route across Broadway for the accommodation of the public! Truly they are self-sacrificing *tract-distributors!*

Some very sagacious prophecies have been made in regard to the year 1867. As they may not be found in all the almanacs, we will give a few for the benefit of our readers:

The year 1867 will be a very eventful one to every maiden who gets married. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes, the nights will grow dark. Whoever is in love this year will think his sweet-heart an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it is true. If a young lady happens to blush she will look red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it is a sign of something. If any body jumps overboard without knowing how to swim it is two to one he gets drowned. If any one lends an umbrella, it is ten to one he is obliged to go home in the rain for his pains.

A writer from Paris speaks of meeting a Parisian coachman to whom misfortune has given a curious celebrity. Sometime since a cancer in his tongue rendered its amputation necessary. This operation was performed by the surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, who shortly afterward replaced the lost tongue by one of gutta percha. Although he can not speak, he tastes, swallows, and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment. After eating he takes out his tongue—as one takes out a set of false teeth—to clean it; and between his repasts he generally finds it more convenient to carry it in his pocket.

According to what is supposed to be an accurate calculation of the salaries paid to preachers in this country, and of the number of sermons preached, the average price paid for sermons, taking the land throughout, is said to be *three cents* apiece! We certainly desire to believe that there is some grand mistake either in the data or in the estimate which produces such a conclusion.

Not long since Lady Harriet Sinclair published in London a cookery book called "Dainty Dishes," which attracted considerable attention. It is reported that shortly after the publication of this work, and as a result of it, she received a number of proposals of marriage. She made a "judicious selection," so the story goes, and a wedding followed. It may be expected, now, that all young ladies, English and American, will immediately commence collecting recipes, as the foundation of a volume of "Dainty Dishes"—whereby they may win a *name.*

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Xenia, on the Little Miami Railroad, is worth reading by those who have had a similar experience, without a like good-humor, as well as by all who enjoy a good laugh:

"'Twenty minutes for dinner!' shouted the brakesman as we approached Xenia.

"Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of a waiter:

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Twenty minutes,' was the hurried reply.

"I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

"I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"'What do you have for dinner?'

"'Half a dollar,' says he.

"I told him that I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seventhirties garnished with postage stamps and ten cent script. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone). I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on 'draft.'

"He said they were out of every thing but the bank-notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and 'draw' some."

The following beautiful bit of poetry, entitled "My 'Good-for-Nothing,'" is evidently written by a mother, or by one who has all the loving feelings of a mother:

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"

Poets, authors, and literary men in general, have frequently been afflicted with dreadfully practical and unpoetical wives. Siebenbas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the sauce-pan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, "What shall I warm up for supper?" And he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she seemed quite touched, and appeared listening intently to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but toward his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

A rather comical story is told in connection with the early appearance of Dr. Bethune, as officiating clergyman in a church then located not far from the city of Rochester. The edifice was placed in the centre of a large park, and it being summer time, the open doors made the green aisle carpet appear like a continuation of the grassy lawn outside. At least so the matter appeared to a half-dozen geese, who quietly walked into the church just as the preacher was closing a splendid passage of eloquence, and was quoting the lines:

"Who are those arrayed in white?" etc.

A green, half-grown country boy, who supposed the quotation so eloquently propounded required answer, at once replied, in a bashful lisp: "Them—them there's geeth." The wings of the young minister were thus abruptly clipped while he was a-flight, and the ones "arrayed in white" were the only dignified individuals in the audience.

Books seem to be scarce at the South. Some one living in Florida advertises for sale, for the reasonable sum of $1000, four dilapidated volumes of a work once owned by Cotton Mather. However, as Cotton Mather's name is written in one of them, it doubtless will be a valued relic to somebody.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTING.—M. Toutmoncél has addressed a memoir to the Academy of Sciences representing that indulgence in hippophagy is calculated to result in ossification of the heart.

Why should teetotalers never hold their meetings at a theatre?—Because there ought not to be a drop-scen at them.

POOR THINGS!—It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them there can be no understanding.

A man was recently arrested in Paris for an extraordinary freak while under the influence of drink. In passing before a dealer's, he suddenly jumped into a basket containing 300 eggs, and after smashing them to his heart's content, called out, "That is the way I make an *omelette;* now bring me a frying-pan!"

The Rev. Mr. A—— was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministration of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone started the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

PHILOSOPHY.

Alas'! alack! and welladay!
How short my cash is running,
I find I can not make my way
By poetry and punning.
But poverty is not a crime,
And I am young and clever.
This kind of thing will end in time—
It *can't* go on forever.

My health is in a pretty state!—
I'm something of a skeptic
Regarding the decrees of Fate
(Which means that I'm dyspeptic),
But this may alter by-and-by.
Shall I despair? No, never.
I *must* in time get well or die:
It *can't* go on forever.

I love—and I must bear the woe
To which my folly dooms me:
She knows, but will not *seem* to know,
The passion that consumes me.
My heart is fettered in a chain
Impossible to sever;
'Twill break or struggle free again,
It *can't* go on forever.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all were silent. At length a good-hearted German, as he turned to go home, said, "Vell, he vas a goot schmoker."

A certain duchess, a very handsome woman, was once walking through the streets of London, when a costermonger, whose pipe had gone out, walked up to her, and addressing her, said, "Pray, Madam, let me light my pipe at your eye." She declared this to be the greatest compliment which she had ever had paid to her.

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A STRANGE TRADE.—A young fellow was lately taken before a Paris magistrate as a vagabond. "You have no occupation?" said the Bench, inquiringly. "Beg your Worship's pardon," was the rejoinder; "I deal in bits of halter for the use of gentlemen as plays." A bit of rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in his pocket, is held to secure luck at cards.

Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving that—I've almost a mind *to beg.*"

WOMAN'S LOVE IN A LIGHT AND DARK ASPECT.—"Our idea is," says a fellow that had got a shrew for a wife, "that

'Woman's love is like Scotch snuff:
We get one pinch, and that's enough.'"

An old darkey says—

"Woman's lub is India rubber—
It stretch de more de more you lub her."

Prentice, in a wicked lunge at the very underpinning of society, says, "Tilting hoops enable the common people to see a great deal more of good society than they ever saw before."

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?" "She is dead, I thank you."

THE GREAT UNPAID.—The National Debt.

How do you arrive at the height of a church steeple on a hot day?—Per-spire.

The art of book-*keeping* taught in one short and easy lesson—Never lend them.

NOT POSSIBLE TO PLEASE.

A FABLE.

Said the Moon to Dame Thia one day
(So in fable, at least, we are told),
"I want a new frock, mother dear;
Let the color be yellow as gold."

"How can I, my child, grant your wish,
Your figure so awkward is found,
Now a lath, now ungain with a hump,
Now crescent, lopsided, or round?"

Many persons resemble the moon
In judgment, taste, temper, or wit:
Cut your cloth in what fashion you please,
Your coat you can never make fit.

A person meeting with an acquaintance after a long absence, told him he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead.

"But," says the other, "you find the report false."

"'Tis hard to determine," he replied, "for the man that told me was one whose word I would sooner take than yours."

A young man recently wrote to his sweet-heart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

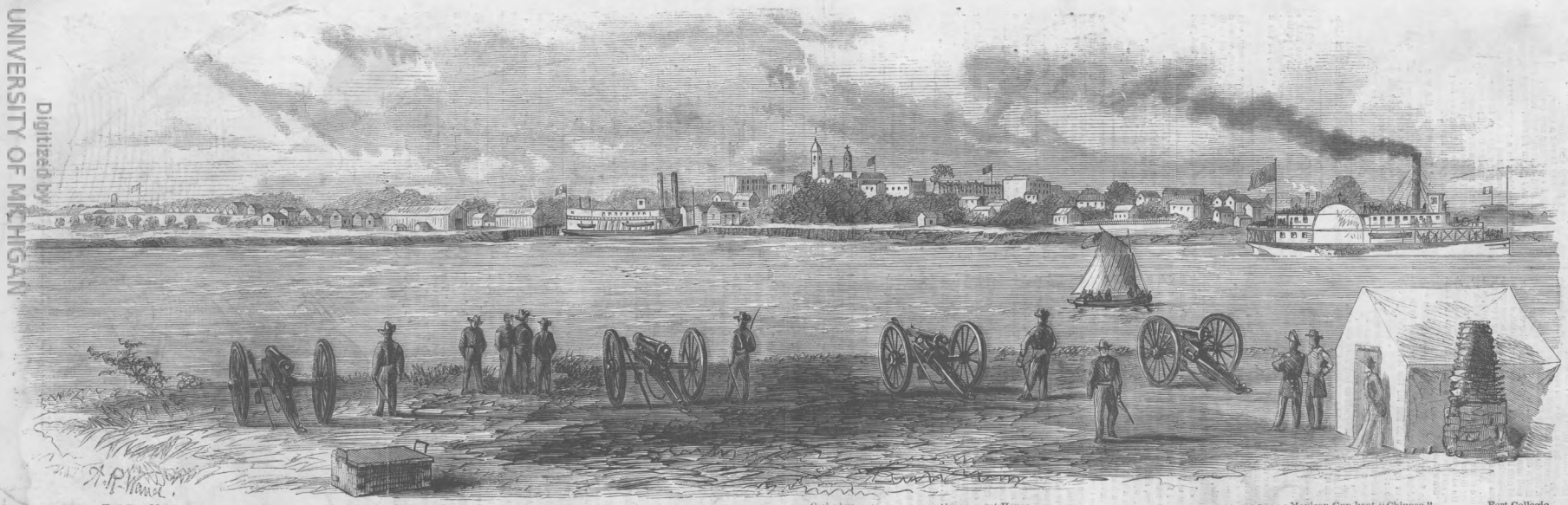
Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.



MAKING THE MOST OF IT, AND HOW TO DO IT.

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MATAMORAS, MEXICO, AS SEEN FROM THE POSITION OF CAPTAIN A. M. RANDALL'S LIGHT BATTERY I, FIRST UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—[SEE PAGE 730.]



GENERAL FORD'S POSITION BEFORE THE ATTACK ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.

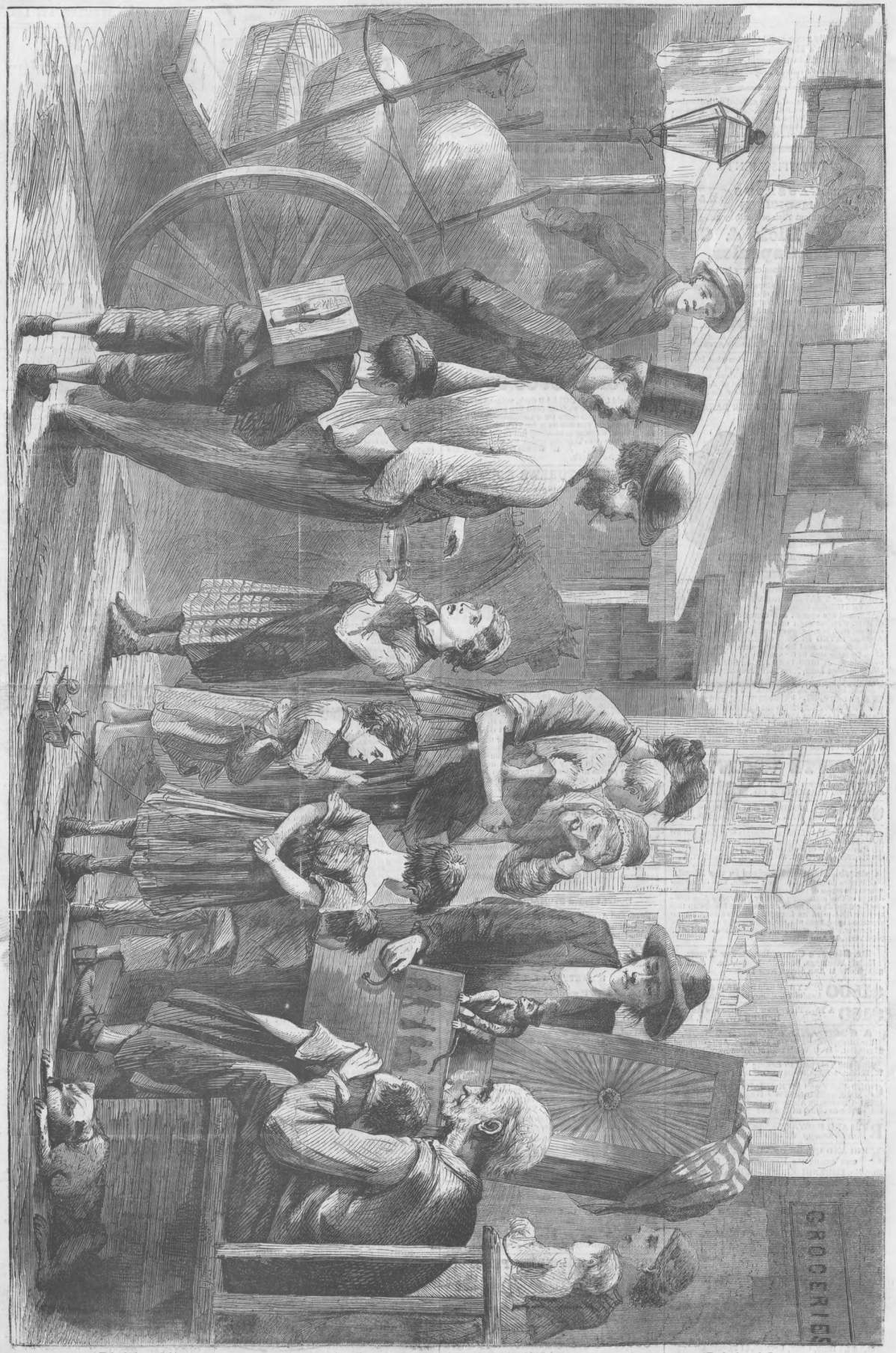


COLONELS J. CERDA AND S. CANALES.



NIGHT ATTACK UPON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MATAMORAS.

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STREET MUSIC—THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

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Cod liver oil with Iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

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2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

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8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

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4 lbs. Young Hyson	P. Moran	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	Geo. Watson	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	J. Kamps	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	T. Adamson	at 1 25	5 00
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2 lbs. Young Hyson	J. R. Walker	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	W. Stephenson	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Young Hyson	Mrs. Louden	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. W. Stokes	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	Robt. Ramsay	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	Robt. Ramsay	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Oolong	F. A. Slater	at 1 00	3 00
1 lb. Oolong	W. Killellen	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Gunpowder	W. Killellen	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb. Gunpowder	F. A. Slater	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs. Gunpowder	T. Greenland	at 1 25	5 00
3 lbs. Gunpowder	H. P. Hall	at 1 00	3 00
4 lbs. Imperial	Geo. Hibbert	at 1 25	5 00
3 lbs. Imperial	Geo. Giegold	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs. Imperial	E. F. Campbell	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb. Imperial	Samuel Sweet	at 1 25	1 25
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Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

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THE CIDER MILL.
THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
MANASQUAN.
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THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.
THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.
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OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOF'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STROTHER will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

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PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
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The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:
"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

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In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
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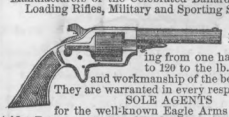
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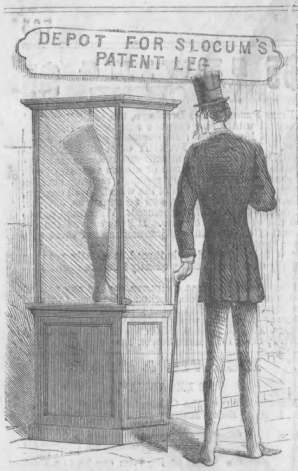
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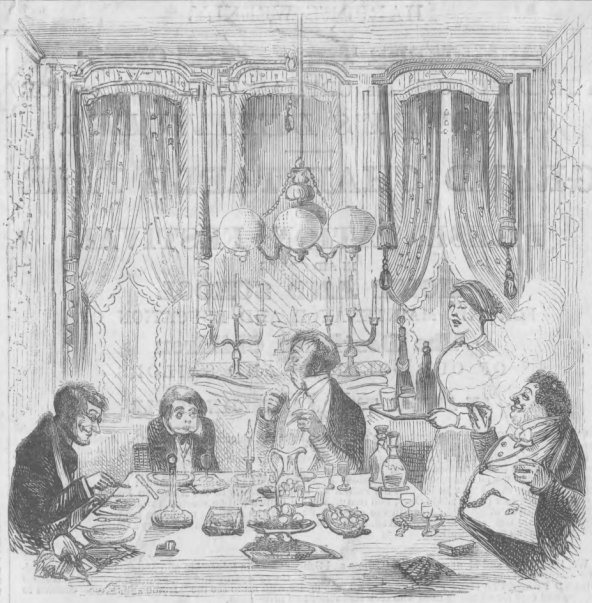

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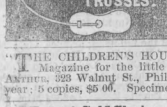
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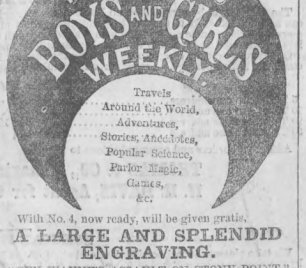
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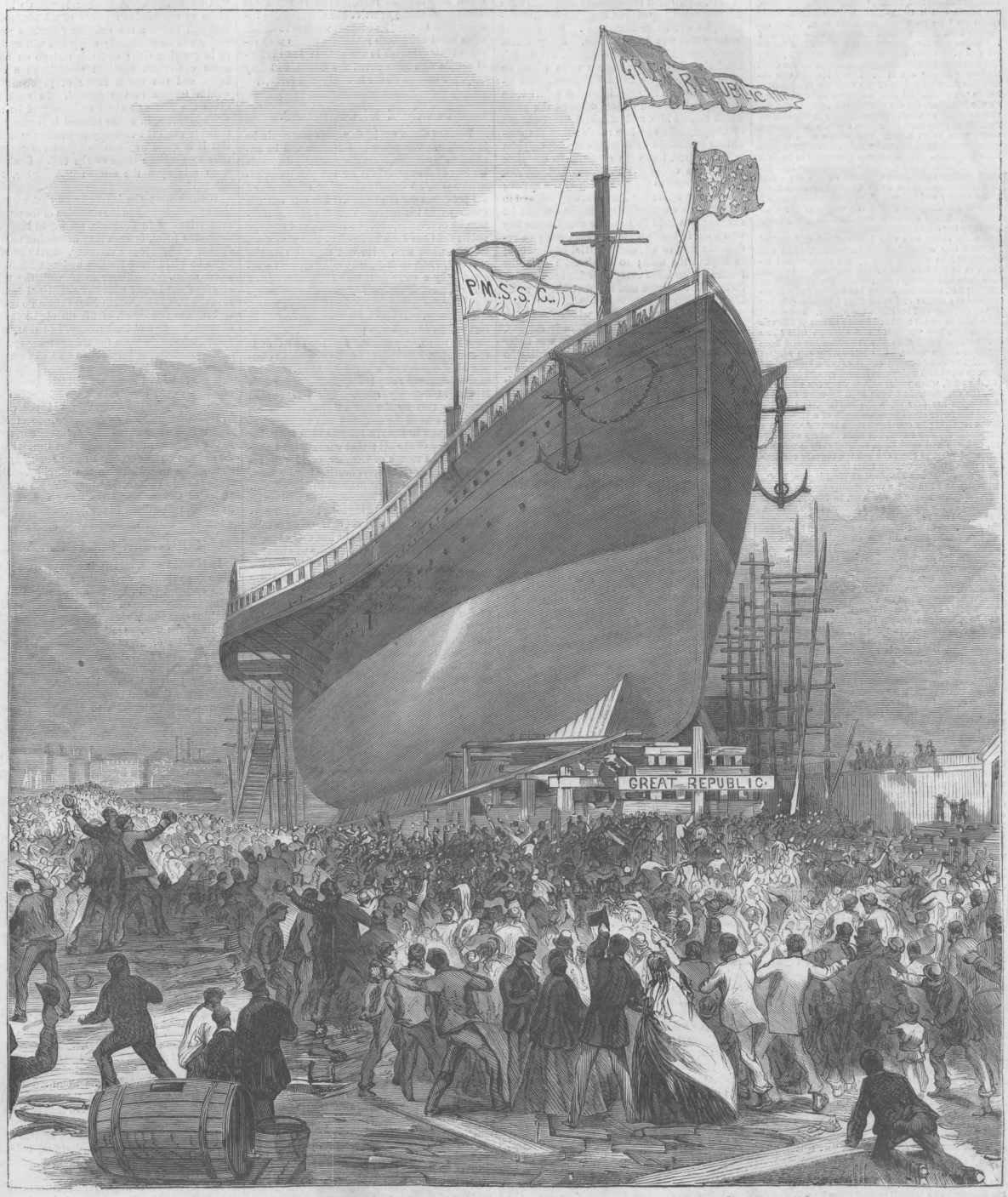
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 517.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LAUNCH OF THE SEA STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."—SKETCHED BY CHARLES PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

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WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."



"DON'T SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

ALBANY, NEW YORK, 6 MILES BELOW TROY.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I hasten to give you a piece of important Marine Intelligence—in fact, from the *bluish* look things have, we might call it Ultra-Marine. We had a heavy storm up here on Tuesday the 6th inst., which extended with great violence throughout the region of the Lakes and Massachusetts, and resulted in the total loss of the new Copper-fastened Craft *My Policy*. The storm had a very damaging effect on all the Craft that were caught out in it. Heavy *blowing* was observable from all points of the compass several days before the storm, and clouds seemed to be gathering on the horizon. On the morning of Tuesday the sun rose as bright as usual, but before noon it was evident up here that the bark *My Policy*, Captain A. JOHNSON, would have to go under. The *pumps* were worked vigorously all day long, under the supervision of First Mate RANDALL. The bilge was attempted to be kept clear by HOFFMAN and the other deck-hands; but, notwithstanding their most vigorous efforts, the waves so overwhelmed them as to continually keep them under water; and before 6 o'clock that night the craft went down, carrying nearly the whole of her crew with her. There was no Wreck-Election of any thing like it by the oldest Inhabitant.

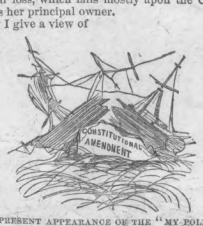
The *My Policy* was very badly *rigged*, and ranked I 1, and was *copper-fastened* throughout. She was condemned as unseaworthy by the Government inspectors in the fore part of last summer, and should have been laid up then; but her Captain insisted upon running her, notwithstanding her *leaking badly* in every trip she made; and came near foundering in her trip to Chicago and back last September. She would have done so had it not been for the efforts of SEWARD and GRANT, the Carpenter and Gunner, who *threw overboard every thing* in order to lighten her and keep her leak above water. She last spring ran against the old Tug *Thad Stevens*, and got such a knock right between wind and water that it took careful *trimming* of the vessel, when under sail, to keep her afloat; in fact, the carpenter had been kept to work day and night upon her ever since the accident, and he believed she never could be made much of a vessel with all the repairing he could put upon her. Although a comparatively new vessel, her main timbers were rotten, and she had *weak knees*, consequently it was impossible for her to carry the sail the Captain continually insisted upon crowding upon her.

The *My Policy* was launched at Washington, D. C., last April, and has had a very stormy time of it ever since. At the laying of the keel, in March, '65, the Secretary of the Navy was not invited to be present, the Captain not remembering his name. An incident that happened at her launching seemed to be a forerunner of misfortune to the craft. As they were knocking away the scaffolding around her Freedman's Bill was killed outright, and several of his co-laborers were severely wounded.

The Captain has made several *trips*, but none of them have proved *profitable* to him; besides the accidents referred to, when on a little pleasure excursion with a party of the Captain's friends on the 22d of February, she was caught in a *blow*, which carried away her figure-head (a "duck"), also her fore-stay and mainmast. This accident happened by the party being a little jolly, and a Philadelphia pilot by the name of *Tom Florence* being at the wheel, whose experience in navigating so large a craft was very limited. They afterward repaired the craft as well as they could, throwing the "duck" overboard; and getting the carpenter to rig up a jury-mast, the invention of a Mrs. STANBERRY, she has sailed ever since with that imperfect rig. She was always "down by the head," as the sailors have it, and steered very "wide," paying but little attention to her helm during a blow. The Captain did better *laying in Port* than when under way. Her model was entirely original, with too much of the "rake" about her; and experienced nautical men, who had sailed in the Ship of State, always predicted that, whatever she might do in fair weather, she would never live in a storm, and the "first Tuesday in November" storm was looked for by many as resulting in the total wreck of the craft, unless the Captain would discharge his crew and dismantle the ship. Perhaps no craft that was ever built was ever run by any man against such overwhelming testimony as to its utter unworthiness. And although *well provisioned*, and manned by picked men, and experienced ones, such as RANDALL, first-mate; SEWARD, carpenter: STANBERRY, rigger; RAYMOND, sail-maker; WELLES, captain o. the fore-top, and others before the mast, she went down in spite of the best management, from the sole cause that she was rotten and unworthy.

The *underwriters*, I understand, had *not made out her policy* at the time she went down; consequently she is a total loss, which falls mostly upon the Captain, who was her principal owner.

Below I give a view of



THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE "MY POLICY," which I sketched from nature.

YOUR OWN "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

P.S.—I hear that Mr. CHARLES READE, the author, has commenced a lawsuit against some New York editors who have spoken of his late work in no complimentary terms. Some say the suit is to advertise his books, but my opinion is that if he shows a "Good Fight" he will not only get rid of a large edition of his "Griffith Gaunt" but also of his "Very Hard Cash." This may account for the "milk in the cocoanut." Speaking of milk, no more from your own

C. O. W.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

☞ In this Number of the *Weekly* the publication of Miss BRADDON'S new novel of "BIRDS OF PREY" is begun. The author of "Lady Audley's Secret" is one of the most popular of living writers, and there is no question that this story will fully maintain her popularity. It is a tale of English life of to-day, beginning briskly in London, and very soon suggestive of some of the darker mysteries of the great metropolis; and we advise our readers to begin with the beginning.

THE POPULAR WILL.

IF the President is still of the opinion which Mr. BROWNING reports, that the people have not pronounced upon the Constitutional Amendment, he will never discover it. From Maine to Iowa this was the one issue. Every Union orator showed by the record that the President's original theory of restoration upon which he acted was that upon which Congress insists today; that when he repudiated that principle he stigmatized his own action, deserted the party which elected him, and left himself in the hands of Copperheads and late rebels; that the conditions proposed by Congress were not only just in themselves, but were essential to complete those upon which the President insisted, and were necessary to the good faith of the nation; that to stop where the President stopped, and to approve the extraordinary doctrines which he announced, would be to make every brave boy who died in battle a fool for his pains; to reduce the war to a ridiculous trial of strength; to imperil the debt; to break faith with the freedmen; to leave every question open, and to invite self-contempt and the derision of mankind.

This was the ground upon which the Union campaign was fought, and a more intelligent, sober, and vigorous political contest was never known. The result justifies the faith of all who sincerely believe in popular government, because it is precisely upon such points of practical political wisdom that confusion of the public mind is to be expected. The Union line dresses itself unbroken from the Penobscot to the Mississippi. Congress is fully sustained, and the President's policy has been solemnly rebuked.

We confess that our delight in the result is not partisan triumph; for the Union party is not so much a party as it is the great body of the loyal and intelligent people acting together to plant the Union upon the corner-stone of justice, which is the only sure and permanent foundation of national peace. The result reveals us to ourselves. It shows that the people have the patience, the tenacity, the insight, and the quiet courage which are essential to the wise consideration of the condition of the country. Those who are inclined to consider the people of the country at large like the mob of a city, and to suppose that, like a mob, they can be driven hither and thither by vehement leaders—that they must necessarily be hasty and impatient and rash, and plunge wildly in a great crisis like a rudderless ship in the trough of the sea—forget entirely that the antecedents and the conditions of this country make us different from any other historical nation.

Such an expectation might, indeed, be verified in the city of New York, where the population is largely composed of the most ignorant foreigners, played upon by the vilest demagogues. But the population of the country at large is of British descent; its traditions are of local self-government; its temperament is not Celtic; our extent of territory permits easy expansion and ready support; the school and the church divide the days between them; so general an intelligence, so long a habit of popular self-restraint, were never known; and while these conditions remain the United States will constantly disappoint the expectations based upon the study of human nature under other circumstances. If the city of New York were a type or fair representative of the country, there is no civilized government that would not be preferable to the vice and ignorance in power which our government would present. Had the people of the American Colonies in 1776 been like those of this city in 1866 they would never have declared their independence; they would have kissed the foot of England, and would never have imagined a popular government possible or desirable. So long as the sturdy, independent, and intelligent spirit of the old Colonies is paramount in the Union it is safe. Should that spirit be extinguished the Union, as the defense of liberty, would disappear.

It is precisely that spirit which has prevailed in the late elections. The last shot of the war was fired more than a year and a half ago. The military prostration of the rebellion was immediate and universal. For four years the national mind had been strained steadily to the single purpose of maintaining the Government and the Union. Men of various party antecedents had united in that work, and the sudden, clean end of the war, without raveling out into guerrilla fighting, seemed to announce an equally sudden dissolution of the War party. A reaction was expected the consequences of which might be disastrous to the country. The reaction, indeed, was confidently counted upon, and greatly explains the President's course.

Now, had the War party been merely such the reaction would inevitably have followed. With relaxed muscles the warriors would have idly watched the politicians reversing the victory. But the so-called Union party was and is really the people who intelligently waged the war, and with equal intelligence will settle its results. They have bought national security at a great price, and they know it. They will therefore secure it. The elections are the plain advertisement of that intention. They say distinctly that it is not a President whose warmest adherents are those whose hands are still red with loyal blood; it is not a party which excused and fostered rebellion; it is not those who struck at the heart of the Government because they had lost its control, who are to decide upon what conditions rebellious States may resume their relations in the Union; but the loyal people who have saved the Union, and they only, are now to secure it wisely and forever.

FINANCE IN CONGRESS.

WITHIN three weeks Congress will again be in session. Secretary M'CULLOCH will be enabled to lay before it an uncommonly favorable exhibit of his operations for the past year, together with an equally flattering statement of his prospects for the future. He will tell the country that his revenue exceeds his expenditure by over $200,000,000 a year, and that the public debt has been reduced by that sum since Congress last met. He will explain that the revenue, large as it is, may still further be increased by a more judicious redistribution of taxes, and that the public burdens may be reduced by the removal of onerous but unproductive imports. He will say that owing to the late war in Europe the price of gold is higher than it was last year, but he may add that it is declining, and should the legislation of Congress be conservative there is some prospect that by January 1867 it may be no higher than it was in January 1866. He will remind Congress that by the act of last session his power to curtail the currency was restricted to $10,000,000 in the six months next following the passage of the act; that curtailment he effected in the month of October, besides reducing the volume of interest bearing legal tender, by purchase and funding, to about $145,000,000. He will say that he is succeeding as well as he could expect in exchanging long bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, and that should no change take place in the money market, he has every reason to believe that the entire first series will be converted on or before maturity, thus relieving the Government from its obligation to pay them off in currency. He will reiterate his argument of last year in favor of a substantial reduction of the currency: but experience will probably have taught him, on the one hand, that no large curtailment can safely be attempted until the Seven-Thirty notes are out of the way; and, on the other, that it is not particularly useful to recommend contraction to the party which is led by THADDEUS STEVENS and JOHN SHERMAN.

For, whatever the Secretary may urge, and whatever sound conservative men may hope, it is pretty well understood that the manufacturers' party in Congress will at this session not only persist in their opposition to all measures leading to an early resumption of specie payments, but will renew their demand for a further issue of National Bank currency. They very nearly succeeded at last session in passing an Act authorizing an increase of the National Currency from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000. At that time the total amount issued was only $200,000,000. By next month the total amount authorized by law will have been issued. They will now point to the active demand for money at the financial centres of the West, and to the want of capital at the South, and will demand of Congress a fresh issue of National Bank notes at least equal in amount to the volume of interest-bearing and plain legal tenders which is likely to be canceled during the year. They will insist on this with the more confidence as the result of the late elections—which have turned on issues quite distinct from questions of finance—has demonstrated that the people are on their side.

It is thus at least premature to speculate on the probable tendency of the financial legislation of the next Congress. Were the great question of reconstruction out of the way it is pretty certain that the first wish of the people would be to bring down prices to a reasonable standard; and to secure a readjustment of our systems of taxation, direct and indirect. But for the present financial theories are overborne by political necessities, and the men who, in the opinion of the loyal North, are right on the subject of reconstruction are suffered to have their own way on the subjects of currency and taxation, upon which an overwhelming majority of the people believe them to be wrong. They are the more readily permitted to persevere in an erroneous policy from the fact that, notwithstanding the severity with which taxation and high prices press upon the people, all classes are for the present unusually prosperous. Owing to the vast amount of money afloat, and the unparalleled bank expansion, business of all kinds thrives, the demand for and reward of labor are good, and, notwithstanding that prices are actually on the average higher than they were when gold was 280, and it was a question whether the currency would ever be redeemed, nobody seems to suffer, or at least nobody complains aloud. In no single constituency in the North, at the recent elections, were the high prices made a leading issue.

Should the dominant party in Congress, relying upon this public apathy, persevere at the coming session in the policy enunciated by its leaders last year and authorize further issues of irredeemable paper-money, the consequences will be obvious. A further impetus will be given to speculation; prices of all kinds will rise still higher; the existing fallacious prosperity will be extended; every one will appear to be growing rich; and this will go on until some unforeseen accident precipitates a collapse, and the whole fabric of paper-money wealth topples to the ground. In such an event the first and chief sufferers will be the manufacturers, in whose interest it is now proposed to swell the currency and raise the tariff. But it is quite hopeless to try at the present time to convince them of the fact. Each of them acts upon the motto: "After me, the deluge!"

If there were the least chance that suggestions would command the attention of the paper-money leaders in Congress, we would respectfully urge them, in case they determine to still further adulterate the currency, to let the new issue be plain legal tenders and not National Bank notes. The latter involve all the mischiefs of the former with the additional injury that the institution which issues them no sooner breathes the breath of life than it begins to discount paper and lend money, and that, in a year, its loans do more toward fostering speculation and inflating prices than all its irredeemable currency. A new issue of plain legal tenders would be bad enough. But $100,000,000 of them would merely be an adulteration of our currency to the extent of 12½ per cent. Whereas an addition of $100,000,000 of National Bank notes would adulterate our currency to the same extent, and would constitute a basis for at least $150,000,000 of new bank expansion, which would double the mischief. But there is little chance that the triumphant majority of Congress will heed any suggestions from those who differ in opinion.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

IT is often said, and it is always true, that when the rebellion ended the people who had been engaged in it, however unchanged their secret feeling, expected to submit to terms which would secure to the victorious loyal people the results of the war. Only those who have had opportunities of knowing the internal history of the South at that time are aware how entire and universal this feeling was. And it was a perfectly just and natural feeling. The late rebels knew that had they succeeded they were quite in earnest enough to have made terms which would have amply secured their success. And had the President, acting upon the principle which he declared, that all civil government was at an end in those States and could not be safely reorganized by rebels alone, have summoned Conventions of all loyal people and of all who had been rebels, under such conditions as Congress might have chosen to impose, even to the insertion of impartial suffrage in the new Constitutions, there would have been exactly the same acquiescence as there was in what was done; and the men who knew that by the letter of the law their lives were forfeit and their property confiscate, would have congratulated themselves that their fate was no worse.

This feeling continued even after the appointment of Provisional Governors, because the President was very careful to call all that he did experimental. On the 24th of June, 1865, he said to the South Carolina delegation that, "as the Executive, he could only take the initiatory steps to enable them to do the things which it was incumbent upon them to perform." But from the moment that he said, on the 11th of September, 1865, to a delegation from various Southern States, "But, gentlemen, if I know myself as I think I do, I know that I am of the Southern people," the whole tone of the "acquiescing" people in the Southern States changed. They recognized their shibboleth, and they were not deceived. All that wise men in the loyal States could do was to strengthen public opinion without unnecessary schism with the President; to expect a division, indeed, and to be ready for it, but to make it proceed from him, and to watch every thing and use every opportunity that might render it less likely. It was inevitable, however, and the elections

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show how entirely the President has mistaken and misrepresented the loyal people.

When the quarrel between the President and Congress was notorious, the public sentiment of the late rebel section became positive and active. But when the President lifted the most notorious rebels, like HUMPHREYS and MONROE, into the highest offices, and refused official positions to known Union men, that sentiment became defiant, culminating at last in the New Orleans massacre. And now the Southern mind is morbid. Its chief and favored orators and newspapers are those that were most conspicuous in rebellion. It asserts the rights of "the South." It accuses "the North" of violating its own terms offered to "the South" as the conditions of surrender. Its hostility to Union men of every color is such that the presence of United States troops is absolutely essential to their safety. It regarded the August Philadelphia Convention as the sign of its returning national ascendency. It prayed and believed that the President, with the Copperheads, would carry the elections. It anticipated some action of Congress which would cause it to be dispersed by the President, and then ardently expected to be summoned to the field and to revenge upon "the North" the sufferings and the humiliation of the late defeated rebellion.

This is the present state of the public sentiment at the South which eighteen months ago would have accepted impartial suffrage. How indefinitely such a condition delays and perplexes the restoration of the Union every man can see; and for this situation the President is responsible. Let us hope that when the late rebel population sees that the President stands alone, that he has really carried no more to the Democratic party than the *World* declared, and that the loyal people of the country stand just as united and firm in peace as they did in war, they will gradually understand that a vast political and social revolution has taken place in this country.

But this is a truth which they can never understand so long as their only knowledge of the situation and feeling of the country is derived from such papers as the New York *Daily News*, and *Day Book*, and other Copperhead journals. If, by some happy chance—which often, we are glad to know, occurs—our own paper should fall into the hands of some one at the South who thinks that the President is ready to lead a war of revenge against "the North," we beg him to understand and to tell his neighbors that the Democratic party with the President have been disastrously defeated in every Northern State, and that the defeat means exactly what that of M'Clellan meant in 1864. To truly loyal and intelligent papers at the South, discussing freely and fairly every question, we look for the beginning of the overthrow of the ignorance which is the most fatal foe of the South, and which is most sedulously fostered by such journals as we have named. Little will be really done at the South toward true pacification until perfect freedom of speech is not only protected but invited.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE people of this State have decided to hold a Convention to revise the Constitution. There are many good reasons for such a course, and we know of no good reason against it. There are two points especially of general interest, and perfectly understood by every citizen, which require change, while there are, of course, many more which the experience of twenty years will wisely adjust. The two of which we speak are the inequality of suffrage based upon color and the tenure of the Judiciary.

The present Constitution provides that every male citizen of twenty-one years shall be a voter who has been a citizen for ten days, who has been for one year next preceding the election an inhabitant of the State, and for the last four months a resident of the county in which he offers to vote. But if he chance to be a "man of color" he must have lived three years in the State, and for the year before the election must have had an unencumbered freehold estate of two hundred and fifty dollars, upon which he must have paid a tax; nor shall he be directly taxed unless he has such an estate.

This is nothing but the most stupid and ridiculous prejudice gravely enacted into law. The practical result is, that the most worthless, drunken, ignorant, idle foreigner who can not speak the language, and has no idea whatever of the principle and spirit of the Government, upon due naturalization may vote upon terms infinitely more favorable than are accorded to intelligent, industrious, thrifty, and useful native Americans. It is an enormity so preposterous that we do not believe there can be any serious opposition in the Convention to an absolutely impartial system of suffrage in the State. But forewarned is forearmed. Let all the friends of justice and public honor take care that there shall be no such opposition by sending delegates to the Convention who understand the first principles of popular government.

Experience has shown that the purity of the Courts is best preserved by making them independent of party and temporary considerations. Let the Judges be appointed as the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are, upon the nomination of the Executive, and with the consent of the Senate.

The gravest question which will engage the Convention is doubtless that of equal qualified suffrage. Now that the immediate perils of the influence of slavery have passed, the dangers with which we are threatened from the vast corruption of our politics will require careful and courageous attention. Whether these can be wisely reached by any restriction of the suffrage is by no means clear, but the point will be fully argued. There is undoubtedly a large party in this State, as in the country, which is doubtful of the advantage of universal suffrage, and which would qualify it in a way that would not exclude any considerable number of the people, while it would encourage and enforce the education which is essential to good government. But while there are risks and perils in every method, the simplest way is the safest way. If a man is born with rights it is hard to show that he is not born also to the equal use of every means which are necessary to protect those rights.

Now that the Constitutional Convention is to be called there ought to be a general discussion and consideration of all these vital and fundamental questions, in which every citizen is profoundly interested, but which are by no means familiar to the public mind.

NEW YORK STATE AND NEW YORK CITY.

THE result of the election in New York shows more plainly than ever that our politics are a struggle between the city and the State. The sole hope of the Democratic party was to accumulate such a majority in the city—by such means as are familiar—as to overcome the vote of the rest of the State. In 1862 HORATIO SEYMOUR was elected Governor by the 30,000 majority he received in the city over the 20,000 majority which General WADSWORTH had in the State.

There are 60 counties in the State; of these Mr. HOFFMAN, the Democratic candidate, carried 14. But outside of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the adjacent counties of Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, his majority in the counties he carried was scarcely 5000 in all. His majority in the city was more than 47,000; in Brooklyn more than 9000; in Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, about 3000. He had the sympathy and influence of the Administration; he had an unprecedented profusion of money, given in the fond conviction of success; he had the zealous liquor interest; he had the large vote of the foreigners who have been holding back during the war lest they should be drafted; he had the "Conservative Republican" alliance of Mr. THURLOW WEED, whatever that may mean; the fullest possible force of the whole Democratic Ring, which controls city affairs, was put into operation; the majority around the bay was carried up to 60,000, fully 10,000 more than two years ago; and yet Mr. FENTON'S whole majority was immensely increased.

If the Democratic vote were analyzed what would appear? This, among other things. There are about 250,000 Irish in the city of New York. About 35,000 of them may be voters. Of these nine-tenths are profoundly ignorant. Add 15,000 votes more for the criminal and vicious, which is the estimate of "A Veteran Observer," the peculiarly competent statistician and correspondent of the New York *Times*, and you have 50,000 votes. It is fair to assume that nine-tenths of the Irish or ignorant vote, and the whole of the other or vicious vote, are cast for the Democratic party. Its city vote this year was about 80,500. And this is the character of a very large part of the "Conservative" vote which elects Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and Mr. WINTHROP CHANLER, and Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, and Mr. JAMES BROOKS to Congress. Those who engineer these votes by means known to all men are distinctively "Conservatives." The result of such a majority could it overbear the vote of the State is hailed as a "Conservative" triumph; and the men elected to Congress by a vote so composed would gladly strike hands with Mayor MONROE and call themselves the "Conservative" members! "What's your name, you drunken vagabond?" cried the watchman to SHERIDAN lying besotted in the London gutter. "My n-n-name?" thickly answered SHERIDAN, "w-w-why, it's WILLIAM WILBERFORCE."

TENNYSON AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

ALFRED TENNYSON has sent a subscription to the EYRE Defense fund. If this meant only that he wishes to secure a fair trial for a man charged with an atrocious crime no one would be surprised. But as there is no question that Governor EYRE would have a fair trial, the act of TENNYSON must be interpreted as a sign of sympathy with his conduct. It seems simply incredible that any one who has read the Report of the Commission sent out from England to examine into the facts of the case should be able to come to any other conclusion than that EYRE's conduct was that of a coward or a brute. The Commission treat the whole matter as lightly as they can. But even they do not pretend to deny that there was unnecessary severity. That CARLYLE and RUSKIN, who sympathized with the bloody attempt of Slavery to overthrow our Government, should think it perfectly right that unresisting people should be shot down at random by a fierce soldiery, and women be whipped with wires for supposed complicity in a supposed plot, is not surprising; but that TENNYSON should enroll himself in such a melancholy band is something which will cause the deepest sorrow to thousands of generous hearts who have believed that his sympathy was sure for the most unfortunate race in history.

INFLUENCE OF CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE ON HEALTH.

IT is a very common idea that exposures to marked changes of temperature, especially from heat to cold, are of course injurious. It is therefore enjoined upon the bather, who has become heated in going to his bathing-place, to get cooled off before he plunges into the water, either by remaining at rest for a while, or by a partial application of water at the outset. So, also, Dr. RUSH directed, in order to avoid the evil effects of drinking cold water when the body is greatly heated, that the vessel of water should be grasped in both hands, and held for some time that the extreme heat may pass off gradually, and thus prevent the shock from the strong impression of cold upon the stomach and through that upon the system. But all this does not agree with certain practices in bathing current in some quarters. The Russians, for example, go directly from their hot baths, and plunge at once into cold water, or even roll in snow. Neither does it agree with the fact stated by Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN and others in regard to their famous experiments on the capacity of the system to bear great heat. They remained for some time naked in a room heated to even 50° above the boiling point of water, and experienced no evil consequences in the transition from this to a room of the ordinary temperature, although they sometimes delayed putting on their clothing for several minutes. In this connection may be mentioned the fact, that often in cases of disease when there is high fever, the skin being very hot, cold water is freely applied, sometimes even dashed on, not only with safety, but with decided relief to the sensations and benefit to the case. And Captain SCORESBY says that in the Arctic regions he has often gone from the breakfast-room, where the temperature was 50° or 60° to the mast-head, where it was only 10°, with no addition to his clothing but a cap, and yet "never received any injury, and seldom much inconvenience, from the [illegible] in transition."

Yet we know that sometimes cold applied to a system that has been subjected to a high temperature produces disastrous results. Laborers who have been working a long time in the heat have sometimes even lost their lives on drinking freely of cold water. Life was once lost on a large scale from this cause. The army of ALEXANDER THE GREAT on coming to the River Oxus, after a march across a scorching desert, experienced a greater loss than in any one of their battles.

We can find an explanation of the apparent contradiction of the facts that we have given in the principles of the production and maintenance of animal heat. There is a continual generation of heat in the body by certain processes which we will not stop now to notice, and under all circumstances of external temperature it is maintained quite uniformly at about 98°. It is essential to comfort that the body give off heat to the air around it, and that, too, to a considerable amount. For observe, that when the body is at rest a temperature of 65° is the most comfortable to us—that is, the heat generated in the system is with this temperature of the air given off to a sufficient degree to secure a comfortable sensation of heat. That the body parts with a great deal of heat in this case is obvious from the difference between the air's temperature and the regular animal heat, amounting to 33°. We know how uncomfortable we are when the thermometer stands at 98°. Here the air and the body being at the same point there can be no heat taken from the body by the air. But there is a constant generation of heat in the system. How, then, is it prevented from being put into a high fever by a use of the animal heat far above 98°? Simply by the free perspiration that occurs, this absorbing, or rendering latent (as it is expressed) a great amount of heat in changing from water into vapor. It was this process that was the safeguard of Sir CHARLES BLAGDEN and his friends when they were in an atmosphere hotter than boiling water. On the other hand, if the temperature of the air be lower than 65° either clothing must be sufficiently applied to prevent the heat from passing off too much, or exercise must excite a greater production of animal heat, or the two expedients may be united. And observe here that the readiness with which heat is produced, and therefore the depressing impression of cold resisted, must depend much on the vigor of the system.

It is this last point that furnishes the key to the explanation of the evil results of the sudden impression of cold. If there be vigor—the power to react—the impression will do no harm. In all cases where harm is done there is one cause which is not usually taken into the account, and yet it is the grand cause of the result. It is the exhaustion of the vital powers by prolonged exertion. The laborer who dies from drinking cold water has not merely been heated, but has been worn down by laboring hour after hour under the oppression and suffering of the heat, and he is in such a condition that cold water, either poured into the stomach or dashed upon the skin, must produce only a depressing effect; and it may be one to which the exhausted powers will succumb. The army of Alexander were exhausted by a continuous march of 46 miles over the scorching sands of a desert when it came to the River Oxus. If the soldiers had had a march of but an hour or two, however heated they might be, the drinking and bathing would have destroyed none of them.

It is not in these cases the transition from high heat to cold that causes the result. Indeed, let the heat be cooled off, the skin becoming cool and perspiring instead of being very hot, and the result will come even more readily, for the letting down of the heat induces a state of depression in place of an active condition, and the system is not as able to react and stand up against the impression of cold. For this reason the bather, heated by his walk, had better go at once into the water. So one coming out of a heated place of public resort should avoid getting cool before going out into the cold air; and should at once proceed home, washing briskly in order to increase the generation of heat in the system, or if he rides home he should be wrapped up very thoroughly. Many a delicate female receives vital injury from the impression of cold in riding home from the ball or party with too little clothing; but let it be remembered that the chief injury is in fact inflicted by the exhaustion occasioned by keeping such late hours in the midst of a whirl of unnatural excitement. The cold only enhances evil already done. Even if due care be exercised in guarding against the cold the dissipation nevertheless inflicts its injury upon the vital powers and sows the seeds of disease.

We have a good example of the power of vigorous action in withstanding the depressing influence of cold, when the sportsman or traveler who has chanced to get wet through manages to keep up a proper generation of heat in the body by exercise until he reaches home, where dry clothing and warm air render the exercise no longer necessary.

NEW ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.

IN addition to the encouraging reports previously communicated to us as to the probable success of Mr. C. F. HALL'S Arctic Expedition in search of the remains of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, we have more recent intelligence of a still more hopeful character. A part of the crew of the American whaler *Antelope*, lost on Niantelik Island, October 6, have just arrived at St. Johns, New Brunswick. The officers of the *Antelope* report that Mr. HALL has found a gold watch, some silver spoons, and other relics which must, in all probability, have belonged to the men of FRANKLIN'S expedition. Mr. HALL had also learned that the remains of some of FRANKLIN'S men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay. The natives would not permit Mr. HALL to go on to examine them, but as several vessels will winter in Repulse Bay, it is believed he will secure assistance and push his way to where the remains are situated.

HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued a new edition of Mr. HALL'S "Arctic Researches"—the best book ever published in relation to the Arctic region, and made doubly interesting by the prospect of the author's ultimate success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

ON the 6th instant elections were held in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Maryland, and Delaware. In all of these States except Maryland and Delaware the result was an overwhelming majority for the Republican party. Although in New York city there was a Democratic majority of over 46,000, the Republican majority for the whole State was over 15,000. In Illinois the Republican majority probably amounts to about 60,000, in Iowa 40,000, in Michigan 28,000, in Wisconsin 25,000, in Minnesota 10,000, and in Kansas 20,000. Taking all the States in which elections have been held, the Republican majority amounts to over 350,000. In Massachusetts the Republican majority was nearly 70,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Ward, of New Jersey, has appointed Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. William Wright. Mr. Frelinghuysen has filled the office of Attorney-General of the State for the last six years.

The trial of the celebrated "Jumel will case" has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff—Madame Jumel being declared to be of unsound mind when the will was executed. The executors did not contest the suit, and it is understood that a compromise was effected before the trial came on, by which Nelson Chase, the party who contests the will, agreed to pay the several bequests named in the will, the defendants relinquishing their claim to their respective shares of the residuary estate.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, in his Message to the Legislature of that State (assembled November 1), takes decided ground against the Constitutional Amendment. Alexander H. Stephens has taken similar ground.

We illustrated in a recent number the Jawbone of a mastodon found at Cohoes, New York. Other parts of this animal have more recently been discovered. The result of the entire discovery thus far is given in the following item: The laborers at work in the "big hole" under the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, have found bones of an animal at a distance of eighty feet below the surface. They consist of the two tusks, the back-bone, the upper jaw and cranium, a number of the ribs, the hip-bone, shoulder-blades, and bones of the rear limbs. The two tusks are nearly six feet long, and about ten inches in diameter. The ribs, of which there were fourteen found, are about four feet long, the largest being about four feet nine inches. The upper jawbone is four feet nine inches long from the extremity of the mouth to the cranium, and across the forehead measures about three feet.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 7:

(ST. PETERSBURG.)—It is reported that the Emperor of Austria has resolved to appoint a Hungarian Ministry.

(LONDON.)—It is stated that the insurrection in Candia has ended.

(VENICE.)—The King of Italy entered this city at 11 A.M. The Patriarch of Venice received him at the Church of St. Mark, where a *Te Deum* was sung. His reception in the city was magnificent. There was great joy, and the crowd was so immense that the troops were unable to defile before the King.

(PARIS.)—The ships to bring back the French troops from Mexico are ready. Maximilian, the *Moniteur* says, will remain in Mexico.

November 11:

(PARIS.)—News has been received in official quarters that an insurrection has broken out at Barcelona against the Narvaez Government.

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AN INDICTMENT.

LOW-BROW'D Woman, that stole my Love!
Fairer than I—less true;
You fooled him first with your wily tongue
And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his, till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Welladay for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.

ANNEXATION OF NASSAU TO PRUSSIA.

THE ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Duchy of Nassau to the Kingdom of Prussia was performed on Monday, October 8, in the Schiller-Platz, at Wiesbaden. The place has received that name since the SCHILLER centenary festival of November, 1860, when a linden-tree was planted there, with patriotic speeches and songs, to commemorate the birthday of the German poet. The Government offices occupy the buildings on one side of the square. Here, as shown in our illustration, a tribune was erected, covered with black and white cloth, for the ceremony of the annexation; it was surmounted by the flags of Prussia and Nassau, with the Prussian eagle. The soldiers of the Thirty-sixth Regiment formed a hollow square, in the centre of which the magistrates, the clergy, the schoolmasters, and other official persons were ranged before the tribune. The Landrath von DIEST took his stand beneath the Prussian eagle and read the King's proclamation, after which the royal standard was hoisted on the roof of the Government offices, and saluted by the firing of 101 guns, and by strains of military music. A grand parade of the troops afterward took place in the Wilhelmi-Strasse.

MUSCAT, ARABIA.

WE have received, from a correspondent on board the United States steamer *Shenandoah*, a very interesting account of the conflict between the Imaum and his uncle, at Muscat, in September last, accompanied by a sketch of the city, which we have reproduced on page 741. The *Shenandoah* entered the Arabian Sea September 11, and the Gulf of Oman (on the western shore of which Muscat is situated) on the 14th, anchoring the next day in the Cove of Muscat. Captain J. R. GOLDSBOROUGH, commanding the vessel, was cordially received at the palace of the Imaum on the day after his arrival, and the usual courtesies were interchanged.

Muscat lies south of the Cove, in a hollow, under cliffs from 400 to 500 feet in height, debarred even from a view of the sea by the surrounding high rocks. Its wealth and importance are much greater than its appearance would indicate. The streets of the city are very narrow, so that a few palm leaves laid across between the eaves of the houses above completely screen them from the sun. We print the following narrative of our correspondent in full:

"A short time ago SILEM, the present Sultan—or Imaum, as he styles himself—succeeded to the throne by the death of his father. His uncle, whose name is TURQUIE, was at the time ruling a province on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and SILEM, fearing that he might lay claim to the throne, sent a message to him that 'the Sultan desired his presence in Muscat,' which TURQUIE obeyed promptly, under the impression that the command came from his brother. He had scarcely arrived in the city when he was seized and imprisoned in Fort Jillali, by SILEM's order. Fortunately for his head he was released by the interference of the English, and carried to Bushehr, in Persia. The English had originated a report that SILEM succeeded to power by murdering his father, and on this plea they refused to recognize him as Sultan. SILEM indignantly denies the atrocious charge, and persists in the story that his father died in an apoplectic fit, which story is confirmed by his people, who are sincerely attached to him. He certainly has been indulgent and mild in his government, remitting heavy taxation where it fell upon the poor, and otherwise endeavoring to improve the condition of his subjects.

"Lately the English have, to all appearances, consented to believe his statements, for, on the 14th of September, the Civil Commissioner, Colonel PELLY, who was at Muscat in the steamer *Bernese*, of the Bombay marine, saluted the Sultan's flag, thereby recognizing him, and relieving his mind of the fear that the English would attempt to dethrone him in favor of his uncle. Colonel PELLY sailed from Muscat on the night of the 15th, the day of our arrival. The English had previous to this released his uncle from surveillance, and told him that he might go where he pleased; whereupon he immediately set to work to collect his adherents, and made sail in an armed dow for Muscat, with about 200 followers, arriving at the sea-face of Fort Jillali on the night of the 16th September.

"He landed, surprised the garrison, which was only six men, and made himself master of the best fortification in the vicinity. The Governor of the fort and his six soldiers were imprisoned, and the impression on shore was that he treacherously yielded, as, otherwise, the fort could not have been taken in the manner it was, without the discharge of a single musket. Claiming to be Sultan, TURQUIE hoisted the flag of Muscat (a plain, rectilinear, red flag), over each turret of Jillali, and opened his fire on the palace at daylight of the 17th, to the surprise and consternation of the entire city. Neither TURQUIE nor the Sultan have any guns of a heavier calibre than 24-pounders, and in Fort Jillali some of these are not even mounted; but the rebels have the advantage in having nearly all the powder, the Sultan having been foolish enough to store the principal part of his ammunition in Jillali, and leave it scarcely guarded.

"During the first excitement caused by the knowledge that the rebels were commanding the city, the Sultan sent his son on board this vessel for protection, but he left us again during the forenoon, after the feeling of insecurity had partially subsided. It did not appear to us that the Arabs were very vigorous in their measures to protect themselves.

"The Sultan sent his messengers in every direction to collect his soldiers and followers, and planted a battery in an open square in the city (hidden in my sketch by the point on which Fort Merani stands), with which he opened on the rebel fort with an accurate aim.

"Fort Merani also opened fire; and there were four vessels of war in the harbor wearing the Sultan's flag (three sloops and one brig), which might have brought their broadsides to bear on Jillali, but which lay as idle as ourselves. The Sultan sent his interpreter, ALI BEN ABDALLAH BEN CALFOUR (who, by-the-way, was educated in Salem, Massachusetts), to request that we would open fire on Jillali and knock it down, which modest request our Captain declined to accede to.

"The *Shenandoah* had been largely visited by the

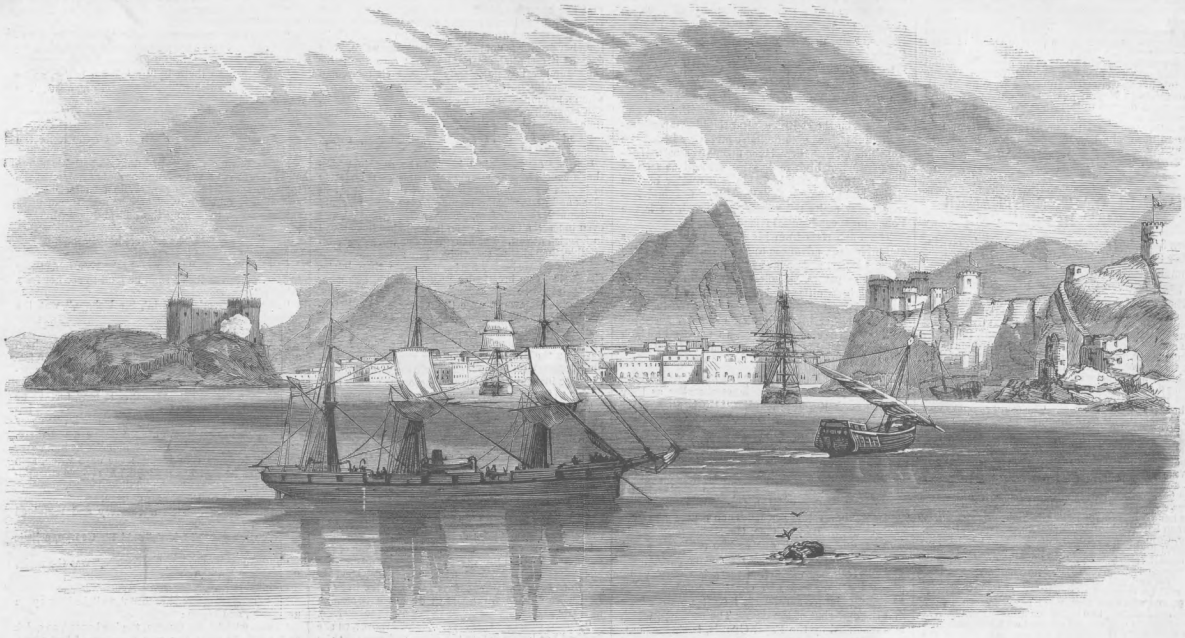


AN INDICTMENT—"LOW-BROW'D WOMAN, THAT STOLE MY LOVE!"



COLLECTING THE REMAINS OF UNION SOLDIERS FOR RE-INTERMENT IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

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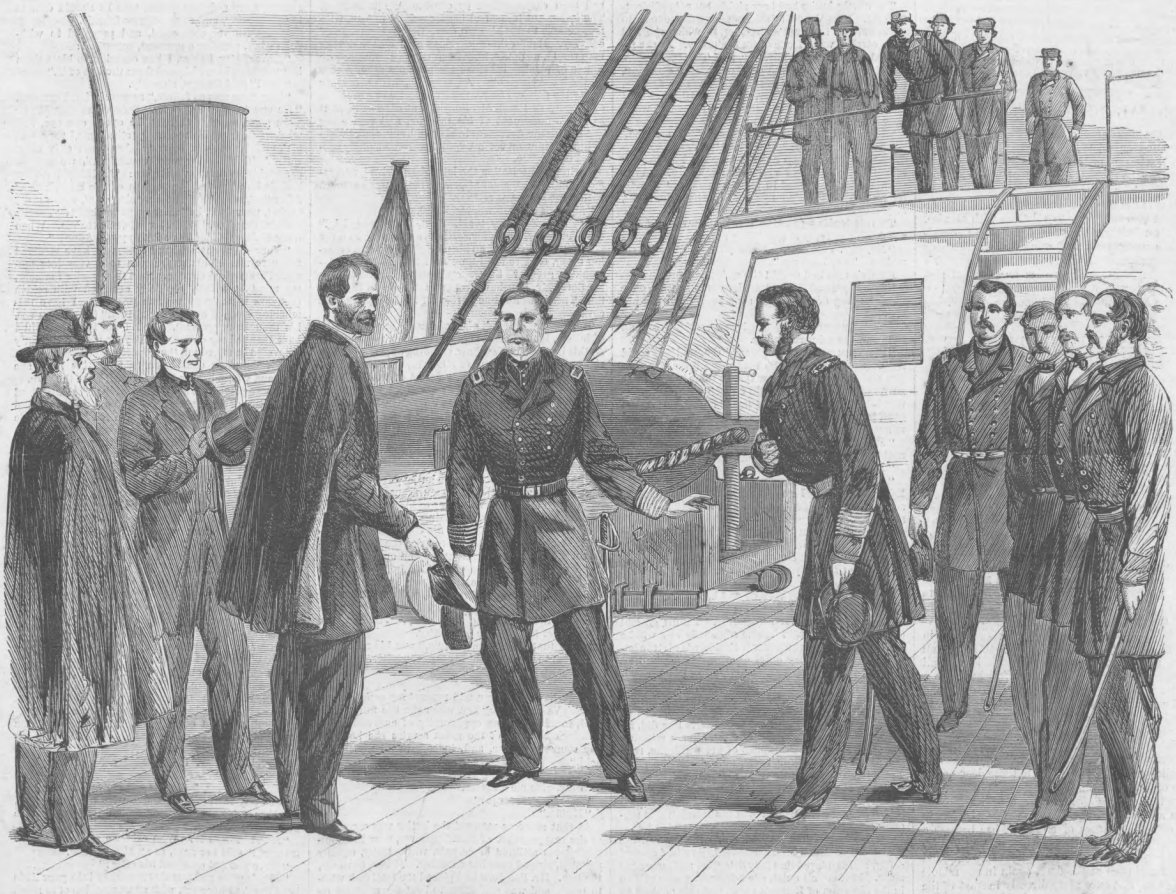
MUSCAT, ARABIA.

Arab population on the 15th and 16th, and they had been in raptures over our 11-inch guns. Upon our declining to demolish the fort the Sultan sent us another request that we would be his dispatch-boat to the Persian Gulf; but that also was politely declined. By this time quite a force was collected around the standard of the Sultan, and for a while both Fort Merani and the battery kept up a brisk fire on Jillali, nearly every shot telling on the soft material of which the fort is built; and the fire was returned by TURQUIE; but an Arab is constitutionally opposed to any thing like energy, and by noon the firing slackened to an occasional gun. I don't blame them for a lack of energy with the thermometer at 103° in the shade; but if TURQUIE chose he could destroy the entire city, and it behooved them to work energetically.

"All the fortifications around Muscat are ancient, and more or less out of repair, having been built by the Portuguese when they held possession of the country. They are constructed of small stones (like cobbles) and mortar, and in some places the material is so soft that it is by no means difficult to break off large cakes of it with the hands alone. Of the whole, only Jillali and Merani are of any real value, and they would not stand many shells from an 11-inch gun. Sireh Gharbi is almost a complete ruin. The effect of the 24-pound shot was seen by us distinctly from our anchorage (about half a mile distant). The ball displaced more or less of the material and caused a cloud of dust, but did not penetrate. The Sultan has a good gunner, and his attention has been directed to one spot in the fort, with an eye to breaching it, that they may take it by assault. The Arab is, generally speaking, a good shot with the rifle, and if the fight could be brought to a hand-to-hand conflict, where bullets and knives were the principal weapons, it would soon be decided who should occupy the throne; but they do not understand the use of ordnance as well. During the night a brisk musketry fire was kept up, at intervals, between Jillali and the adjacent hills, but no ordnance was used.

"The next day (18th) the Sultan planted a section of a battery—two pieces—behind a barricade of bags of dates, in front of the Custom-house, which did very good execution. He also sent one of his sloops, mounting fourteen guns, and a dow, mounting two, to the rear of Jillali to cut off communication and supplies from the fort, and capture the dow in which TURQUIE came, and which was lying at anchor under the protection of the guns of the fort. He sent ALI, the interpreter, to us with a third request, that we would sell him some powder—again declined. He has sent to the hill-tribes, of which the Bedouin tribe is the largest and most powerful, to secure their services; but he is unwilling to have them come until he is reduced to a strait, for although the Bedouins are kindly disposed toward him, they are so inordinately fond of plunder that they would, after seating him on the throne and presenting to him the head of his opponent, overrun the city and rob every body in it. They plunder indiscriminately both friends and foes. There are too many rich sheiks and merchants in Muscat to make a call for the Bedouin popular.

"It was evident to us that the Sultan could not un-



DEPARTURE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERMAN FOR MEXICO—HIS RECEPTION ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA."

SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

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derstand our non-interference, and had interpreted the Captain's expressions of friendship (those meaningless phrases uttered in all such official visits) in the sense of an *active* friendship. The English are always so prompt to interfere in the private affairs of these petty nations in the East that our neutrality appeared strange and incomprehensible in his eyes. We would have been only too glad to have assisted him, but the Captain's hands were tied, and there were no American interests in Muscat to warrant our interference. All we could do was to carry a mail for him to Bombay, which we did, getting under way on the evening of the 18th. The casualties up to the time of our leaving were uncertain, but, by every report, small. In the city the killed amounted to twelve, and in Jilfali the report is, 'Nobody hurt.'"

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."

THE following description of the launch, on November 8, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's mammoth steamer *Great Republic*, illustrated on our first page, is given in the New York *Herald:*

"The large and magnificent steamship *Great Republic* was successfully launched yesterday morning from the ship-yard of HENRY STEERS, situated at Greenpoint. About two thousand persons were present, including quite a large concourse of ladies, many of whom availed themselves of the opportunity and were launched with the vessel. Shortly before ten o'clock the last keel block was knocked from under the steamer, and, settling down upon the smooth and slippery ways, she glided majestically into the water amidst the shouts and huzzas of the spectators. The *Great Republic* was built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and is to run between San Francisco, California, and the commercial cities of China and Japan. Another steamer, the exact counterpart of the *Great Republic*, is at present building in this city at the ship-yard of WILLIAM H. WEBB, and is already far advanced toward completion, and is to be placed upon the same line.

"It is expected that the *Great Republic* will be ready for sea early in the spring, when it is contemplated to place her without delay upon the line to run regularly between San Francisco, Kanagawa, Japan, and Hong Kong, China, about the first of next year; the round voyage, from the time of leaving the port of San Francisco until returning to the same, occupying about two months. The vessel is constructed of the best materials, and will be in every respect a superior vessel: will be supplied with all the modern improvements, and will have cost, when ready for sea, over a million of dollars. She is divided into four water-tight compartments and strongly braced with iron bars running diagonally throughout the entire length of the vessel. The *Great Republic* is the largest wooden merchant steamship ever built in the United States, and probably in the world. Her dimensions are as follows: Length between perpendiculars at load line, 360 feet; breadth moulded, 50 feet; breadth extreme, including outer planking, 59 feet; depth of hold to top of spar deck beams, amidships, 31 feet 6 inches. She has three full decks and an orlop deck at each end, extending to boiler and engine bulkheads: also a platform in lower hold to receive cargo and coal. The floors are entirely of white oak and the sides pitch pine.

"The machinery is building at the Novelty Iron Works, and will be of the following dimensions: A beam engine of 105 inches diameter of cylinder and 12 feet stroke of piston, to be fitted with balanced poppet valves and ALLAN'S adjustable cut-off. A surface condenser with compressed wood packings for the tube joints and supplied with condensing water by an independent rotary pump, driven by a pair of inverted direct acting engines placed between air pumps and cranks. The feed pumps will be arranged so that each will have its own suction pipe from tank and discharge pipe to boilers. The horizontal tubular boilers will be placed forward of the engine, fore and aft the ship, and uptakes connecting into one smoke-pipe. The steam pumps, with donkey boiler complete, will be fitted with all the necessary valves and connections."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISSION.

ON Saturday afternoon, at half past three o'clock, Lieutenant-General W. T. SHERMAN and the Hon. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, Minister to Mexico, embarked on board the United States steam-frigate *Susquehanna*, bound for Mexico.

This event is of great interest, and will have an important bearing upon our relations with Mexico. What the result will be we leave for time to develop. We understand that our Mexican relations are to be a prominent topic in President JOHNSON'S next Message. Our illustration on page 741 represents the reception of the Lieutenant-General on board the *Susquehanna* by Commodore ALDEN.

PRIVATE LIFE OF PIUS THE NINTH.

THE solution of the Italian question is so closely connected with the life of the present Pope that the general interest in every thing concerning him is greatly increased. The private life of no prince can be more simple, regular, and unostentatious than that of Pius the Ninth. He rises at the peep of day, often in winter while it is yet dark; and at seven o'clock, after he has gone through a portion of his breviary, repairs to the small chapel adjoining his bedchamber, in order to read mass. When this service is finished he breakfasts, during which meal he causes the papers of the day to be read to him, or converses with Cardinal Merode, who is always about his person. Soon after this Cardinal Antonelli, who inhabits a part of the upper rooms of the Vatican, makes his appearance, in order to bring in his reports concerning the affairs of the internal government or of foreign politics. At eleven o'clock commence the audiences. The Pope, in his long linen vestment, betakes himself to a small saloon, at the extreme end of which is a small throne, covered by a canopy and furnished with a velvet arm-chair, richly trimmed with gold, and raised a foot above the floor. Near this chair, in which he seats himself, is a writing-table, covered with memorials and petitions from every quarter of the globe, awaiting the Papal decision. During the short pauses which take place between the single audiences he puts his name to these documents, as one of the Cardinals present make their contents known to him.

The affability of the Popes at these levées, in spite of the strictness of etiquette, has become a proverb. Pius the Ninth possesses it in a high degree. Persons are admitted singly, or by twos and threes, kneel once at the door, again in the middle of the room, and once more directly in front of the throne, whence the Pope extends his foot to those who desire to kiss the golden cross embroidered on his slipper, and where they remain in the same posture until a sign is given them to rise. The laity are immediately released, and the Pope addresses some kind words to each in his native tongue, Italian, French, or Spanish, as the case may be. Germans and the English, however, must have an interpreter, as he is unacquainted with either of those languages. The lower orders of the clergy are suffered to kneel for some minutes, and oftentimes have no sign given to them. Bishops and cardinals, on the contrary, after they have performed the prescribed genuflexions, and have kissed the Pope's hand, seat themselves upon low stools. Single persons of high rank always kneel as soon as they are addressed; but this is a matter of free choice, and by no means obligatory. Cardinal Merode never omits the practice, although he is the Pope's most confidential friend.

The Pope rises from his seat to receive princes and princesses, advances to the middle of the room to meet kings, and as far as the ante-room in order to greet emperors. Ladies less distinguished than these high dignities, and their maids of honor, are not permitted to enter the Vatican, but receive their audience either in the garden or in an adjoining gallery. They are expected to appear in black garments and black veils, without distinction of rank or age.

It is interesting to hear the expressions of those who have just left the audience-chamber as they pass through the ante-room. "He is an angel!" cry his enthusiastic adherents. And even the opponents of his political system say: "What an amiable man! St. Peter's chair has never held a Pope possessed of such attractive qualities as Pius the Ninth." The levée ended, he partakes of a simple dinner, which presents a strong contrast with the extravagant luxury so prevalent at the papal tables of the Middle Ages. Then comes, as in every private house in Rome, the siesta, followed by a drive, during which one or two cardinals strive to amuse his Holiness with their conversation—no difficult task, as, when free from the pressure of political affairs, he is of a cheerful mood, and listens with pleasure and hearty laughter to anecdotes and the chit-chat of the day. The carriage, which is surrounded by the Papal Guards, is stopped outside of the walls of Rome, either in the vicinity of the Pyramid of Cestius, Monte Pincio, or the Colosseum, the Pope and cardinals leave it for a short walk, and then drive back to Rome, where a frugal supper awaits them. The day is closed with a game of billiards, which is varied by unrestrained and cheerful conversation until ten o'clock, at which hour every light is extinguished in the Vatican.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE worthy butler had been right; but not sufficiently right. Miss Vann's faintishness had deepened into a swoon, and her aunt's chamber, to which she had been carried, was a scene of some anxiety. As she regained consciousness, however, Mrs. Turnover gradually cleared the apartment of all extraneous company, and the consequence was that Esther's first accents, on recovering her faculties, were heard by her aunt alone. Scarcely had the bright eyes reopened, when they were filled with a wild alarm.

"Is—is he—aunt, tell me—is he *safe*?" she gasped.

"Yes—yes, dear—safe enough," Mrs. Turnover hastened to reply. "Keep quiet, I hear Mr. Fanshaw—" She went to the door and called softly. Mr. Fanshaw's voice was heard in faint response. "Is master bit? That brute's fangs ain't touched him at all, *have* they?"

To this leading question Mr. Fanshaw was fortunately able to reply in good faith:

"No, Mrs. Turnover. Make yourself quite heasy, ma'am. They have *not*."

Esther's ears had caught the welcome word.

"God be praised!" she uttered, fervently; then, once more turning deadly white, sank back upon the pillow.

Mrs. Turnover administered new restoratives, and soon saw the color returning.

"Well, you *are* a one, I must say," the good lady could not help remarking. "So bold when there was danger, and such a coward now there's none! But, there now, never mind, lie you still for half an hour—and—then— Mercy, girl, what's *this*?" added Mrs. Turnover, turning almost as pale as her patient had done a minute before.

"*That*?" cried Esther, laughing. "My dear aunt, nothing. A mere scratch."

"Not from the dog?"

"*Dog!* No—no—no, dear. Calm yourself," said Esther, hastily. "I was plucking a rose. Sir George addressed me suddenly, and I got a scratch—that's all."

"Lor, what a turn it giv' me!" said her aunt, sitting down on the bed, with her hand on her portly side. "No wonder, for there's all the mark of the beast's foam close to it, on your wristband. I shall take and snip it off."

She did so, and also washed and bound up the passive hand, to all of which Esther submitted placidly.

"And now," said Mrs. Turnover, "I must go and titivate myself a bit. I 'spects somebody else will be a-wantin' of me." (I wonder if Fanshaw's giv' the letter!) "Now, you lay quiet as a mouse for half an hour. I shall putt myself to rights in Dolly's room, so's not to worrit you a-bobbing about. Get a sleep if you can, if 'tis only a wink."

Not even the relief obtainable from a nap of this duration was yet vouchsafed to Esther. She did, indeed, close her eyes, until her aunt, after a minute's rummage among the treasures of her wardrobe, trotted off to an adjoining room, and closed the door. Then, however, she rose from the bed, and kneeling beside it, poured out her soul in gratitude to the great Defender, who had, through her feeble hand, turned aside so great a peril. Then, in the reaction that succeeds intense excitement, sleep deigned to visit her.

A few minutes had elapsed, when the door of the apartment to which Mrs. Turnover had retired opened softly, and displayed that lady listening, and lacing her stays. Finding all quiet, she advanced a step or two in the direction of Esther's room, and this enables us to record the fact that the good lady usually wore, under her dress, an uncertain-colored petticoat, which might be described as pepper-and-salt, with a dash of mustard, and whose brevity authorizes the addition that she regarded black cotton stockings with gray worsted tops as becoming and economical wear.

What article of dress the lady had forgotten to take from her drawer is not material to this narrative. She deemed it essential, since with great care and pains she made her way noiselessly into the chamber, and was stretching out her hand to the half-opened drawer when a murmur from the sleeper's lips caught her ear. She stopped. Again the murmur. It sounded this time like somebody's name.

"Eh!—*Wha—at?*" said Mrs. Turnover, softly. "*What's* that?"

She had advanced just beyond the curtain of Esther's couch, and by merely revolving on the stately pedestals we have already referred to as clothed in black and gray, without moving from her place, could distinguish Esther's face. The cheek was flushed, and even in sleep a tear was upon it, while her lips moved in feverish action. For a moment her words were inaudible, then shaped themselves into:

"Safe!—Safe!—My life!—My more than life!—George!" She breathed a profound sigh, and sank into quiet rest.

"Well—I—never!" were the first words the listener's quivering lips attempted to frame.

After a moment Mrs. Turnover appeared to rally her disordered thoughts. She faced the bed. As she gazed on the pretty sleeper a tear crept into her eye, and if something in the facial angle *did* direct it down the nose instead of the cheeks, there was no less honor due to the generous source from whence it came.

Then she glanced at the half-open drawer, and the reflection: "How lucky 'twas I come back for my bustle! How things do bob up unexpectedly!" passed through her mind.

With that the kind soul turned, and observing, if possible, double caution, stole back to the chamber she had left. Good woman! If Turnover could see you now, that often-quoted man must have acknowledged his confidence in your frank and single-hearted nature not misplaced, and that the most complimentary of all his last speeches did not exceed your desert.

That Mrs. Turnover did not experience a pang of disappointment is not pretended. The credit claimed for her is mainly due to the readiness with which she confessed to herself that, whatever might be the issue of Esther's attachment, the fact of its existence was an absolute and insuperable bar to her own pretensions.

"Pretty, sweet creetur!" said Mrs. Turnover, as she finished her lacing before the glass, and saw (but she was not apostrophizing *that*) a large, coarse torso in the aforesaid dirt-colored petticoat, and a square head with short, grizzled hair. "Lord bless my soul! what an old gaby I had nearly gone and been! Cunning little 'ussy that you be! You'd never ha' told me—not *you!* And think of all that purtence of anger last night, and wouldn't even stoop—my lady wouldn't—to open the door for him! And she'd on'y seen his pictur', a'ter all! Well, love's a queer thing! There goes the cussed string!" Lace renewed, and Mrs. Turnover continued: "'*George*,' she called him! Well, people *is* bold, asleep!"

The good lady hastily completed her toilet, resuming her original or working garments, and after one peep at the still slumbering Esther, hurried down stairs in search of Mr. Fanshaw.

That gentleman's movements since we last saw him had been characterized by considerable indecision. The important letter had been confided to him, with instructions to use his own discretion in the mode of delivery. But for this mysterious addition the worthy man would, no doubt, have adopted the common-sense course of placing it beside his master's other letters on the breakfast-table. As, however, this proceeding seemed to demand no particular exercise of discretion or delicacy of touch, Mr. Fanshaw at once rejected it as a non-fulfillment of his mission, and wandering about with the document in his hand, speculated within himself how on earth Cupid's postmen usually executed their office.

During his hesitation the letter-bag arrived, uncommonly full. A moment afterward the footman entered with some breakfast articles.

"Master's come down, Mr. Fanshaw."

"Is he? Anchovy toast. Run, Thomas—quick!" said the butler, hurriedly. His eye had rested on the silver muffin-dish, and an idea, bright as its own beaming cover, occurred to him. He lifted it—hesitated—would it grease? Sir George's step approached. In his flurry Mr. Fanshaw dropped the note on the muffin. There was no time to recover it; he replaced the cover.

The baronet entered, glanced hastily over the ranks of letters, looked relieved, and sat down to breakfast. At this instant Mr. Fanshaw, standing opposite, caught sight of the portly figure of Mrs. Turnover, executing, outside the half-open door, a series of wild and agitated movements, the object of which he could only interpret as either a request to know if he had yet presented the letter, or an injunction to do it if he had *not*. So earnest grew the pantomime that Mr. Fanshaw made a movement to withdraw and join her.

"Stay a moment, Fanshaw," said his master, who had opened a letter.

Unable to explain further, the butler gave Mrs. Turnover a reassuring smile, and significantly pushed the muffin-dish an inch or so nearer to his master. Finding this had not the tranquilizing effect he expected, Mr. Fanshaw, observing that Sir George was still absorbed in his letter, ventured to raise the lid, just sufficiently to afford the anxious lady an opportunity of noticing the promising aspect of affairs, while at the same time he directed a triumphant glance through the door. In acknowledgment Mrs. Turnover threw up her arms in some species of ecstasy, flung her apron over her head, and staggered away. Mr. Fanshaw stared after her in some perplexity.

"Now that didn't s'm like j'y," was his reflection. He began to wish he could regain the letter.

"Fanshaw!"

"Yes, Sir George."

"Fanshaw! Oh, you will present my compliments to Miss Vann, and beg her, when she has fully recovered, to afford me an opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments of the great service she has this day rendered to me, and, indeed, to all my household."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Stay, give me a muffin."

"Muffin, Sir George?"

"Muffin."

At that supreme moment the butler was conscious of the reappearance of Mrs. Turnover, now in an unmistakable attitude of despair, while Dolly, equally agitated, peeped over her shoulder. It was, however, too late. Mr. Fanshaw had placed the fatal dish within reach, and was preparing to beat a precipitate retreat.

"Take off the cover," said George.

Mr. Fanshaw obeyed. One glance revealed the fact that the steam-saturated letter had begun to imbibe the rich fluid below, and, having once tasted thereof, was rapidly becoming inebriated.

"Why, what in the name of—" began George, lifting it curiously with his fork. "Here, take this away! Something has got into it."

"Bless me, so there be!" cried the butler, as he whipped off the dish, muttering something about "the baker."

"Lor! what a providence!" gasped Mrs. Turnover, as Mr. Fanshaw presented her with the recovered treasure, dish and all. Snatching off the letter the good woman hurried away.

For some time after he had finished both his letters and his breakfast the young baronet remained at the table immersed in thought. With an effort he rose and went into his study. There he took two or three restless turns, then rang the bell and flung himself into a chair.

"Now for my fate," he muttered.

A servant appeared.

"Desire the coo—" George checked himself. "Say to Mrs. Turnover that I shall be glad to see her for a minute."

"Mrs. Turnover's awaitin', Sir George," was the prompt reply.

"Beg her to come in."

Mrs. Turnover, quietly attired, came in. Though on a large scale, and of that general aspect which a fastidious critic might have described in the not uncommon expression, "vulgar," the worthy cook was, for her style, a personable woman. It may further be that the consciousness of a generous purpose had imparted to her countenance and manner a degree of softness and dignity not usually to be found there. At all events her young master thought he had never seen her look so comely since the days when, as a school-boy, he had not disdained to receive surreptitious dainties at that large and liberal hand.

"Sit down, I beg," said Sir George.

Mrs. Turnover bobbed a courtesy and remained standing.

"Sit, sit, my good friend," said Sir George, a little impatiently.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir George," was the reply, "I prefer standin'."

Sir George rose.

Mrs. Turnover cleared her throat, twitched her apron nervously, and began:

"I was wishful, Sir George, to give hanser, so quick as I could, to what you was a-saying of last night. I've been considerin' of it, as you hordered, Sir George, and, with my respectful dooty and thanks, I shall be most 'appy"—George's heart stood still—"for to remain your cook; but as to being your wife, I'd rayther, when I doos marry, keep to my hone spear."

"Of your feelings on such a point, my good Barbara, you must, of course, be the best judge," said the much relieved suitor; "but do not decide hastily."

"'Tis settled, Sir George; and I'm very glad to see you take it so kindly, Sir. I was afeard, seeing how earnest you was, that you might be disappinted," said the honest cook.

George took the good woman's hand, and was hypocrite enough to allow a shade of tranquil resignation to be perceptible in his countenance as he replied, with a melancholy smile, that it was not his first disappointment, and he should overcome it as he might; adding, after a decent pause, that he should dine at home that day, and expected two friends.

Mrs. Turnover courtesied, and prepared to withdraw; but, pausing a moment, remarked:

"Hevery day I lives, I has occasion to bless them last words as hever hissued from the lips of T."

"Tea?" said George, absently.

"The same was as follers," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "He was total unconscious. Indeed, we thought he were gone, when, suddenly, he opens one eye, and winks twice; which meaning 'stimillants,' they was giv', and he says, faintly: 'Fishes don't enjy bilin' water.' Thinking he was a wanderin', we nodded cheerful-like; but he goes on: 'A dillykid female 'oodn't live long at the bottom of the Harctic Sea.' After that, we thought he were going: but, with a great heffort, poor dear, he just manages to hadd: 'Theer's social differences. While there is, stick to 'em. When there ain't, don't let 'em stick to *you*. Adoo!'"

"Your excellent husband seems to have reserved many results of his experience to a very late moment!" remarked George. "At this precise moment, my mind is, I fear, too fully occupied with selfish thoughts to appreciate them properly. I have this morning escaped an imminent peril" (more than *one*, his thought suggested), "and I am impatient till I have thanked my deliverer. Is your niece sufficiently recovered to afford me the opportunity?"

Mrs. Turnover considered that, by this time, she was, and would hasten to see if such were the case.

"I have played the booby long enough," soliloquized the master of the mansion, left alone. "Honesty and common-sense inspire me! I will tell her the whole truth, and then—"

Mrs. Turnover had a harder task than she expected. Her niece was indeed awake, and, calmed and invigorated by her unwonted siesta, looked as charming as need be. But the going down—except for the single end of going away—was not to be thought of.

At length Mrs. Turnover lost all patience.

"Well, of all the contrairy creeters I ever did see, you beats all! You wentered your life to protect his'n—nay, I believe," added Mrs. Turnover, darkly, "you've actially been a-dreamin' of him." Esther started. "Child, you *loves* him! *Won't* you go down stairs?"

"If what you say were true, ma'am," Esther replied, with burning cheeks, "you, of all people, should be the last to force me into his presence."

"Highty-tighty! Who wants to force your ryal 'ighness? And why should *I* be the last to make you do what in your 'art you wishes?" demanded the cook, losing all control of her temper. "Now, look here. If you don't go down and be thanked like a reasonable woman, I'll go to master myself, and tell him flat that you was a-making love to his pictur. *Now!*"

"Aunt, aunt! I could not have believed that you would have been so cruel—so—so—wicked," said Esther, bursting into tears.

"Cruel! Wicked!" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, aghast. "Why, what—"

"To compel *me*, feeling as you say and believe I do, to hold any further intercourse with this gentleman, to whom, miserably for yourself and for him, you are about to be married!"

"Hoh! *That's* it? Who said we was going to be married?" said her aunt, in an altered tone.

"Have you not accepted his offer?"

"Who's gone and put *that* nonsense into your little head?" asked her aunt, with an assumption of so much innocence that Esther gazed at her in dumb surprise. "Don't you think it possible as I might like to hear what they'd say below, without railly meaning to

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make such a ninny of myself as that comes to? P'raps I'd a fancy to tease Mrs. Mapes. But, theer, a joke's a joke, and if master had his'n, why, I've had mine."

"Oh, aunt, I am so glad!" cried Esther. "How wise! how prudent! how disinterested!"

"But, good gracious, child! you stand chatterin' here, and master's waiting! Now, Esther, I insist upon your going instant down. I'm not going to be married to him a bit, and so I've told him. Why, whatever the matter with you, girl!" continued Mrs. Turnover, flushing with anger and excitement. "You was rude enough to his lector. As I'm a livin' 'oman, I'll tell him."

The movement she made to quit the room decided Esther.

"Stay, stay, aunt!" she exclaimed. "I will go down. It will be better—in the end."

Uttering the last words almost in soliloquy, she quitted the room.

The dialogue above recorded had allowed Sir George a little time for renewed self-examination and the arrangement of his thoughts, so that, on Miss Vann making her appearance, wearing very much the aspect of an empress whose privacy has been invaded by the exigencies of a public audience, he was prepared to meet her with a dignity equal to—and an ease greater than—her own.

Having made his purposed acknowledgments for the service she had, at such imminent personal hazard, rendered to himself and people, George respectfully bespoke her further attention for a few moments, and thereupon related, without stint or pause, the history of his engagement to Miss Mulcaster, its abrupt and hopeless termination, his own mad yielding to a wild and foolish impulse, the attempt he had nevertheless felt it incumbent on him to make, to carry it out, and its failure. In making these humiliating confessions he trusted his patient hearer would at least give him credit for sincerity of purpose. Had Miss Vann's estimable relation accepted the overture he had been induced to make, nothing should have been wanting on his part that might reconcile her to the duties of her new station. Her reason and foresight, however, which put his entirely to shame, had suggested a course of greater wisdom, and more likely to conduce to the happiness of both, thus leaving him, the speaker, free to—to—"

"To—?"

"To make a fitter choice."

Miss Vann must be forgiven for observing that there did not appear to be any choice in the matter.

Sir George Gosling had indulged the hope that the course of his remarks would have indicated his having arrived at sounder views; aware of the selfishness which lay at the root of his intemperate vow, he cast it to the winds.

Miss Vann was aware that those atmospheric agents possessed a very extensive treasury of the kind, but, nevertheless, entertained doubts as to the legal transfer. That, however, was beyond her province. She would wish Sir George good-morning.

Sir George considered that it could scarcely prove such to him, unless his hearer vouchsafed her attention a little longer.

But there was nothing more to say.

Her pardon. There was. Every thing.

How?

Thus. He had frankly described his engagement with Miss Mulcaster, how their intimacy, began in childhood, had ripened into what he had been accustomed to regard as a mutual attachment, and how, on the very threshold of their union, one of the parties had recoiled from the bargain. The blow thus rudely dealt, had awakened in his heart a serious doubt whether Miss Mulcaster had ever felt toward him as she permitted him to believe: while the speaker, on his part, was disposed to question whether, in his estimate of her character, he had attached sufficient importance to a certain weakness and frivolity which underlay her more attractive qualities. In one word, George must acknowledge he no longer adored the idol of his boyhood. He had tested her, and found her mortal. Dreams were over for him. Henceforth he stooped to truth, to reason, to reality. These—and how much more he would not add—he believed he had discovered in—in her who had so patiently listened to his discourse.

It was well that George's speech came to a conclusion. Esther had turned very white, and looked so like to faint, that he had to place her in a chair. She rallied, however, with an effort, and George, encouraged by the returning color, and a faint smile that straggled about her lips, ventured to return to the charge.

During those appeals and explanations, to which George's historian has done but indifferent justice, the mind of his hearer had fluctuated not a little. Touched at length to the heart by his frank and earnest manner, she ended by believing every syllable. Strange and sudden as was the attachment he had formed for her, something seemed to whisper her that it was of more genuine and natural growth than that from whose ashes it had sprung; and if the exciting circumstances of the hour had led to a somewhat premature declaration, had she a right to dispute it on that ground alone? After a moment's hesitation breaking into a bright smile, she gave him her hand. It was the *left*.

George happened to be superstitious on this subject. He hesitated:

"A half forgiveness?" he asked, smiling. She held out the other.

"Good Heavens, what is this?" exclaimed the young man, thinking only of the dog.

"Nothing. The rose," said Esther.

George was much relieved. He took the little hand tenderly, and kissed it.

There followed a little further conversation, with which we have no other concern than to know that it resulted in an understanding that the engagement (for such it must now be considered) should be kept secret for a period of twelve calendar months, subsequently reduced to six, and ultimately, on petition, to three, during which no communication whatever was to take place between the contracting parties. To this last condition Miss Vann held firm. Sir George was to enjoy a period of three months for undisturbed self-examination. *It*, *then*, the impression that he now knew his own mind was sufficiently confirmed, he would use his discretion as to announcing the engagement; but any word of marriage, or allusion to that event, within one twelvemonth, was to nullify the whole transaction.

Article the last. Sir George was to order the carriage forthwith.

He did so, and led the young lady to the door, still looking wistfully at the bandaged hand.

"I fear you are suffering more than you will confess?" he said.

"I do not feel it at all," replied Esther, with her radiant smile.

"I shall send to inquire the progress of the cure."

"It will be your last communication, then," said Esther. "Remember our conditions."

"Nay, but I am really anxious—"

"Nonsense," said Esther, laughing, "a mere scratch!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME of our railroad companies, having stations in this city, have for some time past maintained a regulation that no person shall be admitted to the cars about to start unless upon showing a ticket. The result is, that a gentleman who accompanies his wife or lady relative or friend to the cars to see her safely started on a journey, can not aid in procuring her a seat, but she must tread her way through the crowd into the car alone. The companies defend this rule on the ground that it prevents pickpockets from plying their vocation in the cars at starting; but it is very doubtful at least whether any advantage thus gained compensates for the annoyance to which timid and inexperienced travelers are subjected. The rule has recently given rise to renewed complaint.

There is talk of removing the old "William Penn Mansion," heretofore standing on the corner of Second and Gothic streets, in Philadelphia, and one of the time-honored relics of the early history of that city, and re-erecting it, upon a reduced scale, in Fairmount Park.

The re-establishment of the mail system throughout the Southern States has been heretofore embarrassed by the fact that few contractors for carrying the mails can be found who are able and willing to take the "test oath" which our Government requires from those who aspire to situations of trust and confidence in its employment. A Mr. Bryan Tyson, of Washington, now advertises an ingenious solution of this difficulty. He proposes that any person desirous of carrying a mail should notify Tyson; whereupon Tyson will contract with the Government for the route desired, take the oath, give the security required, and take out the contract in his own name; and will then sublet it to the proposed contractor; reserving a commission of 2½ per cent. for his (Tyson's) time, trouble, ingenuity, risk, political influence, and wear and tear of conscience in taking so many oaths as the prosecution of the plan involves.

In the *Weekly* of October 20 we gave Edward Everett's description of the cholera of 1832. Here is Rufus Choate's. It is extracted from a lately-published letter from him to Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, dated Salem, August 12, 1832, in which he describes a recent visit to New York:

"The doctor and I found quarters in the same room. The moon shone as upon the city of the dead; and the only sounds from the streets I took to be the footsteps, or the slow wheels, of the bearers of the suddenly sick, or those, more happy, whose sickness was all over. Between you and me I came once or twice in the night to what old people call hysterics—a sort of rascally nervous inclination to *squeal* and kick up my heels, fancy ministering to fear and fatigue; and when the morning star rose at length it seemed to glitter and sing as on the day of the creation—so long and full of horror had been the night! So I sallied down to the wharf to take the New Haven boat, and was told it was quarantined at New Haven, and that it was doubtful if any mode of leaving the city for the eastward would be provided while the cholera continued. Having the premonitory symptoms very bad I cleared for the Albany boat, shot up to Poughkeepsie, and came home, leaving my umbrella and twelve shirts (my wife says fifteen) at Jarvis's, in Poughkeepsie. There I called a doctor, who proved a modest, clever, sensible fellow, a friend of Pendleton and Clay, and a most decided, prepared foe of all cholera. He said nothing ailed me. Whereupon I went to bed, gentle as a lamb, and slept like a rock. Our people here are cool on the occasion. They send me my last year's bills to pay with as much punctuality as if all was straight, and receive my United States' bills, as if they expected to live a thousand years. I am shocked at such conduct."

By-the-way, why is it that the labors of our Board of Health seem so much relaxed lately. In the upper part of the city the bone-boiling nuisance seems renewed with fresh vigor—we should say "stale"—and the streets and sidewalks are as dirty as ever.

Hunters often shoot deer, but one would say that a deer could not shoot a hunter. Yet this apparently impossible accident is reported to have occurred in Scotland lately. The unfortunate sportsman was a deer-stalker named Urquhart. He made one of a party who were pursuing a stag, and was sent, with another forester, to keep it from escaping at the head of a glen into which it had been chased. The stag had already been badly wounded by a shot, and so the two men were able to come up with him, and Urquhart tried to drive him down with the butt-end of the rifle before dealing the finishing blow. In despair and pain the stag lashed out, and, striking the hammers of the piece, knocked one off and brought the other down on the cap, so that the charge exploded, and drove the bullet straight through the forester's body. He stood for a moment, and then said, quietly, "I am shot," and fell into the arms of his companion, who laid him down and tried to stop the bleeding. Medical assistance was at once sent for, but the distance was so great that before the doctors could arrive the wounded man was dead.

The week has brought news of some other accidents almost equally singular. From San Francisco we hear of an explosion of an ordinary brass ship's lamp, on board the sloop *Sycamore*, with such force as to shatter the cabin into kindling wood, kill the bearer of the lamp, and even drive pieces of the metal deep into the deck, accompanied by a noise like the report of a cannon. This was something not easily to be explained on the supposition that the contents of the lamp were simple coal-oil, as was at first believed. But upon investigation it appeared that the men on board the sloop, some weeks previously, obtained some fluid which they supposed to be oil. Some of it was placed in the coal-oil can, kept on board for filling the lamps. Shortly thereafter some one took the can to oil the axle of the truck used for hauling freight on board the schooner, and on the truck being used an explosion followed. The men then concluded that what they had supposed to be oil was nitro-glycerine. They thereupon turned the dangerous fluid overboard, and coming to port again had the can filled with coal oil at a drug-store. The theory of the explosion is, that enough of the nitro-glycerine remained sticking to the sides of the can when it was refilled with coal-oil to produce the explosion. This floated on the surface of the coal-oil, or mingled with it, and found its way into the lamp, where it in some manner, through friction in screwing down the tubes, a sudden jar, or heat from the burning wick, exploded with the terrible force and fatal result already stated.

In the upper part of New York city last week several small boys were badly, and one of them fatally, burned by an explosion. It seems that while playing in the street they found some scattered pieces of what they supposed was coal, and immediately commenced collecting all they could find for the purpose of building a fire. After doing so, and igniting the material so collected, the children gathered round the embryo fire in high glee. As they so stood huddled together the black mass suddenly exploded, scattering the fire over them, and burning a number of them very seriously, so much so indeed, that one of them died next day. It was afterward ascertained that what the children supposed was coal, was in fact cakes of damaged powder. The proprietor of a coal-yard in the vicinity had a parcel of damaged powder on his premises, which he considered worthless, and gave to a carman, with directions to "throw it into the North River." To save going all the way to the river, however, the carman, not supposing any harm would come of it, threw the powder out of his cart into the street, where not long afterward the unfortunate lads found it.

A severe penalty was recently inflicted upon a young boy in an English county town. It seems that three naughty boys went to pick up apples from the grounds of a certain gentleman. Two of them were lads of bad character. The third, a very young one, was of good character, evidently led away by his companions. A policeman caught them all. The decent boy was one of nine children, and was about the next day to go to a situation. Apples, probably windfalls, were found in his pockets. His mother begged hard of the magistrates for his release. He was a very good boy at home, she said. She promised that he should be well looked after in future. It was his first offense. The justices, however, sentenced the poor child, in spite of his mother's entreaties, *to three years in a reformatory!* One can not help feeling a strong sympathy with the poor child thus punished for a first offense.

A very considerate and orderly rogue not long since went to the room of a broker in Hartford while he was asleep, took the keys of his office and safe from his pantaloons pocket, robbed his safe of $700, and then replaced the keys in his pocket!

A residence in Rome just now would not seem to be particularly desirable. Brigands in that vicinity have become fearfully bold. A letter from Rome states that not long since a band of brigands entered the village of Acuto, and seized upon five persons belonging to the principal families of the place. They carried them off to the mountains, and gave them to understand that they must pay a large ransom. The family of one of them sent the sum demanded, and the brigands set free the person so ransomed, giving him a sealed box to be handed to the mayor of the village. When opened the box was found to contain the ears of the four other prisoners, and a letter saying that if the whole sum demanded was not remitted the heads would shortly be sent to their friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME PUMPKINS!—The annual ceremony of crowning the king of the pumpkins took place lately at the central market in Paris. The happy vegetable weighed 298 pounds, and measured ten feet four inches round. At one time it was feared the authorities might forbid the ceremony, on the ground of its political significance, because it might lead the disaffected to believe the crown was going to squash!

The last novelty in the way of locomotion is to be among the many wonders of the Great Exhibition at Paris. It is a mechanical horse, which trots, gallops, or walks, as may suit the pleasure of the rider. He even prances after the most approved style, and neighs when that sound is agreeable to its possessor.

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

If men will lay wagers on elections they must take the consequences with as much grace as possible. In the instance which we illustrate below both the winner and the loser were compelled to play a somewhat ludicrous part, the latter that of wheeling in a barrow five pumpkins around the square, while the former went before with the United States flag. The winner of the wager was Mr. W. E. BLANCHARD, the loser was Mr. JOHN MORRIS. Mr. MORRIS, without coat or boots, wheeled the pumpkins, according to agreement, a large and enthusiastic crowd following. The scene of this interesting performance was the square formed by Broadway, Grand, Crosby, and Howard streets.

"SAY, MAMMA!"

Pray, mamma, say, mamma: did you not think—
As we staid for our carriage last night at the ball—
That Spooner, poor creature, was just on the brink
Of—I don't like to mention it!—"popping," that's all?
Should he propose, may I send him to *you*?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Yes, mamma! Guess, mamma, how I was vexed
When the carriage came up and he bid us "good night!"
I knew—or I fancied—what *must* have come next,
By his pressing my hand so excessively tight.
How shall I treat the man—send him to *you*?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Oh! mamma; no, mamma. Do not suppose
I would marry for *that*. I am not to be sold.
But still—the old gentleman's property goes
To this very identical son, I am told.
Make up your mind. Shall I send him to *you*?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Nay, mamma: stay, mamma. Stop, I implore:
Let me beg you to give your definitive choice.
Good gracious, what's that? There's a knock at the door.
Oh, it's Spooner himself: no mistaking the voice.
Tell me at once; may I send him to *you*?
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION—A printing-office.

"Mother, can I go and have my daguerreotype taken?" "No, I guess it isn't worth while." "Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled, I never go any where."

A miserly old farmer who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay-making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the grave: "It's a sad thing to lose a good mower at a time like this; but, after all, poor Tom was a great eater."

BRUTAL.—Old Singleton, on hearing there was a song called "The Children's Hour," remarked, that it could of course only mean bedtime. He added a hope that the song did not sanction the absurd idea of after dinner being the children's hour.

The show-window of a certain corset-maker exhibits a singular instance of illiterate diction. On a card appears the following sentence: "All kinds of ladies stays here."

"NONE OF YOUR SAUCE."—We see some one is advertising "My Wife's Sauce." It is to be regretted that he does not keep his little domestic discomforts to himself.

A Paris paper apologizes to its readers for being compelled to make an erratum, having placed four marriages under the mercantile heading of "declarations of failure."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maelstrom has gone out to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

One drinks because he's very hot as we are often told;
Another must a tankard take because he's very cold;
Another drinks because he's wet, its benefits to try;
Another, sure, a tankard gets because he's very dry;
Another must a bargain make, and have a glass to strike it!
While one and all the liquor take because, in fact, *they like it.*

"You saved my life at the battle of Waterloo," said a beggar to a captain. "Saved your life! how?" "I served under you, and when you ran away—*I followed!*"

"When was Rome built?" inquired a 'competitive' examiner.

"In the night, Sir!"

"In the night! how do you make that out?"

"Why, Sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

Some books are like small, cheap dictionaries; you find every thing there—except what you want.

An old bachelor says the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is he! he! he!

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

A traveler at a Pennsylvanian hotel got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," shouted the guest, "what sort of weather do you call this, the night is as dark as Egypt, and *smells of cheese!*"



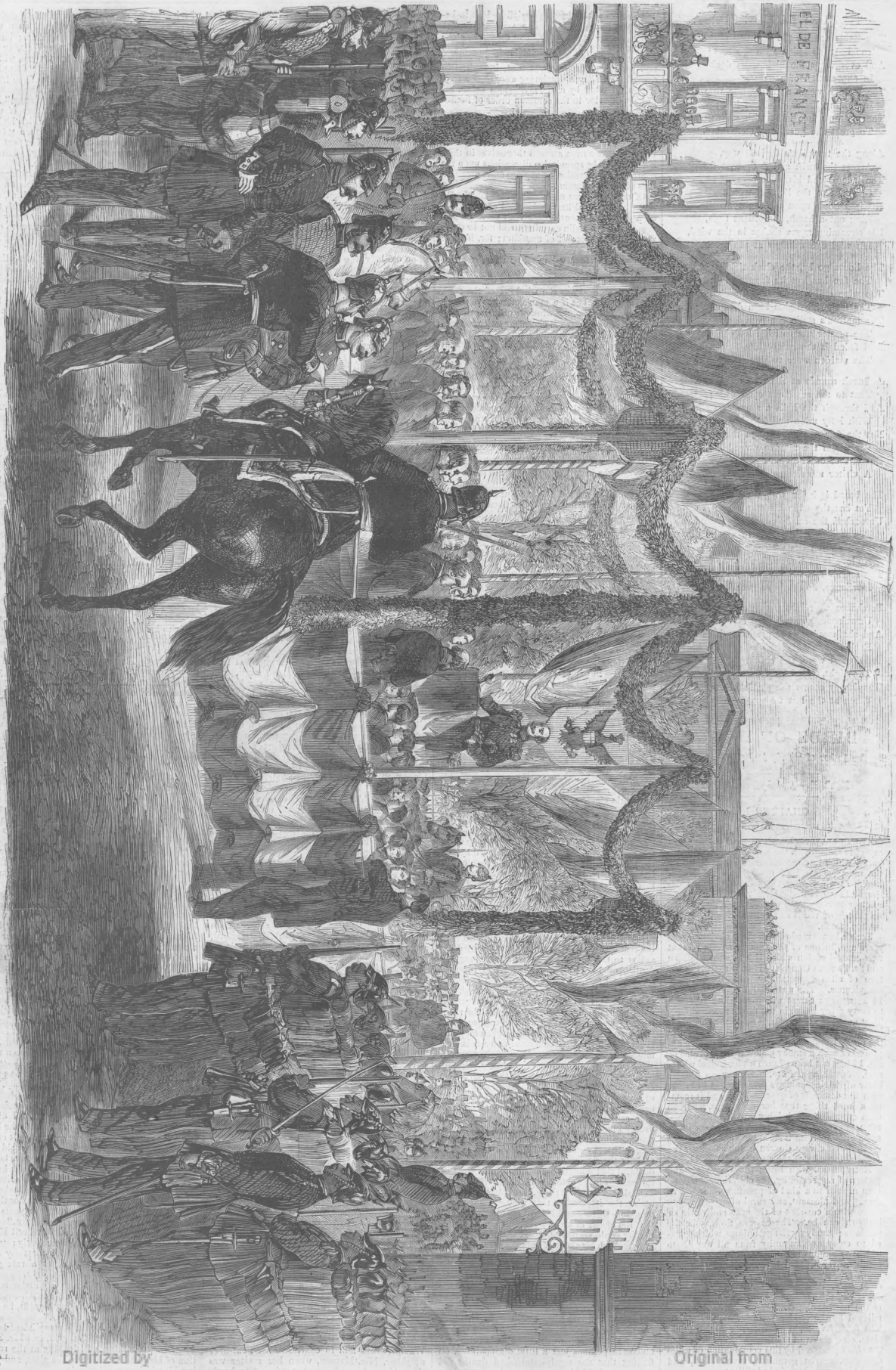
PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

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ELECTION RETURNS—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT, NOVEMBER 6-7.—[SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.]

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PROCLAIMING THE ANNEXATION OF NASSAU AT WIESBADEN.—[SEE PAGE 740.]

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THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

THE lights are lit, the chimney glows,
The board is laden with the best;
And evergreens the high walls deck
In expectation of a guest.
The maiden wears a snow-white rose
In shining braids of silken hair;
The matron's face is lit with smiles
To greet the guest expected there.

Along the turnpike's devious way,
Across the swift and dangerous ford,
The jaded steed his rider bears,
Obedient to the lightest word;
His iron hoofs upon the night
Ring out a harsh, discordant tune,
His streaming mane shakes in the wind,
His wild eye wonders at the moon.

The hours go by, the clock ticks loud,
The fire has lost its former glow;
The wine still waits the stranger's lip,
The flickering lights burn dim and low;
The matron's smile has passed away,
The master nods within his chair,
And faded is the snow-white flower
The maiden wore to grace her hair.

A knock sounds at the castle gates,
That to the summons open wide;
And through the halls a stranger stalks,
With lofty mien and haughty stride—
Not the fair guest for whom they looked,
For whom the maiden graced her hair,
But one of other name and blood,
A visitor unwelcome there.

The board is laden with the best,
Yet has the wine a bitter taste;
Untouched the costly meats are passed,
The mellow fruit is left to waste:
No smile is on the matron's lip,
No love is in the maiden's eye;
The master sits with sullen brow,
In silence, as the hour goes by.

Perchance we all have sometime been
Unwelcome guests beside some hearth,
And shadowed by our presence there
Each show of gladness and of mirth.
The formal word, the chilling tone,
The slight, forced smile, what tales they tell!
How happy seems the parting hour
When at the last we say "Farewell!"

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.

THERE are some houses whereof the outward aspect is sealed with the seal of respectability—houses which inspire confidence in the minds of the most skeptical of butchers and bakers—houses at whose area-gates the tradesman delivers his goods undoubtingly, and from whose spotless door-steps the vagabond children of the neighborhood recoil as from a shrine too sacred for hop-scotch.

Such a house made its presence obvious, some years ago, in one of the smaller streets of that west-central region which lies between Holborn and St. Pancras Church. It is, perhaps, the nature of ultra-respectability to be disagreeably conspicuous. The unsullied brightness of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street was a standing reproach to every other house in the dingy thoroughfare. That one spot of cleanliness made the surrounding dirt cruelly palpable. The muslin curtains in the parlor windows of No. 15 would not have appeared of such a smoky yellow if the curtains of No. 14 had not been of such a pharisaical whiteness. Mrs. Magson, at No. 13, was an humble letter of lodgings, always more or less in arrear with the demands of quarter-day; and it seemed a hard thing that her door-steps, whereon were expended much labor and hearth-stone—not to mention house-flannel, which was in itself no unimportant item in the annual expenses—should be always thrown in the shade by the surpassing purity of the steps before No. 14.

Not satisfied with being the very pink and pattern of respectability, the objectionable house even aspired to a kind of prettiness. It was as bright, and pleasant, and rural of aspect as any house within ear-shot of the roar and rattle of Holborn can be. There were flowers in the windows; gaudy scarlet geraniums, which seemed to enjoy an immunity from all the ills to which geraniums are subject, so impossible was it to discover a faded leaf among their greenness, or the presence of blight amidst their wealth of blossom. There were bird-cages within the shadow of the muslin curtains, and the coloring of the newly-pointed brick-work was agreeably relieved by the vivid green of Venetian blinds. The freshly-varnished street door bore a brass-plate, on which to look was to be dazzled; and the effect produced by this combination of white door-step, scarlet geranium, green blind, and brass-plate was obtrusively brilliant.

Those who had been so privileged as to behold the interior of the house in Fitzgeorge Street brought away with them an envious admiration of its inner splendors. The pink and pattern of propriety within, as it was the pink and pattern of propriety without, it excited in every breast alike a wondering awe, as of a habitation tenanted by some mysterious being, infinitely superior to the common order of householders.

The inscription on the brass-plate informed the neighborhood that No. 14 was occupied by Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist; and the dwellers in Fitzgeorge Street amused themselves in their leisure hours by speculative discussions upon the character and pursuits, belongings and surroundings of this gentleman.

Of course he was eminently respectable. On that question no Fitzgeorgian had ever hazarded a doubt. A householder with such a door-step and such muslin curtains could not be other than the most correct of mankind; for, if there is any external evidence by which a dissolute life or an ill-regulated mind will infallibly betray itself, that evidence is to be found in the yellowness and limpness of muslin window-curtains. The eyes are the windows of the soul, says the poet; but if a man's eyes are not open to your inspection, the windows of his house will help you to discover his character as an individual, and his solidity as a citizen. At least such was the opinion cherished in Fitzgeorge Street, Russell Square.

The person and habits of Mr. Sheldon were in perfect harmony with the aspect of the house. The unsullied snow of the door-step reproduced itself in the unsullied snow of his shirt-front; the brilliancy of the brass-plate was reflected in the glittering brightness of his gold studs; the varnish on the door was equaled by the lustrous surface of his black satin waistcoat; the careful pointing of the brick-work was in a manner imitated by the perfect order of his polished finger-nails and the irreproachable neatness of his hair and whiskers.

No dentist or medical practitioner of any denomination had inhabited the house in Fitzgeorge Street before the coming of Philip Sheldon. The house had been unoccupied for upward of a year, and was in the last stage of shabbiness and decay, when the bills disappeared all at once from the windows, and busy painters and bricklayers set their ladders against the dingy brick-work. But Mr. Sheldon took the house upon a long lease, and spent two or three hundred pounds in the embellishment of it. Upon the completion of all repairs and decorations, two great wagon-loads of furniture, distinguished by that old-fashioned clumsiness which is eminently suggestive of respectability, arrived from the Euston Square Terminus, while a young man of meditative aspect might have been seen on his knees, now in one empty chamber, anon in another, performing some species of indoor surveying, with a three-foot rule, a loose little oblong memorandum-book, and the merest stump of a square lead-pencil. This was an emissary from the carpet warehouse; and before nightfall it was known to more than one inhabitant of Fitzgeorge Street that the stranger was going to lay down new carpets. The new-comer was evidently of an active and energetic temperament, for within three days of his arrival the brass-plate on his street-door announced his profession, while a neat little glass-case, on a level with the eye of the passing pedestrian, exhibited specimens of his skill in mechanical dentistry, and afforded instruction and amusement to the boys of the neighborhood, who criticised the glistening white teeth and impossibly red gums displayed behind the plate-glass with a like vigor and freedom of language. Nor did Mr. Sheldon's announcement of his profession confine itself to the brass-plate and the glass-case. A shabby-genteel young man pervaded the neighborhood for some days after the surgeon-dentist's advent, knocking a postman's knock, which only wanted the galvanic sharpness of the professional touch to be the real thing, and delivering neatly-printed circulars to the effect that Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist, of 14 Fitzgeorge Street, had invented some novel method of adjusting false teeth, incomparably superior to any existing method, and that he had, further, patented an improvement upon nature in the way of coral gums, the name whereof was an unpronounceable compound of Greek and Latin, calculated to awaken an awful reverence in the unprofessional and unclassical mind.

The Fitzgeorgians shook their heads with prophetic solemnity as they read these circulars. Struggling householders, who find it a hard task to keep the two ends which never have met and never will meet from growing farther and farther asunder every year, are apt to derive a dreary kind of satisfaction from the contemplation of another man's impending ruin. Fitzgeorge Street and its neighborhood had existed without the services of a dentist, but it was very doubtful that a dentist would be able to exist on the custom to be obtained in Fitzgeorge Street. Mr. Sheldon may, perhaps, have pitched his tent under the impression that wherever there was mankind there was likely to be toothache, and that the healer of an ill so common to frail humanity could scarcely fail to earn his bread, let him establish his abode of horror where he might. For some time after his arrival people watched him and wondered about him, and regarded him a little suspiciously, in spite of the substantial clumsiness of his furniture and the unwinking brightness of his windows. His neighbors asked one another how long all that outward semblance of prosperity would last; and there was sinister meaning in the question.

The Fitzgeorgians were not a little surprised, and were perhaps just a little disappointed, on finding that the newly-established dentist did manage to hold his ground somehow or other, and that the muslin curtains were renewed again and again in all their spotless purity; that the supplies of rotten-stone and oil, hearth-stone and house-flannel were unfailing as a perennial spring; and that the unsullied snow of Mr. Sheldon's shirt-fronts retained its primeval whiteness. Wonder and suspicion gave place to a half-envious respect. Whether much custom came to the dentist no one could decide. There is no trade or profession in which the struggling man will not receive some faint show of encouragement. Pedestrians of agonized aspect, with handkerchiefs held convulsively before their mouths, were seen to rush wildly toward the dentist's door, then pause for a moment, stricken by a sudden terror, and anon feebly pull the handle of an inflexible bell. Cabs had been heard to approach that fatal door—generally on wet days; for there seems to be a kind of fitness in the choice of damp and dismal weather for the extraction of teeth. Elderly ladies and gentlemen had been known to come many times to the Fitzgeorgian mansion. There was a legend of an old lady who had been seen to arrive in a brougham, especially weird and nutcrackery of aspect, and to depart half an hour afterward a beautified and renovated creature. One half of the Fitzgeorgians declared that Mr. Sheldon had established a very nice little practice, and was saving money; while the other half were still despondent, and opined that the dentist had private property, and was eating up his little capital. It transpired in course of time that Mr. Sheldon had left his native town of Little Barlingford, in Yorkshire, where his father and grandfather had been surgeon-dentists before him, to establish himself in London. He had disposed advantageously of an excellent practice, and had transferred his household goods—the ponderous chairs and tables, the wood whereof had deepened and mellowed in tint under the indefatigable hand of his grandmother—to the metropolis, speculating on the chance that his talents and appearance, address and industry, could scarcely fail to achieve a position. It was further known that he had a brother, an attorney in Gray's Inn, who visited him very frequently; that he had few other friends or acquaintance; that he was a shining example of steadiness and sobriety; that he was on the sunnier side of thirty, a bachelor, and very good-looking; and that his household was comprised of a grim-visaged, active old woman imported from Barlingford, a girl who ran errands, and a boy who opened the door, attended to the consulting-room, and did some mysterious work at odd times with a file and sundry queer lumps of plaster of Paris, beeswax, and bone, in a dark little shed abutting on the yard at the back of the house. This much had the inhabitants of Fitzgeorge Street discovered respecting Mr. Sheldon when he had been among them four years; but they had discovered no more. He had made no local acquaintances, nor had he sought to make any. Those of his neighbors who had seen the interior of his house had entered it as patients. They left it as much pleased with Mr. Sheldon as one can be with a man at whose hands one has just undergone martyrdom, and circulated a very flattering report of the dentist's agreeable manners and delicate white handkerchief, fragrant with the odor of eau de Cologne. For the rest, Philip Sheldon lived his own life, and dreamed his own dreams. His opposite neighbors, who watched him on sultry summer evenings as he lounged near an open window smoking his cigar, had no more knowledge of his thoughts and fancies than they would have had if he had been a Calmuck Tartar or an Abyssinian chief.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP SHELDON READS THE "LANCET."

FITZGEORGE STREET was chill and dreary of aspect, under a gray March sky, when Mr. Sheldon returned to it after a week's absence from London. He had been to Little Barlingford, and had spent his brief holiday among old friends and acquaintance. The weather had not been in favor of that driving hither and thither in dog-carts, or riding rakish horses long distances to beat up old companions, which is accounted pleasure on such occasions. The blusterous winds of an unusually bitter March had buffeted Mr. Sheldon in the streets of his native town, and had almost blown him off the door-steps of his kindred. So it is scarcely strange if he returned to town looking none the better for his excursion. He looked considerably the worse for his week's absence, the old Yorkshire-woman said, as she waited upon him while he ate a chop and drank two large cups of very strong tea.

Mr. Sheldon made short work of this impromptu meal. He seemed anxious to put an end to his housekeeper's affectionate interest in himself and his health, and to get her out of the room. She had nursed him nearly thirty years before, and the recollection that she had been very familiar with him when he was a handsome black-eyed baby, with a tendency to become suddenly stiff of body and crimson of visage without any obvious provocation, inclined her to take occasional liberties now. She watched him furtively as he sat in a big high-backed arm-chair staring moodily at the struggling fire, and would fain have questioned him a little about Barlingford and Barlingford people.

But Philip Sheldon was not a man with whom even a superannuated nurse can venture to take many liberties. He was a good master, paid his servants their wages with unfailing punctuality, and gave very little trouble. But he was the last person in the world upon whom a garrulous woman could venture to inflict her rambling discourse; as Nancy Woolper—by courtesy, Mrs. Woolper—was fain to confess to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Magson, when her master was the subject of an afternoon gossip. The heads of a household may inhabit a neighborhood for years without becoming acquainted even with the outward aspect of their neighbors; but in the lordly servants' halls of the West, or the modest kitchens of Bloomsbury, there will be interchange of civilities and friendly "droppings in" to tea or supper, let the master of the house be never so ungregarious a creature.

"You can take the tea-things, Nancy," Mr. Sheldon said, presently, arousing himself suddenly from that sombre reverie in which he had been absorbed for the last ten minutes; "I am going to be very busy to-night, and I expect Mr. George in the course of the evening. Mind I am not at home to any body but him."

The old woman arranged the tea-things on her tray, but still kept a furtive watch on her master, who sat with his head a little bent, and his bright black eyes fixed on the fire, with that intensity of gaze peculiar to eyes which see something far away from the object they seem to contemplate. She was in the habit of watching Mr. Sheldon rather curiously at all times, for she had never quite got over a difficulty in realizing the fact that the black-eyed baby with whom she had been so intimate *could* have developed into this self-contained inflexible young man, whose thoughts were so very far away from her. To-night she watched him more intently than she was accustomed to do, for to-night there was some change in his face which she was trying, in a dim way, to account for.

He looked up from the fire suddenly, and found her eyes fixed upon him. It may be that he had been disturbed by a semi-consciousness of that curious gaze, for he looked at her angrily—"What are you staring at, Nancy?"

It was not the first time he had encountered her watchful eyes and asked the same impatient question. But Mrs. Woolper possessed that north-country quickness of intellect which is generally equal to an emergency, and was always ready with some question or suggestion which went to prove that she had just fixed her eyes on her master, inspired by some anxiety about his interests.

"I was just a-thinking, Sir," she said, meeting his stern glance unflinchingly with her little sharp gray eyes—"I was just a-thinking—you said not at home to *any one*, except Mr. George. If it should be a person in a cab wanting their teeth out sudden—and if any thing could make toothache more general in this neighborhood it would be these March winds—if it should be a patient, Sir, in a cab—"

The dentist interrupted her with a short, bitter laugh.

"Neither March winds nor April showers are likely to bring me patients, Nancy, on foot or in cabs, and you ought to know it. If it's a patient, ask him in, by all means, and give him last Saturday week's *Times* to read, while I get the rust off my forceps. There, that will do; take your tray—or, stop; I've got some news to tell you." He rose, and stood with his back to the fire and his eyes bent upon the hearth-rug, while Mrs. Woolper waited by the table, with the tray packed ready for removal. Her master kept her waiting so for some minutes, and then turned his face half away from her, and contemplated himself absently in the glass while he spoke.

"You remember Mrs. Halliday?" he asked.

"I should think I did, Sir; Miss Georgina Cradock that was—Miss Georgy they called her; your first sweet-heart. And how she could ever marry that big, awkward Halliday, is more than I can make out. Poor fondy! I suppose she was took with those great round blue eyes and red whiskers of his."

"Her mother and father were 'took' by his comfortable farm-house, and well-stocked farm, Nancy," answered Mr. Sheldon, still contemplating himself in the glass. "Georgy had very little to do with it. She is one of those women who let other people think for them. However, Tom is an excellent fellow, and Georgy was a lucky girl to catch such a husband. Any little flirtation there may have been between her and me was over and done with long before she married Tom. It never was more than a flirtation; and I've flirted with a good many Barlingford girls in my time, as you know, Nancy."

It was not often that Mr. Sheldon condescended to be so communicative to his housekeeper. The old woman nodded and chuckled, delighted by her master's unwonted friendliness.

"I drove over to Hyley while I was at home, Nancy," continued the dentist—he called Barlingford home still, though he had broken most of the links that had bound him to it—"and dined with the Hallidays. Georgy is as pretty as ever, and she and Tom get on capitally."

"Any children, Sir?"

"One girl," answered Mr. Sheldon, carelessly. "She's at school in Scarborough, and I didn't see her. I had a very pleasant day with the Hallidays. Tom has sold his farm; that part of the world doesn't suit him, it seems; too cold and bleak for him. He's one of those big, burly-looking men who seem as if they could knock you down with a little finger, and who shiver at every puff of wind. I don't think he'll make old bones, Nancy. But that's neither here nor there. I dare say he's good for another ten years; or I'm sure I hope so, on Georgy's account."

"It was right-down soft of him to sell Hyley Farm, though," said Nancy, reflectively; "I've heard tell as it's the best land for forty mile round Barlingford. But he got a rare good price for it, I'll lay."

"Oh, yes; he sold the property uncommonly well he tells me. You know if a north-countryman gets the chance of making a profit, he never lets it slip through his fingers."

Mrs. Woolper received this compliment to her countrymen with a gratified grin, and Mr. Sheldon went on talking, still looking at the reflection of his handsome face in the glass, and pulling his whiskers meditatively.

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"Now, as Tom was made for a farmer, and nothing but a farmer, he must find land somewhere in a climate that does suit him; so his friends have advised him to try a place in Devonshire or Cornwall, where he may train his myrtles and roses over his roof, and grow green pease for the London markets as late as November. There are such places to be had if he bides his time, and he's coming to town next week to look about him. So as Georgy and he would be about as capable of taking care of themselves in London as a couple of children, I have recommended them to take up their quarters here. They'll have their lodgings for nothing, and we shall chum together on the Yorkshire system; for of course I can't afford to keep a couple of visitors for a month at a stretch. Do you think you shall be able to manage for us, Nancy?"

"Oh yes, I'll manage well enough. I'm not one of your lazy London lasses that take half an hour to wipe a tea-cup. I'll manage easy enough. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday will be having your room, I'll lay."

"Yes; give them the best room, by all means. I can sleep any where. And now go down stairs and think it over, Nancy. I must get to my work. I've some letters that must be written to-night."

Mrs. Woolper departed with her tray, gratified by her master's unwonted familiarity, and not ill-pleased by the thought of visitors. They would cause a great deal of trouble, certainly; but the monotony of Nancy's easy life had grown so oppressive to an active temperament as to render the idea of any variety delightful to her mind. And then there would be the pleasure of making that iniquitous creature, the London lass, bestir herself, and there would be furthermore the advantage of certain little perquisites which a clever manager always secures to herself in a house where there is much eating and drinking. Mr. Sheldon himself had lived like a modern anchorite for the last four years; and Nancy Woolper, who was pretty well acquainted with the state of his finances, had pinched and contrived for his benefit, or rather for the benefit of the black-eyed baby she had nursed nine-and-twenty years before. For his sake she had been careful and honest, willing to forego all the small profits to which she held herself entitled; but if well-to-do people were going to share her master's expenses, there would be no longer need for such scrupulous integrity; and if things were rightly managed, Thomas Halliday might be made to bear the entire cost of the household during his month's visit on the Yorkshire system.

While Mrs. Woolper meditated upon her domestic duties, the master of the domicile abandoned himself to reflections which were apparently of a very serious character. He brought a leathern desk from a side-table, unlocked it, and took out a quire of paper; but he made no further advance toward the writing of those letters on account of which he had dismissed his housekeeper. He sat, with his elbows on the table, nibbling the end of a wooden pen-holder, and staring at the opposite wall. His face looked pale and haggard in the light of the gas, and the eyes, fixed in that vacant stare, had a feverish brightness.

Mr. Sheldon was a handsome man—eminently handsome, according to the popular notion of masculine beauty; and if the popular ideal has been a little vulgarized by the waxen gentlemen on whose finely-moulded foreheads the wig-maker is wont to display the specimens of his art, that is no discredit to Mr. Sheldon. His features were regular; the nose a handsome aquiline; the mouth firm and well modeled; the chin and jaw rather heavier than in the waxen ideal of the hair-dresser; the forehead very prominent in the region of the perceptives, but obviously wanting in the higher faculties. The eye of the phrenologist, unaided by his fingers, must have failed to discover the secrets of Mr. Sheldon's organization; for one of the dentist's strong points was his hair, which was very luxuriant, and which he wore in artfully-arranged masses that passed for curls, but which owed their undulating grace rather to a skillful manipulation than to any natural tendency. It has been said that the rulers of the world are straight-haired men; and Mr. Sheldon might have been a Napoleon III. so far as regards this special attribute. His hair was of a dense black, and his whiskers of the same sombre hue. These carefully-arranged whiskers were another of the dentist's strong points; and the third strong point was his teeth, the perfection whereof was a fine advertisement when considered in a professional light. The teeth were rather too large and square for a painter's or a poet's notion of beauty, and were a little apt to suggest an unpleasant image of some sleek brindled creature crunching human bones in an Indian jungle. But they were handsome teeth notwithstanding, and their flashing whiteness made an effective contrast to the clear sallow tint of the dentist's complexion.

Mr. Sheldon was a man of industrious habits—fond indeed of work, and distinguished by a persistent activity in the carrying out of any labor he had planned for himself. He was not prone to the indulgence of idle reveries or agreeable day-dreams. Thought with him was labor; it was the "thinking out" of future work to be done, and it was an operation as precise and mathematical as the actual labor that resulted therefrom. The contents of his brain were as well kept as a careful trader's ledger. He had his thoughts docketed and indexed, and rarely wasted the smallest portion of his time in searching for an idea. To-night he sat thinking until he was interrupted by a loud double-knock, which was evidently familiar to him, for he muttered "George!" pushed aside his desk, and took up his stand upon the hearth-rug, ready to receive the expected visitor.

There was the sound of a man's voice below—very like Philip Sheldon's own voice; then a quick firm tread on the stairs; and then the door was opened, and a man, who himself was very like Philip Sheldon, came into the room. This was the dentist's brother George, two years his junior. The likeness between the two men was in no way marvelous, but it was nevertheless very obvious. You could scarcely have mistaken one man for the other, but you could hardly have failed to perceive that the two men were brothers. They resembled each other more closely in form than in face. They were of the same height—both tall and strongly built; they had both black eyes with a hard brightness in them, black whiskers, black hair, sinewy hands with prominent knuckles, square finger-tops, and bony wrists. Each man seemed the personification of savage health and vigor, smoothed and shapened in accordance with the prejudices of civilized life. Looking at these two men for the first time, you might approve or disapprove their appearance; they might impress you favorably or unfavorably; but you could scarcely fail to be reminded vaguely of strong, bright-eyed, savage creatures, beautiful and graceful after their kind, but dangerous and fatal to man.

The brothers greeted each other with a friendly nod. They were a great deal too practical to indulge in any sentimental display of fraternal affection. They liked each other very well, and were useful to each other, and took their pleasure together on those rare occasions when they were weak enough to waste time upon unprofitable pleasure; but neither of them would have comprehended the possibility of any thing beyond this.

"Well, old fellow," said George, "I'm glad you're back again. You're looking rather seedy, though. I suppose you knocked about a good deal down there?"

"I had a night or two of it with Halliday and the old set. He's going it rather fast."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Sheldon the younger; "it's a pity he doesn't go it a little faster, and go off the hooks altogether, so that you might marry Georgy."

"How do I know that Georgy would have me, if he *did* leave her a widow?" asked Philip, dubiously.

"Oh, she'd have you fast enough. She used to be very sweet upon you before she married Tom; and even if she has forgotten all that, she'd have you if you asked her. She'd be afraid to say no. She was always more or less afraid of you, you know, Phil."

"I don't know about that. She was a nice little thing enough; but she knew how to drop a poor sweet-heart and take up with a rich one, in spite of her simplicity."

"Oh, that was the old parties' doing. Georgy would have jumped into a caldron of boiling oil if her mother and father had told her she must do it. Don't you remember when we were children together how afraid she used to be of spoiling her frocks? I don't believe she married Tom Halliday of her own free-will any more than she stood in the corner of her own free-will after she'd torn her frock, as I've seen her stand twenty times. She stood in the corner because they told her she must; and she married Tom for the same reason, and I don't suppose she's been particularly happy with him."

"Well, that's her look-out," answered Philip, gloomily; "I know I want a rich wife badly enough. Things are about as bad with me as they can be."

"I suppose they *are* rather piscatorial. The elderly dowagers don't come up to time, eh? Very few orders for the complete set at ten-pound-ten?"

"I took about seventy pounds last year," said the dentist, "and my expenses are something like five pounds a week. I've been making up the deficiency out of the money I got for my business, thinking I should be able to stand out and make a connection; but the connection gets more disconnected every year. I suppose people came to me at first for the novelty of the thing, for I had a sprinkling of decent patients for the first twelve months or so. But now I might as well throw my money into the gutter as spend it on circulars or advertisements."

"And a young woman with twenty thousand pounds and something amiss with her jaw hasn't turned up yet."

"No, nor an old woman either. I wouldn't stick at the age if the money was all right," answered Mr. Sheldon, bitterly.

The younger brother shrugged his shoulders and plunged his hands into his trowers-pockets with a gesture of serio-comic despair. He was the livelier of the two, and affected a slanginess of dress and talk and manner, a certain "horsey" style, very different from his elder brother's studied respectability of costume and bearing. His clothes were of a loose sporting cut, and always odorous with stale tobacco. He wore a good deal of finery in the shape of studs and pins and dangling lockets and fusee-boxes; his whiskers were more obtrusive than his brother's, and he wore a mustache in addition—a thick, ragged, black mustache, which would have become a guerrilla chieftain rather than a dweller amidst the quiet courts and squares of Gray's Inn. His position as a lawyer was not much better than that of Philip as a dentist; but he had his own plans for making a fortune, and hoped to win for himself a larger fortune than is often made in the law. He was a hunter of genealogies, and grubber-up of forgotten facts, a joiner of broken links, a kind of legal resurrectionist, a digger in the dust and ashes of the past; and he expected in due time to dig up a treasure rich enough to reward the labor and patience of half a lifetime.

"I can afford to wait till I'm forty for my good luck," he said to his brother sometimes in moments of expansion, "and then I shall have ten years in which to enjoy myself, and twenty more in which I shall have life enough left to eat good dinners and drink good wine, and grumble about the degeneracy of things in general, after the manner of elderly human nature."

The men stood one on each side of the hearth: George looking at his brother, Philip looking down at the fire, with his eyes shaded by their thick black lashes. The fire had become dull and hollow. George bent down presently and stirred the coals impatiently.

"If there's one thing I hate more than another—and I hate a good many things—it's a bad fire," he said. "How's Barlingford—lively as ever, I suppose?"

"Not much livelier than it was when we left it. Things have gone amiss with me in London, and I've been more than once sorely tempted to make an end of my difficulties with a razor or a few drops of prussic acid; but when I saw the dull gray streets, and the square gray houses, and the empty market-place, and the Baptist chapel, and the Unitarian chapel, and the big stony church, and heard the dreary bells ding-donging for evening service, I wondered how I could ever have existed a week in such a place. I had rather sweep a crossing in London than occupy the best house in Barlingford, and I told Tom Halliday so."

"And Tom is coming to London I understand by your letter."

"Yes, he has sold Hyley, and wants to find a place in the west of England. The north doesn't suit him. He and Georgy are coming up to town for a few weeks, so I've asked them to stay here. I may as well make some use of the house, for it's very little good in a professional sense."

"Humph!" muttered George; "I don't see your motive."

"I have no particular motive. Tom's a good fellow, and his company will be better than an empty house. The visit won't cost me any thing—Halliday is to go shares in the housekeeping."

"Well, you may find it answer that way," replied Mr. Sheldon the younger, who considered that every action of a man's life ought to be made to 'answer' in some way. "But I should think you would be rather bored by the arrangement; Tom's a very good fellow in his way, and a great friend of mine, but he's rather an empty-headed animal."

The subject dropped here, and the brothers went on talking of Barlingford and Barlingford people—the few remaining kindred whose existence made a kind of link between the two men and their native town, and the boon-companions of their early manhood. The dentist produced the remnant of a bottle of whisky from the sideboard for his own and his brother's refreshment; but the conversation flagged nevertheless. Philip Sheldon was dull and absent, answering his companion at random every now and then, much to that gentleman's aggravation; and he owned at last to being thoroughly tired and worn out.

"The journey from Barlingford in a slow train is no joke, you know, George, and I couldn't afford the express," he said, apologetically, when his brother upbraided him for his distraction of manner.

"Then I should think you'd better go to bed," answered Mr. Sheldon the younger, who had smoked a couple of cigars, and consumed the contents of the whisky-bottle with a due admixture of boiling water and lump-sugar; "so I'll take myself off. I told you how uncommonly seed you were looking when I first came in. When do you expect Tom and his wife?"

"At the beginning of next week."

"So soon! Well, good-night, old fellow! I shall see you before they come, I dare say. You might as well drop in upon me at my place to-morrow night. I'm hard at work on a job."

"Your old kind of work?"

"Oh yes. I don't get much work of any other kind."

"And I'm afraid you'll never get much good out of that."

"I don't know. A man who sits down to whist gets a good many queer cards sometimes before he gets a handful of trumps; but the trump-cards are sure to come if he only sits long enough. Every man has his chance, depend upon it, Phil, if he knows how to watch for it; but there are so many men who get tired and go to sleep before their chances come to them. I've wasted a good deal of time and a good deal of labor; but the trumps are in the pack, and they must turn up sooner or later. Ta-ta!"

George Sheldon nodded and departed, whistling gayly as he walked away from his brother's door. Philip heard him, and turned his chair to the fire with a movement of impatience.

"You may be uncommonly clever, my dear George," soliloquized the dentist, "but you'll never make a fortune by reading wills and hunting in parish registers for heirs-at-law. A big lump of money is not very likely to go a-begging while any one who can fudge up the faintest pretense of a claim to it is above ground. No, no, my lad, you must find a better way than that before you'll make your fortune."

The fire had burned low again, and Mr. Sheldon sat staring gloomily at the blackening coals. Things were very bad with him—he had not cared to confess how bad they were when he had discussed his affairs with his brother. Those neighbors and passers-by who admired the trim brightness of the dentist's abode had no suspicion that the master of that respectable house was in the hands of the Jews, and that the hearth-stone which whitened his door-step was paid for out of Israelitish coffers. The dentist's philosophy was all of this world, and he knew that the soldier of fortune, who would fain be a conqueror in the great battle, must needs keep his plumage undrabbled and the golden facings of his uniform untarnished, let his wounds be never so desperate.

Having found his attempt to establish a practice in Fitzgeorge Street a failure, the only course open to Mr. Sheldon, as a man of the world, was to transfer his failure to somebody else, with more or less profit to himself. To this end he preserved the spotless purity of his muslin curtains, though the starch that stiffened them and the bleaching-powder that whitened them were bought with money for which he was to pay sixty per cent. To this end he nursed that wan shadow of a practice, and sustained that appearance of respectability which, in a world where appearance stands for so much, is in itself a kind of capital. It certainly was dull, dreary work to hold the citadel of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street against the besieger Poverty; but the dentist stood his ground pertinaciously, knowing that, if he only waited long enough, the dupe who was to be his victim would come, and knowing also that there might arrive a day when it would be very useful for him to be able to refer to four years' unblemished respectability as a Bloomsbury householder. He had his lines set in several shady places for that unhappy fish with a small capital, and he had been tantalized by more than one nibble; but he made no open show of his desire to sell his business—since a business that is obviously in the market seems scarcely worth any man's purchase.

Things had of late grown worse with him every day; for every interval of twenty-four hours sinks a man so much the deeper in the mire when renewed accommodation-bills with his name upon them are ripening in the iron safes of Judah. Philip Sheldon found himself sinking gradually and almost imperceptibly into that bottomless-pit of difficulty in whose black depths the demon Insolvency holds his dreary court. While his little capital lasted he had kept himself clear of debt, but that being exhausted, and his practice growing worse day by day, he had been fain to seek assistance from money-lenders; and now even the money-lenders were tired of him. The chair in which he sat, the poker which he swung slowly to and fro, as he bent over his hearth, were not his own. One of his Jewish creditors had a bill of sale on his furniture, and he might come home any day to find the auctioneer's bills plastered against the wall of his house, and the auctioneer's clerk busy with the catalogue of his possessions. If the expected victim came now to buy his practice, the sacrifice would be made too late to serve his interest. The men who had lent him money would be the sole gainers by the bargain.

Seldom does a man find himself face to face with a blacker prospect than that which lay before Philip Sheldon; and yet his manner to-night was not the dull, blank apathy of despair. It was the manner of a man whose brain is occupied with busy thoughts; who has some elaborate scheme to map out and arrange before he is called upon to carry his plans into action.

"It would be a good business for me," he muttered, "if I had pluck enough to carry it through."

The fire went quite out as he sat swinging the poker backward and forward. The clocks of Bloomsbury and St. Pancras struck twelve, and still Philip Sheldon pondered and plotted by that dreary hearth. The servants had retired at eleven, after a good deal of blundering with bars and shutters, and unnecessary banging of doors. That unearthly silence peculiar to houses after midnight reigned in Mr. Sheldon's domicile, and he could hear the voices of distant roysterers and the miauling of neighboring cats with a painful distinctness as he sat brooding in his silent room. The fact that a mahogany chiffonnier in a corner gave utterance to a faint groan occasionally, as of some feeble creature in pain, afforded him no annoyance. He was superior to superstitious fancies, and all the rappings and scratchings of spirit-land would have failed to disturb his equanimity. He was a strictly practical man—one of those men who are always ready, with a stump of lead-pencil and the back of a letter, to reduce every thing in creation to figures.

"I had better read-up that business before they come," he said, when he had to all appearance "thought out" the subject of his reverie. "No time so good as this for doing it quietly. One never knows who is spying about in the daytime."

He looked at his watch, and then went to a cupboard, where there were bundles of wood and matches and old newspapers—for it was his habit to light his own fire occasionally when he worked unusually late at night or early in the morning. He relighted his fire now as cleverly as any house-maid in Bloomsbury, and stood watching it till it burned briskly. Then he lit a taper and went down stairs to the professional torture-chamber. The tall horse-hair chair looked unutterably awful in the dim glimmer of the taper, and a nervous person could almost have fancied it occupied by the ghost of some patient who had expired under the agony of the forceps. Mr. Sheldon lighted the gas in a movable branch which he was in the habit of turning almost into the mouths of the patients who consulted him at night. There was a cupboard on each side of the mantle-piece, and it was in these two cupboards that the dentist kept his professional library. His books did not form a very valuable collection, but he kept the cupboards constantly locked nevertheless.

He took the key from his waistcoat-pocket, opened one of the cupboards, and took out a pile of heavy books. They were bound volumes of *The Lancet*, and they were almost as much as he could carry. But he managed to pack them in his arms, and conveyed them safely to the room above, where he seated himself under the gas with the volumes before him. He sat looking through these volumes, stopping now and then to read an article with studious attention, and

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making numerous notes in a thick little oblong memorandum-book, until the Bloomsbury clocks struck three.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AND MRS. HALLIDAY.

MR. SHELDON'S visitors arrived in due course. They were provincial people of the middle-class, accounted monstrously genteel in their own neighborhood, but in nowise resembling Londoners of the same rank.

Mr. Thomas Halliday was a big, loud-spoken, good-tempered Yorkshireman, who had inherited a comfortable little estate from a plodding, money-making father, and for whom life had been very easy. He was a farmer, and nothing but a farmer; a man for whom the supremest pleasure of existence was a cattle-show or a country horse-fair. The farm upon which he had been born and brought up was situated about six miles from Barlingford, and all the delights of his boyhood and youth were associated with that small market-town. He and the two Sheldons had been school-fellows, and afterward boon companions, taking such pleasure as was obtainable in Barlingford together; flirting with the same provincial beauties at prim tea-parties in the winter, and getting up friendly picnics in the summer—picnics at which eating and drinking were the leading features of the day's entertainment. Mr. Halliday had always regarded George and Philip Sheldon with that reverential admiration which a stupid man, who is conscious of his own mental inferiority, generally feels for a clever friend and companion. But he was also fully aware of the advantage which a rich man possesses over a poor one, and would not have exchanged the fertile acres of Hyley for the intellectual gifts of his school-fellows. He had found the substantial value of his handsomely-furnished house and well-stocked farm when he and his friend Philip Sheldon became suitors for the hand of Georgina Cradock, youngest daughter of a Barlingford attorney, who lived next door to the Barlingford dentist, Philip Sheldon's father. Philip and the girl had been play-fellows in the long walled gardens behind the two houses, and there had been a brotherly and sisterly intimacy between the juvenile members of the two families. But when Philip and Georgina met at the Barlingford tea-parties in later years the parental powers frowned upon any renewal of that childish friendship. Miss Cradock had no portion, and the worthy solicitor her father was a prudent man, who was apt to look for the promise of domestic happiness in the plate-basket and the linen-press, rather than for such superficial qualifications as black whiskers and white teeth. So poor Philip was "thrown over the bridge," as he said himself, and Georgy Cradock married Mr. Halliday, with all attendant ceremony and splendor, according to the "lights" of Barlingford gentry.

But this provincial bride's story was no passionate record of anguish and tears. The Barlingford Juliet had liked Romeo as much as she was capable of liking any one; but when Papa Capulet insisted on her union with Paris she accepted her destiny with decent resignation, and in the absence of any sympathetic father confessor, was fain to seek consolation from a more mundane individual in the person of the Barlingford milliner. Nor did Philip Sheldon give evidence of any extravagant despair. His father was something of a doctor as well as a dentist; and there were plenty of dark little vials lurking on the shelves of his surgery in which the young man could have found "mortal drugs" without the aid of the apothecary, had he been so minded. Happily no such desperate idea ever occurred to him in connection with his grief. He held himself sulkily aloof from Mr. and Mrs. Halliday for some time after their marriage, and allowed people to see that he considered himself very hardly used; but prudence, which had always been Philip Sheldon's counselor, proved herself also his consoler in this crisis of his life. A careful consideration of his own interests led him to perceive that the successful result of his love-suit would have been about the worst thing that could have happened to him.

Georgina had no money. All was said in that. As the young dentist's philosophy of this world ripened under the influence of experience he discovered that the worldly ease of the best man in Barlingford was something like that of a canary-bird who inhabits a clean cage and is supplied with abundant seed and water. The cage is eminently comfortable, and the sleepy, respectable, elderly bird sighs for no better abiding-place, no wider prospect than that patch of the universe which he sees between the bars. But now and then there is hatched a wild young fledgling, which beats its wings against the inexorable wires, and would fain soar away into that wide outer world, to prosper or perish in its freedom.

Before Georgy had been married a year her sometime lover had fully resigned himself to the existing state of things, and was on the best possible terms with his friend Tom. He could eat his dinner in the comfortable house at Hyley with an excellent appetite; for there was a gulf between him and his old love far wider than any that had been dug by that ceremonial in the parish church of Barlingford. Philip Sheldon had awakened to the consciousness that life in his native town was little more than a kind of animal vegetation—the life of some pulpy, invertebrate creature, which sprawls helplessly upon the sands whereon the wave has deposited it, and may be cloven in half without feeling itself noticeably worse for the operation. He had awakened to the knowledge that there was a wider and more agreeable world beyond that little provincial borough, and that a handsome face and figure and a vigorous intellect were commodities for which there must be some kind of market.

Once convinced of the utter worthlessness of his prospects in Barlingford, Mr. Sheldon turned his eyes Londonward; and his father happening at this time very conveniently to depart this life, Philip, the son and heir, disposed of the business to an aspiring young practitioner, and came to the metropolis, where he made that futile attempt to establish himself which has been described.

The dentist had wasted four years in London, and nine years had gone by since Georgy's wedding; and now for the first time he had an opportunity of witnessing the domestic happiness or the domestic misery of the woman who had jilted him, and the man who had been his successful rival. He set himself to watch them with the cool deliberation of a social anatomist, and he experienced very little difficulty in the performance of this moral dissection. They were established under his roof, his companions at every meal; and they were the kind of people who discuss their grievances and indulge in their "little differences" with perfect freedom in the presence of a third, or a fourth, or even a fifth party.

Mr. Sheldon was wise enough to preserve a strict neutrality. He would take up a newspaper at the beginning of a little difference, and lay it down when the little difference was finished, with the most perfect assumption of unconsciousness; but it is doubtful whether the matrimonial disputants were sufficiently appreciative of this good-breeding. They would have liked to have had Mr. Sheldon for a court of appeal; and a little interference from him would have given zest to their quarrels. Meanwhile Philip watched them slyly from the covert of his newspaper, and formed his own conclusions about them. If he was pleased to see his false love's path was not entirely rose-bestrewn, or if he rejoiced at beholding the occasional annoyance of his rival, he allowed no evidence of his pleasure to appear in his face or manner.

Georgina Cradock's rather insipid prettiness had developed into matronly comeliness. Her fair complexion and pink cheeks had lost none of their freshness. Her smooth auburn hair was as soft and bright as it had been when she had braided it preparatory to a Barlingford tea-party in the days of her spinsterhood. She was a pretty, weak little woman, whose education had never gone beyond the routine of a provincial boarding-school, and who thought that she had attained all necessary wisdom in having mastered Pinnock's abridgments of Goldsmith's histories and the rudiments of the French language. She was a woman who thought that the perfection of feminine costume was a moire-antique dress and a conspicuous gold chain. She was a woman who considered a well-furnished house and a horse and gig the highest form of earthly splendor or prosperity.

This was the shallow commonplace creature whom Philip Sheldon had once admired and wooed. He looked at her now, and wondered how he could ever have felt even as much as he had felt on her account. But he had little leisure to devote to any such abstract and useless consideration. He had his own affairs to think about, and they were very desperate.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Halliday occupied themselves in the pursuit of pleasure or business, as the case might be. They were eager for amusement: went to exhibitions in the day and to theatres at night, and came home to cozy little suppers in Fitzgeorge Street, after which Mr. Halliday was wont to waste the small hours in friendly conversation with his quondam companion, and in the consumption of much brandy-and-water.

Unhappily for poor Georgy, these halcyon days were broken by intervals of storm and cloud. The weak little woman was afflicted with that intermittent fever called jealousy; and the stalwart Thomas was one of those men who can scarcely give the time of day to a feminine acquaintance without some ornate and loud-spoken gallantry. Having no intellectual resources wherewith to beguile the tedium of his idle prosperous life, he was fain to seek pleasure in the companionship of other men; and had thus become a haunter of tavern-parlors and small race-courses, being always ready for any amusement his friends proposed to him. It followed, therefore, that he was very often absent from his commonplace, substantial home and his pretty weak-minded wife. And poor Georgy had ample food for her jealous fears and suspicions; for where might a man not be who was so seldom at home? She had never been particularly fond of her husband, but that was no reason why she should not be particularly jealous about him; and her jealousy betrayed itself in a peevish worrying fashion, which was harder to bear than the vengeful ferocity of a Clytemnestra. It was in vain that Thomas Halliday and those jolly good fellows his friends and companions attested the Arcadian innocence of race-courses, and the perfect purity of that smoky atmosphere peculiar to tavern-parlors. Georgy's suspicions were too vague for refutation; but they were nevertheless sufficient ground for all the alternations of temper—from stolid sulkiness to peevish whining, from murmured lamentations to loud hysterics—to which the female temperament is liable.

In the mean time poor honest, loud-spoken Tom did all in his power to demonstrate his truth and devotion. He bought his wife so many stiff silk-gowns and gaudy Barlingford bonnets as she chose to sigh for. He made a will, in which she was sole legatee, and insured his life in different offices to the amount of five thousand pounds.

"I'm the sort of fellow that's likely to go off the hooks suddenly, you know, Georgy," he said, "and your poor dad was always anxious I should make things square for you. I don't suppose you're likely to marry again, my lass, so I've no need to tie up Lottie's little fortune. I must trust some one, and I'd better confide in my own little wife than in some canting methodistical fellow of a trustee, who would speculate my daughter's money upon some Stock-Exchange hazard, and levant to Australia when it was all swamped. If you can't trust me, Georgy, I'll let you see that I can trust you," added Tom, reproachfully.

Whereupon poor weak little Mrs. Halliday murmured plaintively that she did not want fortunes or life-insurances, but that she wanted her husband to stay at home, content with the calm and rather sleepy delights of his own fireside. Poor Tom was wont to promise amendment, and would keep his promise faithfully so long as no supreme temptation, in the shape of a visit from some friend of the jolly-good-fellow species, arose to vanquish his good resolutions. But a good-tempered, generous-hearted young man who farms his own land, has three or four good horses in his stable, a decent cellar of honest port and sherry—none of your wishy-washy sour stuff in the way of hock or claret—and a very comfortable balance at his banker's, finds it no easy matter to shake off friends of the jolly-good-fellow fraternity. Is it not the specialty of "jolly dogs" to be "here again," whether you will or no?

In London Mr. Halliday found the spirit of jolly-dog-ism rampant. George Sheldon had always been his favorite of the two brothers; and it was George who lured him from the safe shelter of Fitzgeorge Street and took him to mysterious haunts, whence he returned long after midnight, boisterous of manner and unsteady of gait, and with garments reeking of stale tobacco-smoke.

He was always good-tempered, even after these diabolical orgies on some unknown Brocken, and protested indistinctly that there was no harm "'pon m' wor', ye know, ol' gur'! Geor' an' me—half-doz' oyst'r—c'gar—botl' p'l ale—str't home," and much more to the same effect. When did any married man ever take *more* than half a dozen oysters—or take any undomestic pleasure for his *own* satisfaction? It is always those incorrigible bachelors, Thomas, Richard, or Henry, who hinder the unwilling Benedict from returning to his sacred Lares and Penates.

Poor Georgy was not to be pacified by protestations about oysters and cigars from the lips of a husband who was thick of utterance, and who betrayed a general imbecility of mind and unsteadiness of body. This London excursion, which had begun in sunshine, threatened to end in storm and darkness. George Sheldon and his set had taken possession of the young farmer; and Georgy had no better amusement in the long blusterous March evenings than to sit at her work under the flaming gas in Mr. Sheldon's drawing-room, while that gentleman—who rarely joined in the dissipations of his friend and his brother—occupied himself with mechanical dentistry in the chamber of torture below.

Fitzgeorge Street in general, always on the watch to discover evidences of impecuniosity or doubtful morality on the part of any one citizen in particular, could find no food for scandal in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday to their friend and countryman. It had been noised abroad, through the agency of Mrs. Woolper, that Mr. Sheldon had been a suitor for the lady's hand, and had been jilted by her. The Fitzgeorgians had been, therefore, especially on the alert to detect any sign of backsliding in the dentist. There would have been much pleasant discussion in kitchens and back-parlors if Mr. Sheldon had been particularly attentive to his fair guest; but it speedily became known, always by the agency of Mrs. Woolper and that phenomenon of idleness and iniquity, the London "girl," that Mr. Sheldon was not by any means attentive to the pretty young woman from Yorkshire—but that he suffered her to sit alone hour after hour in her husband's absence—with no amusement but her needle-work wherewith to "pass the time," while he scraped and filed and polished those fragments of bone which were to assist in the renovation of decayed beauty.

The third week of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday's visit was near its close, and as yet the young farmer had arrived at no decision as to the subject which had brought him to London. The sale of Hyley Farm was an accomplished fact; and the purchase-money duly bestowed at Tom's banker's; but very little had been done toward finding the new property which was to be a substitute for the estate his father and grandfather had farmed before him. He had seen auctioneers, and had brought home plans of estates in Herefordshire and Devonshire, Cornwall and Somersetshire, all of which seemed to be, in their way, the most perfect things imaginable—land of such fertility as one would scarcely expect to find out of Arcadia—live-stock which seemed beyond all price to be taken at a valuation—roads and surrounding neighborhood unparalleled in beauty and convenience—outbuildings that must have been the very archetypes of barns and stables—a house which to inhabit would be to adore. But as yet he had seen none of these peerless domains. He was waiting for decent weather in which to run down to the West and "look about him," as he said himself. In the mean time the blusterous March weather, which was so unsuited to long railroad journeys, and all that waiting about at junctions and at little windy stations on branch-lines, incidental to the inspection of estates scattered over a large area of country, served very well for "jolly-dog-ism"—and what with a hand at cards in George Sheldon's chambers, and another hand at cards in somebody else's chambers, and a run down to an early meeting at Newmarket, and an evening at some rooms where there was something to be seen which was as near prize-fighting as the law allowed, and other evenings in unknown regions, Mr. Halliday found time slipping by him, and his domestic peace vanishing away.

It was on an evening at the end of this third week that Mr. Sheldon abandoned his mechanical dentistry for once in a way and ascended to the drawing-room, where poor Georgy sat busy with that eternal needle-work, but for which melancholy madness would surely overtake many desolate matrons in houses whose commonplace comfort and respectable dullness are more dismal than the picturesque dreariness of a moated grange amidst the Lincolnshire fens. To the masculine mind this needle-work seems nothing more than a purposeless stabbing and sewing of strips of calico; but to lonely womanhood it is the prison-flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latude.

Mr. Sheldon brought his guest an evening newspaper.

"There's an account of the opening of Parliament," he said, "which you may perhaps like to see. I wish I had a piano, or some female acquaintances to drop in upon you. I'm afraid you must be dull in these long evenings when Tom is out of the way."

"I am indeed dull," Mrs. Halliday answered, peevishly; "and if Tom cared for me, he wouldn't leave me like this evening after evening. But he doesn't care for me."

Mr. Sheldon laid down the newspaper, and seated himself opposite his guest. He sat for a few minutes in silence, beating time to some imaginary air with the tips of his fingers on the old-fashioned mahogany table. Then he said, with a half-smile upon his face:

"But surely Tom is the best of husbands! He has been a little wild since his coming to London, I know; but then you see he doesn't often come to town."

"He's just as bad in Yorkshire," Georgy answered, gloomily; "he is always going to Barlingford with somebody or other, or to meet some of his old friends. I'm sure, if I had known what he was, I would never have married him."

"Why, I thought he was such a good husband. He was telling me only a few days ago how he had made a will leaving you every sixpence he possesses, without reservation, and how he has insured his life for five thousand pounds."

"Oh yes, I know that; but I don't call *that* being a good husband. I don't want him to leave me his money. I don't want him to die. I want him to stay at home."

"Poor Tom! I'm afraid he's not the sort of man for that kind of thing. He likes change and amusement. You married a rich man, Mrs. Halliday; you made your choice, you know, without regard to the feelings of any one else. You sacrificed truth and honor to your own inclination, or your own interest, I do not know, and I do not ask which. If the bargain has turned out a bad one that's your look-out."

Philip Sheldon sat with his folded arms resting on the little table, and his eyes fixed on Georgy's face. They could be very stern and hard and cruel, those bright black eyes, and Mrs. Halliday grew first red and then pale under their searching gaze. She had seen Mr. Sheldon very often during the years of her married life, but this was the first time he had ever said any thing to her that sounded like a reproach. The dentist's eyes softened a little as he watched her, not with any special tenderness, but with an expression of half-disdainful compassion—such as a strong, stern man might feel for a foolish child. He could see that this woman was afraid of him, and it served his interests that she should fear him. He had a purpose in every thing he did, and his purpose to-night was to test the strength of his influence over Georgina Halliday. In the old time before her marriage that influence had been very strong. It was for him to discover now whether it still endured.

"You made your choice, Mrs. Halliday," he went on presently, "and it was a choice which all prudent people must have approved. What chance had a man, who was only heir to a practice worth four or five hundred pounds, against the inheritor of Hyley Farm, with its two hundred and fifty acres, and three thousand pounds' worth of live-stock, plant, and working capital? When do the prudent people ever stop to consider truth and honor, or old promises, or an affection that dates from childhood? They calculate every thing by pounds, shillings, and pence; and according to their mode of reckoning you were in the right when you jilted me to marry Tom Halliday."

Georgy laid down her work and took out her handkerchief. She was one of those women who take refuge in tears when they find themselves at a disadvantage. Tears had always melted honest Tom, was his wrath never so dire, and tears would no doubt subdue Philip Sheldon.

But Georgy had to discover that the dentist was made of a stuff very different from that softer clay which composed the rollicking good-tempered farmer. Mr. Sheldon watched her tears with the cold-blooded deliberation of a scientific experimentalist. He was glad to find that he could make her cry. She was a necessary instrument in the working out of certain plans that he had made for himself, and he was anxious to discover whether she was likely to be a plastic instrument. He knew that her love for him had never been worth much at its best, and that the poor little flickering flame had been utterly extinguished by nine years of commonplace domesticity and petty jealousy. But his purpose was one that would be served as well by her fear as by her love, and he had set himself to-night to gauge his power in relation to this poor weak creature.

"It's very unkind of you to say such dreadful things, Mr. Sheldon," she whimpered presently; "you know very well that my marriage with Tom was no doing, and not mine. I'm

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sure if I'd known how he would stay out night after night, and come home in such dreadful states time after time, I never would have consented to marry him."

"Wouldn't you? Oh yes, you would! If you were a widow to-morrow, and free to marry again, you would choose just such another man as Tom—a man who laughs loud, and pays flourishing compliments, and drives a gig with a high-stepping horse. That's the sort of man women like, and that's the sort of man you'd marry."

"I'm sure I shouldn't marry at all," answered Mrs. Halliday, in a voice that was broken by little gasping sobs. "I have seen enough of the misery of married life. But I don't want Tom to die, unkind as he is to me. People are always saying that he won't make old bones—how horrid it is to talk of a person's bones!—and I'm sure I sometimes make myself wretched about him, as he knows, though he doesn't thank me for it."

And here Mrs. Halliday's sobs got the better of her utterance, and Mr. Sheldon was fain to say something of a consolatory nature.

"Come, come," he said, "I won't tease you any more. That's against the laws of hospitality, isn't it?—only there are some things which you can't expect a man to forget, you know. However, let by-gones be by-gones. As for poor old Tom, I dare say he'll live to be a hale, hearty old man, in spite of the croakers. People always will croak about something; and it's a kind of fashion to say that a big, hearty, six-foot man is a fragile blossom likely to be nipped by any wintry blast. Come, come, Mrs. Halliday, your husband mustn't discover that I've been making you cry when he comes home. He may be home early this evening, perhaps; and if he is, we'll have an oyster supper and a chat about old times."

Mrs. Halliday shook her head dolefully.

"It's past ten o'clock already," she said, "and I don't suppose Tom will be home till after twelve. He doesn't like my sitting up for him; but I wonder *what* time he would come home if I didn't sit up for him?"

"Let's hope for the best," exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, cheerfully. "I'll go and see about the oysters."

"Don't get them for me or for Tom," protested Mrs. Halliday; "he will have had his supper when he comes home, you may be sure, and I couldn't eat a morsel of any thing."

To this resolution Mrs. Halliday adhered; so the dentist was fain to abandon all jovial ideas in relation to oysters and pale ale. But he did not go back to his mechanical dentistry. He sat opposite his visitor, and watched her, silently and thoughtfully, for some time as she worked. She had brushed away her tears, but she looked very peevish and miserable, and took out her watch several times in an hour. Mr. Sheldon made two or three feeble attempts at conversation, but the talk languished and expired on each occasion, and they sat on in silence.

Little by little the dentist's attention seemed to wander away from his guest. He wheeled his chair round and sat looking at the fire, with the same fixed gloom upon his face which had darkened it on the night of his return from Yorkshire. Things had been so desperate with him of late that he had lost his old orderly habit of thinking out a business at one sitting, and making an end of all deliberation and hesitation about it. There were subjects that forced themselves upon his thoughts, and certain ideas which repeated themselves with a stupid persistence. He was such an eminently practical man that this disorder of his brain troubled him more even than the thoughts that made the disorder. He sat in the same attitude for a long while, scarcely conscious of Mrs. Halliday's presence, not at all conscious of the progress of time.

Georgy had been right in her gloomy forebodings of bad behavior on the part of Mr. Halliday. It was nearly one o'clock when a loud double knock announced that gentleman's return. The wind had been howling drearily, and a sharp, slanting rain had been pattering against the windows for the last half hour, while Mrs. Halliday's breast had been racked by the contending emotions of anxiety and indignation.

"I suppose he couldn't get a cab," she exclaimed, as the knock startled her from her listening attitude; for however intently a midnight watcher may be listening for the returning wanderer's knock, it is not the less startling when it comes. "And he has walked home through the wet, and now he'll have a violent cold, I dare say," added Georgy, peevishly.

"Then it's lucky for him he's in a doctor's house," answered Mr. Sheldon, with a smile. He was a handsome man no doubt, according to the popular idea of masculine perfection, but he had *not* a pleasant smile. "I went through the regular routine, you know, and am as well able to see a patient safely through a cold or a fever as I am to make him a set of teeth."

Mr. Halliday burst into the room at this moment, singing a fragment of the "Chough and Crow" chorus, very much out of tune. He was in boisterously high spirits, and very little the worse for liquor. He had only walked from Covent Garden, he said, and had taken nothing but a tankard of stout and a Welsh rarebit. He had been hearing the divinest singing—boys with the voices of angels—and had been taking his supper in a place which duchesses themselves did not disdain to peep at from the sacred recesses of a *loge grillée*, George Sheldon had told him. But poor country-bred Georgina Halliday would not believe in the duchesses, or the angelic singing-boys, or the primitive simplicity of Welsh rarebits. She had a vision of beautiful women, and halls of dazzling light; where there was the mad music of perpetual post-horn galops, with a riotous accompaniment of huzzas, and the popping of Champagne corks; where the sheen of satin and the glitter of gems bewildered the eye of the beholder. She had seen such a picture once on the stage, and had vaguely associated it with all Tom's midnight roysterings ever afterward.

The roysterer's garments were very wet, and it was in vain that his wife and Philip Sheldon entreated him to change them for dry ones, or to go to bed immediately. He stood before the fire relating his innocent adventures, and trying to dispel the cloud from Georgy's fair young brow; and, when he did at last consent to go to his room, the dentist shook his head ominously.

"You'll have a severe cold to-morrow, depend upon it, Tom, and you'll have yourself to thank for it," he said, as he bade the good-tempered reprobate good-night.

"Never mind, old fellow," answered Tom; "if I am ill, you shall nurse me. If one is doomed to die by doctor's stuff, it's better to have a doctor one does know than a doctor one doesn't know for one's executioner."

After which graceful piece of humor Mr. Halliday went blundering up the staircase, followed by his aggrieved wife.

Philip Sheldon stood on the landing looking after his visitors for some minutes. Then he went slowly back to the sitting-room, where he replenished the fire, and seated himself before it with a newspaper in his hand.

"What's the use of going to bed if I can't sleep?" he muttered, in a discontented tone.

He would be well again, and there would be more midnight roystering, and she would be again tormented by that vision of lighted halls and beautiful diabolical creatures revolving madly to the music of the Post-horn Galop.

It seemed, however, that poor jealous Mrs. Halliday was to be spared her nightly agony for some time to come. Tom's cold lasted longer than he had expected, and the cold was succeeded by a low fever—a bilious fever, Mr. Sheldon said. There was not the least occasion for alarm, of course. The invalid and the invalid's wife trusted implicitly in the friendly doctor, who assured them both that Tom's attack was the most ordinary kind of thing; a little wearing, no doubt, but entirely without danger. He had to repeat this assurance very often to Georgy, whose angry feelings had given place to extreme tenderness and affection now that Tom was an invalid, quite unfitted for the society of jolly-good-fellows, and willing to receive basins of beef-tea and arrow-root meekly from his wife's hands, instead of those edibles of iniquity, oysters and toasted cheese.

Mr. Halliday's illness was very tiresome. It was one of those perplexing complaints which keep the patient himself, and the patient's friends and attendants, in perpetual uncertainty. A little worse one day, and a shade better the next; now gaining a little strength, now losing a trifle more than he had gained; the patient declined



MRS. HALLIDAY IS REPROACHED.

CHAPTER IV.

A PERPLEXING ILLNESS.

MR. SHELDON'S prophecy was fully realized. Tom Halliday awoke the next day with a violent cold in his head. Like most big boisterous men of Herculean build, he was the veriest craven in the hour of physical ailment; so he succumbed at once to the malady which a man obliged to face the world and fight for his daily bread must needs have made light of.

The dentist rallied his invalid friend.

"Keep your bed, if you like, Tom," he said, "but there's no necessity for any such coddling. As your hands are hot, and your tongue rather queer, I may as well give you a saline draught. You'll be all right by dinner-time, and I'll get George to look round in the evening for a hand at cards."

Tom obeyed his professional friend—took his medicine, read the paper, and slept away the best part of the dull March day. At half past five he got up and dressed for dinner, and the evening passed very pleasantly; so pleasantly, indeed, that Georgy was half inclined to wish that her husband might be afflicted with chronic influenza, whereby he would be compelled to stop at home. She sighed when Philip Sheldon slapped his friend's broad shoulder, and told him cheerily that he would be "all right to-morrow." in an imperceptible manner, and it was only when he had been ill three weeks, and was no longer able to leave his bed, and had lost alike his appetite and his spirits, it was then only that Georgy awoke to the fact that this illness, hitherto considered so lightly, must be very serious.

"I think, if—if you have no objection, I should like to see another doctor, Mr. Sheldon," she said, one day, with considerable embarrassment of manner. She feared to offend her host by any doubt of his skill. "You see—you—you are so much employed with teeth—and—of course you know I am quite assured of your talent—but don't you think that a doctor who had more experience in fever cases might bring Tom round quicker? He has been ill so long now; and really he doesn't seem to get any better."

Philip Sheldon shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please, my dear Mrs. Halliday," he said, carelessly; "I don't wish to press my services upon you. It is quite a matter of friendship, you know, and I shall not profit six-pence by my attendance on poor old Tom. Call in another doctor, by all means, if you think fit to do so; but, of course, in that event, I must withdraw from the case. The man you call in may be clever, or he may be stupid and ignorant. It's all a chance, when one doesn't know one's man; and I really can't advise you upon that point, for I know nothing of the London profession."

Georgy looked alarmed. This was a new view of the subject. She had fancied that all regular practitioners were clever, and had only doubted Mr. Sheldon because he was not a regular practitioner. But how if she were to withdraw her husband from the hands of a clever man to deliver him into the care of an ignorant pretender, simply because she was over-anxious for his recovery?

"I always am foolishly anxious about things," she thought.

And then she looked piteously at Mr. Sheldon, and said:

"What do you think I ought to do? Pray tell me! He has eaten no breakfast again this morning; and even the cup of tea which I persuaded him to take seemed to disagree with him. And then there is that dreadful sore throat which torments him so. What ought I to do, Mr. Sheldon?"

"Whatever seems best to yourself, Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, earnestly. "It is a subject upon which I can not pretend to advise you. It is a matter of feeling rather than of reason, and it is a matter which you yourself must determine. If I knew any man whom I could honestly recommend to you it would be another affair, but I don't. Tom's illness is the simplest thing in the world, and I feel myself quite competent to pull him through it, without fuss or bother; but if you think otherwise, pray put me out of the question. There's one fact, however, of which I am bound to remind you. Like many fine, big, stalwart fellows of his stamp, your husband is as nervous as a hysterical woman; and if you call in a strange doctor, who will pull long faces, and put on the professional solemnity, the chances are that he'll take alarm, and do himself more mischief in a few hours than your new adviser can undo in as many weeks."

There was a little pause after this. Georgy's opinions, and suspicions, and anxieties were alike vague; and this last suggestion of Mr. Sheldon's put things in a new and alarming light. She was really anxious about her husband, but she had been accustomed all her life to accept the opinion of other people in preference to her own.

"Do you really think that Tom will soon be well and strong again?" she asked, presently.

"If I thought otherwise I should be the first to advise other measures. However, my dear Mrs. Halliday, call in some one else, for your own satisfaction."

"No," said Georgy, sighing plaintively, "it might frighten Tom. You are quite right, Mr. Sheldon; he is very nervous, and the idea that I was alarmed might alarm him. I'll trust in you. Pray try to bring him round again. You will try, won't you?" she asked, in the childish pleading way which was peculiar to her.

The dentist was searching for something in the drawer of a table, and his back was turned upon that anxious questioner.

"You may depend upon it I'll do my best, Mrs. Halliday," he answered, still busy at the drawer.

Mr. Sheldon the younger had paid many visits to Fitzgeorge Street during Tom Halliday's illness. George and Tom had been the Damon and Pythias of Barlingford; and George seemed really distressed when he found his friend changed for the worse. The changes in the invalid were so puzzling, the alternations from better to worse, and from worse to better, so frequent, that fear could take no hold upon the minds of the patient's friends. It seemed such a very slight affair this low fever, though sufficiently inconvenient to the patient himself, who suffered a good deal from thirst and sickness, and showed an extreme disinclination for food, all which symptoms Mr. Sheldon said were the commonest and simplest features of a very mild attack of bilious fever, which would leave Tom a better man than it had found him.

There had been several pleasant little card-parties during the earlier stages of Mr. Halliday's illness; but within the last week the patient had been too low and weak for cards; too weak to read the newspaper, or even to bear having it read to him. When George came to look at his old friend, "to cheer you up a little, old fellow! you know," and so on, he found Tom, for the time being, past all capability of being cheered, even by the genial society of his favorite jolly-good-fellow, or by tidings of a steeple-chase in Yorkshire, in which a neighbor had gone to grief over a double fence.

"That chap up stairs seems rather queerish," George had said to his brother, after finding Tom lower and weaker than usual. "He's in a bad way, isn't he, Phil?"

"No; there's nothing serious the matter with him. He's rather low to-night, that's all."

"Rather low!" echoed George Sheldon. "He seems to me so very low that he can't sink much lower without going to the bottom of his grave. I'd call some one in if I were you."

The dentist shrugged his shoulders, and made a little contemptuous noise with his lips.

"If you knew as much of doctors as I do you wouldn't be in any hurry to trust a friend to the mercy of one," he said, carelessly. "Don't you alarm yourself about Tom. He's right enough. He's been in a state of chronic overeating and overdrinking for the last ten years, and this bilious fever will be the making of him."

"Will it?" said George, doubtfully; and then there followed a little pause, during which the brothers happened to look at each other furtively, and happened to surprise each other in the act.

"I don't know about overeating or drinking," said George, presently; "but *something* has disagreed with Tom Halliday, that's very evident."

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Every way superior to the Needle Gun. Who wants a splendid Piano, Melodeon, Sewing Machine, Knitting Machine, Washing Machine, Clothes Wringer, or a Library of choice Books, including NEW PHYSIOGNOMY? All these are given as PREMIUMS for Clubs of Subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867. Send stamp for circular to FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

A certain cure for Piles, Burns, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Old Sores, and all Skin Diseases.

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MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. Sold every where. Sent by mail, 35 cts. H. DALLEY, 49 Cedar St., N.Y.

Purify the Blood.

If the blood be pure, the body, which is formed from and by the blood, can not be diseased. But if there be in any part of the body any affection, such as a boil or ulcer, even a bruise, the blood circulating through that part takes up impure matter from the local affection and carries it into the general system. This is the cause often of sudden death to persons of full habit afflicted with boils and ulcers, and who use no medicine: the matter gets into the circulating system and chokes up the fine blood vessels which supply the brain with vitality, and life ceases as if

Bereft by Lightning.

Now this can be remedied.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

take all impure matters from the circulation, and save the general health, soon curing local affections also.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 15 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

JAMES VICK,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

Grower and Importer of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Hardy Bulbs, &c. My new Seed Catalogue for 1867 is now in press, and will be ready to send out on the 1st of January next. It will contain 75 or more pages, finely illustrated with about 100 engravings, and a beautiful Colored Frontispiece.

☞ Sent free to all my customers of 1866; to all others, price 15 cents—not half the cost.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

DEMOREST'S MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS; or, Instantaneous Photography in the Parlor. Beautiful subjects. Price 15 cents per package. Schools supplied at $1 25 per dozen. Mailed free on receipt of price. 473 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month, Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 5 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3.

$30,000 IN GREENBACKS.

Send for our circular and GOLDEN ENVELOPES, drawing articles of value, and a chance of drawing $30,000. Two envelopes for 50cts., or 5 for $1. Address Manufacturers' Association, 291 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

Established 1821.

William Gale, Jr.,

SILVERSMITH,

572 and 574 BROADWAY,

Under Metropolitan Hotel,

Has on hand a large and choice stock of

Silver and Plated Wares

Of the newest and finest designs, for

HOLIDAY AND BRIDAL GIFTS,

To which the attention of the Public is invited.

BROWNE & SPAULDING,

JEWELERS,

WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,

568 and 570 Broadway,

Having opened their new Store under the METROPOLITAN HOTEL with a choice selection of novelties in their line, solicit the inspection of the public and their friends.

French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,

BRONZES, AND OBJETS D'ART,

Suitable for Bridal Presents and Holiday Gifts, in great variety.

China & Glass Ware.

Having enlarged our Store by extending it through to Mercer Street, we now invite attention to the best stock of

China, Glass, and Plated Goods

In the City, at the lowest possible price.

DINING SETS, VASES, &c.,

From Auction.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,

No. 479 Broadway,

Four doors below Broome Street.

IMPORTANT!

F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER, 727 Broadway, New York,

Are Sole Agents for the celebrated

"DUCHESSE KID GLOVES,"

Equal to the "Alexandre," and sent by mail to any part of the United States at $2 25 per pair. Also the genuine brands of "JOUVIN," "BAJOU," and "ANGELE"

KID GLOVES.

NEW MUSIC.

COME BACK TO ERIN, by Claribel; price ..... 35c.
THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, by Virginia Gabriel . 40c.
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES, by that celebrated composer, Chas. D'Albert; for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
MABEL WALTZES, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
GUARDS WALTZ, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

UNION ADAMS,

HOSIER, GLOVER,

AND

SHIRT MAKER,

No. 637 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK CITY.

Washes Well! Wears Well!



The Genuine Magic Ruffle!

These goods, having the above trade-mark on the BOX and Card, are warranted to measure six full yards in each piece, and to WEAR and WASH as well as any made by hand.

THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. HOME-MADE RUFFLES.

PICKPOCKETS DEFIED.

Demorest's Infallible Watch Guard, simple, secure, ornamental, and convenient. Price 15 and 25 cents each. Sold or mailed free on receipt of the price. No. 473 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG AMERICA.

The most Brilliant, Sparkling, and Artistic Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls. Single, 15 cents, with a splendid Colored Presentation Plate, and both mailed free. Teachers supplied with 20 copies of November number for $1, and 8 cents for postage, as specimens. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York.

KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS—chief men among the Mormons, with Portraits, in Nov. No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 20 cts., or $2 a year. Newsmen here [illegible] FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

100,000 Watches, Dress Patterns, Bal. Skirts, Jewelry, Silverware, Dry Goods, &c., &c.,

WORTH $500,000.

ALL TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Splendid List of Articles.

		EACH.
1000	Gold and Silver hunting cased Watches	$18 to 115
2000	Dress Patterns and Balmoral Skirts	14 to 60
2000	Revolving Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to 25
10000	Tea, Tab., & Des. Spns & F'ks (@ doz.)	12 to 24
6000	Napkin-Rings & Butter-Knives (@ pair)	6 to 10
4000	Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 to 10
15000	California-Diamond Rings and Pins	5 to 10
60000	other articles enumerated on circular	4 to 10

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10, and 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"FORT LYON, *October* 8, 1866.

"J. H. WINSLOW & Co.: *Gents*,—There have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from this place to New York and other places; and, so far, have only found J. H. WINSLOW & Co. honest and truthful in that business. Every thing that has been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the money it cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"A. J. THATCH, Co. K, 5th U. S. Vol. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S HIGHEST PREMIUM



Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines.

Incomparably the best for Family Use.

No. 543 Broadway, New York.

THEIR SUPERIORITY VINDICATED BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES.

GOLD MEDAL. FAIR MARYLAND INSTITUTE, 1866.

ALL THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE, NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIRS IN 1866, given on Sewing Machines, except one given to a Manufacturing Machine at the New York Fair,

WERE AWARDED

After a most severe and impartial test, TO THE ELLIPTIC LOCK STITCH MACHINE, *as follows:*

At the MARYLAND INSTITUTE FAIR, as the

"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"

And at the NEW YORK STATE FAIR as the

"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"

"BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE,"

(*These two completely covering all the ground*),

And for the

"BEST SAMPLE OF SEWING MACHINE WORK,"

As can be seen by the following comprehensive and conclusive report of the committee of practical and experienced mechanical experts appointed by the State Board to investigate into the *merits* of the different Sewing Machines:

"We, the Committee on Sewing Machines, after a careful and thorough investigation into the respective merits of the various machines submitted to examination, find the *Elliptic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine* to be *superior to all others* in the following points, namely:

"Simplicity and Thoroughness of Mechanical Construction.

"Ease of Operation and Management.

"Noiselessness and Rapidity of Movement.

"Beauty, Strength, and Elasticity of Stitch.

"Variety and Perfection of Attachments, and Range of Work.

"Compactness and Beauty of Model and Finish.

"Adaptation to material of any thickness by an Adjustable Feed Bag, and in the Unequaled Precision with which it executes the Lock-Stitch, by means of the Elliptic Hook, and we therefore award it the *First Premium* as the

BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

And also for the above reasons the *First Premium* as the

BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE.

"C. E. PETERS,
"HECTOR MOFFAT,} Committee."

☞ The above report fully accords with the almost unanimous opinion of the best *impartial* judges and Sewing Machine experts, as well as of all others who have used this unrivaled machine, which is incomparably the most *simple* in *construction*; the most *efficient* in *operation*; the most *easy, rapid*, and *noiseless of movement*; the most *economical* and *durable in use*; and the *most complete in the variety and perfection of its attachments for every kind of work*, and therefore infinitely the *most perfect Family Sewing Machine*, for which purpose its superiority is preeminent and unquestioned.

Machines (*which are warranted for two years*) forwarded to any part of the world, with printed instructions (which will enable any one to operate them without the slightest difficulty), for use, on receipt of the price in current funds or by draft; or they may be sent, payment to be collected on delivery, on receipt of satisfactory assurance that it will then be made; and all orders from a distance will be as faithfully filled as if a personal visit and selection had been made.

Liberal Arrangements made with parties of energy, good standing, and capital, who may wish to engage in the sale of these machines, as agents, in such territory as yet remains unoccupied; for further information in regard to which, and for private circular, address ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, No. 543 Broadway, New York.

WHISKERS.

Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

BINOCHROMATICS.—Ag'ts wanted. $5 a day clear profit in selling, manufacturing, or teaching. (Business easy and light.) Any person can do it. Instructions sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. Address A. THOMAS & CO., 264 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.

The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $2 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 376 Broadway, N. Y.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 15, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED IT.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

An Autumn Suggestion.

Now, as heavy fogs arise and searching winds commence to blow; now, as the human body, exhausted like inanimate nature by the heats of summer, begins to wilt and droop; now, ere the inclement winter makes its trying onset; NOW is the time for a preparatory course of the best acclimating medicine in existence,

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Fever and Ague is rampant in all parts of the country. Quinine, the physicians admit, will not quell the phase of the disease which at present pervades the entire West. It is well that it is so, for the remedy (so-called) is deadlier than the malady. But if quinine is inefficient in intermittent fevers,

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

Is irresistible. It would be safe to make a contract, under heavy penalties, that any given "Fever-and-Ague District" should be exempted from the disorder for any particular time, provided every inhabitant would take the BITTERS according to directions during the term of the contract. There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against miasma. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic, and nothing else, as a preventive and cure for all the forms of chills and fever. Vigor is the thing most needful in these cases as well as in dyspepsia and nervous affections, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the safest, surest, and most wholesome strengthening preparation that human skill has yet concocted.

$1800 per Year paid to Sewing Machine Agents by W. H. Hunterson, Cleveland, O. Send for particulars.

RICH AND RACY. The funniest paper published. Free for a stamp. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED.

Very liberal terms offered to sell stationery goods and watches. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

$23 80 PER DAY paid to Agents by BOWMAN & CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

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100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

GOLD PENS REPAIRED,

Equal to new, by a newly-invented process for 50 cts. Inclose pen and amount by mail to LEWIS H. MARTIN, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 1564.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
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And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

MILWAUKIE, *Nov*, 1, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTLEMEN,—My last order came to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, almost all new names, and their orders are small, in order to try the goods. I at least expect them to be regular customers monthly, but some to a larger extent. Believe me yours respectfully, C. BRINDLEY.

4 lbs. Japan	C. Brindley..at	$1 25..	$5 00
4 lbs. Japan	C. Brindley..at	1 10..	4 40
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. Brindley..at	1 25..	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. Brindley..at	1 10..	4 40
2 lbs. Em. Breakfast	C. Brindley..at	1 20..	2 40
2 lbs. Em. Breakfast	C. Brindley..at	1 10..	2 20
2 lbs. Em. Breakfast	C. Brindley..at	1 00..	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Mrs. Cass..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	S. McKellips..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	S. McKellips..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	C. Fitzgerald..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Black	C. Fitzgerald..at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Black	T. Blackwell..at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	T. Blackwell..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	Wm. Potts..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Black	Wm. Potts..at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Black	Mrs. Lee..at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Mrs. Lee..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	M. Gooding..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Black	M. Gooding..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	John Wilson..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Dahll..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Black	J. Dahll..at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Black	J. Knowlton..at	1 00..	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Knowlton..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. D. Coolidge..at	1 25..	1 25
1 lb. Black	J. D. Coolidge..at	1 00..	1 00
2 lbs. Black	James Butter..at	1 00..	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. C. Snover..at	1 25..	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Boncher..at	1 25..	2 50
1 lb. Black	C. Stumpy..at	1 00..	1 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	T. J. Price..at	1 25..	2 50
2 lbs. Black	T. J. Price..at	1 00..	2 00
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Hoffman..at	30..	60
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	G. Balzer..at	30..	1 50
3 lbs. do. do., ground	T. J. Price..at	30..	90
2 lbs. do. do., unground	Mrs. Lee..at	30..	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	M. Gooding..at	30..	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	T. Robinson..at	30..	60
2 lbs. do. do., ground	J. Butler..at	30..	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	H. Potter..at	30..	60
1 lb. do. do., unground	C. Stumpy..at	30..	30
2 lbs. do. do., unground	C. Brindley..at	30..	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	C. Brindley..at	35..	70
Total			$67 25

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store*.

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street*. This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving cases *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.	Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.	Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.	Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.	Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.	Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	Jno. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

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1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
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30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

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[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

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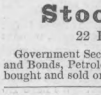
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 518.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

THE picture which we give on this page is that charming little scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Choosing the Wedding Gown," as painted by MULREADY, and now among the treasures of South Kensington Museum, England.

It is twenty years ago that this picture was at the Academy Exhibition a constant source of surprise as well as delight. MULREADY had then been for above forty years an exhibiter at the Academy, yet here was a painting by him as fresh and unanticipated in conception and treatment as though the work of an unknown man. No symptom about it of mental torpor, of failing hand or eye, but full of life and spirit, as effective at a distance as when seen close, in color of gem-like depth and lustre, and in execution the perfection of unobtrusive finish. And that fair face—one such as youthful poets dream of, but very, very rarely even youthful painters transfer to canvas. In the cold, over-lighted room at South Kensington the picture loses something of its attractiveness among so many larger and more pretentious works; but like Mrs. Primrose herself, it retains its hold on those who look "not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as wear well."

The scene is the inside of a country draper's shop. The draper we see is a man well to do, and one who can afford to keep a good article. Deborah, Mrs. Primrose that is to be, is choosing for her wedding gown a peach-blossom silk, and is carefully scrutinizing its wearing qualities. She has already selected the hangings for the famous green bed, a pretty set of window curtains, and other household as well as wedding requisites; the sprig of orange-blossom laid on the piletypifying at once the purchase and the occasion. She has been long selecting, for the wedding gown is not the only article that she chooses for such qualities as would wear well, and her little spaniel has curled himself round at her feet and gone comfortably to sleep. The young Vicar, however, is heedless of the flight of time, for he finds ample occupation in watching the countenance of his charmer. And no wonder. "Cold must be he who ever gazed impassive on her beauty." That comfortable-looking old mercer, who usually thinks far more of the beauty of his silks than he does of that of his customers, is evidently touched by the loveliness of our Deborah. See with what a gentle, admiring deference he is regarding her, while insisting on the excellent texture and color of the silk she is holding up to the light.

How, it may fairly be asked, did MULREADY, a man of sixty, succeed in producing so original a picture, and, for the first time, so lovely a face? The answer is obvious to any one who knew the man, or is acquainted with his history. He was always a student, always a learner. In his early pictures, while his drawing is invariably careful, it is often inaccurate. But he went on, year after year, drawing with unflagging diligence, and ever-increasing power, till he became not only, as Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE told the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present state of the Royal Academy (1863), "the best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had," and "the best judge of the merits of drawing in this country;" but himself so skilled in drawing that, as CHARLES LANDSEER declared, "perhaps neither is there now, nor at any time has there been, so great a draughtsman as Mr. MULREADY." Most academicians, when they are elected visitors, cease to draw in the schools, contenting themselves with acting as teachers; but MULREADY continued to draw as diligently as the most ambitious of his pupils. "An admirable example for students," said Sir EDWIN LANDSEER; "his drawings are remarkable for their accuracy; every thing seems to be done upon oath by him; he can account for every touch, and he is a good anatomist." While, as a crowning testimony, we have his own statement of his practice from 1817, when he first acted as visitor, to 1863, when he gave his evidence: "I have from the first moment I became a visitor in the life school drawn there *as if I were drawing for a prize!*" Surely here is a lesson the student, whatever be his pursuit, may profitably ponder. This thoroughness of study, it is almost needless to add, was not confined to drawing, but extended to all the technicalities of painting, as well as to the principles of art.



"CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN."—[FROM A PAINTING BY MULREADY.]

THE POPE'S VISIT TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

OUR readers have already been made acquainted with the unhappy termination of the Empress CARLOTTA'S mission to Rome. Our engraving on page 764 represents the Holy Father paying a visit to the Empress shortly after her arrival in Rome. The Empress resided in the Hotel de Rome, on the Corso. Here the soldiers of the French and the Pontifical army took turns in guarding the entrance of the palace, and in accompanying the Empress to church and in her walks. Some days after, the Pope's visit was returned by the Empress. She had at the Vatican a very long and important interview on the subject of MAXIMILIAN'S Mexican Empire. It was on the occasion of this visit that she first exhibited symptoms of the malady with which she is now afflicted. The Empress is now under the most solicitous care at her chatean in Miramar, of which also we give an illustration on page 765.

EVACUATION DAY.

WE illustrate on page 761 WASHINGTON'S entrance to New York City, upon its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783. Sir GUY CARLETON, the British Commander, received, on August 7, instructions to evacuate the city; but this event was delayed in order to make arrangements for the Tories who wished to leave the country.

On the morning of the 25th—a cold and frosty morning—the American troops, under Gen. KNOX, who had come down from West Point, and encamped at Harlem, marched to the Bowery Lane, and halted at the present junction of Third Avenue and Bowery. There they remained until one o'clock P.M., when the British left their posts and marched to Whitehall. The American troops followed, and before three o'clock Gen. KNOX took formal possession of Fort George amidst the acclamations of his men and the roar of artillery upon the Battery. The troops entered the city from the Bowery, through Chatham Street, in the following order: 1. A corps of light dragoons; 2. Advanced guard of light infantry; 3. A corps of artillery;

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4. A battalion of light infantry; 5. A battalion of Massachusetts troops; 3. Rear-guard.

WASHINGTON with his Staff, and Governor CLINTON with the State officers, soon afterward made a public entry. General WASHINGTON and Governor CLINTON, with their suite, led the advance, followed by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Members of the Council, four abreast. Then followed—in separate columns, eight abreast—the officers of the American army and the citizens, on horseback. The Speaker of the Assembly and the citizens on foot brought up the rear.

During the afternoon Governor CLINTON gave a dinner to the army officers at FRAUNCE'S Tavern (now Broad Street House), the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated. It was only a few days later that the principal officers of the army took a final leave of their beloved chief at FRAUNCE'S.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

ROOM 16002, HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

This epistle is about what I call "Fights to Come," and is suggested by the close proximity of a Congressman elect in the room two or three floors below me. Mr. M'CHOAKUMCHILD, the School Commissioner—who, in the language of DICKENS, "had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer."—has found a Peer in our *Commoner* JOHN MORRIS, elected to Congress from my district. As was the case with Mr. M'CHOAKUMCHILD, so with JOHN, "he will go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow it up with his left, step, exchange, counter, bore his opponent to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly;" and to continue, he will be certain to "knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time."

I can imagine the great—and shall I say healthful?—change that must take place in discussing knotty questions in our heretofore wordy Congress. And as all politicians, more or less, owe their nominations first, and their elections secondly, to the operations of the "Ring," how appropriate that an ex-champion of the Ring should lend his countenance (though it is a little bruised and "smiling") to so great a gathering of the "Ring" leaders!

I see now, in my mind's eye, JOHN going through a course of training for his maiden speech, and the anxiety manifested by his trainers and backers—WOOD, BROOKS, & COMPANY—that he should have proper weight and influence—say about 175 lbs avoirdupois—when he takes his place in the arena; how they expect he will fight all New England, as M'CHOAKUMCHILD did Old England, to the ropes, and lodge his left mauley in BEN BUTLER'S other peeper, rendering the expression of BEN'S countenance as much a physical doubt as the expression of his opinions is a political certainty. I see



JOHN PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

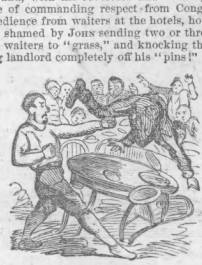
with its usual "feints" and "counters;" and how, on the first intimation of "Negro Suffrage," he will let fly, straight from the shoulder, his bunch of fives, caving in the clerk's bread-basket, and spoiling the potato-trap of the private secretary; for JOHN, above all others, knows the danger of leaving universal suffrage in the hands of the uneducated; and when old THAD STEVENS comes into the ring, then will JOHN show some of his wit, and his "rib-ticklers" will mean mischief.

In a case of impeachment I do not know how JOHN would act, as I am not acquainted with his legal acquirements, but in suits of "Chancery" I know he has done some pretty work. In his last participation in



A CASE OF THIS KIND,

he spilled more "claret" and treated his client to more *punches* than ever was done by any tippling lawyer of modern times. How easily, in case the Chaplain of the House displeased him—which will, of course, be the case—can he send him to "prayers," and bring any temperance champion up "groggy" on the first round! and should any cowardly Southerner be lurking around, with his revolvers and bowies, for the purpose of commanding respect from Congressmen and obedience from waiters at the hotels, how would they be shamed by JOHN sending two or three of the biggest waiters to "grass," and knocking the expostulating landlord completely off his "pins!"



JOHN SENDING A WAITER AFTER A "BROIL."



The waiter very soon returns with "CHOPS FOR TWO."

So long live the "Ring," fistic and political! and your own

C. O. W.

P.S.—The following "adver" I think you had better publish in your widely-circulated paper; it may lead to some good:

"☞ MISSING MAN.—Left his home, the Hall of the Montezumas, an old man, of feeble mind, a foreigner, answers to the name of 'MAXIMILIAN,' and has an idea that he is a Mexican Emperor. It was noticed that his mind had been wandering lately, and it is feared his body has been doing the same thing. When last seen he was on the road to Vera Cruz, apparently in a hurry, making good time. Had on when he left a cocked hat, French pegtop pantaloons, with a few French coins in his pockets, a short-tail coat, and buttons with the Mexican eagle on the tail. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his anxious friends. Address (post-paid) L. N., Tuileries, Paris, France."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1866.

THE AMENDMENT AT THE SOUTH.

THE people have laid down a principle of restoration by which, of course, they are willing to stand. They have plainly declared that when States formally secede from the Union, and attempting to maintain the secession by force of arms are subdued, they may resume their relations in the Union only upon such conditions, not inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Government, as may be determined by the loyal sentiment of the country. This is the principle affirmed by the autumn elections. And as the conditions were at the same time announced, it becomes an interesting question what the States which attempted secession are likely to do.

Several of them have already acted. The Legislatures of Texas and Georgia have rejected the proposed Amendment. The Governors of Mississippi, South Carolina, and Alabama have recommended the rejection. The old political leaders who dragged their section into the war advise repudiation of the conditions. And the newspapers, the tone and manner of which are simply inconceivable to one who does not see them, disdain the Amendment with passionate contempt. That there are persons in the unrepresented States who deprecate this folly of Governors, Legislatures, leaders, and editors is very possible; but the practical drift of public opinion can be ascertained only through such channels. So long as those who, for whatever reason, approve the Amendment can not elect the Governors or a majority of the Legislatures, nor even organize to do so, we must regard what we see as the indication of the real state of feeling.

The objections to the Amendment are, that it was suggested by a Congress in which all the States were not represented; that it is destructive of State rights; and that it is humiliating to the people of the unrepresented States.

Now, to the first of these objections it should be enough to say that it begs the question. By the necessity of the case the States that remained loyal constituted Congress by their representatives. By an equal necessity they are bound to guard the country against any danger that may arise from the unrestricted return of the rebel States, just as they were bound to defend it from the consequences of the attempted secession. The authority to do this is found in the nature of government itself and in common sense. It is found exactly where the authority to emancipate the slaves was found. Since Congress is, and has been, the lawful Congress of the United States ever since certain States seceded, it has the same authority to propose amendments to the Constitution that any Congress ever had or ever can have. If it be not competent to propose a Constitutional Amendment, it is not competent to legislate; and if it be not competent to legislate because certain States are unrepresented, the entire legislation of the country for the last five years is invalid. If it be not a lawful Congress, the President is not a lawful President, and the Chief Justice confirmed by it is not a lawful Chief Justice. That is to say, if Congress be not lawful, we have no government in either of the three branches, legislative, judicial, and executive. But if it be a lawful Congress it may propose amendments.

To say that the amendment destroys State rights, is to deny to the Government of the United States the first power of a Government; namely, to declare who are its citizens, and to define and defend their civil rights. The Amendment, in the first clause, simply says that as the Government of the United States is a supreme authority in its sphere, no other power whatever shall presume to deprive its citizens of civil rights. When the Governors of the unrepresented States say that this is a blow at State rights, they forget that they are speaking from the old and now obsolete Southern theory that the Constitution is a mere treaty between sovereign States and the Union a common servant of many masters. They must now understand that the people of the Union have decided by the last appeal that it is a national power, and no sensible, practical statesman will undertake to quarrel with that decision. Why should an English politician attempt to prove that WILLIAM III. had no right to the British throne, and that some remote STUART boy is now the real King of England? He might as well try to prove that it was very foolish for people to be drowned in the deluge. Certain questions are settled. They have been debated long and fiercely. The differences could not be reconciled. Arms were invoked, and the event of the struggle was the final reply. The Southern theory of the Constitution and Union is one of those questions. Those who continue to vex it will be the only sufferers.

But the loudest objection to the Amendment is, that it humiliates the States lately in rebellion. How? Were they humiliated by accepting the Emancipation Amendment, also proposed by a Congress in which they were not represented? If they were not, how can they be humiliated by accepting the legitimate results of that Amendment, namely, an equalization of political power? After a tremendous struggle to overthrow a Government in which you fail, how can you be humiliated by accepting, as the condition of resuming a share in that Government, that it shall be upon equal terms with all others? Do the Southern Governors mean us to understand—not to put too fine a point upon it—that rebels are humiliated if by their causeless and defeated rebellion they have not gained increased political power? They insist that the ineligibility to office of those who have broken their oath to the Government disables the chief men of the section, and representatively disgraces all who honestly supported the rebellion. This is not a valid argument. The sincerity of the rebellion is not a pertinent plea. The question for the United States is, how it can most effectively secure the future. And a very obvious and practical method is by making treason odious—not by hangings and confiscations, but by making the whole tribe of trading and forsworn politicians ineligible to office, not forever, but at the pleasure of Congress. Certainly a South Carolinian of this class, for instance, who prides himself upon having been a rebel, and upon being one still, does not suppose that the whole duty of a Government recovering from so severe a strain is to forget and forgive. It is not vindictiveness toward rebels, it is merely justice to loyal men which prescribes this and all other parts of the Amendment.

There is no chance whatever, and we hope the wiser men at the South will see it and say it as often and strongly as they can—there is no chance whatever that the persistence of the late rebel States will wear out the tenacity of the loyal country. It is not party heat, but the central warmth of intelligent conviction, which has moulded the conditions offered for restoration. Does the experience of the last five years lead the people of the unrepresented States to suppose that the loyal people will be turned from their purpose?

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER.

THE Secretary of the Treasury on the 15th November officially informed the public that the United States will not avail themselves of their right to pay off the Five-Twenty bonds of 1862 in currency next year, but will continue to pay interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until they are able to redeem them in coin. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this announcement. Two or three years ago Mr. CHASE, who was then Secretary, wrote a private letter to say that these bonds ought to be and probably would be paid in coin; but the statement carried no more weight than was due to the private opinion of an official who was not likely to be in office at the time the bonds matured, and who could neither bind the country nor his successor. Mr. M'CULLOCH'S positive assurance is a very different matter. There is no reason to believe that he will vacate the office he holds before the Five-Twenty bonds mature. When he tells us, therefore, that he will not pay off these bonds in currency, but will continue to pay interest on them until he is ready to liquidate them in specie, the statement may be regarded as so absolute an interpretation of the law, on the part of the Government, that, on the one hand, the fears of foreign bondholders, who have been afraid they might next year be compelled to accept payment in currency, will at once be dispelled; and, on the other, it is rendered extremely difficult for any future Secretary of the Treasury to attempt a different policy. Should the reins of Government fall into unscrupulous hands, it is hard to say what might not be done. But this much at least is certain. The bonds will not be paid off next year, and any new Secretary who may attempt to pay them off in currency, will have to violate express pledges given by two of his most distinguished predecessors.

It is not too much to say that this announcement will produce an effect on our finances unsurpassed by that of any occurrence since the surrender of LEE. The great anomaly of the age has been the price of Five-Twenty bonds in Europe. These securities, yielding 6 per cent. per annum interest in coin—the obligations of a country which owes little more than half as much as Great Britain, and whose revenue exceeds her expenditure by ten per cent. of her whole debt—have been selling in London at less than 70 cents on the dollar, while British Consols, which only pay 3 per cent., have been worth 90 cents. One main cause of this anomaly was the impression, very general abroad, and not unfelt at home, that, owing to the absence of an express stipulation to the contrary in the law of 1862, the United States Government would claim the right of paying off the first issue of Five-Twenty bonds in currency. This impression removed, there would seem to be no good reason why these bonds should not rise to a price commensurate with their intrinsic worth, as established by the public revenues of the commonwealth and the improving credit of the country.

It is not very likely that they will rise much at home. Equilibrium between the home and the foreign markets is more likely to be preserved by a fall in gold than by a rise in bonds. There is ample room for a decline of 15 @ 20 per cent. in gold, and we see no reason why it should not take place.

Importations are on the decline. The fall trade, which opened under such brilliant auspices, closed dull and drooping. Late invoices netted a loss instead of a profit, and not a few orders were countermanded by telegraph. There is no prospect at present of a heavy spring trade, and the chances are that even without any increase in the export of bonds, our shipments of cotton and produce will so fully discharge our debt to Europe that exchange will hardly rise to the specie-shipping point. Under these circumstances an increased inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, which may fairly be expected to arise on receipt of the Secretary's official announcement, would inevitably precipitate a heavy fall in gold. It is but eight months since gold was considered an excellent sale at 128, and many good judges thought it must go to 115. Why should it be worth any more now?

JOHN BRIGHT IN IRELAND.

JOHN BRIGHT has made a speech in Dublin which will bring him very near to the popular heart of Ireland, and which will be vehemently denounced by the British Tories, although he really proposes nothing violent nor unreasonable. The speech is excellent, like all BRIGHT'S speeches, for its freedom from rhetoric and its clear and simple statements. It is worth all the Fenian froth ever blown in the eyes of an impulsive and not very wise people; and, like his other speeches, this one might be most profitably studied by the orators who are hastening to their seats in Congress. It is not a treatise, nor an essay, nor a lecture, but a speech, presenting plainly two or three points, and enforcing them by simple and not elaborate arguments.

Mr. BRIGHT began by describing the sad condition of Ireland, and mentioning the various theories which had been proposed to alleviate it. He then directed attention to two points of the situation—the established church and the land. "The church may be said to affect the soul and sentiment of the country, and the land the means of living and the comfort of the people." The existence of the established church, he said, is a fatal error, for every minister, however good and modest, is necessarily the symbol of the subjection of the many to the few. The removal of the established Protestant church would not only remove the condemnation of the Irishman's church in his own country, but it would make him feel that the English people and Parliament intended to do justice to Ireland.

Passing to the subject of land, Mr. BRIGHT said that the original ownership came from conquest or confiscation; that there was therefore a wide gulf between the owners and occupiers; that it is not common for proprietors to give leases to Roman Catholic tenants; and therefore the security of the tenant's property depends upon the fairness and good feeling of the proprietor. But the grand evil of all is, that the Irish people are dispossessed of the soil; and therefore the true "Irish policy" is that which will most speedily and justly restore the ownership of the soil of Ireland to the Irish people. Mr. BRIGHT'S initiatory method to this result would be a Parliamentary Commission to buy up the large estates in Ireland belonging to the English nobility, and to sell them to the occupiers of farms and the Irish tenantry. The disease is desperate, he said, and the remedy must be searching.

These propositions show the perception of a statesman. The details of the measures, however, would, of course, be difficult. But it is evident to the whole world, as Mr. BRIGHT says, that the present system of governing Ireland has disastrously failed. The wisest observers agree that the chief difficulties are the English Church established in Ireland and the land tenure; and Mr. BRIGHT'S remedy is strictly radical, for he would abolish both. He told his audience that, if the 105 Irish members of Parliament were only agreed, they might do almost any thing they liked even in the present Parliament; and he exhorted them to unite themselves firmly to the Liberal Reform party in England. This is a very significant suggestion. For if the liberal party in England proposes an imperial policy, or merely adds an Irish policy to its present aims, Ireland will be

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in a fairer way of relief than she has been for centuries, and the "men in the gap" can come quietly out again and devote their energies to some practicable result.

THE LEOPARD CHANGING HIS SPOTS.

THE Chicago *Times* is notorious as the journal which was suspended by General BURNSIDE for disloyalty. It is one of the most reckless and unscrupulous papers in the country, and a few months since suggested to the President that he should sweep Congress out of the Capitol with the army. It appears from recent signs that it is the loyal people of the country who must be swept out, if such advice were followed; and it really looks now as if, instead of being swept, Congress and the people were sweeping. This, at least, is the view taken by the Chicago *Times*, and it beats an alarm. It gives advice to the Democratic party, and if profound obsequiousness to the only aristocratic element in the country does not authorize it to speak for that party we should like to know what does? This advice, the *Times* is aware, and plainly says, may imply "a more advanced view" than Democrats, and especially Southern Democrats, are in the habit of taking, for it is nothing else than the adoption of impartial suffrage as the Democratic policy!

It asks, "Is not negro suffrage inevitable?" It declares that when qualified impartial suffrage is once yielded by "the South," the Republican-Radical party will be extinct. And it exhorts its fellow-partisans every where in the country to remember that it is always wise to accept the inevitable when it comes. That one of the most malignant opponents of equal rights should read correctly the writing upon the wall which proclaims justice is one of the most agreeable incidents of the time. HORATIO SEYMOUR, also, is reputed to have taken the same ground with the Chicago *Times*. It was during a recent visit to the West, where the air seems favorable to clear perceptions. But, on the other hand, the patriotic VALLANDIGHAM is understood, with his usual sagacity, to be engaged in reorganizing his party. Does he propose to plant it upon the proposition which he made in Congress, that the Union should be quartered? A Union divided into halves or quarters is the VALLANDIGHAM idea of a National party.

The suggestion of the Chicago *Times* merely reveals the utter dissolution of the Democratic party—a party which dies amidst the contempt of all intelligent Americans, because it has steadily and inhumanly withstood every lawful effort ever made to relieve this country of the incubus of slavery. If it had taken ten years ago a position which so much as looked in the direction in which the *Times* now urges it to run, the Democratic party might have retained its ascendency. If it had had one leader who truly understood his countrymen and his time, our late history would not have been written in blood.

But the Chicago *Times* does not seem to be aware that parties are not made to order. It thinks that the master-key of the situation is that the Democratic party shall supersede the Union party. So the intelligent spectator thought that the little boy had nothing to do but to go in and win. But the big boy hit the hardest. If the occupation of the Union party will be gone when the Democracy urges equal suffrage, what becomes of the occupation of the Democratic party? In the pleasing game of Puss in the Corner, if one player comes out from his corner to take that of another, and the other quietly remains where he is, the first player finds himself left out. Does the Chicago *Times* think the country is so enamored of the party which first incited rebellion and then urged surrender to it that it is anxious to intrust the Government to its care at the earliest moment? The work of the Union party will be done by the Union party, and the national existence being peacefully secured upon its principles, parties will divide again upon questions of policy.

CROTON WATER.

THE decision of the Croton Aqueduct Board, heretofore noticed, to place the intended new storing reservoir on the middle branch of the Croton, west of Brewster's Station, in Putnam County, has been reversed, owing to expected difficulties in procuring the required land, and a new site has been chosen on the west branch of the river, where no such difficulties are expected. It seems that large damages were claimed in the former case from flooding an iron mine of great richness, to which damages the Croton Board were unwilling to subject the city, and hence the change, from which no disadvantage will result.

The new situation is near the western extremity of the great basin of the Croton, which comprises a drainage area of 323 square miles, of which quantity the reservoir now to be made will share about one-sixteenth, or say twenty square miles. The situation of the reservoir is in a wild portion of Putnam, at an elevation of six hundred feet above tide, where the Croton is a pure mountain stream, distant twenty-three miles and upward from the dam near Sing Sing. In approaching the spot it is readily seen that Nature has well adapted it for this purpose. Two of the mountain ridges which here inclose the west branch, after expanding around some beautiful meadows, suddenly contract at the point selected for a dam, so as to require but seven hundred feet of masonry in length to inclose a reservoir of three hundred and three acres, the extreme depth of water being sixty-four feet. The abutments of granite which these hills afford will render the dam nearly indestructible, although the reservoir will contain three thousand three hundred and sixty-nine million gallons, or about fifty-seven days' supply for the city, not estimating the increase which necessarily comes in during that number of days, and while the exhaustion of water is going on.

The theory upon which this reservoir is built is simply this—that although the Croton for nine or ten months of the year easily supplies the required quantity of water, yet for the remaining two or three months there is sometimes a scantiness which necessitates the storing of water to aid in keeping up the maximum supply. The aqueduct is capable of bringing down sixty million gallons per day—a quantity which may be relied upon with certainty even during the season of drought, after this new storing reservoir shall be in successful operation, which may be expected within about two years. The supply will then furnish throughout the year sixty gallons per day to each one of a million inhabitants—a supply which far exceeds that of any other large city. The average furnished in London by the several companies having charge of the matter is supposed to be about one-fifth, or say twelve gallons, to each person.

The arrangement by which pure water is delivered from high elevations into houses in sufficient quantity, constituting as it does the power or carrier for removing the refuse into sewers, is now a necessity which no important city can dispense with, even leaving out of view its uses in extinguishing fires, and as a power for manufacturing purposes. The use of water in this city for manufacturing purposes is necessarily limited by the size of the aqueduct, which, being a tube composed of masonry, can not be enlarged; but if the whole ordinary flow of the river were brought in, aided by all the storing dams which could be conveniently constructed, there would arise a demand for it which would greatly increase our manufacturing power. The number of storing reservoirs already laid out is twenty-three, or thereabouts, the land for which may be procured at between one and two hundred dollars per acre, including improvements. The remaining reservoirs are capable of holding each about as much water as the one now being constructed. The policy of acquiring land at least for several more of them, now or at no distant period, is quite clear, as its acquisition will prevent improvements which will embarrass the purchase of it hereafter.

Next week we shall have a word to say upon the advantage to the health and welfare of the city of obtaining control of the margin of all the sources upon which we now depend for the supply of water.

RAILROAD SAFETY AND COMFORT.

"A FOREIGNER, who is an ardent admirer of American institutions, railways excepted," sends us a letter descriptive of the management of railways in Germany, and recommending similar precautions here. He relates that leaving Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine, for the old city of Spires, the train did not start until the conductor had blown his trumpet and was answered by the locomotive whistle.

Upon that road, and all others in the country, defective and worn-out rails are very scarce, and along every road there is a continuous line of the snug little houses of the inspectors, whose duty it is to watch carefully and constantly the whole road. There is an alarm telegraph also upon every German road, and the train does not leave one station until the signal is given from the next that the road is clear. On the other hand, the German railways do not pay such large dividends as the prosperous American roads.

Meanwhile, whatever be the truth in Germany, it is very plain that as our railroads fall more and more into the hands of certain great corporations, the security of travel is diminished, and there is the more pressing need for bringing public opinion to bear upon the management. It is not only safety but comfort to which we are entitled. Take, for instance, a case which recent experience suggests. The traveler finds himself in a crowded car heated by a stove, with every window closed, with the low, old-fashioned roof, and no apertures for ventilation except the three useless openings through the top of the car. There is no reason whatever why at this day, and with the improvements in cars, passengers should submit to be shoved into such a black hole, exposed either to disease from the poisoned air of the car, or to taking cold, or giving others colds, or being roundly cursed for opening a window and letting in the sharp air. The regular passengers by the road should protest, and if no notice were taken of the protest, the facts of the case, and the names of the gentlemen who are responsible for the management of the road, should be published.

There is no excuse for not traveling comfortably. The great companies divide large dividends; they are highly prosperous; and the means of safety and comfort are easily accessible. The practicable improvements suggest themselves to every traveler, and if we only steadily grumble and growl, we may by-and-by travel as safely as in Germany and as comfortably as in England.

DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

IN the slim and modest volume, upon the back of which we read, "David S. Coddington's Speeches," we find the few works of a young orator who died some months since almost unknown except to a circle of companions and friends whom his wit and charming cultivation fascinated and dazzled. And yet none of our famous orators surpass, and very few rival, the brilliancy of rhetoric, the amplitude and felicity of language, the incisive thought, the profuse play of fancy, which characterize the half-dozen speeches of Mr. CODDINGTON. The evident strenuous elaboration of every part of his orations in the spirit of a true artist does not in the least touch the fiery intensity, the pictorial phrase, which flash the thought or the fact home to the mind and memory. No one who read, a day or two after its delivery, Mr. CODDINGTON'S speech at the Cooper Institute, upon occasion of the meeting of the DIX Democracy to repudiate the Chicago action of 1864 and to support ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is likely to forget the profound conviction of which he was conscious that here was a new orator who would make all the old ones look nervously to their laurels.

But an early bodily misfortune had probably cost the orator the kind of inner struggle that most wears life away. It must not be denied that the brilliancy of this book is boreal; that a subtle strain of cynicism is sometimes vaguely felt; and that with all its richness and insight and picturesque power it lacks that warm, humane sympathy which most satisfies the heart. In our politics a certain ideal nationality, noble, indeed, and grand, charmed his imagination and inspired the author's hope. It was AMERICA, the sovereign, with the imperial crown upon her brow, not AMERICA stooping to lift up the lowly, which most allured him. And yet, of all the voices which cheered the national heart during the great struggle with the glowing vision of our possibility and power, none was more persuasive or prouder than his. Had Mr. CODDINGTON lived, and had his health and taste permitted, he could hardly have failed to make himself heard by the whole country.

He was born and bred a Democrat, and even in advocating Mr. LINCOLN'S election in 1864 he distinctly declared that he and his friends would "huddle under this LINCOLN shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shelter us from the tempest;" but he had been a Free-soiler of '48, and the old music still lingered in his heart. So when he stood in Charleston on the 6th of May, 1865, and delivered a eulogy upon ABRAHAM LINCOLN, his heart overflowed in the most striking and eloquent of the thousand tributes of the time. We quote a passage, and we heartily commend our readers to the book:

"He found himself heir to a statesmanship confused, shuffling, and pusillanimous, occupied only with the question as to how we should permit our institutions to be murdered most gracefully; and he left its public policy candid, earnest, self-sustaining, engaged only with the question how the attempted murderers could be treated most mercifully. He found American nationality suddenly confronting him as a disgraceful doubt; he parted with it a terribly-respected fact. He found the Government a dissolving giant dying of an old cancer that had baffled the best physicians; he lived to cut out the poison with his sword, and left his well-knit, well-mannered, vigorous, compact patient a perpetual and healthful mourner at his grave."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATION.

THE Alabama Legislature met on the 12th. Governor Patton in his Message commends the good behavior of the freedmen, and urges measures to protect them against the occasional bad faith of their employers. He would remove all restrictions upon negro testimony, and devote a portion of the poll-tax collected from freedmen to the education of colored children. But the Governor strongly opposes the Constitutional Amendment. The first section, he says, gives to the General Government such enlarged judicial powers as would overshadow, and might possibly nullify, the influence of the State courts, both in important and in trivial cases. The second section, he claims, is unjust as being partial to the North in the matter of representation. The third section, he says, establishes a test of eligibility for office, both State and Federal, which is unnecessary and unjustly proscriptive. If it was meant as a punishment of past treason there were already sufficient penalties laid down in the national statute book for that offense without recourse to the injustice of an *ex post facto* law. There would, however, be no injustice in insisting upon present loyalty as a test of eligibility. The Governor concludes from the premises that the Constitutional Amendment ought not to be ratified.

On November 1 Governor Throckmorton, of Texas, sent in a special message to the Legislature, urging the passage of resolutions expressive of "the earnest and sincere desire of our people for peace and perfect restoration, their determination to obey the laws of the General Government, and their wish to cultivate friendly and cordial relations with the people of all the States—solemnly pledging the authorities of the State Government and the people to sustain the laws of the land, and to afford all persons, without distinction, the fullest measure of protection for life, property, and the enjoyment of political sentiment." He advocates the admission of negro testimony, and the appropriation of taxes from the freedmen to the education of colored children. He hopes that the wish of the President that the Legislature will "make all laws involving civil rights as complete as possible, so as to extend equal and exact justice to all persons, without regard to color," will be responded to in a proper spirit. In conclusion, he says:

"The firm and hopeful view of the President in regard to the future of our beloved country must be encouraging to every patriot. I trust he may not be disappointed, and I feel that it is the highest duty of patriotism to aid him by every wise and prudent means at our command."

Georgia has rejected the Constitutional Amendment. In the House there were for rejection 131, against it 2. In the Senate the vote to reject was unanimous. The Committee to whom the matter had been referred considered that constitutionality the Amendment was not before the States, not being proposed by two-thirds of a full Congress, eleven States having been refused the right to participate in the debate on proposing the Amendment, and yet being expected to ratify it when thus proposed. The right to ratify implied the right to take part in the original proposition.

THE BALTIMORE TROUBLE.

Judge Bartol, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, has given his decision as to the law involved in the Baltimore trouble. He declares the Governor's authority to remove the old and to appoint new Police Commissioners to be unquestionable; and that Judge Bond's order, restraining Messrs. Young and Valiant from exercising the official functions to which they had been appointed, was unwarranted.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

Some of the Democratic organs appear to be desirous of taking the wind out of the Radical sails. The Boston *Post*, referring to Judge Reagan's letter advocating impartial suffrage in Texas, says: "This is wise, just, politic. Impartial suffrage we have always advocated. The Massachusetts system we think a good one, and if every State would adopt it the result would prove its great security to the peace and prosperity of the country." The Chicago *Times* steps out more boldly. It declares that negro suffrage in some shape is inevitable, and recommends the South to accept "impartial suffrage, or suffrage dependent upon the intelligence of the man, irrespective of color, as is now the rule in Massachusetts," that an end may be put to the agitation against the restoration of the excluded States.

CAN SECESSION DESTROY A STATE?

The Supreme Court of Mississippi has decided that the State never lost its organization as a government by reason of secession or war; but that it was in all respects not only *de facto* but *de jure* a State, and that the functions of the government were rightly and constitutionally exercised by those who exercised executive, legislative, and judicial functions during that time within the State.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee met November 14. Neither Generals Grant, Sherman, nor Howard were able to be present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, General J. A. Rawlings; Vice-Presidents, Major-Generals J. A. Logan, F. P. Blair, R. J. Oglesby, G. A. Smith, and Brevet Brigadier-Generals W. W. Belknap and Fairchild; Recording Secretary, Colonel L. M. Dayton; Corresponding Secretary, Brigadier-General A. Hickenlaper; Treasurer, Major-General M. F. Force.

The greater portion of the session was occupied in discussing the proposed monument to Major-General M'Pherson.

A resolution was finally passed, fixing upon Clyde, Ohio, the burial-place of General M'Pherson, as the proper place for the monument.

After transacting some unimportant business a resolution was adopted to hold the next annual meeting at St. Louis—the time to be indicated by the President; whereupon the Society adjourned.

Dr. Horwitz, the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, has prepared some valuable statistics, showing the naval casualties of battle during the rebellion. The totals show that there were 3910 wounded, 308 drowned in battle, and 546 scalded in battle—in all 4674. The deaths in the naval service were: 495 from gun-shot fractures, 1309 from gun-shot flesh wounds, and 373 from incidental casualties, while 95 died in rebel prison-pens—making the total number of deaths 2272. There were discharged from the naval service as disabled 550 from casualties of war, and 431 from incidental casualties—981 in all. Three hundred and sixteen amputations were performed and four cases of trepanning, of whom two recovered and two died.

Daniel Carpenter, one of our four Inspectors of Police, died suddenly, on the 15th, of heart-disease. He was a native of Albany, and about 50 years of age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 12:

(LONDON.)—There are vague rumors afloat that the Emperor Maximilian has been offered the crown of Poland under certain eventualities.

November 13:

(LONDON.)—It is said that the questions pending between the United States and Frazer, Trenholm, & Co. have been amicably settled, whereby the vessels in dispute, now lying at Liverpool, and all the other property, have been released.

The Jamaica Committee have unanimously resolved to indict Governor Eyre for murder.

Dispatches from the East announce that the Turkish Government has ordered a general amnesty to be granted to the insurgents of Candia.

In spite of the many denials, rumors of a Prusso-Russian alliance continue to prevail. It is even said that the treaty provides for the admission of the United States into the alliance, with a sovereign establishment in the Mediterranean Sea, and guarantees that nation highly favorable commercial advantages.

(COPENHAGEN.)—The King to-day formally opened the session of the Danish Chambers. In his speech on that occasion he said he was convinced that Denmark would soon regain her natural frontiers by a popular vote.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—The cholera has again broken out in this city.

November 14:

(LONDON.)—In the case of the ex-rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, seized for the United States, the Admiralty Court has decided that Coleman is entitled to her possession.

November 17:

(PARIS.)—The family of Major-General John A. Dix arrived yesterday.

November 18:

(MADRID.)—The Government of Spain is taking strong measures to prevent a threatened outbreak.

Don Miguel is dead.

November 19:

(LONDON.)—Great floods are devastating the counties of York and Lancaster. Many lives have been lost by drowning.

It is said that the Government is alive to the fact that large numbers of Fenians have been arriving in Ireland weekly, and is well prepared to meet any rebellious movement.

The report is confirmed that Chili and Peru have consented to accept the mediation of the Governments of France and England.

Telegraphic dispatches from Bombay report the gratifying intelligence that the famine in India is abating.

The Reform demonstration in Edinburgh on Saturday was a large and imposing one.

(FLORENCE.)—Baron Ricasoli, Prime Minister of the Italian Government, has issued a circular discouraging the agitation of the Roman question. Italy, he says, will be neutral, and await the certain triumph of her rights.

THE POPE'S ALLOCUTION.

The text of the Pope's Allocution has just been published in this country. It reasserts in the most positive manner the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; it protests against the annexation of the Pontifical States by the King of Italy, and denounces all who take part in that proceeding.

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VARIETIES IN LADIES' HEAD-GEAR, 1866.

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BANQUET TO MR. FIELD.

TO CYRUS W. FIELD, rather than to any other man, belongs the credit of having first conceived the practicability of an Atlantic telegraph. His share in the cost of the enterprise, or his prominence in its execution, may have been surpassed by some; but one thing unquestionably is *his* alone—original and absolute faith in final success, a faith which no difficulties could overcome, and the patience of which was equal to any labor and any cost. No injustice can be done to any man by the declaration that, but for CYRUS W. FIELD, there would now be no telegraphic communication between America and Europe. And of no other man can this be said.

It was proper, then, that his own city should do him honor, and show her pride not only in his success, but in the heroic faith which accomplished it. This was the object of the banquet given to Mr. FIELD on the evening of November 15, at the Metropolitan Hotel. We illustrate the banquet below, and give a new and excellent portrait of Mr. FIELD, from a photograph taken for *Harper's Weekly* by ROCKWOOD & Co., of this city, the morning after the banquet.

The decorations of the banquet-hall are thus described in the New York *Times:*

"From the centre of the dome fell clouds of parti-colored silk, canopying all below. From these hung crystal chandeliers, flooding the hall with silver light, toned down by the soft refraction of the silken ceiling overhead. Suspended from the dome, at its eastern end, hung in mid-air the Earth in miniature, girt by an iron band, emblematic of the telegraphic girdle. Above this globe were the Sun, the Moon, and the stars, and from each of these fell delicate cords of silk, like cobweb threads in the sunlight, uniting the mysterious worlds whence they came to the iron-bound, imprisoned Earth below. These lines, gathered together on the meridian of the globe, did not end there, but, spreading out again, descended and were caught up by the grappling arms of delicate telegraphic poles of silver, planted on the tables underneath, and, held up by those poles, the entire hall was girt by these silken lines. Up among the congregated solar system hung the ethereal messages, 'Greeting from all the stars;' 'The lordly Sun sends greeting down;' 'The Moon her peaceful radiance lends;' and hanging from the globe a prosaic sign-board, announcing the whereabout of the 'General Telegraphic Office.' On the telegraphic poles along the tables were symbols of the glad communion of all nations with the spirit animating the festivities of the night. There were greetings from Russia, France, Plymouth Rock, Spain, New Jersey, Portugal, Denmark, New Hampshire, China, Timbuctoo, and all the places with names familiar or unfamiliar to the ear, near and remote, reading as you passed along with the surprising oddity of medley, so frequent and queer were the transitions."



CYRUS W. FIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

Mr. FIELD'S speech after dinner contained a full and interesting history of the Atlantic Cable:

"It is nearly thirteen years ago," he said, "since half a dozen gentlemen of this city met at my house for four successive evenings, and, around a table covered with maps and charts, and plans and estimates, considered a project to extend a line of telegraph from Nova Scotia to St. Johns, in Newfoundland, thence to be carried across the ocean. It was a very pretty plan on paper. There was New York, and there was St. Johns, only about 1200 miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to the other, making no account of the forests and mountains, and swamps and rivers and gulfs, that lay in our way. Not one of us had ever seen the country, or had any idea of the obstacles to be overcome. We thought we could build the line in a few months. It took two years and a half. Yet we never asked for help outside our own little circle. Indeed, I fear we should not have got it if we had, for few had any faith in our scheme. Every dollar came out of our own pockets. Yet I am proud to say no man drew back. No man proved a deserter. Those who came first into the work have stood by it to the end. Of those six men four are here to-night—Mr. PETER COOPER, MOSES TAYLOR, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and myself. My brother DUDLEY is in Europe, and Mr. CHANDLER WHITE died in 1856, and his place was supplied by Mr. WILSON G. HUNT, who is also here. Mr. ROBERT W. LOWBER was our Secretary. To these gentlemen, as my first associates, it is but just that I should pay my first acknowledgments.

"From this statement you perceive that, in the beginning, this was wholly an American enterprise. It was begun, and for two years and a half was carried on, solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before an Englishman paid a single pound sterling. Our only support outside was in the liberal character and steady friendship of the Government of Newfoundland, for which we were greatly indebted to Mr. E. M. ARCHIBALD, then Attorney-General of that colony, and now British Consul in New York. And in preparing for an ocean cable the first soundings across the Atlantic were made by American officers in American ships. Our scientific men—MORSE, HENRY, BACHE, and MAURY—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship *Dolphin* discovered the telegraphic plateau as early as 1853; and the United States ship *Arctic* sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1856—a year before her Majesty's ship *Cyclops*, under command of Captain DAYMAN, went over the same course. This I state not to take aught from the just praise of England, but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

"It was not till 1856—ten years ago—that the enterprise had any existence in England. In that summer I went to London, and there with Mr. JOHN W. BRETT, Mr. (now Sir) CHARLES BRIGHT, and Dr. WHITEHOUSE, organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Science had begun to contemplate the necessity of such an enterprise; and the great FARADAY cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm. Then for the first time was enlisted the support of English capitalists; and then the British Government began that generous course which it has continued ever since—offering us ships to complete soundings across the Atlantic, and to assist in laying the cable, and an annual subsidy for the transmission of messages. The expedition of 1857 and the two expeditions of 1858 were joint enterprises, in which the *Niagara* and the *Susquehanna* took part with the *Agamemnon*, the *Leopard*, the *Gorgon*, and the *Valorous*; and the officers of both navies worked with generous rivalry for the same great object. The capital—except one quarter which, as you have said, was taken by myself—was subscribed wholly in Great Britain. The Directors were almost all English bankers and merchants, though among them was one gentleman whom we are proud to call an American—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, a name honored in two continents, since he has showered his princely benefactions upon



PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 765.]

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both—who, though a resident for nearly forty years in London, where he has gained abundant wealth and honors, still clings to the land of his birth, declining the honor of a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom to remain a simple American citizen.

"With the history of the expeditions of 1857-58 you are familiar. On the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked—though never very brilliantly—never giving forth such rapid and distinct flashes as the cables of to-day.

"After the failure of 1858 came our darkest days. When a thing is dead it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and novelty are gone, and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort. [illegible]

"Other causes delayed a new attempt. This country had become involved in a tremendous war; and while the nation was struggling for life, it had no time to spend in foreign enterprises.

"But in England the project was still kept alive. The Atlantic Telegraph Company kept up its organization. It had a noble body of Directors, who had faith in the enterprise, and looked beyond its present low estate to ultimate success."

After alluding to the efforts made in procuring subscriptions, and especially to the magnificent risk by Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. BENDER of £60,000 each, Mr. FIELD said:

"The action of these two gentlemen was a turning-point in the history of our enterprise; for it led shortly after to a union of the well-known firm of GLASS, ELLIOT, & Co. with the Gutta Percha Company, making of the two one grand concern known as 'The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company,' which included not only Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. PENDER, but other men of great wealth, such as Mr. GEORGE ELLIOT and Mr. BARCLAY, of London, and Mr. HENRY BEWLEY, of Dublin, and which, thus reinforced with immense capital, took up the whole enterprise in its strong arms. We needed, I have said, £600,000, and with all our efforts in England and America we raised only £285,000. This new company now came forward, and offered to take the whole remaining £315,000, besides £160,000 of the bonds, and to make its own profits contingent on success. Mr. RICHARD A. GLASS was made Managing Director, and gave energy and vigor to all its departments, being admirably seconded by the Secretary, Mr. SHUTER. Mr. GLASS has been recently knighted for his services in carrying out the Atlantic Telegraph—an honor which he most justly deserves."

Mr. FIELD then alluded to the failure of 1865:

"We returned to England defeated, yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable, and fit out a new expedition; and with that assurance I came home last autumn.

"In December I went back again, when lo, all our hopes had sunk to nothing. The Attorney-General of England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right, without a special Act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year), to issue the new 12 per cent. shares, on which we relied to raise our capital. This was a terrible blow. The works were at once stopped, and the money which had been paid in returned to the subscribers. Such was the state of things only ten months ago. I reached London on the 24th of December, and the next day was not a 'merry Christmas' to me. But it was an inexpressible comfort to have the counsel of such men as Sir DANIEL GOOCH and Sir RICHARD A. GLASS; and to hear stout-hearted Mr. BRASSEY tell us to go ahead, and if need were, he would put down £60,000 more! It was finally concluded that the best course was to *organize a new company*, which should assume the work, and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. It was formed by ten gentlemen who met around a table in London, and put down £10,000 apiece. I hope the excellent Secretary of this Company, Mr. DEANE, who came with us across the ocean, will write its history, and tell the world what life and vigor were comprised in its Board of Directors. The great Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company—undaunted by the failure of last year, answered as with a subscription of £100,000. Soon after the books were opened to the public, through the eminent banking-house of J. S. MORGAN & Co., and in fourteen days we had raised the whole £600,000. Then the work began again, and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the 1st day of March that the new company was formed, and was registered as a company the next day; and yet such was the vigor and dispatch that in five months from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipped on the *Great Eastern*, stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages, literally swift as lightning, from continent to continent."

He thus describes the fishing up of the old cable:

"Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed, but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken, only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room to see if our long-sought-for treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm as if she knew that the vital cord, which was to join two hemispheres, hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 7th of September, we brought our second cable safely to the shore."

Mr. FIELD concluded with the following sentiment:

"Of the results of this enterprise, commercially and politically—it is for others to speak. To one effect only do I refer as the wish of my heart—that, as it brings us into closer relations with England, it may produce a better understanding between the two countries. Let who will speak against England—words of censure must come from other lips than mine. I have received too much kindness from Englishmen to join in this language. I have eaten of their bread and drunk of their cup, and I have received from them, in the darkest hours of this enterprise, words of cheer which I shall never forget; and if any words of mine can tend to peace and good-will, they shall not be wanting. I beg my countrymen to remember the ties of kindred. Blood is thicker than water. America with all her greatness has come out of the loins of England; and though there have been sometimes family quarrels—bitter as family quarrels are apt to be—still in our hearts there is yearning for the old home, the land of our fathers; and he is an enemy of his country and of the human race who would stir up strife between two nations that are one in race, in language, and in religion. I close with this sentiment: ENGLAND AND AMERICA—CLASPING HANDS ACROSS THE SEA; MAY THIS FIRM GRASP BE A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP TO ALL GENERATIONS!"

THE WOMAN OF INFLUENCE.

SOMETHING must be done.

Speculation in gold and oil stocks had run riot with my once handsome income, and I was brought, unwillingly, at last to consent to my wife's project of taking a few select boarders.

And Miriam, dear, good little wife that she was, took all the disagreeables—such as house-hunting and bantering with "agents"—upon herself, leaving me naught to do but loaf in our elegant apartments, and whistle melancholy tunes to the walls.

At last the "hated thing" was accomplished, and leaving our expensive boarding-place, where for two years we had enjoyed every luxury the city afforded, we took possession of a pretty brown-stone house in a fashionable locality, and advertised our rooms.

How Miriam expected to pay the enormous rent and supply the table on what she would receive from the few boarders a three-story house would contain, I could not imagine; however, as my own folly had swept away a princely fortune, I held my peace, resolving that she should pursue her "pet scheme" without interference on my part.

A week of renovation—such sweeping, such dusting, such scouring and scrubbing and washing and rinsing I had never witnessed—no, not when, a tow-headed five-year-old in pinafore and shorts, I was first made acquainted with a country house-cleaning. I was, for the most part, in a state of collapse, and my wants treated with the utmost indifference, until the house—like the leper of old—was pronounced clean. Board, at this season, was in good demand, and our house was speedily filled.

I regretted that Miriam had let the two best rooms in the house to a family by the name of Marabeau, whom we had formerly boarded with. Mrs. Marabeau was a woman past forty, had been good-looking in her day, and was exceedingly vain. She had a husband, a quiet, sensible kind of man, and a daughter of eighteen, plain, and stupid in her manner. She had made it appear to Miriam that her "influence" alone could fill the house with the most desirable boarders. "She had always been called *very* exclusive wherever she had boarded, and thousands would jump at the chance of getting board where she did." Beguiled by talk of this kind, Miriam let her have the rooms at a frightfully low price.

"I desire you to be very particular about references," she said to Miriam, "for Mr. Marabeau is the most fastidious person in the world about his associates; and it will be well for you to say to the Andersons that we've been called exclusive, though they are people, if I read their characters truthfully, that one need not be afraid of. Also Mr. Mills. He is a young lawyer of much promise, and Mr. Marabeau says his father is quite a wealthy importer. Mr. Burnet keeps his affairs so entirely to himself that one can scarcely tell what to think; and as for Miss Wells, I think she feels her importance quite too much for a governess. She's horridly ugly!"

"I do not agree with you there," replied Miriam. "We were speaking of her looks the other day, and I believe all united in calling her interesting. As far as reference goes the inmates of the house have furnished very satisfactory proofs of respectability."

"Oh, I presume *you* are satisfied; but, as I said before, John is *very* particular. In regard to your table, do you think it gives satisfaction?"

"I have never troubled myself to inquire," replied Miriam.

"Don't you think it would be better for you to change your seat to the end of the table? I think the effect would be much better as you enter the room."

"What! and take Bridget the whole length of the dining-room whenever she wishes to speak to me? No, I think more of convenience than effect in this case; thank you for the suggestion, Mrs. Marabeau."

"Bridget wouldn't mind taking a few extra steps, for I have spoken to her."

"I am not in the habit of consulting my servants in regard to such matters, and must beg that you'll leave them subject to my dictation in future."

"You can tell me it is *none of my business*, I know; but, as I said before, I feel interested. Now *I* think it would look much better to have the tea and coffee brought to you to turn at table, and when pie makes a part of the dessert, a little powdered sugar sprinkled over it improves the looks wonderfully."

"The idea of Marabeau's fastidiousness! It is quite laughable, truly, when one knows the stock they sprang from," I said, when she left the room.

"One would think them the cream of aristocracy to hear her talk; but what do you know of their antecedents?" asked my wife.

"When Anderson came to see about board I exchanged references, and he very naturally asked about the Marabeaus after finding they were to make part of our family. So I made Peterson a call; you know *he knows every body*—can trace families back to Noah and the ark. Well, he says Old Marabeau—the father to the present one—was a mechanic, and John was brought up to the trade; it is only a few years since they abandoned it. His wife, so pretty, so delicate, so finiky, was a tailoress, and worked in John Gilman's shop until Marabeau, captivated by her beauty, married her, and took her away."

"Well, I declare! and she to twattle about high family and society and all that," replied Miriam. "I presume, if the truth were known, Miss Wells's family are far superior to her own."

"Yes, if birth were a consideration, but you know we profess to be a purely *democratic people*, so we must make real genuine worth our standard of judging. I have learned this much in regard to Miss Wells's parentage, however. Her father was a minister of acknowledged ability in a Western city; of course he was poor, for he was blessed with a large family and small salary. Last winter he died, leaving naught but his blessing for the widow and her flock of five children, of which Miss Wells is the eldest."

"Dear me, and that is why she is so sad?"

"Yes, sad and busy; she has by the help of friends obtained several music scholars, then she occasionally gets copying to do; but it is hard work for a female in these times to support herself, much' less provide for a family."

"I do wish I could help the poor thing. Wouldn't Mills give her some writing for the office—you know he is a lawyer? But it is a delicate thing to manage, for she is too proud to accept any thing in the shape of a favor from a young man like him. I think he likes her, don't you?"

"Yes, I see him often watching her when she is talking, with a pleased expression on his face, for she is really a sensible girl, but Mrs. Marabeau's twattle drowns out others. I say, Miriam, it was a woeful mistake taking her into the house."

"I see it, and am heartily sick of her harangues. I believe ere this every one in the house is thoroughly disgusted with her. Why, it was only yesterday that she cornered Mrs. Anderson in the hall, and while her carriage was waiting for her at the door said, 'Don't you pity me, Mrs. Anderson? Here have I got to journey down town in those horrid cars, crowded as they are with all sorts of people! I declare I can scarcely endure the thought; but you have your carriage, and know nothing of these troubles.' Mrs. Anderson did not take the hint so broadly conveyed and ask her to ride with her; with a half apology she left the defeated Marabeau standing on the stairs, looking indignantly at her as she was driven away. Then, coming into the drawing-room where I was sitting, she exclaimed, 'What a stuck-up woman! As if no one owned a carriage but herself. I think I never saw a person so fond of show; an old thing like her, past fifty, putting her hair in crimpers and sporting diamonds. I don't see how you can endure her; calling for meals in her own room, and scarcely speaking at table.' 'She shows good taste in that,' I replied; 'for if there is any thing I detest, it is a woman whose tongue is never still. As to private meals, they had a *carte blanche* for that when they came.' 'Well, I think *I* shall take exception to it. I shall let her know I *notice* it, at all events,' she said, as she sallied out to take her detested ride in the city cars."

"And this is the 'woman of influence,' who was to render you so much assistance, my dear?"

"Yes, I acknowledge I was sadly taken in; for instead of influence I have seen nothing but impudence since she has been in the house. My chief study now is to get her out of it before there is an open rupture."

"That you will find impossible, I fear; for she has got into first-rate quarters, and, instead of leaving herself, is determined to root those out who fail to do her homage."

"We shall soon see who rules," replied Miriam, with a determined look; and we did see full sooner than we had expected.

The Andersons had been invited to a wedding out of town, and had just returned. When all were seated at the dinner-table Mrs. Marabeau, followed by her husband and daughter, sailed in with more than her accustomed pomposity of manner.

Having seated herself and spread her skirts to her satisfaction, she began:

"I, too, have been out of town to-day, Mrs. Anderson, and I happened to fall in with some of the party returning from that wedding—such a noisy set I have seldom seen—and I was not sorry when they left the cars at the up-town station. Every body in good society here knows they are very rough, low people. I once had the misfortune to board with them, and I must say I considered them exceedingly vulgar. I could but wonder what kind of people *you* met."

Mrs. Anderson gave her a hard, searching look; but silent contempt, plainly expressed in the countenance, was the only reply.

Determined not to be thus foiled, she addressed herself to Miriam:

"You remember Mrs. Snow, who used to board with us?"

Miriam remembered her.

"Well, I met *her* to-day, and—what do you think?—that old woman of fifty had been putting her hair in crimpers; as they did not work well, she had the impudence to ask me what kind I used. I told her very plainly that my crimps were natural. I'd be ashamed at *my* age to use such things."

"You do look rather old for that, Madam," said Burnet, with a merry twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Anderson, at whom Mrs. Marabeau's insult had been leveled, bowed him her thanks.

Finding she could make nothing in that direction she turned to Miss Wells.

"What are your terms for music, Miss Wells?"

"Twenty dollars a quarter, ma'am."

"And who have you studied under?"

"I have had several teachers."

"I think some of having Emma take lessons this winter; but I shall not give her to any one unless sure of their *ability* and good *character*. I think parents can't be *too particular;* I've had several cases come under my own observation where the morals of young ladies have been injured by their being placed under the influence of teachers whose standing in society was not what it ought to be."

Miss Wells showed no disposition to reply, and she continued:

"You have some acquaintance in the city to refer to, have you not?"

"Why, Madam?" asked Miss Wells, raising her very large dark eyes from her plate and looking her questioner full in the face.

"Before placing my daughter under the influence of any one I should require the most *satisfactory* testimonials."

"I have no desire to teach your daughter, Madam; when I do, I'll let you know," replied Miss Wells.

"Shut up at last," said I to Miriam, when all but ourselves had left the dining-room.

"Yes, and I could have clapped my hands and cried *bravo!* I was so delighted; but did you ever see such rudeness as she showed the Andersons? Though they treat her with the contempt she merits, they are not going to put up with such petty annoyances. Either she must leave or they will."

"I had come to that conclusion myself; nothing came up that she did not 'root her nose' to the bottom of it, as Burnet wisely remarked."

She did not pay her usual visit to us in our sitting-room that evening. Miriam said she was doubtless planning a method of revenge on poor Miss Wells.

"I fancy she'll leave Miss Wells to herself after this, for she is certainly no match for her," I replied. But I was mistaken, as the sequel will show.

Mills, the young lawyer before referred to, had become quite a favorite in the house, particularly with the ladies, and I had several times fancied that he showed a partiality for the society of Miss Wells. If she was sewing, he would seat himself beside her and busy himself with making "cat's cradles" of her thread. If reading, he would beg of her to read aloud, pleading that "he had a nervous affection of the eyes which prevented him from using them by gas-light;" yet I noticed that they showed no signs of weakness, though he would sit for hours studying her ever-changing countenance while she read, in those clear, deep tones that I have never heard equaled, to a crowd of eager listeners, myself and Miriam always included.

It was in vain that Mrs. Marabeau got up her little "sociables" in hopes of drawing the young lawyer into her daughter's society. If she proposed whist, he was "a poor player;" euchre! he "detested it." Mrs. Marabeau would not extend her invitation to Miss Wells, and Mills would not go without, that was evident.

At dinner on the following day Mr. Mills was absent. During the meal Mr. Burnet, who sat beside Miss Wells, drew a note from his pocket and laid it on her plate. She read it, colored slightly, and, writing a sentence on the back of the envelope, returned it to him.

All this did not pass unobserved by Mrs. Marabeau.

About half an hour after dinner she came rushing into my room, her face all aglow with excitement:

"Miss Wells has gone out with Mr. Burnet!" she exclaimed.

"Well, and what of it?" asked Miriam, expressing no surprise.

"Isn't Mr. Burnet a married man, and isn't Miss Wells a lone woman, one who should avoid the very appearance of evil?"

"So far as I can see she has," replied Miriam.

"I think her conduct shocking! and you to uphold her; but I can see it's all *policy* with you."

"I call it *charity*, Mrs. Marabeau."

"I never had much of an opinion of her, and after this I shall keep Emma from her influence; though I must say I think it your duty to set her trunks on the sidewalk, and let her find lodgings in haunts where such women usually live."

"Mrs. Marabeau," said Miriam, warmly, "I am sorry to find you such a foe to your sex. For my part, I have hope and faith to believe that Miss Wells is justifiable, even in the strictest sense of propriety, for what she has done, and I have charity for all."

"She has gone to the theatre," snapped Mrs. Marabeau; "I guess after this Mr. Mills will see her in her true light."

"I presume they have gone to see that play of Boucicault's I heard Mr. Mills describing last evening. He thinks it very fine," said Miriam.

"She'll see a difference in my treatment of her if she remains in the house," was Mrs. Marabeau's threatening rejoinder as she left us.

Next morning Miss Wells was in the dining-room looking over the morning paper when we entered.

"Do you know," she said, "I had such a treat last night. Mr. Mills had asked me to go and see Boucicault's new piece, but his uncle in Brooklyn had been taken dangerously ill, and sent for him to come and draw up a will; so, as there was no time to be lost, he transferred me to Mr. Burnet, who was kind enough to bore himself with my company to a play he had seen three times before."

Mrs. Marabeau came in, cold as an icicle, saying good-morning to every one separately but Miss Wells, who seemed not to notice the omission, keeping up during breakfast a conversation with Mr. Mills, who sat at her right.

After all had left the table but Mrs. Marabeau, who, it seemed, purposely lingered, she said, "Mr. Marabeau desires me to ask if that woman is going to be allowed to remain in the house after last night's bold adventure?"

Miriam was about to reply, but was stopped by the appearance of Miss Wells, followed by Mr. Burnet and Mills. They had heard her in the hall.

"By 'that woman' you doubtless mean me, Mrs. Marabeau," said Miss Wells, looking her steadily in the face. "If Mrs. Simmons wishes me to leave, I have now to hear it from her own lips."

"I do not," cried Miriam. "I have always respected you, and never more than at present."

Tears stood in the dark eyes of Miss Wells as she murmured, "Thank you, Madam, for not listening to evil machinations; I trust I have explained my going out last eve to *your* satisfaction."

"I heeded no explanation. I have never asked one," said Miriam.

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"And permit me to thank you, too, Mrs. Simmons," said Mills, stepping generously forward, for, trust me, I am not a disinterested party. Were it not for her foolish resolution of teaching a year—from which my earnest entreaties have failed to win her—I would this day give her my protection and name, as I have before given her my heart. In your care I leave her;" and before any of us were aware what he was doing he caught the weeping governess in his arms, pressed a kiss on her brow, and passed her over to my wife.

When we looked for Mrs. Marabeau she was gone; how she had made her exit no one had observed. An hour later, and she was served with a notice that her rooms would be wanted at the end of the month; and thus we were rid at last of the "Woman of Influence."

Burnet, who had now got his family in town, took their rooms, and danced a hornpipe to the music of Mills, whose fingers swept the piano keys nimbly when the Marabeaus, bag and baggage, went down the steps and out of the house.

THE ROYAL PULL AT THE BELL.

THERE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in council as well as in wit, said, under the circumstances, he could.

"I will be as brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead.

The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my hand on the rope," said the king, "fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-morrow—"

On the morrow, as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighboring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart.

"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along at that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name—"there I have never found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again:

"Would to Heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case.

"I have been unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window—"nay, I am!" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the point of ringing at it with good will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now, a curse upon kingship that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the king, who wanted to be happy.

The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people.

"By that Lady of Hate, whose church is in Brittany," cried the prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe? and who commands them?"

The answer to this double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of a prince whose name was no sooner uttered to the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed:

"*He!*—then I shall ring the bell yet. I will have his life, and the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile van-guard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, weariness upon his brow but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gray and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face, and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing.

"What voices are those?" asked he, softly; "what is there yet for me to do?"

His chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on the couch, and whispered: "Our father is departing from among us, and his children are at the threshold in tears."

"Let them in! let them come in!" hoarsely cried the king. "God! do they really love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood."

The crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old King, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands toward them, and asked, "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?"

One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow upon the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died, with a smile on his lips, as he rung his own knell.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"'Great Expectations' Disappointed" might be an appropriate title for a treatise upon the recently anticipated Meteoric shower. For months—yes, even for years, the scientific world had eagerly looked forward to the brilliant, once-in-thirty-three-yearly display of celestial pyrotechnics. The time had been exactly calculated—no doubts disturbed the astronomic mind—on or about the 13th of November, 1866, was the appointed time. Even the precise locality of the fiery shower was specified—the constellation Leo was the grand centre from which would radiate the sparkling trails. The newspapers took up the interesting theme, and gave special directions to guide the populace in their observations. Even the city authorities, with a most unusual and commendable interest in science, bid the multitude go to sleep in peace, promising to arouse them by a special signal of fire-bells when the grand display commenced. To be sure many, choosing to trust their own eyes, and having a fancy for seeing the "opening piece," mounted roofs, spires, and sightly places generally, and kept a vigilant look-out for the heavenly visitants due "on or about" that time. But the more sensible went to sleep—leaving one ear open for the tenth stroke of the bell. Half a dozen times they heard it—in fancy—and popped up to gaze anxiously into the ethereal space; but not seeing any strangers careering among the heavenly bodies they speedily covered themselves up from the chill November air. Not a few awoke in the morning with a vague feeling of chagrin that, after all, they had slept unconscious throughout the fierce and fiery storm. But a comparison of notes at breakfast, and a minute investigation of the morning papers, relieved their minds.

Alas for the vain vigils of the weary watchers in this vicinity! Scarcely were there more shooting-stars observed than may be seen on any clear November night. And although some sections of the country were more highly favored, the grand display seems to have been bestowed upon our trans-Atlantic friends. *We* must be patient and wait until 1899!

It is said, in a Massachusetts paper, that the housekeepers of New York are rejoicing over the fall of the price of meat, and are already looking forward to the time when one can get a comfortable beef-steak, or roast, or leg of mutton, or roast of pork, without having to pay for it its weight in greenbacks. We do not know in what section of New York such rejoicing may be taking place. No indications of the kind have reached us, which amount to any thing, when the housekeeper actually buys her meat. So far as our knowledge goes, based in part on glimpses of marvelous monthly bills from the butcher, we judge that a small fortune is needed to supply the table of a medium-sized family for a single month.

Great fortunes have not unfrequently been realized by the invention of some toy for children which meets the approval of the juvenile critics. The inventor of the common street toy known as the "Return Ball" is said to have realized $100,000. The inventor of the "Walking Doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago, made $75,000 by his patent. The dancing "Jim Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was invented by an invalid boy, and won a fortune.

Not long ago a strange and uncouth form, for many nights, invaded the back-yards, and disturbed the quiet of residents in the vicinity of Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn. It was even whispered by the superstitious that its general appearance was not unlike that usually ascribed to the Evil One. Somebody, however, thinking, perhaps, that it was scarcely safe to let such a suspicious character run loose near a church, set a trap. The next morning the result was manifest in the shape of a bright-eyed, wiry, indomitable little animal, not unknown to school-boys by the cognomen of "woodchuck." He was duly shut up, but disappeared mysteriously—turning up at last in the centre of a ton of coal in the cellar into which he had burrowed. The inhabitants of the Heights can once more "sleep o' nights," and the children are in a mild and subdued excitement over the supposition that a colony of the nondescripts still survives in a hole under the church.

A young boy in St. Louis recently made an unexpected and somewhat appalling voyage through the air. He was playing ball with some young companions, when a sudden and violent storm of rain and wind came on. The children took shelter under some trees; but this boy, about ten years old, was suddenly caught up by the whirling gusts, and carried over a fence some twenty or thirty yards distant, and landed upon the top of a shanty, without, however, sustaining serious injury.

A week or two ago a young man from the country visited Cleveland, Ohio, in search of employment. A man to whom he applied asked if he could ride horseback. Thinking some pleasant occupation was in store for him, he eagerly replied in the affirmative. His prospective patron told him he had an opening for a young man—a business that necessitated a great deal of traveling. The applicant declared that he should like nothing better than to travel for a living, and a bargain was soon struck between the two. But he was somewhat chagrined at finding that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse in a circular track for the laudable purpose of grinding tan bark.

A lady (?) teacher in a town not far from Boston has recently been accused of brutally beating a school-boy. The Boston *Traveller*, in commenting upon this, says: "It must be admitted that a parent has just cause for indignation when a cut an inch long is made through the skin of a child's forehead by a heavy ruler in the hands of an infuriated and vixenish teacher. The time for scalping school children in this manner, in old Massachusetts, has gone by."

It is often a serious question whether *old letters* should be kept. Now a case recently occurred which proves conclusively that very important results may be brought about through the instrumentality of letters which, in and of themselves, might not be worth keeping. Some time last June a house in Utica was robbed. Among the things taken was a writing-desk containing the correspondence of the young lady. A short time since the young lady received a letter postmarked "Williamsburg, N. Y.," in which the writer said he did not wish to keep the things he had taken, and that she would find a box containing them at the American Express Office in Utica. The package was found at the office, as the thief said, and contained all the missing articles. The letter of the thief to the young lady closed with the declaration that, if he "ever married again, she (the young lady) should be the bride!" And apparently he had become enamored of her through reading the letters in her desk.

It is quite impossible for a lady to know where her pocket-book is most secure when outside of her own house. It certainly is not safe in any ordinary pocket. Many ladies fancy they make sure of it by keeping it in the hand; but if boys commence practicing highway robbery at the age of five years, a pocket-book in sight is only a temptation. The other day, as a lady was passing through Thirty-eighth Street, carrying her purse in her hands, a youngster about five or six years old snatched it from her and started off with it. Another boy, a little larger, ran after him, saying, "Missus, I'll get it for you." Overtaking the fugitive almost immediately, the young knight, having obtained the purse, was himself overcome with temptation, and instead of returning it to the distressed lady, continued in a contrary direction. The lady, however, followed him, and overtaking him shortly, had him arrested.

The London *Court Journal* says that in ancient times when the "*kilt*" was the prevailing covering for gentlemen the ladies wore a very elegant skirt of Grecian derivation, which might be resuscitated. Like crinoline, it gave great freedom in walking, but unlike it, there was no distension. The skirt was of the full circumference of the present fashion, touching the forestep in front and sweeping behind; a frog button was placed above each knee, about two inches from which the skirt was split downward and trimmed. The stockings were similar to the Highland hose, gartered below the knee, so that "the pretty leg" of the lady had the same free scope in stepping out as their kilted "Lord of the Isles."

The Dagmar sash is a novelty which is so pretty that it is likely to be exceedingly popular. It is made of velvet, and is only worn with ball dresses. This waistband forms a basque round the bodice, and it is cut out round the edge in large, wide scollops; it forms at the back a sort of fan, the leaves of which are indicated with rows of either gold or silver buttons. A pretty toilet is described, consisting of an Empress-blue velvet Dagmar sash worn with a white tulle dress; the scollops were trimmed with gold lace, and the back with radiating lines of gold buttons; pockets were indicated at the sides with gold lace.

A new monthly, entitled the *Aldgate Magazine*, is published by a large clothing-house of London. The "sensational novel" style of advertising is adopted in it, of which the following is a sample: "This man, so tall, so graceful, dressed in one of Mills & Co.'s elegant black suits, at 50*s.*, was approaching her. She trembled! It was he—it could be no other! She recognized him by the glossy hat bought of Mills & Co. for 7*s.* 6*d.*, by the exquisite fit of his handsome boots, 14*s.*, and that most gentlemanly of over-coats, sold only by Mills & Co. at 35*s.* Her heart beat audibly; her limbs bent beneath her; she was about to fall upon the greensward, when—" It would be an improvement for the advertisers to stop here and say, "The remainder of this very interesting story will be found in the next number of the Magazine."

A census has recently been taken of the dogs inhabiting Paris. The city possesses 40,987 dogs, 25,000 of which are pets and 11,986 watch dogs. This gives an average of one dog to every forty persons.

An English working-man has invented a plan by which the action of a shower of rain is made to close an open window. The window, when opened, stretches two India rubber springs. These springs are prevented from drawing the window down by means of a curved rod fixed outside the sash, the end of which works up and down in a tubular, bell-mouthed stand on the window-sill. A piece of loaf-sugar is inserted into the mouth of the stand, and the end of the rod is let down gently on it. The sugar prevents the rod descending in the tube, and, of course, keeps the window-sash up. As soon as it begins to rain the bell-mouth of the tube collects the drops, the sugar is melted, and the sash is drawn up.

In Circassia the more daughters a man has the richer he is; each represents a certain value, and this value is estimated at so many cows. At Constantinople the circulating medium changes from cows to piastres. So the proprietors of such articles as young ladies are very anxious to bring their goods to a better market, and the goods themselves have not the slightest objection to the change. The dearest wish of a Circassian girl's heart is to get to Constantinople. A harem on the Bosphorus is her idea of perfect bliss. As the modern Jason of Turkey will not go to Colchis to carry off his Medea, it follows that Medea must come to Jason. But the dragon's teeth have been sown, and grown up into Russian soldiers, which have all to be destroyed before Medea can escape and attain the consummation of her happiness. According to the best accounts, the recent revolt at Soukoum had nothing political in it. The attack was made upon the garrison of the place for no other purpose than to get off a cargo of damsels to the Bosphorus. The locality is the ancient Colchis; it is near to the mouth of the classic Phasis, and this event was literally another Argonautic expedition wanting to get afloat.

This little gem of thought is well worth reading and practicing upon:

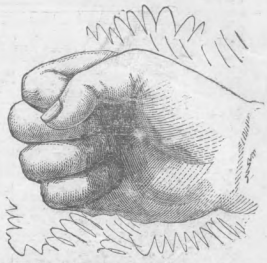
"One thoroughly good-humored person in a house will do more to preserve both the moral and physical health of the inmates than a fashionable physician and a popular preacher together."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COOL IDEA.—Experiments have recently been made with "chilled projectiles," which have proved them to be prodigiously destructive. Of old, when it happened that an enemy hove in sight, the order to the gunners was to "give it to him hot." In future, "take it coolly," will perhaps be the command; and we shall not hear so much about the heat of an engagement, when the victory is won by chilled projectiles and cold steel.

Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink?

If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt? If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong? If 5½ yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk? If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy? If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?



PORTRAIT OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

[BY OUR SPECIAL.]

An old gentleman who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way in every thing all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive *that* a great while."

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she's all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

GIRLS "TES."

Fallen from grace old names come down,
And dress'd in tatters roam round town;
Falling, they've grasp'd and tried to clench
At facing beauty in "bad French!"
Magdalene, penitent, oh, what a fate
As Maggie thou must navigate.
Agnes, deprived of nes, as Aggie,
Looks like a leg of mutton scraggy.
Nancy, poor girl, is now a Nannie;
Frances flaunts all round as Fannie.
Mary, sweet name of grace, is Marie;
While Caroline falls down to Carrie.
Stately Cordelia walks as Delle,
Matilda writes her name thus—Tillie.
Margaret, "the pearl" of names, is Maggie;
Martha descends to simple Mattie.
Phœbe, for shortness, we call Pattie;
Harriet is better known as Hattie.
Emily, faith, her name is Emmie;
Jane has become an errant Jennie.
Elizabeth dances up as Lizzie;
Betsy as Bessie is as busy.
Gertrude, oh, horrors! shines as Tudie;
While Julia (black hair'd) beams as Julie.
Louisa only known as Lulie;
Helen as Nellie wants to fool ye.
Rebecca, Beckie signs her name;
Susan as Susie does the same.
Bridget with truthfulness is Biddie,
Lydia contents herself with Lyddie,
While glorious Sarah makes a Sallie,
And Alice lives all round "Our Allie."

A LITTLE AHEAD OF NOAH.—A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and M'Lean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the M'Leans was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" asked M'Lean. "The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flock," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood!" said M'Lean; "my clan was afore the flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt; "who ever heard of a M'Lean that hadn't a boat of his ain?"

"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read; and if he wasn't the most patientest man that ever was he never could have stood it so long, nohow."

Why is a policeman like a good conundrum?—Because you must look sharp to find him out.

LINES TO A SLUMBERING INFANT.

Sweet bud of frail humanity! thou liest
(I mean repose, of course, and not a fib)
Lapt in Elysian slumbers, and thou sighest
Serenely, heaving thy young guileless bib
With the long breath of sleep. Thy baby lips
Pout with a baby snore, like Zephyr's sigh;
And as thou suck'st thy tiny finger-tips
Thou—stay a moment, for he opes his eye,
And I must rock his cradle, lest he wake
And wail to find the world is not all nap.
Hush! He is going off—let no one make
The slightest stir, or it will rouse, mayhap—
Ha! What a slam! Confound the noisy door!
He's wide awake as Phœbus, God of Day.
Now he begins—good Heavens, what a roar!—
Here! Susan, take this squalling brat away!

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" But observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, Madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

Foote, the comedian, traveling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare? "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except the mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except any body whatever," said he. "But you must!" bawled the host. "I won't!" "You must!" At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom —*except the mayor*.

A SKYLARK—A Balloon Ascent.

TO NEWSPAPER CONTRIBUTORS.

Don't send a manuskript, unless you kan read it yurself, after it gits dry.

Don't write only on one side ov the manuskript, and don't write match onto that.

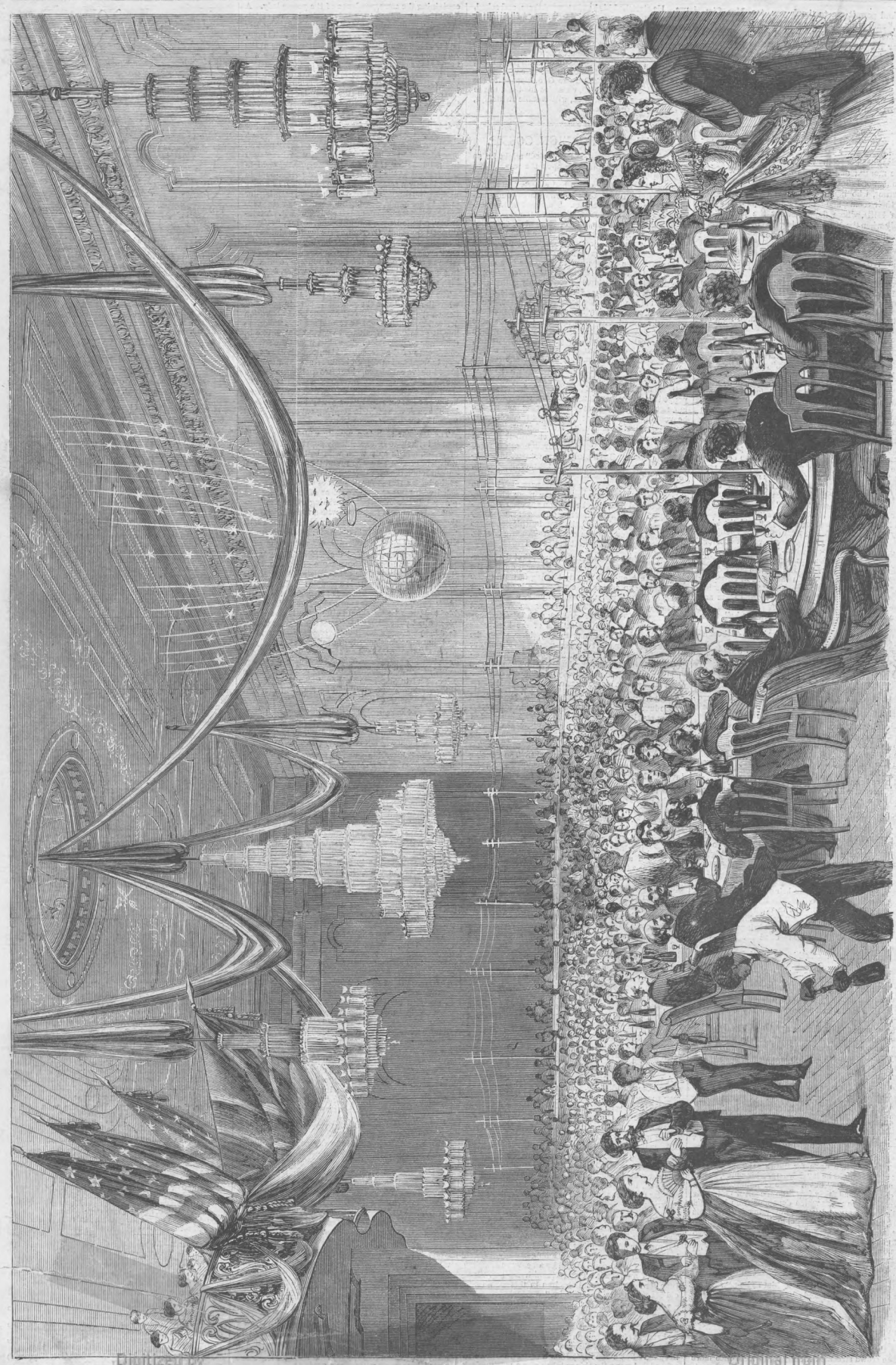
The highest market price paid for awful ralerode smashes, and elopements with another man's wife.

We pay, aul the way up hill, from 10 cents tew one dollar for contribushuns, ackording tew heft.

Aul settlements made promptly at the end ov the next ensueing year.

No pertic will be took (from this date hereafterward) ov letters that hain't got a postage-stamp onto them.

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BANQUET IN HONOR OF CYRUS W. FIELD, AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NOVEMBER 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 757.]

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EVACUATION DAY—WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE INTO NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1783.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was some weeks after the momentous occurrences above related that Mrs. Mulcaster and her fair daughters found themselves together in their pretty drawing-room, following, or attempting to follow, their accustomed avocations.

Miss Mulcaster, pale and sweet as a lily that has peeped out in the confidence of May, and been nipped by that inclement season, seemed, of the three, to have made the greatest efforts to be industrious, and to have succeeded least.

Her harp, with one string snapped (a catastrophe that brought the day's practice to a conclusion), stood on one side; some work lay on the other. Before her was an unfinished landscape, with something terrible in the sky, and, in the fore-ground, an incomplete traveler, who had reined up his steed in very natural consternation at the weird aspect of things. A perfect parapet of books, blue, red, mauve, yellow, evinced that the young lady had tried, by every ordinary means, to exorcise the demon of unrest before folding her white hands and yielding fairly to the languid inactivity in which we find her.

It had been a week of much uncertainty and discontent. The mere material absence of George was an evil in itself. Nobody ever bore teasing like him. Never was a victim whose gentle retorts gave greater zest to provocation! These pleasures had departed, and left a weary void. The hours his presence had enlivened must be filled up somehow, and every attempt to do this in a satisfactory manner had ended in signal failure. As for the *cause* of his absence, that was, by consent, ignored, as a matter at once too distressing for laughter, and too absurd for tears.

Mrs. Mulcaster had proposed change of scene for her injured darling, and had even written surreptitiously to a friend, Lady Mary St. Colomb, at Ryde, on the subject of cheerful lodgings; but Mildred, on being sounded, at once announced her intention of remaining where she was, until—until—no matter— To which period the project was accordingly deferred.

Remarkable rumors had reached The Haie during the past week. That something of an unusual nature had occurred at Gosling Graize could not admit of a doubt. But what was it? The hundred tongues of rumor sometimes confound each other, and nothing comes of the Babel but a desperate rout. There was no coherence in the advices from the village with which Gosling Graize held its most intimate relations. If, for example, as alleged, Sir George had shown symptoms of aberration of intellect, how should the cook's having killed a dog in the same condition have been the means of her master's recovery? Or how should the reported betrothal of Sir George to a young lady of enormous wealth, and descent little short of royal, have proved so unacceptable to a very illustrious personage as to induce the Reverend Mr. Phlunkey to decline the publication of the bans for the ensuing Sunday? Again, why should the decease of the dog throw the cook, who killed him, into such a frenzy of despair, that nothing short of the marriage of Sir George with a Miss Van Splagen, who was a remote connection of the burgomaster of Saardam, restore her equanimity? The cook, the dog, the lady, and Sir George, seemed, in short, to be engaged in a sort of reel, into which the butler, though without a partner, was perpetually intruding and creating the most perplexing complications.

Vague and cursory allusions had fallen from casual visitors; but those parties had invariably, like skaters approaching a spot marked "dangerous," glanced swiftly off into indifferent topics, having that forced flavor that indicates, unmistakably, how imminent had been the peril. Into these poor Mrs. Mulcaster, burning with anxiety to understand what had really happened, was compelled to follow. Come what might of Gosling Graize and its proprietor, it was not for her to express one word of interest in the matter. But she compared notes in private with her younger daughter, and was at no pains to conceal her disquietude.

"You may smile, Louisa, and arch your brows, but mark my words. That boy, in his excitement, has done something rash—committed himself, I mean, to some folly that it may tax all the ingenuity of his friends to set aside, and may, after all, entail upon him lasting misery."

"Be quite easy, dearest mamma," replied Louisa, "and mark *my* words. In another week George will be among us on the same footing as before."

Her mother smiled at the bold prophecy, but shook her head.

"I know George Gosling," she said.

"And I Mildred Mulcaster," said Louey.

As the ladies sat together on the day we have mentioned, a visitor waited upon them, the announcement of whose name seemed to create a subdued sensation not wholly complimentary.

"Miss Shrapnell."

This lady was the last that remained unmarried of the very numerous daughters of the late Lord Boombe. The deceased nobleman had been a quiet, mild-mannered little man, shy and nervous to the last degree. His disposition was so gentle and humane that it seems like a pleasantry to state that his whole existence was passed in the invention of the most terrific agents for the destruction of the person and property of his fellow-men.

To him is society indebted for the first conception of that delicate little instrument the Seaquake shell, whose mere fillip suffices to hurl the largest line-of-battle ship that ever swam fifty fathoms out of her native element.

To Lord Boombe the world's best acknowledgments are considerably overdue for that beautiful adaptation of steam-power to military ends, which, at the distance of three miles, will effect the annihilation of an entire battalion, colonel, drummers, band, doctor, and all, in the insignificant space of one minute and a half.

Encouraged by obtaining, after a correspondence of thirty-five years, the consent of Government to test the value of this last invention on the very first favorable opportunity, his lordship next turned his attention to the perfecting his balloon siege-bomb, calculated to reduce, at one discharge, the most powerful fortress in Europe, when a slight explosion in his laboratory, so trivial as to have been mistaken by the butler for the cat sneezing, shattered his nervous system, and, in fact, originated the illness from which he died.

The family mansion, Battery-Boombe, was curious in itself, as representing the old system of Vauban adapted to the residence of a small British family. It had a draw-bridge, moat, and wall, with salient and re-entering angles complete, although it was almost beyond the range of possibility that any rational human being would sally or re-enter thereby. There was a laboratory and a guard-room, besides another apartment or two, the whole made bomb-proof with a covering of earth twelve feet thick, the six young ladies inhabited the casemates, until, finding, in due course, mates of another description, they were discharged—married—like shots fired at regular intervals. The sixth, and now the sole, Miss Shrapnell, formed, with her own modest establishment, the entire garrison holding Battery-Boombe, from which she descended, grenade in hand, whenever a fitting opportunity for exploding the same with effect seemed to present itself.

Miss Shrapnell, like her excellent father, had a soft, silken manner, which went some way toward winning entrance into the good graces of all who were not forewarned of what was likely to ensue. She had a knack of possessing herself of every species of unwelcome news. She would mould and condense the same into a verbal ball, and, having first artfully created a little garden of delight, in which every body was completely happy and at ease, bang went the shot into the very midst, and off, in the confusion, sailed Miss Shrapnell, exulting.

Mrs. Mulcaster was fully aware of this little peculiarity, and felt toward her visitor much the same regard and confidence with which James the First might have welcomed Guy Fawkes, had that gentleman escaped and presented himself at a levee.

Sweetly and softly Miss Shrapnell came melting into the room.

"Dear friends! *At* last. Hush—stop. Dear Miss Mulcaster, for one moment I implore you—don't stir—don't even breathe! Heavens! what a picture!" (She drew a deep inspiration.) "Enough! Thanks. You three dear, beautiful, and happy beings," continued the enthusiastic lady. "What a gift is yours! Without uttering one syllable, without the movement of a muscle, you have been able to make a poor solitary creature happy for the day. How bright you look—"

"Louey, draw down that blind," said Mrs. Mulcaster.

"—how tranquil! how serene! Dear Mrs. Mulcaster, how sweetly this troublesome world glides onward with its favored few! Nature, art, destiny, seem to enter into little plots to make certain people happy. Are you not of these, dear friend? Confess, now—are you not as perfectly content as human heart can desire?"

"I—I am very content and happy—in my surroundings," said the lady addressed, suspiciously.

"*Content!*" moaned Miss Shrapnell. "Then, may Heaven forgive you!"

"Well, I hope so," said Mrs. Mulcaster, still on her guard. "But may I ask *why*?"

"Content! Simply content! Your glorious Mildred! Your gentle, twining Louey!"

"I am called a parasite!" said Miss Louisa, pretending to pout.

"With such blessings as these, my dear Mrs. Mulcaster," continued their visitor, in an admonitory tone, "I hold that contentment nothing short of crime! This dear nest of yours always reminds me of— Dear me! Mildred, darling, *you* know every thing—what's that that builds upon the sea?"

"Is it a riddle?" asked Mildred.

"No; a question."

"A duck," said Mildred, languidly.

"Nonsense, my dear; a hal—something. Well, The Haie always reminds me of the hal thing. Sunshine and smooth waters. Not one ripple. Not one cloud."

Mrs. Mulcaster became seriously alarmed. Miss Shrapnell had evidently covered the enemy, and was fingering the lanyard of her gun. If Mildred could only be got out of range all was well.

"Mildred, sweet," she said, anxiously, "Miss Shrapnell, I am sure, will kindly excuse you. Remember your little walk."

Mildred, sweet, was, however, insensible to the danger, and, being indisposed for any little walk, retained her seat.

"Well, *I*, at all events, must go my way," resumed Miss Shrapnell. "Five minutes in this dear, tranquil house does more for me than an hour elsewhere. It tones and braces me. The music of the spheres (which must have been something highly gratifying) might surely find a parallel in the quiet soothing harmony that pervades this blessed mansion. Do you know I always feel inclined to call it 'home!'"

"I am sure you could not pay it a more welcome compliment than by making it such as much as possible," said the lady addressed, preparing to bow the visitor out as promptly as politeness allowed.

"Adieu, then, my happy Three!" cried the affectionate lady, and, to Mrs. Mulcaster's equal surprise and relief, tripped harmlessly away. Still, there was a lurking gleam in her eye, like the glimmering of a port-fire, and Mrs. Mulcaster could hardly bring herself to believe that Fawkes, after laying his powder with such manifest pains, would depart without applying the match.

Her misgiving was correct. The bonnet of Miss Shrapnell, like the muzzle of a gun suddenly run out, reappeared at the door. She smiled sweetly on the three:

"Heard the news?"

"No!" exclaimed Mildred.

"Sir George Gosling is engaged to his cook."

Miss Shrapnell softly closed the door and drove away in the highest glee. Never had she delivered a calmer, more accurate, and more discomfiting shot. It was some minutes before the excellent lady could compose herself fitly to the preparation of another little missile, intended for a quiet family, who, she had every reason to believe, had money in a country bank that had suspended payment that morning.

The explosion of an actual bomb in the drawing-room of The Haie could hardly have produced greater consternation. Mildred threw up her arms with a cry of horror. Louisa burst into tears. Mrs. Mulcaster, better prepared for the fatal tidings, thought only of their effect upon her darling—on whom she lavished every consolation her mind could suggest. But Mildred repulsed her; not harshly, however. Self-reproach was the dominant feeling. George had done only what he had threatened, and had been defied to do. The work was entirely her own.

"I am a vile, wicked, heartless woman," moaned Mildred. "Take away your hands, mamma. Let nobody caress me—nobody comfort me. I tell you I am all made up of self and folly. Oh, mamma—why didn't you? *Why* didn't you?"

"My treasure, didn't I *what*?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, soothingly.

"Punish me when I was little!" retorted the spoiled one, with flashing eyes. "You knew my willfulness."

"Pretty well," sighed poor Mrs. Mulcaster.

"There—you confess it—and with all my life's happiness at stake! Oh, mamma, I wish I could forgive you!"

"Louisa, do you hear *this*?" said Mrs. Mulcaster, turning to her younger daughter. "Should Providence ever send you children, recollect that too great tenderness may cost you their duty."

"Mildred is not herself, mamma," said Louey, with some warmth. "I do believe she is mad."

"I thank you, Louisa, for your very kind and sisterly remark," said Mildred, majestically. "I shall at least know where I need not seek comfort or sympathy in my sorrow."

"You told us, dear, you did not want any," replied Louisa.

Mildred put her tiny hands to her face.

"Louey, Louey!" exclaimed her mother, "surely this is not the tone. Govern your temper, I beg, or I must request you to leave the room until my suffering child is better able to endure such rebukes."

"I am not suffering at all, mamma," said Mildred, bursting into a flood of tears.

"My darling, compose yourself. See, Louisa, what your violence has done! Hark, hark! There's a visitor. Quick, Louisa! Not at home!"

"Stop, Louey," said Mildred, wiping her beautiful eyes, and regaining her dignity. "This must not be. Let them come. Let any body come. Mamma, I am ashamed of you. Would you wish it said that your daughter was breaking her heart in solitude because her lover had deserted her for his scullion?"

"Because," remarked Louisa, dryly, "that would hardly represent the facts!"

"Hush, both of you!" said Mrs. Mulcaster, authoritatively.

And the servant announced

"Colonel Lugard."

The colonel saw at a glance that tidings of some sort had reached The Haie. Nevertheless, the smile he had worn on entering did not relax; but, on the contrary, broadened into a decided laugh.

"I caught sight of Miss Shrapnell's pony-carriage," he said, "as I turned into the drive and quickened my pace to a charging gallop. But I'm only in time to restore order. Whenever I can not anticipate my fair neighbor at Battery-Boombe, I make a point of following her as promptly as possible. And you can hardly imagine, my dear ladies, how much I am able to effect in binding up mental hurts, correcting intelligence, straightening distorted facts, and general repairs of a like description. I am a complete ambulance-corps attached to the division Shrapnell. Who's hit now? Come, tell the doctor. Well, my dear Miss Louisa, *you* look the gravest. I begin with you. The last piece of county gossip conveyed to you related to—to—shall I go on? A wedding."

Mrs. Mulcaster trembled, and glanced at Mildred; but her daughter's calm, fixed look, and the colonel's beaming smile reassured her. She let him go on.

"You," he said, addressing them all, "like myself, have heard a ridiculous rumor connecting the name of our young neighbor, George Gosling, with one so far beneath him in station that the jest—and a very bad and malicious one it was—ought to have been at once apparent."

Mildred's look thanked the speaker so eloquently that a sudden thrill shot through his heart, for he knew, that unlucky colonel, that there was *more*, considerably more, to say. With that radiant glance, too joyful for disguise, entered into the colonel's startled soul the conviction that Mildred loved, and that he himself, purposing only to clear their general favorite, George, from an unworthy rumor, must, if he told his story out, scatter worse confusion than Miss Shrapnell herself.

He knew, in common with many others, that a union between the houses of Gosling and Mulcaster had been ranked among the very probable events of the county; but of the actual engagement, and its rupture, he knew nothing. Mrs. Mulcaster had, at his last visit, mentioned in a rather significant manner that intercourse with Gosling Graize had diminished. When, therefore, the report reached him that George was about to be married, and to one of his own domestic servants, his astonishment had been entirely limited to his young friend's selection. "There has been a row—a lovers' quarrel—a rash move of the rebel George," thought the perplexed officer, "and of *that*, bar the cook, they know nothing. Halt, there. Threes about!"

But this prudent manœuvre was not to be executed. The "three" before him would not permit it. Convinced of the falsehood of Miss Shrapnell's tidings, Mrs. Mulcaster saw no objection to continuing the subject.

"It is curious how circumstantial falsehood has become of late. My only wonder is that we were not favored with all the interesting particulars of Geo—Sir George Gosling's courtship."

"Ha, ha!" said the colonel. "Gossip, you know, grows like the Highland cairn. Every body adds a stone!"

"Scandalous! Stories like these, devoid of the merest atom of foundation, should be visited with some severe social penalty."

"Ahem!" said the colonel—"yes."

"You don't agree with me?"

"Perfectly. Without foundation—yes. *Such*," added the colonel, briskly, "could not be too severely reprehended."

"Such as *this*," said Mrs. Mulcaster, fixing him to the point.

The poor colonel winced. His sense of justice, even to a Shrapnell, was keen.

"I—I—the fact is, Will Crooke—" (Will Crooke, once his orderly, now his groom, was the colonel's reserve in difficulty; but here William could not act. The appeal was only a sign of distress.)

"I beg your pardon. Will—?"

"Yes. The—the fact is, I am a very poor retailer of gossip, and am sure to make some blunder or other. But Will—Will is the man. That fellow chronicles every incident in the neighborhood; and sometimes, as we are jogging along the road, gallops up, saluting, and reports some nonsense he has picked up as if it were tidings from an outpost. Well, I must say good-morning."

"You will do no such thing," said Mrs. Mulcaster, decisively, "until you have explained why you hesitated when I said there was no pretext for this wild story of Miss Shrapnell's."

"*Did* I hesitate?" said the colonel. "No—did I?" He glanced uneasily at Mildred. Should he tell all he knew, all that the too-reliable Will had been reporting to him, up to the moment that he, the colonel, dismounted at the door?

Relief came from an unexpected quarter.

"Sir George Gosling has *not* decided to marry his cook," said Mildred, with a perfectly steady voice and look. "Will you tell us, Colonel Lugard, if you are aware of his engagement to any other lady?"

Had the colonel detected the slightest change of color, the minutest tremor of tone, he would have fenced with the question, direct as it was. Taking courage, however, from the speaker's, he boldly admitted—of course, on the authority of Will Crooke—that the young baronet was understood to have made his selection, and that it had fallen upon a young lady every way qualified to grace her future station.

"That is—very well," said Mildred, in the same steady voice; "and—who—" but there the sound suddenly became a whisper, and ceased.

"Who is it?" asked Louisa.

"You remember," replied the colonel, "my mentioning a young person of singular appearance (some might call her handsome) whom I met in the park, and who picked up my—"

A cry from Mrs. Mulcaster! Louisa glancing like a white meteor across the room! She was barely in time. Mildred fell into her sister's arms, her beautiful hair flooding the ground. Her desperate attempt to enact the heroine had failed. Nature triumphed.

As for the poor colonel, alarmed yet helpless, as men usually are under such circumstances, and conscience-stricken besides, after making a feint toward the bell, then toward the window, murmurs of "Will Crooke" issuing from his lips, he judged it best to sound a retreat. While lingering in the hall a message from Mrs. Mulcaster announced that her daughter, restored to consciousness, had been conveyed to her room, and that she herself begged him to return.

"Can you," she said, "spare me five minutes longer?"

"*Can* I, my dear lady?" exclaimed the gossip-loving veteran—"I *will*." The colonel then related all he knew from Will Crooke about the meeting in the rose-garden, the encounter with the dog, and the sudden engagement between Sir George and Esther Vann.

"He had known her long?"

"Since five o'clock in the morning," said the colonel; "at which hour they met, quite accidentally, in the rose-pleasance. The acquaintance, however, ripened very rapidly. George's black dog, Swartz, selected that opportune moment for doing what, in my humble opinion, his master must have done before him. He went mad. The insane parties met, and but for the really heroic conduct of this girl, Esther Vann, very grave results might have ensued. If she did not actually save his life, she delivered him, at the risk of her own, from imminent peril. They were engaged before she quitted the house that day. The marriage is to take place almost immediately."

"A most delicate proceeding!" exclaimed the lady.

"It was not so purposed," resumed the colonel, reveling in the full tide of gossip; "but there was a row. Before George had made up his mind to inform his sister, Lady Haughfield, of his new engagement, some one (I know not who) did it for him. Down came my lady as fast as four horses could bring her, to remonstrate. No avail. George was kind, but immutable. This girl, who, he admitted, was his cook's niece and a nursery governess, but decently educated, should be his wife. Clara, in despair, telegraphed for Haughfield. (A bad move.) Down comes my lord, secretly furious, and, at the first interview, lost all that slight amount of temper he usually possesses. Gosling had borne with his sister, but he wouldn't stand *that*; and, to end the story, his visitors departed, carrying with them the assurance that George would resent their ill-advised and worse-managed interposition, by carrying out his intention at the very earliest moment to which the young lady could be prevailed on to agree. What arguments he used," concluded the colonel, "I can not pretend to say; but of this I am certain—Will Crooke *knows* it to be a fact—that the girl has consented to shorten, very materially, the interval for which, with a propriety for which we can't deny her credit, she had at first stipulated. The cook, her aunt, has removed to a small farm-house a few miles from hence, where her niece will, no doubt, join her, and the ceremony will take place at the little village—Rosedale—close at hand."

"A thousand thanks, my good friend," said Mrs. Mulcaster, rising nervously, and looking considerably alarmed at the task before her.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE report of that active intelligencer, Will Crooke, to his colonel of the proceedings at Gosling Graize was strictly true, only falling short of reality in regard to the stormy character of the conference that followed Lord Haughfield's appearance on the scene. The temper of this noble person, never of the sweetest, was not improved by his compulsory jaunt of two hundred miles, nor by the unpromising aspect of affairs on his arrival. Thus, instead of temporizing with his young connection (George was by many years his junior), he gave such free expression to his own personal displeasure at the proposed match, that George, in his turn losing self-government, cut the matter short by declaring his intention irrevocable, and refused to hear another word on the subject. Swelling with rage and disappointment, Lord Haughfield would have ordered his horses, and departed on the spot—vowing that nothing on earth should induce him to taste food prepared by the hands of the future Lady Gosling's aunt—but for George's promise that this difficulty should be obviated by borrowing a neighbor's French cook. It needed all Clara's tact and eloquence to bring about an armistice which should save appearances, and subsist at all events till the following morning, when the visitors might depart in peace.

George was now alone, but far from happy. He was fond of his sister, and had secretly relied upon her for the re-establishment of good relations with his proud and sensitive brother-in-law, should these be disturbed by his projected marriage. But Clara had imbibed something of her lord's family pride, and this, added to the abrupt manner in which the news (which, she justly felt, should have come from her brother himself) had been conveyed to her, arrayed her feelings against him. He must fight it out alone.

And horribly alone he felt. The prospect of long months of this mental solitude, uncheered by the presence of her upon whom every thought of his heart was now unalterably fixed, almost made him frantic. A fever of impatience possessed him, to which neither solitude nor society seemed to offer any effectual relief. One thing was very certain, he could not wear out this weary interval at Gosling Graize. What if he should travel a little? George went to bed, thinking of Italy.

He was awakened by a cry of alarm and horror uttered by his own lips. He had had a frightful dream. Esther, her fair face torn and disfigured by the fangs of the rabid Swartz, appeared to him engaged in desperate conflict with the furious animal, and shrieking for aid. The vision was so real that he had risen and set foot on the floor before he was convinced of the illusion. In certain conditions of mind things that might else pass for no more than their actual value exercise a morbid tyranny over the reason and judgment. This dream, in George's mind, connected itself with evil of some kind impending over Esther. In vain he strove with the sinister presentiment. In vain he busied himself with traveling preparations.

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A conviction fastened upon his mind that to quit her now would be to bid her an eternal farewell. At length he took the resolution to write to her one passionate appeal, in which, after describing the doubt and trouble that possessed him, he implored her to abandon, for his sake, the interval of delay for which she had stipulated, and accompany him to Italy as his bride.

While waiting her reply, George occupied himself with the arrangements rendered necessary by what would, in any case, be a prolonged absence from home. He took measures for selling his horses and reducing his establishment. Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, rendered totally ineffective by continued rheumatism, had resigned; and this circumstance had made it imperative that good Mrs. Turnover should, for the present, retain office, although George, who, in the altered aspect of affairs, disliked to see her in a menial capacity, would have preferred to have her remove at once to a pleasant and commodious cottage he had purchased at the pretty village of Rosedale, whither he hoped Esther would come to join her.

There was nothing now to prevent this arrangement being carried out, and George, after waiting several days in vain for an answer to his letter, determined to quit Gosling Graize on the morrow.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs. Turnover.

"I trust you will find every thing to your satisfaction, my good old friend," said George, "and that—that your niece may be persuaded to abandon her teaching and come to learn—learn housekeeping, I mean, under your able tuition, at Rosedale. Thus I shall perhaps see you both before I begin my travels."

Mrs. Turnover was in tears; she didn't know why; she always did cry when people went abroad. It seemed to imply a range and time of immense magnitude and duration.

"Wishing you the best of 'elth and sperrets, Sir," sobbed the good lady; "and, if I may be so bold, don't go nowhere, 'specially up hill, without a sangwidge in each pocket. Did I ever tell you, when you was a boy, them words of Mr. Turnover? They was his last."

"His *very* last?" asked George, suspiciously.

"Well, Sir, he'd been silent so long that we thought he was actially gone; and the nuss, which had been promised another job, wanted to put him in the coffin he'd ordered for hisself some days before, when, while we was argain', T. opens one eye and crooks his little finger, which meant 'Lift me up and give me a tablespoonful of gruel, not too hot, with half a dozen drops of brandy in it.' That was giv', and he says, 'Don't cheat your stommich. Heat horfen and 'artily. If I'd heat a sangwidge every twenty minutes since I was five year old, I'd 'ave been an 'elthy individual now. Adoo!"

Mrs. Turnover bobbed and departed.

Little slept the young master of the house that night. As he flung open the casement and welcomed the dawn a fancy seized him to visit the rose-pleasance where he had first heard that haunting voice that now seemed forever speaking to his soul. Autumn was now well advanced. Not a rose was to be seen, but George could have picked out the very tree by which Esther had stood—almost the very thorn by which she had been wounded—and, with the idle fancy peculiar to lovers and lunatics, snipped off the spray, thorns and all, and put it in his button-hole! Sitting in the bower from which he had issued to surprise the trespasser, he strove to conjure up the fairy face, and, having done so, fell into a reverie gloomier than ever. He knew that, in writing to her as he had done, he had broken the compact they had made, and her silence (for this was the fifth day) led him seriously to fear that she would act upon her threat and consider their intercourse as at an end.

The sound of the little gate opening disturbed his meditations. Mr. Fanshaw with the post-bag.

The butler announced that breakfast was on the table.

"In half an hour," said George. "I will read my letters here."

His eye had already detected a strange handwriting. It was a firm, fair hand, an Esther-like hand. He hesitated for an instant, then tore it open, and with a glance devoured the contents, which were of the briefest.

The blood flew to his forehead.

"She is *mine!*" he exclaimed, clasping the letter aloft in his exulting hands.

To explain this satisfactory result we must return for a moment to Esther herself.

When that inflexible young lady went back to her no sinecure at Mrs. Grimble's, she did so with the full intention of peremptorily dismissing from her mind all such recent recollections as were at all likely to interfere with the performance of her accustomed duties. Finding, however, that these comprised every word and incident that in the remotest degree connected themselves with her late visit to Gosling Graize, Esther next wisely determined to regard the whole merely as a beatific vision, which might, or might not, have reference to some future event, but by no means justified an abiding contemplation. And such an anomaly is woman's mind, that the calm and unimaginative Esther almost brought herself to believe that she had been the victim of an illusion! A glance at her wounded hand, however, always restored the reality.

"What do you look at your hand so often for, Miss Vahn?" said little Maud Grimble. "Is it—Oh, Miss Vann, how bad!"

"Nonsense, dear, it's nothing. A mere scratch," replied Esther, mechanically putting it to her lips.

But Maud's exclamation had attracted the rest, who came clustering round to examine the hurt.

"What a long scratch! Does it pain you still, dear?" asked her eldest pupil.

"Not at all. I like it. I love it!" replied Esther, impatiently.

"Like a scratch!" chorused the wondering circle.

"What did I say? You are making me talk nonsense, I think," said the young governess. "Go on with your lesson, Maud. The products of Staffordshire are—"

But little people are observant: and that brief dialogue, and the wound that was "liked," were not forgotten.

This story must be frankly told. Poor Esther, despite her gallant struggle to regain her usual course of thought and duty, was destined to fail. One haunting doubt, that nothing could exorcise, presented itself more and more, infesting even her innocent dreams, so that she would awake under the consciousness, as it were, of some accusation to which she could oppose no sufficient answer. Suppose, something whispered, George's lost love has repented of her precipitancy, and learned with bitter remorse that her heart was all his own? Suppose that this fact should be made known to George? Would it revive the sentiments so long cherished, so lately overcome? Could she put faith in her lover's present feelings? Nay, ought he to rely upon his own? Even if it were so, had she, Esther, acted honorably in assisting to neutralize all hope of a reconciliation between persons separated only by the caprice of one?

This state of doubt and perplexity began to influence her bodily health. Headaches (to which she had hitherto been a stranger) and a strange nervousness, with accelerated pulse and other feverish symptoms, at times assailed her. In spite of every effort at self-control, she found herself becoming captious, irritable, impatient. This cost the poor girl many penitent tears, and weeping renewed her headache, until she gave herself up to the doubtful comfort of gazing upon the "mere scratch," which had long since healed, by way of balm to the still open and far more dangerous wound within.

Such a condition of things could not be favorable to the progress of Grimble education. Mr. and Mrs. Grimble, though good-hearted people in their way, had been trained in the comfortless school of genteel poverty. By pinching alone could they maintain what they conceived to be their social status. Hence they had not hesitated to avail themselves of the services of Esther, both as nurse and governess, for their six children, without other remuneration than her board and lodging. They knew that, save for her worthy aunt, Mrs. Turnover, Esther was without friends capable of assisting her, and kept the secret of their jewel governess so tightly that, I am sorry to say, when once an opportunity presented itself of placing Esther in a far superior position, Mrs. Grimble so successfully under-estimated her governess's acquirements as to retain her in the family. Of this circumstance Miss Vann had been somehow made aware. But warmly attached to her pupils, and content with the personal kindness she received from her employers, she had willingly remained in the position in which we found her.

"Do you know, Grimble, I am not quite pleased with Esther of late?" said Mrs. G. to her lord. "Ever since her last visit to her Aunt Turnover, when she stopped away all night without my leave, she has been like a changed girl. I am afraid she neglects the children."

"Ha! why do you think so, my dear?" inquired Mr. Grimble, with whom Esther was rather a favorite.

"I've had it on my mind some time," said the lady, "and to-day I examined them all. They have not advanced one bit. Margaret's still in simple long division: Maud insisted that Dublin was the capital of North Wales; and Tommy had a theory that eggs were the invention of Christopher Columbus, when straitened for provisions while looking for the pole. I shall speak very seriously to Esther on the subject."

"Of the egg, my dear? And 'seriously?' It is more than *I* would promise to do," said her husband, laughing. "But," he added, "do you think that Esther is quite well? She has looked queerly at times. Besides, she is a good girl, and remember, mamma, we don't pay her a princely salary!"

"We give her all she wants, and we treat her as an equal, which is more than they would do at any of your grand houses," returned the lady; "and she ought to do her duty by us according."

"—*Ly*, my love," put in Mr. Grimble, who, since Esther had been in the house, had grown particular in his grammar. "Well, so she ought. Give her a jog, if you like, just to keep her up to the collar, you know, that's all."

On the day that witnessed this conversation, headache, and that strange sense of uneasiness before alluded to, had compelled poor Esther to seek her own chamber, where she sat with flushed and burning cheeks, striving vainly to compose her troubled thoughts. She no longer attempted to disguise from herself the strength of the feeling that possessed her. She loved with a wild ineradicable love, the depths of which she dared not fathom. But, *he?*—

"I—I can not bear this," she gasped, with a choking sob that seemed to give her pain. "Is it—is it real? Dare I believe him? Oh, if he can not love me, let me die!"

"Miss Vann! Esther! A letter for you, dear," said a small voice outside the bolted door, and the missive was skillfully passed under it, the bearer skipping away.

Esther snatched it from the ground. It was not a short letter; but the contents appeared to be comprehended at a glance.

It was her lover's letter, coming like an answer to her prayer. Enough to say that George had set forth, with all the illogical but convincing arguments true passion will suggest, the reasons that existed for a speedy termination of the present condition of suspense. He implored her to place herself under the affectionate care of her only relative, in the home he had provided for the latter, to permit him to visit her there, and to sanction the preparations for their union at the earliest moment to which his prayers might induce her to accede.

Thereupon began a fresh tumult in her soul. Despite its passion there was apparent in George's letter an honest truth, before which all doubts dwindled and dispersed to air. The temptation to listen to his pleading was strong, while her own heart ceased not to whisper: "Yield, yield; what would you more?" On the other hand, her sense of delicacy recoiled from the suddenness of the step. Their slight and recent acquaintance, still more the fact of his having so lately stood in the same relation toward another, demanded delay. She would pause upon it, and might Heaven direct her judgment right!

Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door, just sufficiently imperious to denote the mistress of the house. Placing the letter in her bosom Esther hastened to admit her.

"Oh, we feared that you were unwell," began Mrs. Grimble; "but you are really looking better than usual. So I may say, without fear of increasing your indisposition, what I came about. Your care of the children, Miss Vann, has considerably relaxed of late."

"Ma'am," faltered Esther, conscious that the charge was not entirely without foundation.

"This must be amended, child," said Mrs. Grimble, coldly pursuing her advantage.

"I—I have not been quite myself lately," replied Esther, pressing her hot hand upon her brow.

"I have just made the remark that you look even better than usual," said Mrs. Grimble, statelily. "I will thank you not to contradict me, Miss Vann." (Esther courtesied.) "I do not wish for any words with you. I have merely to remind you that, in return for the peculiar advantages you enjoy in being at all times treated as a member of my family, I have a right to expect that your undivided interest and attention be centred in my children. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, ma'am," said Esther; "and I have to thank you for this most opportune visit, which has enabled me to decide upon a point of distressing difficulty. I am going to leave you."

"How! *What!* leave me, child?" exclaimed the alarmed lady. "Whither could you go?"

"*Not* to Mrs. Margeson's," said Esther, quietly. (The name brought a slight color into Mrs. Grimble's cheek.) "I am going to my aunt, who is now residing at Rosedale."

"And—and the chil— Nonsense, Esther. I was only joking."

"*I am not*," said Esther, steadily. "I should not hold such jesting fair. I love your children, and am indebted to you, and even more to Mr. Grimble, for an amount of kindness not always shown even to those who can give something in return. But my mind is made up. I will remain, however, for a few days, if you think fit, that my pupils may not be deprived of such inefficient teaching as I can still afford: for, indeed," added Esther, rather appealingly, "I am not so well as you persist in believing."

Poor Mrs. Grimble was fain to accept this concession, and the interview terminated, leaving on her hands the unpleasant duty of informing her husband that not only had Miss Vann refused to be kept "up to the collar," but had slipped out of it altogether.

Rosedale, whither the last scene of this strange, eventful history conducts us, was a pretty, sequestered village, in and around which more than one of George's ancestors had held property. Hence, though it was somewhat nearer to The Haie than George would have preferred—about four miles—he had selected it as an eligible residence for his faithful old servant, and provided her with the prettiest cottage-dwelling in the district. Every thing requisite for comfort—even many elegances—had been liberally supplied; for George trusted it might prove the temporary nest of a brighter bird than she whom he sent forward to prepare the way.

He was not disappointed. Esther came; and the third meeting in the world of these singular lovers took place in the little pleasance George had caused to be planted, regardless of expense, in imitation of that at The Graize. Happy beyond expression they lingered in the autumn-tinted wood-walks, or sat beside the chattering brook, while Mrs. Turnover, in her glory, superintended the preparation of those marriage garments, etc., to which her darling could be prevailed upon to give but slight attention.

Esther's new-found peace seemed to impart a new beauty to her charming features; but there were still times when the feverish flush would reappear, and a quickened pulse and glistening eye indicated some morbid action lurking in her sensitive system.

"One day, when George, who had been absent a little longer than usual, meeting her in her walk, leaped from his horse and clasped her hand, she gave a little involuntary cry of pain. George eagerly inquired the cause, and in doing so, noticed the peculiar feverish and excited expression we have mentioned.

He learned that she had yesterday struck her hand accidentally against a book-case exactly upon the scar left by the rose-thorn at Gosling Graize. It had given her more pain than was easy to be accounted for, seeing that that famous wound had long since healed; and, besides an extreme tenderness on the spot itself, she had since suffered from severe shooting pains, following the direction of the surrounding nerves up to the very shoulder and neck.

George looked at the scar. It was no longer white, but a dark, livid red, and that not only at the seat of the recent bruise, but throughout its entire length.

"My darling, this must be looked to," he said. "The blow has touched a nerve. This terrible wound! When will it cease to reproach me, I wonder?" He kissed it softly as he spoke.

"Do you know that even the touch of your lips gives me a twinge of pain?" said Esther, laughing. "But, what matters, dear? After all, a mere scratch!"

George lingered long that day, as if he could not tear himself from the side of his betrothed, whose spirits were higher than common. Wit and fancy sparkled through her merry talk, and when George reluctantly departed the night through which he rode seemed dark enough.

When he was fairly gone Esther turned deadly pale and burst into tears, trembling, and at intervals sighing heavily. A reaction had taken place. Mrs. Turnover, frightened, insisted upon her going instantly to bed; and to make sure, saw her thither.

But Esther could not sleep. Something oppressed her breathing. The shooting pains in her hand and arm became more frequent and acute. Soon the very silence seemed to grow intolerable, and she rose and opened the window. The moon was near the full, and as Esther gazed upon the shining mystery sailing smoothly and dumbly through the fields of air a sudden and violent shiver darted through her frame. Afraid of a chill she closed the casement, and once more sought her pillow. This time she slept, indeed, but it was only to be the victim of frightful dreams.

Wretched and unrefreshed she rose almost with the dawn, and was shocked at her own strange looks. With a strong mental effort she threw off the morbid uneasiness that tormented her, and, calmed with prayer, walked out into the pleasance. The morning was dull and overcast; but this, perhaps, from harmonizing with her present condition of mind, seemed more soothing than sunshine. At all events she felt herself growing better, when a little girl, who was proud to act as her special attendant, tripped up the garden and placed a letter in her hand.

The writing was strange. She opened it, read—the blood, rushing to her head, almost blinded her—but she had caught the meaning:

"Beware of the step you are about to take. A caprice, bitterly repented, estranged for a moment two hearts long and loyally united. But for *you* all had been well. Forego the hollow conquest you think you have made. It will be a noble sacrifice and will be as nobly rewarded."

There was no signature. But a legion of witnesses could not have brought home the truth more indisputably to Esther's bursting heart.

"This, *this*, then, was the coming horror!" she cried aloud. "I felt it; I was warned. Yet still, so sudden! My love so perfect, my hope so near! I—I will go in, and seek—"

With faint, uncertain steps she made her way to her chamber. Hardly entered, she was seized with a convulsive nervous spasm, so violent that, unable to reach her bed, she sank upon the floor. In doing so she struck her hand slightly on the ground. Instantly an acute pang, commencing from the scar, shot upward, till it ended with a piercing shock, as if a nail had been driven into her very brow. The faintness increased.

"*Water*," she thought. "If I could only reach the water!"

She did manage it; but, although longing to cool her burning throat, dashed the half-filled goblet from her. A globe, rising with a twisting, vermicular sensation in her throat, threatened suffocation. She tried to cry out, but could not. She could only mutter:

"Must I die? What—what is this?"

As if in awful answer, a pang, more severe than any that had preceded it, shot from her wounded hand, succeeded by a convulsive tremor pervading her whole frame. She looked at the scar. It was red and angry, seemed ready to open, and even now giving out an ichorous fluid. The truth flashed upon her.

"I am lost!" gasped the unhappy girl, sinking on her knees. "The mad dog!"

After a second or two she rose and made two or three wild steps toward the door, as if to seek for aid; but, if so, the consciousness that no human help could now avail stopped her, and her thoughts flew to George. Even in that hour of anguish one comforting thought visited her. It was for *him* she had incurred this end.

But who—oh, who should tell him? What was to be done? Might Heaven send the needful strength, and keep her senses clear! She scarcely doubted of the latter, for, acquainted with the ordinary phenomena of this fearful disease, she recollected that the senses and faculties are rather stimulated by it than impaired.

Although medicine could not cure, it might alleviate, might retard. With a calmness that astonished herself, Esther laid out her scheme; for time was brief indeed, and nothing must go wrong. She sent word to her aunt that she should return to breakfast in half an hour; then, putting on her thickest veil, hurried to the house of the village doctor.

Mr. Woford was a young practitioner, with a wife who looked like a child, and several children, who looked as if they had no business there at all. He was alone in his surgery—he generally *was*—and thither Esther proceeded.

Throwing back her veil, and displaying her flushed cheeks and glistening eyes, the visitor held out her hand:

"Can you tell me, Sir, what is the matter with me?" she asked him, steadily.

Mr. Woford smiled at the abruptness, but his look changed as he felt her galloping pulse, and remarked the tokens, manifest even to him, of unwonted disarrangement. There was fever, he thought, but his opinion inclined to hysteria, and the questions he put to her were inspired thereby. He recommended repose of mind and body, and promised to send immediately what he considered needful.

He quickly prepared the things of which he spoke, added some careful directions, and would have attended her home, but this she declined.

Mrs. Turnover was watching for her darling, impatient to show her something that awaited her approval. Esther mechanically followed the good lady, but the sight of the object—her own bridal dress laid out in state—was, in her overwrought condition, too much for her. Uttering a loud despairing shriek, she sank upon the ground, surrendering herself for the moment to all the grief and horror of her position. Disguise was no longer possible. It would soon become necessary, for the safety of others, to warn those around of the probably increasing violence of the paroxysms.

The grief and terror of poor Mrs. Turnover would have turned her brain, but that, fortunately, the honest soul could not be brought wholly to believe that there was literally *no* hope—that a cure, though so fair and young, so innocent, so cherished, must die without remedy, and *such* a death! But the intrepid girl herself was the first to regain composure. She had to make the most of the brief interval of tranquillity the sedatives had obtained, and at once began her melancholy task.

She wrote to George, in terms such as the purest affection alone could dictate, informing him frankly of her condition, and entreating him to come to her *that night*. This letter was not to be dispatched to him till past noon; she had something else to do before they met.

Accordingly he only received it on his return from an afternoon ride, with what feelings I shall not attempt to describe. In his despairing anguish, one idea, almost like an inspiration, flashed across his mind. He remembered having heard, or read, that an eminent London practitioner, Sir Albert Ray, had, in his experience, met with two cases of admitted rabies, which had, notwithstanding, resulted in a cure. Catching desperately at this straw, he dispatched an instant express to London, imploring Sir Albert, who was an old friend and schoolmate of his father, to hasten to Rosedale with all possible speed. His fingers could hardly form the terrible word that was to warn Sir Albert how necessary was this speed. "More than one life depends on your coming," wrote George, yielding to the illusory hope. "She is my betrothed wife: I can not bear her loss." Then, mounting his swiftest horse, he flew to Rosedale.

Esther's next act, after writing to her lover, was to order a carriage. Nobody thought of remonstrance. There was something in her manner that forbade interference with any thing she might do. Alone and veiled she got into the carriage, and was driven to The Haie. There she asked if she could be permitted to see Miss Mulcaster alone—or, if not alone, with her mother.

Miss Mulcaster *was* alone, in the garden, but she had been somewhat indisposed. The servant hesitated.

"I too am an invalid," said Esther, smiling sweetly, and, lifting her veil, disclosed a countenance now white as a shroud. The servant turned and led the way.

Mildred was walking pensively on one of the side terraces. She turned with some surprise to meet the unannounced visitor.

"Forgive, I beg of you, this intrusion," began Esther.

The face and voice sufficed: Mildred waved the servant away. They were alone.

"My object is three-fold," said Esther: "to see you—to entreat your pardon—and to repair, if I may, the injury I have done to *you* and to another. My name is Esther Vann."

"Esther Vann!" exclaimed Mildred, the color rushing into her cheeks, "and you come—"

"Suffer me to speak," said Esther, "and do not wonder nor be alarmed. I am dying. I have but a few short hours to live, and those, perhaps, marked with such agony as to make death, imminent as it is, too tardy. Again I pray you not to fear, but in charity to hear my words. I am dying from the poison of a mad dog's foam infused into an accidental scratch on my hand. You turn pale, and look pitifully on me. That is kind and hopeful, for my time—" she pressed her hands forcibly on her bosom: "I must be quick. Miss Mulcaster, you were to have been George's wife. He loved you—will do so still. As for me, it was a short and transient dream. If he has wronged you, oh forgive him! has not *he* something to forgive? Take back from my dying hand the treasure I had no right to win. He—he is coming to-night. I have written to him to come and bid me farewell. Let me have *this* comfort—dying so young—that I have reunited those hands that should not have fallen asunder; reunited them, never to part again until we all

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meet beyond the tyranny of doubts, and pains, and tears." As she concluded she sank at Mildred's feet.

The latter, weeping, stooped to raise and embrace her, but Esther refused.

"Speak, only speak! Answer me, do you grant my prayer? What shall I say to him when he comes?"

"Say," whispered Mildred, drowned in tears, "say that *I* have nothing to forgive, much to repent of."

"Enough! I will go," said Esther, rising with difficulty to her feet; and resisting, with a sort of mingled fierceness and entreaty, Mildred's eager offers of support and succor, made her way to the carriage and returned to Rosedale.

All that day the convulsive paroxysms recurred at intervals, the progress of the disease being apparently but slightly checked by the palliatives to which she had recourse. The patient became more and more intolerant of light; the slightest touch increased her suffering, and the mere mention of any fluid nourishment brought on the convulsive tremor.

It was dark when George arrived. It would be needless to depict the young man's passionate despair. In vain he had striven to nerve himself for the meeting. The sight of her he loved dying in such a manner, and for *him*, broke down his manhood. Of the two, Esther was the more composed. She made him sit beside her, and, having somewhat calmed his sorrow, told him, after due preparation, what she had done that day, ending by entreating him, as he would impart some comfort to her dying hour, to accept the peace she had prepared for him, and seek, in the renewal of his earliest—perhaps most warranted—attachment, forgetfulness of this sharp but transitory grief.

George heard her with doubt and bewilderment, as if he hardly understood her words, or thought them expressions of delirium; but she convinced him to the contrary, and pressed her entreaties in such wise that he at length gave way.

"If it be my misery to live," he said, in a broken voice, "I will do it. I will do *any thing* that you command."

"I am happy," said Esther, softly. Soon after she sank into an exhausted sleep.

To the surprise of those around there was on the morrow no aggravation of the symptoms. The dread march of the disease seemed to be arrested. But Mr. Woford warned them against any delusive hopes, adding, with truth, that such periods of relief were known to occur.

George's express returned from London almost as swiftly as he had sped thither. He brought a letter from Sir Albert Ray, containing—as might indeed be expected—but little comfort. The eminent physician had cases on his hands as urgent, if less distressing, but would use his utmost endeavors to comply with George's summons. He cautioned his young friend, however, to expect no real benefit from his coming; and, adverting to the cases instanced by George, owned that there was reason to believe that the parties in question might have been inoculated with the virus producing rabies at some antecedent period unknown to themselves. He added some brief suggestions for the patient's medical attendants.

"Just what I am doing," remarked Mr. Woford, with a satisfied air.

It was not until the fourth morning had dawned that Sir Albert Ray drove up to the cottage. His eye caught the open windows.

"She lives yet!" he thought, with some surprise.

The next moment he was beside the bed of the fevered-tossing patient. George was astonished at the calm, confident, almost cheerful face with which the renowned physician gazed upon a case which every one felt to be hopeless, and he presently descended to the drawing-room, there to await the word of doom.

When Sir Albert rejoined him the look of confidence had vanished. He pressed his young friend's hand.

"No hope?" murmured the latter.

"There *should* be none," replied the other. "I shall see her again, when I have spoken with her medical adviser—Mr. whom did you say—Woford. He is sent for, I think. This is, you say, the *fourth* day—the *fourth*?" (George assented.) "That is unusual..... but there is no absolute rule." And the doctor fell into meditation.

"Has this poor lady made frequent allusion to the *cause* of her attack?"

"Very frequent."

"Is she acquainted with the ordinary symptoms of the disorder?"

"Too well, I fear!"

"Hem! It may be so," said Sir Albert, thoughtfully. "Has she complained of a rising—a globular feeling (if I called it by its name, *clavus hystericus*, you wouldn't understand me) in her throat?"

"From the first."

"Where the deuce is Woford?" said Sir Albert, starting from his chair. "One question more, by-the-by. Had she suffered from any sudden and violent impulse of emotion?"

"None that I am aware of," said George; "but—"

"Stay you here," said the physician, and vanished.

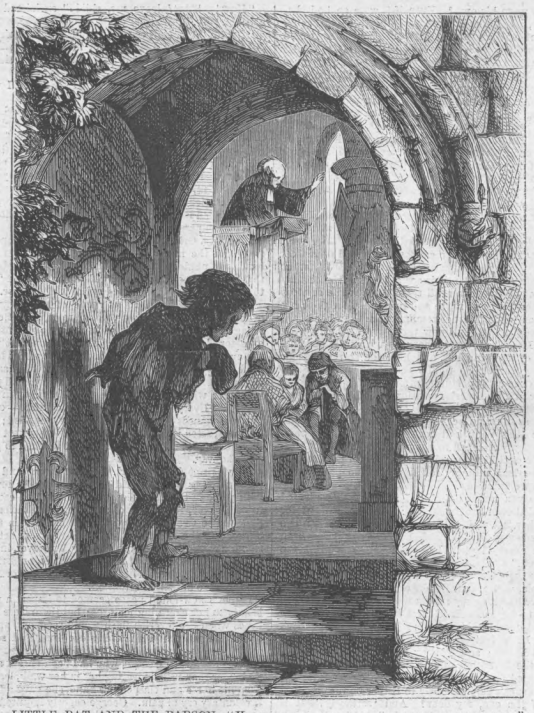
The ten minutes that followed seemed interminable. When his step was heard returning George's heart stood still.

"Can you bear *hope*?" were the first words he heard. "Mind, I say *hope*—no more. Then," continued Sir Albert, without waiting for an answer, "give me a magnifying-glass. Look at the toy they offered me above." (He showed Mrs. Turnover's spectacles.) "Nay, as I'm a living doctor, here's my own. How came I—I remember. Come with me."

They went up stairs. Esther was sitting up in bed, pale as death.

"There's a complexion for you!" cried the doctor, exultingly. "Talk to me of rabies, with a face like *that!* Woford was a baby, and, 'faith, I'm not much better for listening to you all instead of attending to my work myself. Come, miss, I must have another and a closer peep at that hand. Out with it!" He applied the glass very carefully, looking at it again and again. Then he fumbled a little with his waistcoat-pocket, and presently saying, sweetly, "Now *don't* scream," probed the open wound with a touch that absolutely wrung from the patient the shriek he had deprecated. It was but that single touch. He waved something aloft.

"There's your mad dog!" he shouted. "Rabies! hydrophobia! Hydrofiddlestick! A rose-thorn and a lacerated nerve. In no more danger than *I* am! A sudden emotion brought on hysteria. Her own imagination did the rest. The case is uncommon. Keep her quiet—light solids. See, I am going to lie down for two hours. If, by that time, my lady here is not drinking like a little fish I'll resign my diploma."



LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON—"HE STANDS AT THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH PEEPING IN."

The doctor was right. In two hours he had departed, carrying with him countless blessings.

It was the fifth morning. The lovers—such, alas! they were—sat together for the last time, for Esther was inflexible. George's oath and promise must be held as sacred as though her own life had not been ransomed from the fearful doom that seemed to threaten it. Her whole soul was devoted to the task of reconciling him to the separation, which was inevitable, and must be immediate.

How far she succeeded there is no occasion to relate. The trial was not decreed.

George was summoned away for a few moments, and in his place there was kneeling a veiled figure. The veil was thrown aside, and never did Mildred's angel-face look more angelic than while she whispered:

"My darling! I come to give you back your own. My compact was not made with the living Esther, but the dead. He is yours, and my blessing with him; for you have taught me a noble lesson, that shall not be lost upon this selfish heart. And do not fear or grieve for me. When we meet, in pleasant days (I hope) to come, I shall be able to confess that my happiness, which deserved a deadly wound, has, like this dear hand, after all, sustained but a *mere scratch*."

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him:
A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty—
His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
And hunger has withered his beauty.

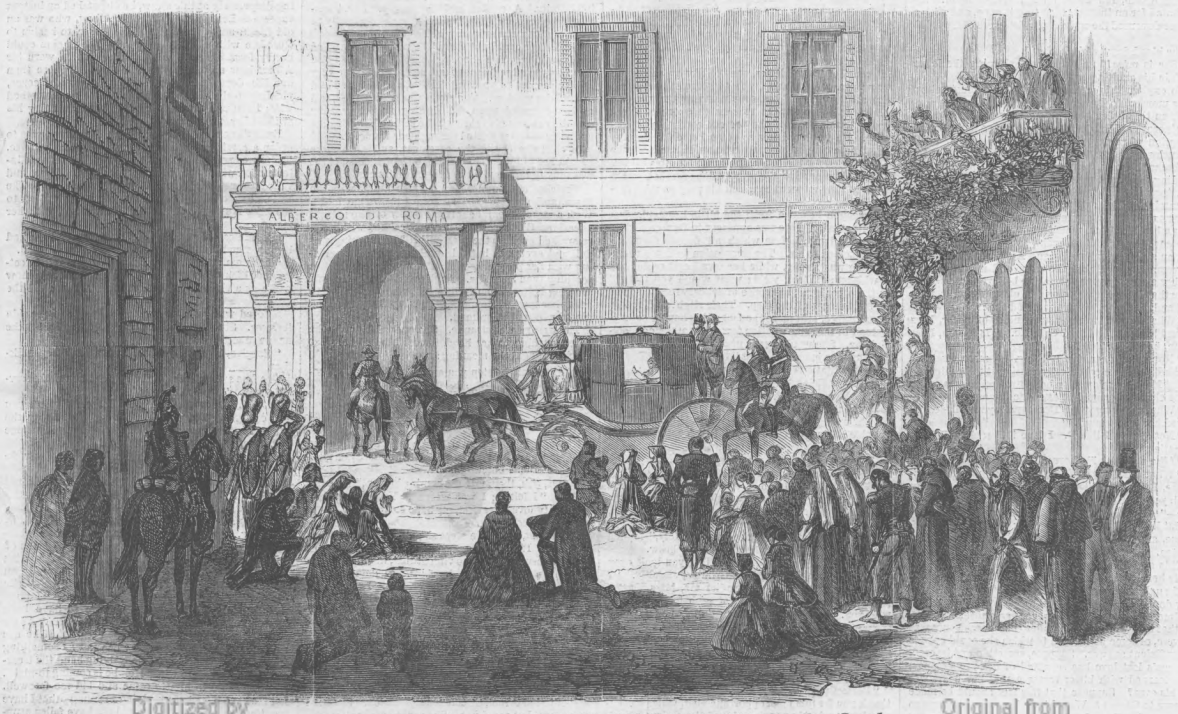
The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
Seems growing more angry each minute—
He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it.
He scolds at the people who sit in the pews—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses,
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes:
In his rags—he feels proud of their dresses!)

The Parson exhorts them to think of their need
To turn from the world's dissipation—
The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed—
Pat listens with strong approbation!
And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly—
"Shure, give me my dinner," says he, with a smile,
"And a jacket—I want them quite badly!"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries—who so willing to cry it?—
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm *such* a poor boy:
You said so—now *don't* you deny it!"

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed Parson!
The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper, he wants better teaching:
But the white-headed Parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years when Pat, handsomely drest—
A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best,
He says, "Och! shure, the master's ould sermin!"



VISIT OF THE POPE TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA IN ROME.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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THE OLD STORY.

I was a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and of constancy,
And he saw the tears to my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me!

He whisper'd low when the spring-time flew,
Of the tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted: yes! but I clung to him,
And I put up my lips to be kissed again:
But the laughing eyes of the heav'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread;
They talk'd of ruin and tears alone,
And my heart was dull as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet—
'Twas the same old tale that is often told—
They play'd on the strings of my heart's conceit,
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walk'd to the altar and there I lied;
For my heart was away with the primrose spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
'Twere better, I think, for a woman to die
Than to live the life I lead.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the ruin of winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose-crown of spring
Will return to me again.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WITH the changing season and the confirmed cold weather a change is taking place in the form of the chapeau, which now covers more of a lady's head than has been the case for many months past. Velvet promises to be the favorite material, and blue, black, and gray, of every variety of shade, are the colors chiefly in vogue. The trimming is extremely simple, and consists either of jet ornaments or glass beads and lace, with occasionally a small ostrich feather, a bow of ribbon, or a single flower at the side. Bonnets of pale blue velvet, trimmed with white lace, and having white satin strings, are much in favor. Those of black velvet are frequently bordered with a narrow cerise-color piping, and are occasionally turned up very slightly at the edges. The trimming in this case is merely a simple rose at the side. Strings, which are worn extremely long, are, according to the shape of the chapeau, tied either under the chin or else beneath the chignon. Spite of the sharpness of the weather, the chapeau Mantille-Maintenon, which is rectangular in front, perfectly flat, and is made either of crape or tulle, with occasionally a hanging border of lace, is a good deal worn. The strings, which are passed over the top of the chapeau, cover the ears, and are tied tightly under the chin, generally in a very large bow, or else they are embroidered over with glass passementerie, and hang loose below the chin, à la chaine Benoiton; in which latter case a second pair of strings of narrow ribbon is tied under the chignon, the ends of which, being very long, float in streamers down the back.



THE OLD STORY—"I SOLD MYSELF TO A LOVELESS THING."

Casaques, which are still worn short, are made of velvet, cashmere, and cloth; the fashionable colors being maroon, deep violet, and black. Those which are of black velvet, and covered almost entirely with jet ornaments, seem to be most in favor. The lower edges are still cut into the most fantastic shapes; the sleeves at times fit close to the wrists; at others they are full and open, the cuffs being slashed in some fanciful form. The lining is invariably of some brilliant color, such as crimson, pale blue, mauve, or Magenta. Casaques of astrakan are likely to be much worn this winter, and attempts are being made to introduce pardessus of black silk, lined throughout with fur. These invariably hang loose upon the figure.

For robes, velveteens, trimmed with jet buttons, are getting much in favor. A new robe, called the Clarisse-Harlow, after RICHARDSON'S immortal heroine, promises to become very fashionable every where this season. It is made *à queue*, and is of satin, moire, or taffeta, and may be worn indiscriminately for visiting, dinner-parties, soirées, etc. The front of the jupe is perfectly straight, without plaits, and behind is a long train. When trimmed with dentelle Cluny this robe presents a most elegant appearance; it is, however, generally worn extremely plain, with the corsage and jupe to correspond, the bottom of the jupe being perhaps slashed with satin of the same shade of color as the robe. For evening-dress we have sea-green foulards spotted over with small white-shaded flowers and trimmed with taffeta; with a square corsage cut *à la vierge*, and an embroidered *canezon* and long muslin sleeves with *entredeux* of Cluny. For walking-dress a new black silk has been introduced, entirely free from gloss. The robe is made without plaits and *à queue*; the front is trimmed with a *biais* of velvet satin bordered with white dentelle Cluny spotted with black. The corsage *à basque* is trimmed like the robe, the sleeves fitting closely, and being similarly trimmed in stripes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of foulard des Indes. Pardessus of cashmere, embroidered with jet ornaments, with jupon to correspond. Chapeau of green velvet.

Fig. 2.—Jupon of poplin, with a border embroidered with black silk. The tunic, which is of a different shade of color, is trimmed with black taffeta. Paletot of cloth. Chapeau Mantille, with a rose at the side.

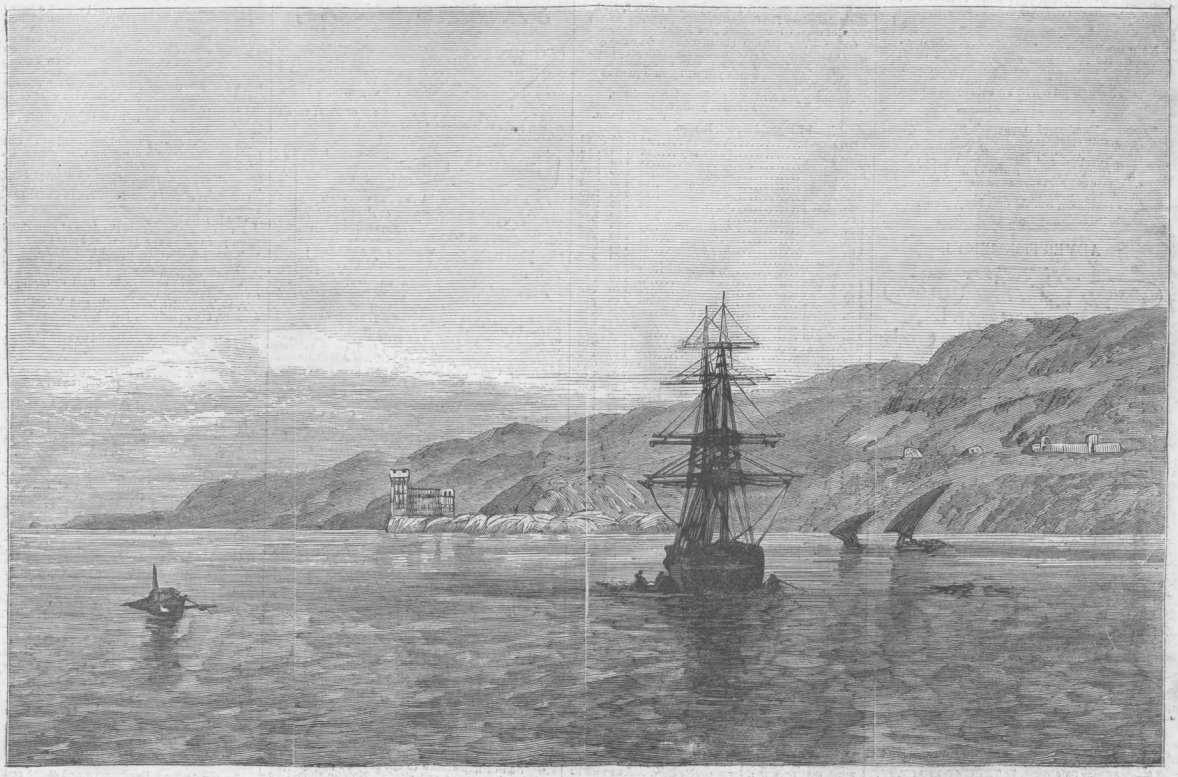
Fig. 3.—Robe Clarisse-Harlow, of foulard or taffeta, the seams trimmed with a silk cord, with a similar cord running round the bottom of the jupe. Black velvet paletot, trimmed with satin and jet ornaments. Chapeau of plaited gray velvet, with small ostrich feathers.

Fig. 4.—Robe of taffeta on a plaited jupon, the robe being caught up in tufts. Casaque peplum of cashmere embroidered with jet ornaments. Chapeau Mantille-Maintenon of black lace, also embroidered with jet.

ARTIFICIAL ANIMAL PRODUCTIONS.

THERE is a French legion called the "Zephyrs," which is composed of vagrants, who are compelled to serve as a correction for offenses committed by them. They are, nevertheless, for the most part jovial, amusing fellows, of whom the drollest stories are told. We note among others, as an artistic invention of a Zephyr, the phenomenon in Natural History which so puzzled the wise heads of the Parisian learned men; the celebrated long-snouted rat.

This animal has a proboscis like an elephant; that is to say, a long excrescence upon its nose of about two centimetres, and hairy like the rest of the body, the most remarkable feature of which is that it is thicker at the tip than at the upper end; an arrangement which is entirely opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature. Only recently a number of these long-snouted rats was exhibited before an immense crowd



MIRAMAR, NEAR TRIESTE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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of people upon the Boulevards in Paris and sold for six francs apiece. Twenty of them were enjoying themselves quite contentedly in a cage when some incredulous person, fearful of deception, pricked one of them in the snout with a needle. The animal, whose feet and mouth were held fast by the purchaser, squeaked and writhed with pain, and a drop or blood issued from the wound. The experiment proved conclusively that the proboscis was a real appendage which was organically connected with the whole system of the animal. The long-snouted rat is nevertheless a production of art, which is accomplished in the following manner: Two rats are taken and tied by the feet to a board, the nose of one being close to the tail of the other, an incision is made with a small knife in the nose of the hinder rat, into which is firmly inserted the point of the other's tail; the mouth is then firmly bound together with the amputated tail, and both rats are left in the same position for forty-eight hours. After the lapse of this time the living flesh has taken root and grown together, two or three centimetres length is then cut from the tail of the first rat and he is set free. The mouth of the other is unbound, but it is still kept tied to the board and fed, and in the course of a month the wound is so completely healed that the sharpest eyes could never detect a trace of the operation. The old Zouave who exhibited these rat-sold them all with great rapidity, and it is said that a scientific man bought a pair of them for the purpose of propagation. They no doubt will produce many, but the proboscis will be wanting.

A RELIABLE ADVERTISING AGENCY is that of Mr. S. R. NILES, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Boston, Mass. We have had business transactions with Mr. NILES for a number of years, and he has uniformly been prompt and honorable in meeting his engagements. If all advertising agents were as honest as Mr. N., there would be a good many less swindling concerns in the Atlantic cities—such concerns as annually "swing around the circle" of country publishers, seeking whom they may—cheat.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Rural New Yorker, Nov.* 10, 1866.

LETTER FROM MRS. GENERAL GRANT.

THE following letter, addressed to the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company by Mrs. General GRANT, expresses the opinion of every lady who has ever used a GROVER & BAKER Machine:

GENTLEMEN,—It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of the Family Sewing Machine manufactured by your Company. I have had one of them in my family for some two years; and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how any thing could be more complete or give better satisfaction.

The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and was presented to me by friends who purchased it at the Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia in 1864.

Very truly yours, etc.,
MRS. U. S. GRANT.

WASHINGTON D. C., *October* 24, 1866.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the Model Parlor Magazine of America, combines reliable Fashions, popular Music, brilliant and original Stories, magnificent Engravings, illustrated Poems, Architecture, full-size Patterns, and other valuable features. The December Number, with splendid Christmas novelties, now ready.

"BURNETT'S reputation is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of his preparations."—BURNETT'S Standard Flavoring Extracts and Cocoaine for the Hair, &c.—*Boston Journal.*

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

DECEMBER Number of DEMOREST'S "Young America" ready, with splendid Christmas Novelties, Christmas Engravings, Christmas Stories, Christmas Toys, and other beautiful and entertaining things for the Boys and Girls, including Music of Jolly Old Santa Claus. Single copies, 15c., mailed free; yearly, $1 50, with a Microscope as a premium. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.& Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality. Such as:

Castor oil,	Citrate of iron and quinine,
Cod-liver oil,	Oil of turpentine,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $16, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

SAVONINE

A CONCENTRATED SOAP for Family, Laundry, and Hotel use. Half the Soap and half the Labor, and your Clothes are Cleaner, Brighter, and Sweeter—a result magical as pleasing and satisfactory. SAVONINE will not run the most delicate color, proving it can not injure the most delicate fibre. The cost so small, the result so great, that the poorest housekeeper, when familiar with its value, will call it

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Now manufactured in this country by the GLAMORGAN SOAP COMPANY.

Agency Salesroom, 70 TRINITY PLACE, New York. ☞ N.B. Sold everywhere, in boxes of 6 lbs. for $1 50.

Agents appointing. Apply with reference.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

BOSTON, MASS., *Nov.* 6, 1866.

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTS,—Your bill of 1st inst., with goods, came safely to hand, and they give general satisfaction. I herewith send you Club List No. 2, with additional list to first order included, which you will please send as before, C.O.D., to my address.

Thanking you for the complimentary package, I remain yours truly,
WM. H. PARK.

No. 1 Ringgold Street, Boston.

5 lbs. Mixed	J. Heyan	at $1 00	$5 00
5 lbs. Mixed	E. Henley	at 1 00	5 00
2 lbs. Mixed	L. Grover	at 1 00	2 00
3 lbs. Mixed	J. M. Lee	at 1 00	3 00
2 lbs. Mixed	H. Litchfield	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Mixed	A. D. Holmes	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Mixed	W. H. Hardy	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Mixed	H. Cohn	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	C. H. Smith	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	J. Grundy	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	E. Francis	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Mixed	C. H. Haven	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Mixed	A. M. Small	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Mixed	F. Barton	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	F. Jarbell	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	I. Dendergust	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan	G. W. Rodgers	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	C. E. Cook	at 1 10	1 10
1 lb. Japan	Mrs. Gould	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	C. W. Hardy	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	A. Craig	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	J. Prudin	at 0 80	0 80
1 lb. Oolong	G. French	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	C. H. Smith	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	R. Forbes	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	C. Hessle	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	G. Petter	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	E. Francis	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Oolong	J. Pinkham	at 0 70	1 40
3 lbs. Oolong	J. Pinkham	at 0 80	2 40
1 lb. Imperial	W. Hunt	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. English Breakfast	M. Burk	at 1 20	1 20
1 lb. English Breakfast	T. Young	at 1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Mixed	J. Bradley	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. F. B. Coffee	L. Cobb	at 30	60
4 lbs. F. B. Coffee	L. Grover	at 30	1 20
1 lb. F. B. Coffee	S. Bell	at 30	30
1 lb. Ground Java	S. Bell	at 40	40
2 lbs. F. B. Coffee	C. H. Haven	at 30	60
1 lb. F. B. Coffee	G. W. Rodgers	at 30	30
1 lb. Ground Java	G. W. Rodgers	at 40	40
2 lbs. Ground Java	J. Hakeman	at 40	80
1 lb. Ground Java	J. D. Stall	at 40	40
	Total		$59 35

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Marion Harland's New Novel is now Ready!

SUNNYBANK.

By MARION HARLAND, Author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Moss Side," "Nemesis," "Husbands and Homes," &c., &c. 1 vol., 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.
SHELDON & CO., New York.

THE SEASON OF STORMS.

The blasts of autumn and the chill storms of early winter are apt to make sad inroads upon the constitutions of the feeble. In old times, at the commencement of every season, it was the fashion to take a strong cathartic as a safeguard against a change of temperature. It was a worse than senseless practice. The people of our day understand the matter better. Instead of depleting the system they reinforce it. In the method they adopt they exhibit a wise discrimination. Instead of resorting to the vitiated stimulants of commerce, or any of the compounds derived from them, they put their faith in the only absolutely pure invigorant procurable in the market—

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Their faith is well founded. Never has any tonic medicine been prepared with such scrupulous precision and conscientious care. It is a vegetable compound of which every ingredient is sound, wholesome, and *medicinal* in the true sense of the word. Now we have three prominent national complaints. One half of the adult population of the United States suffer more or less either from diseases of the stomach, derange of the liver, or affections of the kidneys. In no other land under Heaven are these maladies so general as in this country, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is a specific for them all, unless organic in their origin, and therefore beyond cure. And let those who are fortunate enough to be exempt from them at present understand one great fact, viz.: that an occasional use of this vitalizing tonic will as certainly prevent them as the sun will prevent the earth from freezing where its genial beams descend.—*Communicated.*

WHO WANTS A NEW RIFLE?

Every way superior to the Needle Gun. Who wants a splendid Piano, Melodeon, Sewing Machine, Knitting Machine, Washing Machine, Clothes Wringer, or a Library of choice Books, including NEW PHYSIOGNOMY? All these are given as PREMIUMS for Clubs of Subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867. Send stamp for circular to FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

A certain cure for Piles, Burns, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Old Sores, and all Skin Diseases.

DALLEY'S

MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. Sold every where. Sent by mail, 35 cts. H. DALLEY, 49 Cedar St., N.Y.

WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month, Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 5 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

JAMES VICK,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

Grower and Importer of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Hardy Bulbs, &c. My new Seed Catalogue for 1867 is now in press, and will be ready to send out on the 1st of January next. It will contain 75 or more pages, finely illustrated with about 100 engravings, and a beautiful Colored Frontispiece.

☞ Sent free to all my customers of 1866; to all others, price 15 cents—not half the cost.

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For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

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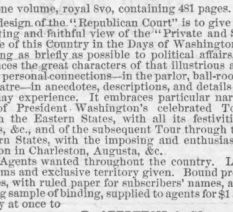
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FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge CHAS. P. DALY, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
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COMMENCEMENT OF VOL. XXXIV.

Harper's Magazine

For December, 1866.

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TO BEGINNERS IN BOOKWRITING.
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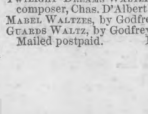
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 519.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

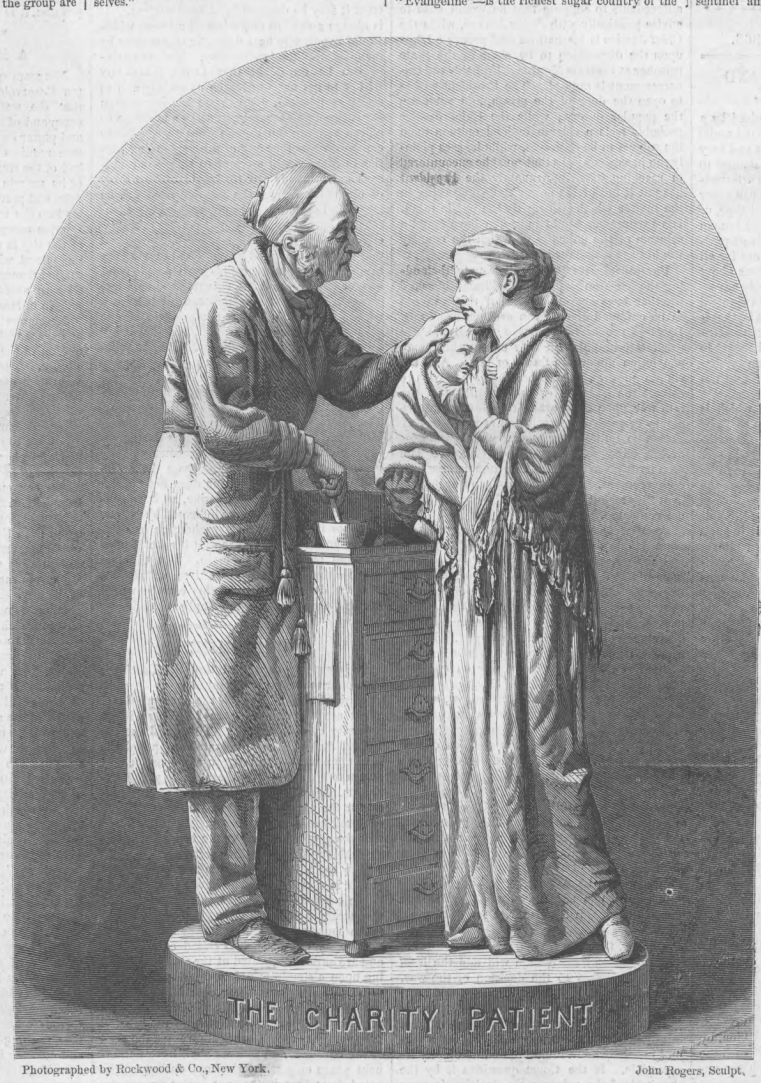
"THE CHARITY PATIENT."

THIS is the latest and one of the most beautiful of those groups of statuary for which Mr. ROGERS is so justly celebrated. The atmosphere about this little group almost glows with human love and melts with human pity. There are no violent contrasts presented to the eye; the charity which is here figured is not that of Wealth coldly stooping down to abject Poverty; it is that charity which lifts up its object reverently into the light and warmth of its own love. Thus the features of the group are made to blend together into one feeling. The Doctor's pity is lost in loving sympathy; and the poverty of the Mother and Child also is disguised by their participation in this exaltation of love. We have never seen a happier artistic representation of Christian charity.

OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A YEAR ago we gave an illustration of the first annual parade of the Metropolitan Fire Department. On the 21st of November the second annual parade took place, of which we give an illustration on page 772. We desire especially to draw the attention of our readers to the progress made in the Department during the last year. We can show what this progress has been in no better way than by quoting a portion of Commissioner ABBE'S speech on the occasion of this second review:

"MANY," says MR. ABBE, "of those I now have the pleasure of addressing were present last year when the Paid Department made its initial parade through the city. At that time several companies were unable to appear in line because of an incomplete outfit, and many of those who did parade on that day labored under considerable disadvantage. We then presented a newly-organized, untrained, and partially incomplete Department. We have now shown you, and the citizens of this great metropolis, an organization so perfect in all its arrangements and details as almost to defy criticism. The Department survived all opposition, and is now fully able to cope with any danger or emergency that may occur. As an old volunteer fireman, I would not for a moment connect that noble and now disbanded body of citizens with any act of violence or crime committed in those early days of the present system, but I do charge them upon that lawless class of hangers-on who so frequently tarnished the reputation of the active members of the old Department, and at the same time point out the fact that no such class now exists. I do not intend making an extended speech, and will only ask your indulgence for a moment more. In common with the other members of our Board, I feel a natural pride in the great success that has, through the cordial co-operation of every department in our City Government, attended our humble though sincere efforts. In order that you may know the precise strength of the Department and its principal advantages, I will briefly enumerate the more salient features. We have now in active service below Eighty-third Street 34 steamers and 12 hook-and-ladder trucks. Each piece of apparatus is worked by a company of 12 men, thus making the aggregate working strength below Harlem of the Department 552 men. One hundred and thirty horses are required for traction purposes.—Each member of the Department is allowed one day's leisure every 12 days, so that 46 men are nominally absent each day, although the occurrence of a fire in their district necessitates their presence. During all the hours of the day or night three men from each company perform patrol duty, thus giving us a patrol force of 138 men constantly on such duty. As a signal proof of the advantages secured to the Department through the patrol system, I may mention the pregnant fact that, during the twelve months just past, there have been over two hundred fires discovered and extinguished by individual companies, or still alarms, which were never made known to the general public. By these means the Department has saved to the property-owners of this city fully half a million of dollars. The horses destined to each piece of apparatus are kept constantly harnessed, and they are hitched to the machines twelve hours out of the twenty-four. Only forty seconds of time are allowed after the alarm for the appearance of the company and their apparatus in the street; and so perfect have some of the companies become that they are frequently *en route* inside of twenty-five seconds. The water in the engine-boilers is constantly kept at so high a temperature that a full head of steam can be readily generated in two minutes. Such, gentlemen, are the main features of interest, and I need only add that the entire Department is divided into 11 divisions, or districts, each being under the control and supervision of an experienced engineer, while the entire working system is placed under the general direction of a chief engineer. Each member of the Board of Engineers is held responsible for the efficiency and discipline of those companies under his command. And last, though not least, is the system of telegraphing, which connects each apparatus-house, bell-tower, and Police Station-house with the central office, whereby an alarm of fire is received from any part of the city and transmitted instantaneously to all parts. By these means the entire Paid Department is kept in perfect order and instant readiness for active service. In conclusion, we most cordially invite each and every one present at any time to make personal examination for themselves."



Photographed by Rockwood & Co., New York. John Rogers, Sculpt.

THE MASTODON.

NO geological discovery for several years has excited greater interest, popular or scientific, than the recent exhumation of the bones of a monstrous Mastodon at Cohoes. At first only a jawbone was found, and no further discovery seems to have been expected. But fortunately the workmen, in the progress of their excavations for the New Harmony Mills, have brought to light nearly the entire skeleton of this ancient monster. The attention of our geologists has been directed to this remarkable discovery, and we shall probably soon have a report on the Mastodon from our *savant*, Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ. The remains of the Mastodon were found 85 feet below the surface. Our special acknowledgments are due to Messrs. HAINES & WICKES, for the photograph from which our engravings have been made.

SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

THE Bayou Teche—scene of LONGFELLOW'S "Evangeline"—is the richest sugar country of the United States. The sketch is characteristic of the general appearance of the plantations on the banks of the river—a handsome family residence, snug negro quarters, and large, expensive sugar-mill. This Bayou has always been one of the most attractive districts of Western Louisiana. A. R. W.

CYPRESS SWAMP IN LOUISIANA.

THE great feature of these Louisiana Swamps is the Spanish moss hanging in masses from the cypress-trees, whose gray trunks, towering up without a leaf for 70 or 80 feet, are draped with it in most fantastic style. The trees closing together at the top shut out the light, so that the weird and funereal aspect of the place is perfect, presenting a forbidding appearance sufficient to appall a stranger. In the slimy depths of the swamp—a net-work of bayous and pools—numbers of alligators exist, in company with turtles, snakes, etc. Birds and insects of brilliant colors dart through the sunny gleams that occasionally pierce the shadowy depths, where the white crane and shadowy heron stand sentinel among the sharp cypress knees, which grow up all around the parent trunks, and form no slight obstacle to him who, braving the mosquitoes and buffalo gnats, attempts to penetrate this domain. The pond-lily and many other aquatic plants grow luxuriantly in the ponds, filling the air with an overpowering fragrance unknown to their sweeter kindred growth. Inhospitable as they are, these swamps formed a secure place of refuge for many a persecuted Union man during the rebellion; and were, on the other hand, silent witnesses of more than one martyrdom to the Union cause. A. R. W.

DR. CHAPIN'S NEW CHURCH.

THE Fourth Universalist Church Society, formerly of 548 Broadway, under the pastoral care of Dr. CHAPIN, has just completed its new house of worship on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The church is built in the perpendicular Gothic style—the front elevation presenting two towers, the corner one being elongated into a spire about 200 feet high. There are three doors in the front above the street-level, and approached by steps extending the whole length of the three entrances. The doors and windows have pointed arches decorated with mullions, tracery, and stained glass. The front is further decorated with buttresses and rows of quatre-feuille. The plan of the building is 95 feet wide by 100 in depth.

The interior of the church has a main auditory and gallery capable of comfortably seating about 1800 persons—the pulpit being opposite the front entrance, and the organ and choir occupying the deep gallery over the same. The interior walls are painted a light stone color, and the ceiling is supported on clustered pillars, and finished in the form of groined arches in the side aisles, the central nave being more than 50 feet in height.

The cost of construction is $160,000. The building is now completed, and will be dedicated on the 3d of December.

The design has been prepared and the construction superintended by Mr. JOHN CORREJA, architect.

Dr. E. H. CHAPIN'S ministerial career in New York City began in 1848. He was then thirty-four years of age, having been born December 29, 1814, at Union Village, New York. He had received no college training, having completed his formal education in a seminary in Bennington. He had been preaching eleven years—at Richmond, Virginia; at Charlestown, Massachusetts; and in Boston. He has always been connected with the Universalist Church, and is to-day one of the prime movers in what is known as the "Broad Church movement." His reputation has been long established as one of the most eloquent and effective pulpit orators of the United States.

DR. CHAPIN is one of our best-known popular lecturers. He has exerted a large measure of moral influence over the young men of our land. His sermons never deal with political topics. He has, therefore, not so many enemies as have BEECHER and CHEEVER. His popularity has steadily increased, and the erection of his new church will open for him a career of increased influence and usefulness. DR. CHAPIN received the degree of D.D. in 1856, from Harvard University, which had previously conferred on him the honorary degree of A.M.

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THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE!

WHERE willows weep, where birds are still,
Where infants fold their little hands,
A warrior's tomb—a grassy hill
In yon old village corner stands!

No subtle carving on the stone
Shall tell us who is 'neath the sod;
Below the body rests alone—
His soul is in the ranks of God!

The scent of one white rose's breath
In sorrow floats amid the air—
The rose of Hope, and Love, and Death
Her widowed hands have planted there!

How often there a woman sits,
While tears are in her soft brown eyes!
The odors that pale rose emits
To her are airs of Paradise!

The laughers can not laugh at *her!*
The idle pause with eyes intent
On those clasped hands that never stir—
The knees that in a prayer are bent!

Along the village path she strays,
Nor lingers the wild flower to take;
Through those long winding meadow ways—
By hedges heavy for his sake!

Then lighter, softer is her tread;
Her tears are falling there at last!
Her fingers clasp the rose—her head
Rests, dreaming of the sweet, sad past!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE AND GENERAL AMNESTY.

WHEN a country has been convulsed by a domestic war which has torn up old social systems by the roots there is no short and easy path to universal tranquillity. The danger to be apprehended is an attempt to reach arbitrarily and impatiently those results which can never be attained except by deliberation and time, or the operation of the laws of nature and human society. Therefore a wise man reads at present in our political almanac, "Look out for all kinds of political panaceas and nostrums about this time." Among these a very loudly advertised specific is Impartial Suffrage and General Amnesty. But a very suspicious fact is, that it is recommended by two classes of persons—Union men whose advice was timid and wrong in every crisis of the war, and Southern sympathizers who were the most desperate and unscrupulous of public enemies.

The qualification of the suffrage which is recommended is education. Nor can there be any question of the vital importance of intelligence to voters. But the question of the suffrage must be regarded by us at this time in its bearings upon the national security. Now the strength of the Union sentiment in the unrepresented States is undoubtedly among the colored population and the poor whites, as in parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The strength of the disloyal sentiment is among the educated classes. An educational test for the suffrage would enfranchise possibly six or seven per cent. of the colored citizens now, and it would disfranchise probably half of the poor white classes of the States we have mentioned. If, therefore, a plan of an educational test of suffrage and a full amnesty were adopted as a substitute for the Amendment proposed by Congress, we should have intrenched and fortified the enemy, for we should have secured political power to the class most hostile to us.

The truth is, that the matter is much too complicated to be successfully dealt with by a phrase, however symmetrical. It is utterly useless to combine the two propositions of qualified equal suffrage and general amnesty. If equal suffrage in the disturbed States be essential to the national security, the national authority should establish it. That is one thing. If general amnesty be compatible with national safety, let the national authority proclaim it. That is another thing. But it certainly does not follow that if it be necessary to establish equal suffrage, it is wise to reinstate rebels; for the consequences of one process may very easily paralyze the intended results of the other.

The whole matter is a question of statesmanship. The object is to prevent the resumption of political power by the party lately in rebellion, and still frankly hostile to the Union, by such measures as are not incompatible with the principle of the Government and with the national safety. The Congressional Amendment proposes to do this by basing representation upon the number of voters, under certain conditions, and by making certain rebel leaders ineligible to office at the pleasure of Congress. This last provision is that which stings the hostile sentiment most, and that which the general amnesty would remove. But in any system of reconstruction that inability is essential. Whether Congress leave the actual settlement of the suffrage to the States or directly ordains it, and whether the suffrage be qualified or universal, the official ineligibility of the leading political chiefs at the national pleasure is indispensable. Nor is it very wise to say, as the *Tribune* does, that because ultimately the ban would be removed, therefore it may as well be removed now. A thief sentenced for twelve months will be released at the end of a year. Should he therefore not be sent to jail at all?

The object of the demand of equal suffrage and general amnesty when it proceeds from the Copperhead organs is plain. The convenient classical line which warns us to fear the Greeks bringing gifts may be liberally rendered, Look out for the cat in the meal-tub. The Copperhead calculation of the situation under this policy is, first, the recognition of the present State organizations in the late rebel States, which are now exclusively in the hands of the late rebels; and, second, the disfranchisement of the great mass of the loyal men in those States, and the consequent perpetuity of political power in its present hands. Was the war fought, and were the late elections carried, for such a result as that?

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE late interviews between the President and the Chief Justice of the United States were immediately reported as conferences upon the subject of reconstruction. It seems, however, much more probable that the subject of conversation was JEFFERSON DAVIS. There is no reason whatever in the President's character or antecedents to suppose that he would wish to advise politically with Judge CHASE, while the Chief Justice is his natural and proper adviser upon the disposition to be made of the State prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Probably the embarrassment is mutual. The President wishes to open the door of the prison, and yet fears the popular outcry; while the Chief Justice probably feels a solemn judicial opinion upon the subject to be desirable, while he sees plainly the hazardous risks that must be encountered in reaching it. Unfortunately the President has put it out of his power to do any thing in the matter which will satisfy the public mind. His predecessor would long ago have found a solution of the difficulty in which the country would have acquiesced.

For difficulty it undoubtedly is, notwithstanding the question which is so indignantly asked whether laws are of any use if they are not to be enforced against the greatest criminals. Laws can only be enforced lawfully. The greatest criminals can only be punished upon conviction under the forms of law. And the simple question is, whether the people wish to submit the question of the lawfulness of the late war upon the part of the Government to a jury of twelve men selected at random. If DAVIS be indicted for high treason, the forms of law must be scrupulously observed. The case must go to a jury. One man can prevent an agreement. But if the jury can not decide, or if they acquit the prisoner, the United States are convicted.

At the close of the war, and immediately upon DAVIS's capture, there was a universal feeling that, as the arch-criminal, he should be instantly brought to justice. The President distinctly said so, and orators and editors very generally took the same ground. But as time passed, and the actual circumstances were gravely considered, opinion changed. It became evident that the case was not exactly such as the criminal law of treason contemplates. The object of that law is to make treason odious in the person of traitors, and to save the state from murderous conspiracy. But when treason has swollen into general and terrible war, waged by all the methods of war and prolonged through four years, during which millions of citizens become liable as traitors, and which ends in the complete victory of the Government, although technically every man who bore arms may be capitally prosecuted, the wisdom of a prosecution becomes a matter of high state policy; and if a possible or even probable result of the prosecution in any instance would be a reversal of the decision which the whole nation has made by the last appeal of arms, it is an unwise policy to press the prosecution.

Besides, there is a very general perception that no judicial affirmation will add the least weight or dignity to the decision of the war. That attempted secession is rebellion and treason, and will not be tolerated, is a point finally settled. If the Court says so by the conviction of any accused person it merely echoes a verdict infinitely more imposing and absolutely irreversible. If the Court questions it by the acquittal of the prisoner the decision is none the less fixed, but an *ignis fatuus* of seeming lawful right glimmers forever over rebellion. Moreover, the trial invests with a foolish prominence the chief actor in the drama. At present DAVIS is an utterly broken-down, baffled, blood-stained political gambler and adventurer. Give him the melodramatic setting of a state trial and he acquires dignity from association. Technically he is a person accused of treason, and to be tried by his peers. Actually he is a criminal, whom no verdict can acquit in the heart and conscience of his country and mankind. Yet we do not believe that the public sentiment would justify the execution of the penalty of the law, even were he convicted. Under such circumstances, therefore, what could the trial be but a farce?

If the Chief Justice went to the White House, and *if* he talked with the President, and *if* DAVIS were the subject, we do not doubt that the rat behind the arras heard some such remarks as these.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican empire is evidently settling itself so fast that there is something a little surprising in the mission of Lieutenant-General SHERMAN with MR. CAMPBELL the Resident Minister to the Mexican Republic. We can not say that the peculiar character of either gentleman inspires profound public confidence that the wisest course will be adopted. MR. CAMPBELL is known to the country only as an adroit local politician wholly devoted to the President's view of public affairs. The Lieutenant-General, whose heroic name is already historical, is not a man who has shown political discretion and moderation as remarkable as his military sagacity and valor. And both Ministers are sent out by an Administration signally defeated before the country and naturally anxious to relieve its fortunes by some emphatic diversion.

If the intention be to furnish an opportunity for fine bluster toward any foreign Power, we trust it may be doomed to disappointment. It is always a shallow and criminal attempt which would apparently heal domestic dissensions by manufactured foreign hostility. There certainly can be no doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out of Mexico as swiftly and as safely as possible, nor can we see any reason for Lieutenant-General SHERMAN's presence or offices pending the French departure. There can be no fear that any of the contending parties in Mexico will attempt to injure our citizens or to invade our territory; and an army of observation upon the frontier need not be large, and certainly does not require the Lieutenant-General to command it until it takes the offensive. Nor does there seem to be any good reason why the United States should undertake to do for JUAREZ among his own people what France tried to do for MAXIMILIAN among foreigners. A Mexican protectorate, after France withdraws, can be only a protectorate of one domestic party against another, and that is not a business congenial to the principles or practice of the United States.

Of course when an empire falls, however much of a mushroom or toadstool it may have been, a wise Government looks to the care of its citizens who may be caught in the ruins. But no such consideration explains the necessity of such an envoy as the second military commander of the country. Even the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine does not require him. For the Monroe Doctrine, as it is generally understood, is being vindicated by events. Whether it be a foreign apprehension or a domestic necessity which has sent him to Mexico we shall probably soon learn. But the fact which should make every citizen watchful is that the defeated party in this country would not be averse to a foreign complication.

COMPROMISE.

IT is gravely suggested that the President shall offer to Congress a compromise. A compromise of what? What is the open question? What are the relative forces? Where is the necessity of composition? The people of the United States have deliberately proposed the plan upon which the unrepresented States may return to Congress. If those States prefer exclusion, they will probably continue to refuse assent to the plan, as they are doing now. But a compromise is a concession. Is it proposed that the people shall make the conditions more agreeable to the States in question?

The truth is, that there are a great many people in this country who have heard so much of the compromises of the Constitution, and of the necessity of every body yielding a little to make society possible, that they instinctively trust every thing which is called compromise, and are as much appalled at the thought of acting upon a simple principle, undiluted by compromise, as they would be at the idea of eating a beef-steak uncooked. It would not need a very subtle argument to show that the boasted compromises of the Constitution were the seed of the late war, and that we shall have permanent peace only when they are entirely extirpated from that instrument. But we are far from saying that compromise, or mutual concession, is not often essential to success. It is no more possible in politics always to move straight toward the end proposed than it is for a ship to sail straight before any wind from New York to Liverpool. The ship must do the best she can with the wind she has, and she will probably never make a voyage without tacking. Yet tacking is compromise.

It is not, therefore, compromise to which a wise man objects. "All government," says EDMUND BURKE, "is founded upon compromise. But in all fair dealing," he adds, "the thing bought should bear some proportion to the purchase paid. Who would barter away the jewel of his soul?" In every free government there is something that is priceless, which can not be bought or sold, or made in any way whatever the subject of trade. But our fathers unluckily forgot it, or, remembering it, they thought that in their case there was no danger. Slavery was evidently expiring. They might, therefore, safely make a grant which would revert in a few years. But the cotton-gin was twin-born with the Constitution, and they fought from the cradle.

Material interests may be compromised to the utmost, but moral principle can never be compromised—it can only be surrendered. When the two are opposed, and principle yields, there is no compromise—there is only a sale. A father who "makes an eligible match" for his daughter without consulting her feelings, does not compromise her—he sells her as a calf is sold in the market. So a Congress or a Convention which makes laws, upon any pretense whatever, that necessarily destroy primal human rights, sells liberty in the open market. Now the pending Amendment provides that the enemies of equal rights in this country shall not have disproportioned political power in the Government, and that those who led the rebellion to destroy the Government shall not resume power under it except with the consent of the loyal people in Congress. To set off one of these necessary provisions against the other, or to evade either under any pretense, is not compromise, it is betrayal.

A MARGIN WANTED.

WE were speaking last week of the new Croton Reservoir; and we wish now to suggest that the welfare of the city requires entire command of the first in population, commerce, and power on either continent. This great future requires entire command over the whole bed of the river and its tributaries, with enough of its margin to build all the necessary reservoirs and prevent the throwing of offensive matter into the waters of the Croton. Already in London complaint is justly made that the health of the city is seriously impaired by the impurities mixed with the water of the Thames and carried through pipes into dwellings, and if we wish to avoid a like fate, we must acquire a margin of lands on all these waters.

Numerous impurities already reach them, and these will increase with the growth of population in the attractive region watered by the Croton. The backward flow produced by the main dam near Sing Sing extends up the Croton several miles; but yet the city owns only what is covered by the water, and has no right to exclude hurtful deposits on the slopes extending down to the lake. No part of the stream flowing in has ever been acquired, and hence it shares the fate of being used in all the ways which convenience requires. An act of the Legislature authorizing the city to acquire such margin of land as we have mentioned, to be taken from time to time as it may be wanted, would amount to notice of this ultimate object, and prevent very expensive improvements or any use of the land inconsistent with the wants of the city.

In condemning the land on the west branch now to be taken for the new reservoir, the city will need to obtain title to a burying-ground lately in active use, and containing, as we judge from a cursory view of its tombstones, from one to two hundred bodies, the removal of which will of course be made a charge to be added to the assessed value of the lands. The water of the new reservoir will flood this burying-ground, which was doubtless selected for a resting-place in the belief that it would be as free from intrusion as possible; but the wants of a great city break up arrangements for final repose which numerous families have made, and they must henceforth provide with more certainty against the inexorable demands which expose to disturbance the sleep of "their rude forefathers."

We submit to our manufacturing inventors the construction of a wheel, which, we suppose, would not be larger than a watch, to be used in connection with the Croton in private dwellings as a power for working a sewing machine. It would of course be applicable in all cases where water is delivered into houses through pipes from high elevations, and could be used for light knitting or spinning machines, and various other purposes of domestic industry; thus opening to women a new field of labor, and creating in families the old spirit of industry which insured that species of independence which the power to supply our own wants bestows. If such a power were used extensively here there would be a demand for water which the whole flow of the river would not more than supply.

But whether it shall be deemed feasible or otherwise to use the water for such purposes, the considerations in favor of acquiring in time all the land that may be needed to make the Croton available in the best manner for our wants, present and to arise, must be so evident as to impose on the Water Board—now fortu-

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nately managed by a competent engineer—the duty of obtaining such legislation as may secure this important object.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

AT a late meeting of the trustees of the Cornell University at Ithaca, in this State, the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, of Syracuse, was unanimously elected President. He is precisely the right man in the right place. In this State and at the West, where he was Professor of History in the University of Michigan, Mr. WHITE is known and honored as one of the most earnest, practical, and accomplished scholars, and our readers may remember his striking and original oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College last summer as a timely and powerful lesson of the hour. His career in the Senate of New York has been marked with such good sense and ability that his friends have a right to anticipate for him the most brilliant political honors; while from the first he has been the confidential friend, in this great work of the University, of its founder, the Hon. EZRA CORNELL. Familiar with the intention of the foundation, inspired with the most humane and lofty conviction of the true scope of a great University, and accustomed to the details of academical management, we do not know to whom its Presidency could have been so wisely intrusted. Mr. WHITE will be sure to gather around him the best men in every department. The institution will be truly a University; and beginning under auspices so favorable, it can not fail to become wholly worthy of the State and country.

HOW SHALL WE SLEEP?

As we spend about one-third of our lives in sleep the circumstances under which we do it should be well ordered. The sleeping apartment should be of such size and have such arrangements as to secure a proper supply of fresh air. From our own observation we have no hesitation in saying that even among well-conditioned people those provisions are not adequately attended to. Most of them sleep in rooms that are both too small and shut up too closely. A gallon of fresh air every minute, let it be remembered, is the requisite for each person. This certainly can not be furnished to any one in a closed room of ten feet square, and yet this is a very common limit of sleeping accommodations, with no inlets for fresh air except the crevices. The case is worse than it is with apartments for the day, for in them the doors are opened frequently, and thus some considerable change is effected in the air.

Very often the sleeping accommodations are even more limited than we have mentioned, especially in the case of children. Several of them put into even a good-sized apartment do not have air enough if it be closed, and surely not when they are put into a small one, as they often are.

It is quite important that with ventilation there should be a proper degree of warmth, and hence it is much easier to secure thorough ventilation in sleeping apartments when the whole house is warmed from a furnace than when it is not. And here we would say that it is a false notion that no air is good except that which is introduced directly from without. That which comes from the open passages of the house is as good as that which comes through open windows. The air that comes from the pipes of a furnace is as fresh, that is as pure, as fully charged with oxygen, as cold air is. Heating it does not injure it. If the attempt be made to secure ventilation *alone* by letting down the top of a window, there is great danger that cold will be taken, especially if the room be small. This had better be only one of the means of ventilation, and then there need not be so wide an opening as to have this liability.

Night is the time for sleep, as day is the time for work. This is nature's indication, and harm always comes from not following it. Sleep in the morning is not as refreshing as that which is had in the night, when we have nature's favoring circumstances, the darkness and stillness. When we turn night into day, either with pleasure or labor, we do violence to nature, and, of course, inflict more or less injury on our physical systems. Many a clergyman is tempted to sit up late at night in preparing his sermons, partly from the quietness of the hour, and partly from the necessity of securing the preparation in time. But every time that he does this there is an impairment of the health, and particularly if it be done Saturday night, because the injury is enhanced by the labors of the following day.

Sleep may be imperfect. It may be broken by impressions made upon the senses, or by mental operations. The more one dreams the more imperfect is the sleep, for mind and brain are in action in dreaming, and they do not have entire rest. There is difference in dreams as well as in wide-awake thinking in the amount of exertion. Sometimes dreaming amounts to real mental labor, and so impairs greatly the rest which sleep is designed to give.

Of course the less perfect the sleep the longer is the time which it ought to occupy. It is a matter of economy, then, to those with whom time is of value, to have the sleep as perfect as possible.

How, then, can sleep be made perfect? There are various circumstances to be regarded in effecting this.

When we sleep we should sleep. We should make a business of it. There should be no mingling of the wakeful and the sleeping condition. We should dismiss the thoughts and business of the day. We should have a habit of doing this. There is much in this point. The thing is quite within our control, and a habit of passing readily from the wakeful state into sound sleep can be formed by a proper attention to the circumstances that will favor it.

Regularity is important here. There should be a regular time for retiring, and also for rising. If this be not done, there will not only be much time often wasted in getting to sleep, but the sleep will be apt to be imperfect. We do not mean that one should retire precisely at the same minute every night—this would be making one a slave to time, and the very exactness would impair the sleep.

Much may be done by sheer will. We can will to calm down mental action, and dismiss trains of thought. If we can not do this directly we can indirectly. We can supplant thoughts which would burden the mind, and thus pass mind and brain into the sleeping state in a worried condition, by indulging in thoughts of a diverse and lighter character, letting us gently slip into our rest for the night. How very commonly the contrary course is pursued! The business man goes to bed thinking of some plan for making money, or for solving some perplexity; the professional man is busy with some train of thought connected with his daily employment, and the student is worrying his mind up to the last of his wakeful moments with some portion of to-morrow's lessons.

But besides all this, and above all this, the arrangements of the day have a decided influence upon the character of our sleep. That sleep may be good the business of the day should be done altogether in the day, and the evening should be the time for relaxation and diversion. In this way there will be a proper preparation for undisturbed, perfect sleep. All mental employment in the evening should be gentle and amusing. It is no time for real work. All the study that is done in the evening, especially by the young, does harm to both body and mind, and one way in which it does this is by impairing the sleep.

The encroachments which fashion makes upon nature's time for sleep are a large source of disease in its votaries. The languor of the next day tells what the misspent hours have done, and this often repeated, taking something each time from the needed repair and restoration, lessens decidedly the general vigor, and thus prepares for actual disease. In strong contrast this with the legitimate use in the evening of the pleasures of society which we have indicated. When will the truly rational and conscientious resist the dictates of fashion, and rid their guests of the necessity of turning night into day?

In conclusion, we say, sleep enough—sleep in the right place—sleep at the right time—sleep well. Some seem to grudge the time given to sleep as if it were lost time. But the hour of sleep should be welcomed as well as the hour of waking, and the time for rest should be arranged for as scrupulously as the time for action.

LITERARY.

"The Sanctuary: a Story of the War" (published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York), is a novel by GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, author of "The Story of the Great March." No book relating to the war has had a more striking success than NICHOLS'S "Story of the Great March." Nearly thirty editions have already been issued by the publishers, and the book still maintains its popularity. The author had made the march, as one of Sherman's Staff officers; he wrote of what he saw, and he knew well that to make his story interesting he had only to tell it truthfully. Fidelity in the writer there could not be without securing the intense interest of the reader. In the "Sanctuary" Colonel NICHOLS's object has been of a different nature, though in the same direction, as in the "Story of the Great March." The latter confined itself to grand military movements and to the prominent military incidents of the march, or to the characteristic features of the country through which the army moved. The "Sanctuary" is intended to tell another story, in which the individual and not the army stands foremost. The pictures are more minute, and relate rather to daily scenes in the soldier's life, or to instances of personal heroism, than to great movements or critical battles. The careful fidelity with which these pictures are painted can not but make the book one of great interest and value. But it is not the portraiture of the external life of the soldier which gives the chief interest to Mr. NICHOLS's novel. Heroes have hearts, and Romance is nearly allied to War. The story which the author has woven about the historic thread of this work is pathetic, and abounds in striking situations, yet never overleaps the boundaries of plausibility. Of some of the chapters our best authors might well be proud. The description of Bonaventura and of Dalton's walk to Hastings have been very rarely surpassed. The story of Zimri's revenge has all the interest of a tragedy, and the character is well drawn. The "Sanctuary" is beautifully illustrated by A. R. WAUD, Esq.; and as regards style of printing, quality of paper, and external appearance, is one of the most elegant books of the season.

"Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS, has just been issued by HARPER & BROTHERS. "No man is a hero to his own *valet*," says the proverb. It is equally true, and for much the same reason, that no General is a hero in the eyes of a newspaper war-correspondent. While upon the field, indeed, he may have some special reason for adulation; but he not unfrequently looks upon the commanding officer as a humbug, and feels determined, at some happier opportunity, to expose the military ignorance which is to him so clearly apparent. Among the many correspondents which the *Herald* sent into the field Mr. SHANKS was undoubtedly the most able and judicious. The work which he has given us could not but be valuable. Nowhere else can the reader find so good portraitures of the great military leaders in the war for the Union. We can not indorse many of his judgments, which, though they evidently have not been hastily made, are yet sometimes exceedingly arbitrary. But they are the honest and independent judgments of the author. We are willing to acquit Mr. SHANKS of that petty prejudice which nearly all war-correspondents have allowed to influence them in writing about General SHERMAN. Still he persistently belittles that General. If SHERMAN is more universally popular than any other of our heroes, as Mr. SHANKS says he is, then it is certainly unfair to pronounce that it was not "his brilliant success as a leader" which made him so, but rather "his strongly marked characteristics of person and mind." Now, it is SHERMAN'S success, and the *brilliancy* of his success which, if any thing, has made him so popular. Success alone, and brilliant success, is the only reason why the people care any thing about SHERMAN'S personal and mental characteristics. SHERMAN, according to Mr. SHANKS, was the great strategist of the war, but no tactician. Now, this immediately suggests to us the fact, that in the whole war, and particularly in the West, there seems to have been but little display of tactics, while almost every thing was made to depend upon strategic movements and sanguinary battles—battles, the plans of which were decided far more by accident and topography than by deliberate and tactical calculation. From the nature of the battle-fields themselves, there was rarely any room for tactics. But, after all, it is not for the author's military criticisms—which are usually just—that this book is chiefly valuable, and we must forgive these cruel slashes at one of our heroes in consideration of the interesting facts which Mr. SHANKS has communicated. The book contains fifteen illustrations, of which all but one are portraits.

"Obsequies of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in New York City" (published by EDMUND JONES & Co., New York), is a record of the events and of the memorial speeches and resolutions in New York City connected with Mr. LINCOLN'S death and funeral. It has been prepared by DAVID T. VALENTINE, Esq., Clerk of the Common Council, under the auspices of the Corporation, and is very finely illustrated by WILLIAM WAUD, Esq. of this city. The work includes BANCROFT'S Eulogy, delivered on Union Square, and BRYANT'S Poem. It is published in a style which does credit to the city, to its well-known Editor, and to the talented artist who has illustrated it. It is fit that the minute record of this city's participation in the obsequies of our martyr President should be thus handed down to our children.

"That Good Old Time; or, Our Fresh and Salt Tutors" (published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York), is a charming book. The writer has succeeded in making a genuine "boy's book." In leaving boyhood behind him the door has not been shut against his return to the mysteries of a boy's life. This work is so fresh and hearty, so instinct with an appreciation of boy-life, and so winning in its Christian lessons, that we can heartily recommend it to our young friends as, in its kind, the most delightful book of the season.

"Photographic Views of SHERMAN'S Campaign," by GEORGE N. BARNARD, is a splendid volume, containing 61 imperial photographs, embracing scenes of the Occupation of Nashville, the Great Battles and Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, the Campaign of Atlanta, March to the Sea, and the Great Raid through the Carolinas. These photographs are views of important places, of noted battle-fields, of military works; and, for the care and judgment in selecting the points of view, for the delicacy of execution, for scope of treatment, and for fidelity of representation, they surpass any other photographic views which have been produced in this country—whether relating to the war or otherwise. The impressions have been taken with the greatest care—they are splendidly mounted and bound in a single volume in the most elegant style. We believe that only a very limited number of these volumes are issued; but although, from its expense, the book can not be popular, those who can afford to pay one hundred dollars for a work of fine art can not spend their money with more satisfactory results than would be realized in the possession of these views. Before seeing this collection of Mr. BARNARD we could not have believed that there were such magnificent possibilities in an art so purely mechanical as to its mode of operation. Even the tints and cloud-scenery of the sky are exquisite in their perfection. We regret that we have not the space to enter into a more detailed description of the separate views.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMERICANS can not claim politeness as one of their national characteristics. However strict they may be in the observance of etiquette in their own houses, in public places there is often a decided want of that politeness which has been so aptly defined as "real kindness kindly expressed." But usually this defect seems to be the result of want of tact, or want of observation, or a *negative* fault—if such there be—of some kind. We rarely see positive rudeness exhibited in public places by the better classes.

But an unfortunately large number of those who attended the first Philharmonic Concert, given in Steinway Hall, had an opportunity of witnessing and of being excessively annoyed by open and positive rudeness on the part of—shall we say it?—a young person, who, if she had known how to hold her tongue, might have been called a *lady*. But she did not. From the commencement of the concert she persisted, not merely in whispering, but in talking loudly, in spite of indignant looks, "hushes," and even faint "hisses," until the audience in her vicinity were thoroughly roused to anger at being thus cheated out of the sweet strains of music they had come to enjoy. Several gentlemen earnestly requested her to allow them some quiet; but she (New York ladies will blush for their sex) rudely declared, "I have come here to talk, and I *will* talk!" At length a gentleman came from the box-office, and addressing her, said he had been requested by the ladies of her party to request her to cease talking. Several other gentlemen in the vicinity immediately arose and thanked him for coming. But the young person who made all this disturbance, though hushed for the moment, continued with the utmost *nonchalance* to talk and laugh throughout the performance. If the managers of the Philharmonic don't think this a case for the police, or for somebody in authority, we would merely advise lovers of music to avoid in future any proximity to a certain blue plush cloak and white lace bonnet.

Perhaps many of us might learn a lesson of carefulness at concerts, and avoid the too common practice of whispering during the performances.

We learn from Paris that the goods for the Exhibition of 1867 are beginning to arrive. One hundred and sixty packages from St. Petersburg arrived in one day last month. A great variety of curious articles from Morocco will be sent to show the progress of art in that country, and gorgeous specimens of Oriental luxury will add to the attractions of the Exhibition.

During the past year some fifteen hundred different children have been taught, fed, and clothed in the "Five Points House of Industry." A family of more than two hundred is constantly maintained in the House, the inmates being sent to situations or friends as opportunity offers. Here is one avenue, among many others, through which the benevolent may send their contributions. Children who put their pennies into the contribution-box seldom have any definite idea of the use to which they are applied. But if parents would take the trouble to explain to their little ones that *two dollars* will supply food to a child *for three weeks* at the House of Industry, they will understand that some *good* is done with the money. Many other charities are equally worthy with this, and may be made just as definite to a child's mind; only let it be remembered that if little folks are to be made benevolent, they must understand the effect of giving.

Since 1859 forty-four thousand and seventy volumes have been added to the books contained in the Bates Hall of the Boston Public Library. Of this number eleven thousand one hundred and ninety were received under a bequest of the late Theodore Parker, besides twenty-five hundred pamphlets received under the same bequest which have since been bound, and are now accounted as books.

A London journal, under the heading of "Rather Precocious," quotes the following passage from a New York paper: "Miss Spurgeon, the daughter of the popular preacher, accompanied Queen Emma to this country. Miss Spurgeon is on her way to the Sandwich Islands, in the hope of being able to instruct the natives in the doctrines of Christianity. She is twenty-four years of age, has a fine intellectual face, and very prepossessing manners." "This paragraph," adds the journal which makes the quotation, "will be rather amusing to the friends of Mr. Spurgeon, who is only thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1834."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN LEGISLATURES.

GOVERNOR WORTH'S Message to the North Carolina Legislature complains of the exclusion of Southern members from Congress, of the test oath, and of the Constitutional Amendment. To the latter it objects that the Amendment is not Constitutionally submitted to the States; that, although it consists of eight particular modifications of the Constitution, some of them altogether incongruous, it must yet be ratified as a whole, or as a whole rejected: that it enlarges the powers of the General Government to a mischievous extent, and that there is no guaranty that its ratification will secure restoration. Governor Worth trusts that the citizens of North Carolina will be under no circumstances willing to sacrifice the honor and rights of the State, as a member of the Union—not in the sense of the advocates of secession, but as taught by Iredell, Marshall, Story, Kent, and Webster—and in which moderate men every where, North and South, before the war, were supposed to concur.

Governor Walker, of Florida, in his Message also opposes the Amendment. He thinks it better to leave the basis of representation as it was—dependent upon the census rather than voters. The third section, he considers, punishes certain classes of citizens not more guilty than others; and it goes back of the President's pardoning power.

Governor Murphy, of Arkansas, is very moderate. He recommends the Legislature to conform the laws of the State to the principles of the Civil Rights Bill; and, in regard to the Constitutional Amendment, he thinks it becomes a grave question for the Legislature to decide whether any terms more favorable are likely to be secured by opposition.

NEWS ITEMS.

The National Hall at Harlem was opened on the evening of November 22. On this occasion a magnificent concert was given by Mr. G. W. Morgan, the proprietor of the hall, in which Madame Gazzaniga, and Messrs. A. H. Pease, J. R. Thomas, and Signors Garibaldi and Limberti took part. The concert was a success, and the hall, we must admit, surpasses for attractiveness and comfort any which we have seen in this city.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a bill which excludes all persons who are not qualified voters from serving as jurors. If it can be enforced, this bill will keep the juries of the State under the control of the Union men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 21:

(LONDON.)—The London *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that although the Federal Secretary of the Treasury believes that the bonds of the United States will be paid in gold, it would be better if Congress would secure such payment by law.

J. H. Surratt, the alleged accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln, was discovered serving in the Papal Zouaves under the name of John Watson. He was arrested upon a demand of General King, but afterward ran the guard, leaped over a precipice, and escaped into Italian territory. The Italian authorities are on the alert, and endeavoring to recapture him.

(PESTH.)—The Hungarian Diet met to-day. The Imperial rescript was received and read. It declares that if the Diet will remove the difficulties in the way of unity a Hungarian Ministry will be appointed and the autonomy of Hungary will be re-established.

November 22:

(LONDON.)—A large quantity of arms, designed for the use of the Fenians, was seized on board a Liverpool-bound steamer at Cork.

November 24:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian agitation in Ireland still continues. Many arrests of persons and seizures of arms have already been made.

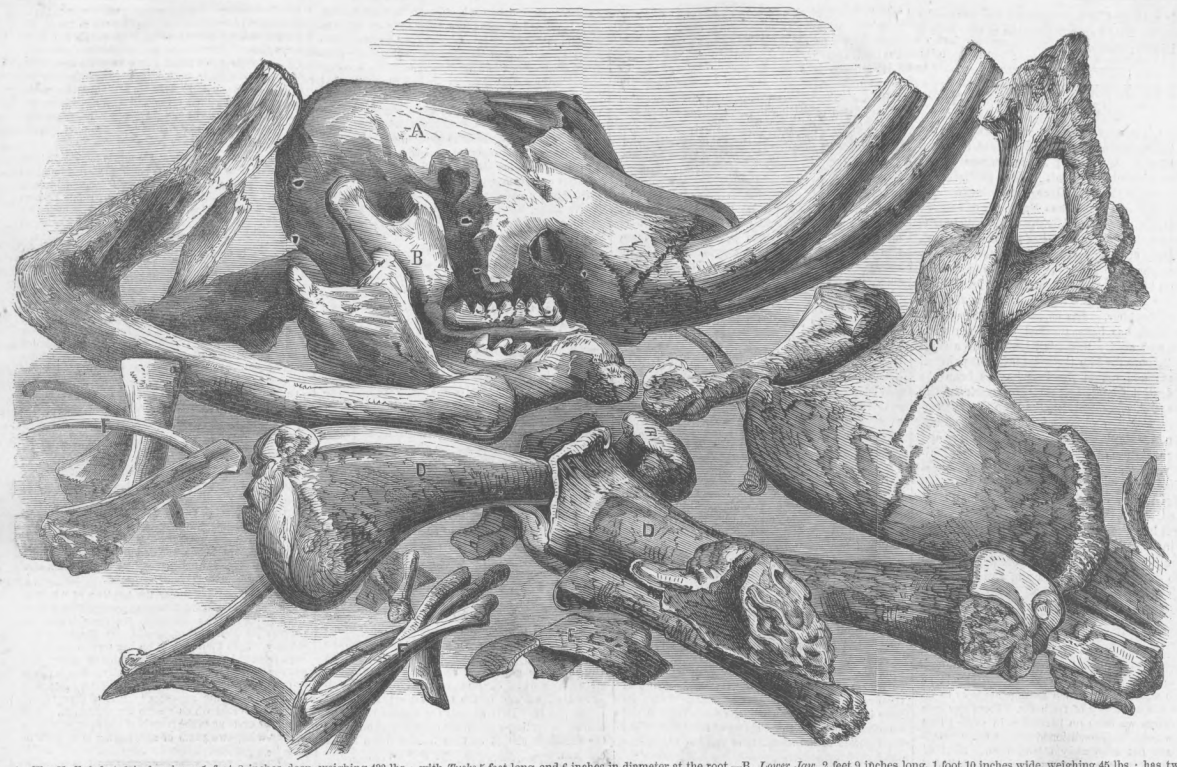
(FLORENCE.)—The Government of Italy will renew negotiations with the Pope at once.

November 25:

(LONDON.)—Trieste papers say that the state of the Empress Charlotte's health is unchanged.

(PESTH.)—The Diet has adopted an address to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the restoration of the laws of 1848, and declaring that the Diet will consider the wishes of the Emperor as expressed in his recent rescript.

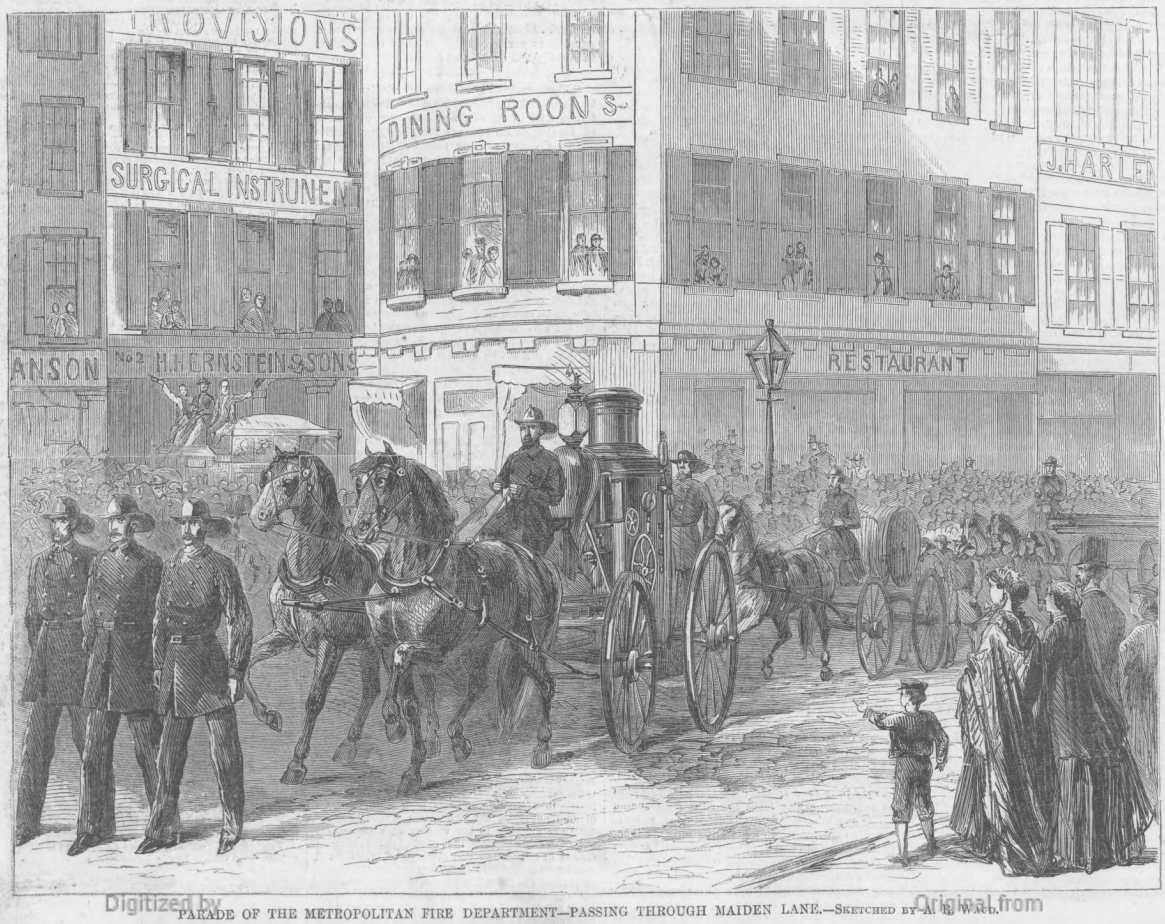
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A. *The Skull*, 3 feet 6 inches long, 1 foot 8 inches deep, weighing 433 lbs.; with *Tusks* 5 feet long and 6 inches in diameter at the root.—B. *Lower Jaw*, 2 feet 9 inches long, 1 foot 10 inches wide, weighing 45 lbs.; has two teeth on one side, and only one on the other. Size of teeth, 3 by 7 inches on the surface.—C. *The Pelvis*, size 3 feet×3×6.—D. *Bones of Leg*, upper part, 3 feet 7 inches; lower, 3 feet.—E. *Sections of Vertebræ*, 6 inches in diameter.—F. *Ribs*, 4 feet long.

BONES OF THE MASTODON RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT COHOES, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES & WICKES, ALBANY, N. Y.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE DEPARTMENT—PASSING THROUGH MAIDEN LANE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 839 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

CAPTAIN DUNCAN.

BY GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

THAT quality called bravery, or courage, has been so common, so almost universal in our army through the war, that its possession is no longer regarded by the soldier as a mark of special merit. Captain Duncan, however, had peculiar traits of character which distinguished him among a host of heroes. Call it daring, rashness, indifference to danger, or what you will, he had something that made him a man of mark. I do not know that he was more self-possessed than others on the battle-field; in truth, I am inclined to believe that Duncan was rather opposed to close proximity to flying shots and hurtling shells, and that the line of battle had no special fascinations for him. But if General Howard desired to know the position of the enemy, their numbers, their movements; if he wished to send an important dispatch across the country or through the enemy's lines, he selected, with perfect confidence, Captain Duncan for the perilous duty.

Let us see what sort of a man the Captain was, or is; for he is alive somewhere to-day, if a street-awning has not fallen and crushed him; if he is not the victim of that modern Juggernaut, a New York omnibus; or if, after surviving the shocks of war, he has not succumbed to some of the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to.

The Captain was attached to General Howard's head-quarters as commanding the General's escort, or, rather, as chief of scouts. He is a man of small stature, wiry and muscular. His light hair is cut close to a well-shaped head; a full mustache lightly overhangs a sensitive, well-formed mouth; his dimpled chin is nicely rounded; his nose is full and finely shaped; his eyes are light blue, with a womanly expression. The face is altogether a frank and open one, but with no marked distinctions, nothing to really indicate the energy and daring, the courage and cunning, which mark a career at once eventful and romantic.

Duncan's disguises were as various as the characters he assumed. At one time he was a cadet of the military school originally at Marietta, but which might have been termed a traveling academy, for it accommodated its movements to the advance of our army. It was first at Atlanta, then at Milledgeville, afterward at Augusta; and its final resting-place, I think, was in the rebel army. At another time our hero appeared as a furloughed soldier of Lee's army, and again in the prim gray-and-red uniform of one of the "home guard"—an organization which had a brief existence in different parts of the South. Then again he would roam over the country in the motley dress of rags and dirt that distinguished Wheeler's cavalry. In all these costumes and disguises he managed to accomplish the objects of his missions. He was frequently captured; and although he was never a denizen of any of the infamous prisons of the South, nor long in captivity at any time, always contriving to escape, yet his face, after a while, was readily recognized as that of the famous and fearless Duncan, making each succeeding expedition more fraught with danger to him than the last.

A volume might be devoted to the narration of his dangerous adventures. One of these, of recent occurrence, will associate his name in history with the "Great March" of General Sherman. When the army arrived before Savannah the necessity of opening communication with the sea, and the establishment of a base of supplies, was of vital and immediate importance.

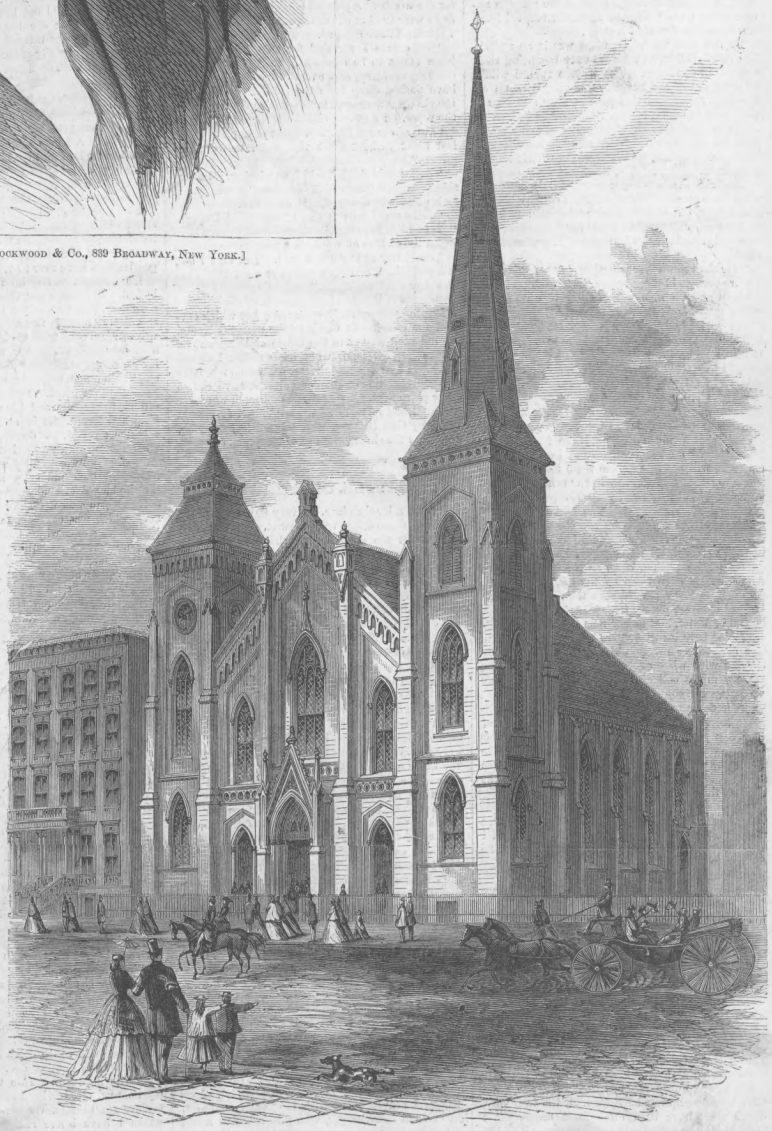
If one will think for a moment of the needs of a city of seventy thousand inhabitants—of the amount of food which the people, horses, mules, and cattle require for daily consumption—he will understand how rapidly an army of that magnitude, with thousands of refugees hanging upon its skirts, would devour the food and supplies brought with them. Provision, literal and instant provision, must be made, and that by communication with the Atlantic.

The country around Savannah is of that low and swampy character peculiar to the Southern sea-coast. For hundreds of miles these swamps, dreary and monotonous, stretch away. Here and there, where some wealthy planter has rescued the salt-marshes from the overflow of the sea, dykes have been raised and canals extend for miles through the rice fields. At intervals on the horizon may be seen a clump, or avenue, of live-oak trees, which mark the residence of the planter, who passed his winters here with his subjects—for like a lord of feudal days the rich man-owner regarded his slaves.

The Ogeechee and numerous tributary streams wind in and out in every direction, and force themselves sluggishly through the slime. Where the marsh or swamp has not been redeemed, tall rank grass and weeds grow in profusion. Where the tide reaches, the marsh is filled here and there with frightful holes and bogs, and covered with a black, thick bed of mud, through which it is almost impossible for man or horse to wade or walk. But as the anxious Union soldiers gazed toward the distant sea, where the marsh-line melted into sky, they were conscious of other foes than those of nature. On one side was Fort M'Allister, its frowning ramparts crowned with heavy guns, sweeping in every direction; on the other were the fortifications at Beaulieu, covering the approaches to the Little Ogeechee.

All these dangers stood between us and the fleet, when, one morning, General Howard called for a messenger to the sea. A thousand officers and men were willing to make the venture, but he selected Duncan, who, in a dark and stormy night, with only an old negro for his companion, started on his perilous mission. How he dragged his boat over the black mud, pushed through the creek and into the bay, floated unharmed past sentinels, past torpedoes, and how joyfully he was received by the brave sailors of Admiral Dahlgren's fleet, is subject-matter for another story. The following incidents, which came under the writer's observation, occurred in North Carolina:

The enemy held the old city of Fayetteville. How much of a force was there, and by whom commanded, was a matter of doubt; but four columns of our infantry and one of cavalry were pushing rapidly upon the place. As usual, Duncan and his brave band of men were in the extreme advance. It was always an important object to save the bridges, so that we could speedily cross large bodies of troops. To do this it was necessary to press closely the retreating foe; indeed, in several instances in the late campaigns of General Sherman, the Union soldiers would gain an entrance upon a bridge when the rear of the rebels had not reached the other end. Duncan all the morning drove steadily before him a party of rebel cavalry. It was sturdy, sharp fighting, in which the rebels slowly and designedly gave ground, and, as Duncan thought, with the intention of getting all their forces across the bridge and then burning it. As they neared the town the Union soldiers could see the splendid arsenal, which crowns a height. The sight fired young Duncan's blood, and he at once resolved to make a dash into the place and save the bridge, if possible.



REV. DR. CHAPIN'S CHURCH, 45TH STREET AND 5TH AVENUE, N.Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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The infantry column he had led all the morning was several miles in the rear, and he knew that he must, with his few men, sustain the fight, if there was to be one. A few words spoken to his men, pistols reloaded, girths tightened, and away they charged.

Wildly but grandly they went down the sunken road, up the hill, over and through a squad of cavalry on guard there; across the bridge they clattered and thundered into the town, with a yell and hurrah, and then Duncan turned and found but sixteen of his men with him—the rest were killed or prisoners.

There was no return, so he rode on. As he passed the main streets he saw large bodies of rebel cavalry, some halting, others moving here and there. He had arrived altogether too soon, and had ridden into a town occupied by thousands of rebel soldiers. Luckily, his own and his companions' uniform was of "motley wear," partially rebel, so that they escaped general or marked notice. What was he to do? He dare not go back, and he could hear the shouts of the surprised rebel guard who were pursuing him. There was nothing left but to make an attempt to pass through the town.

In trying to do this, as fate decided it, he unwittingly chose the main street of the city. Turning a corner he came to a large hotel, on the steps of which stood General Hardee and Wade Hampton, while a crowd of staff-officers were waiting on the porch, ready to mount. The quick eye of Wade Hampton saw at once that these were Yankee riders, and jumping on his horse—an animal of immense strength and great speed—he, with his officers, shot away up the street in a direction parallel to that taken by Duncan, whose force was now narrowed down to half a dozen men.

Meanwhile the fearless scout, urging his horse by voice and spur, and firing his revolver right and left at those who opposed his progress, rode rapidly on. One rebel, who saw them approaching, deliberately aimed and fired at Duncan, but missed him. Then, in his fright, he clambered over a neighboring fence, presenting a broad yet peculiar mark for Duncan as he passed. The temptation was irresistible, and the Captain fired, with fatal success. I saw the man lying dead there two hours afterward, and wondered not a little at the peculiar nature of the wound, and the cause thereof, till Duncan subsequently told his story.

By this time the whole town was in an uproar. The rebel soldiers on all sides were mounting their animals in confusion. The women rushed wildly into and out of the houses, screaming with terror, for they all believed that poor Duncan and his six men were at least a legion. Duncan had given up all hope of escape. Not knowing which way to turn, he turned to the right, when he should have taken the left—and rode straight into Wade Hampton's arms.

That chivalrous brave was completely disgusted when he ascertained that he had not captured a general officer, but it was some consolation to know that his prisoner was the noted scout Duncan, who was recognized at once by some of the officers and men.

"He shall never have another chance to ride into a place occupied by my legion," said Hampton, and Duncan and his men were at once placed under a strong guard and marched across the river.

Let us leave him for a while, trudging along through the mud and over the rough roads, robbed of his clothing, barefooted and bareheaded, and return to Fayetteville, which a little while after his capture was occupied by our army.

General Howard's first inquiry after he entered the town was for his valued scout, Commander Duncan. He soon learned the truth, and congratulated himself that Duncan had not been killed in the fray: "For," said he, "they can't keep him prisoner; he will get away from them in a few days; I'm sure of it; he has been in the same scrape repeatedly, but always manages to escape."

Several days followed. The Union army had crossed the Cape Fear River; they had met the enemy in force at Averysborough, and had driven them back to a strongly-intrenched position. Our headquarters were pitched close to the line of battle. Aroused from deep sleep by the heavy musketry-firing which had reopened with the dawn of day, I stepped out from my fly tent, plunged my head in a bucket of water, and as my face emerged from the refreshing bath it met a queer-looking figure which was dressed, or rather, not dressed, but partially covered with what extreme courtesy or extreme poverty might call clothes. An old pair of boots which use and ill use had deprived of heels and rent into shreds; a pair of trowsers, short and close-fitting, since they were originally made for a boy of some ten years of age; coatless and hatless; his face close shaved; his head hairless—a sorry-looking figure altogether, who might have been taken for a rebel prisoner if he were not at liberty in the camp of the general commanding.

"How are you, Major?"

Looking earnestly at the man, whose person was entirely unknown to me, at least in that shape, I replied: "You have the advantage of me, Sir; who are you, any how?"

"I'm Duncan."

"Duncan! With all my heart I'm glad to see you! I never should have recognized you. But when, how, where—that is, when did you come in, how did you get through the lines, and where have you been this week past?"

And thus this brave man told his own story from the point where we left him on the road just out of Fayetteville:

"Well, Major, I've had a tough time of it. The rebs chuckled a good deal when they caught me. They said I shouldn't get away this time, sure, and so they handcuffed me to another man. Hot, ugly work it was, marching in the sun, bareheaded, along those wretched roads. For the first few days we had a strong guard, and although I had found out that I could slip my hand through the iron ring, which must have been made for a negro, yet I thought it risky business to make a run for it. But a chance came when we were passing through that thick growth of bushes, in the swamp back here a piece, about a day's march, I reckon."

"I remember the place," said I.

"Well, when my guards turned their heads I slipped the iron and made a clean jump for the bushes. Crack, crack, crack! Three shots before I had gone ten feet. All of them came near enough, but all missed me. Ten feet more and I was up to my arm-pits in the softest of soft mud. Turning my head, I had the exquisite pleasure of gazing into the muzzle of a gun-barrel. 'Now you needn't shoot, old fellow,' said I; 'if I can get out I'll come along quiet enough.'

"I suppose it was the perfectly matter-of-fact way of stating the situation that induced the reb to raise his piece again. 'That was a bold push o' yourn,' said Johnny.

"'Yes; but you'd do as much to get free, wouldn't you?'

"Ya-a-s—cum along!'

"So I went along, a miserable and muddy object, till we reached a little place near Raleigh, where we were turned over to a strong detachment of the 'milish'—good fellows enough, and brave, perhaps, but they couldn't keep me prisoner; and so I told the boys when we were locked up in a close room in a well-guarded house.

"It was cold that day, and we clamored a great deal, swearing that they meant to freeze us. So they brought us in some wood.

"They had examined all the doors when we were first brought in, and stationed guards at the only possible places of escape—that is, all the places they saw; but I had noticed a closet in the room. You know all these Southern houses are built upon posts, or piers, several feet above the ground. When the wood was brought in the boys made a good deal of noise breaking up the wood, while I was tearing up the floor in the closet.

"An opening was soon made. Agreeing upon the route we were to take outside, one by one we slipped cautiously through the floor, and, at a given signal, rushed out. One of the guard caught me by the leg as I crept out from under the house. He was frightened, as he had a right to be, and dropped his gun, which he ought not to have done. I seized the gun—here it is—jumped over the fence and put for the woods at my very best gait. A dozen shots or so were fired at one or the other, or all of us; but I think all have escaped.

"Of course I traveled for this army, which I knew ought to be somewhere in this region. An ordinary runaway, or one new to the business, would have pushed *away* from the rebel front; but I've been in the same scrape before now, and have learned the ropes. I met lots of rebel stragglers trying to get away from the fight. I came through the lines last night without much risk, but somewhat disguised."

"So I should think," said I, wondering, if he considered himself "somewhat" disguised, how he would look when he was completely disguised.

"Jolly that! isn't it now?" continued Duncan. "Since I left Fayetteville those cursed thieves have stolen the clothes off my back three times—as often as I could beg or buy a new suit. But here I am, safe and sound, and they will have a hard fight before they catch me again."

Duncan subsequently captured a fort which covered the crossing of Cox's bridge over the Neuse. He did good service in the battle of Bentonsville. Where he now is, or what he is doing, I do not know. I am very sure there are few men who have run the gauntlet of greater dangers, have shown truer patriotism, more exalted heroism, or who have accomplished more of active individual service in the army than Duncan, who, when I last saw him, still wore the shoulder-straps of a captain.

LITTLE GIBRALTAR.

IT was a lonely place. Every day, and all the day, as it seemed, the wind blew steadily from east to west, for the boughs of all the trees were bent forever toward the sunset. On three sides the sea broke sullenly against the rocks of the small promontory, and went back again, repulsed and discomfited. The house and grounds which occupied the whole of this sea-girt nook formed an estate which was called Little Gibraltar. The name was not inappropriate. Thousands of years, doubtless, had the waves stormed those gray rocks—thousands of years had the rocks stood firm and thrown them back again into the sea. One could imagine the assault going on forever—the repulse eternal.

Ten years ago it was that I saw the place first. I had a friend at school who won such foothold in my affections as no girl had ever won before. We were not intimate, as school-girls reckon intimacy. We had no secrets to tell, or, if we had, we told none. We made no rash vows by starlight and moonlight, but we liked to be together, and we had tastes and fancies in common. I have always loved beautiful women, and this Margaret O'Connor was "beautiful exceedingly."

It was not until I had known her a long time that I learned any thing of her history. When I did, I ascertained that her father was an Irish gentleman of considerable wealth, who had fled to this country years before with his bride, the daughter of a noble family, whom he had stolen, not against her will, from a convent. Leoline was the young wife's fanciful name. She had died five years after the birth of her first child, Margaret, taking with her to the world of spirits an hour-old baby. My friend could just remember her mother, and she told me that her manners were so winning and her beauty of so rare a type that the life-long effect of her loss upon the husband, who idolized her, was by no means unaccountable.

Soon after her death he had purchased Little Gibraltar, and having arranged the grounds and built the house after a certain fantastic plan of his own, had retired there with his young daughter, an efficient housekeeper, who also acted as a sort of nurse or superintendent to little Margaret, and a corps of good servants, who had ever since retained their situations.

Margaret's description of her home had abundantly excited my interest and stimulated my curiosity, and I accepted with extreme satisfaction her invitation to pass the long summer vacation—our last before graduating—at Little Gibraltar. At first I hesitated lest my intrusion should be unwelcome to the master of this strange domain; but when I was assured that his consent had been solicited and obtained before the invitation was extended I set aside my scruples and anticipated only pleasure.

The last week in June school closed. A staid serving-man came for Margaret, and took all the trouble of our baggage and bundles. We had a five hours' car ride, and then we got out at a little country station. John, the serving man aforesaid, went to a stable across the road, and came back with a sort of family coach drawn by two powerful black horses. We got inside, and he mounted the box, and off we drove. It was three miles, I should think; but long before we reached our journey's end we could see Little Gibraltar gleaming stately on its rocky height, with the sea climbing forever at its base. Margaret pointed to it, as she said, with more eagerness than she had been speaking before:

"Home, Aria!"

"*Is* it home?" I remember I asked her. "It looks to me like an enchanted castle of Mrs. Radcliffe's times. It is strange, and, in a weird sort of way, very beautiful; but it does not seem homelike."

"Perhaps it isn't, as most people reckon homelike; but it's all the home I have ever known since I was old enough to remember. I don't know where it was that I lived with my mother. It is singular that I should recall so clearly as I do her wonderful beauty and wayward grace. There is one thing I ought to tell you, Aria. My father, sane enough about every thing else, believes that he sees *her* now—that sometimes she comes and calls him, and he goes out and keeps tryst with her. I know not whether it is madness, or a clearer vision than has been given to others."

Margaret's face had kindled as she spoke, and there was such a strange, far-seeing look in her eyes that I should not have been surprised if she had told me that she, too, had this clearer vision which could pierce through the veil of mysteries.

We were near the place by this time, for John drove rapidly. The house was a rambling, castle-like building,

"With its battlements high in the hush of the air,
And the turrets thereon,"

built of some pure white stone, which glittered in the sunset. A long flight of winding steps led from the entrance hall to the carriage road below, and at the foot of these steps stood, ready to welcome us, Reginald O'Connor, his hat lifted, his whole manner full of courtly grace. Unconsciously I had formed an idea of him. I had fancied him a sad, silent, elderly mourner, bowed and wasted by grief, indifferent to all the small observances of life. I saw, instead, the handsomest man, the stateliest gentleman I have ever met.

He was not yet quite forty, and he scarcely looked ten years older than Margaret. He had dark eyes, penetrating, yet with a curious, dreamy, speculative look in them. His heavy black hair was brushed back from his high, thoughtful brow—a brow a little too narrow, a little wanting in the indications of combative force and strength, without which a man may be good and gifted and graceful, but never great. I had been interesting myself in Spurzheim and Lavater, so I analyzed his head and face, while he stood waiting, before the carriage stopped. I discovered that his was the temperament of a poet—that he had ideality, veneration, and a wonderful power of personal magnetism—that he could enjoy and suffer keenly, but that he lacked fortitude, and perseverance, and hope—that there was a certain weakness in his character which was consistent with the highest physical courage, but which made him helpless before that mysterious something which, for want of a better name, we call Destiny. He could never, therefore, rise above a great sorrow. If I had not made this analysis then I should never have made it afterward, for there was something about him, as I found presently, a certain nameless charm, which defied criticism.

As the carriage stopped Margaret jumped from it into his arms. He gave her a quick kiss, and then extended his hand to me.

"This is so kind of you, Mrs. Germond," he said, as he helped me out. "You are a pioneer, too—the first lady who has ever visited at Little Gibraltar. You had need of good courage."

"It did not require a great deal of courage to take me with Margaret."

He looked at me inquisitively, as if he wondered how genuine my words were. Then he smiled.

"I believe you and she do honestly love each other, in spite of all the sneers about girls' friendships. I can answer for Margaret. I have heard, for two years, of nothing but Aria, until I have learned the sweet name by heart."

He had given me his arm, and was leading me up the stairs. Margaret was running on before us, gayer than I had almost ever seen her. She looked back, nodded laughingly, and said:

"That's right, papa. Vouch to Aria for my devotion."

In a moment we stood in the entrance hall—a lofty apartment lighted by a dome, and in the midst of which a circular staircase wound upward. It was paved with tesselated marble, and hung with pictures which, as I learned afterward, Colonel O'Connor had himself painted. On one side a door was thrown open into a conservatory full of choice flowers, beyond which was a spacious library. On the other side another door opened into a large, lofty drawing-room. Into this latter apartment my host led me, having paused by the way to introduce me to Mrs. Walker—the housekeeper, to whom I have before referred, who continued to matronize and superintend the establishment, Margaret lingered a little to talk to her, and the Colonel and I walked into the drawing-room alone. Opposite the door an immense pier-glass filled the space between two great windows, and as we stepped in we saw ourselves reflected in it; I still leaning on his arm, and he bending toward me with his air of courtly deference. A sudden and curious presentiment thrilled me like a suggestion from some one unseen—a presentiment which told me that in some mysterious way my fate and his were linked. And at the same time I heard a whisper, distinct yet low, as if it came from far—"BEWARE!"

I seemed, in some way, to know that this whisper was not meant for me, but for my companion. I felt sure that he heard it also, for he released my hand which he had been holding upon his arm, and offered me a chair. I saw that his face was pale, and his lips had a nervous quiver. Then Margaret came in, with Mrs. Walker, and a sober, middle-aged lady's maid, ready to show me to my room; and her father told us that dinner would be served in half an hour. I thought he was glad to have us go up stairs.

My room opened out of Margaret's, and looked, like hers, toward the unquiet, shimmering sea. I refused the maid's assistance, and when my door was shut sat down a moment to look out of my window and think. The waters had a curious phosphorescent glow and glitter. They seemed mysterious and infinite as the fathomless sky which bent above them—mysterious as destiny, infinite as immortality. What puppets we human beings are for Fate to play with! I thought—beneath the dignity of actors—not knowing even our own parts, or whether it were tragedy or comedy in which we should be called to perform—whether the play were in five acts or in one.

My vacation was to be two months long. I felt as if I were going to *live* more in that time than I had in my whole life before.

I opened my trunk. My drama must begin, like many another, with dressing and dining. I had never been able to decide whether I was handsome or not—though I knew my style was unique. It was certainly not that which those unfledged youth, who haunt the steps and dog the walks of boarding-school misses, most delight in; for I had never received a compliment in my life, unless the look in Colonel O'Connor's eyes this afternoon had been one.

I had a low brow, round which the dark hair drooped heavily, a clear, dark skin, and the coloring in all respects of a brunette, except that my eyes were blue as turquoise—a bright, light blue. This contradiction between my eyes and the rest of my face made me striking, peculiar: I must try my power before I could tell whether or not it made me fascinating.

I put on a black dress which suited me, for it fell in heavy, rich folds about my figure, which was full and tall. Soft, old lace drooped over my hands, and was fastened round my neck by a brooch made of an Egyptian scarabæus, and which glittered like an evil-eye at my throat. Then I was ready, and had ten minutes more, while I was waiting for Margaret, in which to wonder as to the meaning of the strange whisper I had heard. She came for me at last, and we went down stairs.

The drawing-room was lighted now, and I noticed, as I had not before, the extreme richness and elegance of all its appointments. One would have thought that in furnishing it the master of Little Gibraltar had been arranging for gay feasts and grand festivals, instead of fitting himself up a refuge in which to hide away his sorrow.

One recognized every where traces of that exacting ideality which would not be satisfied with less than perfection. At the farther end of the room folding doors were thrown open into a dining-room, where a table glittered with plate and crystal. Colonel O'Connor met us at the door, and, giving me his arm again, took me in to dinner, Margaret following. The dinner was conducted with ceremonious stateliness, and, watching the high-bred courtesy of my host's manner, I understood in what school Margaret had acquired that grace and repose which had been at once the envy and the despair of all Madame Miniver's young ladies.

Just here I begin to feel that I have undertaken a hopeless task. I have succeeded, possibly, in conveying to you the impression of a home, fantastic but superb—of my stately host, and the friend whom I loved so well. So far words have served me; but now they begin to seem vague and pointless. They will not render the subtle shades of that midsummer experience. I can not tell you the strange spell which drew me toward Reginald O'Connor. Fascination does not at all express it—it was at once finer and stronger. Sympathy, magnetism, psychological attraction—choose your own term. I only know that I felt, in my very soul, that I had met the one man in the universe whose power over me was positive as fate.

I did not deceive myself about him in the least. I knew he was not wiser, or grander, or nobler than other men—not wise or grand, perhaps, in any high sense at all. But, just such as he was, I felt as if I would rather have been loved by him, and die, than be the living darling of any other man. All the time, too, there was the sense of entire hopelessness—the belief that he *had* loved as he would never love again—that Leoline dead was more to him than the whole living world. We passed all the days together—we three—riding, driving, rowing; and, after a while, I sitting for my portrait, and Colonel O'Connor painting it. It was after one of these sittings that Margaret said to me:

"Aria, I think my father is beginning to love you. I have never seen him as he is now before. If he were not too old for you—if you *could* care for him—I think it might be to him like the elixir of life. To me, you know what it would be to have you with me always."

"You deceive yourself," I answered, with forced composure. "You have told me the effect which your mother's loss had on him, and how his whole life since has been full of nothing but her memory. He will never love again."

She looked at me curiously. "I know that my

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face was turning crimson under her gaze. She sprang up and kissed me with impulsive fondness.

"My darling," she cried, "I believe that you *could* love him! With you the mistress of Little Gibraltar, what a different thing life would be to me!"

She went out without giving me time to answer her; but after that she left me more alone with her father.

He painted on at my portrait, and grew absorbed in his task. He was never satisfied—he said my face changed with every change of my moods. He made me give him sitting after sitting. To-day he deepened the eyes, to-morrow he altered a wave in the hair, or changed a curve of the lashes. I began to believe that I was beautiful, as I saw myself glowing, a radiant vision, upon his canvas. One day he threw down his brush. It was the week before we were to go back to Madame Miniver. He cried, with a sort of suppressed passion,

"It does not suit me, Aria; it never will! You must give me yourself, Aria, child, darling—"

He stopped as suddenly as if an unseen hand, cold with the chill of the grave, had been laid upon his lips. His face turned white.

"Forgive me," he said, "I must go."

He went from the room. I remembered what Margaret had told me—that sometimes his dead wife called him, and he went out to keep with her a ghostly tryst. I believed that he had gone now in obedience to some such summons. I sat on where he left me. I did not dare to think what I was doing. I had a vague feeling, which I would not suffer to crystallize into a thought, that there was a rivalry between me and his dead bride for his love. Had not I a right to win? I remembered what Margaret had said. I believed that he would be better and happier with a warm, living love, in place of this haunting, ghostly memory. But I knew not which would triumph; I could only wait. At last I heard the door open, and he came to me softly in the gathering twilight.

"Aria," he said, "I love you. It is Heaven's own truth, and I have a right to tell it to you. But I am not free to ask you to be my wife—I do not know that I ever shall be. I promised Margaret's mother, when she was dying, that I would never marry again. I am bound by my vow unless she releases me from it. I thought then, Heaven knows, that it would be easy enough to keep. I loved her so well that I fancied there was no danger of my loving any one else. I should have feared loving you, least of all—you, yet in your girlhood, and my daughter's friend. But it was curious the charm you had for me from the very first. As we stood in the drawing-room that first night a whisper came to me, which I knew was Leoline's warning—'Beware!' To-day, when I began to speak to you, I heard her voice again—a sudden, imperious call, which I could not resist. I went out and saw her, as I always see her, walking to and fro upon the balconies, with her baby, a little white snow-flake, in her arms. Aria, I begged her, as I would beg for my life, to release me from that vow. She could have answered me—she has spoken to me often enough—but she only looked at me, with eyes full of reproachful pain, and her lips uttered no word."

I remembered the whisper which I too had heard, that first night, and wondered that I had not also heard to-day the voice which summoned him. Perhaps that first warning had been meant for me as well as him; but I had not heeded it. A ghostly, humbing terror began to creep over me. I sat still and did not answer him.

"For Heaven's sake, Aria, speak to me one word," he said, coming close to me. "Am I a man or a monster? I loved Leoline. She had a right to my constancy; and yet, God knows, I love you. Oh, why did you come here?"

"I *was* going next week—I *will* go to-morrow."

The words seemed to drop from my lips against my will. They sounded cold and hard. I felt as if life and sense were failing me. In a moment Colonel O'Connor was kneeling beside me.

"*Don't* look at me so, Aria. You are turning to stone before my eyes. Don't hate me—it is enough that I must hate and scorn myself—that I, who thought my honor stainless, must live to know that I have broken at least the spirit of my vow. And yet, am I to blame? I could not help loving you. But I am old and sad—I could never have won a young, fresh heart like yours."

The misery in his voice touched me indescribably. It was like the turning of a weapon in a wound. It tortured me into a sense of keen life, and gave me power to speak.

"*I* don't blame you," I said. "It was fate. But I *could* have loved you. It was a vain dream. Let us forget it and live!"

"No, I am ready to curse fate and die."

He looked into my eyes.

"Aria, this is bitterness beyond what a man can bear—to feel my happiness so near, and yet so out of reach—to love you, to feel that I could win your love, and yet to renounce you!"

He bent forward and drew me with firm hands close to him. I felt his lips on mine for one moment—fond, quivering, thrilling to the centre of my being. Then he released me.

"There, Aria, that is all. Forgive me if you can. You will not hate me I know. You shall not go back until the time comes; but you need not see me again after to-night. We should never have met, or we should have met in some other sphere. Well, child, it is possible to bear most things. Come, we can not escape life. We must go to dinner."

At the table a strange gayety seemed to possess him. He ate nothing, but he covered his lack of appetite and mine with quip and badinage and brilliant turns of thought.

After dinner he went into the library to look over the evening mail, and presently sent for Margaret.

She was with him a few moments and then came back. She looked me in the eyes like an inquisitor as she said:

"Papa has received a letter which will take him away from home to-morrow morning; we shall probably have to leave without seeing him again."

I expressed my regrets courteously, but I made no sign, nor did she ask me any questions.

We went back to school. What a mockery it seemed to me, with girlhood lying as far behind me as infancy! My thoughts ran tumultuously in one channel. I cared for none of the old delights or ambitions. I could not study. I had learned a lesson which swallowed up all others, as did Aaron's rod the rods of the Egyptians.

In the midst of term an epoch came which gave me independence—my twenty-first birthday. I was three years older than Margaret—late in finishing my studies, as, on account of my extreme delicacy in childhood, I had been late in commencing them. I was an orphan, and at twenty-one I became mistress of myself and my fortune. I should have left Madame Miniver's, but I had no tie any where so strong as the one which bound me to Margaret, and I staid on for her sake.

Early in December she came to my room with a letter in her hand.

"Aria," she said, "I am summoned home. My father is failing mysteriously. He wants me with him, and he says, 'Tell Aria that, for her own sake, I must not ask *her* to come, though her presence would be the greatest comfort?'"

What to me was "my own sake" in comparison with his comfort? What if I suffered a pang or two more? The worst suffering of all would be to know afterward that he had missed me. I went with Margaret.

We got there in time to see the last of him whom we both loved so well. We watched beside him night and day for three days, and then, in the wild winter midnight, "he heard the angels call."

He had been speaking calmly enough about his plans.

"I have given Little Gibraltar to Aria," he said to Margaret, as she bent over him. "You will be rich enough without it, and you would not care to live here. It will have a deeper worth, a different significance for her."

Then he sent her from the room, on some pretext, and talked to me.

"It is all a mystery," he said—strange as sad. Can a man love two women? I loved *her*. Heaven knows it, and my long, solitary years since her death have borne witness to it. And yet, if it be not love for you that is wasting my life away, what is it? We shall understand it all in the next world, I think."

"She has come to me often, since last summer. She waits for me always on the balcony outside, and I know she is there by the tune with which she hushes the baby on her breast—always the same tune—one she used to sing to me in other days. I go out when I hear it, and meet the sad upbraiding of her eyes. But she has never spoken to me since that day. I have plead a hundred times for release from my vow, but her lips will never open. I wonder if she will turn from me with horror in her eyes in the world of spirits; or whether, for her baby's father, there will be pity and forgiveness? Wrong or right, I could not help loving you; it was my fate."

I could not answer him, but I bent and pressed my lips to his mouth. Now, with him floating away from me on the unknown sea, I felt no scruples. But at the moment my lips touched his I heard, as distinctly as I ever heard any sound in my life, a strain of wild, sweet music—a tune I had never heard before. His eye kindled with recognition as he caught the sound, and he tried to rise. I turned to listen to Margaret, who was opening the door.

"Aria, the tide is going out," she said.

I looked back to the bed, and answered her:

"He has gone out with it."

And we heard the music, both of us, fainter, lower, farther and farther away, until its sweetness died on the waiting air.

Believe my story or doubt it—it does not matter. I have told it because some force outside of myself seemed to constrain me. I have never loved again—it does not seem to me that I ever shall. You see me in the winter as the world sees me, gay and careless; but I go every summer to Little Gibraltar and dream over again the old, passionate, troubled dream. Margaret comes too, sometimes, with her husband and her children; but I like best to be alone with the dead days in that nook haunted by memory, where rise the fantastic turrets, toward which the sea climbs eternally, where the white walls glitter, and the wind blows all the day, and every day, from the east toward the setting sun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SAILOR being asked how he liked his bride, replied, "Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar, but she is a Tartar."

A modest minister out West marries for a drink of whisky, a dozen eggs, and the first kiss of the bride.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and, placing ten dollars in his hand, said:

"I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more ash five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained any thing by going to law.

HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.—"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Straight. "Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, they'll sneeze their lids off."

What is nothing?—A footless stocking without a leg.

WINTER SERENADE.

Oh! ask me dot to blow my dose,
By charbidg one, by owd;
You bay dot know de bald I feel,
It dever cad be dode!
Oh! bight we fly to other scedes,
Or dwell id yonder star;
Oh, thed, by lovely baid, id bliss
I'd strike by light catarrh!

The wid that blows across de boor,
Had it a dose to blow
Wid such a cold as I hab got,
Ah! would it blow it? Doe!
But see, the rays of cubbing dawd
Are gleabidg od the dew;
I hear the berry bugle hord,
By baiden fair—AT-CHEU!

We have wondered why the Southern young men were so anxious to go to Brazil. A letter from General Wood satisfactorily explains to us the cause. "Young ladies on being introduced to a stranger insist upon being embraced, heart throbbing against heart."

"Take this dirty fellow out of the ranks and lave him in the waters of the Guadiani," said a grandiloquent colonel during the Peninsula War. After some time the corporal assigned to the wash returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up dew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap—"Sure an't plaise y'r Honor, and didn't y'r Honor tell me to *lave* him in the river, and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r Honor's orders."

A Western farmer, being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer.

"Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in place of money."

"But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?"

"Why you can then work for me, and get them back."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth.

"Blazes! what are you biting me for?"

"Well, dad, you begined this here war."

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked a son of Erin. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an aunt or an uncle."

A "green 'un," who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of one, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise: "Well, if the darned thing ain't holler!"

A PRISON.

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no night,
No sky, no earthly blue,
No distant-looking view,
No road, no street,
No tother side the way,
No dawn, no dusk,
No proper time of day,
No end to any row,
No top to any steeple,
No indication where to go,
No sight of familiar people,
No cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No butterflies,
Nor yet no bees.

We have heard of an old Dutchman who whipped his son for swearing at him. The whipped boy still cursed, and the father whipped him again. Then the spunky little chap was silent, but looked as if the devil was in him. Thereupon the old fellow, applying the whip once more to his shoulders, exclaimed: "You don't say nothing, but I know you dink dam, and I'll wip you for dat."

A Cincinnati paper says: "Rogues find no quarters here." To which Prentice replies: "Very likely; they might search half the pockets in the city and find none."

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones, "that's because the wind's from sow-west."

A lady, who painted her face, asked Parsons how he thought she looked. "I can't tell, Madam," he replied, except you first *uncover* your face."

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says "that he always takes notes even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry-cobbler at one end of it."

Artists have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Look here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

"BASE BALL" ILLUSTRATED.



PITCHER AND BATTER (FIRST INN-ING).



CATCHING A FLY.



ON HIS FIRST BASE.



HOLDING HIS SECOND BASE.



ON HIS THIRD BASE (A FLAT).



A FOWL BALL.



THE LAST INN-ING.



MAKING HIS "HOME RUN."

ONLY.

Beware of an "only," "'tis but," and "just one:"
These traitors have many a coward undone.
All Troy for one woman in ashes was laid;
One tree mother Eve unto ruin betrayed;
One crack will suffice that a vase be not sound;
One spark, and all London on fire was found;
One worm-eaten stick is enough for a wreck;
But one step too far, and a fall breaks our neck;
From only one word many quarrels begin;
And only this one leads to many a sin;
Only a penny wastes many a pound;
Only once more, and the diver was drowned;
Only one drop many drunkards has made;
Only in play many gamblers have said;
Only a cold opens many a grave;
Only resist many evils will save.

Two ladies from the country, on a shopping excursion, dropped into a hardware store, where agricultural implements are sold, and innocently inquired for cradles. The storekeeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had sold all he purchased. The ladies looked at each other wonderingly, and whispered, laughingly, when one, turning to the blushing storekeeper, remarked: "Out of season! I thought babies were always in season."

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PERFECT REST.

IN the quiet of the church-yard
The weeping willows wave
Their slender, drooping branches
In the chilly autumn air;
And the wither'd church-yard grasses,
Above each lonely grave,
Utter sad and mournful whispers
O'er the dead who slumber there.

In the golden months of summer
Comes the honey-laden bee,
To hum amid the clover
His drowsy, murmurous song;
While the yellow-hearted daisies
Grow thick and fair to see;
And the sky looks down upon them
With a smile the whole day long.

Then, at times, I love to wander
Among the peaceful dead,
Where the golden-netted sunbeams
Sleep gently on the grass;
And to think on friends departed,
And the years forever fled;
While across the marble's whiteness
Falls my shadow as I pass.

What calm, unbroken slumber,
What sweet and perfect rest,
In the quiet of the church-yard
For evermore to lie;
With the tired hands gently folded
Across the pulseless breast,
In summer and in winter,
While the fleeting years go by!

Not any thought of sorrow,
Nor shadow born of care;
No eager, restless longings,
Of this busy life a part;
No dream of proud ambition
Can ever enter there;
Or the turbulent emotions
That crowd the beating heart.

Sometimes when very weary,
When the days seem dark and drear,
And my heart beats low within me,
By a sense of grief opprest,
Then the graves within the church-yard
More beautiful appear,
And a longing fills my bosom
For the sweet and perfect rest.

ISAAC PENRITH'S THANKSGIVING.

THE clock had just struck three. It was no trifle of bronze or ormolu; neither was it one of those quaint old sentinels of dark wood and tarnished gilding that you sometimes encounter on antique stairways, keeping ghostly guard over the tread of generation after generation. It was a trim, compact little clock, hanging where its dial, like an eye, seemed to look through the four deep-set windows of the circular stone room, and watch the tides as they swung back and forth, murmuring discontentedly around the solid masonry that upheld the light-house. A strange place, a dreary, desolate place it seemed, prison-like in its isolation, and terrific in its frowning strength. Yet even there the grace of woman's presence cast its visible sign and token. Upon the pine table a vase of late autumnal flowers glowed in velvety carmine and gold, and a round hat, decorated with the scarlet wing of a tropical bird, lay beside it.

Lucy Penrith was looking from one of the windows—a slender, pretty girl, with touches of faint crimson in either cheek, and violet-gray eyes, where the deep lights seemed to swim. Her black stuff dress was very simple; but there was a flutter of vivid scarlet ribbon at her throat, and a bunch of coral-red berries in her shining brown braids, bearing silent witness to the genuine love of the picturesque that exists in every woman's heart.

"I don't think the sea is *very* rough, father."

Isaac Penrith deliberately folded his newspaper inside out, and commenced on a new column. He was a hard-featured, rugged old man, with iron-gray hair, and a brow where the wrinkles stood out like knotted cord.

Lucy stole across the stone floor and put her dimpled face between the printed page and her father's spectacles.

"Now, father, you *will* row me across. Oh, father, I never can spend Thanksgiving evening in this dismal place, and I promised them at the farm-house!"

"Rash promises is better broken than kept," sententiously answered old Isaac.

"But it was not a rash promise, father. All the young people are to be there, and Philip Martin—"

She stopped abruptly, checked by the dark frown that corrugated her father's brow.

"Philip Martin! I tell you, Lucy, I'll hear no more idle nonsense about that boy. It was Philip Martin whose father tried to be keeper of the light-house in my stead—a bad, black-hearted man—and the boy is a branch off the old tree, I'll go bail. And—"

But Lucy was crying, with her head on her father's knee. Isaac's heart relented within him.

"I'm a cross old bear, I know," he made haste to utter, "and I'd ought to be a little more keerful what I say. Don't cry, little one—there—there! I'll row ye 'cross, if ye say so; 'tain't near dark yet, and it is ruther hard on a young gal like you to live in this stone dungeon year in and year out. I wish I hadn't told Sam he could have the day to himself. But never mind; I'll be back long afore lightin' time."

Lucy had brightened up like a rose after a shower.

"Oh, father, I am so glad! I *did* say want to go!"

She tripped backward and forward, adjusting the round hat with the scarlet wing, folding the brown shawl, and rearranging the coral berries in her hair, while old Isaac, with his fur cap on, and his hands in the pocket of his sailor coat, watched her with a proud, amused sense of proprietorship.

"She's more like one o' them foreign birds with plumage like fire, and little, glancin' ways, than she is like a human critter!" thought the light-house keeper. "I know I'm goin' clean agin' all rules and regulations, leavin' the place alone, but 'twon't be but for a few minutes, and I don't like to disappoint the gal, her heart's so kind o' sot on't! I've got to be father and mother both to the child—and she *is* a good gal, and a pretty one too, if she does happen to be Isaac Penrith's darter!"

"I'll take the flowers over, father," said Lucy, removing them from the vase, and wrapping a bit of paper round the damp stems. "There's not much left in the farm-house garden, and they'll help to make the Thanksgiving-table gay. Now, father, I'm ready!"

And as Isaac Penrith pulled the shell-like little boat out to sea, with the long, steady, vigorous strokes that betokened his daily habituation to life on the deep, he fell into a musing remembrance of the far-away Thanksgivings of his youth, with their rains of red and golden leaves, and the odor of sweet-fern in the pastures, and the old red farm-house among the bleak New England hills! And, unconsciously, the roar of the green, translucent tides became the wail of winds in upland forests, and Lucy's blooming face opposite him seemed her mother's smiling out from the mists of years.

Nor was the salt drop on old Isaac's cheek the spray from his steadily dipping oar.

Lucy Penrith sprung lightly to her feet as the keel of the boat grated softly on the smooth, shingly sand of the beach.

"You will walk up to the house with me, father. See how high the sun is!"

Isaac stooped and secured his boat to a huge projecting rock by means of a loop of heavy rope.

"I'll go," he said, briefly, adding within himself; "and if Phil Martin's there, I'll bring her back with me again. I don't like *his* father's son!"

The old brown house stood a little way back on the beach, with a smooth stretch of silvery sand in front, and a cluster of black-green cedars in the rear, tossing their plumy heads about in the blustering, salt-scented gale, and a group of merry-makers, young and old, in their Thanksgiving habiliments, were in the porch awaiting the arrival of the new-comers.

"Oh, Lucy, we thought you never were coming!" said a bright-eyed little damsel, whose hair was blowing about her face like a mist of rippled gold! "What made you so late? And Phil Martin—"

Lucy's appealing, frightened glance stopped the half-uttered sentence short; but Isaac Penrith had caught its meaning.

"Lucy," he said, drawing his daughter aside as the whole group hurried merrily into the house once more, where a fire of drift-wood blazed redly in the huge old-fashioned fire-place, and the "old people," in caps and brass-buttoned suits, were purring around the genial glow—"Lucy, is there any thing between you and—and Dorr Martin's son?"

She colored and turned her face away, while the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Tell me," he urged, sternly grasping her arm; "I will have no more half-confidences! Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, father."

"And you—what answer did you make?"

"Father," simply answered Lucy with her violet eyes raised to his, "I love him!"

"Child," said Isaac Penrith, "conquer this idle folly as best you may! I *never* will give my daughter to Philip Martin. So now you know my will and determination in the matter."

"But, father—"

He turned abruptly away, releasing Lucy to the demands of half-a-dozen pleading, bird-voiced girls, while he himself briefly declined the kindly offers of hospitality that beset him on every side.

"I must be goin' back, friends," he said.—'Twasn't fairly right to come over, but Lucy was so set on't, and I mustn't lose no more time. By the looks o' the clouds we'll have a stormy night, and the Lord help them that are out to sea along this cruel shore!"

And so he bade the revelers a "Good-night!" and looked his last at the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire and Lucy's sweet face, flushed by its radiance—or something else—as she stood adjusting a late rose in Barbara Cliffe's gold-misted hair!

"I'll walk down to the shore with ye, neighbor Penrith," said old Truman Cliffe, pulling on his dreadnought coat. "Somehow, I've been a sailor so long, I can't bear to keep indoors when the wind is blowin' up like it does now!"

The late autumnal sunset was fringing the over-hanging clouds with sullen fire—such fire as burns itself out in stormy reflections, leaving a track like bloody footsteps across the tides—the winds were moaning sullenly along the barren shore, and the distant thunder of the ground-swell sounded like the grand bass chords of Nature's organ!

"You're right, Isaac," said Truman Cliffe, "it's goin' to be an awful night! There's mischief in them clouds; and if ever there was murder in the sound o' the breakers, it's there to-night! Why, what's the matter?"

For Isaac Penrith had uttered a cry that made the old sailor's blood grow chill in his veins.

"The boat! Merciful Father! the boat is gone!"

It was true; the loop had somehow become loosened and the little bark was rocking somewhere on the waves, beyond sight or sound.

"Truman, I must have *your* boat, and as quick as possible. The sun is nearly down; but I can reach the light-house yet before lighting time!"

He spoke in a husky voice, while the beating of his heart seemed like the strokes of a muffled drum.

Truman Cliffe turned a white, dismayed face toward his old companion.

"Our boat is down to Kilcoran, with Jared and his girls: they won't be back till to-morrow morn-in'!"

There was an instant's silence, then Isaac spoke, still in the same hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Is there no other boat I could get?"

"There's Hugh Donnelly's down to the Point; but that's two miles off!"

"I'll go for it!"

Truman stopped him, as he was turning blindly toward the shore.

"No, Isaac, you're lame and stiff, and I'm a good walker. Keep your strength for the hard rowin' you'll have to do, and I'll be back as quick as mortal man can go and come. Sit down on the rock, old friend, and rest—you're tremblin' like a leaf!"

Isaac Penrith obeyed, mechanically, and dropped his head upon his hands, sitting motionless while the bloody track upon the waves grew purpler and more indistinct, and the far-off thunder of the ground-swell seemed to mutter menaces in his ear.

Two miles away! and the brief twilight was already setting in! How slowly Truman Cliffe plodded along; and yet those idiots on the shore had always called him a swift walker. He would go himself, and he started up, but only to sink back again weak and helpless.

"I have no strength left," he thought. "I must wait. I must wait for that snail to creep along the sands. They were right; it will be a fearful night at sea! And there is no light in the light-house to warn homeward-bound ships off the reefs!"

As he closed his eyes he could almost see the stately ships drifting upon their death, and going to pieces along the sunken rocks, while their crew were looking out in vain for the red signal star of danger! He could hear the creak and groan of shivering timber—the crash of mast and yard-arm—the dying shriek of human creatures! He shuddered convulsively.

"And I shall be a murderer! O God! why did I desert my post?"

And in this moment of agony and repentance Dorr Martin's mocking face rose up before him, full of evil exultation.

"He always said I could not be trusted, and he was right!"

Dorr Martin's triumph was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that Isaac Penrith drained to the dregs that stormy night!

"The sun has set—the hour of grace is past," he muttered to himself. "I will not live to have widows asking me where are the husbands who perished on those reefs—I will not look little children in the face and hear them whisper that *I* murdered their fathers! I will not see Dorr Martin triumph in my ruin! No, better a quiet grave at the bottom of the deep sea than a life of remorse and dishonor! My little Lucy had better mourn me dead than live to blush for me! Good-by, my fair-haired darling! I shall never see your bonny face more!"

How the wind blew his gray uncovered hair about, as, murmuring a faint half-forgotten prayer, he crept down the beach, going to seek his death, where the cruel, white-fringed waves writhed up along the shore! An instant he paused, to look a last adieu to the world, the sky, the far-stretching shore, when all of a sudden a wild hoarse shriek broke from his parched lips.

For like a red star, trailing its glory along the tumultuous sea, the light of the light-house streamed upon his vision! The danger signal—the steady finger of fire held up to bid a hundred crafts "Beware!"—the beacon for which many and many an anxious helmsman was gazing out into the night! He was not dreaming—his senses were not benumbed—yet the light was all ablaze in its huge crystal lantern, and he was guiltless of the weight of crime and misery that had so nearly weighed him down!

When Truman Cliffe rowed up to the shore, an hour afterward, he found Isaac Penrith kneeling on the wet sand, with his forehead against the chill white rock.

"Well, I say for't!" ejaculated Truman. "You hain't been to the light-house and back, 'cause you hain't wings, and none but a bird could ha' done it! Who lighted up?"

"I don't know. Give me the oars, Cliffe."

Truman stared, but made room for the keeper and gave up the oars. Not a word was exchanged between them as Isaac rowed with giant strokes, and the little boat danced over the troubled billows swift and light as a floating leaf. Nearer and nearer glowed the gigantic star—closer and closer its glory seemed to shine—until at length Isaac Penrith sprang upon the stone ledge and rushed two steps at a time up the iron stairway into the lantern-room.

There, with his feet on the fender, composedly looking over the columns of the newspaper, sat a young man. He rose as Penrith entered the room.

"Philip Martin!"

"Mr. Penrith!"

"You—*you* lighted the signal?"

"I did. I came over to bring Lucy to shore, and I found the light-house empty. Of course I concluded something was wrong, so I went on duty myself until I should hear from some of you."

Isaac Penrith wrung the young man's hand.

"Philip—if—if there had been no light on the Reefs all this night your father would have been keeper to-morrow, and I should have been a ruined man!"

The deep color rose into Philip Martin's cheek.

"If I had been a villain, Mr. Penrith, I should not be Philip Martin!"

"God bless you, Philip; God bless you!" murmured the old man. "I shall never forget this kindly office you have done me!"

"And Lucy?"

"Lucy is over at Cliffe's. Take the boat, Phil, and go join her! Truman is below! And, Philip—"

"Sir?"

"Tell her—well, tell her what you like!"

The old man smiled faintly as he saw the warm flush deepen on Martin's bronzed cheek, and the next moment he was alone.

Philip knew that the coveted prize was his at last—and the little boat flew back over the waves almost like an enchanted bark.

And throughout all the length and breadth of the rejoicing nation that night there was no Thanksgiving half so fervent as that breathed in the light-house when the signal star threw its fiery lines far out to sea, and the fog and mist brooded like a phantom over the face of the great deep.

NOT BORN FOR WORK.

WHEN I first commenced the practice of medicine in Pagefield, being unmarried, I boarded at the American Hotel in that village. There was a waiter at that house who was sufficiently peculiar, viewed *as* a waiter to make him seem quite like an extraordinary character. Where he came from or what were his antecedents, nobody knew, and nobody could learn. He always avoided answering any queries pat to him on that subject, either by most absurd and impossible statements which the greediest incredulity could not fail to perceive were but "chaff," or by a quiet and dignified refusal to reply at all. He was apparently well educated, and had various gentlemanly accomplishments of that sort calculated to adorn and enliven the daily life of a man of wealth and leisure. He was a fine singer, a fair pianist (though he played only accompaniments to his own vocalism), and he could make a capital after-dinner speech, when called on to do so, as he often was. He could also write very fair poetry, and not a few of his songs were of his own making, both words and music. Yet (strangely enough, every body thought) he never sought in any way to make his talents serve him pecuniarily. He waited at table with consummate grace, and never did any other work. His hands were white and slender. His personal appearance was fine, and his clothes always of a certain shabby-genteel sort—never new—a new garment was a thing George Cantwell never possessed; his wardrobe being composed wholly of the cast-off apparel of gentlemen who boarded at the hotel.

George was a universal favorite among the guests at our house. His manners were usually extremely winning, while the accomplishments I have spoken of made him a pleasant companion. In common with the rest I also liked George, and before I had known him long I conceived the enterprise of trying to get his confidence, and if possible "make a man of him."

One evening I was a bit unwell, and George brought a tray of tea-things to my room. It was on this occasion that I resolved to drop a sounding-line.

"George," said I, "you are a man of too much ability to be living at a hotel as a table-waiter. Did you know that, Sir?"

George only smiled as he replied, "Sweet is flattery, doctor."

"A man that can be flattered is a fool," said I.

"Oh, not necessarily," said George, "though it's true you can generally make one of him."

"Well, I'm not trying to make a fool of you, George. Quite the contrary. I'd rather make a gentleman of you."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; but you'll excuse me if I say that a gentleman is a gentleman naturally, and there is no making one out of a clown. *Nascitur, non fit*, is as applicable in this case as in that of the poet, Sir. If a man is a gentleman, no mere external circumstances in life can make him any thing else."

"Not even the circumstance of his being a table-waiter. I see what you mean, and I beg your pardon, George. Certainly there is no reason why a table-waiter should not be a gentleman. I blundered there—I used the wrong word—I meant to have said that I would like to 'make a man of you,' and you know just what that phrase signifies. You are fit for something better than this. It is a shame that a man of your parts should rest contented, year after year, in the position of a hotel-servant."

"Did you ever know me to say that I *was* contented, Dr. Benson?" spoke up George. "I am biding my time, Sir. My luck will come some day."

"Your luck will come! What do you mean by that? Luck, in this country if nowhere else, consists in taking hold and working out your fortunes with the ability that lies in you. Luck! That is a word for imbeciles and vagabonds. Labor! There's the word for a man who means to be a man. Well-directed and persistent labor will fight its way to success while luck stands shivering, waiting and waiting, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up.' Turn up something yourself—that's the motto! You ought to adopt it. If you don't you'll be a table-waiter all the days of your life—provided you don't chance to get too superannuated, and have to play pauper in the poor-house. That's the road *luck* leads a man."

Cantwell stood biting his nails. It was plain I had touched his pride, and that was just what I meant to do, supposing that he had any true pride in his character at all.

"Dr. Benson," said he, in a low, earnest voice, such as I had never heard him use before, "your language is such as to tempt a man to reply in a like strain, but I don't want to be impudent to you, Sir. I try to bear my place always in mind, though it isn't often that I'm as strongly tempted as I am to-day to stand up straight and assert myself as good a man as any other. But I haven't kept my secret all this time to let it out now. I'll say this to you, however—I was *not born for work*. I am biding my time, as I said before. The day will come when I shall not need to lift my hand, and until then I mean to do just as little work as I possibly can. I hate it. Men who have got their way to make in the world may work if they want to, and wear themselves out in half a lifetime. It is my belief that I was born for a life of ease, and I'll do nothing to trench on my future capacities for enjoyment when my luck does come."

During this speech I stared at the young man with growing wonder. Such a case of stupid in-

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fatuation I thought I had never witnessed. When he was done, however, I only said:

"I suspect you're talking nonsense, George. That'll do." And I pushed away the tray.

He gathered up the tea-things and left me.

I was puzzled by the confident manner of the man. It was clear to my mind that he was laboring under some strong hallucination. I wondered if he bought lottery-tickets.

When I asked him about that he put aside the imputation with a quiet smile; he had no need to buy lottery-tickets, he said.

What could the fellow mean?

My practice was one of the most prosperous that ever fell to a country physician, I think; and once (it was not long after the conversation above given) I decided to make another effort to lift Cantwell out of his slough by offering him a place in my office.

"I will give you every opportunity for study, George, and will pay you enough to keep you respectably in the mean time. With your readiness you should be qualified to commence practice as my assistant before a great while."

"Medicine," said Cantwell, in reply, "is an eminently respectable profession; but it is far too laborious for me. I'm much obliged to you, Doctor, but I have no occasion to accept your kind offer."

I was nearly disgusted with the man.

"Well, go your way," said I. "I give you up."

"I hope you're not offended with me, Doctor," said George, wistfully.

"Offended? Why, it's your own affair, man. You hurt nobody but yourself by throwing yourself away. You might as well be old Dan" (a well-known idiot about the village) "for all the good your abilities do you. What benefit is it to you, George Cantwell, that you can set a table in a roar with an after-dinner speech, or sing a song, so long as you are nothing but what you are? Old Dan uses the talents God gave him at least!"

"And do I make no use of what I have?" said Cantwell, in a low tone. "I have just one object, Doctor, to make the people I come in contact with *like* me. If I have any talents that can help me in that direction, I am very glad. More than that I don't ask. I am pretty well liked, am I not?"

"Yes, they like you, no doubt—just as they like a dog that can do smart tricks; but they don't forget that it is a dog. They don't respect you, George. They would, though, if you acted like a man, and made something of yourself."

"They will respect me fast enough, Sir, when my—when the time comes. I'll hold up my head with the best of them yet."

"George's luck" grew at last to be a favorite by-word among the young men about town. "When George Cantwell comes into his fortune," was a popular way of promising any thing that the speaker had not the remotest intention of performing, or in expressing the superlative of incredulity regarding the success of any chimerical enterprise.

Meantime, you could see George hanging about the public room of the hotel any day, between the hours for meals, with his shabby-genteel broadcloth carefully brushed, his face clean shaved (excepting his long, sleek side-whiskers), and a tooth-pick between his lips—talking about horses, about dogs, about women, about any thing that hotel-loungers are in the habit of idly discussing. He was *au fait* in the art of small-talk on all such matters, and one could scarcely resist the impression that he was some eccentric man of property, capable of investing untold sums in these objects of his fancy, if he only would. Newly-arrived strangers, traveling gentlemen, have been often known to get into conversation with him of an evening, and suppose him to be some just such gentleman of leisure, and manifest respect for him accordingly; and when they saw him the next morning at the breakfast-table with a white apron on, they would stare at the apparition with a high degree of astonishment. I recollect observing him in conversation with such a stranger once, when I took occasion to speak to George because I saw him spit blood, and my professional interest was awakened for the moment. He said, however, that he thought the blood came from his teeth, and when I alluded to his lungs, he laughed at the idea of their being unsound, with *his* vocal power. Certainly he seemed robust enough.

It was about the time that Professor Carlincourt Lowe was making his preparations for that grand balloon-voyage to Europe, which never came off, that a group of men were discussing the novel project, sitting in the shade of the American piazza, on a warm summer afternoon.

"Yes," remarked one, sarcastically, "I believe he'll get to Europe—I do—just as firmly as I believe in George's luck. They will be synonymous happenings, will those two interesting events."

The messenger-boy came up the street at that moment, bringing from the post-office the letters for the hotel by the afternoon mail.

"Letter for you, George," said the boy, selecting one from the pile in his hands, and tossing it to Cantwell.

George tore the letter open eagerly, glanced over it, and turned pale. Then the blood rushed to his face and he sprang to his feet.

"It's arrived at last!" he cried.

"What has?" queried the sarcastic individual, giving him a sharp look.

"*What* has?" echoed George. "What has? Why, Lowe has—and his balloon—they've arrived in Europe! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed like a crazy man.

"Hanged if the fellow isn't gone mad!" said the other. "Let me see that letter, George."

"That letter, Mr. Safford," said George, with a lordly air, "is the private property of George Cantwell, Esquire, at present of Pagefield, next of kin to the late lamented Philip Cantwell, of Cantwell Manor, Lancashire, England. Come and drink with me, friends! George's luck has come at last for sure!"

Yes, George had really come into his "luck." We could with difficulty believe it. But if we had entertained any doubts as to the genuineness of the letter, we could have none as to that of its inclosure—a draft for $500 in gold on a well-known New York banking-house. The letter was from a Manchester lawyer, and inclosed the above sum to enable the heir to take passage at once for England and enter upon the possession of his property, a vast estate in Lancashire.

"So I was right, was I, Doctor?" George asked me that night, with glowing eyes and a flushed face.

"It seems so, George," said I, "right to the extent of having expected a legacy, and having received it. I congratulate you."

"I accept your congratulations, Dr. Benson," George responded in a somewhat grandiloquent tone—he had been drinking, I perceived—"and I have but one favor to ask of you; namely, that you will remember that my name is Mr. Cantwell now, and that 'George' went out with the white apron this day resigned."

"All right, George," said I, laughingly; "I beg your pardon—Mr. Cantwell."

He bowed gravely.

"When do you leave us?" I added.

"In about a week," said he.

"So long! I'm glad you are in no hurry, George—that is, Mr. Cantwell—for I want an opportunity for some sober conversation with you. But I confess I expected you would be off by to-morrow's train."

"So I should have been, perhaps," said he. "But the truth is, the citizens of Pagefield, and more particularly the guests of the American hotel, are going to give a complimentary dinner to George Cantwell, Esquire, on the occasion of his departure for Europe."

With this sublime announcement George walked away, puffing a choice cigar. He had scarcely been a moment without a cigar between his lips since getting the news. Also, he had not been sober a moment. Habitual drinking had never been one of George's faults; but now he spent most of his time in the bar-room, surrounded by a circle of fast young men, who rejoiced in the sunshine of the whilom table-waiter's "luck." Popular as he had been before, he was far more popular now. For yielding to the influence of this sort of thing on the first day of his sudden wealth I was not disposed to judge George harshly; but when I saw the thing resumed next morning I felt grave fears for him. But was it my place to lecture him on his habits? My previous attempts to guide him had been thrown away. While I was still undecided on that point, however, chance gave me an opportunity to whisper a word in his ear, and I spoke on the impulse of the moment:

"It seems you are saved from the danger of becoming a pauper, George; beware lest you become a sot."

He was under the influence of liquor at the moment, and his eyes flashed an angry look on me; but he said nothing. The word was not wasted. George checked himself, and set about the arrangements for the forth-coming dinner at once. It was an affair of his own conceiving entirely, just as I supposed; but he had ample assistance in carrying it out from his new-born satellites. At his expense cards of invitation were issued, and the forth-coming feast was duly itemized in the Pagefield *Press*, which had a very flattering item on the "Singular Freak of Fortune" in its current issue.

The dinner was an elegant affair. George presided with a grace that seemed to sit upon him naturally. There were toasts and speeches and songs, of course; but the memory of the occasion is to me a blank in all things save its catastrophe.

In response to a toast to "Our departing friend—may joy go with him!" George arose to his feet, his eyes blazing with wine and enthusiasm:

"Ladies and gentlemen—kind friends all," he said, "I need not tell you, in the hackneyed phrase with which every ear is familiar, how true it is that this moment is the proudest of my life. It is a moment of triumph to me. For years I have filled a position in life that circumstances thrust upon me, and, confident in the ultimate arrival of that good-fortune which I knew fate had in store for me, listened with patience and without expressed resentment to the jeers which invariably accompanied all allusions to 'George's luck.' But he who has a definite purpose in life, and who is confident of his future, can rise superior to all external influences which seek to swerve him from the pursuit of his ideal. There were those"—and here the speaker turned upon me a meaning glance—"who sought to induce me to use my little talents in labor. I said to such, as I say to you and to all the world, let those labor who must. That it is any part of man's duty to labor I boldly deny. Labor is only a means to an end. For myself I hate it with an honest hatred, and I have never in my life performed any more of it than I felt obliged to by my temporary circumstances. If the truth were known, I strongly suspect that this sentiment would be found to be of universal prevalence among men; and they only labor because they feel their necessities goading them to it. But as for me, confident in the traditions of my childhood, I knew I was not born for work; why should I exhaust or impair my life-energies by toil? No! From the earliest dawnings of a conscious appreciation of life in its true sense I have had but one end in view—the husbanding of my life-sources against the arrival of my coming good-fortune. Now, that day has come! It is my day of triumph! And who shall say to me in this proud hour that I have neglected my duty in the past by avoiding toil and care? I stand here to-day in abounding health and strength, with all my capacities for enjoyment sharpened to the keenest edge by the patient waiting of all these years. Friends I have many; enemies I have none; with health and wealth, an uncorrupted heart, and a head untrammeled with the musty webs that base toil spins for its victims, I shall realize the height of all enjoyment which this world provides for its favored few. Before me there stretches the alluring and delightful avenues of Pleasure!"—his voice rising steadily as he spoke, his excitement deepening with each rounded period, his arms now outstretched eagerly toward the vision his fancy was picturing, while his eyes glowed with a wonderful light—"the goddess of mortal delights beckons me, and my soul responds to her enchanting gestures! Henceforth, thou goddess beautiful, I am thine, and I spurn the groveling earth that would enchain me! Thine—thine—"

He reeled as he stood, and groped in the air with his outstretched hands like one suddenly stricken blind. Then a crimson tide gushed from his mouth, and he fell to the floor, his fall broken by my arm as I sprang to his side. In five minutes he was dead. Under the influence of this strong excitement he had ruptured an artery, and was almost instantly suffocated by the copious effusion.

I have not told this story, said the Doctor, with any direct purpose of "pointing a moral." Stories and poetry "prove nothing." But I must confess that my respect for labor has been in no way lessened since that hour when poor George died at the gate of his fancied Paradise; nor have I ever in my life, since that hour, felt one shadow of discontent flit across my heart at the lot which tells me I was born for work.

THE WAVE.

A WAVE came rolling in to'ard the land,
To the level beach where the yellow sand
Shone in the red sun's golden light:
Tall, majestic, and full of might,
Crested with silver and looking so grand,
Came this wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High it lifted its sparkling crest,
Smote with an arrow out of the west;
Where the purple clouds by the wind unrolled,
Their turrets flaming with sunset gold,
Stood like castles around the sun
When the autumn day was nearly done.

Out on the ocean white sails were seen,
Flashed with the sunset's rosy sheen;
And over the surf on the harbor bar,
Bright and clear shone the Evening Star,
As crested with silver and looking so grand
Came that wave of the sea to'ard the beautiful land.

High and higher it rose in its strength,
Near and nearer it came, till at length
It reached the edge of the shining shore
With a sudden leap and a sullen roar,
And scattered all over the glittering strand
The tidings of wrecks it had brought to land.

And I thought as, silent, I gazed on these
Of some fair ship sailing the boisterous seas,
Lifted aloft on a towering wave
While the cold storm beats and the wild winds rave;
Of a pitiless sky without moon or stars;
Of shattered masts and of broken spars.

I thought of passengers crowding the deck
Of the brave ship fated to be a wreck;
Of faces stony with mute despair;
Of the thrilling cry and the muttered prayer;
Of struggling forms that the cruel wave
Enfolds in a wild and watery grave.

And I thought in turn of the ocean of life
With its frequent storms and its infinite strife;
Of the countless wrecks that are drifting there
That went on the voyage with hopes so fair,
That are drifting on toward the unknown shore
Of that land unseen which is lying before.

Oh wave of the sea that came rolling this way,
Looking so grand at the close of day,
What tidings of wrecks are these you have brought?
What merciless deed has the ocean wrought?
But no answer came save the sea's dull roar
As the blue waves broke on the darkening shore.

THE DUTIES OF AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID.

ONE of these not-to-be-envied persons, a race which may be classed with that of governesses, has recently made disclosures throwing a peculiar light upon the women of rank in "Old England." "Much is required from us in London," she writes. "We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have polished manners, be no older than thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good-tempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning—a practice which is equally injurious to eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and fit and to use the most improved machine, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and court costume as well as for the drive; to iron well, to read, write, cipher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have traveled. There is still another function of a lady's maid which is supposed to be a modern introduction, but which is in fact merely a revival of an ancient custom. We must be able to paint in pastel, not indeed *after* Nature, but *upon* her. To beautify our mistresses we must redden the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids, pastel upon the brows, introduce belladonna into the eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use ninon paint and pearl white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish brown by means of a corroding material or of "palma vecchio," which is now used in preference for that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as with the young.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I staid up all night about two weeks ago, according to the recommendations of the Astronomers and the newspaper men, to see the "stars fall," or, as the Astronomers put it, the "Meteoric Shower." I don't think it paid me. I have heretofore found no difficulty in sitting up to get the election returns; but to sit up till 3, or perhaps 5 o'clock in the morning, to see such an unexciting object as a star fall, and no money in it, required one to be in the spirit. The following "Diary," which I kept of this important astronomical event, will do to refer to in all future time, as well for the Philosopher as for the Director of the Fire and Police Telegraph:

TEN O'CLOCK P.M.—MARY commenced setting the table in the library previous to my making observations in reference to the stars. I asked her for the key of the side-board, that I might look there for my opera-glasses. Did look there, and removed some other glasses to the table. I did not see the opera-glasses. Looked out of the window and saw but one "star" in the street—Policeman 28.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK P.M.—Door-bell rings. Arrival of NED, who came according to promise to watch the stars with me. NED thinks they are best seen through "smoked glass," as the sight might otherwise hurt our eyes. We therefore lighted our cigars, and began to smoke the glasses and the window-curtains. Looked out of the window; even "star" 28 had disappeared. NED suggested that we try



LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASSES.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, MIDNIGHT.—We are now joined by ALECK, who is of the opinion that the stars might fall in advance, and that we had better watch very closely the first hours of the morning. ALECK was shown the glasses we had prepared for the purpose, and looked through one of them. We heard a noise in the street, and all rushed to the window, and there was



ONE FALLEN STAR

in charge of policemen 28 and 40, which NED said (who will have his little joke) was a Meet-her (hic) display on the part of the city stars. We all turned away from the sight, and ALECK proposed that we go through some calculations, and examine the glasses, and passed a glass to me for my inspection. After examining the glasses, looked again out of the window, and found the atmosphere quite hazy.

ONE O'CLOCK A.M.—It becomes more apparent from the phosphorent appearance of things that the stars or something is going to fall. NED suggests that we all look out of the window



AS THE ARTISTS DO AT THEIR PICTURES.

and see if we can discover any thing in the heavens of a peculiar character. After standing—if it might be called standing—in that position for some time, ALECK said he saw something that looked to him like

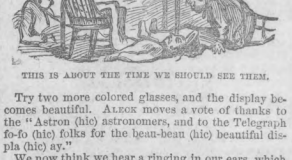


THE CONSTELLATION OF THE "GREAT BEAR," OR "JOB'S COFFIN."

We all finally saw it, when it sank suddenly below the horizon and disappeared. We got down from our positions, feeling a little unsteady from over-exertion in the cause of science, when we again returned to examine our glasses, found them empty, filled them, and again commenced observations.

TWO O'CLOCK A.M.—Things becoming more hazy, both indoors and out; evidences of the "meteoric display" begin to thicken, as also does the atmosphere in our room. The glasses now looked and tasted "smoky." ALECK called my attention to the street lamps, which began to "shut;" and other things in the street, and the things in the room, began to manifest signs of unsteadiness. A strong haze around the gas-burner prevents me from lighting my cigar. NED has gone to sleep, purposing to waken up when the fire-bells strike. ALECK and I determined to sit it out.

THREE O'CLOCK A.M.—No stars now visible out of the window; we therefore shut the blinds and try our glasses. ALECK says it would be better for the eyes if the glasses were colored. We both color them with a decoction of logwood and other stuff. Both begin to think that we see stars.



THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME WE SHOULD SEE THEM.

Try two more colored glasses, and the display becomes beautiful. ALECK moves a vote of thanks to the "Astron (hic) astronomers, and to the Telegraph fo-fo (hic) folks for the bean-beau (hic) beautiful display (hic) ay."

We now think we hear a ringing in our ears, which we take for the alarm-bells, signifying that the "shower" is taking place. We waken up NED, but we can't find the window. We conclude, therefore, to postpone looking out of doors for the present, and to continue our observations indoors in the colored glasses, as our success heretofore has been altogether in that direction.

SEVEN-AND-A-HALF O'CLOCK A.M.—It is now morning. The time since three o'clock has passed very rapidly. With ALECK and NED it is still passing, as their snoring is audible in every part of the room. The chairs and movable furniture bear evidences of a very restless night. I myself do not feel entirely rested, and am of the opinion that time spent in investigating meteorical phenomena is not warranted by the results.

You may print these few notes if you think they will help the cause of science, of which I am a disciple. Yours, C. O. W.

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THE VETERAN ROOSTER.

THE fondness that officers and men manifest for pets is a peculiarity. One of the most noted pets in the army was a rooster named "Jack."

A hero of many battles was Jack. He was captured—no, he was not captured, for his proud spirit could not have survived a conquest—he came to the head-quarters of General B——, at Atlanta, a haughty monarch of the barn-yard, in all the glory of red, yellow, and purple feathers, with dignified step and a glowing crimson crest. From the moment he joined the General's staff he was the pet and pride of officers and men; and nobly did he justify their care and affection, for he never failed to maintain the championship over his fellows. In the capitol of Georgia, on the banks of the Ogeechee, at Savannah, Columbia, and Raleigh, in the early morning, during the brief halt at noon, after the tents were pitched for the night, in many a combat, in the perilous assault, although sometimes exhausted from repeated efforts, in all the long march of that Grand Army he never was defeated; the roosters of a Cobb, a Leman, a Rhett, a Hampden, were pitted against him—one and all were beaten. He never lowered his head nor drooped his tail so long as a feather remained there; while the corpses of a hundred combatants enrich Southern soil, or were consigned to the tender attention of the cook ere life was extinct.

When the army arrived at Raleigh Jack was still the champion, although it may not be said that he wore the "belt;" for in the course of numberless beak-peckings and spur-piercings the feathers of Jack's poor body had become reduced to half a dozen, so that to the eye of the stranger he appeared to walk about the head-quarters camp as if inviting the cook's attention to his admirable condition for pot or spit. But although Jack's feathers had flown and his spurs had worn off at the leg, and his once proud crest had become bald with fight and age, yet his eye was undimmed and still sparkled defiance to every crowing cock. At Raleigh Jack's owner fixed his quarters at the house of one of Lee's generals, who was paroled at the surrender. Attached to his ménage was a famous fighting rooster. In the warmth of the new friendly relation then springing up between Union and rebel soldiers, he kindly advised General B—— to take his rooster off the premises or he would get killed. General B—— thought that a rooster that had made the Grand March could whip any thing that came out of Virginia, even if that State had the name of the Mother of Presidents, so the fight was at once brought about. In ten minutes the Virginian was lying prostrate in the dust, and at once executed for culinary purposes, while Jack, perched upon an orderly's arm, who gently stroked his breast, crowed with exultation and delight.

But Jack was destined to meet an opponent which has before now overcome a more redoubtable enemy than roosters. When the army were marching home, Jack's brigade went into camp one night by the side of the railroad. As our veteran was meandering about the grounds, no doubt upon some laudable intent, a locomotive halted near by and began backing and advancing at a water-tank. Jack observed its movements, and acting upon a well-recognized principle of war, assumed the offensive, pitching into the locomotive with great fury. The fight was animated, but of brief duration; an unlucky turn of the wheel cut off dear brave old Jack's head, and he, too, became a dead rooster.

In deepest grief his mourning friends buried him there upon the field where he fell, with this inscription upon the head-board of his grave:

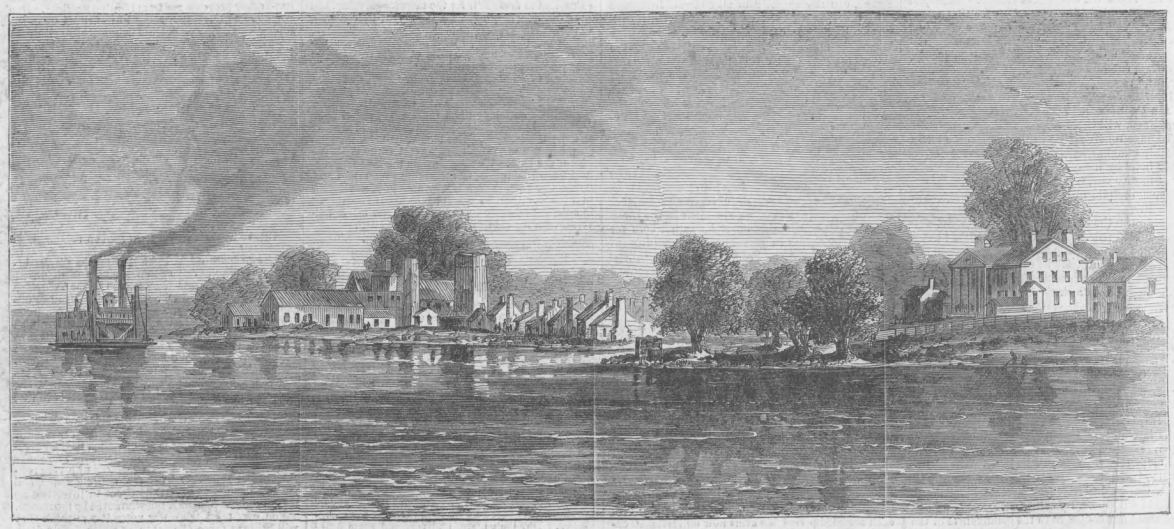
"POOR JACK!
He sleeps his last sleep;
He has fought his last battle!"



"ON THE TIP TOE OF EXPECTATION."

"ON THE TIP-TOE OF EXPECTATION."

WHAT need to scribble admiration of this charmingly-natural little picture? If, perchance, some misanthropic old bachelor or miserable old spinster, looking at it, should sneer at its puerility—should proclaim all children to be but greedy little animals, well, what then? Why, there is no household into which this Number will penetrate where our little lady will not find warmest partisans.—You, Sir Bachelor, may have a selfish appetite for the favorite port which dessert brings, though even that may pall upon you; but probably gout would prevent your standing on tip-toe, even could you have so eager expectations of any kind. And you, Miss, perhaps have little zest or hope in life beyond tea and scandal. It is a tiresome and mischievous irregularity, you say in concert, to admit children from the nursery to dessert. But again we appeal for justification to mater and pater familias, and with them claim indulgence for, at all events, an only child—as, mark you, this pretty little toddler appears to be. For our part, though we might sigh at remembrance of the days when jam-puffs and hardbake were a luxury to the sense and a snare to the imagination, we trust we could still derive from sympathy with the hearty enjoyment of such a *gourmet* and the innocent prattle of such a guest a new relish for the wine we sipped, or the fruit and even tipsy-cake we might rashly venture upon sharing with our infantine friend.



SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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CYPRESS SWAMP ON THE OPELOUSAS RAILROAD, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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Cod-liver oil with quinine,	Norwegian tar,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,	And all other nauseous medicines.

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[From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.]

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FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

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Incomparably the best for Family Use.
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THEIR SUPERIORITY VINDICATED BY THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES.

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WERE AWARDED
After a most severe and impartial test, TO THE ELLIPTIC LOCK STITCH MACHINE, *as follows:*
At the MARYLAND INSTITUTE FAIR, as the
"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"
And at the NEW YORK STATE FAIR as the
"BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"
"BEST DOUBLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE,"
(*These two completely covering all the ground*),
And for the
"BEST SAMPLE OF SEWING MACHINE WORK,"

As can be seen by the following comprehensive and conclusive report of the committee of practical and experienced mechanical experts appointed by the State Board to investigate into the *merits* of the different Sewing Machines:

"We, the Committee on Sewing Machines, after a careful and thorough investigation into the respective merits of the various machines submitted for examination, find the *Elliptic Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine* to be *superior to all others* in the following points, namely:
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"Adaptation to material of any thickness by an Adjustable Feed Bar, and in the Unequaled Precision with which it executes the Lock-Stitch, by means of the Elliptic Hook, and we therefore award it the *First Premium* as the
BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,
And also for the above reasons the *First Premium* as the
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"C. E. PETERS,
"HECTOR MOFFAT,} Committee."

The above report fully accords with the almost unanimous opinion of the best *impartial* judges and Sewing Machine experts, as well as of all others who have used this unrivaled machine, which is incomparably the most *simple* in *construction*; the most *efficient* in *operation*; the most *easy*, *rapid*, and *noiseless of movement*; the most *economical* and *durable in use*; and the *most complete in the variety and perfection of its attachments for every kind of work*, and therefore infinitely the *most perfect Family Sewing Machine*, for which purpose its superiority is preeminent and unquestioned.

Machines (*which are warranted, for two years*) forwarded to any part of the world, with printed instructions (which will enable any one to operate them without the slightest difficulty) for use, on receipt of the price in current funds or by draft; or they may be sent, payment to be collected on delivery, on receipt of satisfactory assurance that it will then be made; and all orders from a distance will be as faithfully filled as if a personal visit and selection had been made.

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COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR
AND
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
IN AID OF THE
HOME AND SCHOOL
FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
The Destitute Children
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
TO BE HELD AT
COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,
Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

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1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
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1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
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1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors. Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

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The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

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The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

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5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
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20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
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616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanence, and think that diseases can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: "In health, the body, like a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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Eradicates, root and branch, all eruptive diseases of the skin, like

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ELDERLY REPROBATE (*log.*) "Marry young—greatest shafeguard in er worl'. That'sh whar I alwaysh shay to young men. I married young myshelf, and it'sh been er shavin' o' me. I wash inclined to dish'pash'n when I wash young man."

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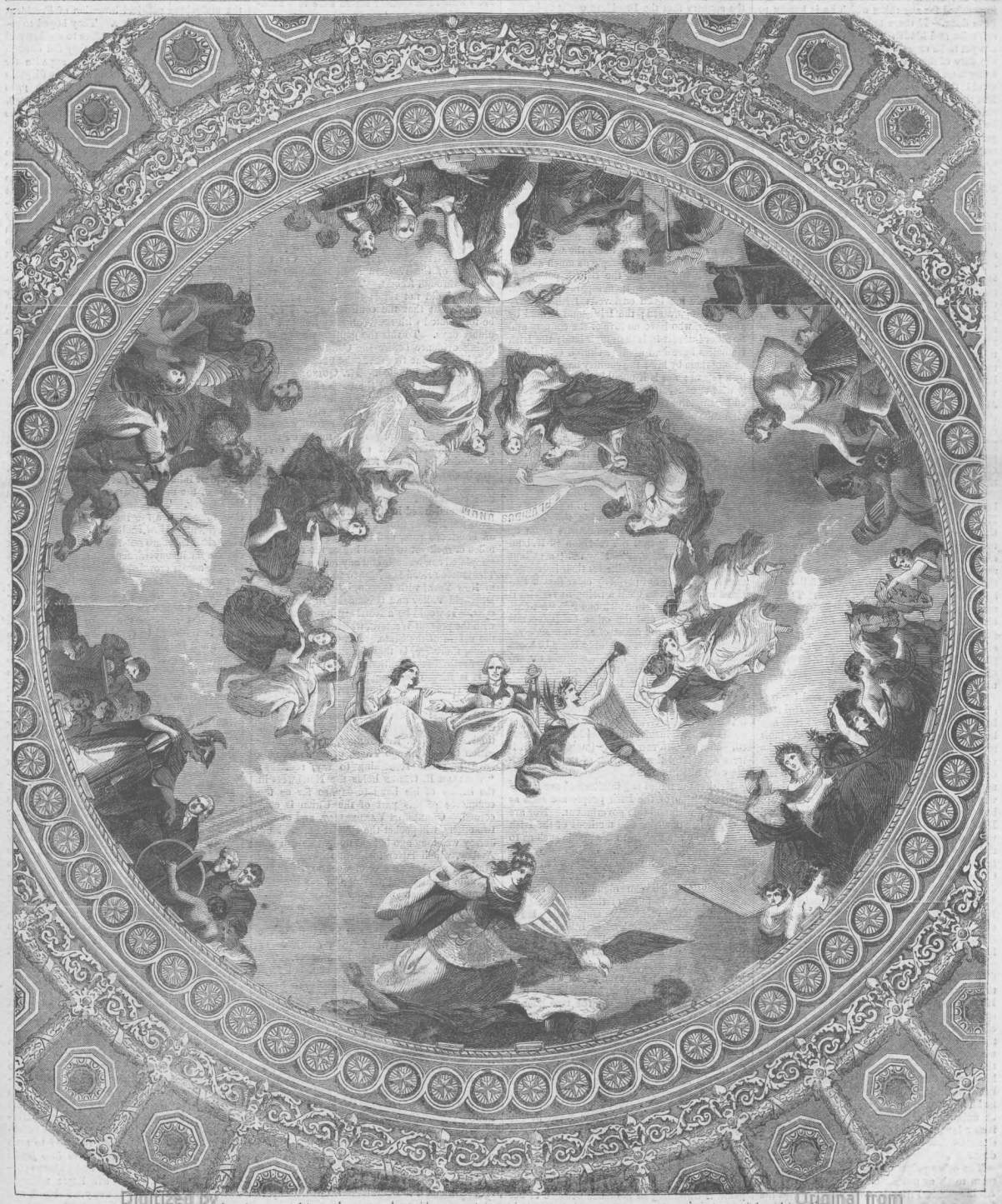
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. E. WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 788]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1866.

IMPEACHMENT AND GENERAL BUTLER.

A PRESIDENT of the United States should be impeached only when his guilt is so evident that the country has virtually convicted him before he is tried; or when the revelations of his secret abuse of power are so overwhelming that they carry persuasion to every mind. The reasons are obvious. An impeachment of the Executive officer in the midst of fierce political differences would necessarily produce an excitement which should not be hazarded for any but the most conclusive considerations.

There have been many rumors of an intention of impeachment at the present session. But nothing is clearer than that the country does not demand that the President shall be impeached for any thing which he is known to have done. If there are secret plots and conspiracies and hidden Executive attempts, they are yet to be exposed. If they are known, it is the duty of those who are cognizant of them to bring them to the knowledge of Congress, which would then undoubtedly and decisively act. But the general grounds upon which the proposition is made are untenable, and are so judged by the country. We are, therefore, not surprised to see that General LOGAN, who is a member of the next Congress, and who was said to be preparing articles, has expressly denied the truth of the report; and Mr. BINGHAM, of Ohio, who was declared to be ready to begin impeachment at the opening of the present session, is equally decided with General LOGAN in his denial.

General BUTLER, a member of the next Congress, is very strenuous in urging that the President ought to be arraigned. General BUTLER is a man whose great services in peculiar exigencies of the late war are undeniable. He is a man of undoubted ability and resolution, and he would probably be the last man to deny that a gentleman who should claim to be a candidate for Congress from a district in which he had taken but a summer residence will never die of modesty. As an adroit and successful jury lawyer General BUTLER'S eminence is conceded; while Great Bethel and Fort Fisher and the James River campaign are willingly forgiven by the generous public heart to the military Governor who tamed rebellious New Orleans, who peremptorily hung rebels upon proper occasion, and who has not ceased to befriend the colored citizen and claim for him every where equal rights.

Yet General BUTLER does not seem to us to be the wisest national counselor at this time. He is emphatically a man for an active revolutionary epoch, the interregnum of law. In a reconstructive period like this, it is not only essential that a public counselor should be very sagacious and patient, as Mr. LINCOLN was, but that his character should inspire the fullest public confidence, as Mr. LINCOLN'S did. The moment self appears, the instant that personal ambition is suspected, the power of the man is gone, and his counsel becomes merely a matter of curious observation and criticism. The people no longer recognize in him their representative, but they feel as if a clever manager were using them for his own advantage.

Now, is it doubtful that the general impression of General BUTLER is that of a shrewd man bent upon personal success, who will ride any horse that promises to bring him in? As he is reported to have said of himself, a man who voted a dozen times for JEFF DAVIS for President in the Charleston Convention of 1860 is a man who will dare any thing; and we doubt whether many officers in the service could have been found who, after the share which General BUTLER had in the closing campaign of the war, and who had been even contemptuously mentioned by the commanding General, would have gone home and made the speech which General BUTLER made at Lowell. That he is determined under all circumstances to fall upon his feet and will never say die is indisputable. But with all the popular admiration which General BUTLER'S pluck naturally commands, we doubt if there be a corresponding confidence in his wisdom.

In his late speech advising impeachment the General leaned much upon the precedent of the impeachment and conviction of Judge HUMPHREYS of Tennessee for the words of a speech urging the State to secede. But even allowing that "words" may justify impeachment, is it wise to proceed upon them except in a case where the words plainly express something more than ill-temper? The President has spoken contemptuously of Congress, but he has constantly recognized its authority. Shall he be impeached for saying that he considers it an unlawful assembly if he consistently treats it as a lawful power? Is it desirable that passionate words shall suffice to impeach a President?

The other points of the General's argument seem to us as unwise and insufficient as this. All his political friends agree with him that the President is the obstruction of the situation. They agree with Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS that it is foolish to suppose that the President understands, or could understand, the principle which elected him, or the real purpose of the people. A narrow and passionate man is unquestionably a dangerous executive officer, and the country has been taught that the White House must be closely watched. But we have no right to hang an ill-favored man for murder because we fear he may pick somebody's pocket. The law must be satisfied with overt acts, or, in extreme cases, as in that of Judge HUMPHREYS, by words, when, in a quasi or actual state of war, words are effectively deeds. But that is precisely what the President's are not. He has been upon all sides of the problem of restoration. At different times Senator SUMNER and Mayor MONROE have been equally satisfied with him. His utter inconsistency convicts his intellect, but it pleads against the assumption of subtle and sinister design. General BUTLER will always make a bold and interesting speech, but he will hardly persuade the country that the President ought to be impeached at present, whatever may be the case hereafter; and we doubt if the General stands as the representative of the spirit which will compose the great difference. Not because he is radical; for the settlement will be radical; but because of a certain sensational quality which is felt not to belong to wise statesmanship.

THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND.

NOTHING reveals the huge folly of a great people like the English, priding itself upon being practical, so plainly as the condition of Ireland. It is the one point upon which every Englishman loses his wits. Having conquered and subdued Ireland, it was the most obvious and simple duty of England to make the best of it, and she has always made the worst of it. Instead of blending the people as much as possible with the English, the British policy has always labored to keep them separate and alien. Irish trade has been enslaved; Irish industry has been oppressed; the Irish land is held by absentees, who have no love of the country and no other interest in it than their land; the Irish Catholics have had another church established among them by law; the country has been ruled by a regent; nor is it possible to name one truly wise or generous great public measure adopted by England to reconcile the people of a foreign race and religion to the supremacy of their conquerors. Ireland has consequently always been the angry thorn in the English side, and there seems to be little doubt that a fresh disturbance has either occurred in that country or is very imminent.

An armed rebellion is altogether too serious and sad a thing to be the text of a jest, or we should be inclined to ask what the London *Times* and other British newspapers mean by declaring fiercely that the rebellion in Ireland must be "stamped out." May not "a gallant and chivalrous people strike for their independence?" and is it not perfectly clear that if England undertakes to quell a rising in Ireland it is merely a struggle in which one side "is fighting for dominion and the other for independence?" But in the midst of real war such recrimination is ghastly. Nothing could be more contemptible than the British attitude toward this country during the late war, and nothing more stupid than the British reasoning and conclusions upon its causes and consequences. But that does not change the evident fact that it is desirable for civilization and humanity that an armed Irish insurrection should be suppressed. For no man can gravely imagine that if it were successful the condition of the Irish people would be improved.

Neither the moral nor intellectual nor industrial condition of the Irish people are such as promise a wise and safe government. Nor are the peculiar qualities and methods of the Irish leaders who are known to the public such as to inspire general confidence. A rising may produce untold suffering of every kind, but there can not be the organization nor the arming nor the money which can alone insure success against the whole force of the British empire, which would be relentlessly employed. He is not a true friend of Ireland or Liberty here or elsewhere who encourages Irishmen to aim at the redress of their grievances by force. The only hope of Ireland is in the great liberal party of England; and even if the Church of the Irish should be an insuperable barrier to a union of political action, yet the true liberals of England would undoubtedly pursue a policy in Ireland which would tend to heal the terrible sore.

It is high time that sensible Englishmen should understand that the judgment of the whole civilized world holds its management of Ireland in amazement and utter condemnation. Every thing generous and sagacious which England advocates is irreparably injured by her conduct toward Ireland. Can not such an intolerable preacher practice a little? Of what value is the counsel to good government of a Power which utterly and notoriously misgoverns a part of its own immediate possessions? England is dwindling in influence because of her conspicuous incapacity to grapple with her domestic problems. She is teaching all other nations to despise her, and she should take great care that she does not become despicable to her own children. The Tory youth of Oxford may vote JOHN BRIGHT to be a dangerous fellow. But while they are cultivating elaborate ecclesiastical forms, and parading in gorgeous sacred vestments, let them remember that those who cried against STEPHEN, "Stone him to death!" were the children of those who crucified his Master.

KING CORPORATION.

THE paper recently read in Boston by Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY upon the injury done to the trade and prosperity of that city by the management of the Western and Worcester railroads in Massachusetts has excited a great deal of attention every where. And this is not surprising, for the whole subject of railroad management is exciting universal attention, and the facts which Mr. QUINCY stated were very striking and instructive. The Western and Worcester railroads are the great avenue between the West and a New England sea-port, and the accommodation is so limited and the rate of transport so large that they seriously impair the practical value of the highway. The apparent interest of a virtual monopoly is always to charge the most for the least service, and to be as impervious as possible to all arguments which tend to show the necessity of constant renovation and enlargement; and, according to Mr. QUINCY, Boston is being sacrificed to this stubborn and false conservatism.

It appeared upon an examination before the Massachusetts Legislature last winter that the Worcester Railroad, which is the continuation of the Western from Worcester to Boston under another company, had not added to the number of its cars for the last fifteen years. The Worcester Road replied that it was the business of the Western Road to supply cars for the through freight. Thereupon the Western Road did not retort that it had provided the cars, but that the contract to do so could be terminated with the Worcester Road within ninety days. To this the gentleman who was giving evidence before the Committee replied that between the two roads the necessary facilities were not supplied. Mr. QUINCY'S remedial suggestion is, that the State shall buy the road and lease it to the city of Boston.

This is a right reserved by the charter of the road to the State; for when the road was undertaken such enterprises were new, and their possible power, which experience has every where developed, was foreseen; and the State wisely chose to retain the final control by providing for the purchase of the road upon specific conditions. Massachusetts, indeed, has already embarked in the railroad business. It owns the Hoosac tunnel, which has already cost an enormous sum, and has some three or four miles of rock yet to pierce before the road contemplated can be built and any return received. The Hoosac Road is designed to connect Troy, in New York, with Boston, by the way of the Deerfield Valley and Greenfield, in Massachusetts. It would be a Northern line competing with the present Western, which passes through the centre of the State. Mr. QUINCY'S proposition, therefore, is that the State shall be the chief railroad corporation within its own limits.

It is fairly questionable whether this is the wisest remedy. It is, however, purely a matter of experience and of public convenience. Some method must be devised of emancipating the country from the tyranny of these vast corporations. Mr. J. C. K. FORREST, in a communication to the Chicago *Times*, of which we may have hereafter something to say, remarks: "WILLIAM B. OGDEN holds the Northwest in the hollow of his hand to-day, so far as the commerce of this part of the Union is concerned. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, and one or two others, will pocket the Empire State. New Jersey was long ago bought up by Camden and Amboy, which latter institution has been the State for nearly a quarter of a century. Pennsylvania is ruled by its great Central Railroad Company—and so I might proceed *ad infinitum*." This is a truth of which the country is rapidly becoming conscious, and the political consequences are inevitable. But to substitute the State for a private Corporation seems to be merely exchanging one evil for another. The remedy is not immediately evident, but forewarned is forearmed. The difficulty is not a nut too hard for the national wit to crack.

A NECESSARY LAW.

THE peril of unbounded Executive patronage is so great, and the Constitutional provision upon the subject is so plain, that we hope there is no doubt of the regulation of the matter by precise law during the present session. Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill of the last winter, or a substitute, should be again offered, and the reasons which prevented its passage then we do not believe now exist. The point to settle is, that no officer nominated by the President shall enter upon his duties except after confirmation by the Senate.

At present, if the President nominates a person and the Senate rejects him, the President has only to wait until the Senate adjourns, when he may appoint him to hold over to the end of the next session of the Senate, when he may again appoint him. In this way the intention of the Constitution is directly defeated, and the President virtually dispenses with the Senate. This is a subject which should be settled at once, nor can it demand much discussion. Every American citizen is interested in the reduction of the Executive patronage, which tends to exaggerate the Executive power to a wholly disproportionate degree. Every party is equally interested; for the defection of one man who happens to be President will throw the whole power of the Government patronage against the party which is in power, and so thwart the intention of the people.

The enormous Executive patronage is not merely a direct but an indirect power. A President who deserts his party not only rewards his late opponents, whose principles the people have repudiated in his own election, but he demoralizes the party which he leaves. This was the undoubted political intention of President JOHNSON and his advisers. They hoped to retain enough Union men in office to weaken and break the Union ranks, while they fed enough of the opposition to whet their appetite for more. The failure was signal; but the disgrace of the conspicuous office-holders who gave themselves to the work will not be forgotten, and the danger of the experiment is none the less evident.

It seems to us, also, that the tenure of many, and probably of most, of the offices might be wisely changed. There is no good patriotic reason, although those of party are as plenty as blackberries, why the term of office should not be long enough to overlap the Presidential election. This would not wholly obviate the party interest of officers in the Administration which appointed them, but it would tend constantly to weaken it, and to make honest capacity count more as a qualification for office. The difficulty with a life-tenure of public office is its tendency to indolence and inefficiency. A very honest man may be so slow and vexatious an officer that the public might demand his removal for inefficiency. But if such a petition were to be sufficient ground of removal, the party use that would be made of it is evident.

The subject requires prompt action to remedy an increasing and perilous evil.

CHICAGO TRIUMPHANT.

IT would be hard to find a more characteristic illustration of the vigor and resources of the American character than the city of Chicago. Its oldest inhabitant is yet young, while the city is one of the most important and flourishing in the country. The natural difficulties of a situation, raised but a few inches above the Lake, are evident. How shall the city be drained? How shall it secure good water? How shall it obviate the inconvenience of innumerable drawbridges across crowded thoroughfares? These were questions early encountered by Chicago, and one by one they are being answered as becomes such a city.

The last reply is the Lake tunnel. This work is intended to supply the city with pure water, and is one of the boldest, simplest, and successful of great engineering projects. The plan was to tunnel under the lake for two miles to a shaft or crib sunk from the surface at that distance from the shore. Every other effort had failed, and when this expedient was proposed, there was great doubt of its practicability even among eminent engineers. The proposals for doing the work varied from $239,548 to $6,056,000. Finally Messrs. DALL & GOWAN of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, obtained the contract for $315,139, and guaranteed success. On the 17th March, 1864, the ground was broken and the work proceeded steadily for two years and eight months. The length of the tunnel is two miles, seven feet, and a few inches; the extreme height in the centre five feet and two inches, the extreme width five feet. The actual cost of the tunnel and machinery when ready for service will be about $600,000, and its capacity will allow it to supply fifty-seven gallons a day to a million persons. The contractors, who did the work in the most conscientious manner, have lost heavily; but it is not to be supposed that the city will hesitate to reimburse them.

On Saturday night, November 24, the work from the land side had been pushed to within two feet of the outer portion. On the next Tuesday the Mayor of the city when the work was begun went with a party in a steamer to the lake end of the tunnel, and, descending the crib, made their way to the thin partition, while the present Mayor, with a party entering at the shore end, were upon the other side of the partition. At the proper moment the workmen dug the remaining earth away, and so exact was the calculation that there was but a difference of a few inches in the line of the excavations. As the parties were revealed to each other the bells of the city broke into joyful peals, the cannon thundered, and Chicago congratulated herself upon her latest triumph. The forcing machinery is not yet finished, and

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the water will not be received in the city until the spring.

It is now proposed to tunnel the river at the various crossings in the city, and the experiment is already begun. At a point upon the south branch of the Chicago River, where it is one hundred and eighty feet broad, a tunnel is now building consisting of three passage-ways, the middle one for pedestrians, the two outer ones for carriages. The length will be nine hundred and forty-five feet, and the floor of the tunnel under the centre of the river will be thirty-two feet below low-water-mark. The work is to be finished in March, 1868. Should this undertaking succeed the river will be left perfectly free for navigation, and the intercourse between the different parts of the city will be entirely unimpeded.

Such works as these are matters of local convenience but of national pride. Every American is refreshed and stimulated by seeing what American genius is every where doing; and happy will be the day when, pouting and sulking no longer, the people of the Southern States shall enter upon the generous and glorious rivalries of industry and ingenuity with all other Americans.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

FROM a private letter to a friend, not intended for publication, we make the following very interesting extract. It is a cheering word among so many that are discouraging; and it points the evident moral of the situation, that the secret of reconstruction lies in harmonious relations between all the people in the Southern States. The whole country will be agitated just as long as a vast part of the free population are virtually regarded as serfs. The letter is from Mississippi:

"I am at my old business—growing cotton. My former slaves all returned to me, and as many more. I have located them some three hundred yards away from my dwelling, where they live as happily as they please. They are tilling lands upon shares, and have worked slowly through the season. They have made fair crops, and all are well contented and expect to remain another year. I have had no trouble with them. They have been sober and obedient; and have manifested no desire to place themselves upon social equality with my family.

"I made my own private contracts with them without any Bureau aid. Not because I was prejudiced against that office, but simply because there was no such piece of furniture in the county. The country here is quiet. We have no demagogues among us, and we feel no oppression from the return to our old Union. The negro, or freedman, is a helpless, passive creature, and certainly is entitled to our commiseration and pity. Certainly I should regard it as a most heinous crime to cheat or oppress him. I am no reconstructionist, no ex-rebel. I was reared here; always owned slaves; always was opposed to the institution. Was opposed to secession, and had to leave my home and lie in swamps to keep from taking up arms; and I thank God this day that, through many sacrifices, my hand is unstained or untainted by any touch of rebel weapon. Unionism is not popular here, but there is no disturbance. In different neighborhoods very different sentiments prevail. People have gone to work in good earnest, and it would be quite a difficult matter to get them into any broil with the Government. The President is very popular here. So is Mr. SEWARD.

"Lands are cheap here, and it is a great country to make money. In fact, prosperity is rolling in on us like a flood. There will be more cotton made than our presses think. One and a half millions certainly is a minimum limit. Labor is scarce and dear. My freedmen, working as tenant laborers, do about two-thirds work, not more. They are too young in freedom yet to be fully stimulated by it.

"Excuse what I have written. It is private. Send down your working-men among us."

CAPITAL AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IF there are persons in the Southern States who reflect seriously upon the situation, they must see that the cardinal necessity of their present condition is the influx of capital to engage the industry and develop the resources of the whole region. That capital is ready. It expected to have been actively employed long before this, and so it would have been but for the conduct of the President, whom the disturbed States seem to consider their best friend because he has profoundly perplexed and delayed the problem of restoration. The elections have shown to the sagacious men in the South that they have been grossly mistaken. In the game of President against the People they entirely miscalculated, and have wholly lost. The only conceivable result of the President's persistency is prolonged confusion and postponement of restoration, the end of which will be prolonged sorrow and poverty to the unrestored region.

The Southern leaders who advise a sullen passivity, and their Northern allies who cry Amen, are just as foolish as they were during the war. It is one thing to retire to the magnificent solitude of a luxurious country house, but it is quite another to become an Orson out of spite and subsist on choke-berries. The leaders who advise "the South" to persist in its present attitude conveniently forget to mention the material view of the case. The theory that the States are just as well off out of the Union as in it might have an air of truth if it were affirmed of a great, solid, prosperous State like New York, in the midst of peace. But it is an evident falsehood when applied to States which have been scourged and skinned by war. For such a State to betake itself to political ponting is to try to live upon fog and the east wind. The nature of man and of society, the laws of trade and commercial welfare, remain the same, and such a state is virtually paralyzed until she renews her relation to the Union.

The reason is obvious. It is what we have already mentioned, that industry must be regular and lucrative, and all the resources of a State in process of profitable development, before the State will languish and decline. Mr. WADE HAMPTON, therefore, and all who agree with him, are just as wise as a club of stiff old Tories at the end of the Revolution, who should have sworn by all their pig-tails that they were still subjects of Great Britain. If they had undertaken government upon their colonial theory, the event would have been laughable until it was tragical. Now "the South," as a political idea which is still the dream and hope that haunts Copperheads, can not possibly revive except with the returning power of the unrepresented States. But will any philosopher suggest how that power can return without internal tranquillity and activity; how they can have either without capital; and what will tempt capital so long as Mr. WADE HAMPTON'S ideas prevail?

Indeed, there is no more ridiculous figure conceivable than that very person. He is an American and a citizen of the United States. He has no other nationality, and except by expatriation can have no other; and yet he talks of his National Government, the only one he has ever known, as a foreign power, and of his geographical section of his native land as his "country." He might as sensibly call his plantation his country. So long as the counsels of so foolish a man prevail the State in which he lives will stagnate and dwindle, and not until the people of the Southern States perceive that industry and education are the true springs of prosperity, will they invite the capital, and respect and protect the labor, which can alone repair the waste of war and slavery.

MARTELLE.

THIS new parlor game possesses the attractive features of croquet, ten-pins, and billiards combined, and is easily comprehended and played. The game is got up in elegant style, and can not fail to prove a popular novelty for the approaching holidays. We believe it is to be issued as a field-game next season, and have no doubt but that it will supersede croquet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OPENING OF CONGRESS.

THE second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress opened December 3. The galleries of both Houses were thronged at an early hour. One hundred and forty-six members of the House were present. Six new members were sworn in: Messrs. Campbell, Arnell, and Hawkins, of Tennessee; A. H. Ward, successor to Green C. Smith; Elijah Hise, successor to Henry Grider, and General L. H. Rousseau. The last three are from Kentucky. A Committee was appointed to wait upon the President, consisting of E. B. Washburne, Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill repealing the thirteenth section of the Act "To suppress rebellion, etc.," of July 17, 1862, known as the Amnesty Act, in which section power had been given to the President. As the power to pardon all offenses against the United States Government is by the Constitution expressly and solely vested in the President, it is difficult to see how this unnecessary section was ever admitted into the bill, and still more difficult to understand the meaning of repealing it—unless to show defiance of the Constitution. But the House passed Mr. Eliot's bill by a vote of 111 to 29. A resolution was adopted calling for information as to the arrest and escape of John H. Surratt. A bill was introduced and referred directing the sale of two millions of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury every Monday; also a bill for the meeting of Congress on the 4th of March. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill to regulate removals from office. It was made the special order of the day for Friday next. On motion of Mr. Lawrence, of Ohio, the Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a mode of procedure in cases of impeachment. The President's Message was then received. Mr. Stevens moved to postpone the reading till the next day, but the motion was lost.

The Senate was called to order by President Foster. After the presentation of credentials Messrs. Anthony and Sumner were appointed the Committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon the President. Mr. Sumner moved to call up the Senate bill No. 1, an act to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia. The motion to take up the bill was put, and decided by the Chairman to be lost. Mr. Chandler introduced a resolution calling upon the President for the following information: Whether the French Emperor has complied with his agreement to withdraw one-third of the French troops in November; whether any number of said troops has been withdrawn; whether, as it appears no troops have been withdrawn, the French Emperor has offered any explanation of his course; fourth, what action the Government has taken to have the understanding with the French Emperor carried out. The resolution went over. Mr. Sherman presented a bill to prevent the illegal appointment of officers of the United States. Mr. Williams introduced a bill to regulate the tenure of office.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Second Annual Message of President Johnson is comparatively brief. Its temper is admirable, though unyielding. There is no evidence of a surrender on his part either to Congress or to the Northern section. He reiterates, in clear and intelligible language, the principles of Union and Representation which he has before declared to be his guide, and, without going into any long argument, he contents himself with fortifying his position by reference to the great men of the Republic in other days. While the President's views and recommendations on our home affairs are of the first importance, it is to be observed that some portions of the Message regarding foreign matters are of perhaps as great and immediate moment. The expressions used by him in reference to our relations with Great Britain are very emphatic. Our relations with France seem to depend on the answer to the protest which has been sent out.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

This document has been waited for with an interest second only to the desire to see the President's Message. It opens with the favorable statement of the relative receipts and expenses of the Government for the last fiscal year, which we have already published. It makes the decrease of the public debt during that year amount to $31,196,387, and for the succeeding four months (ending October 31, 1866), $99,114,208. The decrease of the debt from the highest point is given at $206,879,566. The Secretary states that, with proper economy, a reasonable deduction may be made both in direct taxes and duties on imports, and yet the whole debt be paid by the generation that created it. He assumes the sole responsibility for ordering the sales of gold, but throws any blame for favoritism or mismanagement of this business upon those who have executed his orders.

Imports into the United States for the Year ending June 30, 1866.

Dutiable merchandise		$368,508,051
Free merchandise		88,901,769
Specie		10,329,156
Total imports		$437,638,966
Exports from the United States for the same Period.		
Domestic produce		$468,040,963
Foreign dutiable goods	$9,434,263	
Foreign free goods	1,907,157	11,341,420
Domestic specie	$2,643,374	
Foreign specie	5,400,697	86,044,071
Total exports		$565,426,394

The Secretary estimates the amount of United States bonds in Europe at $500,000,000; State and municipal bonds at $150,000,000; and all others, including railroads, at $100,000,000—giving a total of $800,000,000.

He lays down his financial policy in five distinct propositions: 1. A central par redemption of the National Bank note currency. 2. A curtailment of the currency to the amount required by a legitimate and healthful trade. 3. A careful revision of the tariff, relieving raw materials, and removing other oppressive burdens. 4. The issue of 5 per cent. bonds, with interest payable abroad, in England and Germany, sufficient to absorb the 6 per cent. bonds now there, and to meet any foreign demand for further investment. 5. The rehabilitation of the Southern States. Each of these propositions is explained and commended by brief practical arguments.

INTERNAL REVENUE REPORT.

The aggregate receipts of internal revenue for the past three years have been:

For 1864	$117,145,748 52
" 1865	211,129,529 17
" 1866	310,906,384 17

The amounts received from several of the most important sources of revenue are herewith presented:

Banks, Trust Companies, and Savings Institutions for 1866.

Dividends and additions to surplus	$4,186,023 72
Circulation	990,328 11
Deposits	2,099,635 83
Capital	374,074 11

Salaries of persons in the service of the United States for 1866, $3,717,394 60.

Revenue Stamps, 1866—$15,044,373 18.

$1,092,791 65, gold watches and piano-fortes, were added before the annual returns were made in 1865; and in 1866 $426,567 17 were received from the former; and from the latter $403,572 27.

Licenses, 1866—$18,065,743 32.

Income, 1866—$60,894,135 85.

The whole amount received from the tax upon Incomes since the passage of the law of 1862, and including the collections during the present fiscal year, already reported to this office, is $164,895,013 06.

Secretary Rollins believes that the receipts of the fiscal year 1867 will reach the sum of $285,000,000.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Secretary Stanton reports that up to the 1st of November last 1,023,021 volunteers had been mustered out, leaving 11,043 (white and colored) in the service at that date. The present strength of the army is 54,302, including 10,000 colored troops; only 97 soldiers remained in hospital on 30th of June last.

The total expenditures of the War Department last year were $266,874,317, of which sum $265,272,324 were paid to the million of soldiers mustered out.

General Grant reports that a military force has been kept in all the lately rebellious States for the purpose of insuring the execution of law, and protecting life and property against the acts of those who, as yet, will acknowledge no law but force—a class smaller, in his opinion, than could have been expected after such a conflict as that through which we have passed, but sufficiently formidable to justify the course which had been pursued.

It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand freedmen and their children are now attending school in the Southern States. Schools for refugee white children are also established.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

It is stated in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy that the naval force at this time consists of two hundred and seventy-eight vessels, armed with two thousand three hundred and fifty-one guns. Of these one hundred and fifteen vessels, carrying one thousand and twenty-nine guns, are in commission, distributed chiefly among seven squadrons. The number of men in the service is thirteen thousand six hundred. Great activity and vigilance have been displayed by all the squadrons, and their movements have been judiciously and efficiently arranged in such manner as would best promote American commerce, and protect the rights and interests of our countrymen abroad. The vessels unemployed are undergoing repairs, or are laid up until their services may be required. Most of the iron-clad fleet is at League Island, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, a place which, until decisive action should be taken by Congress, was selected by the Secretary of the Navy as the most eligible location for that class of vessels. The Naval Pension Fund amounts to $11,750,000, having been increased $2,750,000 during the year. The expenditures of the Department for the fiscal year ending 30th June last were $35,324,326, and the estimates for the coming year amount to $23,568,436.

THE POST-OFFICE.

The Report of the Postmaster-General presents a most satisfactory condition of the postal service, and submits recommendations which deserve the consideration of Congress. The revenues of the Department for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $14,556,986, and the expenditures $15,352,079, showing an excess of the latter of $795,093. In anticipation of this deficiency, however, a special appropriation was made by Congress in the act approved July 28, 1866, including the standing appropriation of $700,000 for free mail matter, as a legitimate portion of the revenues yet remaining unexpended, the actual deficiency for the past year is only $205,093—a sum within $51,141 of the amount estimated in the annual report of 1864. The length of railroad routes is thirty-two thousand and ninety-two miles, and the annual transportation thirty million six hundred and nine thousand four hundred and sixty-seven miles. The length of steamboat routes is fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-six miles, and the annual transportation three million four hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty-two miles.

THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

During the last fiscal year four million six hundred and twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twelve acres of public land were disposed of, one million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and sixteen acres of which were entered under the Homestead Act.

NEWS ITEMS.

A dispatch from Nashville, of November 26, states that half a dozen franchise bills have passed a first reading in the House. All of them embrace in their provisions colored suffrage, and two of them the universal amnesty feature. It is now generally thought that a bill guaranteeing qualified negro suffrage will become a law, but present indications suggest strong doubts as to the success of the amnesty doctrine.

The great Lake Tunnel which is to supply Chicago with water has been completed. It is a mighty feat of engineering skill. Dall and Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, took the contract for building it at $316,159, and ground was broke March 17, 1864, and the work has steadily advanced to completion. Its capacity is such that it will furnish one million people fifty-seven gallons of water each per day.

The Republican Committee at New Orleans has passed resolutions petitioning Congress to impeach the President and appoint a Provisional Governor for Louisiana.

The Governor's Message was laid before the Legislature of South Carolina November 27. It takes a gloomy view of the present condition of affairs, and attributes the depression of agriculture and business in the State to the intolerance of her conquerors, and urges that the white population should be stimulated to work, by letting them see that labor is honorable and idleness reprehensible. The Message is mainly devoted to State affairs, and says the result of the experiment of free labor has been highly encouraging under the circumstances. It concludes by referring to the Constitutional Amendment, which, he says, neither the interest nor honor of the State will allow her to ratify.

Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General under President Polk, died on November 23 at his residence at Clarksville, Tennessee, aged 72 years.

It has been ascertained at the War Department that there have been 169,624 colored men enlisted in the United States service. Of these 20,336 have been discharged, principally on account of physical disability; 31,866 died while in the service; 14,887 deserted; 1514 have been killed in action, and 1344 were reported after engagements as missing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 26:

(LONDON.)—Twelve thousand breech-loading rifles are to be sent by the British Government to Ireland for the use of the constables. Arrests of Fenians continue to be made in Ireland, and the troops are vigilant.

There has been renewed fighting in Candia. It is said that the Turks have been badly beaten, and had suffered greatly, no less than three thousand having been killed, and two thousand taken prisoners.

(BERLIN.)—The Prussian Government intends to have a Consul-General located in the city of New York.

November 27:

(LONDON.)—A marked sensation is manifested here at the prospect of an immediate outbreak in Ireland.

All the London papers to-day, except the *Post*, simultaneously use strong and bitter language against the Fenians, and warn them that they will receive no mercy.

November 27 (Noon):

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland have assumed considerable proportions, and there is no doubt that a serious outbreak has occurred. Two regiments of National troops were urgently ordered to Ireland yesterday afternoon, and transports were being prepared all night last night at Portsmouth. A large detachment of marines were also sent over to Queenstown on the war-steamer *Plymouth*. A gun-boat at Chatham has been ordered to sail for Queenstown immediately. Much alarm is felt at Cork and throughout Ireland generally. The London *Times* this morning believes that the Chief Organizer, Stephens, will soon arrive on the scene, if indeed he has not already. The *Globe* editorially hints that a more serious trouble with the United States is really at the bottom of the Fenian outbreak.

A telegraphic dispatch was received yesterday from Washington by the United States Minister at Paris. The dispatch was a very long one, occupying many hours in transmission, and it is believed that it relates to the Mexican question.

November 28:

(PARIS.)—It is reported that an arrangement has been made between the Governments of France and the United States that a tract of territory in Mexico shall be devoted to French colonization.

It is also stated that an arrangement has been agreed upon that the French bondholders shall not be disturbed in their rights.

(LONDON.)—The movement of the Government against the Fenians continues. Another regiment of infantry will go to Belfast immediately.

A box of uniforms and arms has been seized at Liverpool. The box came from the United States.

December 1:

(LONDONDERRY.)—There is a vague rumor that the Chief Organizer (Stephens) lately arrived in Paris, and is now secreted there.

December 2:

(ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.)—Have arrested John H. Surratt, one of President Lincoln's assassins. No doubt of identity. CHARLES HALE,
United States Consul-General.

December 3:

(LONDON.)—John Bright was present at the great reform demonstration which took place in London today. There were probably fifty thousand people in the procession, in spite of a heavy rain, only a portion of whom could enter the grounds where the meeting was held. Resolutions were passed amidst great enthusiasm. At the conclusion the people dispersed peaceably.—Mr. Bright will address an immense audience to-night.

INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

The London *Times* thinks that the British Government is considering whether the circumstances attending the escape of the *Alabama* render that Government liable for her depredations. In the discussion of this question the *Times* thinks more stress ought to be laid on grounds of policy and less on grounds of precedent. The English press seem to be anxious to reopen the discussion in some form, but the wisest course probably for our Government is to consider the matter as having been finally determined by Earl Russell's decision.

Some dispatch of importance has lately been sent to Minister Bigelow at Paris from Washington—probably instructing him as to our relations to the Mexican question. The London *Herald* considers the United States the natural protector of Mexico.

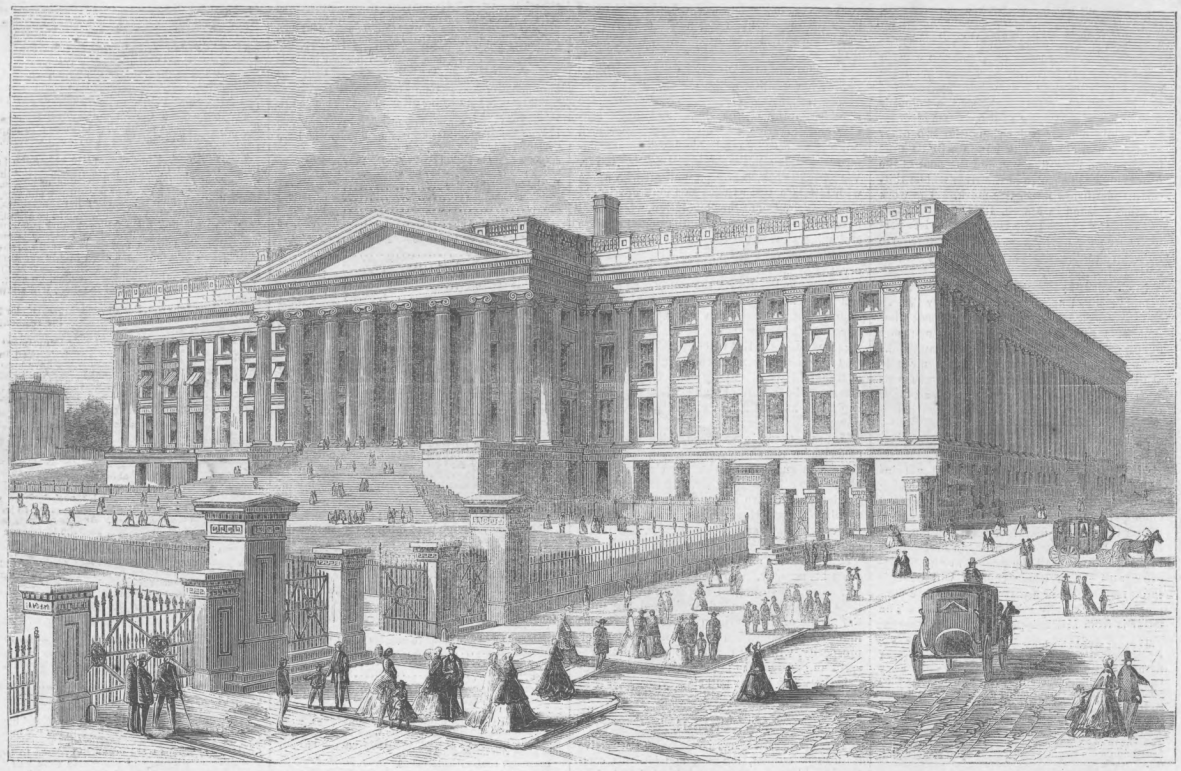
THE METEORIC SHOWER.

The reports by mail of the meteoric shower which took place on the night of November 13-14, and which was visible in Europe, confirm the telegram received here the next day. Professor Grant, of the Glasgow Observatory, writes:

"At 1.15 the heavens has assumed an extremely imposing aspect. Multitudes of beautiful meteors were now visible, but especially in the eastern region of the heavens, where the constellation Leo was to be seen as he gradually ascended in his course toward the meridian. Hundreds of the meteors far surpassed in brilliancy the stars of the first magnitude. In multitudes of instances they were brighter than Jupiter, and some of them even equaled Venus when she is at her greatest brilliancy. Their prevailing color was white, but some had a yellowish tinge of light, while others had a bluish tinge. In every instance they were accompanied by a straight, narrow train of well-defined light, of a beautiful emerald-green color. The length of the train varied much for the different meteors. Many of them extended over an arc of 30°, 40°, or 50°, and some were even of still greater length."

Professor Grant adds: "It was obvious that the earth had passed through the main part of the meteoric shower between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock. It may be remarked that the constellation Leo indicates the region of the heavens in the direction of which the earth is at present traveling in virtue of its annual motion round the sun."

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THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

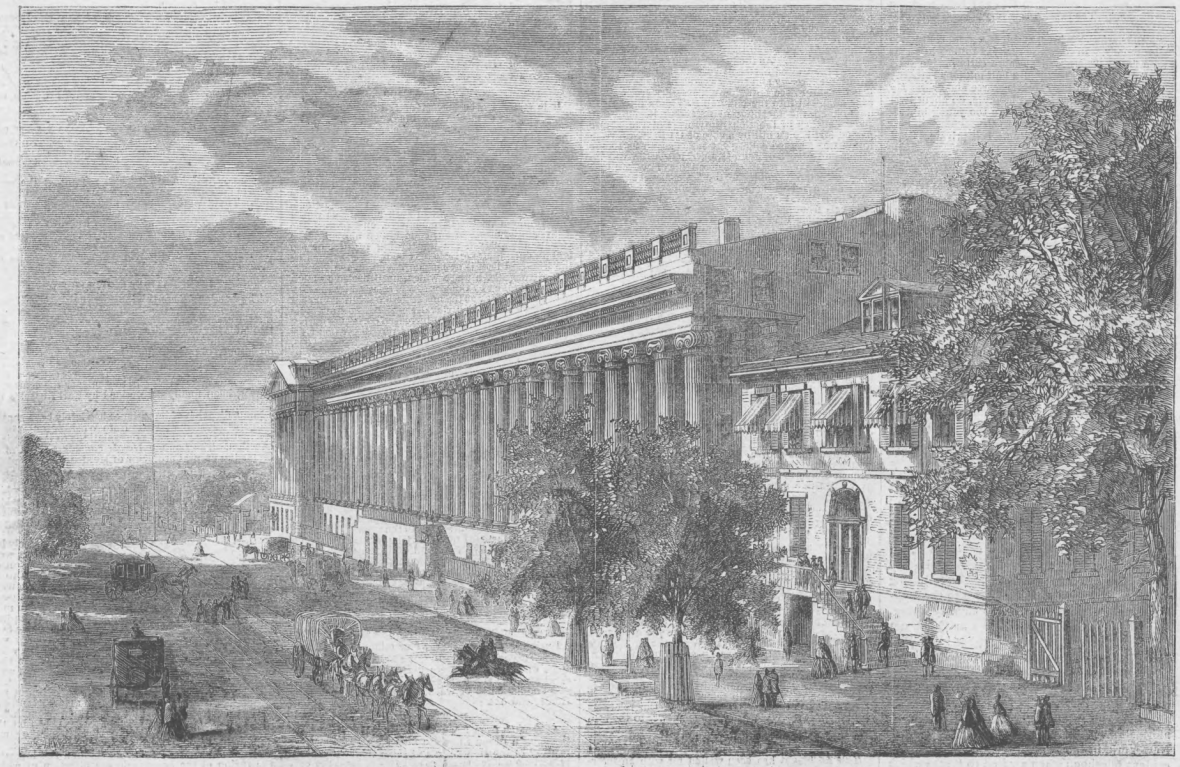
ON our first page we give a view of the interior of the Dome of the new Capitol at Washington. We also give on this page illustrations of the State and Treasury Department buildings. The Dome of the Capitol is the most prominent external feature of the building. The edifice itself is but 69 feet in height; but above this rises the magnificent dome to the height of 241 feet, making the height of the entire structure 310 feet.

The old State Department building, of which we give a sketch, is on the corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and is now about to be removed to make way for the new structure. There are many interesting associations connected with this building. It has been the scene of Secretary SEWARD'S labors throughout the war, and of the presentation of Foreign Ministers for many years. It was here that SEWARD'S mysterious little bell tinkled so portentously to secessionists and their sympathizers. The Colonnade is a portion of the Treasury building, beyond which lies the Potomac.

The view given of the Treasury Department is from the southeast. It is a beautiful structure. The columns are magnificent granite monoliths, and the entire building strikes the beholder with an impression of solidity. It is an instance of the vigor displayed by the Government in prosecuting the public works that during the war the labor still went on. When Washington was first occupied by the National troops, the Treasury building, in common with some others, was barricaded and defended by cannon placed upon the steps under the façade.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

EDOUARD LABOULAYE, the most American of all Frenchmen, as he is styled in his own country, and whose knowledge of America is greater perhaps than that of any man in Europe, was born at Paris, January 18, 1811. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at an early age, having diversified his legal studies by learning type-setting in the printing establishment of his brother, CHARLES LABOULAYE. In the first book published by M. LABOULAYE, "A History of the Law of Real Estate, from Constantine to the present time"—an erudite work, which was published in 1839, and crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres—he is characterized as type-setter on the title page. This was followed in 1842 by a memoir of the celebrated jurist, FREDERICK CHARLES DE SAVIGNY. In the same year he became advocate in the Royal Court of Paris.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.]

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M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

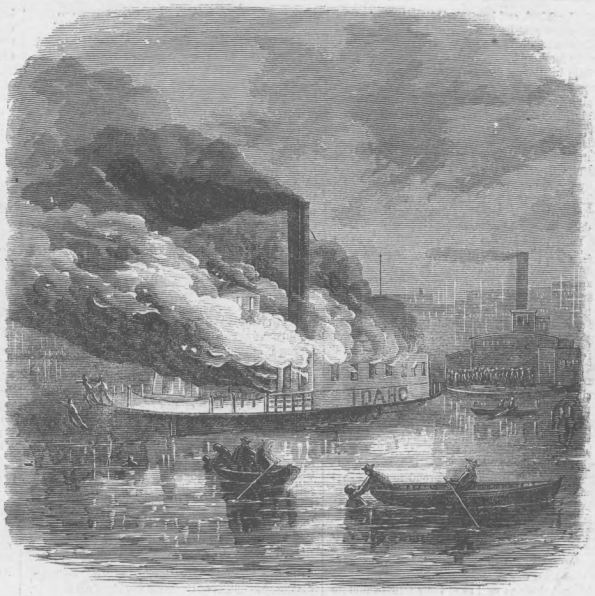
In 1843 he published a work on the "Civil and Political Condition of Woman, from the Romans to the Present Time," which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and, in 1845, an "Essay on the Criminal Law of the Romans respecting the Responsibility of Magistrates," which was also crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. In 1849 he was chosen a member of the latter academy, and in the same year was made Professor of Comparative Legislation in the College of France, a position which he still holds. Within the next ten years he published numerous works, among which may be cited "Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic Nations," "Religious Liberty," "Souvenirs of a Traveler," "Studies on Literary Property in France and England," "Abdallah," and several volumes of "Moral and Political Studies," and translations of "Walter's History of Civil Procedure among the Romans," Loisel's "Instituts Contumiérs," "La Contumiér de Charles VI.," "Channing's Social Works," Channing's "Slavery," etc. He also edited various legal works, and contributed largely to the "Révue de Législation et Jurisprudence," the "Révue Historique de droit Français et étranger," the "Journal des Débats," the "Révue Germanique," the "Révue Nationale," etc.

When the civil war in America broke out M. LABOULAYE was among the first to rank himself with the defenders of the North in Europe; and his name formed one of that brilliant galaxy—the Count DE GASPARIN, EDOUARD LABOULAYE, AUGUSTIN COCHIN, and HENRI MARTIN—which will rival the constellation of LAFAYETTE and BEAUMARCHAIS in the eyes of posterity. He contributed numerous able articles on American affairs to the *Journal des Débats*, and commenced a course of lectures on American History in the College of France, which were fraught with allusions to current events, and which were crowded by the *élite* of Paris. Probably nothing contributed more to disseminate a true knowledge of American affairs among the French people than these brilliant lectures, which were the sensation of the day, and which form part of the author's "Political History of the United States from the first attempt at Colonization to the adoption of the Federal Constitution," just published. But M. LABOULAYE'S crowning work was the brilliant satire, "Paris in America," published in 1863—a work which displays an intimate knowledge of American manners and customs that would be marvelous in an American, and is doubly marvelous when it is remembered that the author has never visited America. The book met with unprecedented success, passing through seventeen editions in a few months. By the request of the author it was translated into English by Miss MARY L. BOOTH, of New York, the translator of MARTIN'S History of France, who had translated his previous writings on America, and with whom he had maintained a correspondence since the beginning of the war.

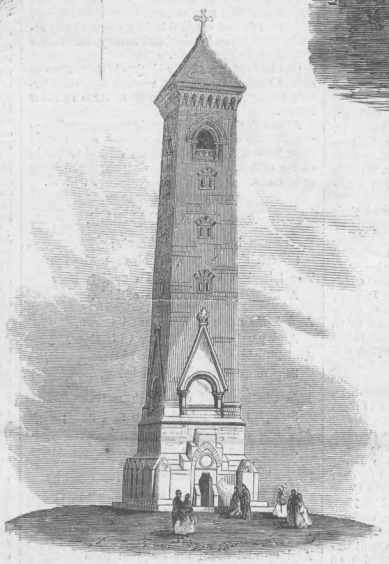
During the continuance of the struggle, and, indeed, to the present time, the pen of M. LABOULAYE has never been idle; while the war lasted he labored to secure the triumph of the North, and since its close he has striven to insure the fruits of the victory, as the recent collective letter to the Loyal Publication Society, published on the eve of the late elections, and adjuring the nation to stand by Congress, abundantly proves. Nor is this all. Firmly persuaded that America possesses the true idea of government, it is his earnest endeavor to hold up its institutions as an example to be followed by France as soon as she shall have shaken off the incubus of imperialism. In a letter of recent date to Miss BOOTH he says:

"The influence of America is beginning to be powerfully felt in our journals. Before many years it will be evident that you possess the true political ideal. For my part I am aiding this movement to the best of my ability, not that I delude myself so far as to believe that there is nothing *human* and imperfect in American institutions; but you have this great advantage, that the government among you is not a barrier and an obstacle every where to fetter the free development of the individual. I must tell you that one volume of my Political History of the United States—the history of the Constitution—has already been translated into Spanish at Buenos Ayres, and that a Peruvian is translating the first volume—the History of the Colonies—for Peru. It is somewhat singular that I should be used as a medium to make North America known to South America; but this is explained by Latin civilization—French books are always welcome to the Spaniards. My 'Paris in America' has also been translated at Buenos Ayres; in Paris it has reached the seventeenth edition. You see that if I have not Americanized my country it is not my fault."

M. LABOULAYE is as many-sided as GOETHE. Not only has he distinguished himself in forensic,



BURNING OF THE FERRY-BOAT "IDAHO."—[SEE PAGE 790.]



THE TYNDALE MONUMENT.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



OUT OF MISCHIEF.



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historical, ethical, and humoristic literature; but for several years past he has amused himself by writing Christmas tales for children, of whom he is passionately fond, and which are marked by his characteristic brilliancy and originality. Wishing to become known to the young folks of America as he was already to their fathers, M. LABOULAYE some time since collected these tales, which were scattered through various books and journals, and sent them to Miss BOOTH that she might compile therefrom a Christmas book for America. This sparkling and graceful collection of stories, edited under the eye and by the request of the author, and for which he has furnished an introduction, written specially for his young friends in America, will be published in a few days by the Messrs. HARPER BROTHERS, of New York, under the title of "Laboulaye's Fairy Book." This selection of tales, as we have said, was submitted before publication by Miss BOOTH to the approval of the author, who says in response: "I am delighted that my tales will be offered by you to the American public. The choice which you have made appears to me excellent, and I shall take great pleasure in seeing myself in an American dress. I am especially delighted that 'Abdallah' finds a place in this collection. This little tale cost me more than a year's study; there is not a detail therein that has not been borrowed from some volume of Eastern travel; and I read the Koran through twice, a wearisome task, in order to extract therefrom a morality that might put Christians to the blush though practiced by Arabs. My granddaughter, who is now five years old, and who is going to learn English, is very proud to think that her name will be known in America, and is anxious to have a copy of her own, which she shall have if she learns English."

The book, it should be said, is dedicated to M. LABOULAYE'S grand-daughter, GABRIELLE. It is a charming offering to our young folks, and we are sure that they will all be grateful to our friend for thinking of them as well as of their fathers, and for making them this delightful Christmas present, which we hope in a few days to put into their hands, and which we are sure that they will read with delight.

MEMORIAL TO WM. TYNDALE.

A CEREMONY of an interesting character, not merely to those who took part in it, but to Protestants generally, took place on Tuesday, November 6, at North Nibley, a village about two miles from Wotton-under-Edge, in the County of Gloucester, England. The ceremony was the inauguration by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county (the Earl of Ducie) of the memorial raised to the memory of WILLIAM TYNDALE, upon the summit of Nibley Knoll. TYNDALE, as most of our readers are aware, was one of the first translators into English and printers of the Bible, and it is generally believed that he was born, about the year 1484, in the parish of North Nibley. There are some persons who claim for Stinchcombe the honor of being the place of his nativity; but there is, we believe, no evidence to support the claim. Indeed, there is little beyond conjecture to guide any one in fixing upon the exact place of his birth; and in North Nibley two houses are indicated as the identical premises in which he first drew breath. The Black Horse Inn—an old building certainly, but one, we should think, of a later date than TYNDALE—used formerly to bear an inscription setting forth that that was TYNDALE'S birth-place; but the inscription has now disappeared. TYNDALE spent some time at the University of Oxford, and afterward went to Cambridge, it is thought, for the purpose of profiting by the Greek lectures of ERASMUS. About 1522 he was living as tutor in the family of Sir J. WALSH, of Little Sodbury, and spent his leisure time in the translation of the Scriptures; but he was obliged to leave that neighborhood in consequence of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by the people. On his departure he told one of his most violent opponents "that if God spared him, ere many years he would cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than he did." Finding that there was no hope of printing and publishing his translations in England, TYNDALE went to Hamburg and Cologne, pursuing his work in secret; but he was discovered, and fled to Worms. He resided for some time at Antwerp, and various attempts were made by his enemies to induce him to return to England. VAUGHAN, who was then English Embassador there, worked against him, and at length TYNDALE was betrayed into the hands of the Government of the Netherlands; was, through the intrigues of two Englishmen, convicted of heresy, and was, on the 6th of October, 1536, strangled and burned at Vilverden, near Brussels. Such is a brief sketch of the chief events in the life of TYNDALE; and a few years ago, some three centuries and a half after his martyrdom, it occurred to a few gentlemen who were living in the neighborhood of Nibley that a monument to his memory should be raised, and that no more fitting place for it could be found than the knoll which overlooks the property on which he is supposed to have been born. A committee was appointed, a sum of money was raised, the execution of the work was intrusted to Mr. S. S. TEULON, architect, of Craig's Court, London, and on May 29, 1863, the foundation-stone was laid by Colonel BERKELEY, whose father (Earl FITZHARDINGE) had, jointly with the freeholders, placed four acres of land at the disposal of the committee. The memorial is a cenotaph, consisting of a square tower, 26 feet 6 inches square at the base, narrowing by gradation to 2 feet at the top, where a cornice sustains a pyramidal roof, vaulted within. The tower is 111 feet in length, is ascended by a spiral staircase leading on to a gallery, whence, through large apertures, extensive views of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country can be obtained. It had been intended that the four cardinal points should be adorned with sculptures representing incidents in the life of TYNDALE; but for some reason or other this has not been done. The total cost has been £1550, and there is a debt remaining of about £300.

BURNING OF A FERRY-BOAT.

THE steamer *Idaho*, belonging to the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, was destroyed by fire on the evening of Monday, November 26, near the South Seventh Street dock in Williamsburg. She had left the dock at five minutes past 7 o'clock, and when she had proceeded about 500 yards the fire broke out, being occasioned by the upsetting of a large kerosene lamp in the "centre house," where the deck hands keep the tools, etc. The lamp was lighted, and the oil took fire, communicating the flames to the sides of the boat, and climbing up to the cabins. It was only when the olfactory nerves of the engineer were disturbed that the danger began to be known. The engines were reversed immediately, the hose was whipped out and brought to play upon the flames, but it was too late either to return to the dock or to extinguish the flames. Fortunately not more than 34 passengers were on board, as it was early in the evening. If the *Idaho* had been going from New York to Williamsburg instead of from Williamsburg to New York, there would have probably been a thousand on board, and scores, if not hundreds, of persons would have been burned to death or drowned. As it was, with only 34 passengers, when the other ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came to the rescue, the latter was compelled to leave the vicinity of the *Idaho*, in order to save itself, leaving several unfortunates exposed to death by fire or water. The case of those left behind was almost a hopeless one. Seizing the few life-preservers to be obtained they jumped overboard, and were picked up at length by a boat. No one was seriously injured; but it is terrible to think of what might have been the result under altered circumstances.

THE PLEBISCITUM AT VENICE.

THE plebiscitum, or voting by universal suffrage, for the annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Italy, took place on the 21st and 22d of October, the possession of that city and its provinces having been relinquished by Austria and handed over, through the mediation of a French Commissioner, to the custody of their own municipal authorities.

The people were called upon to express their wishes touching "their union to the kingdom of Italy under the constitutional monarchical government of King VICTOR EMANUEL and his lawful successors." If favorable to the union, they were to express such desire by answering "Si," which means "ay," or "yes;" if of the contrary opinion, by answering "No." The 21st and 22d of October were the days appointed for the votes to be taken. Due notice was given, and the voting-places were crowded. On Sunday morning, the 21st, and throughout the day, every Venetian walked about with a large "Si," printed upon a little square piece of paper, stuck in his hat or in his button-hole. The method of voting was by dropping one of these tickets into the urn or ballot-box.

The tickets were collected and counted by the commissioners appointed for that purpose at the Doge's Palace, in the grand old hall where the Doges of Venice were formerly elected. The President was Commendatore TECCHIO, Judge of the Court of Appeal, a Venetian lawyer, who has, since 1848, been living in exile from his native city, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin in the time of Count CAVOUR. At the final sitting of the commission, on the 27th of October, when the returns of the voting from each of the several provinces of the Venetian territory had been scrutinized, the announcement of their almost unanimous result was received with loud applause by those present in the hall; and Signor TECCHIO came out upon the balcony, as soon as the aggregate numbers had been verified, to proclaim the fact to the assembled multitude in the Piazetta below. This is the subject of our second illustration. It was a quarter before four in the afternoon. The people welcomed the appearance of President TECCHIO, and the announcement he had to make, with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The band of the National Guard struck up a national air; the bells of all the churches in Venice rang their most joyful peals, and the guns of the ships and forts repeatedly saluted the popular suffrage for the annexation of Venice to the Italian kingdom.

THE CZAREWITCH AND PRINCESS DAGMAR.

OF the young man who, if he lives, is destined one day to succeed to the throne of the Czars, and who was united on the 9th November to the beautiful young Danish Princess, once known by the name of DAGMAR, but who in future will be styled "Mdme. the Grand Duchess MARIA FEODOROWNA," the world as yet knows very little. "His Imperial Highness Monseigneur the Czarewitch, the Hereditary Grand Duke ALEXANDER-ALEXANDROWITCH," was born on March 10 (February 26, Old Style), 1845, and is consequently upward of twenty-one years of age. He is the second son of the reigning Emperor, his elder brother, who was betrothed to Princess DAGMAR, having died at Nice last year. The youthful Czarewitch has, of course, no reputation beyond his native country, all that is known of him as a public character being that he is chief of a regiment of dragoons.

Princess DAGMAR, late of Denmark, now converted, as above stated, into the Grand Duchess MARIA FEODOROWNA of Russia, is the second daughter of the King of Denmark, and the sister of the Princess of Wales. She was born on the 26th of November, 1847, and has thus completed her nineteenth year. Though so young the Princess has already known acute sorrow. She was to have occupied the same position toward the late Czarewitch, NICHOLAS-ALEXANDROWITCH, that she now does to his younger brother. The ceremony of betrothal had taken place, and the time for the marriage was all but fixed, when death claimed the expectant bridegroom, and Princess DAGMAR was thus placed for a time in the position of a widow without ever having been a wife. It is to be hoped that the union effected on the 9th ult. will compensate her for the grief and bereavement which she previously experienced.

A story told of her Imperial Highness is to the effect that, on the day of her confirmation at St. Petersburg, the Princess, in passing along one of the salons of the Winter Palace, led by the Grand Duke ALEXANDER, her future husband, found herself all at once in the presence of the portrait of the Prince to whom she was first betrothed, and she could not refrain from weeping. "You are right," said the Grand Duke ALEXANDER, "for he loved you dearly. We will weep for him together, and we will often talk of him."

ZION SCHOOL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

IT is the peculiarity of this school that it is entirely under the superintendence of colored teachers. It was organized by the Old School Presbyterian Church, December 1, 1865. It was the last of the colored schools established on the close of the rebellion by the Northern philanthropists—at whose expense they are maintained—and it had to provide for a harder set among its pupils, in some cases the refuse of other schools. This delayed its progress for some time; but when your artist visited it in July last, it was exhibiting a steady improvement under its principal, Mr. VAN HORN, of New Jersey.

The children were apparently very obedient and attentive to their teachers, and out of eight hundred and fifty scholars enrolled had an average daily attendance of seven hundred and twenty, the number of teachers being thirteen.

One little girl, perfectly black, of four years, was quite a prodigy in her way, reading with considerable facility, and spelling words of three and four letters.

Although the Southern people seem generally opposed to the education of the negroes, still, if they must have it, they prefer to see colored people in charge of their own race to having Northern whites as teachers. A. R. W.

A WINTER RAMBLE.

DECEMBER hardly chills the air;
So soft the south wind blows to-day;
The loitering, white-fleeced cloudlets wear
A likeness of the clouds of May.

And fields are partly bare and brown,
And partly trampled o'er with snow,
And hill-sides, smooth from base to crown,
Slip down into the vales below.

This winding road will nowhere look
Straightforward—only turn and hide;
And now a bridge leaps o'er a brook
And pauses on the further side.

'Twas here hoar Winter must have staid,
And here his snowy beard have shook,
And with the running water played,
And hushed the murmuring of the brook.

And up and down the frequent hills
The tireless way-side wanders on,
The quiet farms, or clattering mills,
Are passed on many a pleasant lawn.

Between its walls of moss and stone
The narrow lane turns off afield,
Whence lowing herds come slowly home
When dusky eve the day has sealed.

And wheresoe'er our footsteps stray
We find the old familiar ways—
The self-same toil, the self-same play
That crept into the olden days.

A DANGEROUS HAND.

HAVE you ever been in Switzerland? No? Then go to Thun, one of the drollest little towns in the world, and one of the pleasantest. It stands in a noble park—the Valley of the Aar—and at the extremity of an ornamental piece of water designed by the very First of Landscape Gardeners. The houses and the streets have entered into a conspiracy with the mountains, with the lake, the clouds, and the river, to fascinate and detain the onward traveler, that he may leave a little of his cash in the place. Every nook and lane is a gem begging the photographer to come and copy it; every opening is a scene, every wide space a panorama.

The town of Thun itself, small yet varied, quaint yet pretty, is one of the most original habitations of men. The balconies, the arched projecting roofs, and the pointed turrets, run each other hard in their rivalry for the prize of attractive coquetry.

It was at this same Thun that I first caught sight of her. Now, happily, I have the right to say *her*. You have seen, at some theatre, a lovely fairy, in a porkpie hat, step out suddenly from behind the wings, charming all the male beholders ranging between the ages of fourteen and fourscore. That morning the drying-ground, a little below the market-place, was full of sheets—twenty times more than would be required to serve as screens for a Private Theatricals. Behind them, I heard a silver voice which said, "This way, papa! I am sure this is the way to the Freienhof."

And then there came forth from behind the white curtain a vision which made me forget every thing else. I had, of course, seen pretty girls before, but I had never yet seen *my* pretty girl. It was not the fair, clear complexion, nor the flaxen hair, nor the coral lips, which shot the dart; but it was the bright, spontaneous way in which those hazel eyes met mine; the extraordinary quickness with which we exchanged a glance; the slight blush and the gentle smile which followed as her eyes dropped immediately afterward; and the involuntary halt, as if one had something important to say and the other expected something important to be said. As for papa, I don't think I saw him at all *that* time. You have heard of love at first sight? That is just what it was.

They went their way, through the tiny market, into the street; and I think I remember that she walked very slowly, as if she would have been glad to sit down and rest. I was nailed to the spot, looking after her until she was out of sight. Of one thing only was I thoroughly conscious. I had seen my wife, if ever I was to have a wife. That face, that figure, and that voice, had a rent in the clouds of futurity through whose long perspective a secret presentiment showed me my future. Talk of your magic mirrors, your enchanted crystals! Talk of distant events revealed in drops of ink! There is no magic like a sympathetic glance.

The way to the Freienhof! It was the very hotel I was staying at. But the direction they took was *not* the way to the Freienhof. Were they going for a stroll of discovery, or had they merely mistaken their way? Time would show. Saith the proverb, "Every thing comes to him who can wait." I could wait; and did wait where I was.

While wondering at, though perfectly understanding, the novel ferment which then was working within me, my field of view was crossed by a solitary individual who was proceeding onward with uncertain steps. His make-up was fashionable, though perhaps a little seedy; but that tells for nothing on a continental trip. His black hair might be a little too ringlety; his whiskers a little too Dundrearyish. His hat had contours and lines of beauty in its rim more suited to Rotten Row than to searches after the picturesque. He made you doubt whether he were a *very* gentlemanly man indeed, or not a gentleman at all. You must have seen him on some race-course, or somebody excessively like him. The face looked a little tired and worn; but it bravely carried the cast-iron smile which is peculiar to opera-dancers and people of the world obliged to play the part of universal amiables.

"I *beg* your pardon, Sir," he said, perceiving me, "I *really* beg ten thousand pardons; but *would* you do me the very great favor to tell me the way to the Freienhof?" He italicized those words with a melodious drawl. "My friend, Sir Charles, who brought me to Thun in his carriage, tried to persuade me to remain at the Bellevue. Charming house, excellent table, magnificent view, good society! Quite, in short, *my* style of thing, Sir. But, although the Freienhof is only second-rate, I had promised to go there—*promised*, Sir. And when a lady is in the case—"

"Hang the fellow and his confidential talk!" I grumbled to myself. "What a nuisance to be so interrupted! At such an interesting moment, too!" So raising my hat, I coldly answered, "You have only to go straight forward; take the first turn to the left, and you will reach the Freienhof."

"*Much* obleeged; *very* much indeed," he rejoined, with treacley suavity. "Such kindness to an utter stranger! Pray do me the honor to accept my card. *You* are doubtless at the Bellevue? *You* are not going to the Freienhof?"

"No, I am not, Sir," I fear I growled; internally adding, "until I think proper."

"I thank you very much. This way, I think?" And, with a honeyed bow, he took his leave.

"Mr. Percy Howard!" I muttered, looking at the card, which I had not been able to avoid receiving. "Every Howard kins with Norfolk's duke. For me, you are too mealy-mouthed. But what has become of the other parties?" I had not very long to wait. As I expected, the father and daughter had taken the wrong turn, and were now retracing their steps. She did not seem in the least surprised to find me lingering there; nor did he, for he had never given me a thought. Now or never was the time to make an attempt at *something*.

"Pray excuse me, Sir," I said, a little flurried, "but I think I overheard you mentioning the Freienhof Hotel. I am staying there, and this is the way to it. You can reach it almost immediately. But it is still two hours to the table d'hôte dinner; and if—if you are not too tired, there is a wonderful prospect close at hand, which will repay you for the trouble of mounting to it!"

"Indeed! What do you say, Maria? Do you think you can manage a little climbing?"

"I should like it above all things. Ever since I caught sight of it I have been wishing to get a better view of that brilliant white mountain—the Blümlisalp, I think."

"Very well, my dear. Let us go to the inn, and ask them for a guide to the spot which the gentleman is so obliging as to—"

"Quite needless, Sir," I interposed. "I was proceeding there when I saw you pass [a freak of fancy ordinarily known as a fib]; and, if you allow me, I will lead the way."

"Is it far?" the papa replied. "Is it steep?"

"Neither one nor the other. To reach the point of view we have only to mount this long covered staircase by a series of low steps which are suited almost for children's feet. Is the young lady beginning to feel tired?"

"Not in the least. But if I were, here is a landing-place which will give us a minute's breathing. How curious! It is the centre of five different staircases, some running up—and some taking you down."

"This one is ours. Let us follow it. We have reached the cemetery, and have no further to climb. We have only a few steps to take on level ground; and now, if you please, look forward."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, after a few moments' pause; "I had no idea, until now, that the earth was capable of so much beauty. Never, never shall I forget this day." After gazing again at the view, she bestowed on me a look of thankfulness which was worth all the compliments in the world. This noble sight, enjoyed in common, had set its seal on our companionship. We had already grown almost intimate. It was understood between us two that we were friends, if not something more.

"It certainly is fine," assented the senior. "Mr. Howard would describe it in his most flowery style."

"Yes," said Maria, "he would indeed; for he is not afraid to talk about what he does not understand. He confounds Romans with Greeks; and, on being made aware of his mistake, slips out of it by calling them both the ancients."

"You are prejudiced, my dear, against him. You must try and get over your dislike. I wonder, by-the-way, if he has arrived."

In Swiss travel there is a peculiarity which is pleasant or not, according to circumstances. If you are there on any social speculation, to marry off your daughters, to make acquaintances you would not be likely to pick up at home, to light upon friends by unexpected chances, you can't have a better place of meeting, nor a surer rendezvous; but if your real aim be the beauties of nature, to be enjoyed in poetic retirement and quiet, you are liable to interruption.

The fact is, that, as every body except the climbers of unclimbed peaks is pursuing a beaten track from which there is little deviation, if you meet an individual once, you are almost sure to fall in with him again. On steamer, in diligence, at glacier foot, by waterfall, you find faces which have accompanied you throughout your itinerary. If you go the Wengern Alp, they go too; if you go to see the Giessbach illuminated, you behold here physiognomies which you have already

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beheld reflecting daylight at Lucerne, Berne, or Interlachen. If you like the faces, well and good; if you don't, their tracking your heels so closely becomes wearisome. The only means of escape from such comrades is to stop somewhere for a week, and let the stream pass. The summer current will bring in a supply fresh from the inexhaustible springs of British life.

In this way, even before they entered Switzerland, my charmer's father had picked up Mr. Howard; while Mr. Howard had not the least intention to loose his hold of his new acquaintance. Hence their expectation of meeting each other again at Thun.

The slightest possible shade of annoyance at her parent's partiality for his new-found friend overspread *her* face for an instant, and then she glanced again at the landscape. Turning to me, she asked: "What is that mountain which stands before us—that dark green pyramid clothed at its base with thick festoons of pine-tree forest?"

"That's *my* mountain—my beloved Niesen. Every body loves the Niesen. 'All round the Niesen' is a toast as popular here as 'All round the Wrekin' is in Shropshire. Niesen is a favorite name to confer on dogs and railway locomotives. Long live the noble Niesen! I stood on his top the other day."

"Indeed! Is it possible?" Maria exclaimed, regarding me, in her innocence, as an Alpine hero.

"It is not only possible, but so easy that *you* can make the ascent if you choose."

"Really! I should enjoy above all things to be able to say I had ascended a mountain."

After some discussion the gentleman agreed that the ascent should be made. "By-the-way," he continued, "my name is William Greenwood, of the firm of Greenwood, Darkins, & Blake, Manchester."

"And mine, Sir, is Henry Carter, son of the late John Edmund Carter, formerly of Manchester, latterly of Liverpool."

"Really! I remember your father failed in my debt, giving a dividend of eight-and-sixpence in the pound."

"Yes, Sir, he did; and five years afterward paid you in full, with interest."

"True; like an honorable man as he was. To think of meeting poor Carter's son in this way, by chance! He left you, I believe, not so very badly off?"

"I am rich by living within my income."

"And you are strolling about here, I suppose, like the rest of us, without any definite purpose?"

"I am trying to put a little method into my trip by comparing, for my own private satisfaction, the respective merits of several well-known eminences which are reached on foot with no great exertion. I scramble from one hill-top to another, and note which pleases me best."

"The volume under your arm is doubtless your guide-book. There are so many that it is difficult to choose between them."

"It is nothing so commonplace as that, but a resource for a rainy day or a leisure hour. It is the Mysteries of the Hand, by Desbarrolles, in which the science of Chiromancy is fully and seriously expounded."

"A revival of an old delusion. But if people *will* pry into futurity, one form of the folly is as good as another. You will tell us about it by-and-by; it is time now that we think of dinner."

At dinner I had the great satisfaction of securing the seat next to *her*. Opposite to us was Mr. Percy Howard, looking any thing but pleased at the favor I enjoyed. Maria (that I now knew to be her delightful name) did not like him more than I did, and received his advances with undisguised coldness. I fancied I observed that the waiter behind us was strange in his manner toward him, as if Mr. Howard paid too particular attention to the polish of the forks and spoons within his reach. To the discussion of our Niesen project Mr. Howard listened with open ears. It was agreed that I should go forward to Wimmis, the village at the base of the mountain, to secure horses up it, and bedrooms in the little hotel at its top, and that they would drive there early the following morning to commence the ascent immediately.

Next day I bade a brief good-by to the father and daughter, and reached Wimmis, where every arrangement was speedily made. During the inn-gossip of the afternoon singular inquiries were put to me respecting the strangers then at Thun. I answered them as well as I could, but what in truth was uppermost in my mind was the expected arrival of my fair one to-morrow.

The morrow came, and with it my new friends; but they were not alone. Mr. Howard had fastened himself upon them, and with him a gentlemanly young fellow enough—rather too finespun—an acquaintance of his, whom I had noticed at the table d'hôte. As soon as they alighted we set off, myself alone on foot, the rest of the party on horseback.

The ascent of the Niesen was glorious. Maria (by whose side I walked, telling her guide to proceed in advance) was in ecstasies at the harmony of sights and sounds, at the tinkling of bells from cows and goats, with the stream of the Simme rushing below. Every turn of the zigzag path presented us with a fresh point of view. As we mounted higher all was repose; soft colors—melting hues of green and brown—met our delighted eyes. The air was pure and balmy; our minds, elevated by the scenery, entirely forgot the lower world, the roar of city carriages, and the busy hum of men.

We met sledges laden with mountain cheese gliding down gently over the grass; we passed men carrying on their shoulders loads of wine and other provisions for consumption at the summit. We scaled, one after the other, the three separate masses which together constitute the Niesen. Near the top I crept down a rock, and was suddenly lost to my companion's view. Maria uttered a pretty little scream, highly flattering to my self-importance. Soon returning, I had the pleasure of presenting her with a handful of snow.

At last we reached the highest pinnacle. I make no attempt to describe the panorama it commands. It made us regardless of every thing else, I believe, except each other's presence. We drank in with our eyes the snowy peaks, the outspread lakes, the meandering streams. And then—and then—the Alpine air reminded every body that meal-time was approaching. The little hotel, crouching in a hollow not far from the top, opened its hospitable doors. We dined. While dining a cloud enveloped the mountain. So the evening had to be beguiled with talk, in the course of which Mr. Greenwood referred to my studies in palmistry.

It was only natural that so obsolete an art should be disdainfully regarded by Mr. Howard and his friend.

"Will you look at my hand by way of experiment?" asked the fine young gentleman, with a mixture of curiosity and contemptuous defiance. "Tell us, if you can, what it indicates."

"I need not look at it; I have only to take it," I replied, passing his hand between my own. "Its character is apparent to the touch. Its objects, tendencies, and occupations may be summed up in one word—Pleasure." The fine young gentleman withdrew his hand from mine, and turned as red as a fresh-boiled lobster.

"One minute longer," I said, resuming it. "There are also good points about it which only require exercise and development.—There is no want of intellect. There is also right-mindedness and sense of duty which may one day get the upper hand of vanity and self-indulgence." The fine young gentleman, abashed and thoughtful, resumed his seat without a word.

"What do you read on this?" inquired Maria, blushing slightly as she offered her hand.

"I read a good deal," I gravely replied, after carefully examining first one hand and then the other. "You dearly love all those about you; and, when you marry, you will dearly love your husband. But I see a willfulness which might compromise your happiness. You would risk a good deal, and might even sacrifice your real welfare, to have your own way in every thing. That is your great danger—the spirit of domination. But I see correcting influences. You will direct ably, but you will also consult. You will consider other people's wishes as well as your own, when you find them reasonable."

During this horoscopic speech Mr. Greenwood grew more and more attentive.

"You have hit off Maria neatly enough," he said. "Let us now see what you will make of me." So saying, he frankly held out his hand, turning back his coat-cuff to display wrist and all. It was an honest, prepossessing-looking hand, independent of any rules of palmistry.

"This hand," I said, "is one in ten thousand. In the first place, Sir, you are a lucky man. If you were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, it very soon found its way thither. Ill-luck never strikes you; when it threatens to hit you it glances aside. Your very losses have turned out gains in the end. Your life will be long; your health good, as it ever has been. Intriguers have never succeeded in taking you in. You loved your wife tenderly; and you have never married again only because you love your daughter with equal tenderness."

"Any body can prophesy in that style," said Mr. Howard, impatiently, "without knowing much of the secrets of nature. There is little risk of making a blunder by supposing a young man in brilliant health and of ample means to be fond of pleasure; that a pretty girl should love her husband, after being loved by him; that an only daughter, with no mother to consult, should like to have her own way, as I am sure she ought; that a gentleman with a fortune should be fortunate, which is equivalent to saying that prosperity is prosperous. Chiromancy like that is a farce. A gipsy at a fair would tell you as much or more. As to long life, continued health, permanent welfare, and success—*they* are too pleasant not to be put into a prediction when there is any wish to ingratiate one's self with the parties practiced upon."

"If I had seen in those hands the reverse of what I did, I should not have hesitated to say so. Still, your criticism is not without apparent foundation. I *may* seem to be making plausible guesses. That I have not spoken by guess is easily proved; for here is the book I go by. I can quote you the rules it gives."

"Mere quackery; you will never convince me there is any thing in it."

"I am not myself convinced that there is. The responsibility rests with Desbarrolles. He tells me that there is a hand which is essentially voluptuous, giving itself up to indolent indulgence, and yet ardent after pleasure. It is a plump hand, almost swollen; its fingers are smooth and tapering, thick at their base, and with no knots or irregularities of form. Its skin is white and glossy, looking as if dirt would not adhere to it, sunshine tan it, nor frost redden it. It is dimpled; the palm is fleshy, the root of the thumb very largely developed. It is generally regarded as a beautiful hand. I think your friend's hand answers to this."

"And so does every lady's and gentleman's."

"Then," said Mr. Greenwood, "let us now see what *your* horoscope reveals."

"No, indeed, the thing is *too* childish; it is *too* palpable a piece of foolery," Mr. Howard replied.

"At least by way of pastime," Maria pleaded.

"We ought all to take our turns," urged the plump-handed friend.

"Be it, then, as you please," said Howard, offering his hand with a very bad grace.

I looked at it for some time aghast; then took the other and examined it; and then let both drop without uttering a syllable.

"You give no opinion," said Mr. Greenwood.

"I would rather not."

"I thought how it would be," said Howard. "He has got to the end of his palmistry."

"I do not wish to give unnecessary pain," I explained, "and on those hands I see things not pleasant to read."

"Out with them at once," said the friend. "They are harmless if they are not true."

"Well, then, if I must, I must. You will not be offended. The Line of the Heart is scarcely perceptible: faithlessness, evil tendencies. The Saturnian Line runs straight from the base of the middle finger quite up to the wrist: chances of imprisonment and other heavy tribulations. The Mount of Mercury excessively developed: adroitness, not always restrained by scruples; skill in the arts of daily life, in writing and caligraphy, for instance. I now understand what prompted you to take tracings of the signatures in the travelers' books at sundry hotels."

"Ah, yes! I am completing a friend's collection of autographs."

"This talent, combined with the evil influence of the forked and crooked Line of the Head, might tempt men less easy in their circumstances to procure cash by means of forgery."

"But, Sir, there is a limit to pleasantry—"

"It is the book which speaks, not I. Here it is all, chapter and verse."

At that moment the waitress of the hotel entered, and presented Howard with a letter of business-like aspect.

He opened and read it. For an instant he seemed surprised, not to say stunned; but recovered himself immediately.

"How unfortunate!" he exclaimed. "How very mal à propos! I am obliged to leave your delightful society."

"Not to-night, surely?"

"There is no help for it. My friend, Lord Castellinthaire, sends word that he is suddenly taken ill, and begs me to join him at Brienz as soon as possible. The worst of it is that, not only must I tear myself away, but I have left at Thun, with the bulk of my baggage, all the cash not required for this little excursion."

"That need not disturb you," said Mr. Greenwood. "I can let you have something till we meet again. How much will you like?"

"You are exceedingly kind. If we say ten pounds—"

"That is not enough. You don't know when you may get back to Thun. Take twenty; or, we'll say five-and-twenty. I have my check-book—"

"No, no, my *very* dear Sir: no check, I thank you. I appreciate your kindness all the same; *indeed* I do. Ten pounds will be quite sufficient—*quite*."

"Yes; but my check-book! I had it a little while ago. It was in the pocket of my paletot in the room where we washed our hands before dinner."

"Perhaps," I hinted, "by an accidental mistake, it has found its way into Mr. Percy Howard's paletot, not being able, in the twilight, to distinguish that gentleman's pocket from its own usual resting-place."

"Your joke is a little too absurd," said Mr. Greenwood, tickled at the notion nevertheless, and handing with a smile a ten-pound note to Mr. Howard.

"*Very* much obliged," said the recipient. "But you, Sir," to me, "do you mean to insult me?"

"It is not an insult," I replied, "nor yet a joke; but a serious suggestion. Do, if you please, feel in your pockets, and try if you can not find it there."

"I shall do no such thing, Sir," thundered Howard, simulating virtuous indignation, and working himself into a theatrical rage. "I am used to be treated as a gentleman; and were it not for the lady's presence—"

"Softly!" I said. "The case is very simple. Mr. Greenwood's check-book is missing. Oblige us by helping us to find it. Search if it has not wandered somewhere, quite by accident, of course. You have his ten-pound note; I am sure he has no wish to deprive you of it. But—did you notice my guide this morning?—the man who carried my knapsack up the Niesen? He is an agent of the Swiss police. The man who led Miss Greenwood's horse, and afterward went on before us, is another. They are hunting up a little additional evidence against a person about whom they already entertain grave suspicions. They are in the house within a moment's call. Shall we ask for their assistance to find the check-book?"

"Dear me! How very strange!" he ejaculated, with well-acted, because unblushing surprise. "Here it is! That I should not have felt it before! It must have fallen from your coat upon mine, and worked itself in in the hurry of dressing. I am truly sorry that such a trifle should have caused us a moment's uneasiness. I am uncommonly delighted to have found it."

"And so am I," I dryly rejoined. "But allow me to hint that, however much we may regret to lose your company, the climate of Switzerland hardly agrees with you, and it might be prudent to change an air which is too sharp for you. Mr. and Miss Greenwood, as well as myself, would be sorry to see you—confined—to your room."

"You are probably right," he replied, unabashed. "I shall probably follow your friendly advice. The Alps do not quite suit me. It is a lovely evening—bright moonlight—for a leisurely stroll down the Niesen. I can not miss the path. I shall order the horse here to avoid waking up the people at Wimmis; you can make use of it yourself to-morrow. I want no guide. Those men—" he hesitatingly added.

"I think you can do without either of them. They are probably supping below in the kitchen, and you can leave by the front door of the hotel. The Swiss authorities (who like things to go on smoothly) had just as soon avoid any unpleasantness which might have the effect of alarming strangers. I think they would not be displeased if you left their jurisdiction without being detained by any untoward event—arrested, for instance—by the severity of the weather."

"I am sure you are most considerate. By-the-way, *would* you have the goodness to change this ten-pound note for French gold? It will be so much more handy."

"Most assuredly. Here it is."

"A thousand thanks. Good-night. I wish you all a *very* good-night."

He left the room with a most graceful bow, without a blush on his face or a falter on his tongue. He was gone. We looked at each other for a while in silence.

"Well, I never!" Miss Greenwood at last exclaimed.

"Nor I, exactly," rejoined her father.

"I suppose I have had a narrow escape from having the worth of my signature tested," the young epicurean quietly observed.

"But tell us," said Mr. Greenwood, "how you came to find out this gentleman's real character and avocations. It was not all guess-work."

"Well, the facts are these: I had heard rumors at Thun. The Sunday evening I spent at Wimmis waiting for your arrival I was alone. The showery weather kept me indoors. No doubt you have been haunted by the ghost of a tune; that evening I was haunted by God Save the Queen. It would never finish. Just as the first strain was over for the twentieth time, and it was the second strain's turn to come on—Make her victorious, Happy and glorious—I heard it taken up by a chorus of voices without. Was it the force of imagination? I opened the window. No, it was not. At the foot of the Niesen, God Save the Queen is a popular air. When the chorus had died away, I left the window open, to enjoy the rushing sound of the Simme's waters and the wind whispering among the fir-trees. My thoughts were running on any thing rather than Mr. Percy Howard's concerns, when grave voices in solemn debate rose from immediately beneath the window. I looked, and there was the Council of Village Notables assembled, standing in the open air in decorous order, in spite of the rain. One of the leaders was the landlord of the hotel. After other things they discussed the expected presence of, and the measures to be taken with respect to, a suspicious stranger, who could be no other than our departed friend. After the meeting had broken up, the subject was resumed in the public room. The landlord advised forbearance and the avoidance of making any fuss, while another excited advocate for the purging Switzerland of *all* scum whatsoever, broke wine-glass after wine-glass by thumping them on the table to enforce his arguments. Between the two I heard enough to remove from my mind all doubt or uncertainty. You have witnessed the sequel, and how chiromancy helped me to bring about the denouement."

"And so the two men who acted as our guides are detectives on the track of our accomplished friend?"

"They are honest, simple, hard-working peasants, and no more policemen than you or I. It was a sudden idea of mine to invest them with that character, and you have seen the effect of a guilty conscience."

"But tell me now, seriously, Carter. Do you really believe in chiromancy?"

"I don't know enough about it to believe it. Without chiromancy it is possible to form some opinion of the persons who cross our path. But you see, at least, that it is capable of furnishing a formidable weapon to artful persons. If it could but give me the hand of her I love, that is all I wish or care for."

Mr. Greenwood opened his eyes, and kept silence—the best move a man can make on many occasions. Perhaps he did not understand, I thought; or, understanding, was his silence consent?

I believe we all slept sweetly and soundly in that lone wooden inn on the top of the Niesen. We had agreed not to ask the sunrise to wait for us to witness it. We breakfasted together; took a last lingering look at the wondrous landscape spread around us; and then wended our way downward. Aloft, was the silence of the wilderness; in descending, rural sounds again met our ears. There was the tinkling of bells worn by cows and goats, like distant village-peals ringing changes. The rush of waters and the rustling of leaves were once more audible.

On reaching the base of the mountain Maria alighted from her horse. Taking her father's arm on one side and mine on the other, she said to him, "I have become acquainted with a secret, which ought not to remain a secret between us three. Mr. Carter and I am engaged, if we can only obtain your permission. Won't you let me have my own way, just for this once? Yes, dear father, I am sure you will."

Instead of looking immensely astonished Mr. Greenwood kissed his daughter affectionately, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



DESPERATE CONDITION OF SLIMSEY, WHO HAS BECOME DEEPLY INTERESTED IN A NOVEL, WHEN, NEARING THE END, HE FINDS THIRTY-SIX PAGES MISSING!

KING JOHN OF SAXONY.—The King of Saxony having been forced to knock under to Prussia, is recommended to accept the inevitable, or in other words, "to cut his coat according to his cloth." Considering the beating he has had, one may say that the Cloth in this case is decidedly "Saxony-double-milled."

LEGAL.—Why is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system?—Because, though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the conveyances of other people.

GAY DE SEVRES.—They *were* gay desavers it seems who flattered the Irish that they could make high-class pottery in the Green Isle. The project has fallen to the ground. Strange that in Ireland they couldn't succeed in making an Irish Bull!

MEAT IT IS!—An Irishman who has heard it stated that all flesh is grass, wishes to know whether hay is beef *à-la-mowed*.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

MY WIFE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said, "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair
She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I,
With all I e'er desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love, but one thing more:
I want—a new fall bonnet!"

Prentice is recovering. He says: If you would remedy dyspepsia—diet. If you would remedy gray hair—dye it.

Subjects for conundrums being nearly exhausted, one desperate joker has gone back to our first parents, and inquires: "Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?—Because she'd 'Adam.'"

What's best to prevent old maids from despairing?—Echo: "Pairing."

ANOMALOUS ACT OF GENEROSITY.—Losing a friend, and then speaking of him as you find him.

A lady, seeing her lover running in great haste to meet her, observed to him that he must be in a very great hurry to run so fast. "Madam," replied the lover, "I was following my inclination."

ARABIAN COURTSHIP.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap a harvest."

THINGS UNKNOWN.

The young woman whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.
The cow that had calves on her legs.
The identical nose of the bellows that smelled a rat.
The person that was ever felt for by the heart of an oak.
The barber who was requested to shave the beard of an oyster.
The vocalist who can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn.
The man who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton.
The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato.
Any body unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river.
The person who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers.

CRIBBAGE.—When a small boy turns knave and steals a lump of sugar out of the basin, it is a mere turn-up whether he "gets one" for his knob, or shows you two for his heels.

"I know every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "And that's one of them!"

Why are people of short memories necessarily covetous?—Because they're always for-getting something.

THE EARLY BIRD.

It's well to praise the early bird
For picking worms, but it's absurd
To think that bird, you can not doubt it,
Would rise could worms be got without it.

THE CLEVEREST THING IMAGINABLE.—An Accomplished Fact.

An advertisement says: "Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

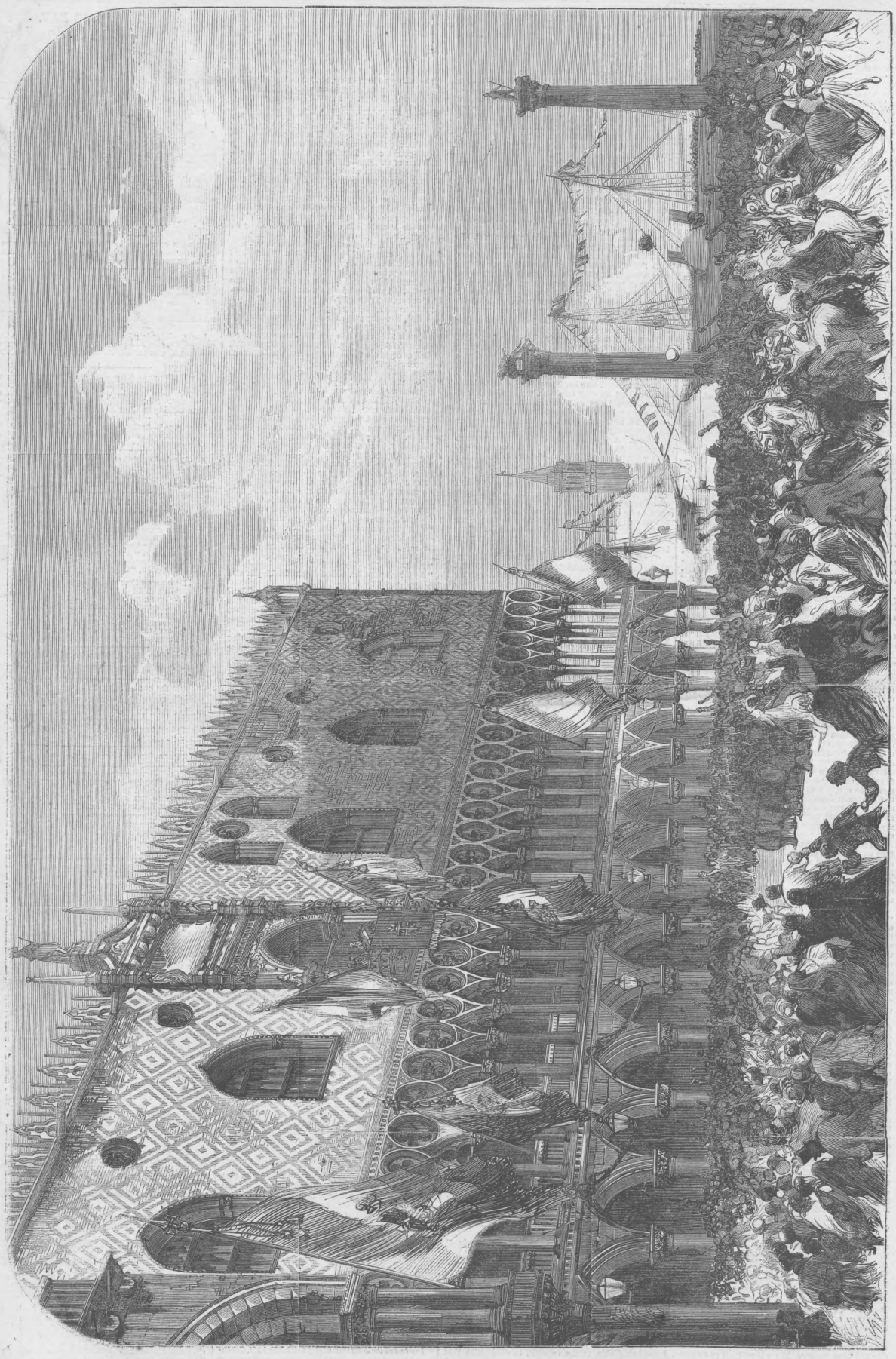
PROVERBS FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

"It takes nine tailors to make a man"—but one is enough to ruin him.

"It's a long lane that has no turning"—but even with the present fashion of long trains you can't turn a *mousseline de laine*.

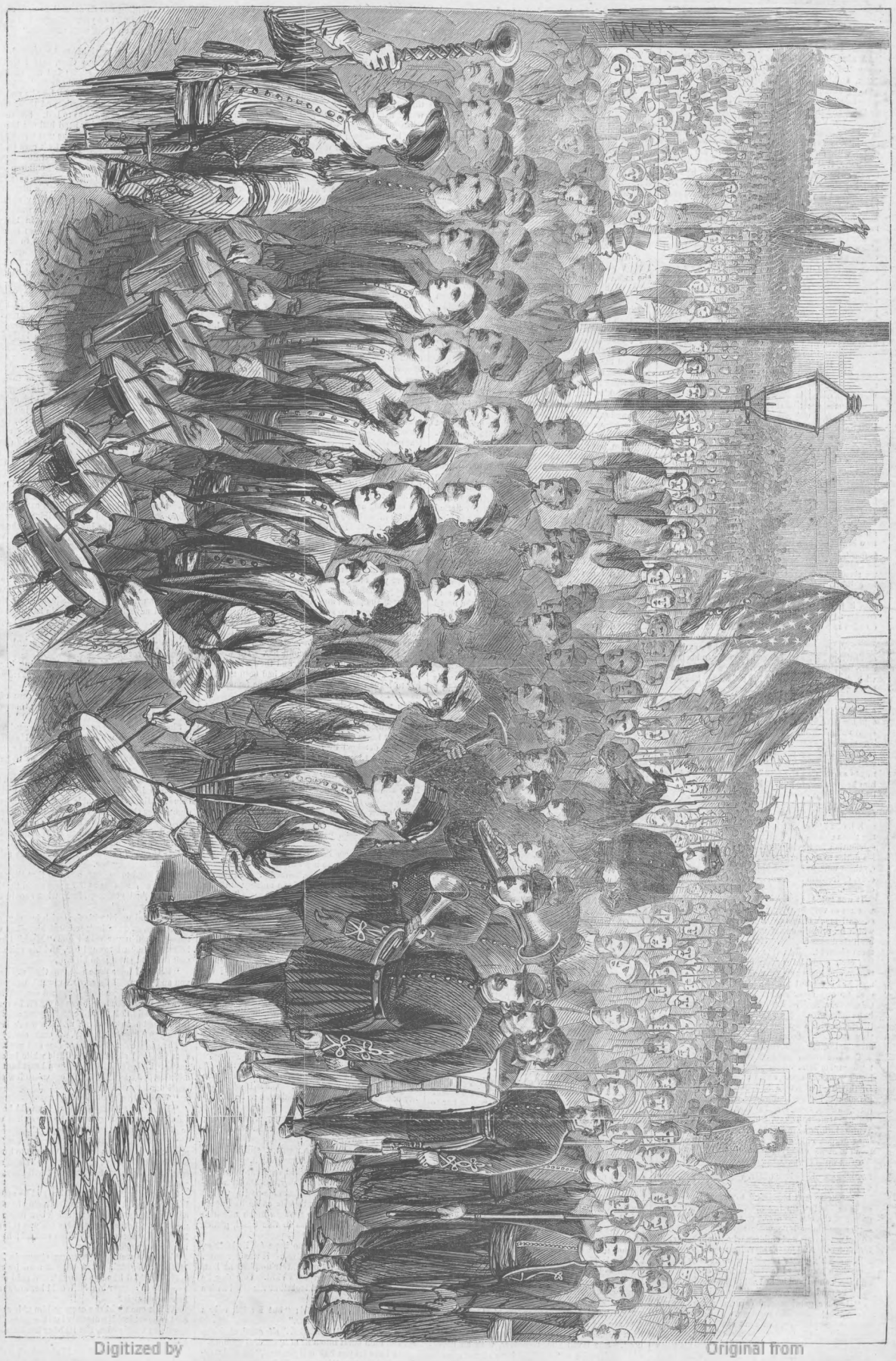
An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I do know—that you were born in Ireland." "Och! your Honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.

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PROCLAIMING THE RESULT OF THE VOTING AT VENICE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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EVACUATION DAY.—PARADE OF FIRST DIVISION, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

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PAUL'S WIFE.

DR. VANDERPOOL was in a quandary. His brother Paul had died—handsome, extravagant Paul, always in difficulties, yet always beloved by every body, making money fast but spending it faster, and, of course, leaving not much behind him. Not much in the way of fortune, that is, but a good deal in the way of responsibility; for he left a widow and three children, the youngest a baby in arms. Dr. Vanderpool knew well enough that the income of what property there was would not more than clothe the four; and Paul's wife was an orphan, with no home to go back to. He knew, moreover, that she was as helpless as she was pretty. He remembered her well, though he had not seen her since her wedding-day, seven years before. He recalled the tender droop of the long lashes over her violet eyes—shy, sweet eyes that had beguiled Paul into matrimony, they and the baby smile the red lips wore.

Dr. Vanderpool himself had been proof against all such temptations. Shy eyes had drooped, and bright lips smiled for him in vain. What wonder that he found it hard to forgive Paul for being weaker, especially since to the other weakness he had added this last one of dying? It was a hard case for the Doctor. He was rich, had a splendid practice, and was not inhuman. Of course he could not see the wife and children of his only brother come to want; and what was more natural than that he, with a great, solitary, well-appointed, well-furnished house, should receive them into it? He knew that the world would expect it of him, and he never liked to disappoint the world. Yes, they must come to him, for a while at least, that was certain—when they should have had time to get over the worst of their sorrow, and look about them a little, it was possible some other plan might turn up.

So he wrote to Mrs. Paul, as he was in the habit of calling her. He hesitated a little about the beginning of his letter. Should he say dear sister? Somehow he did not feel as if there were any fraternal relationship between him and the pretty girl to whom he had said good-by on her bridal morning. Dear Mrs. Vanderpool—that was too cold. Dear Bessie—too familiar. He went back again to the "dear sister," and wrote it resolutely at the beginning of his letter. Poor thing! he would try to be a brother to her, he thought—that would be easy enough, too, if only it weren't for the children. He had always indulged a secret hatred for babies, doctor though he was. Of course he knew there must be children in the world—since the days of Adam and Eve there had been no such thing as coming into it full grown—they were necessary evils, of course, but evils he meant to have just as little to do with as possible. And now to have to take three of them under his own roof! He wrote on desperately, determined not to think what he was doing, and invited Paul's wife to come at once to his house as to her proper home. He would go for her if she wished—if it would add to her comfort. She must let him know her plans.

She wrote back a letter full of thanks. They could not stay where they were, and she would accept his offer for the present most gladly. But he must not think for a moment of coming for them. The children were quite used to Katy, their nurse, and she and Katy could get along with them very well on the journey. She would make her arrangements as soon as she could, and write again to let him know when to expect her. It would probably be in about ten days.

Dr. Vanderpool read the letter with a sigh of resignation. He should be as bad as married; nay, as if he had been married years ago, for here were the three children. Well, perhaps it was righteous retribution for having lived selfishly, and neglected his duties to society. It seemed that he had got to do them now, in spite of himself. Ten days more, only, of freedom! Well, he would make the most of them.

It was autumn, and a healthy time. The Doctor was not so very busy, and he began to give a series of gentlemen's dinners. If there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another it was his little dinner-parties. He knew just how to make them pleasant. He never asked too many people. His cook could have taught Professor Blot some things, and his wines were of the choicest. Not a man in his set but praised his dinners, and would give up any other engagement to come to them. Of course, after Mrs. Paul's advent they would have to be done with. Such things wouldn't answer in the house with a woman in deep mourning and her three children. So he meant to entertain his friends all round before the invasion.

The last dinner came off on the tenth day after the receipt of Mrs. Vanderpool's letter. He had not heard from her again, so he thought he was safe. In this final effort he had outdone himself, and his cook had wrought miracles. Soup, fish, boiled, roast, entrées, sweets, and at last dessert was on the table. Muscat, Tokay, Chambertin, Canary, and White Hermitage for wines. Splendid black Hamburg grapes, pale green Malagas clear as crystal, pears of every variety, nuts, and comfits.

"And all that the daintiest palate could wish;" for the crowning glory of Dr. Vanderpool's dinners was always the dessert.

They were just beginning to enjoy themselves, and the Doctor, sipping his wine, was telling his guests of the change about to take place in his life—picturing himself domesticated with a wife whom he did not marry, and children who would never call him father. And just as his dolorous self-commiserations and his guests' laughter were at their height, a carriage was heard to stop in front of the house, and Dr. Vanderpool looked out of the window. He turned round, with consternation on his face:

"By Jove, gentlemen, she's come without a word of warning! Just like a woman. Make yourselves as merry as you can, and don't spare the wine. I must go."

So the Doctor vanished, and they heard his voice presently in the hall, and pure, sweet, clear tones answering him:

"You didn't receive my letter? I am so sorry! It will follow me, I suppose; and yet I sent it two days before I started. I am so afraid I have inconvenienced you by coming unexpectedly."

The sweet pleading voice, the shy, uplifted eyes, the flitting blushes, were not without their effect on Dr. Vanderpool.

"You know you are to feel that this is home," he answered, "and that you are always welcome, whether expected or not. Here is Mrs. Willing, my housekeeper, and she shall show you to your rooms, and then give you a sort of tea-dinner—that is what you ladies like, is it not? By that time I will be ready to come to you in the drawing-room. So these are the children?"

"Yes. Little Bess is the oldest. She is almost six. Then there is Paul; and that baby in Katy's arms is your namesake—little Mark."

He thought she would tell them to kiss him, and braced himself to bear the infliction; but she said nothing about it, and he began to think that, after all, she had more sense than he had expected of her. At any rate it was a good deal better than if she had been plain; it would be something to have a pretty face at his fireside; and, save that she looked a little paler, Bessie was just as pretty as when she had gone away on the aforesaid bridal morning. He waited till Mrs. Willing had taken her in charge, promising to make her comfortable, and then he went back to his guests.

But somehow he could not be as gay as before. As I said, he was not a hard-hearted man; and, after all, Paul had been his brother, his only brother; and the child Bessie looked like a little miniature of her father. It was impossible that he should meet those bonny hazel eyes of hers unmoved. It touched him, too, to see his sister-in-law in her deep widow's mourning, her young face so shadowed and saddened.

His guests felt the change in him, and did not sit long. When they left he went into the drawing-room, but it was some time before Bessie joined him. He was very earnest in his inquiries after her comfort: had Mrs. Willing given her a good dinner? did she like her rooms? were the children very tired? what sort of journey had she had? She answered all his questions, and then conversation began to languish, and the Doctor reflected how great a stranger Paul's wife really was to him, and wondered whether they should prove to have any tastes and fancies in common. He was lugging forward subjects as industriously as he could, trying to make talk. She was listening and responding, full of secret uneasiness all the while about her darlings, away from her in this strange house, missing her, perhaps, though she was sure Katy would do her best. After a while she heard steps which she knew pit-a-patting along the hall, and the door opened softly. It was little Bess.

"Please, mamma, Paul won't say his prayers to Katy, and Mark won't stop crying, and Katy says he's tired and wants you. We tried to get on without you, but somehow we couldn't."

"Yes, dear, I'll come. Brother Mark, it seems selfish to turn your house into a nursery, and I know all this confusion will trouble you."

"Only one thing would trouble me, and that is for you not to feel at home, and to be always worrying for fear I was disturbed."

This was not untrue. Since she must come, he really wanted her to be happy.

She was gone an hour, and when she came back she reported that they were all asleep except Bess, and *she* was the family old lady, and would give no trouble. Then Dr. Vanderpool ventured—though half afraid of hurting her feelings—a question about Paul, and found that she seemed to consider it a relief to speak of him. She told him all about their life in the gay Western city; how kind and tender and generous Paul had always been; how sudden his sickness was, and how all through it he had seemed to be disturbed by the thought that he should leave such slight provision for her and the children. And then she looked up at the Doctor suddenly, with tears in those tender violet eyes of hers, and said:

"Oh, what *should* we have done if it hadn't been for you? I felt so lonely, so helpless, till you opened your doors to us like a haven of refuge. I pray God that I may live to make some return for your goodness."

Dr. Vanderpool felt that he was not entitled to so much gratitude. He had written to her unwillingly enough, he was conscious; feeling all the time that it was an awful bore, though something the world would expect of him, and something he could not satisfy his own conscience without doing. But he was not worthy of her thanks. Poor helpless little thing! He thought as he looked at her that the man who would not be kind to her must be a poor creature indeed.

After that matters went on very well. Mrs. Paul was not a woman of genius; nor had she much of that aggressive energy which would enable her to push her own fortunes in the world. But she compensated for these and several other deficiencies by a wonderful amount of tact—or perhaps the quality deserves a better name than tact, for it sprang from real, unselfish consideration for the tastes and happiness of other people. She knew that Dr. Vanderpool did not like children, so she made her small household as little burdensome to him as possible. She never suffered them to be obtruded upon his attention. When they had been there six months he would hardly have known them had he met them upon the street, with the exception of little Bess. She was such a womanly little being that her mother did not think it was necessary to banish her; and her Uncle Mark often found her curled up like a dormouse in some big arm-chair with a book in her hand—always and every where a book. He took to her wonderfully. She was so thoughtful, so quiet, she had so much quaint wisdom, such still, grave ways. Then, too, out of her face his dead brother's eyes seemed always to look at him, and carried him back to some of the softness and tenderness of childhood. She loved him, moreover, with an unpresuming devotion which might have stirred a colder heart than his. She never climbed into his lap, or bothered him with questions, or interfered with him in any way. But when he did notice her, when he stopped to talk to her or took her a little while on his knee, the small sweet face would become fairly radiant with pleasure, and to call out this look grew to be one of his chief delights.

Mrs. Vanderpool, too, was quiet and unobtrusive. She never was in his way, and yet he never failed to find her ready to entertain him. He grew to think it was not altogether a bad arrangement which had brought him such inmates. Once or twice he wondered whether he himself might not have been tempted to commit matrimony if he had found in time such a woman as Mrs. Paul—so unconsciously beautiful, so unselfish, understanding so well her own sphere, and keeping in it so steadily. Not that now he ever thought of marrying her, lovely as she was. A widow with three children! To such a suggestion most men would probably say, "No, I thank you."

When she had been there a year the severity of her mourning began to relax a little. She wore black still, but it was a sort of mitigated black, and became her exquisitely, as the Doctor couldn't help noticing. Her soft, golden-brown hair waved away from her fair, pensive face, without the disfiguring widow's cap; and when he came in one day, and found her sitting on the floor playing with her children, he thought she looked scarcely more than a child herself.

About this time she coaxed him to resume his gentleman's dinner parties. She had heard from Mrs. Willing how much he enjoyed them, and she could not bear that he should give them up any longer for her sake. He sent out cards of invitation, and the men, remembering with zest the gay old times, came eagerly. But something was wanting. The preparations were made as liberally as of old, and there were some added touches of grace and beauty—Mrs. Vanderpool's thought—in the flowers which breathed their fragrance every where, and the leaf garlands which entwined the baskets of fruit. But, somehow, it seemed to Dr. Vanderpool as if the salt had lost its savor. The guests told old stories. Had they grown dull, or "did he dream they were brighter before?" He rather missed his usual quiet dinner—with Mrs. Paul's gentle face opposite, and the children, as the custom had grown to be of late, coming in with the dessert. They joked him, some of them, about his family cares, and he felt that their wit was coarse.

At the next dinner he insisted on Mrs. Vanderpool's presence at the table; and *she*, willing enough to please him, went in and staid until after the dessert was brought on. And by-and-by they all went up into the drawing-room, and found her there, sitting at the piano, and singing softly an old song. He was annoyed to see how they all admired her. She had been quite a belle before she married Paul, and the Doctor thought there was a spice of the old coquetry in her manner now. It vexed him to see how his friends clustered round her. He wished he had let her stay up stairs; and then was unjust enough to blame her because she had been so willing to leave the children as soon as she found that he wished it.

He was in no hurry to give the next dinner; and before he had got ready for it something happened which put all such ideas out of his mind. He went home one night at quite a late hour, having been detained by a difficult case. Mrs. Paul heard him let himself in, and as he took off his coat in the hall she glided down the stairs.

"Oh, brother, little Bess is so very, very ill! How thankful I am that you are home at last!"

He looked at her, and her face shone strangely white under the hall gas-light. He put his arm round her to steady her as they went up the stairs together, and said, with a new gentleness in his tone:

"Poor girl! poor Bessie!"

She led the way into her own room.

"I've brought her in here," she said. "I thought it was best to keep her out of the nursery until we knew for a certainty what was the matter."

By this time he stood over the bedside. The child lay in a sort of stupor, her eyes half open, with a strange, glassy look in them, her cheeks and lips a vivid scarlet. He looked at her a while, counted her flying pulses, turned down the little night-gown, and glanced at the burning flesh underneath. Then he turned to his sister-in-law pityingly.

"She has scarlet-fever," he said. "We must lose no time. She is very sick indeed."

Bessie Vanderpool's face grew ghastly. She knelt down at the Doctor's feet, and looked at him with a wild, unnatural light in her eyes.

"Oh, keep her alive!" she said. "I shall die if I lose my darling! Oh, brother Mark, as you hope for the mercy of Heaven, do not let her die!"

The violence of her emotion frightened him. He had not known it was in her. What if, after all, her nature were not as calm and even as he had always fancied?

"I will do my best," he answered, soothingly; "and you, Bessie, you must be calm too, if you are to do her any good."

She was on her feet in a moment, still and resolute, ready to obey his least suggestion.

For two weeks they watched together over little Bess—the mother night and day, the Doctor whenever he could spare an hour from his patients. He began to understand Paul's wife as he had never understood her before—to see how much unselfish love and quiet heroism was in this timid, girlish creature.

For a long time he had no hope for little Bess, but her mother never despaired. It was her faith, and her tireless devotion that triumphed at last, rather than Dr. Vanderpool's skill. One day he came in from a drive and looked at the child with a brightening face.

"She will live," he said; "but I think only a mother could have saved her."

"Oh, thank God, *thank* God!" she cried, chokingly, and then burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"I have let you half kill yourself," he said, trying to soothe her, "but you will have your reward. Now Mrs. Willing can do as well as you, and you must rest. I insist on your going to bed at once, and not getting up again until morning."

"But, brother—"

"Bessie, I have a right to be trusted. You know, or ought to by this time, that I won't let little Bess suffer. You *must* mind me, or I shall have two patients here instead of one."

She went then, meekly as a child. She undressed herself, took a refreshing bath, and then, for the first time in two weeks, went to bed. She thought she could not sleep, but her head had not been five minutes on the pillow before she was wrapped in a slumber which Dr. Vanderpool took care that nothing should interrupt until the next morning.

Katy had taken the two younger children out of the house to a quiet boarding-place, as soon as they knew the nature of little Bessie's illness; and the Doctor reckoned a morning and evening visit to them among his regular duties. He was getting, in these visits, curiously interested in his baby nephews. He had never noticed them much before; but now it was impossible to go to the little fellows, taken away thus from the mother-love in which their hearts delighted, without a feeling of tender pity which drew him on, before he knew it, into a systematic course of petting. They grew very fond of him. Mark, his namesake, was now a sturdy boy of two, and Paul was past four. When the Doctor began to find out what nice boys they really were, and how delightful were their coaxing, merry ways, he wondered a little at his old aversion to children.

This night, after he had sent their mother to bed, he went to them as usual. He found them in rosy health, and felt satisfied that all fear of their having taken the disease was past. He went back then with a light heart, and prepared himself for a night sitting beside little Bess. Having pledged himself to her mother that she should not be neglected, he would not intrust to any one else the task of watching her. Mrs. Willing lay down in the next room to be within call in case any thing was needed, and he took his seat by the shaded lamp with a medical journal in his hand. But he did not cut the leaves. Somehow his thoughts kept him busy.

They went back again to the old, easy-going life before Paul's wife and Paul's children came—the idle, careless ways, the luxurious habits, the sumptuous dinners. Had he been happier then? Would he change back now? Would he be willing Bessie should carry her little brood into some other man's home, sit at some other man's fireside, lifting up her shy sweet eyes, uttering her low, gentle welcomes? He felt, vaguely, that she would leave behind her an insupportable loneliness—that the old life could never be the same again as it was before she came. Just then little Bess waked up, and begged for a drink of water.

"Do you know me, childie?" he asked, gently, as he bent over her.

"Oh yes, Uncle Mark," and turning her head she touched her lips to the hand that was smoothing her pillow. "Where is mamma?"

"Resting, dear. She has taken care of you, night and day, for two weeks, and now that you are getting better I have sent her to bed."

She asked no more questions, but seemed perfectly contented with him for nurse. He found a strange sweetness in this child's love that so trusted him—almost, as he said to himself, as if he were her father.

Two weeks more, and the household began to fall back into its old ways. The children had come home; little Bess was able to sit up; and so one night, after the nursery was quiet, the mother came down for the first time in a month to her old place in the drawing-room. When Dr. Vanderpool came up stairs and found her his face brightened.

"It is good to see you here again," he said, sitting down close by her.

"And good to be here, and feel that they are all safe. It seems to me as if I never could thank God enough. And you too, Mark, what should I have done but for you?"

She looked up into his face with her shy, sweet, violet eyes, and the look tempted him—her words, too—she had never called him "Mark" like that before. He bent toward her, and his voice shook so it sounded strange to himself.

"Bessie, I have done no more than my duty for you and yours. I deserve no reward, but you said once you wished you *could* reward me. Will you give me yourself, and pay me so for all I ever have done or could do? I will care for your children as if they had been my own; and if a man's love can make you happy mine shall. Speak, child!"

The swift color stained her face and neck. Her eyes fell, and she waited a little while before she answered. He could hear his own heart beat in the stillness. At last her words came—so low that he could hardly catch them.

"Would it be right, Mark?"

"Upon my soul I do believe it would be right. I do believe that Paul would be more than willing to give his orphans into my keeping."

"I never thought of this before—never for one moment. You must let me have time to know my own heart. Do not ask me about it again. As soon as I can understand myself I will answer you, yes or no."

Then she went away from him, and he sat vaguely wondering at himself—remembering how h had dreaded her coming, and realizing how much dearer now than all other hopes of his life was this one of keeping her forever. Children and all; he would not have spared one of them.

Ten days went by, seeming strangely long to Mark Vanderpool, not a patient man by nature. Bessie avoided him, he thought. Would she ever be ready to answer him? Would her answer mean hope or despair?

At last one night she came to him of her own accord as he sat looking moodily into the grate. Kneeling down beside him, she laid her head against his knee.

"Do you really want me?" she asked, "children and all?"

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"I really want you." His tone was solemn with the earnestness of his love; strong with the force of his passion.

"I do not think I am good enough for you," she murmured. "Neither would I give myself to you as a reward for all your generous kindness. But if my love is worth any thing you have it."

He had her in his arms before she knew it, and was kissing her with kisses so eager that they startled her, murmuring over her such fond words as she had never dreamed this reserved, self-centred man could utter. They sounded curiously even-to him as they fell on his own ears though his whole heart was in them. I doubt if gay, gallant Paul had ever loved her half so well; and I think her nature was stirred to a depth her girlhood never knew. She was almost frightened to feel how happy she was.

So the home to which she had come for refuge in her sorrow became the abiding-place of her joy. Before the spring opened she was the wife of Mark Vanderpool, and her children found in the old hater of babies the most tender of fathers.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 26, 1866.

Friend Weekly:

In this right-angled city, which if their ways were as right as their angles they would do well, I feel I must address thee in the plain language, for I have just been to the Woman's Rights and Lefts and Equal Suffrage Convention, held here last Saturday, and I heard some very plain language. On the platform, which was very broad, was Mrs. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, Mrs. LUCY LONGSTONE, Miss. SUSAN BRANTHONY, and Rev. Miss OBLIVION DARK BROWN. Among the gentlemen were Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT and others, to give color to the affair. As soon as I made my appearance one of the Equal Suffragessers accosted me, and asked me if I was not the flying correspondent to *Harper's Weekly*. I owned the soft impeachment. Then said she: "I suppose thee is among those that think women ought to do nothing but nurse babies, and other household duties; but when thee remembers that many of us have no such duties, nor ever expect to have any, thee should be glad that we are left to arrange for the nursing of the Republic; for thee must own that, judging from things at the White House, one would suppose that the infant Republic had been brought up on the bottle." This remark seemed to me so poetical that I thought I would send you a sketch of what was probably in the fair speaker's mind at the time.



ANDY NURSING THE INFANT REPUBLIC, AND TRYING TO IMPROVE ITS CONSTITUTION.

MRS. ELIZABETH ARCADY STANDING, the *non-elect*, as you may remember, was the first speaker. She was dressed very nice. I don't know the names of the moire antiques and things, but she looked beautiful. ELIZABETH came forward and said: "I am sorry that our venerable Presidentess, Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, is not here, as our Mott-oh is for equal suffrage." Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT here rose and said that was a joke. (Great Applause.) "This is an equal suffrage organization. JOHN BRIGHT tells us that five out of every seven millions of Englishmen can not vote. Now I am not BRIGHT (A voice: 'Yes you are, Betsy'), but I do say that there is about that proportion of Amerfcans that are disfranchised; and we must labor until a woman's right at the polls will be denied by none."



ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED "RUSHING TO THE POLL."

ELIZABETH now introduced Mrs. LUCY LONGSTONE, who, in coming forward, was greeted with warm applause, and proceeded to say:

"The advocates of equal suffrage are down on both political parties. The Republicans talked of 'universal suffrage,' but meant masculine suffrage all the time; and those who had been our professed friends 'went back on us.' (Applause.) Then we resolved to make fight with the colored class, 'for the colored troops fought n-o-b-l-y,' and with them to strike, like MOZART, straight from the shoulder. (Cheers.) It is proposed to insult the mothers and sisters of the land by putting the word 'male' into the Constitution; and I see the Postmaster-General is advertising for *mail* contracts (Cries of 'Joke! joke!'), and designating certain lines of travel as mail routes, as though a female route wasn't worth mentioning. (Cheers.) My friends, a female route on a shopping day is one of the most interesting things, except the female herself, in nature. (Cries of 'Bully!' and 'Good!') It always seemed to me absurd to quote the Declaration of Independence about all *men* being created equal, ignoring the fact that women were ever created at all. All men are created equal to what? Equal to the women they are in some things, but not in knowing how to vote. Do you suppose any woman would have voted for MORRISSEY for Congress? No! They would as soon think of voting for THAD STEVENS, or any other old bachelor. The women are loyal; they all go for Union *to a man*." (Cheers.) Mr. FREDERICK DUGOUT here rose and said that was another joke. (Renewed cheering.) That union to a man was a union that did not depend upon force of arms. (A voice: "Is that a joke?") FREDERICK: "No, Sir; I am not here to make jokes, but merely to explain them for others." (Cheers.)

LUCY continued: "In Great Britain there is a movement on foot to demand the ballot for women." FREDERICK again rose and said that the reason it got along so slow was because it was on *foot*. It had better take a carriage." (Cries of "Joke! joke!") "And," continued Lucy, "I'm afraid they will succeed before we will."



A SUFFERER OF "EQUAL SUFFRAGE."

An "equal rights" now came forward and read the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That if liberty and the pursuit of happiness are natural and inalienable rights, then we should all have our "latch-key," and the men should take their turns at the cradle; and any arrangement of society that looked to one sphere for man and another for a woman was a one-sided arrangement, and was unworthy a free people. (Cheers.)

2. *Resolved*, That we hold with LAMARTINE that there is no reason why a Restaurant-Keeper should not sell with his Spring Chickens Spring Bonnets, Artificial Flowers with his Cauliflowers, and Crinolines with Early Pease. (Cheers.)

3. *Resolved*, That we recommend the election of women to the delegate and primary elections; that very unworthy men are nominated because the brutal ones control the nominations; that we form a "ring," to secure the right man in the right place. (Immense cheering.)

After the resolutions had been considered ELIZABETH came forward and said:

"I desire, before this Convention go further, to insist that this body indulge in no fulsome adulation of the Republican party. Why, JAMES BROOKS, of New York, was the only Congressman last winter that had the nerve and decency to present the woman-suffrage memorial to Congress." (Cheers for the decency of BROOKS.)

The Rev. Miss OBLIVION DARK BROWN now spoke. She said that GREELEY believed in woman suffrage, but wouldn't advocate it because he wanted to get into the Senate, and he was afraid the picture-papers would make fun of him. She was not afraid of the papers nor any pictures; had her photograph taken and hung out in Broadway, New York, and didn't care who saw it. Women are frivolous because they are irresponsible; our grandmothers didn't want to vote because they had work to do; but now we can get ladies from Ireland to do all the work for $2 50 a week and board, and that leaves us more leisure to enter upon new duties. Some one had spoken about nursing babies. All that could be dispensed with. She had seen a new invention in a cradle, which you wound up as you do a clock, and you could go out and give a lecture, and the cradle would swing until you came back. Thus the baby gave you full swing, as you did the same for it. (Cheers.) And as for the grown-up children, when the house gets too full you can send them to boarding-school, where they will always be glad to receive them with a fork, towel, and spoon. Miss BROWN said, in some of these matters she spoke without personal knowledge, as she never had a family; but she thought that women should vote first and marry afterward, as she expected to do, though it might be a long time before she could vote. (Cheers.)

After Miss BROWN had concluded the meeting listened to some speeches by the other sex for a few minutes, when they soon insisted upon an adjournment.

Miss BROWN then approached me, and seeing my massive brow, asked me if I was connected with the press. I replied that I reported for *Harper*. She said she hoped to see the time when women would set all the type on that paper, revise all the editorials, and when a smart and interesting girl would oe the "devil." I replied that I hoped to see that time myself, at which she grasped my hand cordially. I tell you, dear *Weekly*, that I referred entirely to the last half-dozen words of her remark. Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOWADAYS a set of furs, of some kind, is regarded as an almost indispensable portion of a lady's winter wardrobe. The Russian, Hudson Bay, and American Sable, or Mink, as it is usually called, are the most desirable and durable kinds, while the Ermine, Chinchilla, and Siberian squirrel are much worn, and very pretty. Ermine, however, can not so well be worn on all occasions, and is especially appropriate for evening wear.

But animals of various kinds are made to meet the universal demand for furs. The Astrakhan fur or wool was used to some extent last winter; and this year the "Persianer," a wool obtained from sheep of Persia, and which is fine and glossy, is made into pelerines and short jackets for skating, as well as into collars and muffs.

It may not be generally known that an animal, whose name is usually discarded from polite society, is beginning to occupy a prominent position in the export as well as internal trade of the country. Let not the reader shrink in disgust, for the fact is that the traffic in the skin of the much-abused skunk now amounts to quite a handsome sum per year. Large shipments have been recently made to Russia, where these skins are used for the caps of grenadiers, while many are manufactured into muffs in this country. But do not imagine that a single muff is sold under the name of the original owner of the fur. By no means. In the first place, by the wonderful application of chemistry an entire metamorphosis takes place, rendering it impossible to recognize any of the original features of the skin; not the slightest odor is perceptible, and then it is announced as the "Prairie Badger," the "Colorado Catamount," the "Australian Wolf," or by some other taking title. Thus christened it is transformed into something rich and rare, and fashion settles the rest.

Why is the "Cecilian Choir" so called? is a question with many on reading the musical advertisements of the day. In brief, because St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music. But those who have recently heard the Oratorio of "Samson" performed by Dr. Cutler's choir—composed largely of boy sopranos—have doubtless noticed a pretty little story about St. Cecilia upon the programme. She was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 295. Notwithstanding she had been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Pagan nobleman named Valerianus, who, on the wedding-night, was told that Cecilia was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him. Valerianus desired to see his rival, the angel, but he was told it was impossible unless he would consent to be baptized and become a Christian. To this he consented. Afterward he found his wife at prayer in her closet, and by her side an angel clothed with brightness. Valerianus entreated him that his brother Tibertius might be a partaker of the spiritual grace which he himself had received. The angel answered that his desire was granted, and that they both should be crowned with martyrdom in a short time. Upon this the angel vanished. Shortly after Tibertius was converted, and both he and Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life upon condition that she would sacrifice to the Roman deities; but she refused, and died a martyr to the Christian religion.

The tradition is that St. Cecilia excelled in music, and that the angel was drawn from the celestial regions by the charms of her melody; hence she came to be regarded as the patroness of music and musicians.

The Mercantile Library of this city has introduced what we think will be a very popular improvement in its management. Books will be delivered at the residences of any members who choose to provide themselves with blank orders and delivery stamps, which are sold at the price of twenty for one dollar. The order with a stamp on it is sent to the Library by mail or otherwise, and the book wanted will be delivered at the person's residence, and the book to be returned taken away.

The members of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Vancouver's Island—some of them, at least—are possessed of good lungs, and extraordinary perseverance. It is reported that a certain Mr. M'Clure recently spoke for seventeen hours without pausing or sitting down. His opponents made every effort to tire him out, refusing to allow him to lean against the table, to put his foot upon a chair for a moment, to relieve himself from the irksomeness of his position by resting his hand upon any thing, or to speak, in short, in any other than a rigidly erect and unsupported attitude. He "stood it out," however, and gained his point.

English papers bring us accounts of the display of meteors; which, it seems, occurred, as was anticipated by astronomers, and was visible in Great Britain, though not in this country. The shower was very brilliant, and lasted several hours. The London *Express* says:

"Many of the meteors appeared to have a yellowish light, others a deep red. So near to us did some of them appear that their resemblance to rockets occurred to every one, and we almost seemed to listen for the rush through the air. During the transit of the meteors the light of the other stars was scarcely to be noticed. The noiseless course gave a thrill that no artificial splendors could produce. In some cases the passage was brief and the light faint; in others, a large portion of the sky was traversed, and the luminousness both prolonged and intense. The soft-gliding motion, if such a term may be employed, was a striking characteristic."

The University of the City of New York has received a munificent addition to its endowment from Mr. Loring Andrews, a merchant of our city. The aggregate sum is $100,000. It is to be applied as follows: For a professorship of logic, intellectual and moral sciences, $25,000; for a professorship of the evidences of revealed religion and evangelical theology, $25,000; to complete a Greek professorship, $15,000; for a professorship of political science, $15,000; for medals and premiums to be awarded for proficiency in various branches, the income of $10,000; for chemical and philosophical apparatus, the income of $10,000.

There is now living in Rome, Oneida County (says an exchange), a lady ninety-four years of age, who has a son living seventy-five years old, a grandson fifty-five, and a great-grandson thirty-three years old, and a great-grand-daughter less than three years old. This reminds one of the town out West that was so healthy that the selectmen were obliged to kill a man in order to start a grave-yard.

Custom-house officers should not be *too* sharp. A keen one, on the Canada line, lately stopped a woman carrying a bundle. "What have you there?" he demanded. She hesitated, stammered, and then said: "Nothing dutiable." He insisted on seeing it. She resisted at first, but at length surrendered the suspected package, saying, "Take it, then, and much good may it do you!" While she went on her way he proceeded to examine his treasure, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The unfortunate officer finds the duties heavier than he expected.

A gentleman in London, having occasion one night to visit the office of a London and Glasgow telegraph company, found the door shut, and the porter inside, whose duty it was to open it, so fast asleep, and the clerk in charge so far up stairs, that no amount of knocking could obtain him admission. He went to an adjoining office and telegraphed to Glasgow, requesting the clerk there to telegraph back to the clerk in the office of the first-mentioned company, directing him to go down stairs and awake the porter. This was successfully done, and the door opened, in about twenty minutes.

Another recent telegraphic feat is, that an order, just received at San Francisco from England for 500 barrels of flour, was transmitted by cable and overland telegraph and the order filled and advices returned to the sender by telegraph on the same day.

It is stated that the Massachusetts Historical Society has offered $3000 for an old-fashioned English watch, which formerly belonged to Benjamin Franklin, and is now in the possession of a gentleman residing near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The case is of heavy silver, and the movement is still in good running order.

A singular "fish" story is told by a Pennsylvania paper. A certain German gentleman went fishing with some friends. Not having good luck time passed slowly, and the German took out his watch—a fine gold one—when a sudden jerk of his line so startled him that he let go his watch, which struck his knee and bounded off into the water, his line parting at the same instant with a sudden snap. Finding it useless to fish for the watch, the friends started for home; but, rather ashamed of their bad luck, they bought a few fishes, as other unlucky fishermen have before them. The German bought an eight-pound bass; on inspecting which he found a fish-hook sticking in its gills resembling the one he had lost. It was with a kind of savage joy that he anticipated the pleasure of eating the prime cause of his ill luck; but, strange to tell, upon cutting the fish open, he found his watch, which had not even stopped ticking.

Not long since a cousin of the French Emperor died at the Tuileries, in Paris. He was First Chamberlain and Superintendent of the Imperial Theatres. He had seventeen grand-crosses of the highest, selectest orders in Europe. But though possessed of honors and riches, Count Bacciochi was the victim of a nervous disease which tortured him with barbarous cruelty. He could not remain still without suffering the acutest pain. The nerves of motion were affected. He transacted business on foot; he dictated letters as he paced his office. He listened to the performance of operas in his latticed box, which had no seat in it, and was covered with a thick carpet that he might walk during the whole performance. Often sleep would not come to him until he had so exhausted the body that the nerves were insensible to pain. On one occasion he walked without intermission for thirty-six hours, trying to subdue pain by fatigue.

The soles of his feet were red, as if they had been boiled, and blood had been forced through all their pores. The Emperor gave him rooms adjoining one of the largest passages of the Tuileries, and had it covered with a thick Aubusson carpet, that the poor patient might make his painful round with least pain. He died of sheer exhaustion from want of sleep. Shortly before he died he murmured, "Norine! Norine!" repeatedly. "What is that? Do you want any thing?" asked one of the persons present. "Don't question me," replied the fast dying man. But Norine was the name of his first love—once a little shop-girl of Leghorn—whose memory had been to him an oasis in life's desert.

A singular incident recently occurred in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A young lady of pleasing appearance, and, apparently, of unusual intelligence, went before the Mayor of that place, gave her name, and stated that she was the daughter of a physician in Logansville, Indiana, but that she wished him to place her out of harm's way, as she was laboring under an uncontrollable impulse to murder others. At the same time she took a package of strychnine from her stocking and handed it over to an officer. She was placed under suitable supervision.

Some time since an association was formed to colonize Palestine; and recently the news was received that 156 Americans, members of this association, had reached Jaffa, or Joppa, and settled in the vicinity of that place. The locations occupied by them are in close proximity to the famous orange gardens, which perfume the "Valley of Sharon" almost away to Ramleh. The local authorities afforded every facility to the new-comers, their baggage and a large cargo of building wood which they brought with them having been allowed to pass the custom-house duty free.

FACT OR FANCY?

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Few questions are ever asked more idle. But the general answer, "I do," or "I do not," is worthy of it; that is to say, if "I do not believe" is to be taken in its fullest sense of dogmatic unbelief. It is impossible, in the first place, to help admitting some belief in ghosts, for that belief runs through all the history of mankind. People of all nations, languages, and religious creeds have believed in ghosts in all ages. In days as skeptical as the present the wisest of the classic ancients told their ghost-stories, wisely refraining from saying whether they believed them or not. No man among the Romans was less superstitious than the skeptical poet Lucretius; yet, instead of repudiating the existence of ghosts, he proceeds to account for them on perfectly natural and scientific principles, as being filmy emanations from the people to whom they belong.

Pliny the Younger has a famous story of a haunted house, with its usual dramatic incidents. Cicero believes, at all events, in the fact of spectres appearing to the dreaming. The difficulty in all cases is scientific verification, and this is a difficulty which, from the nature of the subject, appears insoluble. That the appearance of a spirit in the sleeping or waking state has been a mental fact to numberless persons is undeniable; the question remains whether or not this mental fact is to be considered in the light of the usual phenomena of external nature; whether, to use the language of philosophy, it has an objective existence. Perhaps no person is entirely without experiences of the kind, either at first hand or second hand; and a record of such experiences, however trivial, is always interesting, although no possible accumulation of facts may lead us any nearer to the final determination of the general question. For instance, I have the following case on such unquestionable authority that I can not for a moment dispute it:

Many years ago a young surgeon, on board a man-of-war in the Indian seas, was observed by his messmates one morning to wear a very care-worn and anxious look. They questioned him as to its cause, and with some reluctance he said that the night before he had seen his father lying dead in an open coffin. He noted the circumstance in his log-book, with the date. In due time a letter came announcing the death of his father at that exact date.

No one from this story could infer the actual objective appearance of the spectre; but it is difficult to refuse to the human mind in states of sleep or trance a power of clairvoyance, consisting in either the nullification of space or of time. In this case space was overleaped.

The next case I can perfectly vouch for, as an example of apparent foresight.

An English clergyman, whom I knew very intimately in Germany, lodged in the same house with a native family. On the night on which the lady of that family was confined he dreamed that the nurse came to call him in the middle of the night, requesting him to come down and christen the new-born infant, as the child was in such immediate danger that there was no time to send for the Lutheran clergyman. In the morning, however, on inquiry, the answer was that mother and child were doing well. However, in exactly fourteen days afterward the incident of the clergyman's dream actually occurred. His memory could not have deceived him, as he had mentioned the dream to his wife the next morning.

To the question whether I have ever seen a ghost? I should answer, "No," but I know some one who has—that is to say, who fully believes that he has—seen one. Here is the story just as it was told to me:

Near the town of Weimar, in Saxony, on the right of the long alley planted with chestnuts, that leads from the town up to the summer-palace of the Grand Duke at Belvidere, there is a spot bare of trees, showing the site of some ancient building, the ruins of which have almost entirely disappeared. Near this

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elte, among the brushwood, are openings to a most extraordinary series of subterranean passages, which, it is said, have never been thoroughly explored. Some say that human bones have been found in them; others, that persons endeavoring to explore them without a clew, have become bewildered and perished of hunger. Some attribute them to human hands, and some to natural geological causes. It is only certain that they are there, and that no one is able to give any definite account of them. As to the building, whose foundations alone are visible among the bushes, it is said to have been an ancient castle belonging to some former Dukes of Saxony. Some few years ago a friend of mine, Herr H——, of Weimar, was in the habit of making frequent visits to Oberwisma, a village at the end of the park, one of the ways to which lies through the Belvidere Allée. One evening in October, after the sun was set, he was passing along this road in a thick fog, illuminated by the moon; as he passed the spot where the ancient castle formerly stood, he was aware of an appearance in the mist beside him, which he at first did not pay much attention to, as he thought it might be the reflection of his own form. After a while, however, it struck him that the image which followed his steps so closely was accompanied by the image of a dog, and he had no dog with him. This circumstance caused him to stop and look at the figure, when, to his horror, he observed that it wanted a head.

Herr H—— walked toward it, it retired; he ran from it, it followed him; he fell into his usual pace, it continued to keep step with him; he addressed it, but it did not answer. Herr H—— is a Roman Catholic. In mortal terror he mechanically made the sign of the cross. The ghost immediately vanished in the direction of the remains of the old castle.

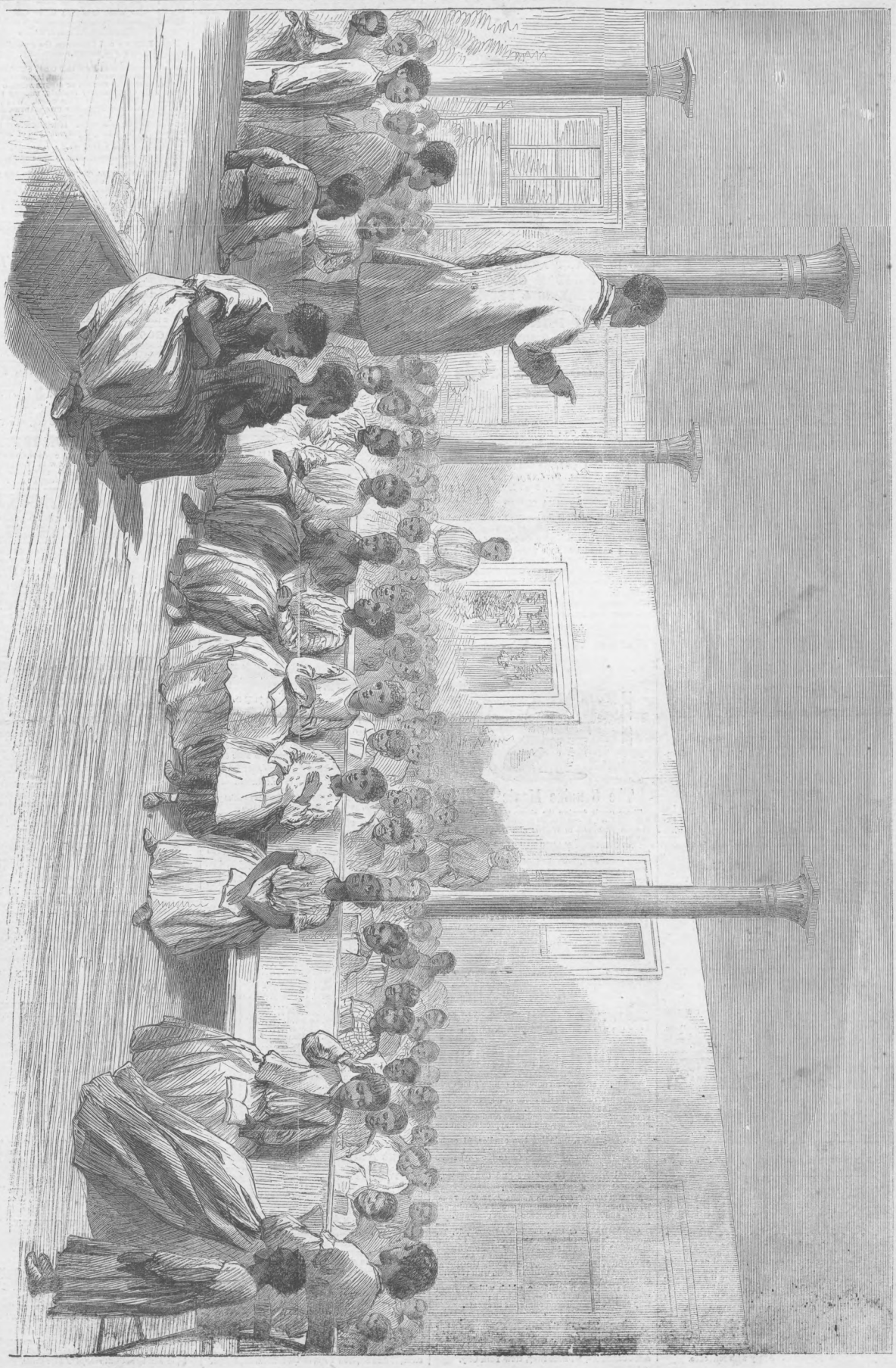
There is an old tradition connected with the scene of this adventure, that a former Duke of Saxony caused his son to be beheaded for some fearful family crime —either the murder of his own mother, or an intrigue similar to that which forms the foundation of Lord Byron's Parisina.

At Berka, a small bathing-place among the hills, seven miles from Weimer, there is also to be seen, on a woody knoll, the site of a ruined castle, from which the Grand Duke of Weimer derives his title of Count Berka. The old people of Berka still talk of a headless apparition which used to haunt it, and which often appeared to their grandfathers.



THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK AND THE CZAREWITCH OF RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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"ZION" SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

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THE STATESMAN'S LESSON.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

PARKS and houses, trees and meadows,
Were the Statesman's own;
Yet he walked amid the shadows
Mournful and alone.

Golden birds among his willows
Trilled a happy strain,
And the breezes stirred to billows
All his waving grain.

Sang the locust in the thicket
As it saw him pass,
And the ticking of the cricket
Sounded in the grass.

Round the clover and the daisy
Hummed the busy bee,
While the spider, feeling lazy,
Swung upon the tree.

But the humming and the swinging,
And the grasses green,
With the birds and locust singing,
Scarce were heard or seen.

For, to gentler souls enchanting,
Nature's charms are tame
To a spirit that is panting—
Longing for a name—

To a lion heart, like thunder,
Beating down the bars
That would keep a spirit under,
Soaring toward the stars!

So the Statesman, moving onward,
Discontented—wild—
On his dreams of glory pondered,
Till he saw a child—

Saw a crippled little Saxon,
Merriest of girls,
With her crutches and a flaxen
Shower of sunny curls,

Picking from the grass and mosses
Dew-drop diadems,
Weaving into rings and crosses
Tiny flower stems.

Spite of crutches, searching after
Nut and faded bur,
Spite of pain, so full of laughter,
Nature laughed with her.

Every bur gave greater pleasure
To this little girl,
Than could winning of such treasure
As a throne of pearl.

And the Statesman, touched and humbled
By such simple trust,
Saw his throne of glory crumbled
Finer than the dust;

And confessed the happy maiden,
With her cripple pains,
Greater than the sorrow-laden
Lord of proud domains!

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2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

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Accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

I am, gents, your obedient servant,
JUDAH H. ROUND.

P.S.—Please send a few blanks, which I will distribute. There are many that intend to get up Clubs the coming winter. J. H. R.

2 lbs.	Uncol'd Japan	Mrs. D. Clark	at	$1 25 $2 50
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AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Cail Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, ESQ.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address $4 50	40 Tickets to one address $35 00
10 Tickets to one address 9 00	50 Tickets to one address 43 50
20 Tickets to one address 17 50	100 Tickets to one address 85 00
30 Tickets to one address 26 25	

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to

N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,

616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,

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☞ THE PROOF.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at* $10, *or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at* $6; and you have a possibility of getting a

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65 for $10 00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth 12 00
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FANNY (*astonished into candor*). "Like you, Aunt PEGGY! Dear me! I hope Not!"

AUNT PEGGY. "You hope not, and pray why, FANNY?"

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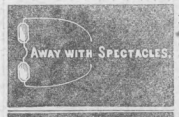


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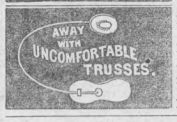
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. X.—No. 521.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE THOMAS MEDAL.

THE Gold Medal voted by the Legislature of Tennessee to Major-General THOMAS, the hero of Mill Spring, Chickamauga, and Nashville, is to be presented by Governor BROWNLOW on the 15th of December. That day is the second anniversary of the Battle of Nashville, and the presentation of this elegant medal will be the principal feature in its celebration.

Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, and SHERIDAN will always hold the place in history which they now hold in the popular estimation, as the four great Generals of the War for the Union. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and in 1861 succeeded to the position formerly held by General LEE in the regular army—that of Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. In 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in that army; and, after his victory at Nashville, to a Major-Generalship. When he fought the battle of Mill Spring, early in 1862, he commanded a corps of BUELL'S army, and he retained command of the same corps under ROSECRANS. Our readers will remember the new hopes awakened by the victories gained by GARFIELD and THOMAS at Middle Creek and at Mill Spring, which were so soon followed by the captures of Forts Henry and Donelson, and of New Orleans. In one respect General THOMAS has been more fortunate than our other great Generals. He has never suffered a defeat on the field. Even at Chickamauga, when the right and centre of the army were driven from the field, he alone stood fast, and, by the help of reinforcements which came upon the field just in time, and almost by accident, succeeded in holding his ground.



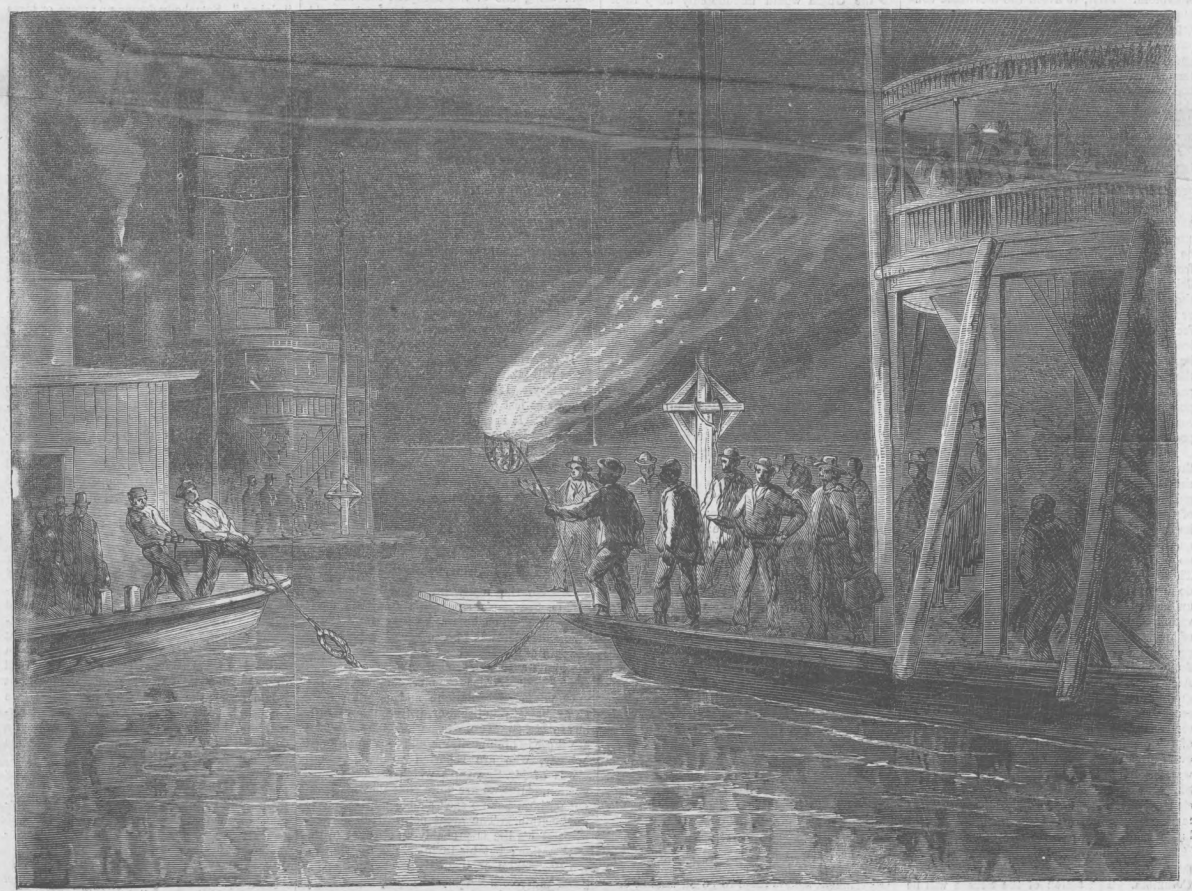
THE THOMAS MEDAL (OBVERSE).



THE THOMAS MEDAL (REVERSE).

But THOMAS'S crowning victory was gained at Nashville, December 15, 1864. No battle of the war had been more critical. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in sending Gen. HOOD Northward, staked the Confederacy upon HOOD'S success. Whether HOOD succeeded or failed was of more immediate and momentous consequence than the issue of SHERMAN'S advance to the Atlantic sea-coast. But with SHERMAN'S success and HOOD'S defeat combined there was no hope left.—HOOD seems to have been subject to some fatuity or evil genius. He waited for days in front of Nashville, while THOMAS was quietly but rapidly concentrating all the available forces of the West—and when THOMAS was prepared HOOD threw down the wager of battle, and was beaten and routed as no army save LEE'S was routed during the war. HOOD'S army was not only defeated; it was obliterated.

The Medal, of which we give an illustration, is of gold, and displays a workmanship admirable in every particular. Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., by whom the work was executed, consider the medal one of the most successful productions that they have sent



A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT MAKING A LANDING AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

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from their work-shops. The *obverse* presents a beautiful medallion head of the General surrounded by this inscription: "To Major-General GEORGE H. THOMAS, from the State of Tennessee." The *reverse* has upon it, in *bas relief*, a view of the Capitol at Nashville, about which is inscribed General THOMAS's Message from Chattanooga at the time when it was so closely besieged by BRAGG: "I will hold the town till we starve," etc.

Beneath the Capitol, and in line, is placed the words: "By joint resolution, adopted Nov. 2, 1865." In size the medal is about three inches in diameter, its weight being one pound Troy. It is a token of regard and appreciation that General THOMAS may well be proud to receive from the State of Tennessee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

RESTORATION AND SUFFRAGE.

THERE is no royal road to restoration. The social and political systems and traditions of a State can not be violently torn up by the roots and new systems introduced without long delays and patience and prudent deliberation. There is no magical word that will conjure the difficulty away. Universal suffrage alone, or impartial suffrage alone, is no more a sure solution than universal amnesty or universal disfranchisement of the late rebels. Suffrage, indeed, is an essential element in the process of restoration, but it is only a part of it. The question is very complicated. It can be settled only gradually and by the increasing light of experience as we advance. The chief danger of the situation is impatience. A year ago it was confidently asserted by intelligent men that if the work of reconstruction were not accomplished by the end of the last session of Congress the people would put the Union party out of power. The event has hardly justified the prediction. Those intelligent men were profoundly mistaken. The country is just as patient and steady as it was during the war; and while it hopes and wishes for the earliest possible restoration, it means to make no leap in the dark.

We lately showed that the ineligibility to office of certain specified leaders of the late rebellion at the pleasure of Congress, and without depriving them of the vote, was a cardinal necessity of the method of restoration. There is another of the utmost importance, and that is the enfranchisement of the colored citizens of the unrestored States. The political object of this is twofold. First, to avoid the inevitable consequences of depriving a vast population of political power in the midst of those who have the power and are hostile to the unenfranchised; and, second, to create a large and, in some quarters of the lately disturbed section, a controlling body of loyal voters. The authority to do any thing toward this result, like that of the President's action in appointing Provisional Governors, is derived from the necessity of providing for the public safety after a severe and prolonged war, which is not at an end, whether there are forces in the field or not, until the people by their representatives so declare.

It is therefore merely a question of policy, and not of principle, as has been sometimes stoutly asserted, how this enfranchisement shall be procured—whether it shall proceed directly from the National Government, or whether efficient motives shall be presented to persuade those who at present exercise the political power to enlarge it. Undoubtedly, as a matter of fact and experience, it is always wiser that radical political changes should proceed from the immediate political community to be affected by them. But this is not always practicable; especially when such changes are essential to purposes over which those communities have no control, and to which they may even be opposed.

It is equally a point of expediency whether the suffrage, by whatever authority established, shall be limited only by age, residence, and legal innocence of crime, or whether the capacity of reading and writing shall be added. The imperative rule is merely that, whatever the qualification, it be truly equal, in order that no privileged political class shall be created. Those who claim that suffrage is a natural right do not deny that it must be regulated by certain uniform conditions which do not work a deprivation of the right. Thus, a certain maturity of age is always deemed indispensable, and is a provision approved by universal common sense. So the ability to read and write is urged by many Americans as a further qualification, upon the ground that in this country no citizen has reached the age of twenty-one and is unable to read and write except through a willful rejection of the opportunities equally afforded him with every other man. But this is true only of what were lately called the Free States. In the late Slave States there was no general public provision of education, and it was a legal offense to teach the laborers to read or write. And this brings us to the practical bearing of the subject.

Senator MORRILL has introduced a bill regulating the electoral franchise in the District of Columbia. The action of the Senate will be significant as showing its views of the whole question. But we hope that, while there will be the amplest comparison of views, no action at this time will be allowed to establish a precedent. The subject should be left unfettered; for it may be very proper to do in the District of Columbia what would be extremely unwise in some of the unrestored States. The bill of Senator MORRILL, according to the statement from Washington, provides that every male adult, legally innocent, who is a citizen of the United States and has lived six months in the District, who can write his name and read the Constitution of the United States, and who took no voluntary part in the rebellion, shall be a voter. This may be an admirable and timely provision in the District, but how would this serve as a system of suffrage in the unrestored States, bearing in mind that the object is to develop a numerical loyal vote for the Government, and to move toward actual pacification?

It is indisputable that if Congress should enfranchise only every loyal male adult in the late Slave States who could read and write, the political power in all of them would be intrusted to an insignificant fraction of the people. Of course if the bulk of the educated class and those who have had the habit of leadership and superiority were altogether excluded from political power, it would be necessary to maintain an imposing national military force to protect the political class. But if, as is plain in any event, the army must remain for a long time in the unrestored States, would not the chance of general pacification be greatly increased, not by disfranchising the vast majority of the citizens, but by disabling certain persons from office, and by politically opposing one part of the population to another, the loyal to the disloyal. The moment the colored citizens are enfranchised and are so securely protected that they will not fear to exercise their rights, they will, by laws which are entirely superior to pride and prejudice, gradually come to be politically treated as the foreign voters are treated in the city of New York.

The question of suffrage in the unrestored States is to be regarded politically, in connection with other questions, in its bearings upon the most prompt and permanent restoration of the Union. We must not be superstitious. We must not suppose that the mere ballot is the open sesame of the situation. If Congress enfranchises the colored citizens of the unrestored States, it must not only defend them with rifles but with education. In the long-run, the ballot is a wise weapon only in intelligent hands; and while at present the same instinct which kept the hands of the colored people true to the Union would undoubtedly keep their votes no less true, there would be demagogues enough who would strive to hold them in ignorance that they might hereafter control them more easily. Extension of political power to the freedmen is essential to the national peace. If it can not well be compassed by just but indirect coercion of their neighbors, it must be accomplished directly by the national power, and that power must secure the object of its action by providing education also.

THE SECRETARY AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE Secretary of the Treasury says that he will adopt no policy that is likely to lead to a commercial crisis. But at the same time he suggests that the legal tenders may be curtailed at the rate of six instead of four millions a month, and he has no suggestion whatever to offer with regard to the curtailment of National Bank notes. Here is a contradiction which some of the Secretary's friends might possibly do well to explain.

The National Currency, of which about $300,000,000 are afloat, is redeemable in legal tenders. By law the National Banks are required at all times to hold legal tenders equal in amount to twenty-five per cent. of their liabilities. In fact, they are expected to be able to pay all their liabilities in legal tender on demand. There are at the present time about $385,000,000 of plain legal tenders in existence. If the Secretary curtails these at the rate of six millions a month, or $72,000,000 a year, wherewithal will the National Banks redeem their issues, and how shall we escape a commercial crisis?

Those who claim to know the private views of Secretary M'CULLOCH say that he is looking out for the Government, and for the Government only—leaving the National Banks to look out for themselves. If this be the case it would be but fair to say so. That the National Banks must break, if Mr. M'CULLOCH withdraws the legal tenders in which they are bound to redeem their issues, is too clear to need demonstration. Set a pyramid on its head and it will fall to the ground. Take away the base on which the superstructure of National Currency and National Bank discounts has been erected and the whole edifice must come down. There are many who hold that the National Banks must break sooner or later in any event. Without stopping to controvert this proposition, it must be clear to the meanest comprehension that they must break, and break badly, if the Government suffers them to go on issuing currency and expanding their discounts, while at the same time it is steadily withdrawing the medium in which their issues are redeemable and their deposits payable.

It is just possible, but not at all likely, that the United States can resume specie payments without a violent commercial crisis. To escape that crisis the change must be gradual and spread over a long period of time. Gold must decline slowly and steadily to par, prices must fall with it, and commerce and finance must contract *pari passu*, so that on the day of resumption the banks shall owe so little that they can pay their notes in coin. Such a gradual resumption is possible, as we said. But it is not in the least likely, and the main reason why it is not likely is, that the National Banks are morally certain to keep their issues out and their discount line full so long as they can legally do so. A few institutions here and there, managed by men of experience, will prepare for the storm in due season. But by far the greater number of the twelve hundred National Banks scattered over the country, if uncontrolled by law, will continue to issue currency and discount paper to the very last moment of their existence. This is the history of banking throughout the world.

To secure by law a resumption of specie payments without a commercial crisis would imperatively require restrictions upon the issues and the discounts of National Banks. They should be compelled to hold a reserve of specie in proportion to their issues and their loans, such reserve to increase as the legal tenders were withdrawn. To do this without ruin would involve a severe contraction of discounts and a large recall of currency. Whether such contraction and recall could be effected without causing wide-spread commercial distress is an open question. But it is clear that if the National Banks can not contract and reduce their issues without causing a financial crisis, that crisis has become inevitable, and the longer it is delayed the more severe will it prove.

No passage of the Secretary's Report is more thoughtworthy than the sentence in which he says that the past few years' experience of paper-money has so demoralized and debauched public sentiment that not a few influential leaders of public opinion are actually opposed to all steps which lead to the resumption of specie payments. It is too true. At least two leading metropolitan journals, to say nothing of half a dozen leading Members of Congress, are openly opposed to currency contraction, and to any and all measures which may tend to make the United States dollar equal in value to the dollar of other countries. It is notorious that, from being one of the cheapest, this has become one of the dearest countries in the world to live in; that taxation here is more oppressive than in Great Britain; that industry is becoming paralyzed, and commerce precarious; that our people are becoming poorer daily, while foreign nations are steadily enriching themselves at our expense; and that this state of things must go on, and grow steadily worse, so long as our currency remains in a condition of disgrace. At the same time it is obvious that, the agony of resumption once passed, our resources are such that the country would speedily recover, the cost of living would fall, taxation would be lighter, the reward of industry and commerce would be sure, capital would flow hither from all parts of the world, and the condition of all classes would be improved. Yet, in spite of all this, there are found leading men and leading organs of opinion which denounce all measures leading to resumption, and cling to paper-money doctrines. Well may the Secretary declare that the experience of the war has debauched men's minds.

It now remains to be seen what action Congress will take on the recommendations of the Secretary. If the majority are in the same temper as last year but little can be expected of them. It is said, however, that the cost of living has begun to tell upon the views of Western constituencies, and that members who last winter were opposed to any reduction of the currency will now consent to invest Mr. M'CULLOCH with larger powers. It is due to him to say that his administration has, in the main, entitled him to unusual confidence.

POLITICAL "CLAIMS."

AMONG the many ingenious explanations of Mr. SEWARD's separation from the great party with which he was so long connected is one which declares him to have resolved upon the ruin of the party because it failed to nominate him for President at the Chicago Convention of 1860. This is the most common and the most popular speculation; and certainly none more shameful in itself, or, if true, more injurious to Mr. SEWARD, can be imagined. There are those in high positions, and of unquestioned honesty, who are reported to have quoted words of Mr. SEWARD's which favor the suggestion. But we are quite sure that his present position has no such simple and summary explanation. The great political disappointment of his life is probably an element in the explanation; but his invincible optimism and the doctrinaire or theoretical tendency of his mind must both make part of any satisfactory theory.

Our object now, however, is not the solution of a painful problem, but to consider the ground upon which Mr. SEWARD's disappointment is supposed to rest. This, in a word, is said to be the refusal of the party to recognize his claims. It is urged that he did more than any one else to create the Republican party, and to insure its success; that he gave all his powers to it; that he was its acknowledged national leader; and that, when victory was probable, it was the duty of the party to recognize his claims by nominating him for the Presidency. But those who say this—Mr. SEWARD himself if he think this—forget all the important facts. Mr. SEWARD is a politician. He left the Whig party when the Whig party was plainly gone forever as a political power, and he left just at the proper moment. Having taken his new position he naturally brought all his force to bear to fortify and maintain it. His party associates willingly acknowledged his services, and in his own State elected and re-elected him United States Senator.

But they did this not because he had any claim, or could have any claim, upon official position, but because he seemed to them by experience and capacity and availability the best candidate. When his name was presented to the National Convention for the Presidency his experience and capacity were not denied, but it was the conviction of the Convention that he was not an available candidate in Pennsylvania and other States which were essential to success, and that, even were his election probable, it would transfer what was called the Albany Lobby to Washington. Mr. SEWARD's "claims" were not urged. In the brief and touching speech in which the chairman of the New York delegation moved that the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN be made unanimous he spoke of Mr. SEWARD as a statesman well known to the country and thoroughly proved, whose powers and sagacity would insure a faithful administration of the Government. But the chairman was much too wise to insinuate, whatever he may have thought, that the party or the Convention were ungrateful.

The truth is, that the people may claim any political service of any citizen, but no citizen can have any political claim whatever upon the choice of the public, except that which is founded upon the general conviction of capacity and discretion. The feebleness and inefficiency which are usually held to characterize the public service in many departments, as compared with private enterprise, spring from the custom of appointing men to office, not for fitness or competency, but for party service or "claims." Somebody drums up voters, or hires carriages, or calls meetings, or breaks heads, and when success alights upon the party banner he is rewarded by a small office. We knew one such candidate, who, being bred to an honest trade, sighed for the repose of a Custom-house berth, and who pleaded, not his capacity and industry and fidelity, but that he had "done all the dirty work of the party for ten years." And if it be a question of claims, his were indisputable.

Offices which involve the prompt and economical administration of the details of the Government, and still more those which involve its general foreign and domestic policy, can not be considered as party rewards to which claims may be established by party service without the most vital injury to the public welfare. That Mr. SEWARD may have supposed otherwise, and have felt that he was betrayed by his party because he was not nominated for the Presidency, only shows how false a theory upon the subject has prevailed among us. Suppose it had been adopted, and, because of his "claims," Mr. SEWARD had been nominated in 1860 and elected President— We prefer not to pursue the supposition further. Only let us remember that the sole claims to public trusts in this country which can be safely considered are common sense or discretion, capacity, honesty, industry, and fidelity to equal human rights. Partisan diligence certainly does not invalidate these, but it can not supply their place.

FOREIGN WAR.

THE one thing for which every enemy of this country at home and abroad most fervently prays is a foreign war. Abroad, it would justify the prophecies of every Tory sympathizer with the rebellion who has insisted that the consequences of our victory would be a military spirit which must necessarily be fatal to a popular government; and at home, it would renew the troubles from which we are emerging. He is a very poor student of history and human nature who supposes that a war with England or France would unite the late insurgents heartily with the Government or the loyal country. It is one of those silly theories which can be entertained for a moment only by those who would leave the settlement of our national questions to emotions of generosity and an assumed fraternity. Nobody can seriously doubt that the spirit which still controls the late insurgent States would hail with delight the prospect of a foreign war. But it would not be delight at the opportunity of healing the breach by defending the Govern-

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ment; it would be satisfaction in the prospect of the overthrow of the Government. Suppose a foreign force, landing at any port below the Capes of Virginia, would it be repelled with energy by the late Confederates or saluted with enthusiasm?

The answer to that question reveals the peculiar peril of foreign complication, and it also shows why Democratic leaders are not averse to it, and why the Administration should be closely watched. Public confidence in the President is not profound, and the course of the Secretary of State is not reassuring. There is nothing which the loyal people of this country would at this time so earnestly oppose as a foreign war; but it is in the power of an administration to put the country in a difficult position from which war may readily appear to be the only honorable escape. Congress will, therefore, undoubtedly require the amplest information upon every subject with which the State Department is charged. There is supposed to be in that Department a jealousy of Congressional inquisition—a feeling that inquiry is sometimes impertinence. But the State Department is but a branch of the public service, and Congress has the clear right to demand that the country shall know how it is being served; and, above all, shall know that its wishes and purposes are not being thwarted.

The correspondence with France lately published shows how heartily LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes to get out of Mexico. He said last year that he would withdraw his troops in three divisions, the first to move in November. When November came he stated to Mr. BIGELOW that he proposed to remove the whole force at once, and perhaps not until March. To this intimation the Secretary of State sent rather a peremptory and a purely diplomatic reply by the Atlantic cable. A simple request to know the reason of the change of determination would have been both cheaper and wiser. For after the reasons alleged why the United States could not acquiesce in the change of plan, which were very feeble reasons, LOUIS NAPOLEON'S reply was exactly what every body who has watched the Mexican affair expected. He said in effect that the presence of large bodies of United States troops upon the Mexican border, which occasionally crossed the line, their open sympathy with the Mexican opponents of the empire, and the equally frank expressions of opinion by General SHERIDAN, commanding in the Gulf Department, and of General GRANT, chief of the armies of the United States, made it dangerous for him to divide his retiring forces, and would expose the last division left in the country to peculiar peril.

This is a very simple and sensible explanation, which, it seems to us, might have occurred to the Department of State. Indeed, in this age of common sense and general intelligence, a simpler and more sensible diplomacy might be wisely adopted than that which assumes that under all circumstances the other party is trying to do precisely the opposite of what it declares. When once the French occupation of Mexico was seen to be a total mistake and failure, the work of a sagacious diplomacy was to assume that the French Emperor wished to withdraw, as he undoubtedly did, and not to wear even an air of menace which would merely furnish him a pretext for rejoinder and debate.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has begun its work with a will. It seems very conscious that it is not to remain in session for eight months, and that after the long debates of the year the country looks seriously for results. There has been some boyish effervescence, and, of course, there has been a profuse shower of propositions from every side to solve the problem of the time. We repeat the hope which we expressed during the last winter, that some representative whose radical convictions are as unquestionable as those of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS will save Congress and the country from the disgrace of his unchecked talk and action. The motion of this gentleman that the House should adjourn during the reading of the President's Message was not so much an insult to the President as to the whole country; and his remarks at the banquet of reception were both untimely and foolish.

That the President has disgracefully assailed Mr. STEVENS is true. Does Congress then mean to make the President its model of decency? He is quite as good at the game of vindictive vituperation as Mr. STEVENS. Did the President help himself or his cause by the 22d of February speech or by his Western speeches? Will Congress help itself by imitating him? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS should be taught that Congress is the immediate representative of the people of the United States, and that its forgetfulness of dignity and propriety is infinitely more offensive than that of the Executive officer.

It is a very common and a totally false idea that decency of manner and language is incompatible with strong conviction or effective action. We hear it said that the President is a coarse man and must be coarsely encountered. No conclusion could be more untrue. A Congress which should steadily pursue its course, tranquilly fulfilling the popular will, quietly passing necessary bills over the Executive veto, without a word of derision or acrimony, and while it paralyzed any unwise or dangerous Executive attempts, preserved profound silence toward the Executive officer, would confound him a thousandfold more than a Congress which bandied insults with him. And so a leader who should represent the unbending popular will, and refuse to abandon himself to rhetorical or sarcastic fury, would have a power in the House, with the country, and over the Executive, which Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, with all his brilliant antics, can never reach. Let us hope that some members will reflect that it was the apparent assent of the House to the vagaries of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS a year ago which so seriously disturbed its hold upon many of the most loyal men in the country, who, however, had no alternative but to support Congress when the issue was fairly joined in the canvass. If it be an impeachable offense, as General BUTLER seems to suppose, for the Executive Department of the Government to bring the Legislative into contempt, what is the remedy when the Legislative branch retorts? May not that account be considered settled, and the Impeachment be reserved?

The very power of Congress, however, and its support by the country, will tend to make it moderate and mannerly. There is really no contest between it and the President, for the force is too much on one side. Even the Democrats desert him. Surely no public man ever encountered such sudden and bitter retribution. It is not much more than a year since the chief orator at the Democratic Albany meeting nominated him for next President. And now a Democratic leader in the House says that to attempt to shoulder the present Executive would destroy any party. After that nothing can be said. The country has a right to expect hearty, honest, and efficient work from its representatives, and neither sneers nor sarcasms upon the President. There was a time when they were legitimate weapons, but it is happily passed.

MURDER, CONTINUED.

THE ferry-boat *Idaho*, of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, left her dock in Williamsburg on the evening of November 26, and when she had gone about five hundred yards a large lighted kerosene lamp was upset, and the boat instantly took fire. The engines were reversed, the hose was rigged, but so rapid and fierce were the flames that it was impossible to regain the dock. Fortunately another ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came up and rescued the passengers. But she could not approach very near on account of the [illegible] and to save herself was compelled to leave several persons on the burning steamer. These, seizing life-preservers, jumped into the water, and were picked up by a row-boat.

Our readers will remember that we described a fire upon the Sound steamer, the *Plymouth Rock*, a few weeks ago. That, also, was caused by a kerosene lamp. We earnestly advise every traveler, before embarking upon any steamer whatever upon which he must pass the night, to ascertain whether it carries kerosene lamps. If it does, let him with others act as a committee of vigilance and safety. And this should be done until a law can be passed forbidding any steamer whatever to light itself with kerosene lamps. Their use should be as rigorously prohibited upon steamers as the free transport of gunpowder. It is plain that, unless some positive restriction is placed upon them, we shall presently record some appalling accident arising from their use.

Before the investigation of the loss of the *Evening Star* is satisfactorily finished there is that of the steamship *Suwanee*, which sailed from New York the morning after the burning of the *Idaho*. A day or two after she struck upon a shoal, and was got off only by lightening her of part of her cargo. She ran for the Delaware Breakwater, anchored, took in more freight, and sailed again, apparently without examination or repair. On the 3d of December she was struck by a hurricane off the South Carolina coast, and went down at about eight o'clock the next morning, the ship's company having previously put to sea in three boats. The supercargo says that when the *Suwanee* sailed from New York she was loaded down, "with her guards under water."

Human life is not only lost, it is squandered among us. Who is responsible for suffering a steamer to go to sea loaded so heavily that her guards were under water? The *Suwanee's* freight was arms for the Republic of Mexico. Her owners are announced as Messrs. SIMONS & CARY, of Philadelphia, and ELIJAH H. CATTELL, of New Jersey. By whom was she chartered? Somebody conspired with the storm to sink her. Somebody made sure of her destruction. How many vessels similarly doomed, if they chance to encounter a similar hurricane, are leaving the port of New York every week? The intelligent American people are sent to sea in winter in rotten old tubs overloaded and undermanned, or they are conveyed by hundreds in steamers with lighted kerosene lamps dancing along marble tables until they tumble and kindle the dry, light wood-work around them, and the kind folk good-naturedly think it is very shocking! If these lines are read by any traveler upon such a steamer, we advise him again to look about him.

NOW AND THEN.

WE do not know where to look for a more striking illustration of the regeneration of the country than is to be found in the position, sympathies, and words, upon certain subjects, of the late and the present Chief Justice of the United States. It is not ten years since Judge TANEY uttered the Dred Scott decision, and misrepresented history to prove that in the idea of the American Government men of African descent had no rights which other men were bound to respect. His successor, Judge CHASE, is the President of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, and upon taking the chair at the late meeting of the Pennsylvania branch he said: "When I find myself in any position incompatible with labor for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed, that position shall not hold me."

Such words by such a man upon such an occasion show how heartily American sentiment now tends toward its fundamental principle of Justice and Equal Rights.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 4:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner gave notice of his intention to introduce resolutions for the entire control of Congress over the subject of reconstruction, and the right to exclude the late rebellious States from representation in Congress, and from voting on amendments.

In the House, an additional rule was adopted for the appointment by each Congress of a standing committee on freedmen's affairs.—The Bounty bill of the last session was referred to the Military Committee for amendment, and the bill increasing the pay of members to the Judiciary Committee for repeal.—A resolution was adopted insisting upon the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment; also a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the propriety of providing Territorial governments for the late rebel States.

December 5:

In the Senate, a bill, introduced by Mr. Wade, for the admission of Nebraska into the Union as a State was ordered to lie upon the table for the present.—The Committees for the session were announced.—A resolution offered by Mr. Williams, instructing the Committee on Retrenchment to inquire to what extent the President has the right to restore confiscated property under the laws of the United States, was adopted.—The House bill taking away the President's Amnesty power was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.—Mr. Sumner then introduced the resolutions of which he had given notice the previous day. They were read and ordered to be printed.—The joint resolution proposing a Constitutional Amendment making the President ineligible for re-election was referred.—The House resolution continuing the Committee on Reconstruction was concurred in.

In the House, a bill was passed limiting the number of peremptory challenges in criminal cases; also a bill protecting the rights of loyal citizens in the South.

December 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee the House bill to repeal the Amnesty power of the President. The bill went over under the rules.

In the House, the Post-Office Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of conferring upon the Post-Office Department the same jurisdiction over telegraph lines which it now exercises over post-offices and post-roads.—A Select Committee of three was appointed to proceed to New Orleans to investigate the July riot.—The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of directing martial law to be proclaimed in those counties of the Southern States where Union men have been murdered, and the laws not enforced against the murderers.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs was instructed to inquire as to the measures necessary to secure the recognition by other nationalities of the principle of our Naturalization Laws.—Mr. Schenck's bill to fix the times for the regular meeting of Congress was discussed at length. It was provided, in the first section, that Congress shall meet on the 4th of March.

December 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade reported back the bill for the admission of Nebraska, with a recommendation that it pass.—Mr. Edmunds, of the Committee on Retrenchment, to whom was referred the bill to regulate the term of office, reported a substitute which provides that the President shall suspend from office only in cases wherein the holder is guilty of misconduct or crime, or from some other reason has become disqualified or incapable of performing his duties, the President also to have power to fill vacancies occasioned by natural causes during the recess of the Senate.—A resolution was adopted that the Committee on the Post-office inquire as to the expediency of the Post-office Department assuming control of the telegraph lines.—Mr. Morrill's bill for "impartial restricted suffrage in the District of Columbia" was discussed.

In the House, Mr. Ward introduced a bill to reorganize the Southern States, providing for Provisional Governors, universal suffrage, State conventions, etc.—The President was requested to furnish a complete list of persons pardoned for offenses during the rebellion.—The Reconstruction Committee were requested to report upon the expediency of admitting Southern Representatives.—The bill convening the next Congress on the 4th of March passed by 124 to 9.—The Senate bill of last session regulating Invalid Pensions was reported, with some amendments, and passed.—The Surratt correspondence was laid before the House.

ARREST OF SURRATT.

There can scarcely be a doubt that in John H. Surratt our Government has secured Booth's chief accomplice. America, Europe, and Egypt have been successively the hiding-place of this criminal. For nearly fifteen months he has been watched and followed. The first intimation which our Government received of his whereabouts was by a letter, dated September 27, 1865, written to Secretary Seward by A. Wilding, Vice-Consul of Liverpool. Surratt, it seems, fled to Canada after the assassination, where he remained four months, and on the 25th of September, 1865, arrived in Liverpool. The informant from whom Vice-Consul Wilding got his information became acquainted with Surratt on the passage from Montreal to Quebec.

Surratt was traveling under the name of M'Carthy, and was introduced to the informant as a passenger who "had compromised himself." On the passage from Quebec to Liverpool Surratt became confidential; spoke of having great difficulty in escaping from the United States to Canada; smiled when some connection with the assassination of Lincoln was imputed to him; admitted that he had been in the Confederate service, engaged in conveying intelligence between Washington and Richmond, and that he was concerned in a plan for carrying off Lincoln from Washington, which was entirely concocted by Booth and himself, and that he came to Canada just before the assassination; and, finally, he declared his real name to be Surratt. While in Canada, he said, he received a letter from Booth indicating the necessity of a change in their plans, and, in compliance with the letter's request, started for Washington. But whether he went there or not he did not say, but said that on his way back to Canada he heard of the assassination and hurried to escape. Our Minister, Mr. Adams, had not sufficient evidence to warrant Surratt's arrest, although the latter was for several weeks within the province of our Consulate.

On the 25th of October Mr. Potter, our Consul-General at Montreal, furnished Mr. Seward with corroborative evidence as to Surratt's departure for Montreal. According to Mr. Potter's information, Surratt was then in Montreal, waiting to receive money from Canada, when it was his intention to start for Rome. In Canada he had been secreted most of the time in Montreal, and latterly by a Roman Catholic priest at Three Rivers. He was disguised, having dyed his hair, eyebrows, and mustache, stained his face, and put on glasses. It appears that Surratt had manifested no signs of penitence, but had told his friends that, "he could live two years longer, he would serve Johnson as he had Lincoln."

On April 23, 1866, Mr. Seward was informed by Mr. King, at Rome, that Surratt had enlisted in the Papal guards under the name of John Watson, and was stationed with his company at Sezze. Mr. King's informant declared that Surratt had confessed to him his participation in the assassination, and declared that Jefferson Davis "had incited or was privy to it."

At Rome, July 21, 1866, a statement was signed by the principal informant against Surratt to the effect that this informant had been at the beginning of the rebellion teaching school in a small village in Maryland (Little Texas, or Ellengowan), and there became acquainted with Weichman and Surratt. Welchman, it will be remembered, was the principal witness for the Government at the trial of the assassins of Lincoln. About six months before the end of the war this informant removed to Washington. Weichman was there with him. From difficulties with Weichman, he left Washington and joined the Union army as a substitute. His native country was Canada, and thither he found his way, having been captured by the rebels, imprisoned in Castle Thunder, and finally released by General Winder on his promise to go to Canada.

He had met Surratt lately in Italy, and the latter had acknowledged that he was the instigator of the murder of Lincoln, and had acted in the instructions and orders of persons he did not name, but some of whom are in New York and others in London. He said a party in London offered him £10,000 to publish a statement of the affair, but he refused. He was now receiving money from parties in London. He did not know Jeff Davis, but had acted under instructions under his immediate orders. When the assassination took place he was in New York.

During last month Surratt was supposed to be in the hospital at Sara, Italy. He had been arrested, but had escaped. On the 17th of November he succeeded in getting off from Naples for Alexandria, Egypt, where he was recently captured.

THE BROADWAY ROBBERY.

Charles Cady, head book-keeper and confidential clerk of Riker & Co., brokers in gold-mining securities at No. 80 Broadway, on the day before Thanksgiving decamped, taking with him certificates of stock valued at over $100,000, which he abstracted from the safe. The safe was blown open on the 1st of December—the third day after the disappearance of Mr. Cady, and the loss was discovered. On the subsequent Thursday the thief was arrested at the Tontine Hotel in this city, confessed his guilt, and delivered up the stolen property. He had made arrangements for sailing the next day (Friday) for New Orleans.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT'S MESSAGE.

Governor Pierpont sent in his Message to the Virginia Legislature December 3. He recommends the passage of the Constitutional Amendment. In regard to the Amendment he asks:

"But are the conditions imposed by Congress hard? Congress indicated that the disabilities enumerated in the Amendment are not to be perpetual, by reserving to itself the power to repeal them. The conditions are not nearly as hard as they might be. The person and citizen is safe; his property is not threatened; our laws by strangers; the [illegible] of suffrage is left with the States. For the sake of securing peace and its blessings, may it not be an act of exalted patriotism for a portion of the old and the middle-aged citizens to yield gracefully to a necessity they can not avert? It only brings the young men a little earlier into public life, and will tend to the earlier development of their energies. By the acceptance of the Amendment tranquility will be secured to the South. The young men and the old men will enter upon a new field of prosperity; intercommunications will be opened between all parts of the country, and by the exercise of a little forbearance, in a few years a perfect restoration will be effected."

GOVERNOR PATTON ON THE AMENDMENT.

In a special Message transmitted December 6 to the Alabama Legislature Governor Patton recommends the passage of the Amendment. His principal argument is, that the refusal to adopt the Amendment allows the Radicals an opportunity to impose their own terms of restoration. The harshness of the measure, he thinks, will be mitigated "by time and the influence of our representatives."

NEWS ITEMS.

Professor Samuel G. Brown, of Dartmouth College, and author of the valuable memoir of Rufus Choate, has been elected President of Hamilton College.

The Central Pacific Railroad is complete to Cisco, 93 miles east from Sacramento.

The Tennessee House of Representatives has voted against a bill providing for the maintenance of free common schools in that State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

December 5:

The London *Times* indorses the President's Message, and declares that the *Alabama* claims ought to be immediately settled.

December 6:

(LONDON.)—Two more regiments have been ordered to Ireland, and three iron-clads to the Irish coast.

(DUBLIN.)—Frequent arrests of Fenians continue to be made. The Governor of the City Prison has asked for a military guard.

(MARSEILLES.)—Dispatches received from Candia state that the insurgents had blown up a convent, and that 2000 Turks had lost their lives by the explosion.

December 7:

(LIVERPOOL.)—All the depots of arms in this city have been placed under armed guards. The excited state of feeling among the Irish population renders these precautions necessary.

(PESTH.)—The Hungarian Diet has agreed to the address to the Emperor of Austria, proposed by M. Deak.

December 8:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are evidently assuming still more alarming proportions, as it is reported here to-day that, in addition to the troops already dispatched to that island, two cavalry regiments have been ordered to the scene of disturbance.

December 10:

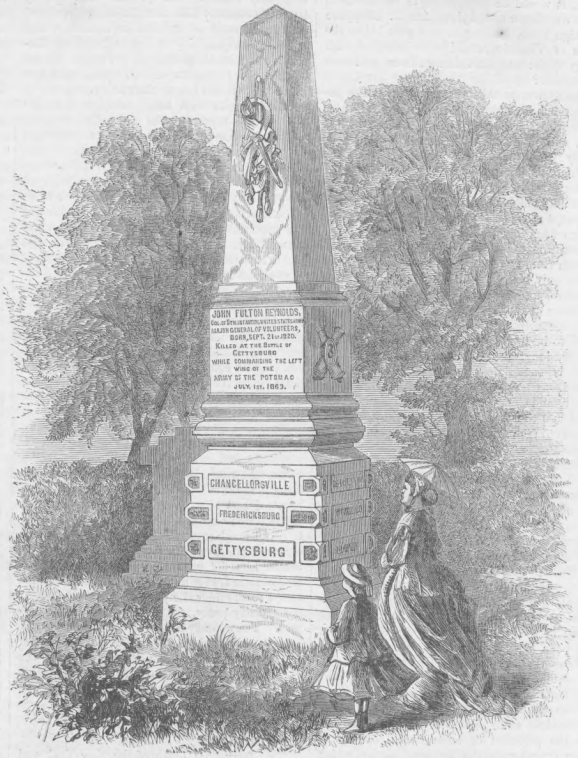
(LONDON.)—The *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that the Fenians have been fairly checkmated, and that it would be madness on their part to attempt rebellion. Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral, urging the Irish people to obedience to the law and the avoidance of all secret societies. Arrests continue to be made, and more artillery will leave for Ireland soon.

(PARIS.)—The new Minister to the United States, M. Berthemy, sailed for New York on Saturday.

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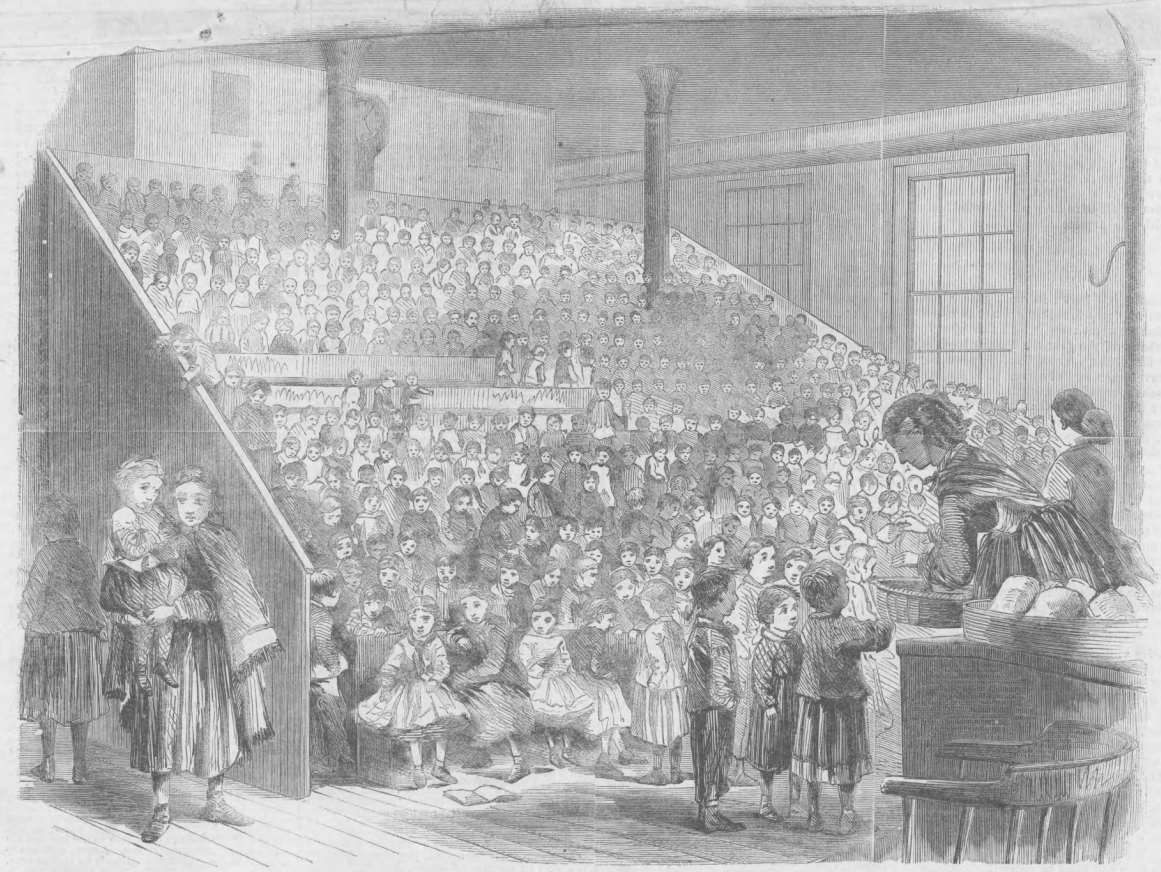
MRS. BOX, HER DAUGHTERS, AND LIEUTENANT HERSELBERSER.—[SEE PAGE 806.]



MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GEN. J. F. REYNOLDS.—SKETCHED BY JOB. BRIMMER, JR.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

AMONG the interesting features connected with the Ladies' Five Points Mission, established in this city on the site of the "Old Brewery," there is none more remarkable than the Infant Class, which is the subject of an illustration on this page. The room extends through the entire depth of the building, and is about twenty-five feet in width. Over two hundred children, varying from two to six years and of almost every nationality, are seated upon elevated forms, and are daily drilled in the alphabet, rudimentary spelling, and singing. In due time they are "promoted" to a class higher, and, if they can be retained long enough, are advanced to the higher studies taught in the institution. Over five hundred regular scholars throng the rooms of this flourishing Mission, and the Board of Managers are about making arrangements to enlarge the Mission buildings. No charity can more forcibly commend itself to our citizens. Our sketch represents the Infant Class at the time of dismission, in the act of receiving lunch.



INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION, NEW YORK CITY—RECEIVING LUNCH.

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[Continued from No. 517.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER FROM THE "ALLIANCE" OFFICE.

Upon the evening of the day on which Mrs. Halliday and the dentist had discussed the propriety of calling in a strange doctor, George Sheldon came again to see his sick friend. He was quicker to perceive the changes in the invalid than the members of the household, who saw him daily and hourly, and he perceived a striking change for the worse to-night.

He took care, however, to suffer no evidence of alarm or surprise to appear in the sick chamber. He talked to his friend in the usual cheery way; sat by the bedside for half an hour; did his best to arouse Tom from a kind of stupid lethargy, and to encourage Mrs. Halliday, who shared the task of nursing her husband with brisk Nancy Woolper—an invaluable creature in a sick room. But he failed in both attempts; the dull apathy of the invalid was not to be dispelled by the most genial companionship, and Georgy's spirits had been sinking lower and lower all day as her fears increased.

She would fain have called in a strange doctor; she would fain have sought for comfort and consolation from some new quarter. But she was afraid of offending Philip Sheldon; and she was afraid of alarming her husband. So she waited, and watched, and struggled against that ever-increasing anxiety. Had not Mr. Sheldon made light of his friend's malady, and what motive could he have for deceiving her?

A breakfast-cup full of beef-tea stood on the little table by the bedside, and had been standing there for hours untouched.

"I did take such pains to make it strong and clear," said Mrs. Woolper, regretfully, as she came to the little table during a tidying process, "and poor dear Mr. Halliday hasn't taken so much as a spoonful. It won't be fit for him to-morrow, so as I haven't eaten a morsel of dinner, what with the hurry and anxiety and one thing and another, I'll warm up the beef-tea for my supper. There's not a blessed thing in the house; for you don't eat nothing, Mrs. Halliday; and as to cooking a dinner for Mr. Sheldon, you'd a deal better go and throw your victuals out into the gutter, for then there'd be a chance of stray dogs profiting by 'em, at any rate."

"Phil is off his feed, then; eh, Nancy?" said George.

"I should rather think he is, Mr. George. I roasted a chicken yesterday for him and Mrs. Halliday, and I don't think they ate an ounce between them; and such a lovely tender young thing as it was too—done to a turn—with bread-sauce and a little bit of sea-kale. One invalid makes another, that's certain. I never saw your brother so upset as he is now, Mr. George, in all his life."

"No?" answered George Sheldon, thoughtfully; "Phil isn't generally one of your sensitive sort."

The invalid was sleeping heavily during this conversation. George stood by the bed for some minutes looking down at the altered face, and then turned to leave the room.

"Good-night, Mrs. Halliday," he said; "I hope I shall find poor old Tom a shade better when I look round to-morrow."

"I am sure I hope so," Georgy answered, mournfully.

She was sitting by the window looking out at the darkening western sky, in which the last lurid glimmer of a stormy sunset was fading against a back-ground of iron gray.

This quiet figure by the window, the stormy sky, and ragged hurrying clouds without, the dusky chamber with all its dismally significant litter of medicine-bottles, made a gloomy picture; a picture which the man who looked upon it carried in his mind for many years after that night.

George Sheldon and Nancy Woolper left the room together, the Yorkshirewoman carrying a tray of empty vials and glasses, and among them the cup of beef-tea.

"He seems in a bad way to-night, Nancy," said George, with a backward jerk of his head toward the sick chamber.

"He *is* in a bad way, Mr. George," answered the woman gravely, "let Mr. Philip think what he will. I don't want to say a word against your brother's knowledge, for such a steady studious gentleman as he is had need be clever; and if I was ill myself, I'd trust my life to him freely; for I've heard Barlingford folks say that my master's advice is as good as any regular doctor's, and that there's very little your regular doctors know that he doesn't know as well or better. But for all that, Mr. George, I don't think he understands Mr. Halliday's case quite as clear as he might."

"Do you think Tom's in any danger?"

"I won't say that, Mr. George; but I think he gets worse instead of getting better."

"Humph!" muttered George, "if Halliday were to go off the hooks, Phil would have a good chance of getting a rich wife."

"Don't say that, Mr. George!" exclaimed the Yorkshirewoman reproachfully; "don't even think of such a thing while that poor man lies at death's door. I'm sure Mr. Sheldon hasn't any thoughts of that kind. He told me before Mr. and Mrs. Halliday came to town that he and Miss Georgy had forgotten all about past times."

"Oh, if Phil said so, that alters the case. Phil is one of your blunt outspoken fellows, and always says what he means," said George Sheldon. And then he went down stairs, leaving Nancy to follow him at her leisure with the tray of jingling cups and glasses. He went down through the dusk, smiling to himself, as if he had just given utterance to some piece of intense humor. He went to look for his brother, whom he found in the torture-chamber, busied with some mysterious process in connection with a lump of plaster of Paris, which seemed to be the model of ruined battlements in the Gothic style. The dentist looked up as George entered the room, and did not appear particularly delighted by the appearance of that gentleman.

"Well," said Mr. Sheldon the younger, "busy as usual? Patients seem to be looking up."

"Patients be —— toothless to the end of time!" cried Philip, with a savage laugh. "No, I'm not working to order; I'm only experimentalizing."

"You're rather fond of experiments, I think, Phil," said George, seating himself near the table at which his brother was working under the glare of the gas. The dentist looked very pale and haggard in the gas-light, and his eyes had the dull sunken appearance induced by prolonged sleeplessness. George sat watching his brother thoughtfully for some time, and then produced his cigar-case. "You don't mind my smoke here?" he asked, as he lighted a cigar.

"Not at all. You are very welcome to sit here, if it amuses you to see me working at the cast of a lower jaw."

"Oh, that's a lower jaw, is it? It looks like the fragment of some castle-keep. No, Phil, I don't care about watching you work. I want to talk to you seriously."

"What about?"

"About that fellow up stairs; poor old Tom. He and I were great cronies, you know, at home. He's in a very bad way, Phil."

"Is he? You seem to be turning physician all at once, George. I shouldn't have thought your grubbing among county histories, and tattered old pedigrees, and parish registers had given you so deep an insight into the science of medicine!" said the dentist, in a sneering tone.

"I don't know any thing of medicine; but I know enough to be sure that Tom Halliday is about as bad as he can be. What mystifies me is, that he doesn't seem to have had any thing particular the matter with him. There he lies, getting worse every day, without any specific ailment. It's a strange illness, Philip."

"I don't see any thing strange in it."

"Don't you? Don't you think the surrounding circumstances are strange? Here is this man comes to your house hale and hearty; and all of a sudden he falls ill, and gets lower and lower every day, without any body being able to say why or wherefore."

"That's not true, George. Every body in this house knows the cause of Tom Halliday's illness. He came home in wet clothes, and insisted on keeping them on. He caught a cold; which resulted in low fever. There is the whole history and mystery of the affair."

"That's simple enough, certainly. But if I were you, Phil, I'd call in another doctor."

"That is Mrs. Halliday's business," answered the dentist, coolly; "she knows that if she doubts my skill, she is free to call in whom she pleases. And now you may as well drop the subject, George. I've had enough anxiety about this man's illness, and I don't want to be worried by you."

After this there was a little conversation about general matters, but the talk dragged and languished drearily, and George Sheldon rose to depart directly he had finished his cigar.

"Good-night, Philip!" he said; "if ever you get a stroke of good luck, I hope you'll stand something handsome to me."

This remark had no particular relevance to any thing that had been said that night by the two men. Yet Philip Sheldon seemed in no wise astonished by it.

"If things ever *do* take a turn for the better with me, you'll find me a good friend, George," he said, gravely; and then Mr. Sheldon the younger bade him good-night, and went out into Fitzgeorge Street.



THE QUIET FIGURE BY THE WINDOW.

He paused for a moment at the corner of the street to look back at his brother's house. He could see the lighted windows of the invalid's chamber, and it was at those he looked.

"Poor Tom," he said to himself, "poor Tom! we were great cronies in the old times, and have had many a pleasant evening together!"

Mr. Sheldon the dentist sat up till the small hours that night, as he had done for many nights lately. He finished his work in the torture-chamber, and went up to the common sitting-room, or drawing-room as it was called by courtesy, a little before midnight. The servants had gone to bed, for there was no regular nightly watch in the apartment of the invalid. Mrs. Halliday lay on a sofa in her husband's room, and Nancy Woolper slept in an adjoining apartment, always wakeful and ready if help of any kind should be wanted.

The house was very quiet just now. Philip Sheldon walked up and down the room, thinking; and the creaking of his boots sounded unpleasantly loud to his ears. He stopped before the fire-place, after having walked to and fro some time, and began to examine some letters that lay upon the mantle-piece. They were addressed to Mr. Halliday, and had been forwarded from Yorkshire. The dentist took them up one by one, and deliberately examined them. They were all business letters, and most of them bore country post-marks. But there was one which had been, in the first instance, posted from London; and this letter Mr. Sheldon examined with especial attention.

It was a big, official-looking document, and embossed upon the adhesive envelope appeared the crest and motto of the Alliance Insurance Office.

"I wonder whether that's all square," thought Mr. Sheldon, as he turned the envelope about in his hands, staring at it absently. "I ought to make sure of that. The London post-mark is nearly three weeks old." He pondered for some moments, and then went to the cupboard in which he kept the materials wherewith to replenish or to make a fire. Here he found a little tin tea-kettle, in which he was in the habit of boiling water for occasional friendly glasses of grog. He poured some water from a bottle on the side-board into this kettle, set fire to a bundle of wood, and put the kettle on the blazing sticks. After having done this he searched for a tea-cup, succeeded in finding one, and then stood watching for the boiling of the water. He had not long to wait; the water boiled furiously before the wood was burned out, and Mr. Sheldon filled the tea-cup standing on the table. Then he put the insurance-office letter over the cup, with the seal downward, and left it so, while he resumed his walk. After walking up and down for about ten minutes he went back to the table and took up the letter. The adhesive envelope opened easily, and Mr. Sheldon, by this ingenious stratagem, made himself master of his friend's business.

The "Alliance" letter was nothing more than a notice to the effect that the half-yearly premium for insuring the sum of three thousand pounds on the life of Thomas Halliday would be due on such a day, after which there would be twenty-one days' grace, at the end of which time the policy would become void unless the premium had been duly paid.

Mr. Halliday's letters had been suffered to accumulate during the last fortnight. The letters forwarded from Yorkshire had been detained some time, as they had been sent first to Hyley Farm, now in possession of the new owner, and then to Barlingford, to the house of Georgy's mother, who had kept them upward of a week, in daily expectation of her son-in-law's return. It was only on the receipt of a letter from Georgy, containing the tidings of her husband's illness, that Mr. Halliday's letters had been sent to London.

Thus it came about that the twenty-one days of grace were within four-and-twenty hours of expiry when Philip Sheldon opened his friend's letter.

"This is serious," muttered the dentist, as he stood deliberating with the open letter in his hand; "there are three thousand pounds depending upon his life." After a few minutes' reflection he folded the letter and resealed it very carefully.

"It wouldn't do to press the matter upon him to-night," he thought; "I must wait till to-morrow morning, come what may."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. BURKHAM'S UNCERTAINTIES.

The next morning dawned gray and pale and chill, after the manner of early spring mornings, let them ripen into never such balmy days; and with the dawn Nancy Woolper came into the invalid's chamber, more wan and sickly of aspect than the morning itself.

Mrs. Halliday started from an uneasy slumber.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" she asked, with considerable alarm. She had known the woman ever since her childhood, and she was startled this morning by some indefinable change in her manner and appearance. The hearty old woman, whose face had been like a hard, rosy apple shriveled and wrinkled by long keeping, had now a white and ghastly look which struck terror to Georgy's breast. She who was usually so brisk of manner and sharp of speech had this morning a strange, subdued tone and an unnatural calmness of demeanor. "What is the matter, Nancy?" Mrs. Halliday repeated, getting up from her sofa.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Georgy," answered the old woman, who was apt to forget that Tom Halliday's wife had ever ceased to be Georgy Cradock; "don't be frightened, my dear. I haven't been very well all night—and—and—I've been worrying myself about Mr. Halliday. If I were you I'd call in another doctor. Never mind what Mr. Philip says. He may be mistaken, you know, clever as he is. There's no telling. Take my advice, Miss Georgy, and call in another doctor—directly—directly!" repeated the old woman, seizing Mrs. Halliday's wrist with a passionate energy, as if to give emphasis to her words.

Poor timid Georgy shrank from her with terror.

"You frighten me, Nancy," she whispered; "do you think that Tom is so much worse? You have not been with him all night; and he has been sleeping very quietly. What makes you so anxious this morning?"

"Never mind that, Miss Georgy. You get another doctor, that's all; get another doctor at once. Mr. Sheldon is a light sleeper. I'll go to his room and tell him you've set your heart upon having fresh advice; if you'll only bear me out afterward."

"Yes, yes; go, by all means!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliday, only too ready to take alarm under the influence of a stronger mind, and eager to act when supported by another person.

Nancy Woolper went to her master's room. He must have been sleeping very lightly, if he was sleeping at all, for he was broad awake the next minute after his housekeeper's light knock

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had sounded on the door. In less than five minutes he came out of his room half dressed. Nancy told him that Mrs. Halliday had taken fresh alarm about her husband, and wished for further advice.

"She sent you to tell me that?" asked Philip.

"Yes."

"And when does she want this new doctor called in?"

"Immediately, if possible."

It was seven o'clock by this time, and the morning was brightening a little.

"Very well," said Mr. Sheldon; "her wishes shall be attended to directly. Heaven forbid that I should stand between my old friend and any chance of his speedy recovery! If a stranger can bring him round quicker than I can, let the stranger come."

Mr. Sheldon was not slow to obey Mrs. Halliday's behest. He was departing on his quest breakfastless, when Nancy Woolper met him in the hall with a cup of tea. He accepted the cup almost mechanically from her hand, and took it into the parlor, whither Nancy followed him. And then for the first time he perceived that change in his housekeeper's face which had so startled Georgina Halliday.

The change was somewhat modified now; but still the Nancy Woolper of to-day was not the Nancy Woolper of yesterday.

"You're looking very queer, Nancy," said the dentist, gravely scrutinizing the woman's face with his bright, penetrating eyes. "Are you ill?"

"Well, Mr. Philip, I have been rather queer all night—sickish and faintish-like."

"Ah! you've been overfatiguing yourself in the sick room, I dare say. Take care you don't knock yourself up."

"No; it's not that, Mr. Philip. There's not many can stand hard work better than I can. It's not *that* as made me ill. I took something last night that disagreed with me."

"More fool you," said Mr. Sheldon, curtly; "you ought to know better than to ill-use your digestive powers at your age. What was it? Hard cold meat and preternaturally green pickles, I suppose; or something of that kind."

"No, Sir; it was only a drop of beef-tea that I made for poor Mr. Halliday. And that oughtn't to have disagreed with a baby, you know, Sir."

"Oughtn't it?" cried the dentist, disdainfully. "That's a little bit of vulgar ignorance, Mrs. Woolper. I suppose it was stuff that had been taken up to Mr. Halliday."

"Yes, Mr. Philip; you took it up with your own hands."

"Ah! to be sure; so I did. Very well, then, Mrs. Woolper, if you knew as much about atmospheric influences as I do, you'd know that food which has been standing for hours in the [illegible] for any body to eat. The stuff made you sick, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir; sick to my very heart," answered the Yorkshire woman, with a strange mournfulness in her voice.

"Let that be a warning to you, then. Don't take any thing more that comes down from the sick room."

"I don't think there'll be any chance of my doing that long, Sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't fancy Mr. Halliday is long for this world."

"Ah, you women are always ravens!"

"Unless the strange doctor can do something to cure him. Oh, pray bring a clever man who will be able to cure that poor helpless creature up stairs. Think, Mr. Philip, how you and him used to be friends and play-fellows—brothers almost—when you was both bits of boys. Think how bad it might seem to evil-minded folks if he died under your roof."

The dentist had been standing near the door drinking his tea during this conversation; and now for the first time he looked at his housekeeper with an expression of unmitigated astonishment.

"What, in the name of all that's ridiculous, do you mean, Nancy?" he asked, impatiently. "What has my roof to do with Tom Halliday's illness—or his death, if it came to that? And what on earth can people have to say about it if he should die here instead of any where else?"

"Why, you see, Sir, you being his friend, and Miss Georgy's sweet-heart that was, and him having no other doctor, folks might take it into their heads he wasn't attended properly."

"Because I'm his friend? That's very good logic! I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Woolper; if any woman upon earth, except the woman who nursed me when I was a baby, had presumed to talk to me as you have been talking to me just this minute, I should open the door yonder and tell her to walk out of my house. Let that serve as a hint for you, Nancy; and don't you go out of your way a second time to advise me how I should treat my friend and my patient."

He handed her the empty cup and walked out of the house. There had been no passion in his tone. His accent had been only that of a man who has occasion to reprove an old and trusted servant for an unwarrantable impertinence. Nancy Woolper stood at the street-door watching him as he walked away, and then went slowly back to her duties in the lower regions of the house.

"It can't be true," she muttered to herself; "it can't be true!"

The dentist returned to Fitzgeorge Street in less than an hour, bringing with him a surgeon from the neighborhood, who saw the patient, discussed the treatment, spoke hopefully to Mrs. Halliday, and departed, after promising to send a saline draught. Poor Georgy's spirits, which had revived a little under the influence of the stranger's hopeful words, sank again when she discovered that the utmost the new doctor could do was to order a saline draught. Her husband had taken so many saline draughts, and had been getting daily worse under their influence.

She watched the stranger wistfully as he lingered on the threshold to say a few words to Mr. Sheldon. He was a very young man, with a frank, boyish face and a rosy color in his cheeks. He looked like some fresh young neophyte in the awful mysteries of medical science, and by no means the sort of man to whom one would have imagined Philip Sheldon appealing for help, when he found his own skill at fault. But then it must be remembered that Mr. Sheldon had only summoned the stranger in compliance with what he considered a womanish whim.

"He looks very young," Georgina said, regretfully, after the doctor's departure.

"So much the better, my dear Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, cheerfully; "medical science is eminently progressive, and the youngest men are the best educated men."

Poor Georgy did not understand this; but it sounded convincing; and she was in the habit of believing what people told her; so she accepted Mr. Sheldon's opinion. How could she doubt that he was wiser than herself in all matters connected with the medical profession?

"Tom seems a little better this morning," she said presently.

The invalid was asleep, shrouded by the curtain of the heavy old-fashioned four-post bedstead.

"He is better," answered the dentist; "so much better, that I shall venture to give him a few business letters that have been waiting for him some time, as soon as he wakes."

He seated himself by the head of the bed, and waited quietly for the awakening of the patient.

"Your breakfast is ready for you down stairs, Mrs. Halliday," he said, presently; "hadn't you better go down and take it, while I keep watch here? It's nearly ten o'clock."

"I don't care about any breakfast," Georgina answered, piteously.

"Ah, but you'd better eat something. You'll make yourself an invalid if you are not careful; and then you won't be able to attend upon Tom."

This argument prevailed immediately. Georgy went down stairs to the drawing-room, and tried bravely to eat and drink, in order that she might be sustained in her attendance upon her husband. She had forgotten all the throes and tortures of jealousy which she had endured on his account. She had forgotten his late hours and unholy roysterings. She had forgotten every thing except that he had been very tender and kind throughout the prosperous years of their married life, and that he was lying in the darkened room up stairs sick to death.

Mr. Sheldon waited with all outward show of patience for the awakening of the invalid. But he looked at his watch twice during that half-hour of waiting; and once he rose and moved softly about the room, searching for writing materials. He found a little port-folio of Georgina's, and a frivolous-minded inkstand, after the semblance of an apple, with a gilt stalk and leaflet. The dentist took the trouble to ascertain that there was a decent supply of ink in the green glass apple, and that the pens were in working order. Then he went quietly back to his seat by the bedside and waited.

The invalid opened his eyes presently, and recognized his friend with a feeble smile.

"Well, Tom, old fellow! how do you feel today?—a little better, I hear from Mrs. H.," said the dentist, cheerily.

"Yes, I think I *am* a shade better. But, you see, the deuce of it is I never get more than a shade better. It always stops at that. The little woman can't complain of me now, can she, Sheldon? No more late hours, or oyster-suppers, eh?"

"No, no, not just yet. You'll have to take care of yourself for a week or two when you get about again."

Mr. Halliday smiled faintly as his friend said this.

"I shall be very careful of myself if I ever do get about again, you may depend upon it, old fellow! But do you know I sometimes fancy I have spent my last jolly evening, and eaten my last oyster-supper on this earth? I'm afraid it's time for me to begin to think seriously of a good many things. The little woman is all right, thank God. I made my will upward of a year ago, and insured my life pretty heavily soon after my marriage. Old Cradock never let me rest till that was done. So Georgy will be all safe. But when a man has led a careless, godless kind of a life—doing very little harm perhaps, but doing no particular good—he ought to set about making up his account somehow for a better world, when he feels himself slipping out of this. I asked Georgy for her Bible yesterday, and the poor, dear loving little thing was frightened out of her wits. 'Oh, don't talk like that, Tom!' she cried; 'Mr. Sheldon says you are getting better every hour'—by which you may guess what a rare thing it is for me to read my Bible. No, Phil, old fellow! you've done your best for me, I know; but I'm not made of a very tough material, and all the physic you can pour down this poor sore throat of mine won't put any strength into me."

"Nonsense, dear boy! that's just what a man who has not been accustomed to illness is sure to think directly he is laid up for a day or two."

"I've been laid up for three weeks," murmured Mr. Halliday, rather fretfully.

"Well, well, perhaps this Mr. Burkham will bring you round in three days, and then you'll say that your friend Sheldon was an ignoramus."

"No, no, I sha'n't, old fellow! I'm not such a fool as that. I'm not going to blame you when it's my own constitution that's in fault. As to that young man you brought here just now, to please Georgy, I don't suppose he'll do any more for me than you have done."

"We'll contrive to bring you round between us, never fear, Tom," answered Philip Sheldon, in his most hopeful tone. "Why, you are looking almost your old self this morning. You are so much improved that I may venture to talk to you about business. There have been some letters lying about for the last few days. I didn't like to bore you while you were so very low. But they look like business letters; and perhaps it would be as well for you to open them."

The sick man contemplated the little packet which the dentist had taken from his breast-pocket, and then shook his head wearily.

"I'm not up to the mark, Sheldon," he said; "the letters must keep."

"Oh, come, come, old fellow! That's giving way, you know. The letters may be important; and it will do you good if you make an effort to rouse yourself."

"I tell you it isn't in me to do it, Philip Sheldon. I'm past making efforts. Can't you see that, man? Open the letters yourself if you like."

"No, no, Halliday, I won't do that. Here's one with the seal of the Alliance Insurance Office. I suppose your premium is all right?"

Tom Halliday lifted himself on his elbow for a moment, startled into new life; but he sank back upon the pillows again immediately, with a feeble groan.

"I don't know about that," he said, anxiously; "you'd better look to that, Phil, for the little woman's sake. A man is apt to think that his insurance is settled and done with when he has been pommeled about by the doctors and approved by the board. He forgets there's that little matter of the premium. You'd better open the letter, Phil. I never was a good hand at remembering dates, and this illness has thrown me altogether out of gear."

Mr. Sheldon tore open that official document which, in his benevolent regard for his friend's interest, he had manipulated so cleverly on the previous evening, and read the letter with all show of deliberation.

"You're right, Tom!" he exclaimed, presently. "The twenty-one days' grace expire today. You'd better write me a check at once, and I'll send it on to the office by hand. Where's your check-book?"

"In the pocket of that coat hanging up there."

Philip Sheldon found the check-book and brought it to his friend, with Georgy's port-folio, and the frivolous little green glass inkstand in the shape of an apple. He adjusted the writing materials for the sick man's use with womanly gentleness. His arm supported the wasted frame as Tom Halliday slowly and laboriously filled in the check; and when the signature was duly appended to that document he drew a long breath, which seemed to express infinite relief of mind.

"You'll be sure it goes on to the Alliance Office, eh, old fellow?" asked Tom, as he tore out the oblong slip of paper and handed it to his friend. "It was kind of you to jog my memory about this business. I'm such a fellow for procrastinating matters. And I'm afraid I've been a little off my head during the last week."

"Nonsense, Tom! not you."

"Oh yes, I have. I've had all sorts of queer fancies. Did you come into this room the night before last when Georgy was asleep?"

Mr. Sheldon reflected for a moment before answering.

"No," he said; "not the night before last."

"Ah! I thought as much," murmured the invalid. "I was off my head that night then, Phil, for I fancied I saw you; and I fancied I heard the bottles and glasses jingling on the little table behind the curtain."

"You were dreaming, perhaps."

"Oh no, I wasn't dreaming. I was very restless and wakeful that night. However, that's neither here nor there. I lie in a stupid state sometimes for hours and hours, and I feel as weak as a rat, bodily and mentally; so while I have my wits about me I'd better say what I've been wanting to say ever so long. You've been a good and kind friend to me all through this illness, Phil, and I'm not ungrateful for your kindness. If it does come to the worst with me—as I believe it will—Georgy shall give you a handsome mourning-ring, or fifty pounds to buy one, if you like it better. And now let me shake hands with you, Philip Sheldon, and say thank you heartily, old fellow! for once and forever."

The invalid stretched out a poor, feeble, attenuated hand, and, after a moment's pause, Philip Sheldon clasped it in his own muscular fingers. He did hesitate for just one instant before taking that hand.

He was no student of the Gospel, but when he had left the sick chamber there arose before him suddenly, as if written in letters of fire on the wall opposite to him, one sentence which had been familiar to him in his school-days at Barlingford:

And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.

The new doctor came twice a day to see his patient. He seemed rather anxious about the case, and just a little puzzled by the symptoms. Georgy had sufficient penetration to perceive that this new adviser was in some manner at fault; and she began to think that Philip Sheldon was right, and that regular practitioners were very stupid creatures. She communicated her doubts to Mr. Sheldon, and suggested the expediency of calling in some grave elderly doctor to supersede Mr. Burkham. But against this the dentist protested very strongly.

"You asked me to call in a stranger, Mrs. Halliday, and I have done so," he said, with the dignity of an offended man. "You must now abide by his treatment, and content yourself with his advice, unless he chooses to summon further assistance."

Georgy was fain to submit. She gave a little plaintive sigh and went back to her husband's room, where she sat and wept silently behind the bed-curtains. There was a double watch kept in the sick chamber now; for Nancy Woolper rarely left it, and rarely closed her eyes. It was altogether a sad time in the dentist's house; and Tom Halliday apologized to his friend more than once for the trouble he had brought upon him. If he had been familiar with the details of modern history he would have quoted Charles Stuart, and begged pardon for being so long a-dying.

But anon there came a gleam of hope. The patient seemed decidedly better; and Georgy was prepared to revere Mr. Burkham, the Bloomsbury surgeon, as the greatest and ablest of men. Those shadows of doubt and perplexity which had at first obscured Mr. Burkham's brow cleared away, and he spoke very cheerfully of the invalid.

Unhappily this state of things did not last long. The young surgeon came one morning, and was obviously alarmed by the appearance of his patient. He told Philip Sheldon as much, but that gentleman made very light of his fears. As the two men discussed the case it was very evident that the irregular practitioner was quite a match for the regular one. Mr. Burkham listened deferentially, but departed only half convinced. He walked briskly away from the house, but came to a dead stop directly after turning out of Fitzgeorge Street.

"What ought I to do?" he asked himself. "What course ought I to take? If I am right, I should be a villain to let things go on. If I am wrong, any thing like interference would ruin me for life."

He had finished his morning round, but he did not go straight home. He lingered at the corners of quiet streets, and walked up and down the unfrequented side of a gloomy square. Once he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of Fitzgeorge Street. But after all this hesitation he walked home, and ate his dinner very thoughtfully, answering his young wife at random when she talked to him. He was a struggling man, who had invested his small fortune in the purchase of a practice which had turned out a very poor one, and he had the battle of life before him.

"There's something on your mind to-day, I'm sure, Harry," his wife said before the meal was ended.

"Well, yes, dear," he answered; "I've rather a difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street, and I'm anxious about it."

The industrious little wife disappeared after dinner, and the young surgeon walked up and down the room alone, brooding over that difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street. After spending nearly an hour thus he snatched his hat suddenly from the table on which he had set it down, and hurried from the house.

"I'll have advice and assistance, come what may," he said to himself, as he walked rapidly in the direction of Mr. Sheldon's house. "The case may be straight enough—I certainly can't see that the man has any motive—but I'll have advice."

He looked up at the dentist's spotless dwelling as he crossed the street. The blinds were all down, and the fact that they were so sent a sudden chill to his heart. But the April sunshine was full upon that side of the street, and there might be no significance in those closely-drawn blinds. The door was opened by a sleepy-looking boy, and in the passage Mr. Burkham met Philip Sheldon.

"I have been rather anxious about my patient since this morning, Mr. Sheldon," said the surgeon; "and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to confer with a man of higher standing than myself. Do you think Mrs. Halliday will object to such a course?"

"I am sure she would not have objected to it," the dentist answered very gravely, "if you had suggested it sooner. I am sorry to say the suggestion comes too late. My poor friend breathed his last half an hour ago."

END OF BOOK I.

INDIAN BARBARITIES—THE BOX FAMILY.

As a specimen of perils to which the settlers on our Southwestern frontier are exposed, we have only to refer to the sad story of the Box family, recently ransomed from LANTANTA (White Bear), Chief of the Kiawas, by Lieutenant HERSELBERSER, of the Third United States Infantry. The ransom took place some sixty or eighty miles south of the Arkansas River.

The prisoners all belonged to one family, and at the time they were taken by the Indians were returning from a visit to some sick relatives, and were but a few miles from home when surprised and captured.

In the melée that ensued the head of the family (JAMES BOX) was killed and scalped. The remaining members of the family were immediately taken, placed on animals, and hurried to the haunts of the savages. The names of those secured were: Mrs. Box and child (11 months old), and three daughters—MARGARET, aged 17 years; JOSEPHINE, 13 years old; and IDA, 7 years old. In the haunt of their relentless foe the child fell from the arms of its mother while the Indians were goading the worn-out animals that carried her. It was crushed to death among the rocks; the anguish-stricken mother not being even allowed to dismount and see it.

The mother and the two eldest daughters were subjected to the most unheard-of cruelties and out-

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rages by their brutal captors, while the youngest, owing to her youth, although she shared a fate less horrible, was, nevertheless, most barbarously used. The child, unable to understand the commands of her fiendish taskmasters, was placed with her feet on live coals until they were literally roasted. This was the pastime of squaws. When rescued she had almost forgotten her mother tongue.

The family had been in captivity ten weeks when Lieutenant HERSELBERSER, toward the close of September, heard of their situation from some friendly Indians. The Lieutenant started immediately from Fort Dodge, where he was stationed, and went to the Indian camp of LANTANTA, accompanied by two soldiers and a friendly Indian chief. LANTANTA insisted upon a ransom, and, to save delay in rescuing the captives, this was yielded. The family belonged to Texas; after their rescue they were brought to Fort Leavenworth.

LANDING OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

ALL steamers plying on the Western waters carry a brasier, in which, when making a landing, or loading and unloading freight at night, a brilliant flame is procured by filling it with dry pine chips. Flickering with a lurid glare, it produces most fantastic effects of light and shade, as the swarthy "hands" pass and repass, "wooding up," or stand grouped around the gang-plank. When the steamboat backs out again the brasier is reversed by a dextrous twirl on its axis, the blazing coals are dropped in swirling waters, and darkness reigns again. A. R. W.

THE REYNOLDS MONUMENT.

A BEAUTIFUL Monument was erected to the memory of Major-General J. F. REYNOLDS, April 13, 1865, in Lancaster Cemetery, Lancaster City, Pennsylvania. It is inclosed in a lot, together with smaller monuments, by a fence of cedar. The Monument is built of white marble. It is sixteen feet high and four feet square at the base. Upon the sides it contains the names of ten battles—namely, FORT BROWN, MONTEREY, BUENA VISTA, ROGUE RIVER, MECHANICSVILLE, GAINES'S MILL, SECOND BULL RUN, FREDERICKSBURG, CHANCELLORSVILLE, and GETTYSBURG. Upon the shaft, in front, are cut, in relief, a sword, sash, belt, gauntleted gloves, and a pistol; upon the right side, two cannons crossed, and a large 3 in the centre; on the left, crossed flags; and behind, an eagle and a United States shield.

NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THIS work, which we illustrate on page 808, connects Perryville, on the north side of the Susquehanna, with Havre de Grace, on the south, and makes the route from Philadelphia to Washington an uninterrupted one. Hitherto the Susquehanna at this point has been crossed by means of ferry-boats. The opening of this bridge by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company was celebrated November 26. The engineers and practical bridge-builders and railroad officers from other lines have thoroughly examined the great structure in all its parts, and are unanimous in their approval of the strength, beauty, and perfect safety of the bridge, which has already been tested by a weight of four times that of a train of loaded cars, in its entire length of three-fourths of a mile. All are loud in their praise of the decided genius shown by its able engineer, GEORGE A. PARKER, and of the foresight and courage of the originator, SAMUEL M. FELTON, the late President of the road, who has been so well succeeded by ISAAC HINKLEY. The bridge has cost fully one and a half millions of dollars, but will be hailed as being worth even that heavy sum, though it is an enormous outlay for one structure on a road of but one hundred miles in length.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE.

WE have had within a year or two several magnificent experiments of what could be done with boats. Of these the ROSS WINANS cigar-yacht experiment and the trip across the Atlantic made by the *Red, White, and Blue* are notable examples. But even these are now thrown into the shade by the race now being run across the Atlantic by the yachts *Henrietta, Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*. A wager of thirty thousand dollars is staked by each yacht on its own success. The winning vessel will therefore secure sixty thousand dollars and an enviable reputation. Extensive preparations are being made by English yacht clubs to receive these novel adventurers from the American metropolis. In the course of a few days the Atlantic Telegraph will announce the result of the race.

The tonnage of the three yachts is nearly alike, the *Fleetwing* being of 204 tons, the *Henrietta* 203, and the *Vesta* 201. These yachts are the finest and swiftest ever built in the United States. The following are the articles of agreement entered into by the owners October 27:

GEORGE and FRANK OSGOOD bet PIERRE LORILLARD, Jun., and others, thirty thousand dollars that the *Fleetwing* can beat the *Vesta* to the Needles, on the coast of England. The yachts to start from Sandy Hook on the second Tuesday in December, and to sail according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving the allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsail, foresail, jib, flying-jib, jib-topsail, fore and main gaff-topsails, main-topmast stay-sails, storm stay-sails and try-sails.

The yacht *Henrietta* enters the above race by paying thirty thousand dollars, subscription by members of the New York Yacht Club. Any minor points not embraced in the above, that can not be settled by Messrs. OSGOOD, LORILLARD, and BENNETT shall be decided as follows: Each shall choose an umpire, and the umpires chosen, in case of disagreement, to choose two others; twenty per cent. of the money to be deposited with Mr. LEONARD W. JEROME on Saturday, the third of November; balance to be deposited on the first Tuesday in December—play or pay.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN VENICE.

IN our last Number we illustrated the announcement of the result of the Venetian Plebiscite from the balcony of the Doge's Palace. The scene which we illustrate on page 812 represents the arrival of King VICTOR EMANUEL's barge, and is directly in front of the Doge's Palace, which is too far to the right to be embraced in the picture. On the left, also, only the heads of a large number of gondolas, crowded and arranged for the festival, appear.

The Italian King made his triumphal entry on November 7. There were without doubt half a million of people in Venice on that day. The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus describes the scene:

Here the glory of Venice came forth to meet him. As the result of the Plebiscite, if perfect agreement had not prevailed before, perfect contentment and gentleness followed. When he stepped upon the quay a grand arch rose over him, flowers wreathed, capped with his crown, bearing the human, living effigy of Venice as a Sea Queen, attired in bridal robes, reaching down to him her hand, with the ring clasped in it wherewith she used to wed the Adriatic; behind her a train of waiting ladies and sea-nymphs lingered, and the motto stood:

"Welcome to our elected King, Victor Emanuel!"

The pillars of the arch were inscribed with the names of the heroes of the war of independence, and the battles they had fought. The railway platform shelved down to the canal, where the splendid gondolas were waiting, and as the King received the welcome of the Podesta here, every housetop, and window, and foot of standing-room supported some human being waving the tri-color, whether in flag or handkerchief, and the multitude of them making loud *vivas*. The day was bright on city and canal. The King, with a sort of bluff stolidity, looked steadily into the Podesta's face; he bowed with grave graciousness to balcony and barge, and behind him came the bray of drums, borne by the National Guards, whose close ranks made an aisle of citizen gray, tipped with crimson. The space was very contracted; but to counteract the narrowness of the land the canal was deep with gondolas, all of them having their canopies withdrawn, and holding in the naked shells thrice their usual complements.

The whole surface of the water, even to far recesses under the shadows of strange churches and tenements, was an expectant humanity, outstretching hands. They crowded the iron bridge before the dépôt, so that none dared pass; they climbed upon the flying buttresses of an opposite church; a tall scaffold near by was one great frame-work of boys and men; some roofs and palaces afforded precarious foothold for those adventurous even to death. The King, uncovered, in the midst of his cabinet and the royal household, followed by the Embassadors of almost every civilized state, walked courteously down the margin to the royal barge. This was constructed upon the amended model of the famous *Bucentaur*, wherein the Doges went solemnly to wed Venice to the Adriatic. It was a grand gondola, propelled by twelve rowers, dressed in straight nautical hats, wearing crimson sashes, slippered, in blue trowsers, and at their throats the tri-colored tie, pinned with the royal crown.

TAKING A WHALE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

EARLY one morning while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm whales I was dozing on the maintop-gallant cross-trees. Suddenly something seemed to go right through my brain. I woke to discover that it was the wild voice of Zadik—the Captain's harpooner—a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanaka, half English. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shrieking with all the force of his lungs:

"There blows!—there blow-ow-s!—there—there—*there*—blows!"

"Where away!" thundered old Captain Boom, glancing aloft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward!"

This answer sent an electric thrill through every vein: the old ship lurched as if she felt it too.

Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two ratlines at a time. When on the cross-trees he just gave one squint with his telescope; then his voice rung through the ship like a great saw going through a board.

"Back the main-yard—clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and braces. The ship came up slowly, and Boom went down like lightning by means of a back-stay.

Zadik, following him, sprung like a deer into the starboard boat.

"Lower away!" growled the Captain. Buz-z-z! buz! buz-z-z! sounded the falls, and swash! went the four boats, almost simultaneously, into the water.

The merry dogs bundled into them, and away they flew, the Captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars, ye griffins! Make the fire fly, my bull-dogs! Long and strong's the word! Break your backs every mother's son of ye!" gritted the old fellow through his teeth.

In a similar manner the other officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

"None of your dare-devil pranks, Tom, if you get alongside a whale!" said the skipper, to his son—a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the after-thwart in the first mate's boat.

Tom—the ship's favorite—smiled and shook his curly head. At the same moment the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern.

There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew, for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak and in much pain, moving slowly and now and then reeling sideways with sudden plunge. It swam in a circle as if bewildered, and the noise of its spouting somehow reminded me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order, for every man believed that the mother of the calf—the cow whale—was not far off.

The first mate was soon within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and whiz, whiz! went the harpooner's irons, one after the other, into the animal's body. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then, breeching, it came down, writhing and whirling its flukes in great agony, after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; it soon rose about fifty yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now in the boat's bow, lance in hand.

As he spoke the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan—the cow whale—boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with her flukes and spouting thunder.

Round and round her offspring she swam, but soon paused, as if half paralyzed with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning, as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-red spout no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

Now the behavior of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young one was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half crazed, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring.

Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the Captain who was foremost was near enough to dart.

"Let her have it!" he growled. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed its great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

Zadik lowered the point of his weapon; his wild eyes softened.

"That whale's just like a human mother, Captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Dog!" hissed Boom, "what ails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!"

As he spoke a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat. Wrathful and wild for revenge, she breeched, the whole length of her enormous body, out of water; then falling back with the din of a hundred thunder-bolts, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaw wide open, her broad flukes beating the sea!

"Starn! starn!" gritted old Boom, and every man of his crew except Zadik turned pale.

The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flush of fight was now on his cheek, and there was fire in his eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight black hair bristled like spear points. He motioned to the Captain to keep off a little, and, being obeyed, sent both irons whizzing into the side of the monster's hump!

Maddened with pain, fiercer than ever, the whale made a swift dash toward the boat, which she must have grappled had not the Captain, by a dextrous movement, whirled the light vessel to one side. Thus baffled, the monster dove, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat, swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the loggerhead, and the crew cheering like wild demons in answer to the cheers of those who were pulling after them.

Zadik and the Captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. The whale came up a quarter of an hour later, and "Haul line!" was the order. When within darting distance the skipper sent his long weapon quivering into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came booming toward us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by her busy flukes.

"Starn! starn!" from the "old lion," and every time he spoke he was either darting his lance into the whale or pulling it back. Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly its great head, bursting from the white foam cloud, we saw the bristling jaw within six inches of the skipper!

Had the nerves of Zadik failed him, the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the half-breed rang like the clang of a hammer, as with ready steering-oar he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monster, and then gave the order to "stern!"

Snap! went the monster's closing jaw, just missing the boat's bow; and whiz-z-z! went the old lion's lance again into her body alongside the hump!

Now, as she dashed furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat.

The long-limbed first mate, who had left the calf to be towed by an extra boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the Captain and his second and third mates battled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of the whale's flukes, mingling with such wild cries as "Lay me on!" "Keep off a little!" "Now then—steady as you are!" "Starn! starn! starn!" "Pull ahead!" "Hoo, hoo! take that, old queen!" "Mind yourself at that oar!" "Now then, Mr. Spooner—there's a 'good sight!'" "Whang! whang! whang! three lances into her that time!" "Hooray! hooray!" etc., etc., were heard on all sides, while so thick was the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly.

Vigorously pressed—with lance after lance piercing her body—her jaws and flukes avoided by the vigilant harpooners—the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up into the spray-cloud a light red fountain of blood! With exultant screams the lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in her writhing body, from which the spout rose darker and lower every moment.

Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark blood-spout now ascending scarcely six inches!

The Captain and his third and second officers churned her with their lances, when, turning over, fin out, and half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired!

The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up; in fact, the Captain had been too busy to notice *which* vessel was stoven. Now, as the poor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son!

The sad story was soon told; poor little Tom was far down under the sea, whither his frame, crushed by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by sharks.

The Captain groaned and bowed his head. He did not lift it until we were alongside the ship. While we were cutting in the whale we looked in vain for him.

"He is down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man again!"

"Ay, ay," said Zadik, gloomily. "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed *her* offspring, and *she* killed the Captain's son!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW READING.—"Dirt cheap!" is the usual expression; but the connection between filth and cholera, which we know to our cost exists, makes it certain that we ought now to say Dirt dear.

INCIDENTAL REMARKS.—Why is the profession of a dentist a most anomalous one?—Because the more he "stops" the faster he gets on.

MAXIMS FOR THE DAY.

All things are cheap which are purchased with others' money.
Without a bribe justice is weak.
Policy is the mother of principle.
A lean conscience makes a fat office.
Never spare the public money.
Illegal voting is the mother of good luck.
Never sell your vote on credit.
Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.
One good turn of office deserves another.

Why is a false calf like the last verse in a plaintive poem?—Because it completes an L-E-G.

Why was the rebellion like a promissory note?—Because it was put down with black and white.

What proof is there that Robinson Crusoe found his island inhabited?—He saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

"We have equal rights," said a dwarf to a giant. "Very true, my good fellow," replied the giant, "yet you can not walk in my shoes." "Ditto," retorted the dwarf.

HOW TO KILL TIME.—Shoot Every Day.

MEDICAL.—Our doctor's ceiling fell in the other day. To prevent a recurrence of the accident, he immediately repaired it with sticking-plaster.

PRECARIOUS STYLE OF LIFE—Dwelling in other people's memory.

"My son," said an astronomer the other day, "you see the earth turns over on its axis, and makes one revolution round the sun each year." "Then, pa, does France turn on its axis when it makes its revolutions?" "No, my son, not exactly, it turns on its bayonets."

The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual," was the good-humored reply.

Why is a hotel ghost like a policeman?—Because it is an inn-spector.

"Ethan Spike" shared the general disappointment in regard to meteors. He says: "While the clock was striking 8 I observed a luminus body in the 49th parallel in the bee line with the constellation Zorobabel bearin sow west of the gut of Kansas at about 45 degrees above the Public Garding. It was movin rapidly and appeared nearly as large as a piece of chalk. Accordin to a previous understandin with the Savans who was settin in consart with me, I despatched a nigger boy with the infermation to Cambridge—but ten minits later discovered the luminus body to be the green light of a Bowdoin horse car."

An old writer quotes the following neat epigram in praise of woman:

"Adam alone in Paradise did grieve,
And thought Eden a desert without Eve,
Until God, pitying his lonesome state,
Crowned all his wishes with a lovely mate:
No reason then hath Man to slight or flout her,
Who could not live in Paradise without her."

Ah! but neither could he live there with her!

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that he had two good, substantial reasons: In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and, in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

EPITAPH ON A BONE MERCHANT.

Here lies the bones
Of William Jones,
Who, when alive, collected bones;
But Death, that bony, grizzly spectre,
The most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy
That here he lies in bona fide.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that. I've blowed my nose a great number of times, and I've never broke it yet."

"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

Brigham Young has been making inspecting tours round about his dominions. He was "insulted" by a rough backwoodsman, who propounded Artemus Ward's question direct: "How's your mother-in-law?"

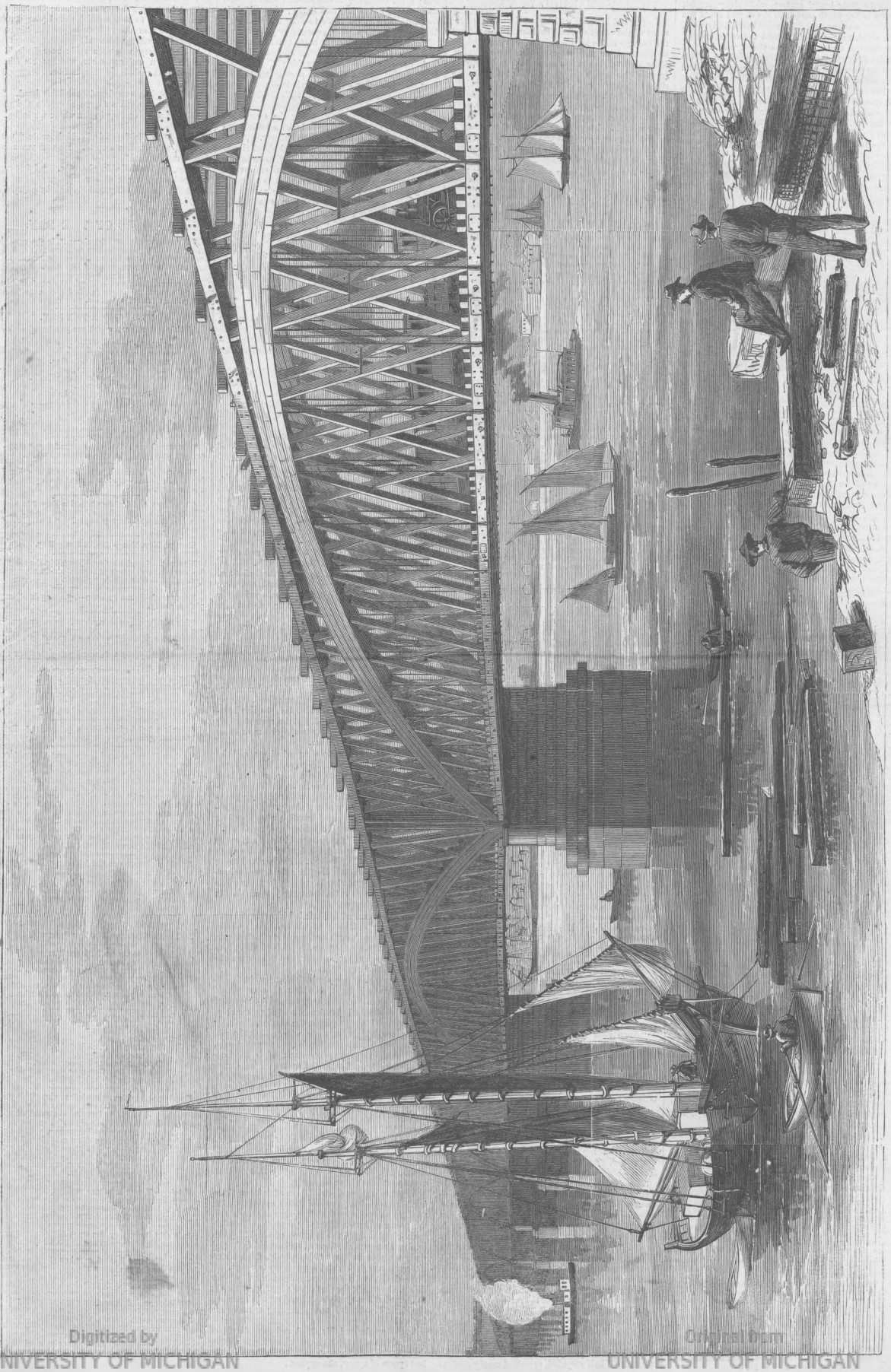
It is said the reason the stars didn't shoot was because the police were on the watch for them.

When Madame Rachel saw her stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a shepherdess, her comment was: "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on her flock."

WONDERFUL.—A contemporary, recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder that he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years?—The letter M.

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THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, CONNECTING PERRYVILLE WITH HAVRE DE GRACE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER & SON, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

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saw what was going on in the gutter. There was a light burning in the library, and Jowler knew that the Governor was up, finishing his last cigar and imbibing his "night-cap."

CHAPTER II.

It is easy to guess the consequences of Jowler's discovery and revelation. Mr. Goldwig had amassed his many thousands, and Algernon was his heir.

"Marry a dust-pan! a house-broom! a mop-twirler! had he toiled for that!" Gog and Magog forbid it.

Phillis was dismissed with a month's wages. Algernon was sent to the Continent, with a tutor, and a letter of credit on Lafitte.

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER III.

How differently the future developed itself to Phillis and Algernon! She, poor maid! clung fondly to the memory of her first love, scorning all offers from swains in her own grade of life, remembering only this, repeating only this: "She'd been sweet-hearted by a gentleman," and some day—yes, though long years succeeded long years—he would prove faithful to his vows and marry her.

Algernon, also, was inconsolable for a time, but his dissipated tutor soon taught him the use of money-letters on Lafitte, and in the whirlpool of Parisian vice and pleasure Phillis was soon forgotten, and her pure love laughed at and contemned!

Mr. Goldwig did not value his money so that his heir was weaned from the folly of his first love.

CHAPTER IV.

GOLDWIG was the occupant of a hideous marble tomb in a country church-yard, and Algernon was lord of thousands. Phillis was the patient nurse of an irritable old woman, the widow of a Nabob!

Riot, the gaming-table, infamous associates, made vast inroads on the inherited thousands, and at last—But let us not anticipate.

Phillis found her reward after twenty years of silent endurance— But again let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER V.

THE village children were to have a holiday and a great feast at Mrs. Maythorne's cottage. It was the owner's birthday. Yes, Phillis had come back to her native place the week before, and was thus about to inaugurate her return. She was changed from the beauteous girl into the buxom woman, although Time had recorded against her five-and-fifty years. The morning was one of the loveliest the young spring had yet put forth, and Phillis took her way toward the old work-house. A feeble man, dressed in the parish garb, opened the gate, but without making an obeisance. Phillis gazed at him for a moment; the pauper returned her look somewhat defiantly at first, but after a few moments he exclaimed, in a low voice,

"No!"

Phillis almost fell to the ground at the sound of the man's voice, and it was with great effort that she could reply, "Yes."

In another moment her arms were about the neck of Algernon! Algernon the pauper! Algernon, who in the hour of prosperity had abandoned his lowly first love!

CHAPTER VI.

To Phillis's great joy Algernon proved to be unmarried; and as he much preferred liberty, a comfortable cottage, and a buxom help-mate—a nurse would be the better word—the bans were published on the next Sabbath morn, and before the new moon waned Phillis led her Algernon to the hymeneal altar, and in the work-house the sounds of revelry were heard at midnight. And, later still, Bunker the Beadle was coming home in a wheel-barrow!

Were we not right to call our story "THE HAPPY UNION?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE shops are beginning to put on their holiday attire. A Christmas hue pervades the City generally. The little folks return from their daily airings, with wonderfully large eyes, and chatter till bedtime about Santa Claus—some with a most profound belief in the individuality of St. Nicholas, while others—like a little Miss of very few years, whom we chanced to overhear the other day—whisper the suspicion, "I know who Santa Claus is! It is papa and mamma, and Uncle Dick!" The older folks are beginning to puzzle their brains; and the puzzle becomes fearfully perplexing in a walk down Broadway. For every thing is so "nice," so "pretty," so "convenient," and "*so cheap*"—the polite clerks say—where shall the selection commence? It *is* a puzzle!

The decided change in the length of walking-dresses, and in the circumference of crinoline, has quite startled many of the ladies. They scarcely know whether to follow the fashion or not. But, in the end, they will be obliged to do so. The time for dragging half a yard of silk through muddy or dusty streets has passed *pro tem.* The luckless gentlemen who have often met with the unhappy experience of treading on the trail of a lady who was sailing along in front of them will hail the new era with satisfaction.

There is no end to the novel names given to ladies' hats nowadays. One of the very latest styles is called the "Butter Dish." They are described as being "a cross between a turtle-shell and a wash-pan;" and the fair wearers say they are "*so* nice!"

It is of no use to fancy that your eldest boy will be content without a new pair of skates this winter. You may as well open your pocket-book and yield gracefully. Most likely, too, every one of your girls—always supposing you have a bevy of them—will imperatively demand skating hat, jacket, gloves, etc., in addition to a pair of first-class skates, just as soon as King Frost has fairly commenced his reign.

And speaking of frosty weather reminds us of a nice point of law recently decided in Minnesota. It appears that a certain Mr. A——, living somewhere in that State, rented his house to Mr. B—— till "cold weather." During the last "cold snap" Mr. A—— informed Mr. B—— that "cold weather" had come, and he must quit the premises. Mr. B—— said "cold weather" had not come, and they went to law about it. After a long and critical examination of a host of witnesses, the jury decided that "cold weather" does not, according to law, come until the 1st of December. This decision is binding authority throughout the State, and hereafter "cold weather" will *not* come in Minnesota until the first day of December.

Among the numerous and often strange legal reports which find their way into our newspapers there recently appeared a case with the following very curious title: "The United States *vs.* Two Large Worms." It is a proceeding to forfeit an apparatus for distilling petroleum, on an allegation that the owner had not rendered proper returns and paid the proper tax to the collector of internal revenue.

An exchange says: "There was a great fall in pork at Chicago last week, but nobody was hurt." Such falls are sometimes fatal.

Somebody gives the following sensible advice to those who write for newspapers and magazines: "Say the most possible in the least space. Pitch right into your subject. Make the title and first sentence so that it must be read; and so of the second, no matter what has preceded or is to follow."

The New Haven *Journal* tells a nice little story about a couple of pet wolves, whose sportive gambols in a yard on a certain street of that city have lately excited the curiosity of passers-by. They are said to be very tame—so tame that they are the "nicest playthings in the world." The other day a gentleman went down to see them, and the lady of the house remarked to him that they were very tame. "Just see here," said she, and she fondled them as if they were innocent little babies. "You put your hands upon them, and see how tame they are," she invitingly said to the gent. Of course he would, but, as he approached, four rows of teeth admonished him to keep at a safe distance. At this the woman assured him that it was only a playful demonstration, and, to show him how exceedingly well tamed they were, she entered the house and returned with three little kittens which she placed before the wolves. Then she engaged in further conversation with the gent, and, soon after, both hearing a faint squeak, turned around just in time to see the tail of kitten number three going down the mouth of the tamest wolf. The visitor immediately took his departure, after making a liberal offer for the wolves to take home for an infant child to play with in the absence of its mother.

They have spirited girls in Ohio, who evidently believe in certain phases of "Woman's Rights." Not long ago, a young lady of that State having heard that a young man of her acquaintance was "halting between two opinions," and not likely to vote at all without some coaxing, took her father's buggy on the day of election, went to the house of the absentee, brought him to the polls, "voted him," and then carried him home again.

An exchange relates a story of cholera times, which reminds one of the decision made in olden times by Solomon:

"A sugar refiner at Lille generously fitted up the room adjoining his engine-room as a steam-bath, and allowed all persons in the town seized with cholera to be brought thither. Not one of the persons exposed in this steam-bath died of that disease. One woman—a factory girl in a cotton manufactory of Lille—was so scalded during a bath as to be unable to work for two days, and, with singular ingratitude, she brought suit against her benefactor to recover the two days' wages she lost. The judge, summoning all his gravity to his countenance, thus addressed her, after hearing her and her witnesses' testimony: 'Madame, I should not hesitate to sentence the defendant to pay you the wages of the two days you have lost could I at the same time force her to restore the cholera which you yourself confess you lost in his house; unable to strain my power so far, I must dismiss your case.' The audience approved by great laughter the judge's decision, and the woman, covered with confusion and pursued by jeers, quitted the court-house."

Farinaceous food, although much recommended for invalids, is frequently very injurious to the stomach, unless a small quantity of animal food be taken with it. Many persons still retain the rather old-fashioned theory that a sick person must be fed solely upon toast, porridge, and similar articles. But, in truth, a weak stomach is frequently rendered still more feeble by the long and exclusive use of a farinaceous diet. Wherever no acute disease exists, which would render it improper, a small portion of meat, either in the solid form or as broth, should be taken occasionally.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

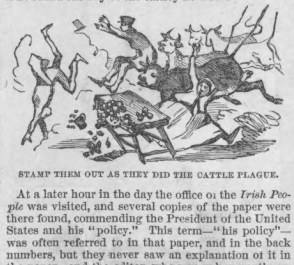
HOME OF DR SAUTY, TRINITY BAY, N. F., *Dec.* 12.

Dear Weekly:

Here I am, getting all of the first shocks by the Ocean Telegraph of the shocking doings in Ireland by the Fenian Rinderpests, and the way the "'ome Government," as DR SAUTY says, "his stamping hit hout."

The charges of the Judge of the Four Courts in Dublin were terrible, only equaled by the charges of the Ocean Telegraph Company for the within news.

It seems that about half past five o'clock yesterday morning a small Irish boy was found carrying a turkey, and it was supposed by the police to be intended for the rations of the Fenian army, then momentarily expected to land on the Quay. The policeman immediately confiscated the turkey as being contraband of war, on account of its having "drum-sticks" in its possession. The act was immediately telegraphed to the British Admiralty Office, when four iron-clads and seven transports were dispatched across the Channel to prevent any further demonstrations of that kind. The Admiral of the fleet told our correspondent that if he found the boy or the turkey he would



STAMP THEM OUT AS THEY DID THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

At a later hour in the day the office of the *Irish People* was visited, and several copies of the paper were there found, commending the President of the United States and his "policy." This term—"his policy"—was often referred to in that paper, and in the back numbers, but they never saw an explanation of it in the paper; and the editor, who was subsequently arrested, was unwilling to explain the "policy," and evaded doing so by saying that he did not know what it was. The authorities considered it preposterous that an editor should write about and commend a thing he knew nothing about. He and the publisher were therefore accordingly committed for contempt by the magistrate, who made the remark, that "Hif they could find hout what the 'policy' hof the President of the United States was they would stamp hit hout has they did the cattle plague." The Home Government, hearing of the articles in the *Irish People*, immediately sent sixteen regiments of riflemen to take possession of the office. They also confiscated the "shooting-sticks" of the office as contraband of war. Four little boys who were looking in at the window and flattening their noses on the glass were arrested on the charge of lending their countenance to the affair.

In the lower counties, a boy with a pike that he had just caught in a brook was sent to the Castle, and the pike was taken possession of by the magistrate, who immediately ordered out the local military to watch for other boys with fish, as he had received orders to arrest any one in his section found with "pikes;" and he told the captain of the militia they must be stamped out.

By a dispatch sent by the Agent of the Associated Press from Liverpool we learn that the Cove of Cork himself was arrested, and that further particulars will be sent on.



THE COVE OF CORK.

Intelligent Fenians here consider the stamping out of the Fenians an impossibility, as Head Centre Stephens has more "stamps" in his possession than the whole English army in Ireland; and they say it looks reasonable that the party who has the most "stamps" can do the greatest amount of stamping.

There are now iron-clads stationed all around the coast of Ireland, each vessel but six miles apart, and with guns that can carry with accuracy three miles; it therefore seems impossible that any considerable number of Fenians from New York will be able to land.

The office of the Ocean Telegraph at Valentia was seized by the Irish police, because word had been sent to the authorities of Dublin that there were some "forty batteries" in the building. Imperative orders were given to stamp out the office if such was the case. The police not being able to find any batteries about there, merely some cups with wires running into them, concluded not to disturb the office, but merely to anchor a man-of-war in the harbor, to protect the Government against a charge by the clerks of the Company, as they had received word from America that Mr. FIELD, at a dinner-party, had said that "on or about the first of December there would be a new rate of charges adopted by the Company," and they were not going to be caught napping, like "The Queen's Own" were in Canada, but intended to be ready for any *charge* that might be made.

Toward evening the offices of other papers in the interior towns were visited, and all articles contraband were confiscated. In the town of Kilkenny was found in one of the newspapers two tails, illustrated with cuts, which were supposed to belong to the famed "Kilkenny Cats" of history, and the tails had been put up in the paper to create a sensation. Apart from this incident there were no signs of a fight or rebellion, and the fears are confined entirely to the police and soldiers of the large towns.

I understand the English Government is now engaged in building mortar batteries all along the shore, for the purpose of firing on the ships, as word has just come to the Government's ears that two-thirds of all of the crews in the iron-clads are either tainted with Fenianism or the scurvy, and they have manned these shore batteries with the native Irish, who are used to



MORTAR PRACTICE,

to fire upon the ships in case they receive any "slack" from either the officers or crews of the vessels.

Last night the Judge of the Four Courts gave orders to all his specials that if they should discover any thing like Fenianism on their beats they should stamp it out. This morning one of the native police exhibited in the Court-room what he considered a specimen of Fenianism already stamped out. The Judge explained more fully his meaning to the special, and discharged him with a slight reprimand.



THE VERY LATEST.—The Fenians are now besieging the Ocean Telegraph Office, telegraphing to their friends in America to send over to them the "stamps," as they want to be stamped out of the country as fast as possible.

P.S.—I do not indorse the matter here set forth; I give it you as a subject of news, merely saying that the Rinderpest does not affect your own C. O. W.

THE DEATH-WALK.

THE lattice-window, diamond-paned,
Stood open as the twilight waned,
And scattered lustre crimson-rayed
Upon the cottage floor,
As, half his disk above the ground,
The angry, sinking sun around
His shining lances played,
In blood steeped o'er and o'er.

"He will not come, he will not come!"
A plaintive whisper faltered out,
As rose the shadows round about:
"The night is blind, the wind is dumb;
The dew will change to frosty rime—
O, weary, weary, weary time!
He will not come, he will not come!"

The ruddy lustre of the sun
Grew copper-bronzed, then purply dun,
And all the crush of piled-up cloud,
Like scarcely-molten ore,
Cooled quickly down from gray to swart,
While here and there a flickering dart,
That almost seemed to hiss aloud,
Lit up the glowing core.

O wistful eyes, O straining sight!
There is no passing shadow falls
Upon the distant, leafy walls,
Athwart the sinking purple light:
No youthful footfalls gayly pass
From ringing road to silent grass,
And echo through the coming night.

"He will not come!" pale Lilly sighed,
Say rather whispered hoarsely low,
As in her hand she laid her brow.
O, better she aloud had cried,
With flood of tears and throbbing breast,
Than thus had watched the sun to rest,
And felt with light how hope outdied!

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

The sun is gone, the fires died out
Which warmed the heaped-up, cindery bank
Of rugged clouds, piled rank on rank;
And not a star all round about,
Nor glimmer of the moon on high,
Was seen in all the dreary sky.
Perhaps the fever in the sight
Of that lone watcher of the night
Shone out into the sombre air;
For surely there was life and light
And ghostly, wandering figures there.
Her soul looked forth into the gloom,
And in a misty glimmer traced
Now eyes, now lips, hands interlaced,
A breezy down, a sheltered room,
A waste with yellow heather broom;
And every where with beauty graced
A figure smiling, double-faced:

A singing brook came leaping down
'Tween broken banks; the summer rain
Had filled them to the very crown;
Had changed the limpid drops to brown,
The purling note to loud refrain.
The low-arched bridge which spanned the stream
Lay half beneath the brawling rush
Of saucy waves, now low, now flush
With either shore, and white as cream.
A timid form—it was her own—
Stood bending near the narrow ridge,
Which now was all of that old bridge
The water had not overflown;
And as she quivered on the shore,
A cheering voice spoke in her ear,
A handsome form stood by her side,
And in the tumult of her fear,
With nervous arm and rapid stride,
Her safely o'er the torrent bore.

With drooping lids and heaving breast
Her more than thanks her voice confessed,
And love, full-armed in tender might,
Flashed on the stranger's eager sight
In quiv'ring lip and flushing cheek—
O, let thine eyes no further seek,
Pale watcher by the lattice-pane
Since twilight trembled on the wane,
To trace the downward path of flowers,
Trod blissfully on summer eve
With him the lord of Lyndon's towers,
Till leaves and blossoms seemed to weave
A deathless garland round thine head,
As one to joy and honor led.

Fair path, which grew so wild and steep!
Bright eve, which darkened into cloud!
Till storm-drops round thee 'gan to weep,
And sullen winds to wail aloud,
And leaves and blossoms tempest-tossed,
All withered as by sudden frost,
Fell dead in whispering thy name—
Thy name! So young, so weak—lost, lost!
O, lost to all but death and shame!

"He will not come!" with listless hand,
And outward show of self-command,
She closed the lattice, but a throb
Of pain, that was not sigh nor sob,
Clove through her heart and brain;
She never bent beneath the throe,
But slowly whispered hoarse and low,
"He'll never come again!"

There was a merry rout on Lyndon Hill;
The amber light
Through all the mansion's many windows shone;
On stately tree and garden's flowery zone,
And with its fan-like rays
Woke to a glow the swarthy cheek of night.
And from its low-browed hall, of wont so still,
The busy hum of many voices came;
The chant of blithesome lays,
Of boastful words the loud acclaim,
All hailing one proud name;
And made the air
With joyous sound and radiance fair
Exultant and aflame.
Thus rang the words from voice to voice:
"Fair Margaret, our Lyndon's choice!"

There came an echo on the wind,
A glimmer on the midnight blind,
That murmured at the cottage-door,
That lit the lattice-pane,
To tell the news from Lyndon Hill,
Of Lyndon's choice, of Lyndon's will,
To Lilly watching, sick, heart-sore,
Since twilight 'gan to wane.

She never moved, she never spoke,
When on her ear the tidings broke,
But with a strangely vivid glance,
That flashed in one bright ray,
Then settled in a deadly stare,
She sat upon her lowly chair,
And head unbent in rigid trance
Of living death she lay.

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

On Lyndon Hill the summer Eve
Sat crowned with gold; her fleecy robe
Of white and rosy-tinted cloud
But half concealed her azure sleeve,
And girdle of the ruby proud;
And on her flushing cheek from each ear-lobe
There hung a diamond star,
That glittered wide and far.

And as the Eve, so was the Morning fair,
As following Night, who stole betimes away,
He came in vigor through the radiant air.
Forth shone the lovely day,
Not lovely only in its liquid light,
And breezes leste, but in its flush of hope,
Which all encompassed in its living scope,
And made its very shadows bright.
Love's jubilee it was, and so it shone,
And made day's eyes as lovely as its own.

The bride of Lyndon met the dawn
With eyes of light and cheek of rose,
And heart that throbbed with joyous throes
In greeting of the love-lit morn.
But there was one with face forlorn,
Whose cheek was as the falling snow
Upon an icy stream below,
False Lyndon's love-bride all forsworn.
From her deep sunken eyes a fire
Streamed forth with sullen flame,
While firmly closed in anguished ire
And bitterness of shame
Were her thin lips, now white, now red,
As if from sudden wounds they bled.

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Two brides—but one false groom!
Fair Margaret and Lilly fair:
The one with living blossoms in her hair,
And brow of light and cheek of bloom;
The other with a sallow skin
All blanched without and seared within.

For bridal both arrayed
In fleecy robes of chastest white,
A coronal of orange-blossoms made
Decked Margaret's braids of night;
The virgin bridal-wreath
Which trembled with her breath:
In pallid Lilly's tresses brown
With silver leaves there gleamed a crown
Of roses blanch as death.

Fair bridemaids deftly flitted round
The bride of hope with tender care,
And voices tuned into the sound
Of fond solicitude were there;
And treasures rare
Of gifts on every side were found.
But ah, alone, alone!
With frozen cheek, but burning brain,
Pale Lilly like a bleach white stone
Stood by the lattice-pane.

Alone, alone, alone!
The merry bells were ringing out
With boastful clang and joyous tone
The joyful message round about;
But every clear and tuneful note
Her weary heart in discord smote,
For on her lonely ear they fell
The boom of death's low solemn knell.

Then as the hour nearer sped
When Lyndon false his bride should wed,
She drew from out a sombre niche
A flask of sallow green,
And drop by drop upon her lip
She let the draught unhallowed drip;
'Twas full of gouts as black as pitch,
With shining film between.

The poppy and the henbane juice
Were there, and herbal poisons fell,
To woe and shame of dreadful use,
Whose hellish names I dare not tell.
And as she drank the deadly brew
Her features sickened in the sight;
And not her robe of snowy hue,
Nor wreath of roses pure and bright,
As lip and cheek were half so white.

Then from her throbbing heart the rush
Of blood came mantling to her face;
And o'er her neck and cheek the flush
Of ruby life brought fire and grace.
Light filled her eyes, and forth she shone
With all the loveliness her own.
And so in beauty heavenly fair,
While not a cloud her face o'ercast,
Into the sunny air she passed;
And at a tranquil pace,
In bridal white and roses in her hair,
Within her heart despair,
And poison in her very breath,
Went forth upon her walk of death.

Across the garden, with its flowery host
Of bright-rayed petals, breathing odors sweet,
And through the orchard where the branches meet
Just overhead, all gnarled and weather-tossed;
Along the pleasant lane, where green
The grass fringed all the way, and sunshine came
The wild-flowered hedge and pollard trees between,
Her snowy robe shone like a brighter flame.
The birds, which once would flutter to her feet,



THE DEATH-WALK—"*I* AM YOUR BRIDE!"

Flew scared away, and e'en the household cur,
Who brisk with joy would gambol up to her,
Slunk whining back; and some she chanced to meet
Of humble villagers, who used to greet
Her coming with a hand upraised,
And hearty speech, in tribute to her worth,
Beside the path stood silent and amazed,
As if she were some spirit upon earth.
So passed she on in loveliness supreme
And vestal white; now through the serried field,
By nodding ranks of wheat-ears half revealed,
Where trembling poppies shone with ruddy gleam,
And blue-eyed corn-flowers watched her half concealed.
There by the creaking gate, where lazy midge
Hung floating in the air, or toilsome bee
Swept buzzing by; then o'er the narrow bridge—
The very keystone of her memory!—
Where once had rolled the waves so white and hoarse,
Now gurgling gayly in their narrow course:
And so, by bleach-white road and deep green-sward,
She reached the border of the gray church-yard.

An instant by the open gate
Her silent footstep paused to wait.
Forth rang the merry marriage-peal
Above the sacred roof,
When mid the clang there smote her ear
An echo rolling swiftly near,
The echo of a carriage-wheel,
And clamp of horses' hoof.

She glided with a spirit-tread
Among the living, o'er the dead,
Upon her face a hectic bloom,
A glitter in her eye.
Low whispers followed by her side
Of breathless awe: "Is this the bride?"
From clustered crowds on grass and tomb,
Who watched her flitting by.

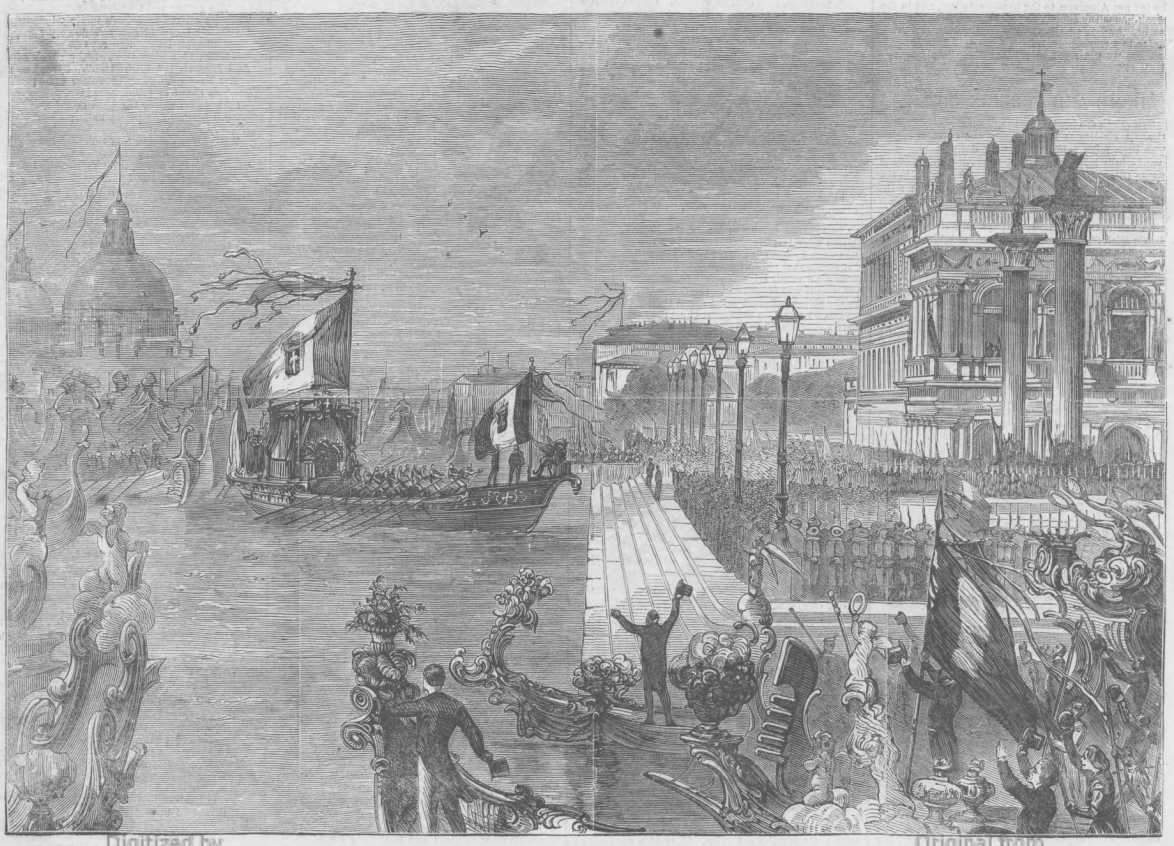
Mid champ of bit and klirr of steel,
The jingling of the harness bright,
And whirr of many a carriage-wheel,
Fair Margaret, all love and light,
By Lyndon's side in beauty trod
The pathway to the house of God—
O bridegroom false! bride fair and leal!

But as they neared the open door,
There stood a phantom them before,
A second bride, in like array,
With lovely face unveiled,
Which flushed and bright an instant shone,
Then sickened to the hue of stone:
A rigid form, which barred the way,
As if 'twere armed and mailed.

How quailed false Lyndon at her gaze,
With feeble knee and parching tongue,
And craven hands that clutched and clung
About his bride, dumb with amaze!
"What brings you here?" he whining said—
Her white face looked so like the dead,
Her deep eyes set in deadly glaze.

"*I* am your bride!" No other word
Between her parted lips was heard;
Then with a shiver and a moan,
And hands that to her bosom clang,
Upon the earth a white form rolled.
False bells! ye should a dirge have tolled,
That, echoing through wood and stone,
The bride-peal had outrang!

O bridal bells! O jangling chords!
O discord far too deep for words!
O wedding morn, with hope so rife,
You brought two brides, but not one wife!



THE FETES AT VENICE—ENTRANCE OF KING VICTOR EMANUEL—THE KING'S GONDOLA.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

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The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *December* 1, 1866.

Gt. Am. Tea Co., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December.

It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception.

Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully,
Your obedient Servant, L. CASS CARPENTER.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufacturing districts, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

THE JANUARY NUMBER OF DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA sparkles with beautiful engravings and other extraordinary attractions. It is unquestionably the best juvenile Magazine ever issued. Send for a copy: 15 cents, postpaid. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York.—*New York Independent.*

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.—NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with 1000 Illustrations, $5, $8, or $10. It is a Beautiful Book. ÆSOP'S FABLES, People's pictorial edition, tinted paper, only $1. ILLUSTRATED FAMILY GYMNASIUM, $1 75. HOW TO WRITE, HOW TO TALK, HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS, in one vol., $2 25. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867, only $2. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.
New York, *October*, 1866.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR

COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.	Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.	Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.	Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.	Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.	Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.	Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.	Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.	JNO. H. WHITE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.	G. P. B. HOYT.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.	J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000

The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to 24,225

Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at $100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, ESQ.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States!

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on receipt of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

100,000 Watches, Dress Patterns, Bal. Skirts, Jewelry, Silverware, Dry Goods, &c., &c.,

WORTH $500,000.

ALL TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Splendid List of Articles.

	EACH.
1000 Gold and Silver hunting cased Watches	$18 to 115
2000 Dress Patterns and Balmoral Skirts	14 to 60
2000 Revolving Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to 25
10000 Tea, Tab., & Des. Sp'ns & F'ks (℔ doz.)	12 to 24
6000 Napkin-Rings & Butter-Knives (℔ pair)	6 to 10
4000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 to 10
15000 California-Diamond Rings and Pins	5 to 10
60000 other articles enumerated on circular	4 to 10

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10, and 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"FORT LYON, *October* 8, 1866.

"J. H. WINSLOW & CO.: *Gents,*—There have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from this place to New York and other places; and, so far, have only found J. H. WINSLOW & Co. honest and truthful in that business. Every thing that has been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the money it cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. J. THATCH, Co. K, 5th U. S. Vol. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00
An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each; or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

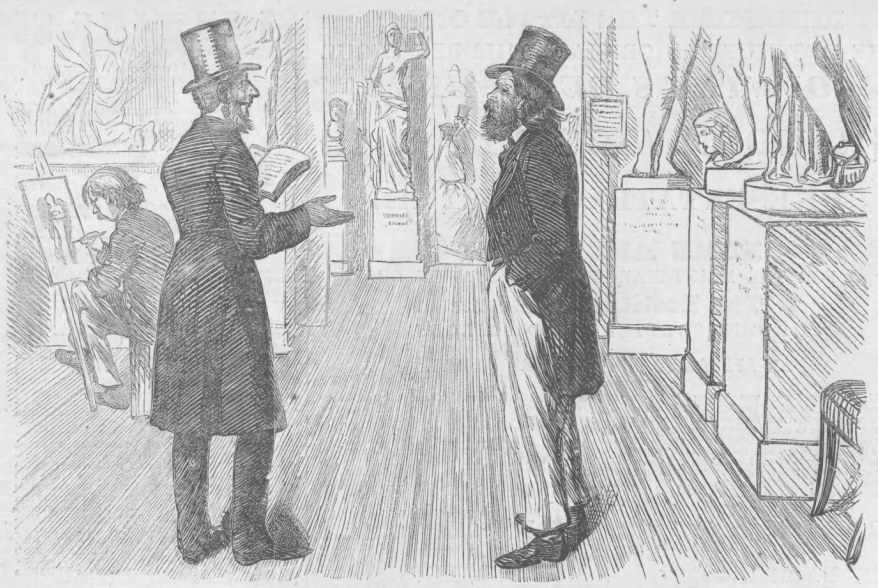
THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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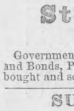
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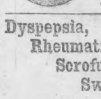
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 522.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE SETTLER'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

In a patch of clearing, scarcely more
Than his brawny double hands,
With woods behind and woods before,
The Settler's cabin stands;
A little, low, and lonesome shed,
With a roof of clap-boards overhead.

Ay, low, so low the wind-warped eave
Hangs close against the door—
You might almost stretch a bishop's sleeve
From the rafter to the floor;
And the window is not too large, a whit,
For a lady's veil to curtain it.

The roof-tree's bent and knotty knees
By the Settler's axe are braced,
And the door-yard fence is three felled trees
With their bare arms interlaced;
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
Swings from the well-sweep's high, sharp head.

And among the stubs, all charred and black,
Away to the distant huts,
Winds in and out the wagon-track,
Cut full of zigzag ruts;
And down and down to the sluggish pond,
And through and up to the swamps beyond.

And do you ask beneath such thatch
What heart or hope may be?
Just pull the string of the wooden latch,
And see what you shall see:
A hearth-stone broad and warm and wide,
With master and mistress either side.

And 'twixt them, in the radiant glow—
Prattling of Christmas joys—
With faces in a shining row,
Six children, girls and boys;
And in the cradle a head half-hid
By the shaggy wolf-skin coverlid.

For the baby sleeps in the shaded light
As gently as a lamb,
And two little stockings, scarlet bright,
Are hanging 'gainst the jamb;
And the yellow cat lies all of a curl
In the lap of a two-years' blue-eyed girl.

On the dresser, saved for weeks and weeks,
A hamper of apples stands,
And some are red as the children's cheeks,
And some are brown as their hands;
For cakes and apples must stead, you see,
The rich man's costlier Christmas-tree.

A clock that looks like a skeleton,
From the corner, ticks out bold,
And that never was such a clock to run
You would hardly need be told,
If you were to see the glances proud
Drawn toward it when it strikes so loud

The Settler's rifle, bright and brown,
Hangs high on the rafter-hooks,
And swinging a hand's-breadth lower down
Is a modest shelf of books;
Bible and Hymn-book, thumbed all through,
"Baxter's Call"—and a novel or two.

"Peter Wilkins," "The Bloody Hand,"
"The Sailor's Bride and Bark,"
"Jerusalem and the Holy Land,"
"The Travels of Lewis and Clarke;"
Some tracts—among them "The Milk-maid's Fall,"
"Pleasure Punished," and "Death at a Ball."

A branch of sumach, shining bright,
And a stag-horn deck the wall,
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and white,
Beneath. But, after all,
You will say the six little heads in a row
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir,
But each heart, be sure, rebels,
As the father taps on the newspaper
With his brass-bowed spectacles;
And knitting-needle with needle clicks,
As the mother waits for the politics.

He has rubbed the glass and rubbed the bow,
And now is a fearful pause:
"Come, Molly!" he says, "come Sue, come Joe,
And I'll tell you of Santa Claus!"
How the faces shine with the glad surprise,
As if the souls looked out of the eyes.

In a trice the dozen ruddy legs
Are bare; and speckled and brown
And blue and gray, from the wall-side pegs,
The stockings dangle down;
And the baby, with wondering eyes, looks out
To see what the clatter is all about.

"And what will Santa Claus bring?" they tease,
"And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
And the elder scale his chair:
And the mother jogs the cradle, and tries
The charm of the dear old lullabies.

So happily the hours fly past,
'Tis pity to have them o'er,
But the rusty weights of the clock, at last,
Are dragging near the floor,
And the knitting-needles, one and all,
Are stuck in the round, red knitting-ball.

Now, all of a sudden the father twirls
The empty apple-plate—
"Old Santa Claus don't like his girls
And boys to be up so late!"
He says, "And I'll warrant our star-faced cow,
He's waiting astride o' the chimney now."

Down the back of his chair they slide,
They slide down arm and knee—
"If Santa Claus is indeed outside,
He sha'n't be kept for me!"
Cry one and all, and away they go—
Hurrying, flurrying—six in a row.

In the mother's eyes are happy tears
As she sees them flutter away;
"My man," she says, "it is sixteen years
Since our blessed wedding-day,
And I wouldn't think it but just a year
If it wasn't for all these children here."

And then they talk of what they will do
As the years shall come and go;
Of schooling for little Molly and Sue,
And of land for John and Joe;
And Dick is so wise, and Dolly so fair,
"They," says the mother, "will have luck to spare!"

"Ay, ay, good wife, that's clear, that's clear!"
Then, with eyes on the cradle bent:
"And what if he in the wolf-skin here
Turned out to be President!
Just think! oh wouldn't it be fine—
Such fortune for your boy and mine!"

She stopped—her heart with hope elate—
And kissed the golden head;
Then, with the brawny hand of her mate
Folded in hers, she said:
"Walls as narrow, and roof as low,
Have sheltered a President, you know."

And then they said they would work and wait—
The good, sweet-hearted pair—
You must have pulled the latch-string straight,
Had you in truth been there,
Feeling that you were not by leave
At the Settler's hearth that Christmas-Eve.

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Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

THIS NUMBER completes the Tenth Volume of *Harper's Weekly*. This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. Our readers need not be reminded that the year now closing has been a period of great moment in the world's history. The European Continent has passed through the most significant revolution of the last fifty years, out of which a great Protestant Power has come which rivals even the Second French Empire. At home, to the period of bloody civil war there has succeeded a no less critical period of reconstruction. The events of this important year, both Domestic and Foreign, have been illustrated in the *Weekly*, and have been continually the subject of editorial comment. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the ten volumes now completed may be obtained at $7 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature—representing the best productions of the last decade—which is alone worth the price of the whole series.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Tenth Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *ending with No. 522, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* TITLE-PAGE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

WHAT NEXT?

THE North Carolina Legislature, by a vote of 93 to 10 in the Lower House, and 44 to 1 in the Upper, has rejected the Amendment. Arkansas, Alabama, and Florida have done likewise. Governor HUMPHREYS recommends its rejection to the Mississippi Legislature, and Governor ORR to that of South Carolina. The Georgia Legislature would prefer a Territorial Government, according to the telegram, rather than the Amendment; and the President of its Senate, "amidst great applause," declared that "human forbearance has its limits, and the worm will turn if trodden on." Mr. RAPHAEL SEMMES, Moral Philosopher, announces, in a lecture at Galveston, that he has been at home endeavoring to restore his State to her place in the Union without tarnishing her honor. The Milledgeville *Southern Recorder* declares that "if this Union is to stand, the rights of the South must be respected." Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is equally strenuous against the Amendment, and for "the continuous rights of States." Every leader of opinion, every newspaper of influence, the Legislatures and the Governors in the unrestored States, are unanimous against the Amendment. Not a single powerful voice in those States has been raised for it.

Meanwhile the petition of the loyal Louisianians, signed by Governor WELLS and others—the declaration of Ex-Governor HOLDEN, the President's Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and of a Committee from that State—and the statements of the Southern Loyalist Association in Washington, all agree that the governments of the unrestored States are in the hands of men hostile to the National Government—that the Union men in these States are consequently oppressed and in constant danger—that the liberty and property of the Freedmen are virtually at the mercy of the disloyal—that justice for loyal men in the civil courts is uncertain, and military protection inadequate. To these statements must be added the reports of great destitution in certain districts; the general apathy or sense of insecurity which springs from the consciousness of a radical derangement of local public affairs; the unwillingness of capital or labor to move toward disturbed States, and the necessary paralysis of industry. Looking at these facts, with a due knowledge of history and experience of human nature, it is not very difficult to understand the situation with which the country is now called to deal.

The Amendment we must consider virtually rejected as a condition of restoration. The President's policy, or experiment, has also failed. The unrestored States must therefore be considered as substantially in the condition in which they were when the Presidential experiment began—with this advantage, however, that their real spirit has been fully revealed. Yet we would not be unjust to those who have honestly acquiesced: who took up arms and fought; were beaten, and own it, and now ask only that the conditions of restoration shall be just in themselves, consonant with the spirit of the Constitution and with the national safety. But such are not the men nor the sentiments which control the action of the unrestored States.

In this situation, then, the first question is, whether Congress should hope for a reaction of opinion, and for the adoption of the Amendment by the unrestored States, and postpone further action of its own toward restoration? But upon what ground can a change of feeling be reasonably expected? The first response to the offer of the Amendment was the New Orleans massacre, when the controlling opinion of the late rebel States relied upon the Executive to sweep out Congress with a bayonet. Then came the Philadelphia August Convention, stimulating the unrestored States to refuse the Amendment, and claiming to represent the true sentiment of the country upon the subject. It was not surprising that those States then sneered at the Amendment. But when the question was formally submitted to the people, and they universally and overwhelmingly approved the Amendment as the condition of restoration; and after the author of the Philadelphia address, which incited the States to oppose the Amendment, told them distinctly that they must accept it or prepare for more stringent measures, there is a general and haughty refusal. Undoubtedly the country believed that conditions so just and generous would be, if not heartily, yet at least silently accepted. Their imperious rejection reveals a state of mind which indicates the wisdom and necessity of other measures. The refusal of the Amendment must dispel a great deal of the doubt which many loyal men had of the actual national necessity of more stringent and radical measures. They perhaps believed in a kind and reasonable feeling in the unrestored States, which it is now evident does not exist, or does not control State action.

It would appear, then, that Congress, the only adequate authority, must begin exactly where the President did. The people of the unrestored States rebelled, and framed new local governments, which were overthrown by the National arms. They were left without any lawful government in their States, nor can they lawfully acquire any except such as is initiated and approved by Congress. Congress must therefore specify by whom the first step toward such a Government shall be taken; and when its Constitution is finished it must be, in the judgment of Congress, of such a republican form that the guarantee of the Union may be pledged to it. This leaves in the limbo of political metaphysics, where they belong, all theories of Territorial condition or State suicide. Those are abstractions which Mr. LINCOLN properly described as pernicious. Equally so is the President's assertion, and that of the Democrats who support him, that the States having been prevented from seceding have all their rights unimpaired. Why, then, did he appoint Provisional Governors, and define the qualifications of the suffrage?

There is no need of entangling ourselves with theories and definitions. The one imperative necessity is, that the measures which Congress takes to restore the governments of the States shall be just, wise, generous, and in the spirit of the Constitution. And we reserve to another day comments upon the various propositions already made.

THE SENATE AND THE VOTING OF WOMEN.

SENATOR COWAN'S proposed amendment to the District Suffrage bill provoked a lively discussion upon the subject of the voting of women. It was well understood that the amendment was offered merely to perplex the action of the Senate. The Senator from Pennsylvania, who may be said to have gone to the bottom in the late political storm, evidently supposed that many of his associates would either vote for it upon general principles, in which case they would seem to be perilously extravagant; or would vote against it, in which case they would displease the radical tendency of the time. But, as usual in his political calculations, he was disappointed. The question of the voting of women was felt not to be seriously before the Senate. It is a subject upon which the public mind has not hitherto been sufficiently interested to declare itself, and the Senate could not know what the country wanted.

A law is strong only when it is the expression of public opinion; and the present work of the true friends of the amendment proposed by Senator COWAN is the awakening of the public mind. The vigorous discussion of the subject will soon reveal the truth that there is no adverse argument. If women have the same natural rights as men, and the same civil rights and duties, including the owning of property and taxation, the whole question is settled: they have a right to the same protection of their rights that all others enjoy. Senator REVERDY JOHNSON, always first in a poor cause, could only say that if they voted they must also do military duty. But there must be sharper arguments than that, or the question will go by default. For women, as citizens, have always done and always will do that work in the public defense for which their sex peculiarly fits them. The care of the young warriors, the nameless and innumerable duties of the hospital and home, are just as essential to national safety as fighting in the field. A nation of men alone could not long maintain a contest.

Senator FRELINGHUYSEN spoke well of "the high and holy mission of women." But however excellent his remarks, they did not bear upon the point, for it is only proposed to derive some more practical advantage to society from that mission. Let us all be reasonable. Why is it that the incessant frivolities and absurdities in which women are engaged does not suggest to us to enlarge upon their "high and holy mission?" If people with a high and holy mission may innocently sit bare-necked in hot theatres to be studied through pocket-telescopes until midnight by any body who chooses, why should the high and holy mission be disgraced if they go and quietly drop a ballot in a box to help secure good laws for their children? And as for "the mire of politics" upon which orators wax eloquent, the truth is that they are miry because good men and women will have nothing to do with them. Yet their presence would purify them. And is the commonwealth necessarily safer because intelligence and refinement so often refrain from politics? The other public affairs in the conduct of which men and women associate are far from miry for that very reason.

But there is no use in getting hot and arguing the question with a red face. The difficulty with those who urge the suffrage of women is that they repel sympathy by overstatement. They speak of the oppression of the female sex as if it were an oppression like that of slavery. But it is nothing like it. There was seldom a slave, however ignorant and imbruted, who would not gladly have received his freedom. But there are very few of the most cultivated and intelligent women who seem seriously to wish to vote. That, however, is merely matter of habit. They have exactly the same interest in good government that men have, and there is no more reason for vesting political power in a sex than in a class or in a race. A State that refuses to treat them in this matter as it does men ought logically to refuse to permit them to hold property or to be taxed. It ought to treat them as incompetent and perpetual minors. But happily the tendency of society is not backward to Oriental barbarism. Good sense has set aside most of the foolish old laws in regard to women; and when JOHN STUART MILL proposes in Parliament that they shall be enfranchised, and the Senate of the United States, upon whatever occasion, deliberately discusses the subject, the end is as visible as when the blossom begins to set.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS AND THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

A TIMELY and valuable article by the Hon. JOHN M. READ of Philadelphia has lately been published, reviewing the true constitutional position of the Executive in regard to amendments of the Constitution, and the conduct of the present Executive in relation to the Amendment now pending. The article shows conclusively that the Executive is forbidden to interfere with an amendment in any way whether in Congress or in a State Legislature, and any use of the Executive authority to defeat an amendment is a violation of the Constitution. Judge READ shows, by reference to the record, that none of the first twelve amendments were ever submitted to the President. The thirteenth, that of emancipation, was by an error presented to the President; but the Senate on the 7th February, 1865, declared that the presentation was an inadvertence and should not constitute a precedent.

The present Amendment, the fourteenth, passed the Senate on the 8th of June, 1866, and the House on the 13th. On the 18th a concurrent resolution requested the President to transmit it to the Executives of the several States. On the 22d he complained that it was not submitted for his approval, and proceeded to argue against the expediency and constitutionality of the action of Congress—and this upon a subject of which he had no more official right to speak than the Queen of England. But, not content with arguing, he arrayed the force of the Executive patronage against the Amendment. The Captains of the Executive party, Senators DIXON, DOOLITTLE, and COWAN, denounced the Amendment as unjust and insulting; and, finally, the Philadelphia Convention of the 15th of August declared that the late rebels were degenerate sons of heroes if they could submit to "the humiliations thus sought to be imposed upon them." Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON called for the second reading of this passage, and it was read, while the Convention rose and cheered. When the proceedings were reported to the President he stigmatized a co-ordinate branch of the Government as calling itself "the Congress, and hanging on the verge of the Government." All this was part of the action of the Executive to defeat a constitutional amendment.

Judge READ then proceeds to show that two-thirds of a quorum only are necessary to pass a bill over the veto or to propose an amendment, and that the word "House" is used in the Constitution as synonymous with quorum. Thus there has always been a constitutional quorum in Congress whether the late rebel States were represented or not. The consequences of this position are evident and of the utmost importance. If this Congress be competent to propose amendments, why are not three-quarters of the States which compose it competent to ratify amendments? But if the Congress be not competent, then all national legislation from the year 1861 is invalid, and the President, Chief Justice, General, and all Foreign Ministers are equally so. Apply the theory of the incompetency of Congress to the army and navy, and to all our financial obligations and relations, and what would be the result?

Judge READ'S conclusion is, that the ratification of three-fourths of the States now represented in Congress is sufficient for the Amendment; and, secondly, that the ratifications should be addressed to the President of the Senate instead of the Secretary of State as at present. This view is presented with admirable clearness, ample learning, and discretion, and the brief paper is worthy the most careful consideration of every well-meaning citizen.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

IT was a long time after the whole country was traveling by railroad before the cars were even tolerably ventilated; and the most useful movement toward that result was raising the roof of the car. It was a great relief and very simple, but it was very long before we reached it. There is exactly the same slowness and difficulty in procuring more appropriate and convenient buildings for colleges. The old brick barrack rides us like a nightmare. We are slow to believe in a University that does not assert its existence in huge piles of building like cotton mills, as if there were some similarity in the necessary appliances to produce cotton cloth and scholarship.

The whole subject, of which this is but a detail, is considered carefully and sagaciously in a little pamphlet by Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, and submitted as a report to the trustees of the Agricultural College at Amherst in Massachusetts. He calls it "A few things to be thought of before proceeding to plan buildings for the National Agricultural Colleges." And it is a truly valuable series of suggestions upon the general topic. The huge monumental buildings for charitable purposes in cities spring from want of ground room. Yet in cases where compactness of space would seem most desirable and convenient, as in certain reformatory and penal institutions, the large buildings have not been found necessary. Mr. OLMSTED refers in illustration to the agricultural colony of Methay, the Norfolk Island penal colony, when under Captain MACHONOCHIE, the Irish penal establishment near Dublin, and the Children's Aid Society in New York. In arranging the buildings for an Agricultural College, however, it is not only essential to determine in what way the necessary College lecture and reading rooms, the laboratory and gymnasium, the museum and armory shall be distributed, but the spirit and character of the farmer's life, with his taste and circumstances, must be borne constantly in mind. These points are all treated by Mr. OLMSTED with great insight and good sense.

As for the dormitory system, the old college barracks and commons are satisfactory to no one. Hitherto they have been erected from motives of supposed convenience, and are part of the medieval tradition. But in the great Continental universities they are unknown; and in this country the Michigan University, which has the largest number of students of any college in the country, and which even the orator of the Harvard Alumni last summer declared to be, upon the whole, the truest University in the land, has the buildings necessary for the college purpose, but not the vast dormitories. Mr. OLMSTED says that one of the faculty of one of the oldest American colleges is of opinion that special lodgings for students can not generally be dispensed with; but he thinks they will take the form of club-houses, or houses for the exclusive use of as many students as can be domestically cared for by a family. We hope so. It will be another proof of our advancing civilization.

PAYING THE STATE DEBTS.

CONTROLLER HILLHOUSE, of this State, has addressed a letter to Senator MORGAN upon a subject of the greatest interest to all the States. He proposes that the National Government shall provide for the war debt of the States in some fair and adequate manner. Had the Government drafted from the beginning, the payment of large bounties, and consequently the great debts, would have been avoided. In paying the bounties the States did only what the National Government would have been obliged to do; for the war would not otherwise have been carried on successfully, and as the payment was for the preservation of the Union the States may justly expect some reimbursement.

General HILLHOUSE refers to the action of the first Congress which assumed for the Union the revolutionary war-debt of the States, and he reasons that to relieve property from the weight of State debt is to enable it to respond to the claims of the United States. The State Governments have the same right with the Union to provide for their own preservation. But if the taxing power of the Government should ever be extended to reach every source of revenue in the State, the State must fall. Therefore national taxation must stop at a point which leaves sufficient revenue to the State, or the whole system crumbles. The Controller then shows, from the actual and prudently estimated future financial condition of the country, that the Government will be easily able to provide for the payment which he recommends; and he

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proposes that the Government relinquish for that purpose to the States the tax on incomes. The receipts from this source for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $60,000,000—a sum adequate to the proposed object, yet which would still leave the National Government amply provided for its own wants. But if it were not so, the loss of this tax would readily be supplied by the annual increase of other revenues. Thus the States which had made no debt during the war, or which have paid it, could discontinue the tax altogether. Other States would continue it, but might properly reduce it to three per cent.

This plan, as General HILLHOUSE remarks, is not an assumption by the United States of the debts of the States, nor of their payment in any form. Each State would pay its own debts from the property of its own citizens, while the National Government would simply relinquish a single source of revenue. The letter of the Controller is very lucid and concise, and his suggestion, in view of the rapid increase of the revenues, is well worthy the most thoughtful attention.

WEST POINT.

THE Report of the last Board of Visitors to West Point speaks in general terms of satisfaction with the condition and arrangements of the Academy, but states that many changes may be advantageously made. It proposes that the number of students be increased from 292 to 400. Such a change is plainly desirable, and we see no reason for limiting the number to less than 500. The suggestion that the Academy should be the scientific military school of the nation, and not undertake to teach the lower and higher general branches, is also excellent. It certainly should not be a primary or grammar school. But the great necessity is that the admission should be determined by competitive examinations. If there are to be 300 or 500 students, let them be the 300 or 500 best prepared, and not those whom chance or personal partiality favors. Above all, let West Point be a school of chivalric fidelity to the American principle. Let every youth educated by his country or her service be taught that he is a son of Liberty, and that the glory of the flag which he is to bear is that it is the flag of equal human rights.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE SLEEP?

WE know that there are some sluggards in the world; but we apprehend that their fault is not so much in wasting time in sleep as in a wakeful idleness. They hate activity, and we would have no objection to their having a long night of sleep, provided they would do diligently when awake. Most of those who act the part of the sluggard, according to SOLOMON'S description, are probably idlers who seek after pleasure at hours when they ought to be asleep; and so, in the morning, when the men who do the world's work, either mental or bodily, are busy, fresh from nature's sound and healthy sleep, they toss about in bed wearily dozing, continually saying, as they rouse from this state, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Some of these idlers do really sleep much more than they ought to do, simply because they eat so much that they must sleep. Eating is one of their chief enjoyments. They make a god of their belly, and so stupefy the brain by the consequent engorgement that they must sleep more than other men.

Men who make a business of life—who love activity—in their abhorrence of idlers and sleepy men are apt to give themselves too little time for sleep. They forget that there is in the old couplet, so often quoted, an "early to bed" as well as an "early to rise." They are encouraged to their encroachments on the proper hours for sleep by the stories that are often told of the little time given to sleep by some of the great men of the world. If the stories be true, which we much doubt in regard to some of them, we are very clear that more work might have been accomplished in the long-run if more time had been daily given to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

That we may have a suitable appreciation of this matter let us consider what sleep is, and what it is for.

Sleep is a singular condition. How opposite to the wakeful state! It has been often likened to death, and called its sister; but it is like death in only a few of its phenomena—its stillness, its insensibility to external things; but even when profound the blood courses as usual in its channels, the respiration goes on, and nutrition is probably even more active than in the wakeful state; and when not profound the senses respond to impressions and the mind revels in a jumble of thoughts, or even sometimes moves with all its accustomed regularity.

Sleep is a mysterious condition. Many have been the speculations about it by philosophers and physiologists, but no one has as yet settled, satisfactorily, upon its nature, though we know much in regard to its phenomena and the circumstances that influence it.

The object for which this condition was ordained by the Creator is obvious enough. It is for the restoration and reinvigoration of the system after exhaustion by labor. But it is not needed for this purpose by the whole system. The wearied muscles need no sleep; merely rest is all that is necessary for them. It is the brain and nerves that require sleep, for their action is something besides motion, and therefore something besides the cessation of motion is required by them. The mind must cease to use the brain and nerves, both in making impressions upon the world around, and in receiving impressions from it through the senses. And the more perfect this cessation the more perfect is the sleep.

It has been very generally said that sleep is required especially for the repair of the system—that the machinery of the body needs to lie by for repair just like any other machinery. But this has been disputed, on the ground that nutrition and repair are going on all the time. And yet we think that it must be granted that sleep is necessary for the perfection of this repair, at least if we use this word in its widest sense. During the rest which sleep gives to the brain and nervous system changes undoubtedly occur in the arrangement of the particles, which make a completion of those changes of repair that are going on at all times during the wakeful state. And beyond this there may be some changes which can not be effected at all while the machinery is in motion.

It is essential, then, to health that sufficient time be given to sleep; for if it be not done there will be imperfect restoration or repair after exhaustion. The result here is cumulative. If there be each night only a small deficiency in repair there will be a gradual but certain undermining of the health. It may be mentioned as a significant fact in this connection that even a severe and long-continued pressure of anxiety and labor is not apt to produce insanity so long as the sleep is not broken in upon materially.

It is better to have too much than too little sleep; for, let it ever be remembered, that the amount accomplished in labor either of body or mind is far from being proportioned to the length of time employed.

Some need more time for sleep than others. How much is required in each individual case must be ascertained by observation. From six to eight hours sleep is ordinarily needed by adults. JOHN HUNTER and FREDERICK THE GREAT, it is said, got along with five hours; but we think that they would have done more and lived longer if they had slept more. NAPOLEON is said to have had even less sleep than this; but the contrary has been asserted by BOURRIENNE, who had ample opportunities of knowing his habits. Besides, he was a good sleeper. He slept soundly, and took little time to get to sleep. Whenever he was deprived of his regular rest he made up for the loss by naps, into which he could drop so readily that it is said that he could take "forty winks" at any time.

Children need more sleep than adults, partly at least because there is not merely repair to be provided for but growth. Some parents discontinue the daily nap of the child too soon. It should be continued through the third year, and in some cases even longer.

LITERARY.

LABOULAYE'S "Fairy Book," just published in beautiful form by the HARPERS, is truly delightful It will take its place with the choicest fairy lore upon the little shelves and in the sweet hearts of children. The author, whose name is so kindly known to us as one of our most intelligent and faithful French friends during the war, dedicates the volume in a charming preface to his grand-daughter, and he adds a most genial letter to his young friends in America. Miss MARY L. BOOTH, the translator of HENRI MARTIN'S "History of France," and of LABOULAYE'S "Paris in America," has translated the stories with remarkable grace and skill, and the profuse illustrations are of the most fascinating kind for the young reader. We speak patronizingly of the young reader, but we confess that we have read every word of the book with eagerness and delight; and although the stories are called the Fairy Tales of Many Nations, yet they are all of one land, the dear and familiar fairy land of Cinderella and Puss in Boots, and Ali Baba and the Arabian Nights.

Miss MULOCK'S new novel, "The Two Marriages," is just issued by the HARPERS. Her name is the passport for her charming books to every heart and hearth. The tender, touching story of "A Noble Life" is not less winning than her famous novel of "John Halifax," and the new volume will have the same wide circulation and admiration.

In "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," by CHARLES LEVER, the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," by GEORGE MACDONALD, "Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg," by Mrs. LYNN LINTON, "Rachel's Secret," by the author of "The Master of Marton," "Bernthal," from the German of L. MUHLBACH, and "Madonna Mary," by Mrs. OLIPHANT, the author of "Miss Marjoribanks," the HARPERS have reprinted the most noted and remarkable of the late English novels, and provided for every taste

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill for the admission of Colorado, with a favorable recommendation.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 18 yeas to 132 nays.

December 12:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was debated, and an amendment extending the suffrage to females was rejected, 9 to 37.

December 13:

In the Senate, in debate on the District of Columbia Suffrage bill, Mr. DIXON'S amendment, requiring that voters shall be able to read and to write their names was rejected. The bill was then passed, 32 to 13.

In the House, the Deficiency Bill was passed. A concurrent resolution was passed to take a recess from Thursday, the 20th of December, to Thursday, the 3d of January.

December 14:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed.—It was voted to adjourn on the 20th till January 3.

In the House, Mr. Shellabarger presented a memorial from the loyal people of Louisiana, asking Congress to establish, under the care of the United States, a Government for that State. The document is signed by the Governor and several thousand electors of Louisiana. It was referred to the Select Committee on the New Orleans riots.—The Senate bill, granting universal suffrage in the District of Columbia, was taken up and passed by a vote of 118 to 46.

December 17:

In the Senate, the usual honors were paid to the memory of Senator Wright.

In the House, a translation of the letter from the Emperor of Russia, acknowledging the joint resolution congratulating him on his escape from assassination, was read and applauded.

THE MATAMORAS AFFAIR.

The following are the facts in regard to the recent occupation of Matamoras by General Sedgwick:

Up to November 24 Canales continued to hold the city with about 2500 troops. Escobedo threatened it with about the same number from the outside. On the 24th Canales informed General Sedgwick unofficially that he could not control his troops for want of money to pay them, and requested him to occupy the city. General Sedgwick, through Colonel Perkins, requested Canales to state this officially, which he did; whereupon it was agreed that the United States forces should occupy the plaza and attend to the good order of the town, while Canales occupied the fortifications as heretofore. The Rio Grande papers do not credit the story that Canales could not control his troops, but intimate that it was a ruse to get the American forces into the city for its better defense against the threatened attack of Escobedo.

Early on the morning of the 24th a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Rio Grande, from Brownsville to Matamoras, and a detachment of United States forces, under Colonel Perkins, crossed and took command of Matamoras. These forces belonged to the Nineteenth United States Colored Infantry. A small force of the Fourth Cavalry had preceded them. A small body of colored troops had also been passed over the ferry the night previous, and held Santa Cruz and other points leading to the city, which is about a mile distant.

The same evening General Sedgwick arranged a parley at some point on the river, between Canales and Escobedo. Escobedo announced his intention of attacking the place at an early hour on the morning of the 27th, in response to which General Sedgwick called his attention to the fact that the American flag was flying over the plaza.

Thus were stationed the United States forces in Matamoras, and Canales's troops in the fortifications, when Escobedo resolved to carry it by assault. He began firing at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and it was immediately answered from the forts. Soon after from 1000 to 1500 men were formed in line, and marched to the assault of Fort Monterey in fine style. Canales commanded Fort Monterey in person, and the assault was repulsed. Canales followed up the advantage he had gained, and in a moment his cavalry and infantry were in hot pursuit of the flying forces of Escobedo.

On the 30th the *Elizabeth Read* arrived from Galveston with dispatches to the Sherman-Campbell expedition from Washington, immediately after which the United States forces were withdrawn to this side of the Rio Grande. It is said that Escobedo and Canales have become reconciled.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston *Courier* of December 15 contains the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to take into consideration the question of the adoption or rejection of the Constitutional Amendment. The Committee state that they have given the important question a careful consideration, and have come to the conclusion to recommend to the Legislature that the Amendment be not adopted. This recommendation will no doubt be acted on at once, and the amendment may, therefore, so far as the Palmetto State is concerned, be considered as rejected. The Government, it is known, fully agrees with the decision which has been arrived at by the Committee. The *Courier* also contains the report of the Committee appointed by the Legislature to consider the question of a call for a National Convention, which report is directly antagonistic to the position just assumed by EX-GOVERNOR PERRY.

ALABAMA.

The reading of Governor Patton's Message in favor of the Amendment caused considerable excitement in both Houses of the Legislature. In the Senate, after some discussion for and against the Amendment, a motion to refer the Message to the Committee on Federal Relations was carried by a vote of Yeas 24, Nays 5; Messrs. Bell, Felder, Garrett, Sykes, and Woodlief voting in the negative. In the House there was so much confusion that the adjournment on the following day the Committee on Federal Relations, to whom the Governor's Message was referred, reported that they "had duly and maturely considered the same; and deeming it unnecessary and inexpedient to enter into an argument for their Report, the Committee are of the opinion that the General Assembly should not ratify the proposed amendments." They therefore reported a joint resolution that "the State of Alabama refuses to ratify" the Amendment. This resolution was adopted by a vote of 27 to 2 in the Senate, and 69 to 8 in the House.

GEORGIA.

The Legislature adjourned *sine die*. The feeling manifested was most unfavorable to any reconsideration of the Amendment. The Speaker of the House, in his closing address, bade the country to hope that trial of fanaticism would exhaust itself, and Constitutional principles yet prevail. The President of the Senate urged all to obey the laws and cleave to the Constitution; but human forbearance had its limits, and the worm would turn if trodden on. Great applause was manifested in both Houses at these sentiments. The veto of the Extension of the Homestead Act was sustained. Five vetoes were sent in, and only that of the Stay Law was overridden.

RAILROAD STATISTICS.

Mr. R. D. Baxter lately presented to the Royal Statistical Society of London a paper on the railroads of the world, the most interesting part of which is, that the United States, in the number of miles of railway in operation and under construction, is far ahead of the whole of Europe combined, Europe, Great Britain included, having but about 42,000 miles, while we in this country have 48,860 miles of railroad, of which near 35,000 miles are in active operation. Our railroads would, in a single line, twice surround the globe.

NEWS ITEMS.

Hon. William D. Northend, the Democratic candidate who was defeated by General Butler, intends to contest General Butler's seat in the next Congress.

Albert H. Inman, a recent graduate of Yale College, and Miss Eddy, a young lady, were drowned at Pascoag, near Providence, Rhode Island, on the evening of December 13, while skating.

The destitution at Chattanooga, Tennessee, is so wide-spread that it is proposed to open soup-houses, at which such of the poor as are unable to work, and such as can not obtain employment, can receive one wholesome meal a day.

Governor Fletcher has issued a supplementary proclamation to the citizens of Lafayette and Jackson counties, Missouri, stating that twenty-four companies of cavalry and ten of infantry will be retained in those counties. He says: "Whenever I am satisfied that the people of those counties will enforce the law, and by their support of the civil authority give legal protection to the law-abiding citizens, the troops will be withdrawn."

The missing steamship *Britannia* arrived at this port December 11.

A petition, fifty-two feet long, containing the names of nearly all the prominent citizens of New Mexico, has been forwarded to Washington, praying for an increase of the military force in that Territory, as being absolutely necessary to protect the lives and property of the people against the Indians.

The Colorado Legislature organized December 12. The majority favor State admission, notwithstanding the opposition of Governor Cummings.

Dates from Tampico to the 2d instant, represent Northern Mexico in a deplorable condition. No legitimate business is being done, and the greatest uncertainty for the future prevails. The Liberals have made burdensome forced loans on the people. The Imperialists have done likewise. At San Louis Potosi $65,000 were recently exacted, the latter by Mejia.

The United States iron-clad steamer *New Ironsides* was entirely destroyed by fire at League Island, December 16.

Professor Agassiz is said to be busily at work writing his Travels in Brazil. The book will be of a popular character rather than scientific.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

December 10:

(LONDON.)—Many of the delegates from the British American Provinces, having in view the final settlement of the Confederation scheme, have arrived. They have formed themselves into a Conference, and selected Mr. M'Donald to preside over their deliberations.

(PARIS.)—The departure of the French fleet of war vessels and transports for Vera Cruz is now said to be fixed for next week. The vessels are fully manned and provisioned, and are expected to reach their destination about the middle of January.

A telegram from Hanover reports the commencement of oppressive measures against the people by the Prussian authorities.

December 11:

(LONDON.)—The steamer *Bolivar* has been seized in the Medway on suspicion of being a Fenian cruiser. A large quantity of arms and ammunition and thirty tons of gunpowder were found on board the steamer.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on the King and Crown Prince of Denmark.

The military budget has been laid before the Chambers.

Governor Wright, the American Embassador, is seriously ill.

(PARIS.)—The evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be virtually completed to-day.

(ROME.)—The man who gave the information which led to the arrest of John H. Surratt is a French Canadian, named St. Marie. He was formerly a Union soldier, and served in the Papal Zouaves. Both he and Surratt were in love with the same lady in Washington, and St. Marie betrayed Surratt through jealousy.

He says Surratt told him that Lincoln's assassination was a preconcerted plot; that he (Surratt) carried direct from Jeff Davis's Cabinet, at Richmond, the principal details of the plot to Washington; and that the assassination was not only in accordance with the desires of Davis's Cabinet, but was done by their directions and orders.

December 12:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are increasing. Another regiment of artillery has been ordered and will soon proceed to Ireland.

A factory for the preparation of Greek fire has been discovered by the police in Dublin.

December 13:

(LONDON.)—A most appalling explosion has occurred in a colliery at Barnsley, in the County of York. The loss of life was frightful. The bodies of over three hundred dead have already been taken from the mine, and many others are still unaccounted for.

A second explosion took place in the same colliery, at Barnsley, while a large number of miners were trying to save the survivors of the previous disaster, and thirty additional lives were lost. A third explosion took place at 10 o'clock this morning. There is no longer any hope for those in the pit, and they must now all be dead.

It is estimated that three hundred and fifty human beings in all have lost their lives by this terrible catastrophe.

Another terrible explosion has taken place in a colliery in Stafford, attended with great loss of life. Two hundred men went down into the mine this morning, of whom only thirteen have been taken out alive, and they are badly injured. All the rest, it is believed, are dead.

It has been clearly proved that the steamship *Bolivar*, which was recently seized in the Medway, was not designed for the Fenians. She belongs to Colombia, and will be delivered to the agent of that Government as soon as possible.

Dispatches received to-day from the East report that a rupture of the relations between the Governments of Turkey and Greece is imminent.

(PARIS.)—The *Moniteur* this morning has a telegram dated Mexico, December 3, and signed by Bazaine and Castelnau, which says. "Maximilian is still in Mexico, though there has been as yet no decision as to his future movements. As the evacuation must be completed in March it is urgent that there should be no delay in the arrival of the transports. The mission of Sherman and Campbell, who left Vera Cruz on the 3d, appeared to be of a most conciliatory character."

The Empress Eugenie has finally decided to visit the Pope of Rome.

December 14:

(PARIS.)—Under the new organization the French army, with the usual reserves, will foot up about 1,250,000 men. It is expected that such a mighty standing army in times of peace will have no good effect. There is much misgiving to the project among the thoughtful in this city.

(BERLIN.)—The Government of Prussia is about to send Envoys to Vienna. Now that peace has come, there is a determination on the part of both Austria and Prussia to renew their former commercial relations. Negotiations to this end will be immediately signed by the Envoys.

December 16:

(FLORENCE.)—The King of Italy opened the National Parliament on Saturday. In his opening speech he wished Italy joy of the freedom she had gained. He said that France, faithful to her promise, had withdrawn from Rome, and that the best understanding existed between Italy and Napoleon. He declared that he would respect the territory of the Papal States. He hoped that the moderation of the Italian people and the wisdom of the Pope, and a spirit of conciliation on both sides, would remove all differences; and said it was his wish that the Pope should remain independent in Rome. He concluded by referring to the great and glorious future Italy had before her, and declaring that she must by every means develop her resources to achieve her position as a great nation.

(PESTH.)—The House has passed the address of M. Deak in reply to the Emperor of Austria.

December 17:

(LONDON.)—It is stated semi-officially that General Almonte has received assurances by telegraph that Maximilian has abandoned his intention of leaving Mexico, and of an avowed determination to put himself at the head of the loyal Mexicans and fight for his crown.

(VALETTA, Malta.)—A United States sloop of war has arrived here, bound to Alexandria to take Surratt back to America.

THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

The condition of this lady is considered hopeless. Besides her deranged mental condition, she suffers from a tubercular affection of the lungs, from which a fatal result is feared.

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HAULING HOME THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.—[DRAWN BY H. W. HERRICK.]

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BETHLEHEM—SCENE OF THE HOLY NATIVITY.

BETHLEHEM.

AMONG our Christmas illustrations we give on this page two, touching more nearly the sacred nature of this joyful season: a View of Bethlehem—the scene of the Nativity; and a beautiful representation of the Wise Men of the East following the Star to Bethlehem. The two pictures are intimately related to each other, the centre of interest in either case being the manger-cradle, "where the young child lay." No place has associations so sacred as Bethlehem. About here dwelt the shepherds to whom the angels sang that everlasting Gospel carol of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." This story of the angels with their message and song still glorifies Bethlehem in the thought of the Christian. For him the sky above the little village is still the scene of that angelic pomp, and the hills still resound with that first Christmas song of Glory and Peace and Good-Will. And he ever follows the Wise Men to pay his adoration to the new-born King and Redeemer.

MIMI'S CHRIST-CHILD.

THE great kitchen had been swept and scoured and dusted to the last point of cleanliness; the hearth had been newly redded, and the iron dogs high piled with oak and hickory logs.

Directly in front of the roaring fire sat Mimi, in her little blue chair, her elbows upon her knees, her chin within her palms, and her great brown eyes fixed upon the fantastic flames whirling and dancing up the chimney.

At the other side of the room, with her back to Mimi and the fire, stood a tall, bony woman, of middle age, laboriously kneading a mass of wheaten dough, and solacing her labor by humming a psalm-tune.

The only other occupant of the room was a great tortoise-shell cat who lay at Mimi's feet, her legs stretched out toward the fire, her head crouched upon the bricks, and her yellow eyes sleepily blinking as they too watched the blaze, which made of them two great topazes.

The purring of the cat, the grave melody of the hymn, and the crackling of the fire, mingled pleasantly with each other and with Mimi's reverie, until at last she said, softly:

"Eunice!"

"'Up, Israel! to the Temple haste,
And keep your festal day!'"

sang the woman, plunging vigorously at the dough.

"Eunice!" called Mimi again.

"What say?" and, still anchored by the fists in the clinging mass of dough, Eunice turned her head over her shoulder, and looked in some surprise at the motionless little figure in the blue arm-chair.

"Do you know how to make plum-pudding, Eunice?" asked Mimi, after a little pause.

"Of course I do! I can make a first-rate plum-pudding, only your pa don't like 'em, so we never have 'em."

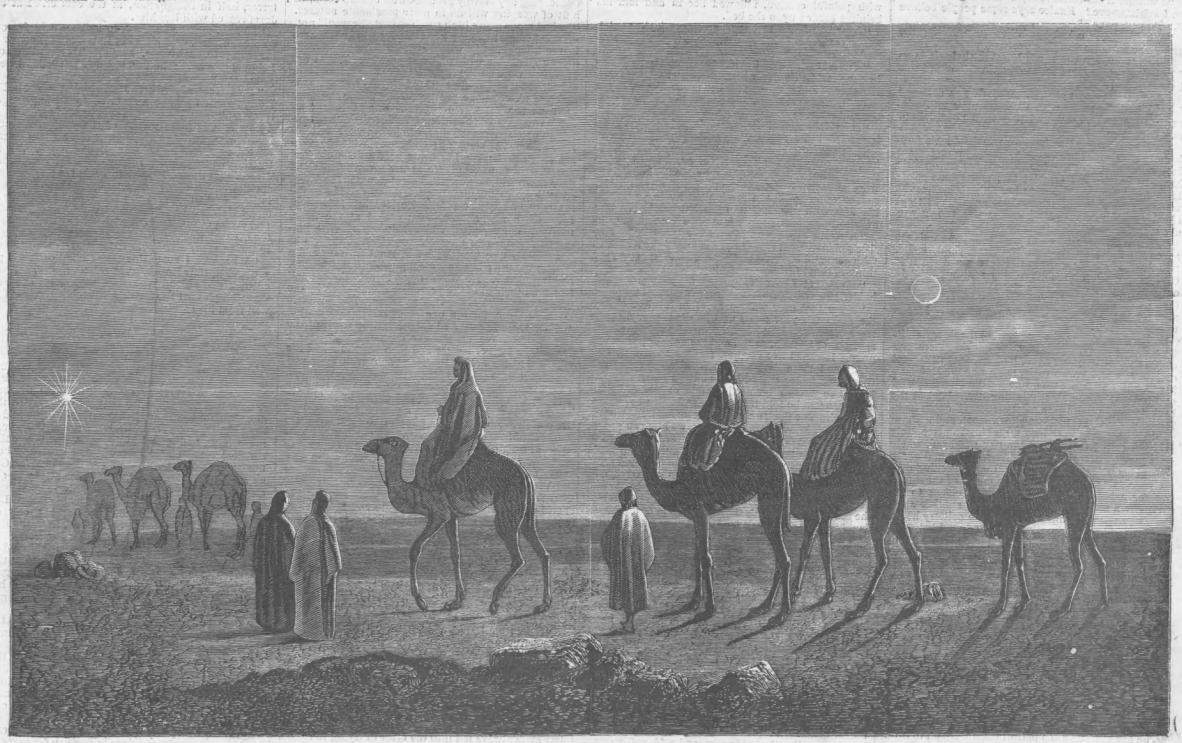
Mimi made no reply, and after a moment Eunice went on with her work and her tune.

"'How pleased and blest was I!'" sang she, when again she was interrupted.

"Eunice, what are we going to have for dinner to-morrow? It is Christmas-day."

"I know that. We're agoing to have baked beans and brown bread and Injun pudding. We've had that dinner every Christmas-day this ten year."

The dough was now so thoroughly kneaded as to



THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR IN THE EAST.

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"cleave" from the hands that had worked it; and Eunice, making it into a shapely mass, placed the wooden cover upon the bread-trough, and over this laid a thick white cloth. Then she went to the sink to wash her hands; and finally came toward the fire rolling down her sleeves.

"Luly Richardson says they are going to have a roasted goose and plum-pudding for dinner to-morrow, and games in the evening; and to-night they will all hang up their stockings, and Santa Claus will put something in every one," said Mimi, without changing her position."

"Like enough! The Doctor's folks hold to these sort of things," replied Eunice, rather contemptuously.

"Well, I think they are real nice sorts of things, and I wish we did them too," said Mimi, somewhat hastily, as she changed her position so as to look up at the brown, thin face of the housekeeper, who, still mechanically pulling at her sleeve, said, softly:

"Ten years ago—ten years ago to-night!"

"Since what, Eunice?" asked Mimi, eagerly.

"Since we kep' Christmas," replied Eunice, dryly, adding directly: "Now I'm going up to fix me, and you had as well go and set with your pa. He'll be kind of lonesome to-night, I reckon."

"Why, Eunice? Why will he be lonesome to-night? And why haven't we kept Christmas for ten years? That's as old as I am—almost. The twenty-seventh of December I shall be ten."

"Yes—that was the worst of it, I expect," said Eunice, absently, as she stood still plucking at her sleeve.

"The worst of what? What do you mean, Eunice? I wish you would tell me!" exclaimed Mimi, petulantly.

"If wishes was horses beggars might ride," quoted Eunice, smiling grimly as she left the room.

Mimi looked after her a moment, and then, pushing back her chair a little impatiently, went toward a door at the farther end of the kitchen.

"I'll ask papa," murmured she, softly turning the latch and entering the room as quietly as possible, for Mr. Beverly was a man whom most persons feared as much as they liked, and even his bright and petted little daughter was apt to restrain her step and her voice in his presence to much quieter demonstration than usual.

Especially to-night, for the Squire, as Eunice liked to call him, had upon his face a look which Mimi had learned to know, and did not love. A look of gloom, and sorrow, and stern endurance, a reader of expression would have said; but to Mimi it was only the look which meant papa did not wish to speak or to be spoken to, and that she was to make no noise, or even look at him too fixedly. So, just glancing at him, sitting far back in his study-chair, his arms folded, his head slightly bent, his eyes—hardly visible under the gray and frowning brows—fixed upon the dying fire, she sat quietly down a little behind him, and with her small hands clasped upon her knee began again to wonder, but now more drearily than before, why Christmas-eve was so uncomfortable a time in her ordinarily cheerful home, and what Eunice could have meant by her vague hints and allusions.

But at ten years old one does not wonder long at any thing, and Mimi presently began to study, as she had often done before, the figures in a large painting hanging over the fire-place.

The scene was a stable—the rough beams cobweb-draped, the farming utensils scattered around. In the fore-ground was a group consisting of a lovely woman holding an infant in her arms—an infant upon whose tiny features the painter had tried to impress the tenderness, the holiness, the conscious sacrifice which from his birth marked the Holy Child as one distinct from the sons of men. Behind the mother and infant stood the venerable form of Joseph; and at the right-hand side were dimly seen the figure of the Wise Men coming to do homage to the baby Christ. At the left-hand side of the painting were some oxen kneeling, their great brown eyes fixed in dumb adoration upon the scene before them.

Mimi knew what the picture meant, for she had often talked of it with Eunice, and she now sat thinking of the sweet old story that it told, until, half-unconsciously, she said:

"I wonder if the cattle really do kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve? Eunice says some people believe it. Do you, papa?"

"What, child?" asked her father, never raising the gray head from its drooping posture.

"Do you believe the cattle kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve, because that is the time the Lord was born?" asked Mimi, reverently.

"I know nothing about it. Why do you ask me? I have nothing to do with Christmas-eve or its legends. Go away, child, and play with your doll, or talk to Eunice."

He leaned forward as he spoke, and laid his forehead in his clasped hands. Mimi stood for an instant looking at him, and longing with all her loving little heart to soothe and comfort this mysterious grief; but the habit of obedience to her father's commands was stronger than the tender impulse, and she crept silently to the door, opened and shut it as softly as she could, and stood again alone in the kitchen.

"Eunice told me to go to papa, and papa tells me to go to Eunice," thought the poor child, sadly. "Doesn't any body want me or love me when it is Christmas-eve? I wish there was a little Christ in our barn, and I would go and stay with him. And then the cows—I wonder if our cows know it is Christmas-eve, and if they will kneel in their stalls! I mean to go and see."

So Mimi took from the peg behind the door her little Rob Roy cloak, threw it across her shoulders, and drew the hood over her head, looking, with her sweet earnest face and brown curls, more like the Red Riding Hood in a picture than like a little New England country girl. Then quietly letting herself out at the back-door, she stood for a moment upon the step looking about her. It was just after sunset, and a warm glow still lingered in the west, melting imperceptibly into the cold, hard blue of the sky overhead, where already some stars were glittering bright and sharp as bayonet points. A north wind was sweeping over the wide fields, and, catching the edges of the snow-wreaths, whirled them off in feathery clouds to fall presently a mimic snow-shower upon another spot. Far away upon the hill-side stood the solitary house in view; and as Mimi noticed the ruddy light streaming from all the windows she knew that Luly Richardson's "good time" was in progress.

A little shudder ran through the child's frame. Partly it was the north wind, that just then flung a shower of icy spray into her face; partly it was the chill at her heart, which she had brought from her father's study.

She made a backward step and laid her hand upon the latch; but just then a cow lowed from the barn, and Mimi paused.

"I *will* just run and see if they are kneeling," said she, aloud, and jumping off the step, she hurried along the path dug through the deep snow to the barn, and, with fingers already numb with cold, raised the wooden latch of the little door, and leaving it wide open, went in.

The five cows and the pair of oxen were all in their places, but the cows were busily eating their hay, standing the while so startlingly upright that Mimi was quite disgusted.

"Well, they were oxen, I guess, in the real stable. Maybe cows don't know," murmured she, and passed on to Star and Bright, who were certainly not in a standing position, but whether they could be said to kneel, or whether they were merely lying down, Mimi could not at first determine; and she was still bending over them, while they, looking back at her with great, luminous eyes, seemed to wonder what she could want, when she was startled by a sound from behind the mound of hay in the barn-floor—a sound of a little child cooing and talking to itself in sweet, inarticulate baby-talk.

"Oh, if it should be another little baby Christ!" thought Mimi, thrilling with awe and delight, and slipping between the stanchels, she crept on tip-toe to the mound of hay and peeped around it.

A baby, a pretty, laughing baby lay there, holding up a little spotted fist to catch a ray of light which, streaming through a knot-hole in the western wall of the barn, fell directly across him, and which he, poor little dear! took, perhaps, for one of the "clouds of glory" he had "trailed" from Paradise.

But the baby was not alone. Just beyond him lay a woman, young and lovely as the Madonna of the picture, except that her sweet face was whiter than any face Mimi had ever seen, and thinner and sadder. She was asleep, but in such a strange position, with her head hanging to one side and her eyes half open, and her hands tightly clenched. It was so strange and awful a sleep that Mimi, standing and peeping at it around the pile of hay, shivered again as she had done at the look of the north wind, and was creeping a little back when the baby, catching sight of her, began to coo again, holding up his arms and stirring his feet impatiently as who should say,

"I'm glad to see you, you dear little girl. Come and take me up, won't you?"

Mimi understood the appeal as well as if it had been spoken; and with a sudden impulse she rushed forward, snatched up the little thing, and darted away toward the house without glancing again at the pale woman still motionless in her strange sleep.

"Sakes alive, Mimi, what have you got there?" exclaimed Eunice, as the breathless little figure flew into the kitchen, and closing the door behind her, stood with her back against it as if fearful of pursuit.

"Oh, Eunice, it's a little Christ-child, I believe, and its mother is asleep in the barn, and oh, she's so dreadful white and still."

"In the barn—in our barn?" asked Eunice, incredulously, as she came forward and looked closely at the child in Mimi's arms, and then, with a sort of gasping exclamation, took it in her own and carried it into the full light of the fire.

"Yes, she's on the hay-pile in the bay, and she's just as sound asleep as she can be," panted Mimi.

"Now the Lord save us if it should be so, and this very night of all the nights in the year," murmured Eunice, and then she laid the little patient baby back in Mimi's arms and hastened toward the door. With her hand upon the latch she turned, and the child saw that all the ruddy color had gone out of her face, leaving it almost as ghastly, though not half so white as that of the sleeper in the barn.

"Where's David, do you know?" asked she, sharply; and Mimi answered, wonderingly:

"No; I suppose he's at his own house."

"I'll run there first, it's only a step. You keep the baby quiet, Mimi, and don't let it cry for your life."

She was gone and the door closed, and Mimi, almost wondering if she were awake and all this was real, seated herself in the little blue arm-chair with the baby upon her knees and studied his pretty face and great brown eyes which looked up at her with a strangely familiar glance.

She was still so engaged when heavy steps were heard without; and Eunice, opening the door, held it for David, who entered with cautious steps, carrying in his arms the lifeless form of the woman Mimi had seen in the barn.

"Right in here, Dave, and don't make noise enough to start a weasel. I wouldn't have the Squire come out now not for a hundred dollars," whispered Eunice, showing the way to her own bedroom, a small chamber opening from the kitchen. David, stepping with painful caution, followed her in and laid his helpless burden upon the bed.

"Now run home and send up Nancy just as quick as she can come! Hurry now, man, if you ever hurried in your life!"

"Yes'm!" answered David, scuttling away as fast as he could, while Eunice, with great tears running down her cheeks and dropping off her pointed chin, began to undress the cold, still figure upon her bed, whispering all the time:

"Poor dear creter! Poor gal! To think of her coming to this! Poor lamb!"

Then suddenly she beckoned to Mimi, who went to her, still carrying the baby in her arms, and wondering if all the mysteries that had perplexed her so long were about to end in this one great mystery. No sooner was she within reach than Eunice, grasping her arm with unconscious force, led her to the bed, and, pointing to the white face upon the pillow, said:

"It's your own sister, Mimi Beverly. It's your father's oldest child, and if she isn't dead she's nigh it, with cold and starving and hard work. What do you think of that?"

"My sister! I haven't any sister!" stammered Mimi, half-frightened at the housekeeper's earnest tone.

"None that ever was spoke of in this house since the night ten year ago this Christmas-eve, that she run away with a man her father had forbid her ever to speak to or think of again, and the next day they was gone. It killed her mother, for she took sick that night, and three days after laid in her shroud; and then your father cursed her, and the curse clung to her. She wrote after a while, and begged to be forgiven, and to be told if her mother forgive her before she died. The Squire wrote back an answer—what it was I don't know, but then you can guess; and from that day her name has never been heard in this house no more, no nor half so much, as if she'd been dead; but year by year I've seen that nater was at work in the Squire's heart, and as one Christmas after another has come round they've laid heavier and heavier on his head, till they've bent it almost into the grave. Whether it's that dead mother or the cursed daughter he's mourning for I can't say, but now's the time to find out, and you're the one to do it, Mimi. Thank the Lord there's a little warmth at last in this hand!—and here's Nancy coming. Go, child, and tell it any way you like! There's them as puts words into the mouths of such as you, when the wise ones couldn't find a word to say for themselves."

As she spoke she gently pushed Mimi out of the bedroom and closed the door. The child hesitated but for a moment, and then, with a strange light kindling in her eyes, and a bright color burning on her cheeks, she went directly to the door of the study, and entered with the baby in her arms.

It was dark now, except a dull red gleam from the dying fire; but Mimi could see that her father had laid his arms upon the table with his head upon them, and as she opened the door she thought she heard a stifled moan. Without waiting to lose her courage Mimi came directly to his side, and said, softly:

"Papa, here is a little Christ-child come to make us all well and happy."

Without reply the father raised his head and looked at her, and in the faint light Mimi saw that he had been weeping. Encouraged, she knew not why, she knelt and laid the baby upon his knees.

"Papa dear, didn't the baby Christ come to make every body love every body else, and forgive them all they had done naughty? and won't you forgive my sister because of this little baby that she has brought to you? and she is—perhaps she is dead herself; but won't you forgive her, father?"

The flutter of Mimi's heart stopped farther speech, but she raised her little pale face appealingly to his, and the baby, looking up at him with the self-same brown eyes, murmured an inarticulate petition for love and pardon.

The father looked at one and the other, and passed his hand vacantly across his forehead.

"Your sister, Mimi? What about your sister? Who told you of your sister? Oh, Mary, Mary!"

He clasped his hands across his eyes in a burst of passionate grief, but in a moment commanded himself, and asked again:

"Mimi, what did you say about your sister, and what is this baby?"

"It is her baby, dear papa. It is my own sister's own baby; and she is here too; and I found them in the barn, and thought it was a little Christ-child—and so it might be for us, mightn't it, papa?"

"Mary come home! Mary here!" exclaimed the father, hastily but kindly putting the baby again into Mimi's arms, and rising to his feet.

"Yes; but she is very sick, and perhaps she isn't alive at all. Eunice and Peter's wife are trying to wake her up, but she sleeps so sound they don't know if she will ever wake. Will you forgive her, papa, if she does?"

"If the Lord and she can forgive me, Mimi, it is but very little for me to forgive her," said the Squire, solemnly. And then he stood for a moment with his gray head bowed upon his hand, and Mimi thought that he was thanking the good God who had sent a comforter to find him.

Some hours later, when Mary Perceval opened her heavy eyes consciously upon this world again, she found her father bending over her with love and pardon in his face. She was too weak as yet to speak, but her pleading eyes spoke for her, and as the father bent to kiss her he whispered:

"Let us forgive each other, my child, as God forgives us both."

And so the great still house grew merry once again with the sound of children's happy voices and pattering feet, and Mimi found the lonely places of her life filled with the sweet new love that had come to it: for the pale and gentle Mary tried hard to fill the place of a mother to the little sister whom her misconduct had robbed of a mother's love and care: and the baby—the Christmas baby—became from the very first the joy and the pride of Mimi's heart.

And when Christmas-eve came round again, Eunice, compounding a mighty plum-pudding, watched the children hanging their stockings in the chimney corner, and said:

"Well, Miss Perceval, I shall always stick to it, it was something out of the common that put it in Mimi's head to go looking in the barn after a Christ-child, as she calls it. If she hadn't found you there you'd have been gone afore morning to a sartainty, and maybe Noel too."

"Yes," answered Mary, in her gentle voice, "it was the Christ-child himself who sent my little sister to me. I am sure of it."

KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

KATCHEN, on reaching home, ran into her own room, and, having fastened the door, relieved her mortified feelings by giving loose to a copious flow of tears. They were childlike tears; an April shower which fell easily, and gave place to sunshine, without leaving any stormy ground-swell behind them, as a fit of weeping will do in more passionate natures. She had made many high resolves that she would not, by any persuasion, give her company to the smokers in the kitchen. She would stay up there by herself, and be miserable without knowing why. But as the afternoon wore on she repented of her resolution, and at last, about supper-time—that is to say, between four and five o'clock—she put her head outside the door to listen to what was going on. She heard her father's rich bass voice rolling out short, disjointed sentences between pauses that, she knew, were delightfully occupied by smoking; and then she heard a ringing laugh that made her heart beat a little quicker, and, after a farewell glance at the green mirror, she stole down stairs quietly, and went down to the kitchen with an assumption of perfect indifference to the presence of any one there. Besides her father and Fritz there was another man seated at the table, smoking a long pipe, which Katchen at once perceived to be a real meerschaum, and the stranger was a singularly ugly man, with flat, blunt features and a short bull neck; but he looked good-humored withal, and intelligent. He was dressed in a frock-coat and trowsers, instead of the peasant costume worn by the usual frequenters of the Golden Lamb. There was no one else there, for the one stout serving-maid who, with Katchen, performed all the indoor work of the house, had leave on Sunday evenings to visit her friends. So Josef Kester and his two guests had the spacious kitchen all to themselves. A little table was drawn up close to one of the open windows, whence a sweet scent from the woodbine came in with the pure air, but was speedily choked and stifled by the heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke that almost hid the smokers from view. Each man had before him a great glass tankard of foaming amber beer. No one noticed Katchen at first, and she went and sat down at another window furthest removed from that where the men were, and, pushing back the lattice, leaned her elbows on the sill and looked out at the lake. Presently she felt that some one was standing very close to her, but she would not turn round; and then Fritz's voice said in her ear, "My Katchen, won't you speak to me?"

"*Your* Katchen, indeed! Not quite. And besides—" Here Katchen gave a pretty toss of her head in the direction of the stranger.

"Oh, you needn't mind him," said simple Fritz, delighted to think that he had discovered the reason of his sweet-heart's show of coolness. "He's a very good fellow; Johann Laurier, a Swiss courier. He has come from Ischl with the foreign lady and gentleman. And he knows—that is, I told him—that you and I—"

"What did you tell him, Herr Rosenheim? How dare you talk about me to a stranger without my permission?"

It seemed fated that whatever Fritz said or did to-day should affront Katchen.

This state of things was not entirely unprecedented; but Fritz always fell into the error of trying to reason about what was quite unreasonable, and, being neither so quick-witted nor so nimble of tongue as his pretty antagonist, he got the worst of the argument, even though he were thoroughly in the right.

"I suppose you're too proud to acknowledge me for a lover, now that you've dined with Herr Ebner, and been rowed in his boat. I heard of it. The folks at the Black Eagle say all sorts of things."

"The folks at the Black Eagle! And what do I care for them, or for you either, if you are so ignorant as to listen to the gossip of such as them? As to being proud, I can tell you I think father is quite as good as Herr Ebner, even though he may not be as rich. But he was as rich once, and richer too."

"Well, Katchen, I'm sorry if I've made you cross—"

"Cross!"

"Well, if I've offended you, then. But it seemed as if you would hardly speak to me to-day when I first saw you, and now you are as cold and stand-offish as you can be; why or wherefore, I'm sure I don't know. I love you with all my heart, Katchen, and I never shall love another girl the same as I do you."

And Fritz ventured to take up the plump sunburnt little hand that lay on Katchen's lap. He held it lightly in his broad brown palm for a moment, and then the willful girl jerked it away with a pettish exclamation, and walked off toward her father. "You tease me," said she, over her shoulder. It was somewhat trying to her lover, that, while Katchen was extremely exacting in her demands on his devotion, she resented any show of tenderness on his part; and sometimes, when he was most earnest in his expressions of love, she would turn all he said into ridicule, and make the house ring with laughter at his protestations. To-night, however, she was not in a laughing mood, but went and sat beside her father, resting her hand on his shoulder, and apparently absorbed in thought. She was conscious, though, of Fritz's rueful puzzled look as he resumed his seat, and absently took long pulls at a perfectly cold pipe; and she was conscious, also, of the admiring gaze that Monsieur Jean Laurier cast upon her flushed face. "Your daughter, Mr. Landlord?" said he, with a polite bow.

"Yes, Herr Laurier, my little Katerina—Katchen, as she's always called. Child, this gentleman is a great traveler, and can tell you of wonderful places he has seen, and wonderful people too. He speaks all languages—"

"Not quite all, Herr Landlord," modestly put in Laurier.

"Yes, yes, *all*, I say—all that are worth speaking. You should have come down before, you puss, and you would have heard such things about Rome, and Paris, and Vienna. I've been relating part of my history to the Herr, and he thinks it very hard that a man like myself should have been so ill-treated by fortune. But, lord! I could explain it if I liked. A good deal of it is the fault of others. However, no more on that score. It can't interest a stranger."

Nevertheless, no stranger was ever half an hour beneath the roof of the Golden Lamb without hearing Josef Kester's version of his own misfortunes.

"What fine hair the Fraulein has!" said Laurier, turning the discourse.

"Our Katchen? Yes, friend, you may say so; and a pretty color, too; not like the coarse black horse-hair one sees hereabouts. Her blessed mother was a Saxon, and she has her mother's hair."

"It's long, too, I suppose," pursued the courier. "It seems all coiled round and round, so."

"Long! I believe you. Pull that bodkin out, Katchen, and let the Herr see its length."

And, as Katchen hesitated, he took the pins out with his own hand, and the great silky plaits tumbled down over her shoulders.

"Unplait it, child. It's nearly twice as long when it's all loose. There, Herr Laurier, did you ever see a prettier sight than that in your travels?"

The Swiss got up, and took a long soft tress in his hand, weighing it with a thoughtful look.

"Don't mind me, mam'sell; I've a daughter as old as you, at home in Lausanne. I tell you what, there's a friend of mine, a hairdresser in Paris, who would give you almost any sum you'd like to ask for this hair. It's all the fashion just now, and they can't get enough of it any where."

Katchen jumped back, and hastily twisted up her hair into one great lump, looking meanwhile half in terror, half in indignation, at the courier. But old Josef roared with laughter.

"No, no, thank you. Not to make a wig for our empress herself, God bless her! We're not so poor as that comes to, yet a while. Don't look scared, Katchen. I should like to see the barber who'd put scissors near your head."

"I'm not scared, father. How stupid you are! But I don't want to make a show of myself any longer, that's all."

Laurier was more a man of the world than poor Rosenheim, and had lived in it some twenty years longer, so, instead of apologizing, or arguing, or retracting, he began a description of the wonderful head-dresses that the ladies wore in Paris, the fine feathers, and flowers, and jewels which adorned their borrowed locks. And in listening to this topic of feminine interest Katchen had time to recover her composure, and even put in a few questions of her own. Before the evening was over, Laurier had established himself in the good graces of both father and daughter.

"Whenever I come this way I shall certainly pay you a visit, Herr Kester," said the courier. They parted with many good wishes on both sides, and Fritz was well pleased to receive a tolerably gracious farewell from his capricious lady-love.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day things resumed their old monotonous course at the Golden Lamb. Fritz and the friendly courier were far away on their road to Salzburg. Laurier had said that if he chanced to travel in their direction next year he should certainly come and see the Kesters; but meanwhile, there was all the autumn, and winter, and spring to get through. Gradually—Katchen could scarcely trace how—it came to be no unusual thing for Caspar Ebner to drop in to the Golden Lamb of an evening, and before long it was quite an established custom for the Kesters to be rowed to and from the church at Hallstadt in his boat. Little presents of flowers, and fruit, and choice cheese, or a bottle of fine Rudesheimer, were sent from the Black Eagle to the Golden Lamb; and once Herr Ebner brought out from his pocket a pair of bright gold earrings, which he begged Katchen to accept. But these she refused. And the refusal brought on an argument which ended in a formal offer of Caspar Ebner's hand and heart. "Herr Ebner," said Katchen with a gasp, "you can't be in earnest!"

"Not in earnest, Katerina! Is it possible that you have been blind to my feelings all this time? Can you honestly say so?"

"Well, I fancied, perhaps, that you liked me a little, and—and—thought me pretty; but I never believed that you really—really—" And Katchen began to cry. Why *would* people be so tiresome, and serious, and in earnest? Ebner was terribly distressed at sight of her tears.

"My child, my child," said he, "pray don't cry in that way; I wouldn't grieve or vex you for more than I can tell. Pray to think seriously of what I have said

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days; and when he felt how fatally near the Bond Street pavement was to the soles of his feet, he could not refrain from a fond admiration of the boots that were so beautiful in decay.

He walked the West End for many weary hours every day during this period of his decadence. He tried to live in an honest, gentlemanly way, by borrowing money of his friends, or discounting an accommodation-bill obtained from some innocent acquaintance who was deluded by his brilliant appearance and specious tongue, into a belief in the transient nature of his difficulties. He spent his days in hanging about the halls and waiting-rooms of clubs—of some of which he had once been a member; he walked weary miles between St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill, leaving little notes for men who were not at home, or writing a little note in one room while the man to whom he was writing hushed his breath in an adjoining chamber. People who had once been Captain Paget's fast friends seemed to have simultaneously decided upon spending their existence out of doors, as it appeared to the impecunious Captain. The servants of his friends were afflicted with a strange uncertainty as to their masters' movements. At whatever hall door Horatio Paget presented himself, it seemed equally doubtful whether the proprietor of the mansion would be home to dinner that day, or whether he would be at home any time next day, or the day after that, or at the end of the week, or indeed whether he would ever come home again. Sometimes the Captain, calling in the evening dusk, in the faint hope of gaining admittance to some friendly dwelling, saw the glimmer of light under a dining-room door, and heard the clooping of corks and the pleasant jingling of glass and silver in the innermost recesses of a butler's pantry; but still the answer was—not at home, and not likely to be at home. All the respectable world was to be out henceforth for Horatio Paget. But now and then at the clubs he met some young man, who had no wife at home to keep watch upon his purse and to wail piteously over a five-pound note ill bestowed, and who took compassion on the fallen spendthrift, and believed, or pretended to believe, his story of temporary embarrassment; and then the Captain dined sumptuously at a little French restaurant in Castle Street, Leicester Square, and took a half bottle of chablis with his oysters, and warmed himself with chambertin that was brought to him in a dusty cobweb-shrouded bottle reposing in a wicker-basket.

But in these latter days such glimpses of sunshine very rarely illumined the dull stream of the Captain's life. Failure and disappointment had become the rule of his existence—success the rare exception. Crossing the river now on his way westward, he was wont to loiter a little on Waterloo Bridge, and to look dreamily down at the water, wondering whether the time was near at hand when, under cover of the evening dusk, he would pay his last half-penny to the toll-keeper, and never again know the need of any earthly coin.

"I saw a poor fellow in the Morgue one day—a poor wretch who had drowned himself a week or two before. Great God, how horrible he looked! If there was any certainty they would find one immediately, and bury one decently, there'd be no particular horror in that kind of death. But to be found *like that*, and to lie in some river-side dead-house down by Wapping, with a ghastly placard rotting on the rotting door, and nothing but ooze and slime and rottenness round about one—waiting to be identified! And who knows, after all, whether a dead man doesn't *feel* that sort of thing?"

It was after such musings as these had begun to be very common with Horatio Paget that he caught the chill which resulted in a very dangerous illness of many weeks. The late autumn was wet and cold and dreary; but Captain Paget, although remarkably clever after a certain fashion, had never been a lover of intellectual pursuits, and imprisonment in Mrs. Kepp's shabby parlor was odious to him. When he had read every page of the borrowed newspaper, and pished and pshawed over the leaders, and groaned aloud at the announcement of some wealthy marriage made by one of his quondam friends, or chuckled at the record of another quondam friend's insolvency—when he had poked the fire savagely half a dozen times in an hour, cursing the pinched grate and the bad coals during every repetition of the operation—when he had smoked his last cigar, and varnished his favorite boots, and looked out of the window, and contemplated himself gloomily in the wretched little glass over the narrow chimney-piece—Captain Paget's intellectual resources were exhausted, and an angry impatience took possession of him. Then, in defiance of the pelting rain or the lowering sky, he flung his slippers into the furthest corner—and the furthest corner of Mrs. Kepp's parlor was not very remote from the Captain's armchair—he drew on the stoutest of his varnished boots—and there were none of them very stout now—buttoned his perfect over-coat, adjusted his hat before the looking-glass, and sallied forth, umbrella in hand, to make his way westward. Westward always, through storm and shower, back to the haunts of his youth, went the wanderer and outcast, to see the red glow of cheery fires reflected on the plate-glass windows of his favorite clubs; to see the lamps in spacious reading-rooms lit early in the autumn dusk, and to watch the soft light glimmering on the rich bindings of the books, and losing itself in the sombre depths of crimson draperies. To this poor worldly creature the agony of banishment from those palaces of Pall Mall or St. James's Street was as bitter as the pain of a fallen angel. It was the dullest, deadest time of the year, and there were not many loungers in those sumptuous reading-rooms, where the shaded lamps shed their subdued light on the chaste splendor of the sanctuary; so Captain Paget could haunt the scene of his departed youth without much fear of recognition: but his wanderings in the West grew more hopeless and purposeless every day. He began to understand how it was that people were never at home when he assailed their doors with his fashionable knock. He could no longer endure the humiliation of such repulses, for he began to understand that the servants knew his errand as well as their masters, and had their answers ready, let him present himself before them when he would: so he besieged the doors of St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill no longer. He knew that the bubble of his poor foolish life had burst, and that there was nothing left for him but to die.

It seemed about this time as if the end of all was very near. Captain Paget caught a chill one miserable evening on which he returned to his lodging with his garments dripping, and his beautiful varnished boots reduced to a kind of pulp; and the chill resulted in a violent inflammation of the lungs. Then it was that a woman's hand was held out to save him, and a woman's divine tenderness cared for him in his dire extremity.

The ministering angel who comforted this helpless and broken-down wayfarer was only a low-born, ignorant girl called Mary Anne Kepp—a girl who had waited upon the Captain during his residence in her mother's house, but of whom he had taken about as much notice as he had been wont to take of the colored servants who tended him when he was with his regiment in India. Horatio Paget had been a night-brawler and a gamester, a duelist and a reprobate, in the glorious days that were gone; but he had never been a profligate: and he did not know that the girl who brought him his breakfast and staggered under the weight of his coal-scuttle was one of the most beautiful women he had ever looked upon.

THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"THE Saint of Christmas leaves his charmed treasures
Only in homes where there is gold to buy.
What though small voices ask for childish pleasures,
Among the poor—he makes them no reply.

"Ah well, his great close furs shut out their crying;
He can not drive in narrow streets, we know,
Or find his way to hearths in darkness lying"—
A woman thought, and looked into the snow.

When, greener than all Springs can make their greenness,
A giant Tree grew in the freezing air,
And from the far sky's beautiful sereneness
Strange shapes of wondrous calmness gather'd there.

Some, through their Peace, show'd dimly the scarr'd faces
That fell, in mouldering battle-pits, away:
These brought fair fruits from ever-shining places,
That children of dead soldiers might be gay.

Next, shadows of worn living mothers slowly—
From the thick night below—came, sad to see,
And, with a tenderness most sweet and holy,
Hung pretty toys on the enchanted Tree.

Then, as a dove, a radiance descended,
And show'd these children of the poor, the dead,
Kneeling beneath two bleeding Hands extended
With Christ's dear blessing for each little head.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE FIELD-DAY.

By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

SHERMAN'S army rarely ever halted long enough in one place to permit of those splendid reviews which are so thrilling to the beholder, and which, at the same time, is of more importance—stimulates the *esprit du corps* of the troops. Neither did the officers or men have leisure to indulge in those sports which are a feature of armies doomed to long sieges or permanent stations.

While, near the close of the war, negotiations were pending between Sherman and Johnston, our army was exercised in drilling and reviewing, while sports and fun of one kind or another filled up the hours.

It was in every sense a "field-day" in Raleigh. In every "sense," for Nature was in full accord with the hopes and wishes of the triumphant Union army, and she put on her brightest robe to assist in the celebration of the day. Here and there the sky was flecked with fugitive white drifts floating in the else "unclouded blue." The beautiful blue was all the more intense by contrast with the exquisite, tender green of spring that decked the trees which overarched the gardens and the streets. Roses were every where: the gardens were filled with them; the walks, the borders of beds of pinks and tiger-lilies, the hedges, the houses, the very roads were redolent with roses. On every side, turn which way they would, the delighted eyes were met by countless roses of every variety and hue—red, white, yellow, damask, crimson; and their fragrance filled the air, greeting the early morning with their dewy freshness, and lulling the senses with their sweets at noonday.

It would have been, indeed, the very "Valley of Roses," only Raleigh is situated on a hill. So profuse were the roses that thousands of lovers might have reposed on rose-leaved couches; but on that bright day the citizens limited their sense with nobler purpose, bowing their beautiful heads in honor and welcome to the brave soldiers of the Twentieth Army Corps.

And what a grand sight it was, as our brave boys filled the broad avenue leading to the Capitol, marching in full company front, the generals with their staffs all finely mounted, the triangular red, white, and blue brigade banners, the more honorable regimental flags, begrimed with battle-smoke, rent and torn with shot and shell! What pictures of dauntless deeds and bravery such "colors" paint! And how the heart beats as, passing the reviewing general and the group of officers around him, they bend gracefully in honor, while the bands of music roll out the thrilling salute. As the head of each division approaches its commander leaves the column, taking his stand at the left of the reviewing officer. And then, last and grandest of all, out from a cloud of golden dust the artillery rumbles, massed in full battery, four and six pieces in perfect alignment. How the ground trembles beneath that tread and roll! What an overwhelming idea of strength, of terrible death-dealing power, there is in that mass of men and metal!

At last they have all passed by, and in perfect order. By one and another road they are marching to their camping-ground. Let us now follow the reviewing officers, and for a while share the hospitalities of one of the most popular generals in the army.

The tents of the general and his staff are pitched in the garden of a house of some (Southern) pretensions to elegance and good taste. Whether the architecture or material of the mansion—which is owned by a rebel general officer, would come up to the Northern standard of utility or beauty is questionable. The garden, however, is unqualifiedly lovely, and the lawn answers very well for a passable parade-ground.

Here groups of officers meet in kindly interview. You greet, perhaps, a brother soldier who is seen here for the first time in many weeks, although both were marching in the same grand army, yet the direction of the columns was widely apart. A large portion of the company surrounds the commanding general, who, in an easy, conversational tone, is discussing the campaign just ended, or hints at schemes for future movements. The superior officers now and then offer suggestions, or some one tells a story for the entertainment of the company. Then, perhaps, there is a general discussion—not a warm one, though all are smoking—and presently they all discuss something else—some simple beverage like commissary whisky, or North Carolina apple-jack, with more cigars. Meanwhile the musically inclined—a few of them—enter the house, where there is a piano. They join in chorus, earnestly, if not artistically, Hailing Columbia, duly glorifying the Star-spangled Banner, or pathetically imploring the soul of Brown the elder to continue his advance movement till he brings up somewhere, or, at least, until "this cruel war is over." The music, which, by-the-by, is always immensely satisfactory to the officers immediately engaged therein, and measurably so to those who are not on duty (that duty, at all events, out of doors), but who occasionally and spontaneously join in a patriotic chorus, is sometimes found to be extremely disturbing to the too-sensitive ears of the rebel ladies who, perchance, may occupy the upper part of the house. Likely as not a message may be borne by a respectful servant that there is illness in the house. Some young lady, generally a picture of health, has fainted at the thought of the superior charms of her sister Columbia; or some old lady, strong in secession and strong in stomach, who has lived for three years past on mouldy corn-bread and musty bacon, has suddenly sickened to hear that a relative of hers at Richmond is likely to be "hung on a sour apple tree," instead of a sweet apple tree, as her more delicate taste would dictate. But the music in the army—and there was always enough of it—was *for* the army, and the same grand airs, piano-played or sung, that disgusted rebel ladies in their chambers, are the same airs which led our brave boys on, and so disquieted the rebel sons and brothers in the field.

But while the officers who deal in the "concourse of sweet sounds" within are putting out airs, those who believe in the concourse of sweet sugar and sour apple-jack are putting on airs without—that is, they are glowingly describing or discussing the superior merits of the piece of horse-flesh owned by each. But of this anon.

The whole scene, within and without, illustrates a peculiar phase of the soldier's life. To a civilian it is singular to see how quickly the soldier throws off the care, the anxiety, even the excitement of a skirmish or a battle. He may have just seen a brother officer under a surgeon's knife, or have just returned from paying the last honors to a dear friend whose body was laid under the tall pines—one who was slain by his side that day in battle—yet he enters fully into the hilarity of the merry meeting, and with no disrespect to the memory of his fallen friend and comrade. Oh no! as long as he lives that he will preserve and cherish.

No. But the scene is past. They throw off and throw down their anxieties and agonies with their accoutrements and arms. They would never be soldiers if they did not.

And then there is always the next day, perhaps the next hour. The soldier knows that at any moment he may be killed or wounded; that his chances of escape are no better than his comrade's; he comprehends that it is his *métier* to kill or to take the chances of losing his own life; and so he philosophically accepts the risks of war—and he is a most unhappy and utterly untrustworthy soldier if he does not.

But this is quite "a-field;" so back to our own happy Field-day—a day not likely to be forgotten by any who assisted on that occasion. We left a jovial group of officers on the lawn discussing apple-jack and horse-flesh, dear to the soldier's soul.

It is one of the peculiar and mild phases of a certain sort of insanity in any officer who owns a horse to think his horse the most valuable horse in existence. Richard, away from his throne and in the army, would have given his kingdom for a horse, and, no doubt, at the particular moment when he made the offer, would have considered it a very good bargain. But a rebel officer, especially a young army officer, believes, or professes to believe, that his particular "Lexington," "Alice," "Betty," or whatever may be the name of the animal, is the finest and especially the fastest horse in the army.

All of them are blooded stock, out of this or that famous mare, sired here and foaled there—with a pedigree that would put to the blush the noblest Petrollan of them all!

There are good horses in the army, fast horses, very fast—but my horse! "There's no use o' talking," as people always say when there has been a great deal too much talking, and threatens to be a great deal more; but thus each young officer tries to think of his own horse, and having brought himself to that belief, he loses no leisure occasion to endeavor to impress his belief upon others.

And was it not a Field-day—field for officers and soldiers in the morning, and field for frolic, fun, and horses in the afternoon? Thus it was that the not unusual horse discussion came up in that merry group that merry day. For several minutes there was a lull in the old dispute between two aids-de-camp as to the relative speed of their two horses. Let us call the aids Brown and Smith; the steeds brown and bay. It is to be feared—though no one feared it then—that Brown, not to say Smith, and, in truth, the whole company, had indulged too freely in the simple beverages of the season and locality; for after the usual amount of preliminary parleying Brown makes a direct assault upon Smith, in the following manner:

"I say, Major, you've been talking about that superior mare of yours for a long time. Now let's have that race, and settle the matter."

"But, Brown, my dear fellow, don't you see that the mare is weak? She has not yet recovered from that run the rebels gave me. Why, I haven't had a saddle on her twice, before to-day, since we left Savannah."

"Well, when will you run her?" asks Brown, with some impatience.

Smith, not a little nettled at the insinuation evident enough in Brown's language and manner, promptly replies:

"Oh, whenever you please!"

"Very well. Your horse is on the ground, and so is mine. We will ride them ourselves now, and in the wide road which passes the house."

"All right! I accept the proposition."

The by-standers, who have been listening to this excited and exciting colloquy, at once entered into the spirit of the fun with the most jubilant demonstrations. An adjournment was at once made to the front of the house; the horses were brought around, examined, and criticised; umpires were chosen, starters designated, and bets were made. In five short minutes all the material, preparations, and accessories of a Derby Day, on a very small scale, had been made and were present.

General S—— offered to wager a one-hundred-dollar rebel shin-plaster, new issue, against a three-cent post-age-stamp on the mare. General B——, with great alacrity, accepted the wager, and the funds were placed in the hands of a third party. Other bets of equal value were also made, including all sorts of things, from a brevet to a boot-jack. The distance marked out for the race was about three hundred yards in one of the main streets of Raleigh. It passed by the head-quarters of several general officers. On one side of the track was an Orphan Asylum, and on the other a Seminary for Young Ladies, some two hundred of whom were disinterested, if not amused, spectators of the scene. The street, now the track, was very good for Raleigh—a compound of hard clay, with here and there a few stones, but with an unreasonable, if not unlimited, number of rut holes and mud puddles. The winning-post was a wide ditch forming a part of a line of fortifications built for the defense of the city in the earlier part of the war.

Such was the track. The gentlemen jocks were placed in position, the words were given—one, two, three!—and away they went. The excitement was intense! For some reason that to this day Smith does not understand, Brown's horse had the advantage of two lengths at the start, which Smith's mare partially overcame in the first fifty yards. At this point there was a slight turn in the road and in affairs, for here Brown's horse crossed the pathway of Smith's mare, so that her fore-feet came in contact with his hind-legs; he sped away uninjured; she came down on her knees and nigh shoulder, and so great was the force of the fall that she rolled over end for end. It requires some lines—lines that have not fallen in pleasant places—to describe all this, which took place in the twinkling of an eye. The mare was down and done for.

But Smith? It requires no great effort to imagine what became of Smith. For full five minutes following the descent of his good steed his own memory was somewhat indistinct, and his perceptions dimmed. But disinterested spectators aver that he went through the air with a speed that was impossible to his mare, or to any other man's. At one moment his soldier-like head was dimly seen—then his military boots. Head, legs, and arms in rapid, rotatory motion, marvelously resembled the hub and spokes of a swift-running cart-wheel. He described circles as he had never described the virtues of the wonderful mare. The more military avowed that he made a swift, shell-like, parabolic, diabolic course through the air, threatening instant and disastrous explosion, then struck, ricochetted a little, and finally lay in a confused and trembling heap several yards in advance of the mare.

The mare, to her credit be it said, gained her feet first and unassisted; and poor Smith was picked up by his frightened friends, while an excited crowd of captains, majors, colonels, and generals gathered around.

His race was run—that race. All who participated in the race had lost something—then or at some other time. The generals had lost their hair, and were bald-headed; Brown lost a glorious opportunity; the crowd who bet upon the mare lost their patience and their staked postal-currency; Smith lost the race, some blood, and more credit. The mare was examined, and was found to be badly cut where her hind-feet had come in contact with the inside of both fore-shoulders, but she was otherwise unhurt.

Smith states that he is fully satisfied that Raleigh roads are somewhat harder than his head. His face, which was shockingly bruised, was bleeding; and, altogether, Smith was in a pitiable plight.

Meanwhile what became of Brown the victorious? Not seeing the mishap of his antagonist, not yet hearing the sound of fast-following hoofs, he turned in his saddle. That moment—one partly of inquiry, chiefly of triumph, for he was wildly waving his hat the while—cost him his own seat and the seat of his white corduroys. For at that instant the horse shied at the waving hat, and, with no given words of one, two, three, away went Brown—he one way, the startled steed the other—and Brown rose from the ground with a frightful rent or cut across that portion of his pan-taloons delicately called by Irving, in his description of the Great Unknown, "the broadest part."

Then there was another yell—not from Brown, but from the assembled crowd. The wounded were brought in; plasters were applied in both cases; the usual stimulants were exhibited; neither Smith nor Brown sustained any serious injury, and from their Raleigh ride they both soon rallied.

But that night there was not a private soldier in all that great army who did not know that two staff-officers, Major This and Major That, of General So-and-so's head-quarters, had been unhorsed that morning; and of all the merry men who laughed at the expense, none enjoyed the Field-day race and its disasters more heartily than did the principal participants therein.

Poor Smith kept his room for a day or two, with a plastered yet placid countenance, the centre of a characteristic crowd of brother-officers who came from far and near in camp to pay their visits of condolence.

Such sympathy! No photographer would believe that men could pull their faces to such lengths; no undertaker would believe that heavy-booted military men could come into a darkened room so silently, so solemnly. They stood in groups, and whisperingly asked if "Poor Smith was likely to live out the night?" and then these sympathetic men broke out into one irresistible, uncontrollable yell of laughter. It was too much—worse than the rise and fall of the Raleigh race—and, in self-defense, Smith speedily resumed his daily outdoor duties.

"But," says the good old Deacon, whose neighbor's nephew and whose brother's son went to the front, went through the Wilderness, "there's nothing dignified or soldier-like in scenes like this?"—Your pardon! It may not be dignified, but it is "soldier-like" exceedingly: the light to the shade; the frolic to the fight: the Field-day after a night of battle. Those who run these races—men and horses—are those who flew but yesterday, and may to-morrow, across the field, midst splinters, shot, and shell, and carried messages to bring up new masses of men to fill the ranks of falling, flying, struggling fighters for the flag, and who— But when they "next go forth to ride," whether on field or fighting-day, may the good Deacon, or his substitute, "be there to see."

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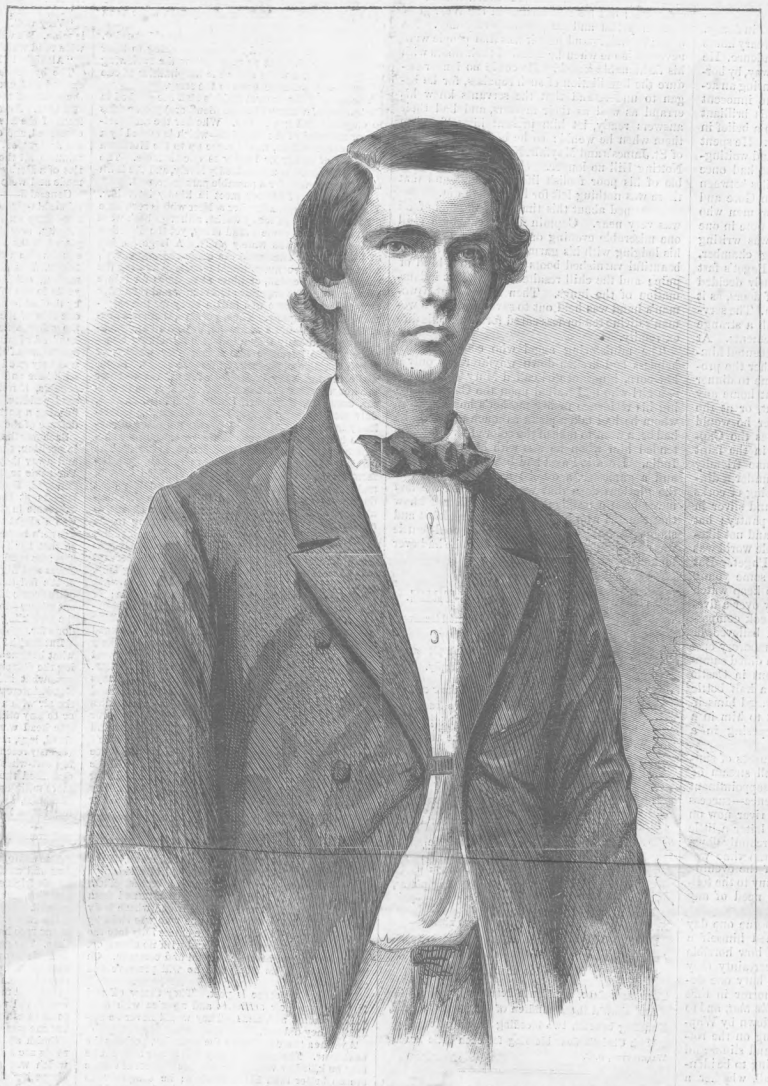
JOHN H. SURRATT.

AFTER twenty months of successful evasion, JOHN H. SURRATT, the chief accomplice of BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN, has been captured. The history of his movements since his escape to Canada, and also of his capture, were given in our last Number.

SURRATT is a man chiefly noticeable for his criminality. So obscure as to easily hide himself, by the aid of a few friends, from the eyes of the world; so ignorant that we almost wonder at the shrewdness of some of his devices, it is his capture alone, and the means thus furnished of reaching the secret history of LINCOLN'S murder, that make him once more a prominent object of interest.

SURRATT, though so great a coward that he deserted his mother in the hour of her most pressing need, yet showed himself capable of the most desperate actions when these were necessary to his own safety. He had boasted frequently of his crime, and appeared to think that the world not only forgave, but admired his atrocity. He was therefore greatly surprised when he was arrested at Feroli, in Italy. He was cast into prison, from which he managed to effect his escape by plunging down a ravine, making a leap of 23 feet. Had he leaped a little further he would have fallen into an abyss, and by a sudden death have escaped a more ignominious fate. Wounded by his fall, he succeeded in reaching a hospital, where he lay for a few days; but again took up his flight and sailed for Egypt, where he was again captured by MR. HALE.

Probably the trial of SURRATT will go far toward revealing the whole secret of the conspiracy in which he was so prominent. In his conversations he has hinted at the connection of JEFF DAVIS with the assassination, and of other persons in New York and London who gave him pecuniary assistance. Our portrait, we believe, is from the photograph which was used by the Government in identifying SURRATT.

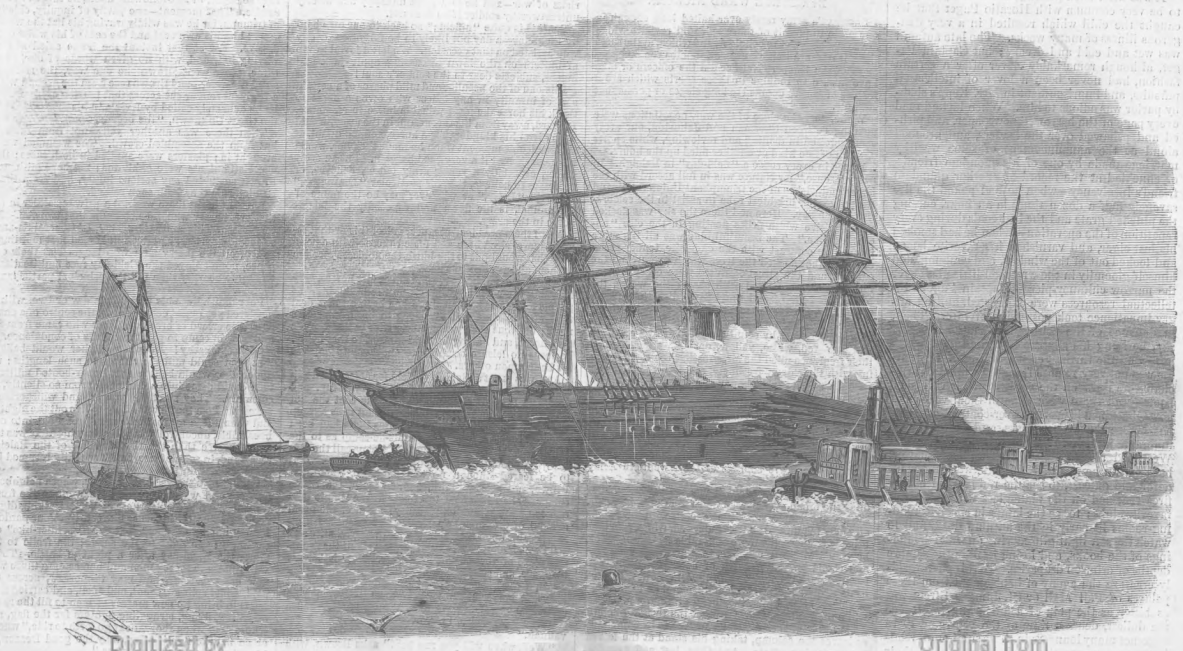


JOHN H. SURRATT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

WRECK OF THE "SCOTLAND."

THE wreck of the *Scotland* lies on the middle bar, about a mile distant from Sandy Hook. She was a splendid ship of 3700 tons register, and belonged to the National Steamship Company of Liverpool. On the evening of December 1 she ran into the steamer *Kate Dyer*, about ten miles from Fire Island. The *Dyer*, instead of porting her helm, as she should have done, and as the pilot of the *Scotland* did, attempted to run across the bows of the latter vessel. In fifteen or twenty minutes the *Dyer* went down. The *Scotland*, though badly injured, made every effort to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel, but thirteen men were, after all, drowned, and only seven saved. The surviving steamer was compelled by her own injuries to look out for her own safety. She put back for Sandy Hook, and barely succeeded in reaching the middle bar, where she still remains, a peril to other navigators. The Government has been petitioned to secure her removal.

The accident was evidently not the fault of the officers of the *Scotland*, and the efforts made by Captain HALL, of the latter vessel, to rescue the men of the *Dyer*, when his own vessel was in danger, as also his able conduct of the *Scotland*, saving her from immediate and imminent shipwreck, are worthy of the highest commendation.

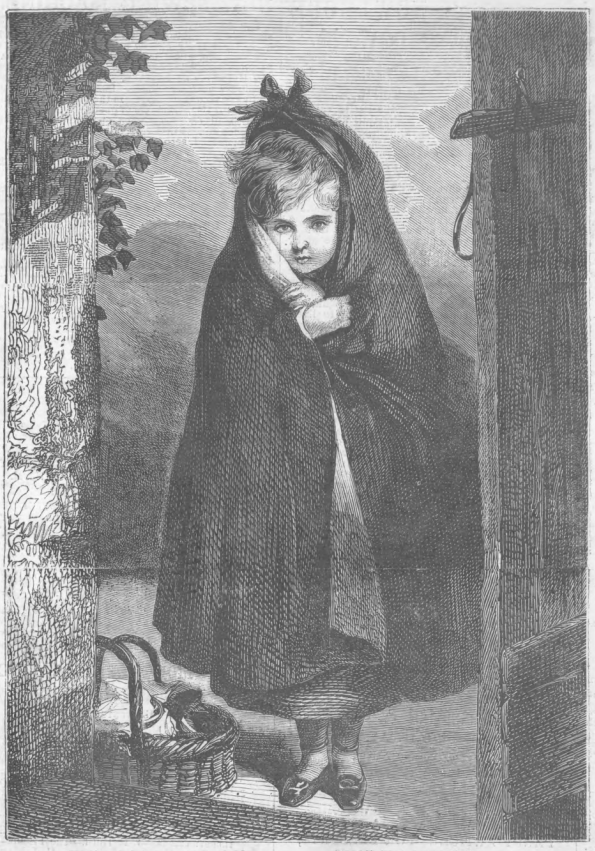


WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "SCOTLAND," BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, OFF SANDY HOOK.—[SKETCHED BY C. PARSONS.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE Winter Fashions are now fully developed. For walking and visiting dresses the robe en fourreau, worn, however, entirely without crinoline, or with a very moderate quantity of that material, still maintains its place. For evening dress the robe à queue is rapidly coming into favor. Morning and walking dresses are also made in this style; still the inconvenience of the train for outdoor wear is certain to limit its adoption to the very select. Velvet dresses, black or colored, and trimmed with fur, are worn made en fourreau over pipes of plain silk or cashmere, with a deep ruche at the bottom. Black cashmere or silk robes, the latter either of moire or foulard, are worn trimmed up the seams and round the skirt, which is still shaped at the edge into some more or less fantastic form, with jet beads and ornaments; the under pipe in this case being either of silk or cashmere, and still with a broad ruche at the base. Robes à queue for evening wear are of colored foulards, striped and spotted with small patches of flowers or leaves, a pattern of dried autumn leaves being much in favor, or of white or some delicate-tinted moire antique sprinkled over with broken flowers and falling leaves. These dresses are usually trimmed with rouleaux of ribbon of the particular color which predominates in the pattern of the robe.—Paletots are almost exclusively of black velvet, or black or rich brown cashmere, the former being trimmed with sable or marten, or with an elegant embroidery of jet ornaments; the latter chiefly with jet or black glass beads, with a fringe of the same, and occasionally with jet and gimp intermixed. Paletots of black silk are usually lined with fur and trimmed to correspond, with perhaps an intermixture of jet, or occasionally with jet ornaments

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.]



THE DOG AND THE PARROT.—[FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.]

exclusively. They are worn any length, closed in or loose at the waist, perfectly straight or in points at the bottom, and with loose or tight sleeves indiscriminately. Bonnets are chiefly of velvet—black, scarlet, blue, green, or rich brown—and an attempt is now being made to introduce the chapeau of the first Empire, with its narrow rim and low crown. The chapeaux Dagmar and Czarine are trimmed with chinchilla or swansdown; other chapeaux are trimmed with pheasants' and various kinds of small feathers. The trimming of the ordinary chapeau, however, is generally of jet—jet ornaments at the top, jet ornaments round the rim, jet drops suspended round the front, and occasionally a jet chain under the chin or round the chignon. At times a feather, or bow, or single flower is worn on the left



PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

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side. The strings are generally of velvet to match the bonnet.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of black silk, made with tight sleeves and cut in a tooth-shaped form at the bottom, where it is ornamented with open bands and buttons, through which passes a deep rouleau of blue velvet. The peplum or jacket is also of blue velvet, with long, hanging sleeves, and is lined with white silk. The jape is of cashmere of the same color as the jacket. The chapeau, which is of the Mantilla-Maintenon form, is also of blue velvet trimmed with jet, and with a white rose in front.

Fig. 2. *Visiting Dress.*—Robe of light fawn-colored cashmere or taffeta, ornamented with passementerie. Chapeau Lamballe of black velvet, with the centre of scarlet taffeta ornamented with jet embroidery. Scarlet strings.

Fig. 3. *Morning Dress* in gray cashmere, with bias and rosettes in rose-colored taffeta, and with long scarf, similarly trimmed, falling from the neck, which, crossed behind, terminates in a deep fringe at the bottom. Head-dress, white guipure trimmed with rose-colored velvet.

Fig. 4. *Child's Dress.*—Frock in blue Irish poplin, the skirt made short and trimmed with white guipure, buttons, and rosettes. Corsage low, trimmed with tabs and ornamented with guipure. Chemisette in muslin, with an insertion of Valenciennes lace. Hat in white velvet, trimmed with blue, and with long white feather on the right side.

Fig. 5. *Walking Dress.*—Robe in moire antique, trimmed with black guipure. Paletot of black satin, embroidered with jet ornaments and heavy tassels at the points of the collar. Chapeau of green velvet, trimmed with black lace and large white daisies.

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THE Committe on Sewing Machines at the Maryland Institute Fair report as follows:

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CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

IN order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, the Officers and Managers of the Union Home and School have consented to assume the responsibility of the custody of the funds received by us. All money, as soon as received, is deposited in the Eighth National Bank, and all payments for articles purchased, or other expenses, are made out of the funds so deposited, by check of N. H. DAVIS, Agent of the Institution, indorsed by us.

A Committee consisting of three gentlemen of the Ladies' Advisory Committee purchase all the articles to be presented, and a Committee composed of Maj.-Gen. VAN VLIET, Quartermaster-General of the Department of New York; Maj.-Gen. BARLOW, Secretary of State; ANDREW WARNER, Esq., Secretary of the Bank for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks, WILLIAM ORTON, President of the American Telegraph Company, and JOHN H. WHITE, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, will have the direction of the manner of distribution.

THOMAS & Co., Managing Directors,
No. 616 Broadway.

The foregoing card is published with our sanction.
Mrs. CHARLES P. DALY, Acting Pres't.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. J. S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.

In view of presenting something worthy of the successful leader of our armies, LEUTZE'S fine portrait, life size, of General GRANT in his tent, for which the General personally sat, value $1200, will be one of the prizes. It is now on view in the office for the sale of tickets, No. 616 Broadway.

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HOURS WITH THE DEAD.

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The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

From the Methodist, N. Y. City.

We call special attention to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. They offer extraordinary inducements to the consumers of the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We have tested the quality of their Teas, and, so far as our experience goes, we are prepared to say that they are all that is claimed for them.

From the Evangelist, N. Y. City.

The attention of persons is directed to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street. This Company have made arrangements to supply families with the choicest new crop of Black, Green, and Japan Teas at wholesale prices. The Company guarantee all the goods they sell to give entire satisfaction.

From the Christian Intelligencer, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—This Company are doing an immense wholesale and retail business, and are thus enabled to offer their Teas and Coffees at very low prices, and of a quality which can not fail to give entire satisfaction.

From the American Agriculturist.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.—*To querist.*—Before admitting the advertisement, we learned that a large number of our clerks and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without its being known who they were, and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and were all recommending their friends to the same course. As we have received no complaints, we conclude "there is no humbug about the establishment."

From the N. Y. Day Book.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—A suggestion in relation to getting Tea at cheap rates. We know the articles it sells are of superior quality. The clubs are now all the rage, as they get Tea into the consumer's hands for about one-third off the usual price.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store*.

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

ONLY ONE WEEK MORE
Before the Grand
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

Will take place. The affair is already a guaranteed success. Only a few Tickets are still on hand, and those who desire to purchase are reminded that the time is short.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;
THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR
COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR
AND
PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
IN AID OF THE
HOME AND SCHOOL
FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
The Destitute Children
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THIS HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.	Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.	Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.	Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.	Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. JOHN S. YOORHIES, Treasurer.	Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.	Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.	Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

The Books will remain open until January 1st.

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL
TO BE HELD AT
COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,
Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,
616 Broadway, New York.

$5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIEST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

ÆSOP'S FABLES—"PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION."—Every young person should have a copy. It contains Two Hundred Fables, and Fifty beautiful Illustrations. Tinted paper. Cloth, gilt, only $1. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

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CHARACTERISTIC piano piece by Jasienski.....50c.
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DOMESTIC BLISS.—No. 1.

Scene—The Kitchen.

COOK. "Who was that at the door, LUCY?"

LUCY. "Oh! such a nice-spoken Gentleman with Moustarshers. He's a writin' a letter in the Drawing-Room. He says he's a Schoolfeller of Master's, just come from Ingia."



DOMESTIC BLISS.—No. 2.

Scene—The Hall.

The nice-spoken Gentleman is seen departing with what great-coats and other trifles he may have laid his hands upon.

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BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

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BY
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MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

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TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, Ag't,
Importer and Manufacturer of
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575 Broadway, New York.

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First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.
Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:
1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ankle.
6th.—The Calf.



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French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,
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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
THE PATENT
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Dealers and those wishing to act as *Agents* should send for sample pairs.
Owing to the lateness of the season it has been impossible to supply dealers throughout the country, but I am now prepared to send, on receipt of price, this most beneficial of *Novelties*, strapped and complete, answering the above description, to any part of the United States or Canadas. *Every one should send for it.* Price $15 00. Address
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The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

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THE FINEST PARLOR GAME YET MADE.



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It is received every where with enthusiasm, and delights all who examine it.
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Of the newest and finest designs, for
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Dr. Wadsworth's Dry-Up is a perfect and speedy cure for the Catarrh in its worst form. In every case, severe or light, the disease should be removed as soon as possible: for it gives rise to hoarseness, soreness in the wind-pipe, dry cough, chronic inflammation of the lungs, dizziness, dull pain in the head, with a sensation of a weight over the eyes, loss of the senses of smelling and tasting, and various painful neuralgic affections.
We recommend to every one who has this loathsome disease to try the remedy at once, and you will far exceed us in its praises. Price $1 per bottle. Send stamp for pamphlet, all about Catarrh. For sale by the proprietor, H. H. BURRINGTON, Druggist, Providence, Rhode Island. Also, by SMITH & DWYER, Wholesale Agents for Chicago, Illinois; and by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York City.

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